DANGER AHEAD for CLARA BOW!

WHAT DOES NUMEROLOGY FORESEE for JANET GAYNOR?
Hole Slices of Orange

Slice after slice...juicy and delicious. Drop after drop...refreshing, thirst-quenching. Orange Life Savers...with the same delightful tang as the orange itself.

It's the HOLE fruit flavor...that flows from these delicious orange drops the instant they touch the tongue...that will make them your favorite just as they are the overwhelming favorite of millions.

Try Orange Life Savers today...and the other Amazing New Taste Sensations...Lemon, Lime and Grape. You'll enjoy Life Savers Mints, too...Pep-O-mint, Wint-O-green, Vi-O-let, Cl-O-ve, Lic-O-rice and Cinn-O-mon.

Orange Drops

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.
IN THE MODERN SHOW WORLD

PERSONALITY IS KING!

RADIO'S STAR-SPANGLED GALLERY OF THE GREAT!

Great Names! Great Players! Flashing their Genius Across the Screens of the World! Investing RADIO PICTURES with the Magic of Personality! . . . Endowing Each Role with Sincerity and Reality!

EVERY RADIO PICTURE IS A STAR-STREWN PATH TO GREATER ENTERTAINMENT! These, and Hundreds of Other Great Artists, Cast in Roles in which they are Peerless, are the reasons for such Outstanding Successes as RADIO'S "CIMARRON!"

Watch for these players in their Newest, Greatest pictures . . . each has a place in your heart . . . for Personality is King!

- Current RADIO pictures that deserve your attention: Wheeler & Woolsey in "CRACKED NUTS"; Lowell Sherman and Irene Dunne, Star of "Cimarron," in "BACHELOR APARTMENT"; "THE W PLAN"; Great War Melodrama; Mary Astor, Robert Ames and Ricardo Cortez in "BEHIND OFFICE DOORS"; and A. A. Milne's "THE PERFECT ALibi".

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND
May, 1931

THIS MONTH'S PROGRAM

FEATURES:

COVER PORTRAIT OF JANET GAYNOR
LIFE SKETCHES. Ronald Colman...
DANGER AHEAD FOR CLARA BOW
THAT GARBO-DIETRICH QUESTION.
THOUGHTS WHILE BEING INTERVIEWED.
WHAT ABOUT THESE AFRICAN FILMST...:
HOW TO BEHAVE THROUGH FAMOUS
CONFESSIONS OF A HOLLYWOOD BABY.
LOVE ON THE REBOUND...
WHAT DOES NUMEROLOGY FORESEE FOR JANET GAYNOR?
SPECIAL SCREEN NEWS.

PERSONALITIES:

WON OUT OF SIXTY! Marilyn Marsh...
THE CHILD WONDER. Carma Barnes...
ALL ABOUT BARRYMORE!
CLARA’S BOY FRIEND. Reg Belt...
DOT DASHES ALONG. Dorothy Lee...
JACKIE COOGAN’S BROTHER, BOBBIE. Bobby Coogan...
IT’S JUST A LOT OF TALK! Evelyn Knapp...

SPECIAL ROTOGRAVURE ART SECTIONS:

PRESENTING POTENTIAL HOLLYWOOD HEADLINERS. New Faces...
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH...
BEN LYON AND BEBE DANIELS’ HOME...

FASHIONS: Painted by Screen Stars...

DEPARTMENTS:

REVUETTES. Guide to Current Pictures...
SLAMS AND SALVOS. Letters from the Audience...
ASK ME...
HONOR PAGE. Charlie Chaplin...
TEA FOR TWO. Genevieve Tobin...
RADIO GOLD RUSH...
EDITORIAL...
REVIEWS OF THE BEST PICTURES...
BEAUTY IS MORE THAN SKIN DEEP...
THE STAGE IN REVIEW...
CRITICAL COMMENT ON CURRENT FILMS...
SCREEN NEWS...
THE TRUTH ABOUT COSMETICS...
CASTS OF CURRENT FILMS...
ADDRESSES OF THE STARS...
PATS AND POKES...

A NEW SLANT ON GARBO!

You may have thought that everything that could be written about Greta has been written. Certainly the Swedish star has been the subject of more articles, gossip, and conjecture than any other film personality. But in next month’s Screenland we’re going to give you a Garbo story—and it has a new slant on the gorgeous Greta! Don’t miss it.

In that same June issue, on the stands the first of May, you’ll find a dozen other features, each expressing the originality of the Smart Screen Magazine. “Is Romance Synthetic in Hollywood?” packs a punch. “Mexican Divorce” is a fiction story—and such a story—all about one of the most beautiful blonde stars in the screen colony, who is all set to marry a playboy of the eastern world, when—but let Charles Winfield Fessier tell you in his own pungent style, next month, in that June issue of Screenland, with Greta Garbo on the cover!

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When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND
Screenland's guide to the current films—dependable help to an evening of good entertainment

Class B:

BRIGHT LIGHTS. First National. Another back-stage romance, this time with a stunt—setting by Dorothy Mackaill, Frank Fay, Inez Courtney and Frank McHugh.

DAMAGED LOVE. Sono-Art. A story of free love admirably handled by director Irvin Willat. June Collyer is convincing as the girl and Charles Starrett is the leading man.

DESERT VENGEANCE. Columbia. An entertaining western with a new slant. Buck Jones, as a notorious bandit, and Barbara Bedford, as a swindler, fall in love and start over again with a clean slate. Outlaws, excitement and thrills.

DON'T BET ON WOMEN. Fox. An amusing light comedy-drama with an excellent cast. Edward Lowe, Jeannette MacDonald, Roland Young and Una Merida place this film in the "better class."

DRACULA. Universal. A weird and gripping mystery; drama well acted by Bela Lugosi and Helen Chandler and directed by Tod Browning.


FAIR WARNING. Fox. A nice lively western crammed full of action. George O'Brien, Nat Pendleton and Louise Houghton in the cast. The youngsters will go for this.

FINN AND HATTIE. Paramount. Mitzi Green and Jack Sargeant walk off with one of the most comic and amusing bits. Finn and Hattie are on the road again, the journey is a short one. Hattie takes the leading role.

GENTLEMEN'S FATE. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. John Gilbert has formed an inspiration in this talkie, with excellent results. It's a corking picture with Louis Wolheim, Leila Hyams and Anna Page also in the cast.

GIRLS DEMAND EXCITEMENT. Fox. A poppy-round, light comedy. Deals with the male students trying to elect theennes from the college. Virginia Cherrill, John Wayne and Marguerite Churchill are the leading players in this film.

GOING WILD. Warner Brothers. A comedy of mistaken identity and aviation which is funny because of the effors of Joe E. Brown, Laura Lee, Lawrence Gray, Frank McHugh and Maye Rolfe.

HELL BENT. Tiffany. An interesting underworld drama with Leo Carrillo giving a superb performance as a gangster. Lola Laats, Lloyd Hughes and Ralph Ine handle their roles capably.

HONOR AMONG LOVERS. Paramount. Claudette Colbert glories the working girl. As a secretary who rejects her employer's proposition and who marries a man she dislikes, claudette is grand. Fredric March is also grand in the leading role.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE. Paramount. A highly amusing comedy; the theme dealing with a father and son as competitors. Sheets Gallagher gets most of the laughs as a high-pressure publicity man. Norman Foster, Carole Lombard and Eugene Palette are in it.

KEPT HUSBANDS. Radio Pictures. A domestic drama about a poor boy who marries a rich girl and who revolts against being "kept" by his wealthy wife. Dorothy Mackaill and Joel McCrea are the heroine and hero.

KIJI. United Artists. Mary Pickford makes a cute hoyden and supplies many laughs as the chorus girl who tries to vamp a theatrical producer, Reginald Denny. You'll like this one.


MEN ON CALL. Fox. A true talks about a locomotive engineer and a stage dancer, Edmund Lowe and Mae Clarke. Both Edmund and Mae do their best but the plot floors them.

MILLIE. Radio Pictures. The trials and tribulations of a red-headed aren on which you'll enjoy with Helen Twelvetrees, Robert Amis and James Hall.

PAGLIACCI. Audio Cinema. The first real operas to reach the screen is a noteworthy attempt to far as the music and voices are concerned. The photograpy and direction aren't so good as they might be. Recommended to music lovers.

SCANDAL SHEET. Paramount. George Bancroft splendid in a newspaper story that packs a wallop. Kay Francis and Clive Brook offer capable assistance.

SEAS BENEATH. Fox. George O'Brien is in the Navy and now gives a good account of himself in this drama sprinkled with comedy. Runners-up for acting honors are Marion Lessing, Warren Hymer and Wallace C. Kelly.


STOLEN HEAVEN. Paramount. Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes are grand but the picture falls short. All about one last spree on stolen money.

TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM. Roadshow Productions. The ex-stage classic made into a film melodrama. No attempt has been made to modernize it. William Farnum, Tom Santschi and Patty Lou Lynd are the featured players.

* Reviewed in this issue.

These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of SCREENLAND's seal of approval.

(Continued on page 125)

REVUETTES

Phillis Holmes and Nancy Carroll are splendid in "Stolen Heaven"—but it isn't a "Devil's Holiday."

Joe E. Brown and Win- nie Lightner, the comedyclowns. They con- vulsed you in "Hold Everythin and they follow up with "Sit Tight," a guaranteed laugh provoker. Win- nie's next picture will be "Gold Dust Gor- tie," and you'll see Joe in "Broadminded."

Class A:

Beautiful, alluring — surrounded by men, yet always lonely; showered by luxuries, yet unhappy — love and marriage offered her, but always the dark shadow of her past to come between her and happiness! Dora Macy, the girl whose missteps forever echoed to haunt her! You have read her famous story which the authoress dared not sign. Now see it brought to life with the glamorous Bebe Daniels, playing the part of a modern girl whom men remembered — but women can never forget!
POOR GRETA!
(First Prize Letter)

It is my contention that publicized people, of the stage, the screen or the less glamorous walks of life, are not the happiest. Genius must of necessity walk alone since there is a scarcity of kind. Poor Greta Garbo!

Greta was scarcely more than a child when she came to us and was pleased and astonished at the sensation she became following the release of "The Torrent." She is just a young girl now, though she is the most sought-after woman in the world, a young girl with rare intelligence, who chooses the wind in her face, the sun on her back and the firm earth under her feet rather than the adulation of those countless thousands who sing her praise.

Poor Greta! Must she tear her heart out to satisfy the gods of publicity?

Miss Kay Yarbrough,
The Washington Times,
Washington, D. C.

DON'T
(Second Prize Letter)

Don't to greater appreciation of the universal medium of entertainment: Don't enter the theatre in a critical mood; Don't expect to see and hear something entirely different; Don't feel that even you could have done better; Don't drift into ennui; Don't let unfavorable publicity of a player's personal life detract from your appreciation of his work (it's none of your business, anyway); Don't think that you are sitting next to the most vociferous person in the house (changing seats might be a move for the worse); Don't make comparisons (it's an odious habit); Don't reach a conclusion before the end of the picture; Don't consider yourself morally superior to thespians (if you weren't so unimportant, you, too, might be scandalized); Don't let pronouncements that differ from yours bother you; Don't go to the theatre at all if you are not open-minded!

LaVerne Caron,
564 W. Hollywood Ave.,
Detroit, Michigan.

A winning team! Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell continue to be the leading co-starring favorites. Charlie's marriage to Virginia Valli hasn't lessened his popularity with the young ladies of the nation.

TURN BACK THE MOVIE UNIVERSE!
(Third Prize Letter)

It always makes one seem like an old fogey to weep over the dear, dead days, and I'm really not that, but still I do wipe away a furtive tear when I look back upon some of the early pictures. The comedies of today seem so elaborate, so pretentious, compared with the old ones. Chaplin takes years to produce one picture. The old Harold Lloyd is no more. In his place is a cautious business man who weighs the laughter-clances of every gag before he dares to put it in his million-dollar production.

Where is the Douglas McLean who made us hold our sides in "The Yankee Con trait"?

Where is the successor to Constance Talmadge in her light, sophisticated bits of nonsense?

We have no counterparts of the Sidney Drew comedies which provoked a gentle smile. Somehow, the present day comedies seem lacking in spontaneity.

Jessie F. Edgerly,
4145 Park Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Let's get together in this department every month and see who can write the best letter. The most sincere and constructive letter will win the first prize of $20.00. Second prize, $15.00. Third prize, $10.00. And there's a fourth prize of $5.00. All winning letters, not over 150 words, will be printed. Mail your letters so they will reach us the 10th of each month. Address Slams and salvos department, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

CINEMA REPERTORY?

Why don't we have repertory houses for the revival of classic and near-classic silent and talking pictures? As time goes on, an increasing number of masterpieces and exceptional films enter the limbo of forgotten and inaccessible things. Many of the fans would gladly see these pictures if possible, but few such theatres exist in the country today. Not only older persons who remember these titles, but the younger people who are familiar only with recent productions would eagerly patronize such old favorites as "The Three Musketeers," "Robin Hood," and the other great Fairbanks silents; the Valentino series of poular successes; the Garbo-Gilbert

(Continued on page 114)
THE HOT HEIRESS

What would you do with a lover who was an expert at slinging rivets but who bungled his forks at the Ritz?...

Suppose you were a Park Avenue debutante...

and some husky brute of an ironworker was mean enough to spoil your beauty sleep by pounding rivets right outside your bedroom window...

and then you saw he was big and strong and handsome...

and Oh! look out—he's falling—falling in love with you!

See what charming Ona Munson does when Park and Third Avenues meet! It's her newest, biggest part and you're going to like this rising young star.
Ask me!

By Miss Vee Dee

This department will answer your questions about your favorites and their films. You'll have to be patient if you wish to see your answer in the magazine. If you prefer a personal reply, enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address Miss Vee Dee, Screenland, 45 West 43rd Street, New York City.


Blondie: So you're crazy to know my age—I'd be crazy to tell you. Margaretta Churchill was born on Christmas day about 20 years ago. Marie Dressler was on the stage 28 years, has been in pictures since "Tillie's Punctured Romance" and maybe longer, so figure out her age if you can. Are you reading her own story? It's great stuff. Jeanette McDonald is 23 and Robert Montgomery is 27.

Opal: How can you secure letters from the stars? If I ever received any, I'd put them in a strong box and mark them Exhib A. Sorry I haven't a record of Jack Buchanan, the English musical comedy favorite. His appearance with Jeanette McDonald in "Monte Carlo" has made him a big favorite with the picture fans who hope we will see more of his clever acting and dancing. And can he wear high-hats? Don't ask me, you've seen him.

V. M. B. I don't play second fiddle to any saxophone player when it comes to setting arguments over picture stars. In Zane Grey's story, "The Water Hole," filmed by Paramount, Nancy Carroll played opposite Jack Holt. John Boles and Jack Perrin were also in the cast.

Jeanne of Ill. Among Robert Montgomery's newest pictures are "Inspiration," with Greta Garbo, and "The Easiest Way," with Constance Bennett. He uses his own name in films. He was born May 21, 1904, in Beacon, N. Y. Bob is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. He was married in 1928 to Elizabeth Allen and their daughter, Martha Bryan, was born Oct. 13, 1936.

S. O. S. What's your hurry and how have you been? Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, Canada, on Aug. 10, 1904. She was attending a convent in Canada but at the age of 16 she found it necessary to help the family out of financial difficulties. She came to the U. S. in 1920, for a picture career, but met with many hardships. Her first part in pictures was a small one in "The Stealers." In 1924 she played with John Gilbert in "The Sinh," She was married to Irving Thalberg in 1927. There is a young son, Irving, Jr.; Norma's latest film, "Strangers May Kiss," is said to be her best.

Gomborha H. What do I think of your name? It's grand, but what does it mean? Lois Moran appeared at the Plymouth Theatre in New York City in "This is New York." Her last picture before her stage appearance was "The Dancers," with Walter Byron, Mae Clarke and Phillips Holmes. Lois was born March 1, 1909, in Pittsburgh, Pa. She has ash blonde hair, dark blue eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 108 pounds. Lois is not married or engaged as far as I know. She's back in pictures now, for Fox.

Marjorie Q. In a recent issue of Screenland. (Continued on page 123)
ANOTHER GREAT RÔLE—ANOTHER BLAZING TRIUMPH FOR THE WINNER OF THE 1930 BEST PERFORMANCE AWARD

NORMA SHEARER

MAY KISS

in

STRANGERS

SHE faced life fearlessly—accepted love where she found it—because she believed a woman could "kiss and forget" even as a man does. But heartbreak and cruel disillusionment lay between her and ultimate happiness with the one man in all the world whom she did love.... If you enjoyed Norma Shearer in "The Divorcee"—don't miss her in this dramatic picture based on Ursula Parrott's sensational novel.

with ROBERT MONTGOMERY
NEIL HAMILTON MARJORIE RAMBEAU
and IRENE RICH
Directed by GEORGE FITZMAURICE

Robert Montgomery who helped Norma Shearer make her great success in "The Divorcee" is again seen with her.

Ursula Parrott, author of "The Divorcee" has written another absorbing story. Don't miss it!

METRO-GOLDYNN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND
Charlie Chaplin, Harry Myers, and the inevitable policeman in "City Lights." Myers gives a grand show as the bibulous millionaire who, when convivial, makes a pal of the little tramp; but, when sober, has him thrown out.

The one screen star who is defying the talkie trend and getting away with it: Charlie. No—he can't bring back silent films, but he can stick to his own pantomime and pack them in.

Screenland Honor Page
won by
Charlie Chaplin

It isn't "arty." It has no message—no continental camera angles—no dialogue—no modern "treatment." Maybe it's got "rhythm"—we don't know: we can't be bothered.

All we know is that "City Lights" is a good, old-fashioned Chaplin comedy. We know that practically everybody is laughing at it—Broadway and Main Street mobs rubbing funny bones with the Einsteins and the Shaws of the world. And we know that we had a grand time, and that's all we care about.

Of course, if you are looking for something besides swell entertainment in a Chaplin comedy, you won't find it in "City Lights." If Charlie made any other kind of comedy, he wouldn't be Charlie. Critics have written about his "Art." But he keeps right on doing his stuff. He's a real primitive. He knows it. And we think he is pretty smart.
Another invitation lost
... all because of 'B.O.'

People all agreed he was a nice chap. But somehow they never had room for him. The car was already filled. The bridge table already arranged. A dance already promised.

Then one day he discovered his trouble. "B.O."—body odor. . . . At once he adopted a simple precaution. Now he's welcome everywhere. He knows the easy way to keep perspiration odorless.

A risk we all run

People won't tell us when we're guilty. They merely avoid us. The "B.O." offender is the last to realize his fault because we so quickly become used to an ever-present odor. But remember, pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste daily—even in cool weather.

Why risk offending? Adopt this easy pleasant way to be safe. Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, antiseptic lather cleanses and purifies pores—ends every trace of "B.O."

Radiantly fresh complexions

"A wonderful complexion soap!" say thousands of delighted women. Lifebuoy's deep-cleansing lather gently frees clogged pores of impurities—makes dull skins bloom with healthy, radiant beauty. Its pleasant, extra-clean scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy purifies.

Try Lifebuoy Free

If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try this delightful toilet soap, just send us your name and address. By return mail you will receive one full-sized cake of Lifebuoy free. Write today to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 505, Cambridge, Mass.

She thought:
"We'd squeeze you in somehow—if it weren't for 'B.O.'"

Yet, to be polite,
She said:
"We'd give you a lift if we weren't so crowded."

It's New!
Lifebuoy Shaving Cream
New double-dense lather soothes, lubricates, and protects . . . ends tender spots that hurt when you shave. At your druggist's.

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND
John and Genevieve had been photographed in "Seed" eating cake—which Miss Tobin declared wasn’t half as good as she could have made herself. John’s "Oh, yes?” brought a real invitation to tea—and Genevieve showed him. John went for the orange marmalade.

IT all came about when John Boles smiled at the idea of Genevieve Tobin being able to make gingerbread. They were working together in "Seed" and had just been photographed eating cake which Genevieve declared was not as good as that she could have made herself. Mr. Boles—frankly—had not taken her seriously.

(Confidentially, and for your information, Genevieve does give the impression of never having seen the inside of a kitchen. As for knowing how to cook—well, almost anyone would have smiled at the idea just as John Boles did.) So Genevieve retaliated by inviting Mr. Boles to tea, vowing she’d prepare everything herself.

The day was warm, and to prove she was not only a good cook but also a good hostess, Miss Tobin had the tea table taken out onto the lawn in a charming spot where it was easy to roll a tea wagon. Then, with deft hands she arranged a lovely lace cover, and fixed a low blue bowl of flowers for the centerpiece. They were sweet peas and delphiniums.

Her egg-shell tea set with modernistic teapot would go well with the little chairs and table she’d chosen for out-of-doors. Much better than the silver service and not so formal. So a dainty napkin was placed between them all together. Shortening came next. This was laid in carefully, or rather "cut" in, with a knife until the flour looked rough and lumpy. She mixed the milk and flour and shortening together and rolled it out on a floured board about an inch thick. The smallest cutter in the kitchen was used and the biscuits were ready for the oven.

TEA for TWO

Genevieve Tobin convinces John Boles she really can cook! Don’t miss her favorite recipes for tea delicacies

By Betty Boone

GENEVIEVE TOBIN’S ORANGE MARMALADE:

Take 5 oranges, 3 lemons, and 2 grapefruits. Remove pulp and chop; put skin through meat chopper. Add pulp and juice to skin. To each pint of mixture add 3 quarts of cold water and let stand over night. Measure and to each quart of mixture allow 1 cup of sugar. Boil for an hour. Take it off when a little of it, tested in a cool place, hardens.

(It’s the best marmalade John Boles ever ate!)

the plates and with teapot, sugarbowl, cups, saucers and cream pitcher. (Genevieve could drink milk in her tea) were fixed on the tray and put on the table.

Out in the kitchen Genevieve pondered a few moments before deciding what kind of hot bread she should prepare for her guest. No tea would be complete without hot bread! Should it be Sally Lunn? No, too warm weather for that. English crumpets would be nice, and Genevieve has an excellent recipe for them that was given her by a friend in London when she was there two years ago. Recalling John’s southern accent, however, she crossed crumpets off her list along with cinnamon toast and proceeded to get out baking powder and flour and shortening and milk. Tea biscuits were southern enough and she knew hers were good.

Two cups of flour; two teaspoons of baking powder; one teaspoon of salt. She sifted

(Continued on page 55)
The Radio Gold Rush

From $2,500 to $25,000 for a few minutes of broadcasting! No wonder your favorite entertainers are rushing to the microphones

By Louis Reid

About the magic world of the microphone there is something of the hectic, breath-taking atmosphere of the days when the talkies rushed into the gates of Hollywood. Among all fields of entertainment the radio is most surely today the promised land to fame and fortune.

The broadcasters not only possess the bulkiest wallets in the amusement world, they are continuously unstrapping them that 50,000,000 ear-cuppers may be pleased. It is the rarest spectacle of money-spending that has yet been offered in what is known as legitimate enterprise in the land.

Those in control of the microphone mills are the most reckless, the most spendthrift of all the providers of entertainment. Their bank notes are limitless. They think nothing of offering sums that range from $2500 to $25,000 for a few minutes of broadcasting, for a brief and spectacular catching of the ears of the country. Even the legends of Hollywood, concerned, as they have been and still continue to be, with the reckless gesture of shooting the bank-roll pale into insignificance when the radio rajahs assemble in their counting-houses.

And maybe the entertainers are not aware of the opportunity before them! They know they are in demand and they are asking fees that make those of the movie stars seem like the wages of legislators. Moreover, in the majority of cases they are getting what they ask, so spirited is the competition of the radio program sponsors.

Radio, in short, is the sweetest racket yet developed in America. And it grows sweeter by day as it reaches out and embraces the foremost personalities of the amusement world.

Broadcasters, alert to the arm-chair appeal of a big name, scour the musical, dramatic, cinematic marts for talent, waving in their search gold certificates, contracts, assurances of vast publicity upon which pledges of even bigger money can be built.

Though radio is primarily a musical instrument it has paid curiously the majority of its largest fees to those stars temporarily, if not permanently, located in the Hollywood heavens. It has dug deeply into its purse and come up smiling with a car-load in gold to Maurice Chevalier, Al Jolson, Will Rogers, Lawrence Tibbett, Morton Downey. The films made these names famous throughout the land. Radio has enlarged their fame, extended it to the lonely crossroads of the republic, made their personalities known wherever the ether waves penetrate. And are they downhearted?

If money rolls into the radio rajahs—and even in 1930, year of financial calamity, it rolled in more than at any time in its history—it also rolls out. To the pockets of entertainers. If soap or soup must be exploited on the air there are hundreds of performers ready for the job—and with no apologies.

There was a time, you may recall, when entertainers concealed their association with radio. It had not achieved the glamour of big business. There was a haphazard, fly-by-night aspect about it that would lower their prestige. They feared, were their connection with it to become known.

Suddenly, it became an industrial giant, captured the services of outstanding capi-
Ronald Colman

1. First saw the light of day February 9, 1891, in Richmond, a city near London, England.

2. While attending Hadley School he became much interested in theatricals.

3. At the death of his father, whose business went bankrupt, he got a job as office boy and remained with the British Steamship Co. several years attaining the position of junior accountant.

4. Came the war and he was one of "the first hundred thousand" seeing action at Ypres and Messines.

5. The urge to enter American movies brought him here in 1920. He arrived in New York with $37 in his pocket.

CAN you remember
when the high-hats of
your acquaintance
made refined fun of you be-
cause you went to the movies?
I can! And I didn’t like it,
either. But somehow I could
never think of a bright retort in time, outside of
something like “Well, I like Charlie Chaplin”; or “The movies give you a lot for your money.”

Now, how different! Now, with Chaplin hailed as a Great
Creative Artist, and Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel designing
some of her smartest clothes expressly for the screen, and
Lonsdale refusing to write an
original drawing-room story
for Garbo because he doesn’t think she speaks perfect Eng-
lish—now you don’t need an
excuse for not going to the
movies; you have to alibi
yourself for staying away.

There’s a nice little moral
somewhere in the visit of Ein-
stein to Hollywood. I’m not
going to look for it because
it’s more amusing to think of
the Herr Professor, his kind
eyes very round and wide, ex-
ploring the screen city. With
Frau Elsa Einstein, the Big
Time and Space Man visited
the studios, went to Chaplin’s
premier, were honor guests
at luncheons and dinners.
Einstein laughed and cried at

“City Lights.” He was deeply moved by “All
Quiet on the Western Front.” And at the
First National studio he changed his mind
about not posing for the movie camera and let
himself be photographed in an old, dilapi-
dated car, in which, by tricks of double ex-
posure, he was made to climb mountains,
speed through Los Angeles streets, and finally
fly! The master film was destroyed and the
only copy given to the Einsteins.

Einstein had the time of
his life in Hollywood. He
admits it. So you don’t have
to sneak your movie fun
any longer. Come right out
into the open and admit,
with Einstein, that the movies
are more fun than any other
form of entertainment.

And, while we’re throwing
bouquets, we might as well
dodge one directed at us.
There’s a new show on Broad-
way called “America’s Sweet-
heart”—a brisk musical com-
edy burlesque of Hollywood.
It’s all about a small-town boy
and girl who set out to win
fame and fortune in the mov-
ies. And when one of the
pretty screen-struck girls picks
up a magazine—of course it’s
this one she picks. And the
line is: “Let’s look at
SCREENLAND and get all the
dope about Hollywood!”

Well, go ahead!
DANGER AHEAD for CLARA BOW

STOP!
LOOK!
LISTEN!
What will become of the Red-headed Riot? Here's a story that will open your eyes—and Clara's!

By Sydney Valentine

SLOW down! There's danger ahead. Usually it's a red light that flashes the warning. This time it's a red head—the most famous red-head in the world, Clara Bow.

Back in the January issue, we warned her. We asked her to go slow. We wanted her to stay in the place she has made for herself on the screen—to make it a bigger place. To forget all about everything but making pictures. Somehow we always felt that if Clara ever was as much in love with her job as she seems to be with Life, nothing could stop her. She'd be the biggest thing on the screen, but this little red-head from Brooklyn loves the bright face of danger. No sooner is she free of one complication than she jumps into another. Another chance for Clara Bow? Why, she has had dozens of chances. She's always taking chances! And now—what's to become of her?

We won't go into the Bow-De Voe-de-o-do trial—that's old stuff. Clara's screen goose, for a while, there, looked not only cooked, but burnt.

Because of the trial, she couldn't make "City Streets" in which she was to play opposite Gary Cooper. Sylvia Sidney went into the part instead. Clara went off to the desert for a rest. Paramount issued statements. Clara would have a month's vacation before starting work in "Working Girl," adapted from a stage play called "Three Blind Mice." Clara might go to work in "Kick In," from Willard Mack's stage hit, if she recovered in time to play in it according to schedule. Meanwhile the newspapers and the film trade papers asked "Is Clara Bow through?"

Her fans answered that question. They wrote 10,000 letters to her within a few weeks, expressing affectionate sympathy. At the time of the rumpus Clara's picture, "No Limit," with those scenes of the star gambling, was playing the country. In New York City it didn't go so well. A check-up by the leading film trade paper, Motion Picture Daily, revealed that in ten different cities Bow was holding her own, and in some cases, even going strong. Here are some of the figures, quoted by kind permission of Motion Picture Daily:

Boston, $44,500; Cleveland, $25,000; Minneapolis, $25,000; New York City, $55,-000; Philadelphia, $14,-000; Denver, $18,000; Portland, $15,000; Houston, $11,500.

Of course, it must be taken into consideration that these figures vary according to the size of the city and theatre. In Boston, Clara's picture was aided by Rudy Vallee's personal appearance the same week. Clara on the screen and Vallee in person bucked such opposition as "Little Caesar" and "Inspiration," the Garbo film, and proved the high spot for the week.

On the other hand, Seattle, Washington, failed to take Clara back to its bosom. "No Limit" grossed only a fair business there.

But down in Louisville, suh, she retains her popularity, and her picture drew better than any which had been shown for several weeks. The comments from Kentucky indicate that the public is all for the little It Girl and considers her private life her own affair. The very idea!

All in all, she's holding her own so far. Her fans have come through. Just as Garbo's fans have risen in a body to steady the pedestal on which their idol stands—as if it were in danger of toppling! Clara has a public. It's a great, big, generous, devoted public. They used to say that English audiences are the most loyal in the world, clinging to their favorites long after youth and freshness had passed. But I think American audiences can top them. Once their allegiance is won, nothing short of a general cataclysm can shake it.

But there's no denying that this time, Clara Bow must pull up short and take stock. She may be weathering this latest storm. Incidentally, she and Charlie Chaplin are the only stars who have been able to stand up under so much unsavoury publicity. Once scandal has scorched a screen celebrity, his or her days are usually numbered. Charlie pulled through by sheer force of genius—worldwide popularity—an unassailable position as the greatest entertainer in the world. When Mary Pickford divorced Owen Moore and later married Douglas Fairbanks there was a flurry—for a while; then Mary and Doug reigned supreme. But the others—that pitiful procession of once-loved, once famous players who lived too fast and furiously and ran amuck—you won't find them on any screen or stage today. Their fame was too false. Builded on personal charm, beauty, or sex appeal, it couldn't stand up under the sharp, hard blows of misfortune. When once the public is through with a star, there's no appeal. There's no light burning in the window.

All very well—if Clara realizes what she is up against. It is doubtful if she does. She has a lot of friends—more friends than you'd think. Her ex-secretary the blonde Miss De Voe, alienated sympathy by her exposure of Clara's love letters, even if they did only prove that Clara is a fascinator of men. It was obvious that Clara's extreme generosity in money matters and indifference to bookkeeping was partly to blame. The Bow-De Voe menage ran through $350,-000 in slightly over a year beside caring for

—

CLARA'S MESSAGE TO HER FANS

"With all my heart I thank my dear fans for the thousands of kind letters they have written me, and for the affectionate sympathy they express.

"It is precious to know that I have so many friends!"

Clara Bow
Clara's rival! Carman Barnes, who was starred overnight by Paramount at the height of the Bow excitement. Carman's first film is "A Debutante Confesses," which she wrote herself. Read more about her on Page 51.

Another potential contender for Clara's flapper crown—Sidney Fox, New York stage actress whom Universal is starring. They say Sidney has everything. Maybe they're right!

Clara's dependent relatives, including her father, Robert Bow. Clara Bow is capable of more deep and sincere feeling than any actress in Hollywood. Shaggy—impulsive—child-like—now naive, now hard-boiled—no one was surprised at Clara's plea to the district attorney for mercy for Daisy De Voe. Clara was so poignantly capable of putting herself in Daisy's position. This trial and the bitterness distressed her to the point of a nervous breakdown.

Studio officials were alarmed at the embarrassing publicity occasioned by the "revelations" and were frankly relieved when the floods of sympathetic letters came pouring in. B. P. Schulberg, Clara's studio boss, who gave her her big chance as a Paramount star, will probably stand by. But Paramount refuses, at this writing, to commit itself beyond the bare fact that Clara is scheduled to begin "Kick In," in March, with Norman Foster. It all depends!

Upon Clara. On how she feels and looks and acts when she returns from that long rest in the desert. Will she think things over out there—away from Hollywood and reporters and blonde secretaries? Will she probe a little, look into her own little mind and heart and discover the Clara Bow that's tucked away in there inside all the make-up and the tricks and the mascara?

There are two roads ahead for her. She can take one or the other. She can grow up and be somebody—a rather splendid and understanding woman, capable of reaching dramatic heights on the screen. Or she can keep right on being Clara Bow, the bad child of Hollywood—the girl who just can't grow up, who plays with fire and then is surprised and hurt when she gets burned. I hope Clara will take the right road. There's a lot more than the hoyden to her. She
has the makings of a fine actress. She has the rich warm earthiness—the unplumbed depths of emotion—the zest, the fire. But she’d better hurry.

Because—
Right now, out in Hollywood, there are more promising new girls than ever before! And at least two of them are apparently being groomed “to take Clara Bow’s place.” Never before have there been so many potential rivals for Bow’s crown as queen of the co-eds. Just as Garbo brought on the imitators, so did Clara. And as always, the obvious imitators don’t last long. But these new girls—they are not imitations. The only thing they have in common with Clara is the spirit of youth—sweet and hot! They have dash and daring. They have full red lips and big, big eyes. More, most of them have ability of a very dangerous and competitive kind. Two of them have already won their diplomas on the Broadway stage. And one of them is a real prodigy—a brunette, with lovely big dark eyes, and a warmth and sweetness to her that the camera will gulp in great big bites. She’s Universal’s find, and Junior Laemmle has big things in store for her. Miss Fox, too, was an established actress on the Broadway stage before Hollywood grabbed her. You’ll find her in that gallery.

Lillian Bond. Metro’s latest discovery—and do they know how to discover ‘em out in Culver City! An English girl. A sweet little siren with irreproachable diction and frank ambitions to create a new type of vamp on the screen. Look for her in our special section, too.

And Marian Marsh, the lovely little girl who looks like Dolores Costello with a dash of Constance Bennett, and who has been chosen by John Barrymore to play opposite him in “Svengali.” You’ll see many more exciting newcomers in that special gallery of ours.

So we’re warning you, Clara. In a nice, friendly way—as you’d be warned by the big brother you should have had to back you in your Hollywood battles. Maybe Rex Bell will prove to be just the right boy to stand behind you and see you through. Only we think you should know what you’re up against.

If you read the letters in the contest conducted by a New York tabloid, asking if you should be barred from the movies, you should have cried a little; then, like one of your own (Continued on page 113)

Sylvia Sidney, who was given the rôle Clara was to have played opposite Gary Cooper in “City Streets.” She’s very young and beautiful.

Clara Bow, who has weathered more storms than any other star in pictures. Will she come back strong against such formidable competition?

“child wonder” you’ll read all about in Margaret Reid’s story on Page 51 of this issue.

Carman Barnes. The 18-year-old writer whom Paramount suddenly made a screen star, who will act in versions of her own books. Something brand new—exciting—with a dash of the exotic, too. In fact, if you can imagine anything so fantastic—if there could be a combination of Garbo, Dietrich and Bow, Carman is it!

Sylvia Sidney. Lovely. Lush. Terribly young. Terribly keen, and smart. Knowing in the New York manner. Sure of herself—a little too sure, maybe; but so exquisite you can’t worry about that. She was a hit on Broadway in “Crime” several seasons ago when she was only seventeen or so. A baby, really—but a wise baby. And it was Sylvia who was thrust into Clara’s rôle opposite Gary Cooper in “City Streets”—the rôle that was to give back to Bow all her dramatic glory. Sylvia is a very formidable rival, and you’ll be interested to see and read about her in this issue in the special roto section, “Stars of Tomorrow.”

Sidney Fox. Also very young, also
YOU'D think that with Marlene safely launched, and Garbo sailing smoothly along, everything would be all right. But no—the Dietrich adorers and the Garbo defenders are still at it. And while they're at it, we might as well join in with the query, "Body or soul?"

If all you fans were as much concerned with the art of these two stars as you say, there wouldn't be any argument at all, for the respective techniques of Garbo and Dietrich are as different as they can be. It's only in their physical resemblance that there is really any basis for comparison. And if you are going into that—

Garbo's face is more classic. And colder. There are absolutely no other eyes like hers. They are incomparable. Dietrich's face is more whimsical—and warmer. Her eyes are impish, mocking, rather than cataclysmic. Greta's, in fact, might be the face that launched a thousand slips. Marlene's face changes with her moods. One minute it's Mona Lisa's; the next, a naughty little girl's. Fascinating. But not the marvelous mask of Garbo.

Then there is the matter of legs. And here Marlene has everything her own way. She can afford to show her gorgeous underpinnings any old time—and does. In "Morocco" she wore some scanty costumes; there was scene after scene to show the symmetry of the Dietrich pins and pedals. In "The Blue Angel," too, Director von Sternberg was evidently bent on proving that his star-discovery can always get a job with Mr. Ziegfeld if she tires of the screen. Marlene Dietrich has showgirl contours—if recently acquired; in her earlier German films she was too plump for American taste. Garbo is no Ziegfeld candidate—and here her admirers will probably rise in a body and shout: "She can be anything she wants to be!" And there's some truth in that. If for some reason Greta wanted to be accepted for (Continued on page 120)

By
Keith Richards

That
GARBO-DIETRICH QUESTION!

Professor, will you please play a little variation on "Body or Soul"?

Greta, who goes in for low-heeled shoes and sturdy clothes off-screen—and never has staged a leg-show on the screen.
THOUGHTS
While Being Interviewed

as given by
Neil Hamilton
To Peter Kent

NEIL HAMILTON and I were chatting recently. He wondered what writers really thought of actors to whom they had talked and about whom, on getting home, they wrote their sugary interviews or invectives, although they had smiled ever so sweetly while the interview was in progress.

I, in turn, wondered what an actor really thought about the pencil pushers who interviewed him—the scribes on whom he smiled so charmingly the while he graciously gave the desired information.

"I'll tell you what," Neil volunteered. "I won't expound my thoughts to you orally, because you'd be constantly interrupting and arguing, trying to convince me that I have a wrong idea, but I'll write my impressions out for you. You won't use them because they will probably pique your vanity and that must be preserved at all costs. You interviewers might write anything you please about as but woe betide the actor who ventures to 'be himself' where a writer is concerned!"

"You write it," I retorted, "and I'll print it as you give it to me even though I haven't a shred of reputation left when you've finished with me."

"O.K.," said Neil, "but—for the sake of our friendship—I want to explain that although I'll use your name as the writer, you simply—in this instance—represent a composite of all the writers I've ever known."

And so—except for the parentheses in italics which represent my own comments—I am giving you this verbatim, as it was handed to me by Mr. James Neil Hamilton!

* * *

There are two sides to every story. Maybe mine will interest you. My current production, "Strangers May Kiss," in which I play opposite Norma Shearer, is finished. After three weeks of strenuously concentrated work I am looking forward to a brief vacation.

On Tuesday morning the 'phone rings. On my way to answer it, I think, "what a great day to go to the beach." "Hello!" It's the publicity department asking me to be at home this afternoon as I am to be interviewed. "Oh, yeah? Male or female?" "Male. He will be there at one o'clock. Good-bye." Why can't he get here at ten thirty, or five thirty and, in either case, have given me time to get to the beach? One o'clock spoils the whole day.

This business of being interviewed is a funny racket, anyhow. A perfect stranger walks into your home, knowing you to be a human being but expecting you to combine all the virtues of the gods, and demands that you give him some news that will startle the universe—or at least that part of it that reads fan magazines. How the devil can you dress up the same old story so as to make it look new? What is there left to say when you've already told—more or less intimately—the story of your life to a hundred interviewers in a concentrated manner?

I hope he doesn't start asking me how much I make and whether I save anything and if so how much, and whether I beat Elsa or if she throws rolling pins at me and how often I change my linen.

Maybe he'll be one of these guys with a superior attitude who (Continued on page 106)
Shedding a little light on that Dark Continent! How much of the African stuff you see on the screen is the real thing—how much is fake? This story tells you

Here's the girl who wrote this article, just after she had brought down her first lion. Youngest active member of the Akeley gorilla expedition, Martha Miller was getting her elephants and lions and what-nots at the age when other girls were getting their high-school teachers' goats! She knows the real Africa—and she gives you the truth about the celluloid versions.

What about these African Films?

By Martha Miller Bliven

Are you Africa-conscious? You should be; and you would be, if you have seen some of the waves of African films beached upon our shores. For years you have sat through sessions of seeing Africa parade before your eyes. The animal kingdom of Africa—elephants, lions, gorillas, and what-nots of the antelope variety—has posed silently for you in these various manners:

Running.
Eating.
Standing still.
Alive.
Dead.

For a number of years I have been interested in everything connected with and pertaining to Africa. In fact, a youthful ambition was realized when I was fortunate enough to be included as a member of a party of six on the Akeley Gorilla Expedition (1921-1922) for the American Museum of Natural History. Even after one eventful year—cramped full of interest and balanced with sufficient discomfort to make it all worth while—my appetite for things African had not been appeased. There still remained many sections of African territory that I had not seen and was desirous of seeing. So the years of 1924, 1925, and 1926 found me "following the riverways and the trails" of the Belgian Congo and of French Equatorial Africa as a member of my husband's expedition. Now, as my thoughts rest upon Africa, that same urge to return for a "look-see" enters my soul. I suppose that it is natural that I have become an addict to these African films, and that I have found some of them to be good, some bad, and some indifferent.

Within the past year, "N'Gagi," "Jango," "Across Africa with the Martin Johnsons," "Up the Congo," "Africa Speaks," and "Trader Horn" have flashed before the public eye. "Across Africa with the Martin Johnsons" and "Up the Congo" synchronized "talkie-lectures" with the pictures. "Africa Speaks," during its first showings on Broadway, professed to have the first "all-sound" film from Africa. However, it was a known fact, from perfectly reliable sources in Africa, that Mr. Hoeffler had no sound equipment in Africa.

Two native belles shown in "Africa Speaks," one of the films discussed in this article.
for the filming of “Africa Speaks.” At any rate, the National Better Business Bureau, Inc., investigated the situation and reported:

“The distributor of the ‘Africa Speaks’ film has now added a foreword to the picture explaining that scenes and sounds have been interpolated in the film in order to give it added theatre entertainment value. Furthermore, all references in the accompanying dialogue and all scenes in which sound equipment apparatus is shown have been removed from the film.”

Therefore, “Trader Horn” has the distinction of being the first “all-sound” film actually made in Africa and shown in this country.

And, speaking of “Trader Horn!” Here at last has arrived a production which had the foresight to capitalize upon some of the education that has been crammed down the eyes of the movie-going-public by releasing an African film with a plot. “Trader Horn,” adapted from the book of the same name, is brim-full of thrills, narrow squeaks, love interest, local color, animal lore, and beautiful scenes. Furthermore, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer should insist that the World Court at Geneva introduce a foreword upon the international value of this picture, as the “all-talking” film employs many languages. English is clipped and drawled, Swahili and other native languages are chanted, lions roar in their own tongues most convincingly, hyenas laugh on both sides of their faces, hippopotamuses snort, elephants trumpet, baboons jabber, and —(yea, villains, look to your laurels!) — crocodiles gnash their teeth in most sinister fashion. The only mis-cast animal in the all-sound production is the giraffe. He cannot help it. He has no vocal chords. No “sound effects” from him.

Although the book setting for “Trader Horn” was West Africa, the film location was changed to East Africa and covered a territory from the East Coast, through Kenya Colony, Uganda, Tanganyika and into the Belgian Congo in Central Africa. The obstacles encountered in transportation alone for such a large assembly, with tons and tons of equipment, food, and baggage, must have been tremendous. The thought of the cost involved in such an undertaking is staggering. No wonder that it has not been attempted on such a scale before! However, so smoothly flows the continuity of the finished production that the audience little realizes the effort involved in the filming.

I know, from my own experience in developing films of still pictures in the field, some of the tragedies encountered. Many a night I have developed confounded pictures between the hours of two and six A.M. I had to do it during these hours as the buckets of water, carried on the porters’ heads and placed in front of my tent, took some six or eight hours to cool in the night air sufficiently so as not to melt the gelatine of the film. Also, as I had to do this work by candle-light or kerosene-lantern light, all of the small pests of the air—sand flies, mosquitoes, and so on—were attracted into the vicinity. Needless to say, many a morning proved that the labor had been in vain, as the drying film had contacted a thick coating of insect life. When this type of work was accompanied by the grunt of a lion—not far away enough for comfort and safety — it hardly seemed worth while.

As for Edwina Booth, who played the part of Nina in (Continued on page 121)
PUBLIC life is an art; just like learning to dance on your toes, or making the world's best cornbread, or playing the piano like Paderewski. It has much in common with marriage; it gets you both coming and going.

Having chosen a public career, it enters into your existence without being invited. If you ignore it, or if you overdo it, it's likely to prove your undoing. You can work at it conscientiously and never be quite certain of the results. And what is it?

"The art of public life consists to a great extent of knowing exactly where to stop and going a bit farther."

Clever, isn't it? Much as I'd like to take a bow I can't because it isn't original. So I'll give credit where credit's due, to Saki, and lie awake nights trying to think up one as good.

Of course, you know I'm not going to waste a perfectly good quotation. Certainly not! In these days of Hollywood unemployment I'm not wasting anything, not even quotations. So we'll take Saki's aphorism (Effie rises to remark that by any name it's still just a smart-crack for her) and apply it to the movie personages, than whom there is no class of people who have public life thrust upon them quite so forcibly, nor who practice it with such varying degrees of success.

Let's start with Garbo and be stylish. Every story should start with Garbo. And end with Garbo. The Great Allure is like the weather; when the conversation lags you can offer your own solution of the Garbo mystery or wonder if it's going to rain. Only I'd advise sticking to Garbo because with what having such reliable weather bureaus and the elements refusing to assume any glamour though goodness knows how many centuries they've fric-
Introducing a new writer we think you'll like. He has a whimsical slant on Hollywood

your Love Life, discuss your Most Hectic Moment, nor divulge the eccentricities of your second maid to attain new heights in the art of public life.

Clara Bow goes at things in a different way. Where Garbo says one word, Clara says ten, and where Garbo says nothing at all, Clara makes the headlines. She is almost a case unto herself in that she has merely to forget that there's such a thing as repression, and the rest takes care of itself.

Our text, I mean our aphorism, says one should know exactly where to stop, and then (and then only, if you don't mind my interpreting it for you), go a bit farther. Clara's bosses have begun to wonder if their little Ode to the Joy of Living really knows when enough's enough. They frowned their best front-office frown when Clara recently crowded the Spanish situation and Mr. Gandhi right off the front pages.

But those of us whose mundane existence requires us to punch time clocks or typewriters and pay for the vacuum cleaner on the installment plan rather side in with Clara because we like to see someone else enjoy those things for which we have neither the time, money, nor energy. What's more, Clara must know we like to read about it. Regardless of what the outcome will be, the Brooklyn Bonfire has thus far blazed brightly on the high end of the public life seesaw.

To bow out of public life but keep on making successful pictures would be Richard Barthelmes' idea of heaven. But since p. 1. is forced upon him he resorts to a

modified Garbo gesture and makes suppression serve a double purpose; he naturally dislikes telling intimate details about himself and this dislike is in turn the thing upon which he hinges his public life.

The Barthelmes personal press agent goes to no end of pains to let the world know that Dick thinks it's no one's business what he does after he leaves the studio. He hasn't permitted his young daughter to be photographed for several years and he absolutely balks at posing with his wife for the crazy-about-our-fireside domestic sort of pictures.

His admirers consider him a modest, retiring young man who vibrates sincerely all over the place and being well up on his psychology he's staying in character. Keeping his private life private and having the fact understood all around makes a splendid selling point for Dick's public life.

Janet Gaynor finds public (Continued on page 120)
Continuing the intimate diary of an infant born to the cinema purple. Smart Baby!

By

Owen Atkinson

FRIDAY. Everything's all right. Nurse says she's never seen Dad and Miss Latour act so affectionate. Mike says it takes a kid to make a family.

SUNDAY. Cocktail party. Spent most of the afternoon with Doak Williams and Grace Rhodes. Grace said Doak couldn't stay around me with a highball glass in his hand. Doak put the glass away. Didn't fall into the swimming pool, as usual. Grace is swell. Said I was an astonishing baby. If she thought she could have a child like me, she might get married herself. Good party. A boy of my age likes to have something going on.

TUESDAY. The twins come to visit. Played with Bingo and Mitzi. One of the twins pulled Mitzi's tail so hard the hair came out. Guess that cat won't hang around any more. Never liked it, anyway. Give me a dog like Bingo every time.

McGuire and Dad came and watched us. Smoked cigars. Talked about the days when they were on the Force together. Dad's a real man. Got a bullet hole in his shoulder. A crook took a shot at him. Not every kid has a Dad like Bill Regan. Just because the twins' father is a cop is no reason for them to act so fresh. Guess Dad could be a cop again if he wanted to.

THURSDAY. Dad and Miss Latour had a row about Del Santo. Miss Latour said that he was a lovely boy. Went well with the flapper fans. Said she might use him in her next picture. Dad said Del Santo was crooked. Dad wants Miss Latour to take the lead in his new outdoor epic. Said he'd make her famous. Miss Latour said she was famous already. Didn't care to play in any rough-neck horse operas. Guess things aren't running as smoothly as I thought. A boy has a hard time keeping his family straightened out.

FRIDAY. Two months old today. Nurse says I'm getting to be a big boy and ought to behave myself.

SATURDAY. Miss Latour has stopped production on "Boudoir Brides." Nurse says they are rewriting the script so Del Santo can be in the picture. Going to call it "Bride of the Rio Grande." Will be laid in Mexico. Dad's on location.

SUNDAY. Not many people at the cocktail party today. Miss Dad. Del Santo was here. Looked mighty pleased about something. Grace wouldn't dance with him. Said when he touched her it made her squirm. Not much of a party. A dull time was had by all.

TUESDAY. Went for a ride with Mike and Nurse. Had no idea Hollywood was such a big town. Saw a lot of people wandering around the streets. Mike said they were actors looking for jobs.

THURSDAY. Miss Latour held a story conference at the house. All the big shots from the studio were there. Seems there is a row about putting Del Santo into "Bride of the Rio Grande." Director said Del Santo couldn't act natural. Always mugging. Miss Latour said she'd have him or nobody. Guess she gets what she wants.

MONDAY. No cocktail party yesterday. Miss Latour and Del Santo started work on the new picture. Wish Dad would come back from location. Pretty lonesome around here for Nurse and me.

FRIDAY. Big excitement. Nurse and I had a call from the studio. We're going to be in Miss Latour's new picture. Nurse was so nervous she almost dropped me. "Can you beat it, Spooks?" she said. "I'm going to arrive at last. Bet when the directors see how I film, they'll offer me a contract."

SATURDAY. Another exciting day. Reporter from Picture News came.
An exposé of the home life of the movie colony by its youngest member, the son and heir of two screen celebrities. The funniest Hollywood fiction you ever read!

to the house to interview Miss Latour. Story got out that Miss Latour was going to use her own baby. Was brought down from the nursery. Reporter took pictures of Miss Latour holding me in her arms. Beginning to worry about this business. Don't want to lose Nurse because of any contract.

**Sunday.** No cocktail party. Getting ready to go to the studio tomorrow. Mike came back this afternoon. Doesn't like the idea of Nurse going to the studio. Nurse showed me pictures and stories in all the newspapers. “Can you beat it?” she said. “A kid like you getting all that publicity. I'd have to bite a dog before they put my name in the papers. Then they'd probably spell it wrong.”

**Monday.** Went to the studio. Mike took us in the car. Didn't smile once. Nurse wore a new uniform. Was so excited she didn't pay any attention to Mike.

Reported to the Millbank Company on Stage 7. Millbank's the director. Mike drove us to the door. Nurse took me inside. What a sight! Couldn't see much at first on account of the lights. Got used to them after a while. On one side of the stage was the set. Patio of a big hacienda in Mexico. People running around like they didn't know where they were going. Two cameras. Big lights everywhere. Noise and confusion. Saw Miss Latour. Hardly recognized her. Had a lot of stuff on her face. She was wearing a blue dress with a long skirt covered with ruffles. Spanish, I guess. Del Santo wore tight pants and a short coat.

Nurse told Millbank who we were. He didn't pay any attention. “Run through it again,” he yelled. “Places, everybody! Quiet! All right, Miss Latour. Give it to us!”

Miss Latour and Del Santo rehearsed the scene. This was the big dramatic climax of the picture. Miss Latour has been married before and has a baby. Del Santo is in love with her but doesn't know about the child. When she springs it on him, he's mad. He's not going to marry her. That's where I come in. Nurse was to give me to Miss Latour. When Del Santo sees me, he gets over being mad and decides he will marry Miss Latour anyway. Millbank said if the scene clicked it would make the picture.

Started thinking things over. Suppose the picture was a hit. Del Santo would be a success. Nurse would get a contract. Didn't like Del Santo. Didn't want to lose Nurse. What could a boy do?

Miss Latour and Del Santo went through the scene again.

“This is it,” said the director. “Get the kid ready. Quiet, everybody. On the set.”

Somebody blew a whistle. “Hit the lights.” It was so bright I had to shut my eyes.

“Turn 'em over,” said the director.

“Speed,” said the cameraman.

“Red light.”

Miss Latour and Del Santo began to act. Nurse was excited. Held me too tight. Had to kick myself loose. Carried me onto the set. Couldn't see anything. Heard voices. Miss Latour took me in her arms. Now was my chance.

Yelled!

“Cut!” shouted the director. A lot of excitement. Things quieted down. Heard the director tell Miss Latour we'd have to take it over.

“Put a muffler on that kid,” he said. “He'll break the mike.”

They tried it again. I yelled. Millbank said a lot of words I never heard before. Said to stuff a rag in my mouth. Miss Latour wouldn't let him.

“All right,” said the director. “Let him yell. We'll cut the sound track. It won't make any difference. Now, this is it. Make it good!”

Illustrated by
Raymond Thayer

*Everything's all right. Nurse says she's never seen Dad and Miss Latour act so affectionate. And then—they had to have a row about Del Santo!*

Quiet, everybody! On the set! Turn 'em over!”

Was worried. Yelling wasn't enough. Had to do something. Nurse whispered to me to be a good boy. “This is my big chance, Spooks. Don't spoil it,” she said.

Hated to disappoint her.
Lights went on. Nurse carried me across the set. Was desperate. Nurse handed me to Miss Latour. Then it happened. A funny look came over Miss Latour's face. She'd been holding me on her lap. Picked me up. Grabbed her skirts. "Look at this!" she cried. "He's ruined my costume!"

"Cut!" yelled the director. "This scene is out!"

Tuesday. Dad came home. Heard what had happened. He laughed. Miss Latour was mad. Called him an unfeeling brute. Said I was just like him. Dad said he was glad to know he had a son who took care of the family interests. Hoped the picture was a flop.

Nurse cried last night. Said I'd spoiled her screen test.

Mike's the only one who's happy. Took his new camera along. Got one of the technicians to look at it. Says it's the first break he's had in years. They're going to test it at the studio. Mike says I deserve ten percent of the profits because I'm responsible for getting him his chance.

Dad and Miss Latour not speaking to each other. A boy has a hard time in this world!

Sunday. Big cocktail party today. Nurse said everybody in Hollywood was there. House and grounds crowded. Nurse and I had to stay in Mike's garden. Doak and Grace came to see me. Doak looked fine. Said he hadn't had a drop in a week. United Pictures have offered him a bit in their next comedy.

Del Santo arrived in new clothes made by a Hollywood tailor. Looked even worse than the pants he brought from South America. Everybody talked about Miss Latour and Del Santo and the new picture.

Dad came to see me. Acted funny. Held on to my perambulator. Said I was the only friend he had left in the world. Wanted to pick me up. Nurse said not to joggle me. Might whoop up my formula.

Party got loud. McGuire came in. Told Dad to pipe down his friends. Neighbors were complaining. McGuire put his arm around Dad's shoulder. Helped him into the house. Guess Dad wasn't feeling good.

Monday. Wow! What a night! After the cocktail party, Dad and Miss Latour had a row. Dad said if Del Santo showed his face in the house again, he'd bust him one. Miss Latour said she could invite anyone she pleased. Said she'd had enough of Dad's rough-neck ways. Why didn't he act like a gentleman? The door was open. Nurse and I could hear everything. Nurse said it looked like the end. Said I'd be an orphan before long.

Supper didn't agree with me. Been worrying too much lately. It's upset my digestion. Started to yell. The more I yelled, the more my stomach hurt. Big lump down there. Nurse gave me peppermint water. Didn't help. Took me in her arms and bounced me. Made it worse. Wanted Dad to walk me. Couldn't make anybody understand.

Nurse called the family. Miss Latour's eyes were red. Dad's jaw was grim. Things looked pretty black.
I yelled. Both tried to pick me up at the same time. Dad put me over his shoulder. Began to walk up and down. Pain eased up. Put my head on Dad's shoulder. Stopped yelling. "There," he said, "see how easy it is to take care of a baby? Women never have any sense about kids."

"Is that so?" said Miss Latour. "You have the next one if you know so much about it." Went to sleep after that. Guess everything was all right.

**Thursday.** Doak and Grace came to see me. Doak brought a rattle. Didn't know what it was. Threw it out of the perambulator. It's a blue rattle with a ring on one end to put in my mouth.

Grace said that Doak made a come-back in the comedy he's just finished. Wanted to know if I thought they'd make a good team. Guess she managed to reform him after all.

**Friday.** Mike heard from the studio today. His camera was tested. Something went wrong with the film. Mike's discouraged. Nurse says he's got to keep trying. He'll win in the end.

**Saturday.** Went to the beach. Malibu is swell. Dad and Miss Latour have a cottage there. Took Bingo. Dug a hole in the sand. Can almost sit up by myself now. Dad says I've got arms like a prize fighter. Miss Latour said why couldn't she have a cute baby like the Barrymores? No. I am a rough-neck like my father.

Started to eat sand. Nurse stopped me. Dad said: "Give him a spoonful. Good for his gizzard."

**Monday.** Saw the rushes of "Bride of the Rio Grande." Not so hot. Miss Latour had the film sent to the house. Dad ran it off in his machine. Del Santo was there and Grace and Doak. Nurse sneaked me in the back of the room. Wanted to see if her scene had been cut. It had. Don't like movies. They hurt my eyes.

Dad said the picture was a flop. Said Millbank ought to be directing barkies and not making love stuff. Miss Latour's worried. The monitor man had jimmied her voice until she sounded like a baritone. Most of the scenes have to be re-made. Moving pictures are a heart-breaking business. Nurse cried because her scene had been cut. These women!

**Wednesday.** Dad brought me a suit of rompers. Like 'em. Hope I don't have to wear any more dresses.

**Thursday.** Nurse's day off. She and Mike went to the beach. When Nurse came home at night she was happy. Kissed me. "Listen, Spooks," she said. "Tell you a secret. Mike's asked me to marry him. Told him I would when his camera is a success. That'll give him something to work for. Think we'll be happy?"

**Friday.** First three months are the hardest. Weigh fourteen pounds, six ounces. Can sit up without holding.

**Saturday.** Spent the afternoon with Dad and Bingo in Mike's garden. Dad told Mike he'd use his camera in his next picture. Dad's making another outdoor epic called "The Broad Trail." (Continued on page 98)
That dull thud you heard was the crash of another crush. Is romance just a racket in Hollywood?

"Men have died—and worms have eaten them—but not for love."—Shakespeare.

"It's a funny thing how this love racket works," said the lady who goes to the theatre with me. "Oh, it is, is it?" said I.

"You see," she explained, "you get up from the table after eating—say half a bowl of spaghetti—and feel that you never want to see another spag as long as you live. But next day—if you're really fond of spaghetti—you go out in the kitchen, warm up what's left and it's good as new."

"Well, I don't like spaghetti," I tell her.

"No, of course you don't. Nor anything else I like either," she comes back. "But if you did happen to like spaghetti, that's how it would be. But now with love, it's different. You care for someone and then you split up. And after they've been gone awhile you forget all about their bad qualities and only remember the good ones and wish you had 'em back again. And maybe you're unfortunate and get your wish. But the second try never lasts. Warned-over love is just no good."

"Oh, I don't know," I argue, "it's off-again-on-again with its most of the time."

"Well, it's off again for keeps this time and the crack still goes," says she flouncing out of the room. I rushed to the door just in time to see her get into a Rolls and drive off with another guy who didn't do my Ford any good when he started backing away.

And then I got to thinking. It's true: people who

love, separate, and go back for another try don't usually have much luck, but somehow, as fast as they fall out of love, they seem to fall in again. Love on the rebound as it were, and it knocks 'em for a goal every time.

"Sure it does," said Dorothy Mackail when I mentioned the matter to her. "This love racket is the greatest game in the world. We like to think of our affections as eternal and everlasting and all that sort of thing but we know down in our hearts that love isn't like that. Ninetynine times out of a hundred, what we call love is only infatuation and it soon wears off. Everything I'm troubled with a new heart attack, I think, 'Well, at last! Is it the real thing this time.' But it never is and after a few days or weeks or months, I pick myself up, brush myself off and start out all over again. It's the ability to take on a new love as you shed the old one that takes the sting out of it. My heart may be a little shopworn from all this rebounding but it still works as good as new."

"The trouble with you," I pointed out, "is that you're an incurable romanticist and more in love with love than with an individual."

"Have it your own way," she answered, And a few moments later she added dreamily, "Isn't that moon beautiful, coming up over the water that way?"

Feeling that way, is it any wonder she married Lothar Mendes as she fell out of love with someone else or that another someone was on hand to ease the bumps as the Mendes romance hit the toboggan?

Speaking of love on the rebound, and we certainly
were, it would never do to
overlook the Considine-
Tages-Bennett excitement.
Seems that John Considine,
leading young screen exec-
utive, was pretty generally
considered around Holly-
wood the lucky fiancé of
Miss Carmen Pantages, a
gorgeous brunette beauty.
They went about socially
and were popular in movie-
land's brightest and most
particular set. Then—one
day Hollywood heard they
weren't engaged any more.
A lovely blonde named Joan Ben-
nett stepped on the scene. Mr.
Considine became her escort to
screenland functions and gossip
buzzed that they would be mar-
ried. In fact, Joan, on a trip to
New York, confided to a girl
friend that "John doesn't want
me to go out with any other men
while I'm here." It really looked
as if the Bennett-Considine ro-
mance would be a permanent
rave. But wait! You don't know
your Hollywood if you think
that wedding bells are ringing
by this time. They may be ring-
ing, all right—but not neces-
sarily for Joan and John. The
latest—to date, that is—is that Considine and Miss Pan-
tages have made up. In fact, those 'in the know' may
even go so far as to tell you a little tale about how Joan
jumped in a plane and went to Palm Springs in the
wake of John, who in his turn had gone to visit Miss
Pantages who was resting there with her mother. Joan
returned without Mr. Considine. So Hollywood waits,
waits, and wonders.
And meanwhile the blonde littlest Bennett is seen
places with Lew Ayres, who not so long ago was sister
Connie's proud young escort. But that wasn't serious.
Lew admired Constance Bennett extravagantly—and
still does. They played together in "Common Clay," you
know. But Lew has also gone places with Lola Lane.
And of course you all know that Connie and Henry
Falaise, once Gloria Swanson's Marquis, seem to think
a whole lot of each other. Gloria, these days, is often
beau-ed by Gene Markey, well-known writer, who is
good-looking enough to be a leading man. And Gene, by
the way, was once Ina Claire's devoted admirer,
before Ina up and married Jack Gilbert. What's the
matter, is your head swim-
ing? You'll have to get
used to that; you're in Hol-
lywood now!
"Take Betty Compson
and Jim Cruze. To-
gether today, apart tomor-
row. But don't make the
mistake of picturing Betty
as an Ariadne gazing long-
ingly out to sea, waiting for
her lover to return. Hardly
had the divorce papers been
signed and the furniture delivered
at her new home when there was
a ring at the doorbell and Hugh
Trevor dropped in to call. And
he's been dropping in ever since.
"How come?" I asked her.
"Well," Betty observed, "when
a love affair begins to wane you
sense it either consciously or un-
consciously, and nature begins to
make provisions to safeguard
you. For instance, if you lose
your eyesight, as a compensation
your senses of hearing and touch
become more acute. If you fall out
of love with one person, nature
sends you someone else to love.
"I think if you see a love is growing cold you should
never wait until you no longer care for a person before
leaving him. If you do that you have only horrible
memories left. But if you separate when it begins to
ebb, then you always look back with fond recollections
and think, 'We could have made it last a little longer and
still been happy.'"
And look how one charming lady after another has
caught and lightly held the puff ball of John Gilbert's
ephemeral fancy. Married to a Southern girl, he came
west to seek fame and fortune in the movies. And while
trudging along the highway he met Leatrice Joy. Grow-
ing away from his wife at the time, he found comfort
and inspiration in the society of Leatrice. The story of
their love and romance is too well known to require repeti-
tion here. But when that flame began to flicker, the torch
was re-ignited from the dying embers and carried aloft
by no less than Garbo. Love's torch in her hands burned
but fitfully and, as it began (Continued on page 109)
Won Out of Sixty!

MARIAN MARSH is still stunned! Nothing as sudden or fantastic ever happened to her before.

She's leading lady to John Barrymore! Playing Trilby to the noted actor's "Svengali" at seventeen. Glory enough for any girl, isn't it?

And here is the how and why of it all. Just listen.

The scene is Hollywood, of course. Gray-eyed and demure, a girl of seventeen named Marian Marsh has rushed to the Warner Studios at Burbank in answer to an urgent telephone call. She does not know what's in the wind, for she has completed her last picture and has no production schedule for at least a week. Very little is said. She is bundled into the luxurious studio car with the bare explanation that John Barrymore wishes to look her over.

Marian has an inkling—no more than that. Hollywood gossip has been busy for some time over the impasse of John Barrymore, who can't find the right girl for his leading lady for "Svengali," based on the Du Maurier novel of Paris studio life, "Trilby."

The car sped on swiftly, smoothly, through the miles of country road, past opulent estates, till it reached that of John Barrymore. The chauffeur opened the door. Marian was led into the house with its silence bespeaking the illness of its owner. She ascended the stairs, her heart in her mouth at the ordeal she knew awaited her.

A discreet knock, a "come in" from the temporarily muffled stellar voice, and Marian stood before Barrymore. He was in bed, his handsome head embodied in a mass of plump pillows. Marian stood stock still, feeling the stage-fright which she had known only the first day she faced a camera. But something in the Barrymore smile, his friendly appraisal of her, his obvious interest, disarmed her; and before long she was at her ease.

Sixty actresses were after the rôle of Trilby. This little girl got it

By Brian Herbert

How Marian Marsh was picked by Barrymore to play in "Svengali"
Presenting
POTENTIAL
HOLLYWOOD
HEADLINERS

Discoveries of today
stars of tomorrow!

Marian Marsh, whose story is on the opposite page, was born Violet Krauth, in Trinidad, British West Indies, October 17, 1913. She has blonde hair, gray eyes, is five feet, two inches tall and weighs 102 pounds.
Sylvia Sidney from Broadway! She stepped into Clara Bow's rôle in "City Streets," opposite Gary Cooper. Miss Sidney was born in New York City; she is five feet, four inches tall, and weighs 104 pounds, with dark brown hair and blue-green eyes. She started her stage career at the age of twelve.
Meet twenty-four-year-old Robert Allen—a Dartmouth graduate, with no professional experience either on stage or screen. Robert was born in Mount Vernon, New York; is six feet tall and has light hair and blue eyes; has a contract with Warner Brothers, and you'll see him in "Party Husband."
Lillian Bond is a still-head at Clara London and her first appearance on the stage was at the age of fourteen. She sings soprano and is a good dancer. Miss Bond is under con.

Lillian Bond
A stage star signs for the screen! Ivor Novello is an Englishman and a decided hit on the London stage and screen. Some years ago he played in D. W. Griffith's "The White Rose." Novello has written many plays. He will make a screen version of his own comedy, "The Truth Game."
Kent Douglas was born October 29, 1907; is six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, has hazel eyes and blond hair. He's in "It's a Wise Child."

Loretta Sayers, "discovered" by Columbia, was born in Seattle, Washington; is five feet, two inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes.

Constance Cummings conquered Broadway, then struck out for the gold-coast. She was born in Seattle; is five feet, four inches tall, and weighs 117 pounds, with brown hair and blue eyes.

The villain entered and he's going to stay—Clark Gable plays "heavies." He was born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1, 1901; is six feet tall, weighs 190 pounds, has brown hair and gray eyes.

Buds and Buddies
Miss Mary Blackford—Gladys Ford to you. Gladys was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; is five feet, two inches tall, weighs 105 pounds, has blue eyes, light brown hair, and a Warner contract.

Conchita Montenegro was born in Spain—of course, she can dance! Conchita has been playing in Spanish versions. She is five feet, three inches tall, weighs 108 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes.

An informal introduction to some interesting newcomers

Edward Woods is a Los Angeles boy, an ex-student of the University of California, and an ex-stage actor. His next picture will be “The Public Enemy.”

Lester Vail has been a trouper since 1922. He is five feet, eleven inches tall, weighs 160 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes; born in Denver, Colorado.
Elissa Landi

Elissa Landi, signed by Fox, was born in Italy and educated in England. She has had two novels published; and the versatile girl can also sing and dance! She is five feet, five inches tall, weighs 120 pounds, has light auburn hair and green eyes—and she's married to J. C. Lawrence, an English barrister.
Joan Marsh was a movie actress before she could walk or talk, making her début at the age of nine months. She was born in Porterville, California; is five feet, two inches tall, weighs 104 pounds; is very blonde and has light blue eyes. Her next appearance is with William Haines in "A Tailor Made Man".
Evalyn Knapp made Hollywood via the stage route. She first played in "shorts." Miss Knapp had the second feminine lead in her first feature picture and then stepped right into leading roles. Evalyn was born in Kansas City, Kansas; is five feet, four inches, weighs 105 pounds, with blonde hair and blue eyes.
Joan Blondell has been an actress almost all her life, playing in vaudeville, stock, and on the Broadway stage. Her first screen role was in "The Office Wife"; her next is "God's Gift to Women," opposite Frank Fay. Joan is five feet, four inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, has gray eyes and blonde hair.
SIGNED for Screen Success

Donald Dillaway was born in New York City, March 17, 1905; is six feet tall, weighs 150 pounds, has dark brown hair and eyes. He played in vaudeville and stock. His next picture is "Mr. Lemon of Orange."

Charge it to Irish luck! Ray Milland was born in Drogheda, Ireland, January 3, 1906; is six feet, one inch tall, weighs 168 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. He had stage and screen experience in London.

Sweet sixteen! Little Anita Louise made her first stage appearance at the age of six. She was a screen favorite as a child actress. Now, grown up a little, she's in "The Third Alarm" and "Millie."

Charles Starrett was born in Athol, Massachusetts; is six feet, two inches tall and weighs 180 pounds, with dark brown hair and brown eyes. He appeared in "Fast and Loose" and "The Royal Fam.
Raoul Walsh discovered Rosalie Roy and gave her a part in “Women of All Nations.” She hails from Texas. Nineteen years old, she's five feet, two and one-half inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, and has chestnut hair and gray eyes.

Karen Morley has had stage experience but her first picture was “Inspiration.” She was born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December 12, 1911; is five feet, four inches, and has brown hair and hazel eyes.

Arlene Judge is a product of the Broadway stage. She is five feet, two and one-half inches tall, has brown hair and brown eyes, and is nineteen years old.

New York City claims James Cagney, who is five feet, ten inches tall, weighs 145 pounds, and has reddish hair. He has a long-term contract with Warner and his next film is “The Public Enemy.”
Sidney Fox is a little girl, but a great big success on Broadway—and more of the same is predicted for her in pictures. Sidney was born in New York City, is not quite five feet tall, weighs 94 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes, and a contract with Universal. Her first film will be "Gambling Daughters."
Two new girls in Jack Oakie's new talkie, "June Moon." The blonde, June MacCloy, came from the stage. She is five feet, five inches tall, weighs 116 pounds, with blue eyes. Brunette Wynne Gibson is also from the stage; was born in New York City, is five feet, two inches tall, weighs 103 pounds.

June MacCloy and Wynne Gibson
The company decided to film her story, "Debutante" and asked Carman to star in it. Miss Barnes has had two novels published and a play produced on Broadway. She was born in Chattanooga, Tennessee, November 20, 1912; has red hair and brown eyes, is five feet, five inches tall, weighs 111 pounds. Read more about her on the opposite page.
The Child Wonder

The new Hollywood sensation—Carman Barnes, starring in her own story at 18!

By Margaret Reid

AUTHOR of a published novel at sixteen, author of another novel and sensational Broadway play at seventeen, filmwriter and movie star at eighteen, Carman Barnes!

She sat in the big chair beside her big desk in the swank Writers' Building at Paramount, looking like a little girl who has eaten too many chocolate-coated marshmallows. She looked slightly sick. "I wish things wouldn't happen so fast. I'm tired."

Her round cheeks were white, her eyes strained. A masseuse had tried, without result, to loosen the taut nerves in her shoulders and back. At the Mayfair, the Saturday before, she had run abruptly to the ladies' room and cried. She smiled wanly. "It's pretty silly—feeling like this. I ought to be terribly happy. But I'm not, any more. I want—I want to want something. But I don't."

Now I was never one to become exercised about the unfortunate successful. The penalties of accomplished desire have always struck me as pretty pale beside the pleasures therein. Me, I just can't shed a tear for the tragedy of success.

Yet, on this day and occasion, I felt deeply and sincerely sorry for a beautiful eighteen-year-old into whose complaisant lap had been dropped considerable of the treasures of earth. You would have felt sorry for her, too. Maybe she would have felt sorry for herself, had she been capable of feeling anything. Which she wasn't.

"I'm all numb. I can't get thrilled about anything. I'll probably get over it—I certainly hope so. I hate feeling old and satiated like this."

A few weeks ago, Paramount announced the acquisition of Carman Barnes' dialogue-writing services. "Oh yes"—explanations were exchanged—"the dizzy kid who wrote that show 'Schoolgirl.'"

Five weeks later, Paramount announced the imminent stardom of Carman Barnes in "A Débutante Confesses." by Carman Barnes. "What next?" was the general consensus of opinion. A natural enough opinion to have about the precipitate enshronement of a child and amateur.

But the Paramount ensemble is nobody's fool. The stardom of Carman in her own story is, of course, a trick. If, however, you think it isn't a good trick, you're crazy. Sims experience, grooming, preparation, previous exploitation, this youngster's first picture will be a box-office clean-up. After that, nobody knows. Certainly Carman doesn't. But no great anguish of suspense is hers. Acting is incidental to a lady with the great American novel worrying at her vitals.

Stringing with the journalistic pack that formed at Carman's heels when the story 'broke,' I went to have a look at the—practically—child prodigy. She came into the publicity department with her hands full of lists from real estate offices.

"We're trying to find a house," she explained. "I've been looking at houses all morning. I've never seen so much rococo in my life. Don't you know of a nice, simple house for rent?"

She speaks quietly, with the slightly plaintive inflection of the South. She has a gentle manner, well-bred, self-contained. She has, as yet, no personality tricks. She is not dizzy. Obviously, she has been nicely reared.

In appearance, she is an anomaly. Rather tall, slim, there still is in her building grace the last remnants of adolescent awkwardness, though apparent infrequently. Her hair shows evidence of relations with a bottle and her nails are too tangerine—but she dresses in excellent, sub-deb taste and uses little make-up. Her brown eyes have a sophisticated expression not usually associated with eighteen, but if you look more closely you will find that the reason for this lies (Continued on page 126)
WHAT DOES NUMEROLOGY

How long will Janet hold her high place on the screen? Here's an analysis of her life and career and a forecast of her future

By

Clifford W. Cheasley

I AM going to find considerable interest in analyzing your numbers, Miss Gaynor, according to the science of Numerology.

Much of this interest will come from the fact that your numbers are so entirely different from those of so many players whom I have analyzed in the course of my eighteen years' practice of this subject.

When I interview men or women who tell me that they are on the stage or in the movies, I have come to expect to find a number 7 as the outstanding number in their names, for this number 7 being the symbol of the hidden, the mysterious, the subjective and creative naturally leads the individual into a phase of work where 'in character' the true identity has to be put aside.

Like water, and almost everything else, humans find their own level in life sooner or later, sifting down through what is called experience to a plane of expression for which their true natures fit them. When this plane is reached it is seen to be that which the measuring of their impulses and abilities by the numbers of their names and birthdates would have suggested.

After years of practice the analyst comes mentally to place individuals who arrive for an analysis into certain groupings of numbers according to their occupation; but sometimes, as in your case, Miss Gaynor, when the chart of the name and date is completed the analyst gets a surprise.

In order to succeed as you have done, you have had more influences in your own nature to overcome than most of the screen favorites that I have analyzed; and had it not been for circumstances indicated by the numbers of your birthday which I shall explain to you, I doubt whether, in spite of your ability, you could have gained very much public attention in any artistic direction.

Attaching the numerical values of the ancient Greek system of Numerology to your name of Laura Gainer, which is the form under which you were born, I am able to analyze the two most important phases of your personality: your motives and your methods.

The addition of the vowels of a, u, a, in your first name Laura gives a total through the numbers 1, 3, 1, of 5. In the second name there are the vowels a, i, e, numbered 1, 9 and 5 respectively and totaling 6. In your 'Ideality' or 'Motive' you are 'a number 11.'

Placing a number under each letter of your name we obtain 31501 for the first name, Laura, and 719550 for Gainer. The first group totals 17, which reduces to 8; and the second group to 36, which reduces to 9. The addition of 8 and 9 is 17, again 8. This tells your 'Expression' 'Method number,' your outer general temperament through which you would express your ideas.

Practically this means that your original outlook upon life was imaginative, romantic, not really very definite; and you must have found as a child that while you were easily able to adapt yourself inwardly to the kind of surroundings you found yourself in, you could not have
Foresee for Janet Gaynor?

Cheasley gets a surprise when he studies Janet’s numbers!

Read what the next few years promise for this little star

doubt already referred to.

With such a combination deciding your outlook on life, you needed either great encouragement or somewhat of a push into situations where you were forced to stand upon your own decisions or accept failure. It rather seems that you strengthened your character through the latter means of experience, for I see that you were born in October.

The presence of the number 8 as the symbol of your outer temperament, your ‘Expression number’ reveals that latent in your name at birth were many stronger vibrations giving you an unsuspected ability as a business woman, an organizer, one capable of directing your own and other people’s thoughts and efforts towards a material success. This number would not make you interested in a business career but ensure that you could give a good account of yourself when forced to handle situations that needed attention to detail, the employment of reason and judgment.

Indecision and doubt in your deeper outlook upon life and yet a latent ability to exercise good judgment and common sense in your outward expression, would make you uncertain whether you wanted an occupation other than one in...
Hollywood

Goes Spanish!

"TWO great pantomimists are going to meet tonight!" exclaimed Patsy, "Charlie Chaplin and Argentina, the Spanish dancer! Dolores Del Rio, Jose Crespo, Mr. and Mrs. Rafael Rivelles and some of the other Spanish players are giving a party."

And for once in Hollywood a Spaniard actually lives in a Spanish house! The home of the Rivelles is a beautiful Spanish town house on the side of a hill, and the view of the city lights was like jewel-studded black velvet.

Charlie hadn't arrived yet when we came, but we found Mine. Argentina there, and she proved to be one of those rare and radiant people, all life and spirit. We heard that she was a grandmother, but as the Spanish people achieve motherhood early, it is possible to believe it, even though she is probably much younger looking than she really is.

"I never saw so many pretty girls!" gasped Patsy, "even in Hollywood."

Anita Page was there, and Lupita Tovar, Maria Alba, Conchita Montenegro, Rosita Moreno, Maria Tubau, and others, besides Dolores Del Rio, and any one of them might have taken a beauty prize anywhere. All of them, as well as Mrs. Rivelles, are playing in Spanish pictures, and some of them in English ones, too.

Come along to this picture party! See Chaplin dance a tango—meet Del Rio and the other Spanish beauties.

By

Grace Kingsley

Ramon Novarro and Antonio Moreno were to have been present, but both had to work, so sent graceful little telegrams of regret.

Anita Page was quite a belle, and was the only blonde present. She has Spanish blood in her veins, you know, her real name being Pamares, and her father being Spanish.

Charlie Chaplin arrived finally, with apologies for being late. He had been working at the studio, putting the final touches and some new music to "City Lights," and he came in his business clothes, not having time to go home and change.

Of course he and Argentina held animated discourse, partly through interpreters, but she had to leave early, as she never permits herself late hours, due to the strenuousness of her work. She danced only once, with Jose Crespo, who is an old friend of hers.

Charlie told us he would write his next story in Europe, and we were told by some of the Spanish people that it is quite likely the story will have a Spanish background. After Argentina had gone, Charlie danced the tango with Lupita Tovar, and danced it beautifully.

"Only," as Patsy remarked, "he did dance it rather as an Englishman would dance the tango!"

For the most part Charlie (Continued on page 115)
All about Barrymore!

Answering your questions about Jack, the man, and John, the actor

By Bradford Nelson

Dolores Costello, Barrymore calls him “Winkie.” Scolds him for being late to appointments. And fusses with him when he does not take his top coat, knowing that he catches cold easily.

He has been called “America's foremost actor.” This pleases him. He declares it obviates the necessity of further effort. Admits he is inclined to overact and sometimes does so atrociously. Points out the fact that he was connected with what was probably the worst picture ever made. Played in it and had much to do with the making of it. Declares that it is some distinction to be intimately associated with the world’s worst picture.

Admits he is a most indolent person. Wanted to be an artist in his youth. Points with pride that he sold a macabre drawing “The Hangman” to Andrew Carnegie for $10.00. Also admits he was fired by Arthur Brisbane when he was a newspaper illustrator. Still has a “creative urge” in spite of his laziness.

Often flies into a rage at the studio. Seeks to be pleased and sometimes amused over his exhibitions of bad temper. He once astonished the wife of an important film magnate who was visiting the studio with a greeting that left her breathless for weeks. Yet to a property boy or a studio hand he may display the manners of a Chesterfield.

Selects his leading women carefully. But when it comes to the love scenes he loses all interest. During a big love scene in a picture his thoughts wander and he remembers that fishing is a much more entertaining business.

Says that if it had not been for talking pictures he would be in the rubber business. Whatever that means.

Says that before the talkies came the film industry was the Sick Man of the West. Declares that now the business is all right but a lot of people in pictures are still bum actors.

Actors have not advanced as rapidly as motion picture technicians, according to Barrymore. Says that on the “Svengali” set they have cameras that do everything but read the paper. They turn somersaults, shoot up in the air, slide or gallop, chase him, or let him chase them.

Likes to portray character rôles. Because they are more fun. But he welcomed the opportunity to play the modern inebriate in “The Man From Blankley’s.” His one objection to character rôles is make-up.

(Con't. on page 90)

Jack Barrymore—the Bad Boy of the American theatre, as he looks when lounging in the gardens of his Beverly Hills home.
They Get $1,000

But how these women scenario writers earn it!

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Pollyana," and "Stella Maris" were all the work of Frances. Later she wrote and directed "The Lovelight."

Norma Talmadge secured Frances for scenarizing "The Eternal Flame," "Secrets," and "The Lady." "East is West," "Cytherea," "Tarnish," "The Dark Angel" and "Stella Dallas" are among the many other silents for which Frances Marion received screen credit.

But if the men expected the talkies to flummox Frances, they had another think coming. Instead she won the Motion Picture Academy prize for the best original scenario of the year with "The Big House," an intensely all-masculine picture. She earned the fond approval of Eugene O'Neill for her screen version of his "Anna Christie," and was also responsible for "Min and Bill" and "The

All the world wants to write scenarios for motion pictures. Not only established writers, but bell-boys, nurse maids, stokers, politicians, bankers, et al. You should see the mountains of scenarios that flow into the studios. Almost every arrival in Southern California, from celebrity to immigrant, has a scenario up his sleeve. Even weighty nabobs, like Dr. Edward Smith Williams, author of 100 scientific books, self-consciously admit a scenario in the making!

Hence the competition is terrific. When the silent screen took to talking, a perky male predicted, in print, that women scenario writers would now make an inglorious exit. Just as though women did not know all about talking!

But instead, the clever scenario girls have covered themselves with glory, and actually there are more women successful in this difficult field than men. How did they break in? That's the precious question all the yearners are asking.

Take that brilliant Frances Marion, versatile, humorous, immeasurably kind. Frances started in a newspaper career in San Francisco, her home town. She comes of aristocratic lineage, her great-grandfathers being respectively Lord Douglas of England and General Francis Marion of the Revolutionary War. But that did not prevent her having to begin at the bottom, from financial necessity. Besides the newspaper work, Frances was doing art posters and going to college on the side. You see, she had an intellect and cultivated it. She didn't consider compulsory business an excuse for ignorance!

It was through writing short stories for magazines that Frances attracted the attention of the studios. After they had bought the scenario rights of a couple of them, she was invited to go to Hollywood with Mary Pickford. "The Foundling," "The Poor Little Rich Girl,"
to $5,000 for a STORY!

By Alma Whitaker

Secret Six," all great screen successes.

It sounds alarmingly modern, but Frances Marion has had four husbands. The first was a fellow newspaper man when she was a mere girl. The second was an invalid and died of tuberculosis. The third was Fred Thompson, the athletic pastor, cowboy, actor, whose career she fondly fostered. And she is now married to George Hill, the director of several of her pictures. She has two dear small boys, one a son of Fred Thompson, and the other adopted; five dogs and two lambs, and a secretary. They live in a charming home, and it is interesting to note that this remarkable Frances is also an excellent housekeeper.

Elsie Janis, formerly a musical comedy star and imitator, is now writing for pictures—mostly dialogue and lyrics, as for "Madame Satan," and she is now working on "The Squaw Man," with Lenore Coffee for Cecil de Mille. Elsie never went to school, but her intellect was not neglected, as she had private tutors.

Bess Meredyth is another girl who weathered the advent of talkies. Besides the regular schooling in Buffalo, Bess travelled a great deal—Europe, Australia, the South Seas, and Alaska—very valuable in this work. She, too, began as a newspaper woman, and won her way in via her short stories in magazines, "Ben Hur," "Sea Beast," "A Woman of Affairs," and "When a Man Loves" and "Don Juan" for John Barrymore, were amongst her best known silents. Since then she has been busy on talkies all the time. "Our Blushing Brides," "Romance" for Garbo, and so on. Bess, too, is matrimonially experienced, her present spouse being Michael Curtiz, the director.

Then there's Zelda Sears, former stage actress and playwright, with forty years' experience behind her. Zelda also began with the silents—"Covered," "The Clinging Vine," "The Scarlet Woman," etc. Talkies with which she has been connected in a scenario capacity are "Rubber Tires," "Night Bride," "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," "Wise Wife," "Devil-May-Care," "The Divorcee" and "Daybreak." Zelda Sears is with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer under contract.

Madeleine Ruthven is an Iowa ranch girl, and a university graduate, likewise beginning her career on a newspaper. Her screen plays include "Love in the Rough" and "Among the Married."

Alice Miller broke in via the reading department, during the silent era. She is regarded as an excellent assistant, having contributed much to such pictures as "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," "Four Walls," "Two Lovers," "The Devil Dancer," and many more.

Edith Fitzgerald, a Kentucky maiden, began as an actress but later wrote plays for the stage, through which she naturally gravitated (Continued on page 127)
PART III.

LAST month I had just started to tell you about home, sweet home in Hollywood, when we were cut off. Now I'm going on with my story and just try to stop me!

I want to give you my idea of a house. Or rather, a home—there's a lot of difference, you know. When things began to look pretty good for me I gave up the first house I had chosen and selected another one. This was situated on a rock. It had a patio, a swimming pool, and a view of the ocean. The view was immense, but the house was small and cozy. I always keep my houses simple. Chintz is more to my taste than priceless, musty fabrics valued because some king and queen had a deuce of a time when they lived with them. Palace stuff never inspired the song Home, Sweet Home. I like firm chairs when I sit socially. I've had more than my share of collapsible stage furniture so that my aversion to antiques may easily be explained. I do feel, however, that ancient furniture in the home should always carry weight limit signs like country bridges!

A house should be small enough and the furniture so arranged that there are no bunkers in the way of a straight drive to the kitchen; for around the kitchen the real home is built. A home with sloppy meals—whether they are prepared by the maid or the madam—leads to the divorce court sooner or later and the woman who can give her husband better meals than any other woman wins—sometimes! I've always wondered why folks who were so anxious to get their bumps felt and their palms

The most beloved woman in Hollywood, Miss Marie Dressler, resting in a sunny corner of the upstairs sitting room in her Beverly Hills home. This installment of her own story, which began in the March issue, is the most intimate and amusing she has written. You won't want to miss it!

Marie Dressler's Own Story

A new chapter in the life of the Laugh Queen

By Marie Dressler

Marie tells 'em! Newspaper men crowd around the star as she returns from one of her trips to Europe. Miss Dressler is popular with the ship-news men; and that's an achievement!
read by experts didn't have their iceboxes and garbage pails examined. These are the true character indicators. In them you find extravagance, vanity, lack of imagination, laziness, stinginess, stupidity, carelessness, untidiness and all the sins pictured by the handwriting expert or other good guessers. On the other hand these tell-tale containers may indicate tolerance, inspiration, energy, generosity, cleverness, carefulness and neatness. The whole point is to make the most of what you have and give the pigs a break. Garbage men respect me. One told me once, "Miss Dressler, you have swell swill. You see it's nice for pigs and it ain't taking away from humans like most of 'em."

All of which is a delightfully direct way of informing the world that I can cook and like it. Did you ever notice that the bigger the woman, the better the cook? Well, that means my cooking is above the average. When I say I cook, I don't refer to those people who order expensive materials and then start a meal. My idea of a cook is somebody who can take what would otherwise be thrown out and make you want to come again. Suppose I give you a few favorite recipes a la Dressler?

Take steak-tails, for instance. Everybody takes a steak-tail, lays it on a plate, carefully puts it in the icebox and throws it out on the third day. Somehow you feel less extravagant if you don't chuck it out upon its arrival. When it comes to steak-tails with me, I make both ends meat.

Icebox Steak-tail

Take the steak-tail firmly and persuasively, all the while thinking, "Come seven—come eleven," reduce it to dice-like pieces. Worry some celery and potato into a similar state. Add one chopped onion, tomatoes if at hand, otherwise any vegetables left over in the icebox, toss in a lump of butter, and simmer these ingredients slowly in a frying pan in the vegetable juices or just enough soup stock to keep from burning. When the odor makes you hungry, put the odor and the mixture causing it into individual ramekins, break an egg over each, add grated cheese if desired, and place in the oven to brown. If you have invited your worst enemy to dinner this will be the beginning of a beautiful friendship. And why not ask either your friends or your enemies to a pick-up dinner? I shudder when I receive an engraved invitation to a meal so far ahead that I have to turn a leaf on the calendar. I can see in advance the crab flakes full of gill gristle carefully masked by the cold gravy they call cocktail sauce. I can see the mock turtle chilling its skin in the clear soup and the other company dinner do-dabs which look so pretty in the magazines and taste like kid gloves just home from the cleaners. No, sir—my idea of enjoying my friends' hospitality is to drop in when they are not expecting me and enjoy honest-to-goodness food!

Compare company consommés and bouillon, for example, with my favorite soup which anybody can have every day.

Tomato Soup

Spoil the shape of four pieces of bacon by chopping very fine, treat celery and onions with equal lack of consideration, add seasoning, a bay leaf, and one medium size can of tomatoes. Nonchalantly consign this luscious mixture to a bright clean stewpan and cook until tender, (the food, not the pan, which will burn if not watched, but can never be made edible even by me). This done, add one teaspoonful of soda and one pint of milk, if you feel poor, or the same amount of cream, if you feel rich; strain if you are in a Ritzy mood or leave as is if you just want food, add

(Continued on page 117)
Reviews of the

Six Best Films of the Month:

CITY LIGHTS
EAST LYNNE
DANCE, FOOLS, DANCE
RANGO
DISHONORED
TRADER HORN

By Delight Evans

City Lights
United Artists

He's back! Go to see "City Lights" with perfect confidence— Chaplin won't let you down. He reserves those tricks for his cast, not his audience. His new picture which took so much time and money to make may not be his best—I don't know. And I don't care. I know only that I laughed a lot at practically everything Charlie did, including all his old tricks and a few new ones. His comic device of the rich stew who loves him when he's in his cups and boots him when he's sober is a grand chance for complications. There's even a prize-fight. Romance—a little blind flower girl nicely played by Virginia Cherrill. And lots of Chaplin—all of Chaplin again. Don't let it be so long next time, Charlie, we need your kind of comedy.

Dance, Fools, Dance
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

In which Joan Crawford proves that her performance in "Paid" was no accident. Now, I didn't say I ever thought it was, did I? I mean that this picture fails to give the star the dramatic opportunities of her first serious film; so I applaud her splendid work all the more. She has a pretty unbelievable role in this one—a pampered darling who is forced to make her own way in the world, goes to work on a newspaper, and gets involved in gangster doings; but Joan flashes through it all with brains and brilliance. But isn't she getting too thin? Go out and celebrate your success with a nice, thick, juicy steak, girl! Like Lester Vail? He's Joan's able leading man, and you'll be seeing more of him.

East Lynne
Fox

This picture has a rather rare quality—charm. And that saves it! Given this good old tear-jerking melodrama to direct, Frank Lloyd turned aside from the obvious treatment and endowed it with some of his own poetic feeling, thereby lifting it out of bathos. Lloyd manages to make the wooden puppets of the tale appealing and sometimes human. In Ann Harding he has the perfect heroine—lovely in coiffure and costume, competent in performance, and poignant in those scenes with her baby which still have power to make strong women filmgoers weep. Clive Brook is splendid in a grand and nasty rôle; with Conrad Nagel, Cissie Lotus and Beryl Mercer all fine.
Screenland's Critic Selects the Most Important Screenplays of the Month

Trader Horn
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

This is a "special"—a combination adventure film and romantic melodrama that will fascinate you. There's excitement in practically every scene. And while you'll leave the theatre feeling as if you personally had accompanied the Metro expedition to brightest Africa and had fought off lions, elephants, and juju men, you'll also feel you've had your money's worth. Speaking of money—a million went into the filming of this picture. Thrills in native sets are costly, and most of "Trader Horn" is authentic. Harry Carey is the intrepid explorer who helps rescue the beautiful "white goddess" of a savage tribe. Edwina Booth as said goddess is gorgeous. She has the part of a Hollywood blonde's lifetime.

Dishonored
Paramount

The magic of Marlene Dietrich, and nothing else, unless you count beautiful camera angles, lifts this film into our feature class. Marlene is enough—which is why she should have better material. When her lady spy of this story falls in love with the stalwart enemy, and after considerable footage make the Supreme Sacrifice, not even the marvellous Marlene can sway us to the proper pathos. The same formula—foreign setting, exotic stellar rôle, luscious Von Sternberg photography, worked in "Morocco"; but this time it's not so potent. You won't want to miss Marlene no matter what she does; and she's lovely here, with more glamor than ever. Victor McLaglen is all right, I suppose.

Rango
Paramount

A real novelty. Everybody will be talking about it. The actors are monkeys, apes, tigers, buffalo, panthers, and two natives of Sumatra, where Ernest B. Schoedsack, who also made "Chang" and "Grass," photographed this picture. "Rango" parallels the adventures of a native and his son, and Tua, an elderly ape, and his little boy, Rango—the most engaging discovery of the month. This little ape's antics will convulse you. The two humans and the two apes have a common enemy, the tiger. The big fight—you knew there would be one—is between a water buffalo and a tiger, and it is a thriller. See this—and borrow all the small boys of the neighborhood and take them along. They will love it.

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:
Harry Myers in "City Lights"
Charlie Chaplin in "City Lights"
Marlene Dietrich in "Dishonored"
Ann Harding in "East Lynne"
Clive Brook in "East Lynne"
Edwin Booth in "Trader Horn"
Joan Crawford in "Dance, Fools, Dance"
John Gilbert in "Gentleman's Fate"
Helen Twelvetrees in "Millie"
George Bancroft in "Scandal Sheet"
Beauty is more than skin deep!

But skin beauty is a deep subject, so listen to this expert advice on complexion care

By
Anne Van Alstyne

THERE are two great essentials for the beauty of the complexion. The first is: Keep your skin clean. The other is: Keep your skin soft.

If you keep your skin clean, which means clear; and soft, which means rested and well-cared for, the fairest beauty prizes will be awarded unto you.

For there is one beauty upon which all people agree and that is the beauty of fine, glowing skin. Loretta Young has that beauty.

There is one beauty upon which all people agree and that is the beauty of fine, glowing skin. Loretta Young has that beauty.

country we are all for diet and slenderness, yet Europeans find our women much too thin for attractiveness.

So in every attribute of feminine beauty personal inclination influences what we call attractive or ugly. In all save the skin, that is. The tribute to lovely skin is unanimous.

Fine skin means beauty, even though the individual features be irregular. Uncared-for skin full of blackheads, large pores, or other unsightly blemishes means ugliness, even though the features they defile be flawless.

Yet isn't that really a thrilling thought? Isn't it really thrilling to know that you can have the first, the unanimous requirement for beauty, no matter what your figure or your features may be? For you really can. Any girl granted she has good health, can have good skin.

It's really all marvelously simple, too. You don't need lotions, creams, rouges or lipsticks, either. They are aids. They are great, big wonderful helps, if you don't mind my raving. But they aren't essentials. The only essentials are health, diet, exercise and cleanliness.

Now if you think I am just a little bit touched on the subject of health, diet, exercise and cleanliness when it comes to beauty, you are more than half right. If you want to tell me that I say one month that the combination of health, diet, exercise and cleanliness makes for hair beauty, and then this month tell you it makes for skin beauty, you will be quite right. I said it last month and I say it this. I expect to be saying it when I'm an old lady with white hair and not much else except a memory. I'll say that it gives you beautiful finger-nails and beautiful eyes, too. For it does. It's all true. The great thing I want to get over to you girls who are really sincere in your wish to be more lovely is that the

LET'S BE BEAUTIFUL!

It isn't hard, it's comparatively easy in these days of scientific rules. Anne Van Alstyne knows all the rules, and she will give you personal advice on your own beauty problems. Please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for personal reply. Address Anne Van Alstyne in care of SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.
body functions as a whole and you can’t expect to put one part of it in order—you can’t make one part of it ideal—unless all the rest of it is in order. (Well, I except the feet. Their beauty is very dependent upon the shoes you wear.)

In the old days when beauty wasn’t considered quite proper, yearning youngsters used to be put off with the phrase, “Beauty is only skin deep.” Well, no more of that now. Beauty is more than skin deep and skin beauty is a darned deep subject. Yet lots of girls, aware of the importance of facial beauty, seem to regard their faces as something detached from themselves, uninfluenced by food, sleep and general care. The reverse is true. Nothing will do more for your face than an extra map and nothing will go further toward spoiling it than an extra pound of chocolates, hastily eaten, or a pair of tight shoes worn in agony for hours.

Cosmetics, carefully used, are pretty wonderful, but they are quite powerless if your vitality is low, your body tired, and your brain fatigued.

You might, therefore, set this up as a motto. If you are fair to yourself, your skin will be fair to others.

To be fair to yourself—to give yourself the breaks, as they say in Hollywood—you must get, first of all, as much sunlight and fresh air as you possibly can, every day of the year. You must get at least seven, and preferably eight hours, sleep each night. You must have a daily bath with warm water and pure soap, unless you live in a locality where the water is very hard and the air very dry and hot. In such communities, three or four baths weekly are better for the skin generally, if you are careful to keep it clean by means of cold creams at other times. Take warm baths, rather than hot, and finish off with a cold shower, whenever possible. This keeps the pores from getting coarse. Using ice on the face to close the pores is sometimes advised, but personally I think it rather dangerous. It is severe in its action on the skin, and unless protected by a piece of gauze or an old linen handkerchief it may cause the delicate little veins around the nose to react too violently and leave you with tiny red lines showing under the skin.

If you are a working girl, or if you live in crowded districts where the air is dust-laden, your face will probably need a cold cream or an astringent cleansing during the day. But watch your skin carefully, under these conditions, to be sure it is not getting too dry or too oily. And that you should take off every dash of make-up at night and go to sleep with a face as clean as a baby’s, is just one of those beauty rules that you break only at your own peril. I don’t believe anyone really enjoys dieting, but the rewards of it are simply elegant. A plain, wholesome balanced diet will do more for your beauty than all the specialists from Peking to Paris. So hard as it is, train yourself to eat for your loveliness’ sake and snub the pastries and candies.

Eat three balanced meals daily, rather than a light breakfast and luncheon and a heavy dinner. Try to eat at least two green vegetables daily and some roughage—that is, fibrous fruits such as figs, prunes, apricots or oranges; or vegetables like celery, spinach, asparagus, cabbage, lettuce and all greens; or cereals like bran. In breads, bran, gluten or whole wheat are better than white. For sweets stick to fruits, honey, and natural sugars of that character. You may indulge in ice cream occasionally. If you are not overweight, it is very good for you. But it is important that your weight is approximately correct for your height. The fat of the land are rarely fair of face.

So much for the general care. Here are rules for specific problems.

All the letters you girls write me, persuade me that there’s a simply unbelievable number of you suffering from blackheads. You hate them, (Continued on page 90)
KATHERINE CORNELL, I hope, has left the cheap vamp stuff forever. As Elizabeth Moulton-Barrett in Rudolf Besier's "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," a comedy-drama based on the celebrated love-story of the Brownings, she achieves the greatest heights of her career.

She is the famous invalid poetess, chained to a lounge, streaks of gray in her hair, her whole face and manner one of resigned but sweet suffering under the domination of a brutal puritan-punky father who rules his children—nine of them—as he had previously ruled his slaves in Jamaica.

In blows Youth, Revolt, Romance, in the shape of Robert Browning. He marries her before she knows it and whisks her off to Italy—long live Robert and Elizabeth Browning!—leaving the old father that with the rest of the family. Brian Aherne is superb as Robert and Charles Waldron a fine Moulton-Barrett, the father.

The play itself is rather too long, but, in the main, is a good piece of craftsmanship. Without any effort Cornell rises to what is known as Dusean artistry. Her incarnation of the poetess is all sheer beauty. A great true story captivatingly fictionalized.

"America's Sweetheart"

With "Once in a Lifetime" making the movies more popular than ever—(you can't kill Hollywood with a joke or two; the old lady is tougher than "Camille")—Fields, Rodgers and Hart, abetted by a whole lot of fellows, concocted a singing side-swipe at the movies in "America's Sweetheart" and her boy friend, God's Gift to the Girls of America. It hit the clock with such a sock that Schwab and Mandel immediately set sail for Bermuda.

It's rousing, not always too funny, picks up, falls down—but, in the main, makes a buoyant and entertaining evening. There's a lot of fun about conferences, hallied-up executives, vamps—the kind I never saw in Hollywood—and some jokes.

The three Forman sisters, old-fashioned, with the curls a-dangling down their backs, were to me, in their songs—especially Geraldine—one of the best things in the show. Harriette Lake, Jeanne Aubert, Jack Whiting, Gus Shv and John Sheehan contributed to this musical smack-on-the-wrist at Our Great Industry. And this magazine is mentioned more than once as the guide to Hollywood.

"As You Desire Me"

Pirandello is the only metaphysical playwright that gets away with it. (Metaphysics, you know, is, as some one who isn't Walter Winchell said, a blind man looking in a dark room for a cat that isn't there.)

"As You Desire Me" is a fascinating play built around a woman who is made to believe she is some one else; she doesn't believe it, but plays the impostor until the real wife, who disappeared during the German invasion of Italy, is brought into the family circle by a jilted lover of the impostor. The real wife is hopelessly insane. They are still all puzzled as to who's who when the curtain falls. Pirandello says: "So long as the husband loved the impostor, why bother about the real wife?"

This is a surface description only; the depths and psychological beauty of the play cannot be described here. It must be seen and mentally munched over. I could write a book about it.

Judith Anderson was superb as the Unknown One. She goes all through the first act drunk and never misses a booze-gesture or trick. She retains the same high level in the next two acts as the impostor who takes the air. It's high-water mark in Miss Anderson's career.

"Green Grow the Lilacs"

A gay old time, an old-time old time, a romantic old time, a breath-of-youth old time, a tinkling, chortling, unsophisticated old time, and so forth, was had at the Guild Theatre in "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Lynn Riggs. It's a refreshing romantic comedy that went click! click! right after the first act.

A simple, simple story of Oklahoma in 1909. A solid, be-man, romantic, clean, sweet-smelling cowboy, Curley McClain, goes a-courting after Laurrey Williams, a dear little orphan, played by June Walker. Well, up comes Jeeter Fry; about the dirtiest skunk of a hired man you ever heerd tell on. At a hoe-down Jeeter tries to kill Curley over the gal. Of course, Jeeter falls on his own knife, and that's the end of cock-robin.

A breezy, spanking show, I'll tell you. The only thing
that hurts it is the singing of the cowboys and the milkmaids between the scenes. This ancient device almost killed the play.

Helen Westley leads in laughs as Laurey's foster-mother; about the best thing of Miss Westley's career. Franchot Tone was a regular Hoot Gibson cowboy, and Richard Hale a basso-profundo villain. The rest were all tip-top.

A rattling show; and the Guild has got its second wind.

“Anatol”

Bela Blau's production of “Anatol,” Schnitzler's almost satanic thrust at sex, is one of the most intoxicating, delightful, hallucinating and brain-tickling events, from any standpoint, that I can record that has happened in our theatre for many an income tax.

Six scenes, six love affairs of this It-lassoing “Anatol,” six women who handed it to Anatol on the chin, six masterpieces of the eternal comedy of sex-meouwing—all in about ninety minutes.

No one but a Continental could put the sword in the gizzards of we men and women so daintily and airily as is done in these little masterpieces. And while it is all going on, a distant orchestra lulls us into hypodermic heaven with those old Vienna waltzes. I tell you, it's great magic!

And the acting! Dennie Moore, Anne Forest, Elena Miramova, Patricia Collinge, Miriam Hopkins and Ruthelma Stevens were the six women, each one a different kind of a frail, with high honors, from me at least.

(Continued on page 111)
Rex Bell, for many months the dark horse in the race for Clara Bow’s affections, has announced himself the winner and is not loath to reveal the methods by which he attained his success. The information should be valuable. The taming of the It Girl would be a feather in the cap of any Don Juan.

Other men have come and gone during the year. Rex has courted Clara—Rex watched them come with well-feigned indifference—and watched them go with ill-concealed content.

"Harry Richman? I know all about him," says Rex. "Clara told me. She didn’t really fall for that guy.

"That Texas doctor? Yes, I know Daisy De Voe says she is crazy about him, but she’s wrong. I’m not worrying.”

Rex means that. He’s settled, to his own satisfaction, the problem of handling Clara. Rex is very good at settling his own problems. I remember an interview I had with him two years ago. That was before he had met Clara. He was talking about his work in pictures then, but he said that every situation could be handled successfully if you gave it sufficient time and thought. Rex did just that in gaining the ascendency over Clara’s numerous beaux.

In the first place, he reasoned that Clara was used to being pursued. Other men rushed her madly, tried to date her up weeks ahead, and made pledges of undying devotion. Rex did none of these things. He says that for many months he never asked for a date. When he left her, Clara would usually ask, "When will I see you again?” and Rex would answer, “Oh, I don’t know, call me up soon.” And she usually did.

Rex and Clara have never had a quarrel, and that is saying a good deal in the tempestuous Bow’s career. It isn’t just a hap-instance either. Rex spent plenty of time and thought in figuring out the most efficient way to calm the temper of his red-headed girl friend.

Rex doesn’t believe in treating em rough. The old cave man stuff is out, he says. The modern young woman has progressed to a point where she resents too much domination on the part of a man. If he lays down the law too forcibly, she walks out. Therefore, Rex believes in being firm, but not too firm.

He also believes in being lover-like, but in keeping the girl friend guessing. Rex doesn’t want Clara to feel too sure of him. Anyone as vital and adventurous as the It Girl is apt to lose interest in a cinch bet. Rex is at all times calm and judicious in his dealings with Clara. Much as she is interested in him, he doesn’t take her too seriously. He has found it necessary to pass over many small flare-ups, for the It Girl is hasty in both word and action at times. Rex just laughs at her.

If the situation is important enough to warrant a bit of discipline on the part of the boy friend, Rex falls back on the time-honored weapon of indifference. He just leaves her alone for a while.

It has been said that when a woman does not react to the indifference of a male, he might just as well give up. Rex evidently believes that, and he’s never even been on the verge of giving up.

"I don’t say anything to Clara, I just leave her for a while,” says Rex. "Then she immediately becomes con-trite. She gets sorry. Rex says that he has never known Clara to out-and-out apologize for anything in her life, but she’ll usually tell someone else that she didn’t mean to make him mad, and then Rex will make the proper overtures and everything will be oke again!

"Clara and I got along from the very beginning,” says Rex. "I never liked her pictures and I didn’t figure I’d like her, but I did.”

Evidently he liked her very well indeed. Rex says that during the year he has been going with Clara he has missed seeing her only four days during the time she has been in Hollywood. He says he never lets the tales he hears or reads about Clara while she is away affect him. He cares more for her than to let the gossip mongers come between them.

Rex says he knows that Clara goes out with other men, but he doesn’t object. He couldn’t expect anyone as attractive and popular as (Continued on page 105)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

From "SHIPMATES"
**BEBE and BEN AT HOME**

No—thestunning effect of this boudoir isn’t all done by mirrors! Bebe’s beauty helps.

Can you imagine reading the morning mail at breakfast with Bebe Daniels sitting opposite? It was the photographer’s idea, not Ben’s! (Right.)

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon do a little balcony scene of their own. Their house, by the way, has an ocean view from every window.

A Hollywood library that’s really read? Oh, no—Bebe and Ben live in Santa Monica! Some of their books are rare old editions. And Ben really designed the room.

Every room in the house has a telephone. That’s so Ben can call up Bebe.
SCREENLAND invites you to visit the beautiful new Santa Monica beach house of Bebe Daniels and her husband, Ben Lyon.

Ben in his bedroom, which is in Spanish style, with dark wall paneling and handsomely carved furniture.

Just an old Spanish custom, represented in the mirror and the chest forming a background for the new Spanish-American loveliness of Bebe Daniels—who's wearing, just to get you all mixed up, a very new French negligée.

All photographs especially posed for SCREENLAND by Elmar Fryer

Poor little Bebe! She has so many perfume bottles on her shelf and so many charming moods in her make-up, she can't decide which to choose for today.

"Hello, darling!" Hello, Bebe! What? Oh, you weren't speaking to us? Are you there? Yes, Mrs. Lyon!
NEWS! An absolutely unique, never before revealed Garbo expression! We don't know how you'll like her like this, but we know you'll want to save it. What's she thinking about?
THE star thinks it over. Richard—Dick to you—Barthelmess between scenes on the set where the "The Finger Points," the new Barthelmess gang-land picture, is being filmed. Like it?
CAN you imagine calling this pensive beauty Betty? Well, she’s Betty Brent to her best friends, and that’s an indication that our picturesque Evelyn is by no means as haughty as she looks!
YES, Lew Ayres is studying the stars—and we don’t mean a beautiful Bennett, either. Young Ayres’ particular passion is astronomy, when he isn’t working hard in a new picture.
Smart Hollywood!

To select only the most flattering of the new fashions!

Brown and white for Spring, says Paris; and Hollywood agrees. Carole Lombard follows the fashion trend in this white satin evening ensemble trimmed with kolinsky.

No costume can be smarter than its accessories. Leila Hyams completes her tailleur with white blouse, coronet turban, and fabric pull-on gloves.

Above: for very dressy afternoon wear René Hubert has designed this "Violet" frock, worn by Conchita Montenegro. Clusters of many little silk violets form the hat and the muff.

Loretta Young likes this new little evening hat—it's more of a Juliet cap, really—that shows a classic expanse of white brow and a bit of the coiffure in the approved fashion.

Here is Laura La Plante in her favorite evening frock—blue lace, appliqued in beige sequins in a leaf motif. Look at that semi-bolero just above the ribbon belt, and the deep flounce below the brief peplum.
You'll find helpful fashion suggestions in these pictures of screen favorites in their new frocks, hats and accessories.

Evalyn Knapp's hat is very much of Spring, 1931, and so is the novelty necklace with matching bracelet she is wearing. Inexpensive, but really smart.

Fur cuffs are distinctly popular. You'll find them on the sheerest of sleeves—and here they are to make Carole Lombard's pajamas more exciting. This time the fur which trims the elbow-length sleeves is platinum fox. The pajamas are black transparent velvet with a print bodice.

A simple, but oh, so becoming evening gown of white satin is pointed by lovely evening sandals of silver threads in Paisley design. The beautiful girl? June Collyer.

Just off-white in color is this gracious satin evening gown worn by Claudette Colbert in her new picture, "Honor Among Lovers." The wide band of kolinsky fur at the bottom gives a luxurious finishing touch.

Loretta Young's aristocratic little head looks even more dashing than usual in this new hat of crisp, shiny black straw. Just the hat to wear with that classic Spring tailleur—with a chip.

Elmer Fryer
Edwina Booth, the heroine of “Trader Horn,” brought back from Africa some interesting fashion inspirations, and one of them is startling Hollywood right now. Miss Booth borrowed from the African natives their pure white ostrich feather trimmings, and designed the striking black and white costume she is wearing on this page.

*Photographs of Miss Booth by Hurrell*

**Edwina’s evening gown is black transparent velvet, with which she wears a black cap with a long ostrich feather, long black gloves, and a huge white fan. Left, the inspiration—a tribal chief in his holiday regalia!**
JOAN CRAWFORD’S new film, “Dance, Fools, Dance,” offers the star in a role which combines the dash and daring of her dancing daughter characterizations with the pathos of "Paid"—you’ll like it!
"Lovely hair is a most important beauty feature. Live, lustrous hair adds charm to the whole face."

says Joan Crawford, brilliant young star of the M-G-M picture, "Dance, Fools, Dance."

JOAN CRAWFORD

You, too, can have live hair that sparkles and gleams by using Hennafom Shampoo. The pinch of henna in Hennafom Shampoo brings out all the hidden glory in your hair. It will not make your hair dry or change its color. Your dealer can supply you.
in Hollywood

they advise this way
to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Palmolive is recommended by 76 of the 80 beauty experts in Screenland's capital

Here's the popular "Jim," beauty specialist to numbers of stars. "It gives us great pleasure and satisfaction that 76 of the 80 Hollywood salons recommend Palmolive Soap, and we specially use and recommend it in our complexion advice to stars."

James Chadwell
1608 No. Highland Avenue

Hollywood knows. Hollywood can't afford to guess. Beauty is too important; movie cameras are too faithful to permit haphazard facial care. So 76 of the 80 Hollywood beauty experts insist upon one thing, to begin with. "Use Palmolive Soap," they say.

When the close-up flashes, you look for YOUTH! And youth means, first of all, a schoolgirl complexion. Here's the way advised by 76 experts in the center of Screenland: first, a lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water applied gently to face and throat. Then, a thorough, refreshing rinse with warm water, and an icy-cold after-rinse. Ice (wrapped in a towel or piece of linen) is advised by many beauty specialists. And, after that, make-up.

Over 20,000 experts say so!

You can't imagine a more worldwide beauty rite than this twice-daily treatment. For there are more than 20,000 experts (licensed, operating specialists . . . every one) who recommend regular use of Palmolive.

This pure soap has attained its worldwide popularity because it is made of those priceless beauty ingredients—olive and palm oils . . . which harmonize so well with the favorite face creams.

You can begin this popular facial this very day. And the price of Palmolive—just 10 cents, you know—makes it the least expensive beauty treatment in the world.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—Over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Youth! Freshness! Natural loveliness! That's the trend in beauty today. And such loveliness depends on keeping "that schoolgirl complexion."

"I advise the use of Palmolive twice daily to provide really thorough cleansing," says Mrs. Evelyn Cassidy, Ann Meredith Shop, 6234 Sunset Boulevard.

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Dot Dashes Along

Miss Lee's young life has been one mad rush toward stardom

By Constance Carr


Yah! Old suspicious! See, it’s an impressionistic story of the career of Dorothy “Midge” Lee, the girl with the John Held Jr. legs, you know—or didn’t you?

Dot dashes. Hurdles. Runs the hundred yards, the relay. Pole vaults and cartwheels. She’s dashed into this and that. Onto the stage in “Hello Yourself.” Just recently dashed into marriage and certain stardom with R.K.O.

All in four years or so.

You can’t keep up with her. She’s a bundle of pep. An even five feet of pep appeal. She looks like the little girl you knew in grammar school, round straight legs, round face, perky nose. But the eyes are reminiscent of Clara Kimball Young’s. Languorous, full of come-hither.

She’s nineteen and still just a kid. Wanted a two-wheel bike for Christmas. All the kids on her block have them, she says. And, anyway, it’s miles walking from set to set on the R.K.O. lot—where she’s been providing

the feminine laughs with Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey. Remember “Cuckoos” and “Half Shot at Sunrise”? As it was, she had to ride one of the men’s bikes. That’s Dot. Walking isn’t fast enough. She dashes.

Now “Midge” is a young matron. But she makes a petite moue when you call her that. She was married not so long ago to James Fidler.

“But gee, I don’t feel settled at all,” she says. “I always wanted a home of my own to fix up. Now I have it. But I like to be working. It’s more fun coming home at night, having this place to come to—and Jimmie, than it would be staying around all day, doing nothing.”

You can’t for the life of you imagine Dorothy staying at home “doing nothing.” She never did.

She kept the old home block all agog when she was growing up. Climbing trees. Playing with the boys. Tomboy. Peek’s bad girl. Dashing around.

“Remember the time we got caught smoking cigarettes?” giggles Dorothy, appealing to her cousin, who has been her pal since they were knee-high (Continued on page 108)

Jackie Coogan’s Brother, BOBBIE

A NOOTHER Coogan, the five year old brother of Jackie, makes his début in “Skippy.”

It had not been intended that Bobbie should make his début so early, but he was taken on the set while big brother Jackie was playing in “Tom Sawyer.” This was Bobbie’s first visit to a studio since he was a baby, and he was thrilled over the fun the boys seemed to be having. He wanted to play like that, too!

It happened that the studio was hunting a half-pint youngster for another kid picture. Mama and Papa Coogan allowed tests to be taken of their Bobbie, which turned out so well that the rôle of Sookey in “Skippy” was promptly his.

“They let me wear these nice old clothes,” he beams, “and I can pull a funny wagon around made of boards, and play in the dirt all I want to. Now let’s go and play gold mines.”

Bobbie announces that he is not going to be an actor all his life, no thank you! Acting is all right for Jackie, but “I want to make money, and I’m going to be a gold miner when I grow up.”

“When Jackie heard I was being an actor,” confides Bobbie, “he wished me luck and told me it was a hard game. I haven’t played any games that were very hard yet. Do you know any hard games?”

Bobbie was required to sit for some stills. He moved slightly when being photographed, and was told he must positively try to keep quiet. “But isn’t this a moving picture?” he asked indignantly.
GENTLEMAN’S FATE
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Proof that all John Gilbert needs to bring him back as a great popular favorite is—a big story. This isn’t it—but it is the best Gilbert talker thus far, with Jack in a robust underworld role, the picturesque Louis Wolheim, and beauty by Leila Hyams and Anita Page. Well worth seeing this Gilbert talker.

SCANDAL SHEET
Paramount
Don’t miss this one! It’s crammed with suspense, surprises, and great performances. Bancroft is at his best as a two-fisted newspaper editor whose paper comes first, even when his wife—Kay Francis—becomes front-page copy with Clive Brook. And then—but you’ll have to see for yourself. You’ll like it.

MILLIE
RKO
You may have heard of Millie—"the right girl who met the wrong men." Helen Twelvetrees is superb in a role that ranges from girlhood to middle-age, and lifts the picture from mediocrity to occasional excitement. Not as sexy as its advertising, but Miss Twelvetrees makes it worth an evening of your time.

KIKI
United Artists
Mary Pickford revels in the role of a little French cut-up, created by Lenore Ulric on the stage. Mary pouts, flirts, bites, scratches and spouts French in the most slapstick part she ever played—and she has her tearful moments, with all the Pickford pathos. If you like Mary, obvious fun, or Reginald Denny, you might try it.

HONOR AMONG LOVERS
Paramount
It begins as a pleasant comedy, but it turns into melodrama before you know it! Nevertheless, it’s never dull. Claudette Colbert, secretary to Fredric March, has to draw herself up and say "How dare you!" after which she marries a poor but dishonest young man. Complications! Charm and good acting by the stars.

GIRLS DEMAND EXCITEMENT
Fox
And evidently the director decided to give it to them, for he keeps the comely young ladies of the cast awfully busy, in a "war" with the boys at this very co-educational movie college. John Wayne and Virginia Cherrill are the nice young leads, with Marguerite Churchill and William Janney assisting.
THE SOUTHERNER
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
You'll like this in spite of its improbabilities, because there is charm in the telling and the acting of the story of the prodigal son, Lawrence Tibbett, who sings and laughs his way back home to mother—and Esther Ralston. Esther, by the way, is lovely. Roland Young and Cliff Edwards supply the laughs. And—Tibbets sings.

FINN AND HATTIE
Paramount
The wildest nonsense—but you'll enjoy it. Imagine ZaSu Pitts, Leon Errol, Mitzi Green, Lilyan Tashman, and Jackie Searl "doing Europe," with ZaSu at her quaintest, Errol clowning around Paris, and Mitzi up to her old tricks of picture-stealing. It's based on Donald Ogden Stewart's story, "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad."

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE
Paramount
A good old stage favorite in a bright new dress. You'll be entertained by the tale of the rich man's son who is turned out in the cold, cruel business world to make his fortune—but not alone! Norman Foster is assisted by lovely Carole Lombard, and Skeets Gallagher and Eugene Pallette—so it's all considerable fun.

DRACULA
Universal
Just a real, good scare! If you like to shiver and shake, "Dracula" is your picture. All about a weird gentleman neither dead nor alive who terrorizes a very competent cast, to say nothing of the audience. Bela Lugosi is the dread menace, with Helen Chandler, Dwight Frye and David Manners excellent foils.

THE ROYAL BED
Columbia
Well, do you like Lowell Sherman? If the answer is Yes, then you'd better hurry to see this one, for it's mostly Mr. Sherman, playing a 1931 King with complications which include a difficult consort, Nance O'Neil, and a romantic daughter, the beautiful Mary Astor. Food for a light and amusing evening.

THE LAST PARADE
Columbia
The best underworld melodrama in a long time, with Jack Holt and Tom Moore simply swell as rivals for the affections of pretty Constance Cummings—a newcomer with rather original charm. There's comedy to space the thrills, and a human quality to the characters. Good, well-rounded entertainment; we recommend it.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farrell—Virginia Valli—just before they sailed on that European honeymoon. The Farrells were married in Yonkers, N. Y., February 14. They'll be away three months.

Anyway, when we saw Virginia off that day she said she would be Mrs. Farrell not very long after arriving. But the sad death of Charlie's beloved mother altered their plans. Until later on, when Fox gave Charlie a three months' vacation—well-earned, by the way—for the boy has worked hard and consistently these past few years—and he persuaded Virginia to sail with him. And so they were married, on February 14; and we hope they'll be awfully, awfully happy.

If we can believe Walter Winchell—and sometimes we do—Nancy Carroll's little daughter, Pat, may soon have a little brother or sister to play with—and not adopted, either.

The Loretta Young-Grant Withers marriage is on the rocks. Loretta, we hear, will sue. Grant has been making a personal appearance tour, while Loretta, of course, has continued making her pictures in Hollywood; and absence, in this case, was not all the poets claim.


Then there was the news that Kathryn Williams, formerly beloved as a star in silent pictures, had divorced Charles Eyeton, to whom she had been married since 1916. She slipped off to Reno and no one knew anything about it until it was all over. She accused Charlie of incompatibility. Now she’s Kathleen Williams again.

Jean Harlow, heroine of "Hell’s Angels," and now one of those sought-after belles of Hollywood, was quietly divorced from Charles F. McGrew, II, wealthy Chicagoan, in a Los Angeles court. Jean accused McGrew of very ungentlemanly manners—like pushing her against mantelpieces and saying naughty words to her—and the court forbade him to alter a Trust Fund of $20,000 which he had created for her when they were first married. She also acquires $975 a month and an automobile.

Likewise John Gilbert and Ina Claire seem to have finally come to the parting of the ways. All is over between them.

Jack did not meet Ina at the train upon her return from Chicago, and she went direct to the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel instead of to the Gilbert home. This will probably be a refined case of incompatibility.

The other William H. Boyd (as distinct from Bill Boyd who recently married Dorothy Sebastian) is securing a divorce from Clara Joel Boyd, on the grounds of desertion. But one has to say more than that in a Los Angeles court, so he adds that she was abusive to him, very temperamental, and anyway, she won’t live with him any more.

All these in addition to the crop which ushered in 1931—Gloria Swanson (from the Marquis), Robert Ames, Lina Basquette, Tom Mix, and Pauline Frederick.

The divorces of Billie Dove and Howard Hughes, respectively, will soon become final, after which Hollywood awaits the announcement of their marriage to each other.

If it goes on like this we should average five divorces a month, or rather more than (Continued on page 92).
"YES... I am 39 years old!"

SAYS IRENE RICH

This charming screen star tells a complexion secret 605 of Hollywood's 613 important actresses know

"I don't mind confessing it a bit," says Irene Rich with her warm, irresistible smile. "I really am thirty-nine years old! A screen star never worries about birthdays, you see, as long as she doesn't look old. To face the cruel test of the camera she must keep the fresh loveliness of youth.

"That is why in Hollywood we guard complexion beauty above all else. Any woman who wants to hold her charm should keep her skin always soft, smooth, youthfully aglow."

How does this lovely star guard complexion beauty? Just as so many other Hollywood actresses do—605 of the 613 important ones! "I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly," she says, "and have for years."

Surely you will want to try this fragrant, delicately white soap for your skin.

IRENE RICH AND HER DAUGHTERS
(left to right) Frances, twenty years old, Jane (in background), fourteen, their mother, actually 39! Still radiantly youthful, Irene Rich says: "The right soap can do wonders for your skin. I have used Lux Toilet Soap regularly for years."

IRENE RICH, the screen star whose loveliness has endeared her to millions, confesses frankly to thirty-nine birthdays. And why not? Years have only added to her charm. Above (in the circle) is one of her most recent photographs—below it, a picture from one of her recent films!

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap

Youth Lux Toilet Soap 10¢
Tea for Two—Continued from page 14

From the pantry shelf Genevieve took down her cake box. Three kinds of cake! It might be too many, but after all she had been challenged and there was only one way to prove her prowess as a cake maker. The 'Devil's cake' had been prepared from the following recipe:

1 1/2 cups pastry flour
1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1 1/2 teaspoons salt
3/4 cup of butter
2 eggs
3/8 cup sour milk or buttermilk
2 squares bitter chocolate
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon vanilla

Measure the flour. Add baking powder and salt, sifting together three times. Pour boiling water over chocolate after the chocolate has been cut into fine pieces, and let stand while you are putting the other ingredients together. Cream butter and sugar. Then add eggs, one at a time, beat in well after each addition, then add the vanilla. Add flour and sour milk alternately, beat well and add mixture of water, sugar and soda. Bake in two layers or else in one oblong or square pan to be cut into cubes. Use moderate oven—350° for 25 or 30 minutes.

Then, there was gingerbread. Old-fashioned and good. The recipe had been in the family for a couple of generations and was dubbed 'Best Gingerbread' in the old family cookbook. That was recommendation enough and for the sake of those who enjoy the delicacy, here is the recipe:

Cream together one-half cup of butter and half a cup of sugar. Then add 1 egg, beaten well, and a cup of black molasses. Sift two and a half cups of flour with one and a half teaspoons of soda and add to this a teaspoon of cinnamon, one of ginger, a half teaspoon of cloves and a half teaspoon of salt. Add this to the first mixture, then take a cup of hot water and pour over all, beating the mixture until smooth. This makes a very soft batter but is excellent cake when baked in a shallow pan for 35 minutes in a moderate oven. By adding a cup of nuts and raisins the cake is much improved.

The last was real tea cake, made in muffin rings and looking very dainty and pretty in white icing. These had been the easiest of all to make, so she set them around the plate in an ornamental way and smiled. Here is her recipe:

1/4 cup butter
2/3 cup sugar
1 egg
1/4 cup milk
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1/4 teaspoon salt

Cream butter and sugar, add egg beaten very light. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Add alternately with milk to mixture. Add Vanilla last and beat all until smooth. Bake in oven at 375°. Ice when cool.

Genevieve's next addition to the little tea wagon was from the cupboard also. Orange marmalade would be exactly right for her hot buttered biscuit. This marmalade had been made from a recipe discovered in California, which seemed appropriate, and while it was a bit of trouble to make, it certainly justified itself by being perfectly delicious. Miss Tobin's cook makes it most of the time, but this particular jar was some she had prepared herself to test out her new recipe when she first acquired it. She was bound not to cheat on her tea prepared by herself.

Meantime, sandwiches were being made. She wanted them to look lovely as well as taste good and there was a delightful variety when the plate was finally ready. For example, there were 'open-faced' ones cut round and spread with avocado, seasoned with a little salt and pepper and decorated with a smaller ring of green-pepper and a dab of chopped parsley in the center. Also, some crescent-shaped ones, spread with soft yellow cheese and garnished with strips of pimento. Nut bread had been cut in diamond shapes and spread with white cheese, softened with cream and flavored with paprika and a little lemon juice. The dish was prettily garnished with lemon, cut in fancy shapes, and parsley sprigs. It was cool and tempting!

And at last, the tea canister was looked over to make sure the 'right kind of tea' was ready for the party. When the boiling water was poured over it the aroma of jasmine was unmistakable. Nothing less than jasmine tea for fastidious Genevieve, but when the lovely brown biscuit had been enjoyed, the tea siped, the cake praised, Mr. Boles voted orange marmalade the pièce de résistance. He begged for the recipe and in case there are others who might enjoy the delicacy, Miss Tobin offers the following to her fans:

Take five oranges, three lemons and two grapefruits. Remove the pulp and chew put the skin through the meat chopper. Add the pulp and juice to the skin. To each pint of the mixture add three quarts of cold water and let stand over night. Measure and to each quart of the mixture allow one cup of sugar. Boil for an hour and take it off when a little of it, tested in a cool place, hardens.

The moral of this story is that a smart, modern girl, may have a career and still find time to cook if she likes it well enough to learn!
FASHION SALUTES
A GRACEFUL NEW NOTE

Never were styles more truly feminine than in this year of Fashion, 1931. Frills are everywhere. Dresses are flowy... with clinging, revealing lines that are both graceful and alluring. How they do set off the figure!

Ah, that's the point! The figure's the thing, says Fashion. We must be slender, to be sure—but slimly rounded. We must remember calories, but not forget complexities, vitality, glowing health. And that's why so simple an addition to the diet as bran is very, very important.

For 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, dizziness and even serious illness.

All this danger may be avoided by simply including Kellogg's All-Bran in an adequate reducing diet. All-Bran isn't fattening—it adds health instead of calories. It provides the roughage needed for proper elimination. It also adds iron which brings color to the cheeks and helps prevent dietary anemia.

Try this pleasant ready-to-eat cereal instead of dangerous pills and drugs. You'll enjoy the nutsweet flavor—the many ways you can serve it: as a cereal, sprinkled over salads, in soups and omelets; 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.

... You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, broadcast over wjz and associated stations of the N. B. C. every Sunday evening at 10:30 E. S. T. Also kvi Los Angeles, komo Seattle at 10:00, and koa Denver at 10:30.

SEND FOR THE BOOKLET
"THE MODERN FIGURE"

It contains helpful and sane counsel regarding the modern style and how to achieve the figure best suited to them. You will find the suggested menus and table of foods for reducing diets invaluable. It is free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. E-5, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "The Modern Figure."

Name __________________________________________

Address _______________________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND
Beauty is More Than Skin Deep!

Continued from page 63

All About Barrymore

Continued from page 55

which is perfectly right. Sometimes they are caused by bad health, sometimes by faulty diet, but a great deal of the time, they come from mere carelessness in cleaning. They are more apt to afflict brunettes than blondes since brunettes have more tendency toward oily skin. Yet dry skinned people can get them, too, particularly around the nose.

To get rid of these horrid things, start cleaning the face at night with a good cold cream. Give your skin a few minutes' massage so that the cream will penetrate the pores as well as the blackheads so that they can be easily removed.

Wipe off the excess cream with cleansing tissues and wash the face with pure soap and hot—not warm—water. Scrub energetically around the places where the blackheads usually appear. Rinse with fresh water. If there are blackheads that may be squeezed out, do so by gently pressing the blackheads between the fingers protected with pads of clean cotton. Never do more than three or four blackheads at a time, so that you do not irritate too large a surface of the skin. And never squeeze blackheads except when the skin has been soothed and replaced with this preliminary treatment.

Next thoroughly close the pores by patting the face gently with a pad of cotton dipped in witch hazel. Repeat the treatment every three or four nights and as the blackheads clear up, try to prevent the start of new ones. The greatest aid to this is very careful washing of the face with particular attention paid to stimulating the skin and removing the greasy spots. This, and watching your diet. Stop eating oils, sweets and fats which are tending to make your skin greasy. Of course, observe all the skin health rules.

The two next great problems are those of too oily skin and too dry skin. The oily skinned girl needs to watch her diet particularly. As I said of the skin with blackheads, so with oily skin—avoid too much sugar or fat in the diet. Drink lots of water—six to eight glasses a day, at least. Use a good astringent for cleaning. There are several very fine ones on the market. I'll tell you the names of them if you want to write to me. Or there is the old reliable witch hazel, which is excellent. Or you may use alcohol or toilet water. Obviously such a skin very seldom needs any creams applied to it.

Dry skin rarely suffers from blackheads but it has its share of personality tricks. It dries the chaps and it peels. It gets wrinkles easily and it has a horrid tendency to make a girl look older than her birthdays register.

The woman who wishes to protect her face much more than her oily skinned sister. She must never needlessly expose herself to sun or wind. Avoid most, hot, dry, dusty places. Use soaps or hard water. If the water is hard, she will find it will repay her to boil it and make it soft.

For dry skin use lots of cold cream. Two or three nights a week leave a coating of cream or a good skin food on the face before you go to bed. If your face is too coarse, pat the skin with witch hazel one night a week. But make all facial treatments gently and always use cold cream as a make-up base.

There are, of course, cases of acne. There is, too, the matter of freckles. And there are skins that are a bit of all types, dry here and oily there, and in-between. But those are individual problems that I shall be only too glad to settle up with you if you write to me.

There is the problem of facial massage in beauty shops. I don't recommend it too sweepingly. If you know the beauty shop, if you know the operator knows her art, a good facial is a flattering and restful experience. But don't let just anyone work on your face. It is much too precious for that—and you really can take such fine care of it at home, no professional touch is necessary. The rules have been given you here will keep your skin perfect if it is really good, or restore it to beauty if it is less lovely than it used to be. These rules are simple and easy to follow if you have them applied to you, and there are other things that are most important for creating your facial beauty.

The one is: Be Happy. The other is: Keep Growing Mentally. The greatest source of beauty is a contented, vivid mind.

The Barrymore home on the crest of one of the Hollywood mountains was once the house of King Vidor. Barrymore has addedfriends, fame, a rambling affair, roughly squared about the inner garden. It has a large pool. Not for swimming, only a swimming pool which houses two hundred rare birds brought back from the tropics. All are very much alive.

The trophey room would startle you. Especially in the dark. Here are stuffed birds, stuffed fish, stuffed deer, stuffed ermine, a rambling shore of the whale, the skin and skeleton of a 500-lb. Marlin swordfish, the stuffed remains of a giant tortoise. A stuffed crocodile Dolores Costello Barrymore shot in the Galapagos. A dinosaur egg presented by Roy Chapman Andrews. Probably the only one in existence outside of the American Museum of Natural History.

Then there is the gun collection. He has been collecting guns longer than anything else. Has said that every time he was in his cups in his youth he bought a gun. Hence the tremendous collection. Duelling pistols, elephants, rifles, muskets, machine guns, Maxim silencers, early blunderbusses, the latest Luders.

There are rare prints of all periods. There is a picture of Douglas Fairbanks as "Hamlet." And a marble head of Barrymore done by Paul Manship. There is old glass, and curios of all kinds.

He collects fine volumes and first editions. His first edition of "Moby Dick" and "Alice in Wonderland." Names American writers, such as Hawthorne and Melville, as his favorites. Admires the work of the late D. H. Lawrence. Has a copy of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" in his book shelves. Goes in for literature on pirates, sea lore, bird culture, and volumes on hunting and fishing.

Would rather fish and hunt than do anything else. Most prefers to when he is not on an expedition in his new yacht, Infanta. The yacht's cabins are luxurious. There is a special cabin for his bird after you have the last cruise the baby was the best sailor.

Has three dogs and ten black cats. They have the run of the house. His favorite is a big greyhound. In his novels he played an important role in "Moby Dick." Barrymore declares that as an actor Peter is a fine dog.

He is exceedingly superstitious, is interested in the mystic and has firm opinions regarding astrology. Believes that his life has been greatly influenced by the planets. Upon that theory he selects his stage and screen productions. Upon that presumption he times them and undertakes the casting of them. Was most large when he discovered Dolores Costello's planets matched favorably with his own.

He is not robust yet he enjoys hazardous and strenuous sports. He was born on February 25, 1882. His eyes are gray and he has brown hair which is greying at the temples. He favors English clothes. Has a preference for a gray flannel suit and a white tie when he likes a suit he will not throw it away. His favorite colors in the matter of dress are grey and blue.

Likes to be photographed with a pipe although he prefers cigarettes. Favors profile portraits. Has a peculiar habit of lifting his left eyebrow. A characteristic of the Drews, his mother's family, which he most resembles. He is not in favor of the Volstead act. If he must go on a diet he would like it to be liquid.
"How thrilling . . . to find the fountain of youth in a perfume bottle!"

says

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"Goodness knows I'm no explorer! . . . yet I've found it . . . the fountain of youth . . . right here at my own dressing table! It came disguised as a perfume, in a precious flacon . . . and every droplet smiled and twinkled . . . well, just like an April sunbeam. I lifted the stopper, and knew at once . . . that Seventeen was no ordinary perfume. For at once, almost, it caught me up—and held and held me—in its own thrilling mood . . . of Seventeen!"

To impart the skin-tone of Seventeen...

Seventeen Two-Tone Face Powder . . . a new and different powder which brings youth to your complexion, as Seventeen Perfume brings youth to your mood! Seventeen is a two-tone powder . . . in which tones are blended, just as Nature blends them in the youthful skin. Thus, Seventeen imparts the true skin-tone of youth to your complexion . . . the combination of tones gives life and radiance, and avoids the flat appearance of ordinary powders. In four fascinating shades. Other Seventeen toiletries . . . Dusting Powder, Talcum Powder, Compacts, a solid and liquid Brillantine, Sachet, Toilet Water . . . and the blithe perfume, Seventeen.
Priscilla Dean is married, but she isn’t! You see, Lt. Leslie Arnold, her aviator husband married Priscilla after his divorce from Mildred Arnold, and that lady has succeeded in having the divorce annulled. Very awkward.

Lots of excitement when Mildred Lloyd presented Harold with a seven months' baby—such a wee thing that it has to live in an incubator. But science works wonders these days and Harold, Jr., is gaining by ounces and will probably be home with his two sisters (the Lloyds had just adopted a second little girl) about the time he should have made his original arrival. Harold had to peer at him ecstatically through a glass case for weeks.

We hadn’t heard of Kathleen Key for a year or more, when she elected to bust Buster Keaton in the nose. Buster’s explanation of the fracas is that he promised Kathleen $500 if she lost twenty pounds in weight, but gave it to her anyway, although she didn’t quite make the reduction. Later, when things got horrid, Buster gave her a check for $5,000 to go way—a long way away—but she had a photostatic copy made of it instead, and demanded $25,000. So Buster got mad and Kathleen got madder, and nobody knows what Natalie Talmadge Keaton thinks about it—just yet.

Marian Lord becomes a sister-in-law of Victor McLaglen by marrying his brother, Arthur Robert McLaglen. This is a younger one of the eight giants of that family, whose father is an Episcopal bishop. Another one is still suing Victor for $90,000 for “deformation of character”—these recurrent law-suits, but very awkward for Victor if the rest of the eight show up in Hollywood with picture ambitions!

When Marie Dressler returns from her rest in Honolulu, she and Polly Moran will go into politics. Marie is to be a lady candidate, in a picture called “The Mayor of Cicero.”

Little 17-year-old Barbara Weeks may possibly become Mrs. George Gershwin. They are seen together a great deal these days, and George is one composer who can afford to get married—two houses, three cars, etc.

Mae Murray had another law-suit on her hands—this time for ill-fitting dresses. Mae won. She usually wins the first suits, but the poor girl is always rushing off to lawyers and courts between scenes and rushing back for the next. The amazing part of it is that Mae is always on time for all her appointments—her chauffeur takes a gallant pride in seeing she gets there and back with thirty seconds to spare.

Even an offer of $65,000 failed to tempt Charlie Chaplin to speak over the radio. Instead, right after the most dazzling premiere ever seen in Hollywood, he hopped off to New York for another there, and thence to London for a third. “City Lights” is expected to net Charlie a couple of million.

Which reminds us, Mrs. Albert Einstein thinks Charlie is “Sooch a nice young man!”

The girl who turned her back on Hollywood! Edna Best, stage favorite signed by Metro to play opposite Jack Gilbert, never even played one scene! She said she was homesick for her husband, Herbert Marshall.

Ina Claire (Mrs. John Gilbert) takes her place among United Artists, with Gloria Swanson, Charlie Chaplin, Ronald Colman et al. She is now under contract to Samuel Goldwyn, and has given up all thought of going back to the stage.

Ina says her fuss with Jack began when she tried to tell him what was wrong with his screen vehicle; he, anyway, they were both too absorbed in careers to let matrimony come first.

Thomas Meighan, veteran of the screen in silent days, is to stage a come-back in “Young Sinners.”

What is an “extra girl”? A court has decided that any girl who makes less than $65 a week in pictures is an “extra,” no matter how handsome a car she drives.

In the picture of “Once in a Lifetime,” the stage play that bespokes the movies so unmercifully, and shows what a horrid-time authors can have in Hollywood. Frederick Lonsdale, Michael Arlen, Louis Bromfield and Sidney Howard are all accepting slim money these days. They cast off pictures in private, these authors, but when pay day comes around, from them they can stand them a little longer. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, the “Front Pagers,” are here to write Ronald Colman’s next. Robert Benchley has arrived to write for Howard Hughes.

Helen Twelvetrees, recently divorced, is seen frequently in the company of a Hollywood stunt man. Which reminds us, the worst pin of the month is that the romance between Grant Withers and Loretta Young “withered because Loretta took too much for granted!”

Enid Bennett, who once said she would never, never, never and servedscenes, comes back in “Skippy” as Mrs. Skinner. Enid is Mrs. Fred Niblo and has three children of her own, so everyone really believed she had forsaken the screen forever.

Enid and Fred Niblo have bought a big corner lot for an office building. Corinne Griffith is putting up a public market that will cost $25,000 on a lot she owns. And Belle Bennett is financing a country store. restaurant to be known as “Grandma’s Farmhouse”—all furnished in antiques. Mary Pickford talks about going into cosmetics, while Gloria Swanson is thinking about a dressmaking business.

Lev Cody used to be a soda- jerker. Recently he wagered himself against a present professional and served sodas (Continued on page 34)
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for a whole evening at a Hollywood drug store. Lew won. But the ice-cream was awfully hard, and Lew confesses to giving 'a bath of hot water on the sly, so that he might dig it out more quickly.

Norman Foster and Claudette Colbert, married, are so keen to defeat a fate that keeps Foster in New York and Claudette in Hollywood, that they are planning a hasty meeting in Chicago. We like our married lovers to be like that.

John Wayne has been engaged to little Josephine Saenz for some time, but she wished to keep it secret "so as not to harm his career." All the same John has been escorting Virginia Cherrill, Charlie Chaplin's new leading lady, on one or two occasions lately. At a suburban play recently he was also introduced from the platform as having brought Marguerite Churchill, but Josephine was right beside him, and Marguerite smiled amusedly from across the theatre.

Carmen Barnes, Hollywood's latest child-wonder, author of three books, and writing the picture play in which she will star, is southern. "But I was careful not to seem too smart," she says with a cryptic smile, "southern men don't like their women to be smart."

Did you know that John Barrymore, of all people, collects autographs?

Joseph Cawthorn has been on the stage for 50 years. He says he has defied all the actor's usual superstitions—yet M-G-M is now going to promote him as a male Marie Dressler! "And I always walk under ladders, look at the new moon through glass, encourage black cats to walk across my path and would sign contracts on Friday the 13th or April 1st!" he beams.

It was Paramount that rescued Ruth Chatterton from a possible pending obscurity and reinstated her as a popular screen actress. Ruth signed the contract with Warners, unknown to Paramount. The very next day, before the news was public, she threw an affectionate kiss to Ben Schulberg of Paramount, which, later, he did not entirely appreciate.

The case of Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster is particularly interesting. Remember the picture "Holiday" in which the theme is that we should take our holidays while we are young—after, say, the first $20,000, and not dedicate our lives to money-making? Well, those two did just that.

Hollywood celebrities gather to honor Carl Laemmle, the veteran producer of Universal pictures. You can see Mary Pickford, Will Hays, Will Rogers, Constance Bennett, Wally Beery, Buddy Rogers, Gary Cooper, Ronald Colman, Jack Gilbert, and other stars.

They argued that they had enough money for all modest needs and intended taking the holiday both yearned for—a trip to the South Seas. If they were popular, they would be taken back in pictures, holiday or no. If not—well, never mind.

They had a gorgeous time and took some clever travel pictures. When they returned, prepared for the worst, both were snapped up again by an eager studio and now those travel pictures are to be bought and worked into a story, too. It's the best argument for "Holiday" we've heard yet.

Saw Anita Page woman's clubbing. It was a "recognition banquet" given by the Los Angeles Ebell, (which has 4,000 members and the most beautiful clubhouse,) to honor citizens who have "achieved." "I'ola! Anita, Conrad Nagel and his wife, and Lewis J. Mayne were the only representatives of the motion picture colony selected for this honor. Governor Rolph sat right opposite Anita and cast his sunny Jim eye upon her benignly. She wore black velvet which set off her blonde hair discreetly, and was generally a credit to her profession in the matter of deportment.

Two former stars of the silent screen are staging come-backs—Mae Murray and Clara Kimball Young. Mae appears with Lovell Sherman in "Bachelor Apartments," and Clara is the lead in "Kept Husbands."

Mae is the same svelte blonde, graceful, dashing beauty whom the fans worshipped in such pictures as "The Gilded Lily" and "The Merry Widow." She has kept every ounce of her charm.

Clara is dark, matronly, even after having laboriously shaved off 56 pounds via mauseuse, diet, and violent exercise. Mae is gay, piquant, winsome. Clara is dignified, earnest, and in the mood for leading a crusade had she been a clubwoman.

Mae is the Princess Medvani, the mother of a four-year-old boy, and Clara her husband and life. Clara has a canary and a parrot and is married to a Dr. Forman.

Both Mae and Clara made over fifty pictures in the old days. Mae filled the interval with personal appearances for RKO and Public, and in having the baby, and also with a trip to Europe. Clara played (Continued on page 96)
Already

300,000 women have called on us for help

In her search for greater loveliness where must a woman begin? During the last twelve months Cleanliness Institute answered that question for 300,000 women...sent them free copies of The Thirty Day Loveliness Test. And each day brings more and more requests.

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For instance, your skin. If you want it to look clear and fresh and radiant, you must keep it really clean. Every night, every morning—without fail—cleanse your face with soap and warm water. If you like to use creams, use them before or after, never in the place of, soap and water.

And your hair! It should be soft and smooth and lustrous. So don’t neglect it. Shampoo frequently and thoroughly. And incidentally there is a right way to shampoo and a wrong way. Read page 15 of our booklet.

To be dainty, to look your very best at all times, be particularly careful of your clothing: nothing brings out poise and charm like immaculate cleanliness in dress.

And it is for that same reason that the bath is so important. Good grooming begins with the bath. Always step in before you step out!

Above all, guard against letting one or two little things spoil the good effects of all the others. That, perhaps, is the most helpful thing about The Thirty Day Loveliness Test. It suggests a single, simple plan, a definite program to follow.

Send for FREE booklet

Try this plan for thirty days. Begin now by clipping the coupon below. It will bring you a free copy of The Thirty Day Loveliness Test. In an easy, understandable way this interesting booklet tells exactly what to do...exactly where to begin.

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Roaul Walsh directed rehearsals of "Women of All Nations" in the hospital where Victor McLaglen was recuperating from a minor operation. Greta Nissen returns in this, and yes, that's Eddie Lowe, at the left.

in stock for a while, then came back to California and acquired weight.

Gary Cooper has plenty of confidence now, but time was during the making of "Children of Divorce" when he was so awkward and cowbowish that Ben Schultberg fired him. Clara Bow and Hellda Hopper were in that picture. They pleaded for him and promised to help give him confidence and teach him how to wear a tuxedo with aplomb. They did their job pretty well, especially Clara, with whom he promptly fell violently in love. Clara reciprocated for a while, but presently came the break, after which they did not speak to each other. And apparently they never have made up.

Great pals, the two Jacks of Paramount's kid picture, "Skippy," although as different as possible. Jack Cooper, who plays the title role, is a cock-sure young scamp of going-on-eight; Jack Barel, the "heavy," a thoroughly responsible gentleman of nine. Tow-headed Jackie Cooper is always getting into difficulties; the other Jackie is always getting him out, and when his chum actually gets punished, it breaks his heart. Jackie Cooper got into dire trouble over some forbidden peanuts during "time off" on the set, but when stern maternal justice was meted out, it was the other Jackie who did the crying.

Another of their pals is Donald Haines, the ten-year-old freckle-face, the dog-catcher's son in "Skippy." These three youngsters have been in a number of pictures together, and hail each other delightedly when they meet in a new one.

The real veteran of "Skippy," though, is Payne Johnson, seven months old and doing nicely, thank you. He's the youngest of seven Johnsons, all film players, has been on the screen since he was 17 days old, and has spent most of his life in prop baskets. And he's so masterly at dialogue that they have put him in Will Rogers' class, and let him ad lib!

Prof. Albert Einstein had his picture taken with Lew Ayres after witnessing a special showing of "All Quiet on the Western Front," and then autographed it "For den braven soldaten, Lew Ayres and Albert Einstein," Gracious old dear, Einstein.


Ivan Lebedeff, sometimes honored by establishing Mary Pickford, is to star in a story of his own life for RKO. Lebedeff is Russian and served at the court of Czar Nicholas, became an aviator and covered himself with glory, and then, when wounded, was food administrator for Russia until the Bolsheviks made it wiser for him to leave his country. D. W. Griffith first brought him to Hollywood for "The Sorrows of Satan," Ivan is easily the most effective hand-kisser in all Hollywood, not excepting Joseph Schildkraut and Jose Crespo.

Gloria Swanson's Marquis and ex-spouse is to blossom as director of the French version of "Kiki" for Mary Pickford. He has already directed French pictures with great success.

Edna Purviance, Charlie Chaplin's first leading lady, is back in Hollywood, after making a French picture, "The Education of a Prince," in France. Directly after the premiere of "City Lights," she was brought down with influenza and is only now recovering. Edna is still on the Chaplin pay roll and is as beautiful as ever.

George Arliss voiced his disapproval of 24 bathing girls draped around an empty swimming pool, in a smart garden party scene for "The Millionaire." It proved one of those minor crises for a spell, but presently the inadequately clothed young ladies were retired to a hazy background and Arliss was spared appearing in a Mack Sennett Comedy.

Irene Dunne, who made such a buoyant success in "Cimarron," and almost stole the picture from Richard Dix, comes from a career on the stage, in which she starred in "Show Boat" for over a year, and then played the same character in the screen version.

She simply made them give her the part for "Cimarron" even after the choice remained between two others who had taken tests. It was a case of persistence winning, and she simply had to make good. She will next be seen with Lowell Sherman and Mae Murray in "Bachelor Apartments."
Doris Kenyon, widow of Milton Sills, is staging a picturesque come-back. She appears in "You and I." "Upper Underworld," and is now secured to play in "Alexander Hamilton" with George Arliss. Doris has a lovely voice and had taken up concert singing before Milton Sills' death. She has an adorable small boy who cannot bear to have her out of his sight. This baby has a whole house of his own to play in, built in the center of the huge garden at the Brentwood Park home (not far from Joan and Doug, Jr.), and leads his governess a merry life. He can muss things up all he likes.

Joan Bennett's former spouse, John Fox, was recently ordered to pay Joan $1,200 for the support of Joan's small daughter. And Joan has just signed a grand new Fox contract.

Esther Ralston retires from the screen for the very excellent purpose of adding to the population. The event is expected in June. In the meantime she and her spouse, George Webb, have left for a brief visit to Europe.

John Barrymore was complimenting Carmel Myers on a facial expression she used during the filming of "Svengali." "It ought to be good," retorted Carmel, "it's one of your own best!"

Will Rogers did the biggest "bit" towards helping the drought sufferers, but Mary Pickford begged for and helped pack California oranges, and Bebe Daniels did yeoman work in a food drive here.

Time was when Virginia Sales was known as Chic Sales' sister. But Chic must now look to his laurels. Virginia returns to Hollywood in triumph. Perhaps it is her success which inspired Chic to come back with his 15-year-old daughter, a son of 12, and twin boys of 10. They've taken a house and the children all go to Beverly Hills High School with a view to future picture careers.

The triumphant girl of the new year is Jean Penwick, formerly known as Jean Morgan. She changed her name because eleven letters are supposed to be lucky—and she did get a part right away in "Chances" with Doo Fairbanks. But that is a minor triumph. Because, you see, Jean brought her two brothers, Eddie and George, and little sister Marian to Hollywood with the prearranged idea of getting them all into pictures. She herself secured a few parts in dog pictures, just before talkies came in, while the children went to school. After talkies, it was just extra work and trudging from studio to studio. But always she took pictures of the children along, and studio soon discovered they had inadvertently hired two or more Morgans every time. Eddie and George both have parts in "Chances" with Jean right now. Jean "sold" Marian to Sam Goldwyn, for a small part in "Whoopee," giving her the name of Marian Marsh. Now Marian is leading lady to John Barrymore in "Svengali" and is put under contract to Warner Bros., and is already beginning a second picture with Barrymore, The Genius. This Jean is only 22 herself. She is very much the mother of the family, since she takes care of widowed mamma, too. The family pool their finances and Jean is the investor thereof. She runs the house on a budget and everybody helps.

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Confessions of a Hollywood Baby
Continued from page 31

Says it's like "The Prairie Schooner" only more so. Bingo had a swell bone. Wanted to chew it. Dad wouldn't let me. Need something like that to cut my teeth on.

Miss Latour and Del Santo came out of the house. Dad frowned. He put me down and walked over to Del Santo. "Don't I tell you to stay away from here?" he said. "And keep away from my wife? Think I don't know what's going on? Beat it! If I see your ugly maw again there'll be trouble."

"Don't pay any attention to him, Roland dear," said Miss Latour. "He's a bad-mannered brute. I'm sorry I married him." She turned to Dad. "You have insulted me and my guest," she said. "I'm through. This is the end. I never want to see you again."

Sunday. It's happened. Dad and Miss Latour have separated. Dad's gone to live at the Hollywood Athletic Club. Miss Latour cried all day. Del Santo came to see her but she sent him away. What a boy going to do?

Tuesday. Situation unchanged. Bad for all of us. Tired of seeing women around the house. Only man in the family now, I guess.

Wednesday. Dad telephoned yesterday. Wanted to know when he could see me. Miss Latour told him any time he felt like.

Friday. Miss Latour's new picture is finished. Preview it at the Fairfax Theatre. Wish I could be there.

Saturday. Visit from Dad today. He's not looking well. Afraid he's worried about Miss Latour.

Monday. Del Santo was here today. Spent the afternoon arguing with Miss Latour over something. Everybody in the house was nervous and upset. Even Nursie acts strange. Wonder what's going on.

Tuesday. Dad came to see me. Sure like that man. Glad he's my father. Brought me a doll that squeals like dolls all right but this one is funny.

Wednesday. Had a telegram from Grandfather Hinkle. It seems that he's pretty sick. Hope nothing happens to the old gentleman.

Thursday. Dull day. Haven't seen anybody in the family except Nursie. Would like to know what's going on around here.

Friday. Del Santo again. Nursie says he's in the house entirely too much. Guess I'm going to be an orphan.

Sunday. No cocktail party. Grace and Doak came in and spent the afternoon with me. They're swell. Doak has a heart. Says he's not making much money but having a hell of a good time. Grace has just finished a heavy tragedy for World-Famous. Critics say she has the last voice on the talking screen. Seem mighty happy. Guess Grace has got Doak straightened out at last.

Tuesday. Telephone call from Dad. He's on location near Santa Maria. Guess he likes me or he wouldn't call. Wish I could figure out some way to get Miss Latour and Dad together. Tough on a boy to have his family split up.

Wednesday. Mike's camera came back from the studio. He's working on it again. Told Nursie that the trouble was that the film didn't run smooth. Trying to dope out some way to put a roller in the machine to hold the film flat. Hope it works. Like to see Mike make good. See a good deal of Mike these days. Hangs around Nursie all the time. Don't blame him as I think she's pretty sweet.

Thursday. Del Santo was here. Could hear him and Miss Latour talking out by the pool. It seems the new scenes have helped the picture. Guess it will be a hit after all. Tough on Dad.

Saturday. Del Santo here again. What's he hanging around for? Wish I could figure out some way to get rid of him. That fellow is going to make trouble for us. Heard him telling Miss Latour about his home in South America. It seems his family has a big ranch on the pampas.

Sunday. Dad on location. No cocktail party. Del Santo was here. Heard him tell Miss Latour she would love South America. She'd better be careful. Don't trust Del Santo. Am worried because Dad's not home. He and Miss Latour are getting awfully chunky. Talks about South America all the time. Says they lead a fine life away from the false standards of America. Think Del Santo is full of hokum!

Friday. Afraid there's something going on. Nurse cried last night. Wonder what's the matter.

Saturday. Bad news. Was asleep this afternoon. Nurse went to see Mike. Miss Latour came in and stood for a long time watching me. Wouldn't do for a girl to know. God protect Nursie. Pretty soon Del Santo came in. Started to light a cigarette but Mike had made him stop. Said it was bad for me.

Del Santo put his arm around Miss Latour and began to talk very fast. "Come, my sweet one," he said, "Let us go away from all this. Come with me to South America. I will teach you love, love as we Latin's know it in a country where there is peace and quiet and nobody cares about moving pictures."

Miss Latour began to cry. "Yes, Roland. Yes," she sobbed. "Take me away from it all. I am tired of this dreadful Hollywood!"

Del Santo smiled so that all his teeth showed. "We will do it. We will catch the boat from San Pedro in the morning."

Miss Latour stopped crying. "And the baby," she said. "We must take him with us. He's such a beautiful baby."

Del Santo said something in Spanish which didn't sound very "Impossible!" he frowned. "The child will spoil everything. We cannot travel with a baby."

"All right," said Miss Latour. "I won't go."

They argued. Del Santo said he would look very foolish arriving in South America with a baby. His friends would laugh at him.

"Let 'em laugh," said Miss Latour. "I'm not going to leave the kid. If you love me as much as you say, why do you object to the boy? He's a sweet little monkey. You like him after a week to get to know him."

More argument. Miss Latour was determined. Del Santo finally shrugged and gave in. "Very well," he said, "we'll take him. But not the nurse. The time will be plenty of nurses where we are going."

"Oh, Roland," cried Miss Latour, "I'll care for him myself."

When they had gone I opened my eyes and did some thinking. It was easy to figure out what was going to happen. Miss Latour was planning to run away with Del Santo to South America. Going to take me with her. Boy! A young man of my age has his problems. Didn't want to go to South America. Hollywood is good enough for me. Wonder what will happen when Dad finds out.

Saturday night. Nurse knows must have overheard Miss Latour and Del Santo talking. She was mad. "Take my boy away from me, will they? Drag him off to South America. They say you can't get fresh milk down there. He'll starve. Imagine Miss Latour taking care of a baby. I won't stand for it. I'll..."

"Don't let him begin to get away with you. I know he wouldn't do but couldn't make Nurse understand. Women are awful dumb sometimes. Tried my best to talk. That's it," cried Nurse. "Your Dad! I'll call Bill Regan. He'll take care of us."

She ran out into the hall. Could hear the telephone buzz. Believe me, I was happy. In time of trouble a boy wants his Dad.
Nurse came back with her eyes shining. "Don't worry, Spooks," she said. "Everything will be all right. Your dad is on the way. From the sound of his voice, he's boiling mad. Hate to be in Del Santo's shoes right now."

It was late and I was sleepy. But this was no time to take a nap. Might miss something good.

An automobile roared up the driveway and stopped. Front door slammed. Could hear Dad's voice downstairs. "What the hell is going on here?" he roared.

Came up the stairs three steps at a time. Miss Latour screamed and ran out of her room.

"Where's my kid?" Dad bellowed.

"Bill, Bill," cried Miss Latour. "Stop yelling, you'll wake the baby!"

"Where's Del Santo?" boomed Dad.

"Wait 'till I lay my hands on that rat."

The nursery door opened and Dad came in. When he saw me in my Kiddie-Koop, he looked relieved. "All right, Nurse," he said, "put some clothes on that kid. Pack your bag. You're both going with me. This house is no place for a child."

"My baby! My baby!" cried Miss Latour.

Nurse grabbed me out of the Kiddie-Koop. Began to take off my nightgown. Her hands trembled so she could hardly undo the buttons.

"Hurry!" Dad growled.

"My baby!" cried Miss Latour. "You can't have him, Bill. He's mine, all mine. I'll have you arrested for kidnapping my child."

Dad only laughed. "Try and do it," he said. "When I tell the court what's been going on in this house there won't be any question as to who gets the child."

"You're a liar," said Miss Latour. "I'm a good woman and you know it. He's my baby. You can't have him."

Nurse put me in warm clothes. Wrapped a woolly blanket around me. Packed her own suitcase and put in a lot of extra pants and things for me.

"All right, Mr. Regan," she said. "We're ready."

"Come on," said Dad. "Let's get out of this dump."

Miss Latour grabbed Dad. Tried to hold him. "Bill," she pleaded, "don't take my baby. He's all I've got, Bill."

Dad pushed her away. "You don't deserve to have a kid," he said. "He's my son and he goes with me."

"Stop, stop!" screamed Miss Latour.

"Help, Roland! Help! He's stealing my baby."

We got downstairs. Headed for the front door. Mike had the car waiting outside. Then Del Santo appeared. Dad took one look at him and said: "Ah! There you are."

"You ruffian!" said Del Santo. "What do you mean to be breaking into Miss Latour's house and starting trouble?"

"Is that so?" said Dad.

Looked over Nurse's shoulder and saw the whole thing. "Woudn't have missed it," Dad balanced on his heels. Then he swung at Del Santo. "Sock!" Del Santo took a nose dive into a corner. Got up quick. Began to swear in Spanish. Reached under his coat. Pulled out a long knife.

Miss Latour screamed. Covered her eyes with her hands.

Del Santo started for Dad. Dad waited, his eyes on the knife. Then everything happened at once. Dad hadn't been a cop for nothing. He hit Del Santo on the side of his jaw. Took the knife away from him. Threw it across the room. Smashed Del Santo in the face with his other fist. Knocked him over a sofa. Hammered both eyes shut. Jarred loose a few teeth. Chipped him on the chin and laid him down.
old. It was over almost as soon as it
started. Dad dusted off his hands. Picked Del
Santo up by the seat of the pants and threw
him through the open door. "That ought
to shore up a while," he said.
Miss Latour stopped screaming. Rushed
to the telephone. "Police! Police!" she cried into
the receiver. "He's stealing my baby. Send
the police!"
Dad pushed Nurse and me toward the
door. "Get out of here," she said. "Let's
be on our way."
While she carried me into the car. Dad
jumped in beside her. Mike slammed in
the gears. Away we went.
That night, two weeks before a cop on
a motorcycle came up beside us. "Pull
to the curb," he roared. "Where's the fire?"
Mike stopped the car. The cop looked
in through the window and saw Dad.
"Hello, Bill," he said. "Didn't know who
it was. Wouldn't have stopped you. We
got a call at the station that somebody
was stealing a baby."
"McGuire," said Dad thankfully. "Just
the man I'm looking for. Listen, Mac,
here's Miss Latour. I just told him about
Santo and Miss Latour and how they were
planning to run off to South America
and don't want anything to do with
them."
"Don't blame you a bit," said McGuire.
"His kid, ain't he? Better get out of
the country fast. She'll have a flock of cops
after you. The sympathy is always
with the woman."
"We're headed for Mexico," Dad told
him. "Agua Caliente. Once we cross the
border I'd like to see her take the boy
away from me."
"O.K.," said McGuire. "I'll give you
an escort through the city. Ready, Mike?
Step on it."
McGuire got out in front of us and
turned on his siren. We hit Hollywood
Boulevard at sixty miles an hour. Every-
body got out of our way when they heard
us coming. Boy, it was exciting. Never
had such a ride in my young life. We went
through Hollywood and Los Angeles so
fast that the street lights were nothing
but a blur. Came to the Coast Highway.
McGuire stopped. Gave us the signal to
get out. "You're safe now," he said.
"Good luck, Bill. Give my regards to
the kid when you get to Mexico."
Been a hard day. A boy needs his
sleep. Cuddled up in Nurse's arms and
shut my cys. Sure glad to be with Dad
again. Wonder what this Mexico place
was like a day.
Sunday. Slept 'til noon. Nurse gave
me an extra big bottle when I woke up.
Agua Caliente is swell. Beautiful Span-
ish buildings all over the landscape. Swim-
ming pool is pretty. So is the race track.
They won't let me into the gambling ca-
sino because I'm too young. Don't
suppose I'll see much of it, anyway.
Monday. Things are not going so well.
Heard Nurse and Mike talking about
Dad today. "Been hitting the stuff ever
since you left," Mike said. "Have to see
Bill Regan in that condition. He's
right in the middle of a big picture, too.
This little trip is costing the studio about
five thousand a day."
"Can't you get him straightened up?"
asked Nurse. "It's Miss Latour he's wor-
rried about."
"Don't blame him," growled Mike. "If
my wife had run off to South America
with a ham actor I wouldn't feel so cheer-
tul."
Tuesday. Dad's still hitting it. Mike
says he lost ten thousand last night in the
casino. "Couldn't even see the chips," Mike
said. "They took him for every-
thing he had. A crime, that's what it is."

Elissa Landi, the Fox fascinator, is not only a good actress but
she is a novelist, too, and besides that she wants to be a director.
What's that crack about "beautiful but dumb"?
of my age has got no business getting mixed up with women.

Have never seen Dad and Miss Latour so happy. They act like they'd just discovered they had a baby. Can't keep them out of the nursery.

Had some bad news about Grandfather Hinkle. He died last night—with his boots on, trying to break a green colt. Just like the old gentleman. Left me something called an "estate." Dad is going to administer it for me.

Guess I'll be able to take care of my family after this no matter what happens. Dad asked me how I'd like to invest some of my money in his next picture. Said it was about time I got in on family conferences. Told Miss Latour he was going to make a new epic called "The Phantom Rider." It's to be like "The Prairie Schooner" only bigger and better. The lead is a girl who pretends to be a man in order to save her old father's ranch which is being ruined by cattle rustlers.

"Listen, Gloria," said Dad, "this is your big chance. It's time you quit your lus..." parts and did something real. With me directing, you'll be the biggest success in the business."

"O.K., Bill," said Miss Latour. "Always did want to work with you. You never gave me a chance. We'll knock 'em cold."

Kissed each other and Miss Latour cuddled up in Dad's arms.

A bright boy can certainly do a lot for his family.

Lovey hair is not the exclusive privilege of screen and stage stars, or of women who have unlimited money to spend on beauty treatments. Millions of women who are trying to keep within a budget—or supporting themselves on a moderate salary—find they can save from $25 to $50 a year—caring for their hair the Jo-curl' Way—at home! You can do it too! It's easy! And you can keep your hair looking its best—always.

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The Truth about Cosmetics

By Mary Lee

BEAUTY products used to be content just to supply beauty to you. But now they are beautiful in themselves and supply beauty to your dressing table, as well as to your face and figure, and I am a girl as likes that.

Do you remember when Pinaud’s Lilac Vegetal was put up in a funny old-fashioned bottle with a dinky metal cap, very much like the bottles of bay-run your father used after shaving? Lilac Vegetal was, even then, a most delightful toilet water and deodorant—but it would never have won an honor place in a smart girl’s boudoir.

And then do you remember, about two years ago, when Pinaud’s cream came forth in that lovely green jar? It was, and is, a dandy cream, but I’m convinced hundreds of women bought it as much for the jar as its contents. Pinaud’s followed up the cream with powder in a black jar, equally chic, and now they have packaged all their liquid products in the most delectable bottles you ever saw. You can get them in a set of three, or a set of six products, at $2.50 and $5.00 respectively, and they are just too doggy looking!

The six products are Lilac Vegetal; Violette des Bois, very like the Vegetal only more woodsly smelling; Eau de Cologne, which I think is quite the nicest one on the market; Éau de Quinine, which is Pinaud’s hair lotion and recommended for dandruff; Éau de Portugal, a hair tonic for blonde locks; Shampoo, a nice liquid one that leaves your hair very soft and which has the virtue of rinsing easily.

You may pick your own three from the six assortment or buy each separately. I know you’ll like any one of them. For myself, I’m all for the Violette des Bois and the Éau de Cologne for that after-the-bath moment. French women have long known how to create a subtly perfumed atmosphere about themselves through the use of eau de toilets and it’s an art worth American girls knowing too.

I must say that this is a dandy job!

The other morning I could barely clear my office door, it being blocked with a huge box from the House of Colgate. Colgate’s is as old as the hills, of course, and just as reliable: but they certainly know how to capture the youth-note in their Seventeen line of products. I felt like a girl away at school, delving into their gift package and I thought it was Christmas in Springtime when I saw that Papa Colgate had sent me all—

(Continued on page 118)
What Does Numerology Foresee for Janet Gaynor?

Continued from page 53

which there was a pay envelope to look forward to regularly each week. An element of pure chance, such as there often is in the profession of entertaining the public, would appear as too much of a chance to take.

Whoever was the person who encouraged you, or even forced you to apply for work in the movies when you arrived with your family in Hollywood, was a definite instrument of destiny in your life, although perhaps he or she did not look upon their efforts in this way. The important people in our lives so seldom do comprehend their larger usefulness to our progress. You were by this influence pushed to take more of a chance than you would have been ready to take especially as the suggestion came at the time when you had expressed your number 8 'Expression' in a usual business position and discovered that business could not satisfy your inner 11 and the number 5's inclination for variety.

Once started in 1924, which according to Numerology was not one of your best years or quite in tune with you emotionally, but a time of great surprises in your life, you really came into a current of events which had more to do with your destiny before the public than with your own intentions, ideals or preferences. In following the encouragement given you to apply for work in the movies one can imagine that in making your first applications you were not at all sure of yourself inwardly. The 11 in your 'Identity' makes you only aware that you were following that latest lead given to you and you would not have been surprised if you had not attracted some attention.

Of course, with your 8 'Expression' you tried to apply your practical, capable, courageous and business-like, and this quality together with the fact that you were making the effort at a psychological moment brought opportunity quickly.

Your public knows how you took advantage of your opportunities and gave your best interpretation of the roles allotted to you, but through your numbers 11 I can see the processes of thought and action that were employed for this result.

In your real name of Laura Gainer you will note that the sum total of its vowels is 11 and the total of all its numbers is 8 which was the 'Expression' I have already explained.

To the Numerologist this means that the number 4 was absent from your name at birth and the qualities and abilities of which it is the symbol were absent from your character.

Number 4 gives to the individual character, the capacity for hard work, physical endurance; and without it, while we may have talents and some splendid ideas, we do not have the application and physical and mental concentration to acquire the technique or the proper method to produce practical results.

While number 4 is in the same class as the 8 of your 'Expression' it is not exactly the same value to one who finds himself faced with the chance of success provided one can acquire in a short space of time a technique of a kind to gain acceptance before the public.

With your name of Laura Gainer, without the number 4, you would not have

---

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The Compact is Modess Regular gently compressed to half its thickness. It is designed to supplement the Regular for wear with evening clothes—for packing in the week-end bag—for times when less thickness is necessary. Many women—and young girls particularly—will find that the Compact is satisfactory at all times.

The next time you buy, try a box of each. See what a perfect combination they are.

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World’s largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.
been able to meet so successfully the perils of your early responsibilities, but under this name you are not known to your public, but instead as Janet Gaynor.

Choosing your name had therefore a tremendous psychological importance upon your life for in taking the vowels of this name, you and added to the number 4, and adding 0 for Gaynor, which are numbered 1 and 6 respectively and add to 7, a final total of 13 or 6 for Janet and the 7 for Gaynor. Then if we go further and place the proper number values under each letter of this name as in the previous example, an addition of the number of them another total of 4 is found by reducing the 14 of Janet and the 35 of Gaynor.

Thus, J-a-n-e-t G-a-y-n-o-r = 11552 717569 4
5 X 8 = 13 or 4

Without any influence of 4 in the original name of Laura Gainer you were in some way led to adopt for your efforts a name that is a number 4 both in its vowels which reveal its 'Ideality' or motive and in its 'Expression' or ability. As Janet Gaynor it is therefore perfectly clear that your success has been due more surely to hard work than to your being really a creative artist. The capacity for hard work, it would seem, you needed so that your inherent sense of adaptability which was good for mimicry might be trained, organized and expressed by your number 6 'Expression' as a form of actual success.

Under this name of Janet Gaynor you are given the excellent hard worker but almost anything and it will turn out that you will be remembered as a sincere hard worker, as one who expressed herself simply, without show or pretense but in a manner calculated to appeal to the masses who themselves are the workers of the world. You will come to believe that after all you might easily do worse than settle down to happy conventional married life, for 4 is not a particularly social or professional number so that it is made difficult to do the job of living very seriously.

I know that many students of the science of numerology would not consider the number 6 as a desirable number to work with, to be a very lucky one, inasmuch as its number 4 is seldom connected with public success and attracts a lot of hard work, and in one word success for! However, I think you know that the vibrations of this name have helped you to perfect your technique, to concentrate upon the job in hand, to improve your physical endurance.

Just as our names reveal the quality of our natures and our latent ability, so our birthdays when reduced to numbers enable us to discover our path through life, the direction of thought and action which will prove to be the way to our greatest success in work.

The addition of the numbers in your birthdate, Miss Gaynor, produces the numbers 4, 5, and 8 as represented by 1, the 6th day as 6, and 1907 as an 8.

The final number 6 which is termed in numerology your 'Path of Life' or 'Destiny' number, this is the number you have run the prospect of living out your life without great tragedy. There are strong indications of home life and companionship in the more substantial phases of social life, which after your thirtieth year should bring much satisfaction to the sensible discerning which is so characteristic of your name numbers.

There was a strong link formed with professional life and the stage in your childhood and this seems to manifest in some expression on your part around your seventeenth year. There is, however, an undertone of current of expression in your life until your thirtieth year, that being isolated in nature and a little unhappy, tends to drive you deeply within yourself to turn your attention to study, to incress that are in regard and hard for those associated with you closely to share. The period of meditation, loneliness which this vibration seems to bring you, will add to your original nature more poise, self-control, and greater intuitive power.

The number of this early period of your life continues its influence until your thirtieth birthday and being related to our mysterious, subjective number 7, gives the reason for your being more retiring in your private hours away from the studio.

This influence, which has had a great deal to do with bringing you into the line of a professional career, ends with great changes in your life in 1937. These changes will lead to a retirement from the screen and public life and to your introduction into the happiest phases of your domestic experiences.

Jeanette MacDonald can act as well as sing. Proof—her work in "Don't Bet on Women."

A period related to number 7 is not the most fortunate time to accept marriage, nor the heavier obligations of family life, or of social prominence. This means that until you are thirty years of age you will seek more and more to find your happiness not in married life or social advancement but by added concentration upon your work; and you must not expect to do the phases of misunderstanding within your family circle.

Even in your childhood, when, of course, you were also under the subjective influence to which number 7 is the key, you had some strange and not entirely happy changes in your home and relations. Many of the efforts you have made since to establish happiness in personal relationships have proved disappointing, but by this means you have changed your practical temperament into that of the artist. When one cannot do what he wants to do, if he be as practical and as adaptable as your numbers show you to be, he accepts with good grace what has to be done and does not permit progress to be held up by childhood resistance.

Your public will be interested to know that the year of 1928 marked the end of one phase of your screen work, a phase that it is probable you will never be able to repeat, although, because it was slightly more impressive than the one you have followed, as you did in "Seventh Heaven" they allowed their sentimental fancy to weave a primitive romance around Charles Farrell as the principals. 1929 came, a year that numbered points to as being one of an entirely new beginning in your life. You took a little surprise and in some measure disappointed your public by attempting a different kind of role in "Sunny Side Up," and by the same token to a great extent your stage life.

Your marriage to Mr. Lydell Peck from San Francisco will, according to numerology, be extremely important in your experience and your material success. There is a degree of harmony between your numbers which ensures a measure of happiness, but the most important is the fact that your husband's number is 6 which has been found to be that of your 'Path of Life.' Your numerical numbers between people often means greater importance and material advancement than real personal happiness. It is indicated that in the path of your life, and then you will recall that your own indications are that the more permanent phases of your home and family life as situation to the year of 1933, which suggests a second marriage.

The end of a new cycle arrives with 1937. So fortunately, for the delight of your thousand fans, I can promise that you have, since your last birthday, commenced a stronger phase of your public work. This will be especially, much more practically, mean greater success, more parts to play and more roles in which you will be cast to suit the demands of your public. In this, however, is indicated by numerology as one of your last satisfactory years from all angles. Its nervous number of 11 brought you discouragement and disappointment, as well as nervous disorder of the body. This year meant discipline both in relation to your work, your associations and your life.

Your public will always consist in the majority of those movie-goers whose tastes are simple, who prefer natural feelings portrayed, who were brought up with much subtlety, neither of which qualities come very easy to you for they are not in your numbers. If you can be cast in roles as are appropriate to your artistic, and offer you opportunity to appeal to the simpler emotion in stories that are not far-fetched, your clean cut personality will remain a favorite for the next seven years, which will bring you to the year of 1945—when, as I have remarked, you will be perfectly happy to seek seclusion and to live your life in ways that concern things that, if they had come into your life in your earlier years, would have meant that you would never have been a movie actress at all.

With your complete chart before me, Miss Gaynor, I am forced to draw a final conclusion and that is this. Your success is and will continue to be due to a fine mixture of imitative talent, early opportunity, and a need to work. You have desired a large measure of success because of the large part of your own thoughts, you have been able to bring to your work under the fortunate influence of the name Janet Gaynor. As you absorb and express the number, this will be found among the class of entertainers who tries to get something for nothing, whose personality and work parts of the gaudy or spectacular.
Clara's Boy Friend
Continued from page 66

the IT Girl to give one man all her time.
That is, Rex says, he doesn't object to her
going out with other men as long as she
tells him the truth about it.
But Rex isn't much worried about
Clara's lack of truthfulness. He says that
her honesty will probably prove her down-
fall. She is at all times herself, and in-
ists on saying what she thinks, often at
the wrong time. She doesn't see why she
shouldn't lead her own life, just because
she's headline material. Rex insists that
he believes what Clara tells him.
On the question of maternity, Rex is
adamant. Perhaps because at present
things are too unsettled in the careers of
both Clara and Rex.
Rex is Free-lancing. He has been tak-
ing tests at several of the studios, but
has no definite plans as to his future. He
wants to keep on in the picture business,
but he doesn't want to keep on as a cow-
boy. He seems to be more interested in
Clara's career than in his own. He thinks
she's the best actress the screen has ever
known—quite a change from his opinion of
her acting before he came to know her—and he has any great faith in
himself when it comes to selecting the world
on fire as an actor.

Another newcomer, Alexander
Kirkland makes his film début
in "Tarnished Lady."

It was the trial of Daisy De Voe, Clara's secretary, that brought Rex into
the limelight as Clara's best boy friend.
Daisy admitted on the witness stand
that Rex didn't win out without a struggle.
She bore out, to a great extent, Rex's
ideas on the successful handling of Clara.
"Harry Richman tried to boss her
around too much, and that didn't go," said
Daisy. "Clara has to be handled with
gloves on."
Rex admits that he's crazy about Clara
and that she knows it. But he adds that
he doesn't intend to let her walk on him.
Rex's theory somewhat upsets those of the
exponents of the successful love affair,
where the woman is invariably the diplo-
mat and handles her man skillfully and
subtly, without letting him know that he
is being handled. Rex Bell enacts the
role of diplomat in his dealings with the
IT Girl, and the males should give him an
car—he has accomplished what many men
have tried to do and failed—the taming of
Clara Bow.

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**Thoughts While Being Interviewed**

He is nervous. (Is that so?) Shouldn't be. He makes me notes. I wonder how he will ever be able to remember and put on paper these gems of wisdom I am giving him.

I wonder if he gets much money. Must get awfully fed up listening to actors talking about themselves. Anyway, he laughs at all my jokes. I wonder if he can really keep from wanting to tear up his shirt. He said he'd go out some night and give him a good trimming. (It didn't turn out that way, though. He got the trimming.) I wonder why he wears his trousers so long. Has no idea of economy or he'd realize the back of cuffs will wear out quickly.

Saw me in a play in Washington eight years ago. My public. I finish talking. Can't think of anything else to elucidate for him. Says he has had a most pleasant afternoon.

Wonder what he can possibly go home and write about now. Suppose he paves me. Gosh! Why do they have to do that? I know some of the girls and boys in the cast have been toasted to a turn are darn nice kids and didn't deserve it a bit. I guess maybe they won't be dealt with so sour that morning or he got out of the wrong side of the bed or something and took it out on the actor because the player wasn't the expected one. He talks more of wisdom from whom all blessings flow. Why can't they realize that our job is acting and not orating.

I haven't created any intellectual upheaval so far but then, on the other hand, I've never had to be ashamed of anything that's been written about me. Well, it he pans me, I'll just have to grin and bear it. There has to be a first time for everything.

I discover he is a neighbor of mine. Goes to remember when a fourth hand is needed.

Mrs. Hamilton returns from her shopping. This is Mr. Kent, dear," "How do you do?" "How do you do?" He remarks when she goes upstairs: "Charming girl—rare judgment."

Four o'clock. He leaves—but too late for me to go to the better end he couldn't have gone, anyhow. And I could have gone to the beach, too, you know, if I hadn't had to interview you.) Too early to go to the movies. I pick up "Henry VIII." Wonder what Henry would have told him had this chap Kent come to interview him concerning his ideas of a tie-up between the cloth of gold and rayon people? Henry had the best of me, though. He could have sentenced him to the tower of London. (Oh, yeah.)

Weeks pass. Suddenly someone hands me a magazine containing an interview by Peter Kent. I read in petrified astonishment. Is that what I said that afternoon? (What do you think?) Well, anyway, it sounds good. (Then it must be what you said.)

Think I'll call him up sometime—not to thank him though. (Heaven's no! That just isn't being done.) He'd think I was seeking favors, but I couldn't be able to find a little more about him.

And so, dear little boys and girls of the great Out There, thus comes to an end, as all good things must, a somewhat ham-hazard chronicle of a player's thoughts while being interviewed.
Won Out Of Sixty!
Continued from page 34
contracted on his Central American cruise, Barrymore, and the members of the supporting cast as the story unfolds.

An interesting anecdote preludes this interview which made Marian a leading lady to Barrymore—a distinction which every ambitious actress in Hollywood has aspired to.

Before he requested that Marian be sent to him, Barrymore studied a total of sixty young players. It was essential that a selection be made pronto, what with mounting costs of production, and a schedule that brooked no delay. Sixty players, therefore, were given screen and sound tests—do not make the mistake of thinking them novices, one and all were seasoned players—and then the lot was assembled to form several reels of pictures. These, Barrymore studied and re-studied from his sick bed, finally eliminating all but one.

It is possible that Barrymore hit on the type that Marian represents because it is the type of his wife, Dolores Costello, who is, incidentally, about to break her retirement of several years to return to the screen. Both Marian and Dolores are blonde; both possess a winsome quality of beauty; something of the shy April violet is in their smiles. Marian will also be Barrymore’s leading lady in “The Genius.”

Those who know their movie history will recall a similar predicament that faced Barrymore when about to proceed with his work in “The Sea Beast.” This occurred, you will remember, in the silent days. Candidate after candidate had been examined for leading lady to Barrymore, all were discarded. The studio executives were in a quandary. Then the miracle happened! Dolores Costello passed, on her way to a studio set, where she had some inconsequential part as a maid in a French farce. Her beauty startled Barrymore, who asked some questions about her. That same day, Dolores met Barrymore, and before the interview was terminated, it was agreed that she would be his leading lady.
The rest is movie history. Dolores became Barrymore’s leading lady, then a star in her own right, and finally Mrs. John Barrymore.

For her rapid rise, Marian has her sister, Jean, Morgan, to thank. Jean it was who brought Marian as a young hopeful to the studios; she who persuaded casting directors to see her, and the publicity department to have her photographed. Jean has acted as her self-appointed and enthusiastic press agent, and despite rebuffs has courageously returned to the battle of bringing her beautiful young sister into prominence. And now her efforts are rewarded.

The Most Talked About Hygienic Aid for Women of the Day

Pure RAYON Cellulose Filled. Soft and Gentle as Fluffed Silk... and Effective 3 Times Longer

There is now a sanitary pad that cannot chafe or irritate. A new and remarkable invention that changes all previous ideas of sanitary protection.

It is new and totally different from any other pad now known or ever known. New in construction. New in material. New in results. Hence one cannot compare it with any other hygienic protection so far known.

U. S. Patented Invention—Not Merely “Another” Sanitary Pad

It is called Veldown. And rigidly protected under United States Patents, there is no other pad “like” it—or even remotely like it. It is made in an entirely different way from any you have ever used.

Its filler is superfine soft, pure rayon cellulose. Thus as gentle as fluffed silk. It cannot chafe or irritate.

Its patented construction—along with its rayon cellulose filler—eliminates all chafing, all discomfort from wearing a sanitary pad. Do you wonder that millions of women are turning to this new hygiene, discarding less gentle, less efficient ways?

Effective Hours Longer

It also has another important feature. It is absolutely immaculate for the reason that the outer side has been specially treated to make it moisture proof and impermeable.

This invention makes Veldown 5 or more times more absorbent than other sanitary methods. And it gives complete safety and protection hours longer than other ways. Hence a danger that every woman carries in her mind is absolutely eliminated. And no other protective garments are necessary.

It is specially treated with a deodorant—and thus ends even slightest danger of embarrassment. Discards, of course, easily as tissue.

Accept Trial

Go today to any drug or department store. Obtain a box of Veldown. Use six. Then—if you don’t feel that it is a vast and great improvement on any other pad you have ever worn, return the box—and receive your full purchase price back.

talists and scientists, opened up vast channels of propaganda to the business man and manipulators of the land. In the process it acquired an elaborate dignity. It has lost none of its dignity with the public. In spite of the unceasing financial cut-throat ing that accompanied it, and though it has become stabilized in its purely technical end, it is still going around in circles as far as its economic structure is concerned.

The artists hope, naturally, the revolutions will continue. It means more to them, to have the financial security they are used to dream about in their idle moments. The more far-seeing broadcasters, however, hope that the time is not far when their corral of the radio men performed an adroit stroke of showmanship. They scheduled him on the air waves at the mystic hour of 7 P.M., in direct defiant competition to Amos 'n Andy. He clicked immediately, the most successful entry in the broadcasting ranks since Floyd Gibbons let loose his adjectives.

The triumph of Downey may be attributed in good part to the fact that he comes upon the air at a time when an ocean of talk is tumbling out of the loudspeakers. Listeners seeking relief from the incessant gabbling turn on Downey, hear him airing the sentiments of current ballads, relish him with their meals. Fancy a tenor with your meals! It is something new in America. Yet a tenor is preferable to ceaseless chatter. Even a tenor helps in the digestion of roast beef and apple dumpling!

Radio will make Downey rich as it has made everyone whom it has precipitated into nation-wide fame. The end is not in sight. There are still some formidable figures outside the broadcast gates.

Last week radio offered a $650,000 contract to Chaplin. Next week it may offer even more to Kreisler or Wilhelm Hahnzoltern, though I doubt it. I doubt if any price will ever top that submitted to Charlie—and declined!

In this age of ballyhoo, in this day when voice is supreme it is worth noting that there is one man who prefers silence.

It is, obviously, the need of advertising that warrants the offer of such a sum to Chaplin and the payment of huge stipends to smaller Joels, Rogers, Lauder, McCormack, Amos 'n Andy, Heifetz and Tibbett for radio entertainment. You can't blame them for demanding all they can get for their services. That they are getting more in radio than is possible in any other field of entertainment shows what a bundle the microphone can make.

And, lest we forget, it is the voice with the smile that wins the greater part of the gold!

dashes along—continued from page 83

to a pair of ducks. "My uncle was so mad! That night after dinner he pulled out some cigarettes and made each of us smoke one. The others cried. They were so sick they had to go to bed. But I got to laughing and just sat and blew smoke through my nose." P. S. "Midge" doesn't smoke now—now that she can if she wants to.

"Oh, she was always the bad one!" smiles the cousin. "Father was so particular about the way we acted at the table. He'd tell Midge to put on her napkin and she'd say 'No, I won't!' So he'd tell her not to dare to, and she'd tie it around her neck so tight, she almost choked." That's the way Dot treats obstacles. She hurdles over them!

Dorothy was born to be an actress. She always wanted to be. Why, when she was only two she danced on her toes, and was one of the baby stars with a local revue. And every time she came home from a movie she'd keep her grandmother up all night practicing the things she'd seen the movie stars do. Norma Talmadge, for instance!

"I knew I could act, if I ever had the chance," Midge nods wisely.

Well, the chance came. When she was fourteen, in fact. A vaudeville comedian was looking for a mite for a sketch. He found Midge at a party and asked her if she could sing. She didn't know but was willing to try. She did. And the result was only six weeks later, then the Fanchon and Marco circuit. But the act broke up as acts have a way of doing and Midge appealed to Miss Fanchon, who put her in a "College Idea" to do her acrobatics and sing and dance a little.

Then came New York and "Hello Yourself!" It was just a small part. Midge tells you. When it opened in Philadelphia I only had a couple of songs, but by the time it got to New York I had four songs and lots of dialogue. The reviews kept saying I ought to be in the movies.

Louise Brooks is back in our midst again minus her microphone voice. Imagine. And I'd come from Los Angeles and the movies hadn't wanted me at all! But New York wasn't much fun. Living in dreary boarding houses, and not having much money. Still she did her first picture there with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians and the trail led to Hollywood, to "Big Rita," to "The Clockwork" and now the final picture with Wheeler and Woolsey. Soon they will all go their separate ways and Dorothy will have pictures of her own!

She has decided ideas of what she wants to do. "Ingenue lead. I know very well I couldn't do anything dramatic, like Norma Talmadge, so why should I try? I like comedy. But I like nice stories, college stories, comedy drama, too. Not all of the fantastic, hard-to-believe stuff in lots of the movies.

She still speaks wistfully of stage. It was lots of fun having an audience out in front to cheer you. It's harder in the movies, doing scenes over and over and over.

She's still a fan. Just as enthusiastic as she was when she was a kid. Stares every time she sees a noted star! Adores Norma Talmadge and Greta Garbo. Has no favorites among the men, but adores Walter Huston and really fine actors like that.

That's Dot. Just a little big-eyed kid. Full of zest and enthusiasm. She likes everybody and everybody likes her. At present she's engrossed in her new house—hers to decorate as she likes. Choosing furniture, curtains, pictures. It takes a great deal of thought deciding if that rose Persian rug or the green Persian rug matches the living room best. And there's the yard, and beginning to plant. And nice new pictures on the lot!
Love on the Rebound—Continued from page 33

So grand, in fact, that it was only a short time until Loretta was answering to the name of Mrs. Grant Withers.

Gary Cooper knows all about love on the rebound. New in pictures, he appeared with Clara Bow and Esther Ralston in "Children of Divorce." Gentlemen may prefer blondes—but the flaming locks of the Brooklyn Bonfire obscured his vision to such an extent that the beautiful but placid Ralston registered not at all, apparently.

Gary and Clara went here and there together. But Clara's affections are as stable as the ball on a roulette wheel and after a short time Gary was all but forgotten.

When the barge of Clara's love began touching at other ports of call, the brig of Gary's did not flounder exactly helplessly on the Black Sea of Despair. No less a personage than la belle Brent, (first name, Evelyn), took her place at the helmsman's wheel. An expert pilot she proved herself, for one heard no reports of storm ruffling the smooth surface of their attachment.

Whether the tranquil sailing became monotonous to the Silentist Man of the Great Open Spaces, or whether Evelyn herself grew bored with the inarticulate love the lean Montanan is supposed to go in for, no one will ever know. But presently the fiery Lupe was seen with Gary.

Nor did the latter pine in lonely solitude. Her heart, rebounding from shattered dreams with Gary, was caught and tenderly guarded by Harry Edwards. And it was not long thereafter until he found himself promising a parson—or justice of the peace. I forget which—to love, honor and cherish the girl. And so it goes—in Hollywood!
**CASTS OF CURRENT FILMS**

*Films Reviewed in this issue*


- "GIRLS DEMAND EXCITEMENT." Fox. Fox Madison, Virginia Cherrill, Peter Boakes, John Wayne, Pickup, C. C. Smathers, Charles Grapewin, Joseph Crehan, Alex Andress, Donald Crisp, William Demarest, George Coulouris, Kenneth Craig, George Macready.


- "FINN AND HATTIE." Paramount. From Donald Ogden Stewart's play and story, "Mr. and Mrs. Finn." Directed by Sam Maitz. Co-directed by Norman Taurog and Norman McLeod. The cast: Finley P. Hrabajan, Lona Errol; Mildred Hackett, Mirti Green; Mrs. Hackett, Crista Pitts; Sidney, Edward Ellis; Mabel, William Tabbert; Dan, John Ireland; Mary, Ruth Donnelly; Ruth, Madeleine Carroll; Jack, Henry Stothart; Sonny, Eric Blore; uncredited, Thomas Gomez, William Tabbert, John Ireland.

- "LONELY WIVES." From a Broadway stage play, "City Lights." Directed by John Hylton. The cast: Ernst L. P. Tucholsky, Ford, Patrick, Joan Bennett, Marie Studholme, Stuart Erwin, Robert Young, Robert Alda, Joan Blondell, Robert Walker, Margaret Lindsay, John Ireland, Henry Stothart, John Miljan, Paul Frees, John Ireland, William Tabbert.


- "THE ROYAL BED." From the play by Robert Dehnaw. Directed by Lowell Sherman. The cast: The King, Lowell Sherman, the Queen, Norma Shearer, Princess Anne, Mary Astor, Greta Garbo, Anthony Bushell, Premier Rothschild, Robert Warshow, Ambassador Birken, Alain Roome, Crown Prince, Hugo Trevor, Prince, Gilbert Emery, Feliz, Frederick Burt, Lords, in Waiting, Leith Carvell, Walter Hessel, Lennard Road, Joseph Girard, Taxi-Driver, Eddie Dunn.


Stage In Review

Continued from page 65

and wind in his pocket—Maggie Gautier, alias Canille, came back with a bang down on Fourteenth Street at the Civic Repertory.

A bang?—it's one of the season's sellouts! Which shows that Love, Youth and Romance have not yet gone to the electric chair. It's a healthy reaction against the sophisticated and the wisecracking.

Eva Le Gallienne put on a splendid Canille—in fact, one of the best Canilles of the American stage; she made it perfectly as the Second Empire's Wisecracker in Decay, took Love on the chin like an old trooper when it blew in the door in the person of Arnaud Duval! gave him up with really some good old-time pathos, and finally when she died I myself, old Broadway runabout, felt something in my throat.

Dear old Mag Gautier, long may she die, and die, and die!

The rest of the cast couldn't keep up with Eva. Ben-Ani as Arnaud's swell and moral pop was too phonographical. Morgan Farley as Arnaud was icebergy.

"You Said It"

Jack Yellen and Lou Holtz wrote a rompy, bumpy, fast-running college musical show called "You Said It," featuring Lou Holtz himself and Mary Lawlor and Stanley Smith.

But as there hadn't been a miracle on Broadway for some months, the gods ordered one right out of the presto-box of this show. For the next morning along the Rialto and as far south as the Empire only one word was heard—"Robert!" The conductors on the Forty-second street cross-town cars mumbled "Robert!" Wires poured in from the coast to Roberti—and the little girl's salary—Lyda Roberti is her name—jumped from $30 to $1,500 a week (I have these figures from her manager). This gawky, dangling, blushing, rather plain-looking young woman stopped everything with her Polish variations on Street and Hol. Now "You Said It" is all Roberti. Hollywood will be wanting her.

A glimpse of a moving picture actress eating her breakfast. Frances Dee's favorite fruit—grapefruit!
**Write to the Stars as Follows:**

**Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.**
- William Bakewell
- Lionel Barrymore
- Wallace Beery
- Charles Bickford
- Lillian Bond
- Edwin Booth
- John Mack Brown
- Harry Carey
- Joan Crawford
- Marion Davies
- Reginald Denny
- Kent Douglass
- Marie Dressler
- Cliff Edwards
- Julia Faye
- Clark Gable
- Greta Garbo
- John Gilbert
- Gavin Gordon
- William Haines
- Hedda Hopper
- Leila Hyams
- Dorothy Jordan
- Buster Keaton
- Gwen Lee

**Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.**
- Richard Arlen
- Jean Arthur
- William Austin
- Carman Barnes
- Clara Bow
- Mary Brian
- Clive Brook
- Nancy Carroll
- Maurice Chevalier
- Claudette Colbert
- Jack Oakie
- Gary Cooper
- Frances Dee
- Marlene Dietrich
- Leon Errol
- Stuart Erwin
- Norman Foster
- Skeets Gallagher
- Wynne Gibson
- Rex Bell
- Joan Bennett
- Humphrey Bogart
- El Brendel
- Marguerite Churchill
- Joyce Compton
- Donald Dillaway
- Fifi Dornay
- Charles Farrell
- John Garrick
- Janet Gaynor
- Warren Hyneman
- Richard Keene
- J. M. Kerrigan
- Marion Lessing
- Cecilia Loftus
- Marjorie White

**Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.**
- Henry Armetta
- Mary Astor
- Evelyn Brent
- Sue Carol
- Joseph Cawthorn
- Betty Compson
- Bebe Daniels
- Richard Dix
- Irene Dunne
- J ohnna Howland
- Arline Judge
- Arthur Lake
- Robert Woolsey

**Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.**
- George Arliss
- George Bancroft
- John Barrymore
- Joan Bloodwell
- Ruth Chatterton
- Clauda Dell
- Irene Delroy
- Kay Francis
- James Hall
- Walter Huston
- Leon Janney
- Evelyn Knapp
- Winnie Lightner
- Lucien Littlefield
- Lotti Lodi
- Ben Lyon
- Marian Nixon
- Walter Pidgeon
- William Powell
- H. B. Warner

**Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.**
- Robert Armstrong
- Constance Bennett
- Russell Gleason
- Edwin Quillan
- Alan Hale
- Ann Harding

**Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.**
- Lewis Ayres
- John Boles
- Kathryn Crawford
- Robert Ellis
- Sidney Fox
- Jean Hersholt
- Rose Hobart
- Dorothy Janis

**United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.**
- Don Alvarado
- William Boyd
- Eddie Cantor
- Charlie Chaplin
- Ronald Colman
- Lily Damita
- Dolores Del Rio
- Douglas Fairbanks

**Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.**
- Gertrude Astor
- Mischa Auer
- Leo Carrillo
- Helene Chadwick
- Helen Chandler
- Dorothy Christy
- June Collyer
- Marion Douglas
- Robert Edeson
- George Fawcett
- Albert Gran
- Ralph Graves
- Carmella Geraghty
- Hale Hamilton
- Neil Hamilton

**Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.**
- William Collier, Jr.
- Constance Cummings
- Richard Cromwell
- Jack Holt
- Buck Jones

**Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.**
- Charlie Chase
- Mickey Daniels
- Oliver Hardy
- Ed Kennedy
- Marjorie Beebe
- Ann Christy
- Andy Clyde
- Harry Gribbon
- Sono Art-World Wide, Metropolitan Studios, 1041 Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Cal.
- Ruth Roland

**First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.**
- Robert Allen
- Richard Barthelmess
- Sidney Blackmer
- Joe E. Brown
- James Cagney
- Frank Fay
- Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
- Gladys Ford
- Fred Kohler
- Laura Lee
- Dorothy Mackaill
- Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.
- Frank Albertson
- Luana Akaniz

**Offer Birthday Congratulations to These May Stars:**
- William Bakewell
- Juliette Compton
- Gary Cooper
- Richard Barthelmess
- Billie Dove
- Maureen O'Sullivan
- Anthony Bushell
- Dorothy Lee
- Robert Montgomery
- Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.
- Norma Talmadge
- Al Jolson
- Paul Lukas

**Educational Studios, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.**
- Marjorie Beebe
- Ann Christy
- Andy Clyde
- Harry Gribbon

**Sono Art-World Wide, Metropolitan Studios, 1041 Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Cal.**
- Ruth Roland
Danger Ahead For Clara Bow

Continued from page 21

popular close-ups, winked the tears away, flung up your head, clenched your hands, and vowed, "I'll show 'em!" You owe a debt of gratitude to all those people who wrote in your defense, and don't you forget it!

We could babbler a lot about your little debt to the screen industry—your obligation as one of its biggest stars to keep your name out of the newspapers, to live quietly, to help preserve the decency, the prestige that the little fathers of Hollywood are trying so hard to build. But somehow we don't think that argument would count with you. You probably feel, and why shouldn't you?—that your long fight up from the Brooklyn brownstones has been hard—and lonely—and costly. Nobody helped you—''you helped yourself.''

Fore! Bebe Daniels and her spry grandmother. She is one of Hollywood's most enthusiastic golfers. She's arguing with Mrs. Lyon about her score and it looks like a walk-away for grandma!

Your message to your fans sounds sincere to me. I like the ring of it. It seems to show a new awareness. Maybe you know, now, that to be Clara Bow is a rather swell thing. To have thousands spring to your defense. To know they want you back, no matter what. And, to get right down to brass tacks, you may learn to appreciate that the money you have earned from their affection is pretty precious stuff—because only so long as they love you will it keep pouring in, a steady, soothing, golden stream.

Meanwhile Rex Bell, his hair once more its natural color—remember he had it dyed?—is on the job. He's a rather nice lad this cowboy actor, and if he only knew with what passionate interest all Hollywood is watching developments!

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SLAMS and SALVOS

(Continued from page 8)

Laurels for Lukas and Beery!

An interested writer discovers that Wallace Beery has a different kind of it!

Paul Lukas expresses his personality with his voice, says an excited admirer.

romances; and all the remembered roles of Barrymore, Jannings, Reid, Kay, and a host of others. I know that I would rush to see at least one each week. Ellis Jandron, 20 Randolph Street, Cambridge, Mass.

CHEERING BEERY

Now that the shrills have had their day let's give credit to that one and only—(there could only be one)—Wallace Beery. He hasn't the beauty or charm to hold his audience spell bound, but wait—where can they get as good a tough character as this swashbuckling, dashling old buccaneer? Where can such get a such ahweighty minTh producer at the same time? The answer is, they can't; there is only one Wallace Beery. He has a different kind of "It."

L. G. Ameson, 6257 Niagara Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM

If the producers want the fans to become more intimately acquainted with the players why do they not have their publicity departments include the cast of each picture in the lobby display so that we can refer to it when we come out of the theater?

Character names mean nothing to us at the beginning of a picture—and, anyway, the whole audience and the his decide to change seats just at the time the cast is flashed on the screen. It's when the picture is finished that we are curious to see who played "that part" so cleverly.


GARBO-DIETRICH AGAIN!

Everywhere one hears of Garbo and Dietrich! I find the discussions help both actresses, since they invite interest just at a time when the movies were falling into monotony. Let us not be cruel or unfair to either actress, but be thankful for this new competition.

The great difference in this menace lies in the fact that Marlene Dietrich is a proven actress, whereas in former cases the rival had merely the looks, not the ability of the original favorite—which proves, maybe, girls especially, that beauty helps but there must be that something more—brains and personality). Think of the new things on the market; if good, they stay; but do older products go out of business? No. Always—if good, both stay and prosper.

Dietrich—Garbo—both good—both stay! Competition is the spice of life! Miss Louise Pettijohn, Hallock Street, Amherst, Mass.

FOR JANET AND CHARLIE

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in "The Man Who Came Back," true to form, make this classic one of the greatest romantic dramas ever played. Farrell depicts the fall and rise of a young man who rallies with the assistance of Janet's wonderful love. Miss Gaynor lifts a wrecked human to the "Seventh Heaven" and he comes back to live a life of honor and achievement.

No young man can see this picture without having a change of heart. I work hard every day and when I envision this play I triumph over obstacles which seemed insuperable. Long live Janet Gaynor and Charlie—together! R. J. Hubbard, Box 353, Little Rock, Ark.

HIS VOICE HAS "ZAT SOMESING!"

Garbo and Valentino had the sort of personality that could go over in a big way on the silent screen; Rudy Vallee expresses his personality in his voice; and so does Paul Lukas.

Before I saw Paul Lukas in "The Right to Love," he had never made the slightest impression on me, in silent pictures. His looks didn't appeal, and there was nothing about him to divert my attention from the star. But now! He has the most fascinating masculine voice I have ever heard on the screen. Just the faintest brush of an European accent, and a charm of inflection that bring color and romance to his every look and gesture. At once, he leaps into eligibility for the Adolph Menjou sort of part. Only he has the tremendous advantage of being—or at least, looking—young enough for the hero. That voice makes him universal. He might be anybody from anywhere. And now that the talkies have come, that's the rarest asset an actor could have.

Priscilla T. Campbell, Peterborough, N. H.

BOOSTING BICKFORD

Why don't we see more of Charles Bickford? He's a splendid actor and dominates every picture in which he appears. He was just as good as Greta Garbo in "Anna Christie" and he walked away with all his other pictures. He's a new type of leading man and is a relief from the usual ga-ga heroes we've been seeing these many years. And please, producers, don't polish this diamond in the rough; we like him as he is.

We want Big Boy Bickford in bigger and better pictures! Marion Simmons, Hewlett, Long Island, N. Y.

AND STILL THEY COME!

The question that seems to be the most frequently asked in the world today is whether The Great Garbo has a rival. Who but Greta Garbo could do the things she does and make people like them? Who but Garbo could keep aloof from the world and make people desire them? Who could be mysterious and quiet, making no friends, and still have people worship at their shrine?

Why tell her to beware of the new rivals that are springing up? Why tell her that this French rival or that German rival will steal the crown she is now wearing? It doesn't worry her and why should it? She knows she is the only woman in the world who can do the things she does and make the people like it. She knows she is the Darling of America! Miss Ruth Clifton, 1404 Summit Ave., Springfield, Mo.
Hollywood Goes Spanish!
Continued from page 54

was a little apart, chatting cheerfully with anybody who sought him, but when left alone merely looking on with amusement and interest.

He was particularly interested in a Spanish folk dance, in which the dancers joined hands and danced around in a circle, like children playing ring-around-the-rosy. It is called the Sarandans.

Jose Crespo, who was dashing about as coward, expressed to the group that it was a dance which was performed by all the populace in the plazas of Barcelona and other cities of Catalonia, in Spain, where the people gather of a Sunday afternoon and on holidays.

"Oh, Anita Page is trying to flirt with the handsome Valentin Parera by using a dictionary," Patsy whispered. "Well, they both have talkative eyes, so I suppose they'll get along all right! Anita doesn't speak much Spanish, you know."

Mr. Parera was gazing at Anita as if he meant to paint her picture. He is an artist and cartoonist, and speaks about four words of English.

Suddenly there was a little stir in the hallways, and the butler admitted a little man with big, luminous eyes and classic features, and a lovely and interesting looking young woman.

Jose Crespo dashed down to meet them, and they were introduced to us as the noted Spanish playwright, Gregorio Martinez-Sierra, author of Ethel Barrymore's play of "God of God," and of "Cradle Song," and Catalina Barcena, who is one of the outstanding figures of the Madrid stage. Both were associated with Jose Crespo, who was a star of the Spanish stage, one being his stage director and the other his leading lady.

Both of the latest arrived guests were in street clothes, as they had just come, a trifle bewildered at everything American, from the train.

Senor Martinez-Sierra is to supervise all the M-G-M Spanish pictures, and Senora Barcena is on a mission from the Spanish government to the making of American pictures. She will work at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios also, apparently on Spanish versions.

Buffet supper was served, and then a very funny little incident occurred.

Patsy, thinking that nobody around her understood English well enough to me, "I don't see any Spanish shawls except those on the stairway for decoration. I do wish some of these ladies would wear the native costume. It's a lot more becoming than our American clothes."

Whereupon a beautiful young lady turned away and spoke politely and with gentle reproach:

"Thanks for your charming compliment. We like the native costumes here better ourselves, and we have many beautiful combas and shawls at home, but sometimes when we've worn them, they haven't been appreciated."

"Patsy fried in her blushing. But she recovered a little when Conchita Montenegro dropped her comb and comb, and showed us how a Spanish girl flirts with her fan.

After supper lovely Celia Montelban, noted Mexican singer, dancer and actress in musical comedies, danced a Cuban dance. She lately arrived from Paris, where she has been appearing.

Cedric Bixler arrived with his wife, Dolores Del Rio. Dorothy Jordan came rather late, and was very popular.

After me was Spanish folk dance, and some lovely songs by one of the Mexican guests, Mme. Alma Real, prima donna, we left for home, and saw the morning star rising.

"Well, we'll probably just not go to bed at all tonight," remarked Patsy. "We're going to the opening of 'Trader Horn,' and then there's a big party afterward at the Embassy, given by Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Hyman. Mr. Hyman is an M-G-M official, you know."

The excitement of "Trader Horn" seemed almost enough without anything else happening, but the party proved a very great delight.

Almost the first person we met was Duncan Renaldo, who plays the lead in the picture. He was on crutches. After going through all the perils of South Africa, he had come home to Hollywood to break his foot in an automobile accident.

Jean Harlow was there with Paul Bern. Paul takes more beautiful ladies to parties than any man in pictures, and yet he never seems to get a bit concealed about it."

Norma Shearer was there with her husband, Irving Thalberg. She looked lovely in a black velvet evening gown, made in Grecian style carried out in silver cut steel bandings.

She declared that watching the animals in "Trader Horn" had worn her out to such an extent that she could hardly dance, but she certainly looked radiant. Irving, on the other hand, said that the wild animals had made him keen to go hunting down there, but his wife said, "Remember you are a father now!"

And Bess Meredith reminded them of the musical comedy in which the circus widow had to keep her husband's grave green by water the lions!

Anita Page came with her sweet mother as usual, and looked charming in white satin.

Lily Damita, very happy to be back in Hollywood, she declared, arrived with our host and hostess. She wore a white satin form-fitting gown.

Leila Hyams was with her husband, Phil Bickford. She had on a black velvet gown with long black gloves.

Harry Carey, director W. S. Van Dyke, Edward Board and others had a quiet little party next door at the Montmartre, but managed to come in for a few moments.

Charles Bickford and his wife were among the guests, and Miguel Heredia, Marie Prevost, Carmen Geraghy, Robert Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Selwyn, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Mannix, Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Schulberg, Robert Leonard and Gertrude Olmstead, Harold Lloyd and his mother; Jack Conway—his wife was at Rome with a recently arrived baby;—Wallace Beery and his wife, Louella Parsons and her husband, Dr. Harry Martin, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beaumont, Sam Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Graves, Mr. and Mrs. David Selznick, and many others.

Charlotte Greenwood was among the guests, with her husband, the musician and composer, Martin Broone, and she says that she hopes she will remain in pictures, as she feels a house in Beverly Hills coming on!

We chatted a minute with Robert Leonard and his wife, Gertrude Olmstead. They have moved out of their house at Malibu, into an apartment in Hollywood, and Gertrude said they experienced a few very exciting minutes when they called them up from the beach during the recent fire which destroyed so many fine folks' houses there, but they felt that the fire was approaching their own beach house!

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Greta Nissen has a charming accent which will be heard in “Women of All Nations,” a continuation of the adventures of Captain Flagg, and Sergeant Quitl played by Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe, of course!

it, these evening clothes might occasion remark. So I guess I’ll go home for a few minutes after all.

“I THINK studio parties are such a lot of fun,” exclaimed Peggy. “You don’t have to worry whether the curl is out of your hair over your right eye or whether your glove is splat. And besides, the party mean, to which we are invited, is being given by Carl Laemmle, Jr., in honor of his famous dad, Carl Laemmle, Sr., head of Universal, so it’s sure to be a nice one. It’s a surprise party, and just about everybody is invited.”

The party was to be a luncheon affair, to celebrate the elder Laemmle’s birthday.

Mary Pickford’s big Cord car whizzed past us as we entered the old portals of this most ancient of the cinema cities, and Will Rogers followed in his big sports Cadillac. You expect Rogers to come on an Oklahoma pony somehow, but he never does.

“Everybody loves Uncle Carl, and everybody accepted his son’s invitation,” Charlie Murray informed us, as we stopped to ask him the way to Stage 12, where the party was to be held.

When Carl, Jr., smiles at you, there’s something in his smile that warms your heart and makes you just know you are welcome, and so it was with a sort of real pleasure that we passed through the door of the stage after we had said hello to our host.

Inside we found the guest of honor, who was furiously wiping away a sentimental tear following the good wishes of the group of old friends who had been surrounding him.

Betty Compson was present, lovely in a new sports suit; and soon there arrived Will Hays, Victor McLaglen, Cecil B. De Mille, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, Sidney Fox, Eddie Quillan, Sol Wurtzel, Louis B. Mayer, Billy Haines, Ronald Colman, Constance Bennett, Jack Gilbert, George Sidney, B. P. Schulberg, Hobart Henley, Wallace Beery, and many others.

That other pride of Uncle Carl’s heart—of course Junior comes first—his little grand-daughter, child of his beloved Rosie, was not neglected. She was brought in for a moment to be admired.

When everybody had gathered inside, Monte Bell started proceedings by acting as master of ceremonies and introducing some of the famous ones. Mary Pickford, Will Rogers, Will Hays, Cecil De Mille and Irving Thalberg all paid tribute in nice little speeches to Mr. Laemmle, after which the guest of honor was presented with a handsome gold scroll. There was a funny little choking noise in Uncle Carl’s throat as he responded.

Mary Pickford recalled the days when she worked for Universal. Mary was sure not to forget.

Henry Henigson, studio manager, called the guests to luncheon, which was served in a set that had done service in the war days as “Dracula,” and I’m sure the fun that went on at the luncheon scared away all the weird spirits which that story had attracted.

Mary Pickford and Will Hays sat at table with Uncle Carl, and Mary kept Uncle Carl grinning with her humorous little reminiscences of the old days when, as a timid little girl, she had played in comedies for Universal.

Will Rogers remarked that he didn’t see any peanuts or chewing gum around, kid- ding with B. P. Schulberg, but an attentive waiter sprang to his side at once, and handed him a package of peanuts. There were some peanuts on a tray at the serving table.

We learned with something of a thrill that Professor Einstein was on the lot. Carl, Jr., had begged him to come to the luncheon, but we learned that the Professor, who knows all about space, has a fear of heights.

We noted still other famous ones at the tables, including Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian, Genevieve Tobin, Skeets Gallagher, Lupita Tovar, and Director。

The afternoon was well along when we bade our hosts and our guest of honor goodbye, with genuine good wishes that Uncle Carl may have many, many happy returns.
The Girl Stood on the Burning Deck

Continued from page 39

chopped parsley to the top and fear nobody. The beauty of most of my recipes is that you can prepare it at a moment's notice. If there is only one store. You don't have to go to a special importer's on an avenue named after a state to get what you want. Obviously this keeps your mortgage down. The simple and cheap foods are often the best. Take my now famous codfish balls.

Codfish Balls

Everybody knows the brand of codfish which arrives in a plain wooden box minus all frills. Open one of these unostentatious containers, and remove the contents. At this stage the appetite remains limp. You are at the poor fish stage. That, however, is only the beginning. Even a painting requires background work before the real picture will fit in. It is necessary to soak the codfish for thirty minutes or more, drain off the water, then boil until tender in a saucepan of fresh water. Drain the water from the fish carefully and add mashed potatoes equal to the amount of fish used. Beat up an egg, add one teaspoonful of baking powder, combine with the codfish and potato, make balls or cakes, drop them into very hot, deep fat, brown, then drain the grease off. On a heavy paper immediately garnish with watercress or whatever you have, and I promise you that nobody will leave your table while a single ball remains on the plate.

Goose

Another of my favorite dishes is goose. I've always wondered why people are so afraid to cook one. I take this perfectly tameable fowl, dry it inside and out, rub it like mad with black pepper, fill it with apples, and permit it to cook in its own fat until brown. Then I have goose—and believe me, sauce for this goose is sauce for any gander.

Oysters

Another of my suggestions for keeping money in the house is not to buy the oyster stew. Never stew about this stew. Just oysters, a big lump of butter, seasonings, and the wine is over. Quick. On such occasions men have actually been known to part with money without using a fountain pen dropper. Oysters, they tell me, are easily digested and full of many things, including those necessities named after the alphabet which everyone is reading just at this time and in some miraculous way we managed without before some sap hit upon the word vitamin. Now you can't really enjoy any food because you're too busy wondering if A, B, C, D, E, and all the rest are in it. It seems if you don't eat one of these letters, you've missed something. The lack of another letter makes you blind; without another letter you can't send any little Susies and Johnny's out into the world. It was bad enough to learn the alphabet without having to eat it, but it does help when it comes in tasty form. An oyster broiled or baked in the shell, a raw oyster on the half shell, on top and plenty of seasoning is not only the pièce de résistance at Antoine's, the famous New Orleans restaurant, but it stays with you at everytime you go anywhere. The same can be said of scalloped oysters. Oysters, cracker crumbs, butter, seasoning and milk thrown together and baked in the oven until brown on top is an idea for next Sunday night if you have to stay home. We predict that the boy-friend who has been reluctant up to this time will decide that he can make more than thirty-five dollars a week if he has good food at home to give him some pep. A general hint to the uneeducated is that the less an oyster is cooked the better.

Still another suggestion which I make gratis to the menu-jaded housewife is:

A Regular Cut-Up

Take some pigeons cut up (if the pigeons are pets, order something else for dinner, I labelled butcher's squeal, proceed with a clear conscience), add mushrooms cut up, veal kidney cut up, onions cut up, veal, salt, spices and a bay leaf. (I'm a real daughter of Eve. I always have a leaf from the same bush at the same time—then eat it. I promise that you will either cut up or coo!

Frozen Salad

My pet salad consists of an empty green pepper packed solid with cream cheese and chopped nuts, then frozen in the icebox. I next slice this and place the slices on lettuce leaves, covering the whole with French dressing. When I say lettuce leaves, I mean crisp lettuce leaves, not the dis-encouraged looking stuff that some people put on their plates and that not even a chicken would peck at. The vitality of the cook is shown by the condition of the lettuce. If it is limp, be sure that some cook is absolutely lacking in sex appeal.

It is impossible to give all my recipes, but in general I have several suggestions to offer. First, I like a dash of onion in everything—I don't practise breath control. Onions, like perfumes, should never be obvious. A subtle touch, as it were, back of the ear. Sneak up behind the other ingredients with the chopped onion and then insinuate it. Let it come on like a chorus supporting the star. Just a merry villager when celery is singing tenor and the tomato yodeling high and wild. A delicate bay leaf is the ingenuity and should have her bit. Onions are the comedians of the cooking pot, but while they furnish fun for the palate they interfere with the love interest of the plot.

Another idea of mine is that people cook vegetables and the works in separate pans. Never cook an egg to death. Put it on, take it off, give it to your guests and lie back. Still another of my concepts is whipping mild horse-radish into a cream and using it for the sauce. It's a perfect sauce for fish, and its effect is very much like that of the ruche around a widow's crepe. Try it the next time that you make a date with a tomato.

Today I scarcely ever have time to cook because Mamie knows exactly what I want before I do and the viands await me without any worry on my part. I must stop right here to tell you about Mamie. Placed end to end over eighteen years, Mamie and I almost establish a statistic or at least reach from coast to coast. She is the paragon for whom every woman searches in the want ads. She is the prize of my kitchen and my chink-filler. She told a friend of mine the other day: "Miss Dresser is a good cook, and can't be beat. Look for a long time—you'll never find another. That's from the heart. To show you how much I think of Miss Dresser, I left my husband to come West with her." Just look at the woman who would like to be able to do that. Well, Mamie's got her husband with her out here now and all's as it should be in our garage. . . .

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The Truth About Cosmetics

Continued from page 102

Joking aside, Mamie's devotion makes me very humble. I am not telling you this to bring—just to give you a hint. When people say, "How do you do it?" I retort the only thing retortable, "Cooperation is what counts in all good work. The contact be business, professional, social or domestic. Look at the other fellow's problems, be interested, sympathetic, and humbly. If I don't claim to be more tolerant than anybody else. I am sure the other person is as well meaning as I try to be. But when I hear my woes and yowls among all sorts of people about their domestic service, I pause and wonder where the blame can lie. I have had only two maids in my long called Champagne years, and I don't mean one coming and one going, either. The first one died. Mamie has been with me since. When I have had an apartment or house she has been in it. When I've been staying at a hotel, she has sneaked in and massaged me, pressed my gowns or been the chink-filler which is entirely overlooked these days as the noblest of professions.

The bond between Mamie and me is simple. Her problems and interests are mine and mine are hers. What could be easier? I value Mamie's love and loyalty because nobody knows as I do how important her grounds are in our lives. An indifferent, surely, careless servant can wreck one's mood. A bit of fault may originally have been the employer's who was indifferent to some ache or sorrow previously suffered by the employer. A bit of kindness at a moment often forms a bond that nothing can break.

I resolved to say a word or two on steak-tails and seem to have begun a novel on the servant problem. Well, food isn't a really a depression because without it you can work and without work you can't live.

*(In the next, and final installment of her own story, in the one-time of SCREENLAND, Marie Dressler gives you an intimate insight into a screen actress' life—*from the time she gets up in the morning, through the strenuous studio day, until she goes to bed at night, at nine o'clock! Human, amusing, and told in the whimsical Dressler style—*don't miss it!*
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Preference After Free Peek
First Price Letter

YOU have to choose in life. After glancing over the other movie magazines (when the clerk wasn’t looking) I bought the March  issue of SCREENLAND because it is—

1. Timely—Dietrich or Garbo, Discoveries of the March Screen News, Bar- mores and Buddy Rogers’ trips.
2. Original—Editorials, honor page, presentation of portraits.
3. Private Life-ish—Marie Dressler and Bob Montgomery.
5. Helpful—Van Alstine, star’s recipes, addresses, birthdays, Ask Me, Tips on Tempting.
6. Thought-provoking—Shams and Salvos, Pats and Pokes, Is Education Helpful?

Must We Tell All?
Second Price Letter

SCREENLAND is a smart, up-to-the-minute, clean magazine. Ah—that’s where the “rub” comes in—it’s clean, too clean. Give us more truth and less poetry. Don’t you realize that poetry has gone out? Unless you can make it read like the poetry of Dorothy Parker or Samuel Hoffenstein. Here’s to a long life and a franker one! Alma Portegal,
326 West 47th Street,
New York City.

Par Excellence
Third Price Letter

SCREENLAND must eat three cakes of Tasty Yeast daily. It has Pep! Vim! Vigor! multiplied. Such a number of de- partments that make for interesting reading, vivid personalities. Stimulating contests. Free advice. A relief from some of the current movie magazines. Just enough of everything, not too much of anything. There isn’t a thing I want changed about it, thank you.
Mary Lyons,
91 Winthrop Street, Brockton, Mass.

Not A Poke In Our Contents
Fourth Price Letter

Come here, SCREENLAND—Pat! You are the Vanity Fair-New Yorker screen magazine. De Paw’s Screen Slants, Louis Reid’s department, The Stage in Review and everything else in you exemplifies what I mean by this. You are modern, amusing and clever.
Pat! Pat! In brief, SCREENLAND, we like you because your contents prove that you are edited for intelligent readers.
And—I thought I had a poke but—honest, mister—I can’t find a one!
E. C. Whelan,
3325 South 24th Street, Omaha, Neb.

Disapproval

SCREENLAND is good and all that, but may I suggest that you concentrate a little more on Lew Ayres and Phillips Holmes instead of on the Dietrich-Garbo mélée? Of course, I’m interested in Greta and Marlene, Clara Bow and Joan Crawford, but please don’t neglect our film boy- friends for these females.
Margaret Barris,
Providence, R. I.

The Glad Hand

SCREENLAND makes the clock move around, is a good recipe for blues, and contains much information that is not ob- tained from other movie magazines.
Your pages on “Favorite Paris and Pic- tures of the Stars” proved highly interesting. We appreciate viewpoints from the stars regarding their pictures, as well as their little economics question.
Might I add in way of suggestion that we also like pictures of their children, their gowns and hats even; we can not all be movie stars but we can at least copy and compare their various costumes.
Mrs. George Wheeler, Jr.,
1105 Jackson Street, Dallas, Tex.

One Objection

You’re my favorite magazine—just what one would expect of a Smart Screen Maga- zine. Your departments are fine; they contain all the latest material about film- land. I have only one objection and that is your Numerology articles.
Miss Julia E. Prejezic,
43 Silver Avenue, Hillsdale, N. J.

The WOMEN who Fascinate MEN

What is their dangerous power?

THE siren type—the woman who fascinates us at first sight. One woman in a hundred pos- sesses this dangerous power. She is envied, hated, feared—by others. She is a mystery which we cannot solve. For you can truthfully say “I don’t understand what men see in her.”
But you want to know the secret—with all your heart. You want the “dangerous power.” It is not that you desire to be the siren type. If you could fascinate men at will, you would use that power within reason. Well, then, you may for at least the secret is known. Lucille Young, the woman foremost in beauty, expert, will give 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 the methods of enticing women, has not yielded a result. Nature has never desired a race of women, all fascinating. Her plan is for limited charm. She has said, “I’ll give women just enough attraction to masquerade in beauty.” 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 possessing more than average looks—some that you may have considered handsome. You have seen women with poor figures outshine women with perfect figures. You have seen women of refinement cast into the shadow by coarse women. You have heard of “sex appeal,” yet you know that thousands of women have re- sort to physical charms as the main reliance— with inevitable failure.
SCREENLAND, you may have known some dan- gerously fascinating woman as a friend—known that she was willing to give you tips. But she could not. For Nature, most cleverly, has made her natural elevens blind to their own elevens. And with the power?—not more than beauty is absolutely necessary.

One Woman in All the World Can Tell You Amazing, perhaps, but—so far as it is known—Lucille Young is the one woman in all the world who knows the complete secret of fascination. A certain amount of beauty is inadvisable because, as Lucille Young gives you through her methods—admittedly the most effective in the world—hundreds of thousands of women.

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How to Behave Thoroughly Famous!

Continued from page 27

This brings us to the question as to just how far is he from superstition? Mr. Haines eventually got around to the same question, decided he'd been somewhat overdoing things, and forthwith toned down a bit. That is, he became less bloodthirsty and not very well defined medium between overhearing and understanding is what makes 'em or breaks 'em.

Wallace Beery has to be uncoordinated for his sake and comfort, or to make the best impression in the cause of his public life. To be sure he's naturally rough and ready, a sort of descendant of life's major niceties. Yet in public he rarely misses an opportunity to impress his uncouthness on the spectators.

Wallace's brother Noah says public life can go to pot. He's one of the very few players who can snort at it contemptuously and still make a good living. He affects a hat of the Northwestern Mounted variety and a manner to match because he likes it, and not for the sake of looking picturesque.

In case you're still not sold on public life, let's have a look at a few more people who use and recommend it.

Lilian Tashman made it a useful ally in achieving the title of Hollywood's Best Dressed Woman. Jutta Goudal employed it with telling advantage in creating an exotic personality and having the world accept that personality as exotic and not freakish. Its intelligent use helped Buddy Rogers escape the fate of just another good-looking juvenile. It made Hollywood's First Lady out of America's Sweetheart.

There's no coupon to clip and I'm sorry I can't tell you how it's done in ten easy lessons because without talent and hard work and some of those other homespun niceties, this gamble on the arts of arts will remain outside your pale.

But you might run along and develop a flair for something, be it marathon sitting, art, sculpture, or writing, and let's all come back and we'll see what can be done about your public life!
Rumors abound about Dietrich. It is variously claimed that she is really an American-born German girl, just as Emil Jannings was born in Brooklyn; that she lived for a time in the beauty contest there; that she had played numerous extra and atmosphere roles in Hollywood without anyone discovering her, before going to Germany; that she originally studied to be a violinist, but hurt her wrist and so drifted to the stage in Germany; that her foreign accent is a clever pose and that if one listens attentively, she will be heard to lapse into good American. But I have the impression that the San Diego beauty contest story, if true, I mention it only to show how Dietrich is continually discussed over Hollywood dinner tables.

While in Hollywood Marlene lives quietly with a cook, a maid, and a Rolls-Royce! She is absurdly fond of toys and owns a wooly toy dog on which she lavishes much affection. She loves buying American dolls and toys for the baby. She has a gay sense of humor which is always on tap, even when she's worried. In Hollywood she has become "Dutchy" to all her friends. She carries a portable phonograph around with her, and she is perfectly piggy about strawberries.

All of which is different from Garbo. Garbo keeps to herself, and these days she goes straight from home to the studio, and back again the moment work is finished. She rarely chats on the set and has a perfect horror of strangers. For quite a while now it has been impossible to get Garbo to a party. As for Israel, it avoids them as though they had the plague.

Still, there is a human side to Garbo. While she was in Hollywood, she was a constant visitor at the home of Frances Marion, the Fred Thompson castle high on a hill. There she became just dear Garbo, and was simply darling with Frances' children, who adored her. She would scamp around and play with them like a kid. She loved the horses, too, seemed to have a spiritual communion with them, which they understood.

This Garbo could sit placidly for hours, admiring a summer sunset, reclining in a summer night, from that gorgeous garden. Frances Marion says she seems to become a part of nature itself, actually to have spiritual communion with the universe. This was in the days of Frances' widowhood. They don't see so much of each other now.

So the Garbo she prefers to see the world is not necessarily the real Garbo. In those realms in which she differs from Marlene Dietrich, she is a very distinct personality, and there is room for both of them. And Garbo is indifferent to her personal appearance, whereas Marlene is smart in appearance always—which somewhat agrees with the American-born theory.

However, her biography at the studio sets forth that she was born in Berlin on December 27th (no year mentioned!), her father having been an army officer who was killed in the war. Her mother still lives in Berlin, and she is an only child. She was educated at private schools, proved good at languages, and later studied violin for the concert stage. The injury to the wrist spoiled that, hence her entrance at the Max Reinhardt School of Drama, which soon supplanted concert work ideas, as the first part was in the German version of "Broadway." Then came musical comedy and the discovery that her singing voice was really good. Her first pictures, both released in this country without creating the slightest stir, were "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame" and "Three Loves." UFA productions.

Garbo, as we know, is now about 23, going on 24. Dietrich might be about 20 or 21, yet has a much more matronly look. Garbo can only be playful in private, Dietrich is naturally playful.

In the meantime, Hollywood won't be quite happy until they have seen these two together. One pictures Garbo being a little formal and polite, and Dietrich magnificent, giving the babe homage. Marlene is like that. She can afford to be.

What about these African Films?

Continued from page 25

Trader Horn," I marvel at her perseverance in braving the thorn brush in her search for her courage in daring to encounter the African sun with no head covering. From sunrise to sunset, while I was in Equatorial Africa, I never stepped out into the open without a helmet or a double-terai hat on. (Believe it or not, I even wore a helmet when I went swimming in Lake Kivu!) I have heard that Miss Booth, since her return, has suffered either from the return of the fever or from the sun. I am not surprised when I consider the risks she ran.

Into the two-hour showing of "Trader Horn" went such a wealth of material and thrills that the "shot" of the pygmies seems a bit superfluous. However, it would have been a waste of time and energy not to have brought in the "Little People" inasmuch as the expedition traveled, by train, by boat, and by car, from the East Coast to photograph them. Also, pygmies are popular this year! Naturally, there has been some very clever faking in parts of this picture. For instance, if you know your lions, it is easy to notice the good dippers, even in the field of action to fight over the dead antelope. The Hollywood lions have beautiful thick manes which have thrived in captivity, while the veldt lions' manes have been kept closely cropped by contacts with thorn brush!

Beyond doubt, brush-covered barricades enclosed the arenas where the lion pursued and brought down the impalla, and where the leopard fought with the baboons and the gorilla. Miss Booth's experience has taught me that lions and leopards naturally do their prowling for food at night—an inconsiderateness which makes photographing difficult.

Some of the photographs of the animals were thrilling. The "shots" of the crocodiles were especially unusual. However, there were one or two gruesome close-ups of dying animals which added no thrill to the picturesque script. The close-up of the death agony of the rhino was horrible to watch.

On the whole, "Trader Horn" presents a real melodramatic African spectacle that no one can afford to miss. Personally, I expect to see it again—at least two or three times. Furthermore, in my way of thinking, it seems ethical to "doctor" scenes in "Trader Horn" for the sake of added interest in a sentimental picture, while it does not seem ethical to impose such methods into a "would-be natural history travelogue" film.

"Ingagi," which created a stir last fall, was advertised as an authentic African film wherein a gorilla captured and carried off a woman. Thrills and audacities tackle...
the spinal column at the mental images created by this dump of words! Investigation revealed that the role of the gorilla had been enacted by a man in gorilla's clothes.

"Jango," according to its own press-bulletin, "exposed the terrors of Africa in the land of Trader Horn and represented five years of travel and research upon the Davenport Expedition." The revelations of the making of this film are too involved and narrowing for detailed exposure. Suffice to say, the aforementioned Dr. Davenport decided to operate upon some mediocre African film with the assistance of a couple of African natives. With poor dramatic skill, he posed his African "local color" upon—would-be, wild game trails through the underbrush of Westchester county and the rural settings of Connecticut. The operation was not a financial success. Dr. Davenport's fantastic sensation was removed from the sign-boards. The gentleman himself disappeared from the Eastern region of the United States, but his hungry African native was left stranded.

In due course of time, "Africa Speaks" drew me into its portals. The foyer-lobby of the theatre was bedecked with spears, lion skins, ivory tusks, and two shivery black boys in gala rig-outs of leopard skins, shields and spears. A tribal marking across the forehead and down the nose of the nearest native clasped him to me as a boy from the Bangala tribe; so I talked to him in his native language: "What is your name?"

"Where is your village?"

"How did you get here?"—and so on.

The native moted over to join in the conversation. Then the arm gestured and the tongue-clicking began in earnest. People clustered about us to witness this unprecedented event. We were blocking the lobby entrance, but the conversation was enlightening. It transpired that they had set certain goals to be reached before they could contemplate a return to their villages on the banks of the Congo River. They wanted to return in style with fountain pens, watches and many picture post-cards.

"But why the post-cards?" I asked, bewildered.

"We want to tell about all the high buildings, trains under the ground, and all the things that we have seen, and we do not want to be called liars," was the answer.

If, and when these prodigious sons return to their villages of thatched huts, I should like to witness their first lectures upon the "Dangers and the Wonders of America" as experienced by two adventurous explorers. One boy proved to be Davenport's deserted actor; and the other native claimed to have made the "African sound-effects" for "Africa Speaks"—not in Africa, but in this country.

In "Africa Speaks" there were some good "shots." The leaping impala were beautiful; the locust added a novel and interesting feature, and the actual native lion-spearin scenes were the best that I have ever seen from Africa. When a lion snatched a dead wart-hog from a hole in the side of an ant hill, the audible "Oh's" and "Ah's" convinced me that the audience was under the impression that the lion had captured live bait.

The stage-set of the "boma lion film" was ridiculous. Two white men, apparently African-wise, went into a constructed thorn brush enclosure to photographe lions. As a protective measure, they carried only revolvers—a bit thick that. Then one absent-minded gentleman suddenly remembered that the rifles had been left in the truck and sent a boy out, empty-handed, to dudge lions and bring back the fire-arms. I cannot imagine a white master asking that of his boy unless he intended to protect the native with his own weapon—be it only a revolver. At any rate, the episode of the lion capturing the native was either a clever bit of faking or else gross carelessness on the part of the organization.

In another scene of "Africa Speaks," two pygmies crept up to a small herd of elephants. The elephants grazed on un

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This is Robert L. Ripley. In his next "Queeriosities" he actually presents a one-armed paper hanger—believe it or not! Concerned, Why shouldn't they? The elephants knew that they were protected and belonged to the much-photographed herd of young elephants in captivity on the Government Farm in the Belgian Congo. For the persons frankly interested in the scientific study and real observation of African game, the Martin Johnsons' films offer the most authentic sources of information. They have been sponsored by the American Museum of Natural History.
Ask Mc—Continued from page 10

Screenland you saw some stars' signatures. You are right, they really and truly originally signed those photographs. Lewis Ayres is not engaged to Constance Bennett nor is Jackie Coogan engaged to Mitzi Green. Mitzi only said "yes" in "Tom Sawyer." There's a picture you can take Grandma or little Junior to see.

Mary E. L. Who is the most popular girl in my department? You should ask me—but I don't mind putting myself on the back now and then. The principal roles in "Beau Geste" were taken by Ronald Colman, Alice Joyce and Neil Hamilton, with Ralph Forbes and Norman Trevor. Mary Brian has one of her most important roles in "The Royal Family of Broadway," with Ina Claire and Fredric March.

L'ute from N. Y. Your favorite big moment is Lillian Roth. There are others who have their heart troubles over Lillian if "Ask Me!" is any indication of her popularity. She was born Dec. 13, 1911, in Boston, Mass. She has dark hair and brown eyes, and, my oh my, what dimples! She has a sister Ann, who is 17, appearing in Educational-Mermaid Comedies. Lillian has been touring in vaudeville but will be back on the screen.

N. U. T. There are but few who pass this way who will admit to a name like that. George O'Brien was born Sept. 1, 1900, in San Francisco, Cal. He has dark brown hair and eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 180 pounds. He excels in boxing, swimming, and football. "Seas Beneath" is a recent picture in which George's smile and biceps will give his devoted fans a thrill. Larry Keen and John Loder appear with him also in what the well dressed seaman should wear.

Harriette. Can I predict the future of the new screen players that are springing up here and there? I never say, "I told you so," but from the many inquiries about Monroe Owsley, the Georgia boy, I feel amply justified. He was a newspaper man and after a year on the Philadelphia Ledger, he played in stock on the stage. He played the role Ned in "Holiday" on Broadway before he played it on the screen with Ann Harding. Since that film he has appeared in "Anybody's Girl" with Barbara Stanwyck, Sally Blane and Ricardo Cortez; and in "Free Love" with Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin.

Elizabeth S. Will I tell Dorothy MacKail all the grand things you say about her? I'm the best public speaker of good news you know and Dorothy will be glad to have such a warm admirer. She is appearing in "Once a Sinner" with Joel McCrea, John Halliday and Sally Blane.

Toppy. And where have you been since 1927 not to know that Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston have been married all this time? He has a young daughter by a former marriage but her name is unknown to me. Richard was born Sept. 1, 1899, in Charlotteville, Va. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 161 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes.

Goofy. You've picked a winner in Frank Albertson. The boy was born about 25 years ago in Fergus Falls, Minn. He has blue eyes, dark brown hair, is 5 feet 9 inches

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I was anxious to reduce, but everyone warned me against the ill effects that follow from the use of 'anti-fat' instruments and violent exercising machines. I was desperate and didn't know what to do. "Then a kind friend told me of Miss Annette Kellermann and her wonderful reducing methods. Interested as I was, I wrote her and soon received her fascinating book, 'The Body Beautiful,' and a lovely personal letter, explaining her course in detail and how I could easily reduce six to eight pounds a month—safely, I followed her instructions. In a few months I regained my youthful figure and have kept it ever since. Life is once more worth living."

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tall and weighs 145 pounds. He is not mar-

ried but lives with his mother in Hollywood.

The pictures that have put Frank near the
top of the ladder are “So This is London” with Will Rogers, and “Just Imagine.” His new picture is “Big Business Girl.”

Waiting Dot. Isn’t it fun getting into

print even if one has to wait—getting in is

the thing. Louise Brooks and Clive Brook

are not related. Billie Dove has not made

a picture since “The Lady Who Dared” with Sidney Blackmer and Conway Tearle. Richard Dix will long be remembered as

Fancy Crawf in “Cimarron,” the best role he has ever played.

We’re to Vive. If you like your name as I

like mine, you’ll never change it. Put that

on your grocery list. Ruth Taylor hasn’t

appeared in films since her marriage on

March 17, 1930, to Paul S. Zuckerman.

Stage experience and a good recording voice
would be a great help to you if you are con-

sidering a picture career. When you make

good in pictures I’ll be the first to ask for a

personally signed photograph.

Annette S. You want better and bigger
pictures for Evelyn Brent—this may be a

knock-as-good-as-a-boost for Betty Riggs

(eyes, that’s her real name). She was born

in 1909, in Tampa, Fla. She has brown hair

and eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs

112 pounds. Harry Edwards, the director,
is her second husband. She was an English

in France for four years before going into pictures. Her latest film is “The Mad Parade,” the all-girl picture.

Thelma L. Don’t believe all the rumors

or boarders, either. You take all the unkind

things you hear about the players and I’ll
take all the nice things I know about them.

Jack Pickford hasn’t made a picture since

“Gang War” in 1928. Richard Barthelmess
played a dual role in “Wheel of Chance.”

One of his latest releases is “The Lash” from the story “Adios.”

Joe A. Bortista. Am I a plain Miss or

else? Just try to find a plain Miss in this

advanced day and age. John and Jack Gil-

bert are one and the same Gilbert. Buster

Keaton doesn’t play to smite to make us

laugh and Charlie Chaplin doesn’t need to
talk to make pictures. A kiss in sound pic-
tures doesn’t need to make a lot of noise—a

kiss is a kiss and that’s that.

Helen W. If I answered all your ques-
tions I’d have to take a night shift and you

wouldn’t treat me like that. Bill (Pathe) Boyd is 31. He married Dorothy Sebastian in

Jan., 1921. Bill is a 6-foot blond with blue
eyes, and weighs 180 pounds. Nils Asther is 29. He is the husband of Vivian Duncan, one of the Duncan sisters, you

know. Barry Norton is 25 and not married.

Marguerite de la Motte and Dorothy Kovet
played with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in “The Iron Mask.”

Bubbles. I think you refer to Jane La
Verne, who played with Reginald Denny

in “That’s My Daddy.” Jane was born July

27, 1922. She has brown eyes and blonde

hair but is growing up so fast I can’t keep

her weight and height on record. Esther

Trowbridge plays with Paul Muni in “The

Southern.” A grand comeback for Esther to

play opposite the golden-voiced

Tibbetti. You’ll adore him as a tramp—and

how he sings!

Jackie from Calif. Don’t let the b.f. (boy
friend) keep you away from David Rol-

lin’s pictures—put the soft pedal on your

ravings and all will be well. David appears

with George O’Brien in “Seas Beneath.”

He was born Sept. 2, 1909, in Kansas City.

He has brown hair, blue eyes, 5 feet 10 inches tall, and weighs 135 pounds. He attended school at Culver Military Acad-

emy at Culver, Ind. His hobbies are riding,
tennis, swimming, golf, hiking and motor

boats. Not married.
Revuettes—Continued from page 6

THE GORILLA. First National. A couple of chivalrous detectives, a gorilla, mystery, and murders and a capable cast make this fair entertainment. Lisa Lee, Jie Prince, Harry Gilbert and Walter Peck are featured.

THE LADY REFUSES. Radio Pictures. A not-to-good drama with British background and with Betty Compson as the highlight. Gilbert Emery and Margaret Livingston also star.

THE LAST PARADE. Columbia. And will they come — another racketeer film and a good one too. It has suspense, mystery, romance, comedy, Jack Holt, Constance Cummings and Tom Moore.*

THE ROYAL BED. Radio Pictures. A sophisticated yarn with intimate glimpses of royalty, Lowell Sherman and others. Mary Astor, Hugh Trevor and Robert Warwick are fine.*

THE SINGLE SIN. Tiffany. Should a lady tell her husband all? Kay Johnson makes this film interesting. Bert Lytell and Paul Hurst are the male support.

EX-PLUMBER. Educational. Lord Hamilton is induced to pose as the husband of the lady where he is doing a plumbing job — and her real husband shows up and is very jealous. Giggle galore.

GIRLS WILL BE BOYS. Educational. Hobo and wife swap places in this talkie comedy, it should have been funny but it fails to click. Shortage of gags.

HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE. Radio Pictures. Fairly amusing comedy with Henry Armetta and Nick Stahl cavorting aboard a ship.


KANE MEETS ABEL. Universal. One of the "Leather Pushers" series, on the usual order and not very exciting.

LET'S TALK TURKEY. Columbia. A scene journey through Constantinople contrasting the ancient to the modern Turkey. Very good.

See Page 110 for complete casts of current films. Note the pictures selected as worthy of SCREENLAND'S seal of approval. Make this your guide to the worthwhile screenplays.

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Joan Marsh gives us an impression of her lips. And you'll see those lips in action in "A Tailor Made Man," with Billy Haines.

THE SOUTHERNER. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A charming tale of the south with Lawrence Tibbett in magnificent voice as usual. Esther Ralston, as the girl, looks beautiful and acquits herself creditably.*

Short Features:

ANGEL CAKE. Vitaphone Varieties. A nice snappy musical comedy with dancing, singing, girls and everything.

BABY FOLLIES. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A juvenile review neatly handled and very entertaining. Will please the whole family.


ONE YARD TO GO. Educational. An amusing burlesque and slapstick comedy with Marjorie Beebe supplying many a laugh in her efforts to get her man.

OSWALD ON MARS. Universal. Animated cartoon featuring Oswald and Peg Leg. theme song and unique effects.

OVER THE RADIO. Pathé. A funny comedy with Franklin Pangborn. Built around a ridiculous political campaign speech.

THE LITTLE TRAIL. Columbia. A Krazy Kat cartoon mimicking the "covered wagon" theme, with musical effects. Entertaining.

VOICE OF HOLLYWOOD. Tiffany. Off-stage shots of various players which should prove interesting to all movie fans.

ZUYDER ZEE. Pathé. A scenic journey through the canals of the Zuyder Zee with Tom Terris conducting and talking in a capable manner.

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JOAN MARSH GIVES US AN IMPRESSION OF HER LIPS. AND YOU'LL SEE THOSE LIPS IN ACTION IN "A TAILOR MADE MAN," WITH BILLY HAINES.

THE SOUTHERNER. METRO-GOLDSYN-MAYER. A CHARMING TALE OF THE SOUTH WITH LAWRENCE TIBBETT IN MAGNIFICENT VOICE AS USUAL. ESTHER RALSTON, AS THE GIRL, LOOKS BEAUTIFUL AND ACQUITS HERSELF CREDITABLY.*

Short Features:

ANGEL CAKE. VITAPHONE VARIETIES. A NICE SNAPPY MUSICAL COMEDY WITH DANCING, SINGING, GIRLS AND EVERYTHING.

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THE LITTLE TRAIL. COLUMBIA. A KRAZY KAT CARTOON MIMICKING THE "COVERED WAGON" THEME, WITH MUSICAL EFFECTS. ENTERTAINING.

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As we went up to her office, people stopped her along the way with congratulations. The announcement of her stardom had been made the day before. A couple of young men evinced more than professional approval. Carman was polite and friendly—but undisturbed, unimpressed.

She sank gratefully into the chair by her desk. The door into the next office opened and Samuel Hoffenstein, brilliant young post-turned-scenarist, stuck his head in for a moment's chat. All along the corridor were offices occupied by mature, famous writers of whom this terribly young person had suddenly become contemporary. Yet she wasn't bewildered—just weary. I think she would have liked to run home and be a little girl again.

"Now I've started all this, I have to keep it up. I can't ever go back." She paused, as she often does in mid-idea, her eyes wandering to space as if she had forgotten where she was and what she was saying. After a moment, she recollected herself and went on.

"Not that I really want to go back. I guess. I sound ungrateful, but I'm not. Such wonderful things have happened to me and they're exactly the things I wanted to happen. Only now that they have, there's nothing more to want, no,

This adolescent who is already destined to being a trip to write, a moment, wire smooth, her love the happen. girl

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Arrangements have been made with Judge Simmons whereby his great introductory lectures, "The Miracle of Food, or Living to Live 100 Years," will be sent free and instead of proving to you how simple it is to gradually gain and lose weight, he dwells upon the inestimable benefits of a balanced, properly proportioned diet.

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The Child Wonder—Continued from page 51

Presenting the movie version of "God's Gift to Women"—or Frank Fay all dressed up for his new picture of that title.
They Get $1,000 to $5,000 For a Story

Continued from page 37

into pictures.  Since coming to Hollywood, she has "The Southerner" and "Inspiration" to her credit, and is now working on "Five and Ten."

Florence Ryerson is a California girl, college graduate, whose father and grandfather before her were newspapermen, so she naturally began writing before she was out of school—sold her first story at eight, a melodrama about Indians! Her first husband, Harold Ryerson, went to war, whereupon Florence started designing pretty house dresses and had a full-equipped factory doing a national business to hand him when he returned. Now she is married to Colin Clements, another writer, and they collaborate on plays, novels, and stories, one of which won the O. Henry prize for 1930. Florence has a jolly boy of about five.

It was five years ago that she began her scenario career—one-reel comedies for Arthur Lake at Universal, putting in lots of action, flashing scenery, in order to learn all the ropes. Her pictures since sound arrived include "The Canary Murder Case," "Hot News," "Dr. Fu Manchu," and "The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu," also "We Three" for First National, just finished. She and Colin live in Spanish bungalows at Beverly Hills, with three typewriters, a secretary, a dictaphone, and several cats. They work at night, from 9 P.M. to 2 A.M., and turn out a prodigious amount of work between them.

Dorothy Farnum, who is Mrs. Maurice Barber, is now in Paris writing for French production, but she hopes back here to help out once in a while, notably with "A Lady's Morals," for Grace Moore. Dorothy always seemed much too pretty to be a writer, but she has over twenty pictures to her credit.

Another clever dear is Maude Fulton, first famous as a child prodigy piano player at 9 years of age. She was 12 when her first book, "Sir Sidney's Revenge," was written. Her writing proclivities probably were encouraged by the fact that she haunted her father's newspaper office. But family finances failed, and at 12 the young novelist was carrying hat boxes for $2 a week, to help out. At 13 she played the piano in a ten-cent store for $3.50 a week, but an old friend of father's got her promoted to secretarial work—she learned shorthand, typewriting and had the measles all in the same week! When she had saved $100—15 years old then—she sailed forth to conquer the world via New York. After some starving days she got work in the choruses, lodged in a house for immigrant girls, and lived on 15 cents a day. In five years she was a star dancer on Broadway. Then she toured Europe as a dancer. It is on record that she turned down an invitation to dine with Stanford White the night he was murdered. All this time she was writing, too, and presently came the successful stage play, "The Brat," in which she herself starred. Followed "The Hun-

Juliette Compton is one of the best dressed women in pictures: anyway, you'll be able to judge for yourself when you see her in "City Streets."

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If there is one thing on which all Americans agree, it is good chocolate!

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We Present This Original Test For An Opportunity
To Win $700.00 Cash

No sport of today surpasses in thrills or skill the chariot races of ancient Greece and Rome. And in those pompous days, not even the return of a victorious general created a greater stir, for often the contenders in these famous races were national heroes, famed as warriors. The excited populace crowded to witness the spectacle of these great drivers matching their skill, wits and daring in the arena below—risking life and limb as they guided their horses through perilous openings or rounded a sharp curve without slackening their speed. Their horses responded quickly—seemed to catch the spirit of the race, for they were chosen with care and trained to amazing perfection.

Now in the illustration above, which pictures one of these great races, a surprising thing has happened. Just at the moment the artist chose to picture the horses, he caught full or partial views of them which appear to be alike. In fact, at first glance, comparing what you can see of the different horses, many of them appear to be identical. But just as the drivers of old needed a keen eye to see the opportunity to speed through an opening to victory, so must you have a keen eye to find the only two horses, of the twelve pictured above, which are exactly alike.

Of all the horses shown either in full or in part—two, and only two, are identical in every visible detail—in harness, ornaments, markings, position of legs and head, etc. Will you be successful in finding them? That’s the test. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties.

There are Ten First Prizes—Ten new 1931 Chevrolet Sedans or Ten prizes of $600.00 each and several extra prizes of $100.00 besides for being prompt, making ten total cash prizes of $700.00 each. A total of $7940.00 will be paid to the winners selected by their grades when the final decision in this friend-making-prize distribution is made. No answers accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago. No obligation. So look closely and if you think you have found the only two identical horses, just mail their numbers promptly by letter or by card to

W. C. DILBERG, Publicity Director.
Room 228, 502 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND
It's just a Lot of Talk!

H ere's a girl who calmly surveys her success in Hollywood and remarks, "It's just a lot of talk!"

Modesty? Not particularly! Evalyn Knapp means just what she says. Talk—the common garden variety that you and I use every day, has played such an unusual part in her life that almost every time she opens her mouth it seems as if it brings her either a triumph or a sorrow.

Evalyn was born and educated in Kansas City, Missouri. The "you've-got-to-show-me" state. Evalyn started showing 'em at an early age—in high school, with her acting in amateur dramas. In junior college it was the same way. Whenever there was a fat leading rôle to be played, Evalyn got it, and carried off all honors. When her school days were over, she got a job in a local stock company, and for a while it looked as though she had found a clear road to success.

And then—she talked herself out of it!

Just as everything was at its rosiest, the manager came to her, and turned Evalyn's whole world dark with just one sentence.

"You've got a perfectly horrible, middle-western accent," he said, "and you'll never get anywhere in the theatre until you get rid of it."

Evalyn resigned from the company then and there. Talk had gotten in its first blow!

In spite of parental opposition, Evalyn went to New York. Her family felt that any success their daughter might win would be valued the more because she had earned it all herself, so she painted Christmas cards, laboriously, hundreds upon hundreds of them, to get the money for her ticket. Once there, she studied elocution and enunciation for six long months without once going near a theatre to try for a job. How she ever lived through it, Evalyn herself isn't quite sure, but there was a succession of unpleasant, poorly-paid jobs that helped her eat and pay rent for a half-year that she will never forget.

Finally her teacher pronounced her ready, and Evalyn landed her first New York rôle, in "The Patsy." No chance to use the new cultured accent here, though, nor in any of the parts that followed. She went on the road, too, playing, incidentally, for several weeks in Los Angeles without ever

going to Hollywood or any of the studios.

Back east again, she was given a picture test, and because the studio liked her voice so much, she received a lead in a Vitaphone short. "But it was a ga-ga, baby talk rôle. Evalyn, imitating a soft-voiced Southern girl she had known, did it so well that the studio officials, thinking it the only sort of thing she could do, put her in twenty-eight more of them! Even so, they won her a long term contract to make full-length pictures.

After a month on a boat, to help her put on a little weight, Evalyn reached Cinema City, and reported for work. Darryl Zanuck, Warner executive, who was the first to interview her, drew back when he heard her speak.

"Why, you don't talk baby talk at all!" he exclaimed.

Another disappointment, to be laid at the door of talk. Seeing Evalyn's downcast face, Zanuck added kindly, "Never mind, probably we can find something else for you to do." He gave her the lead in "Sinner's Holiday." But—(yes, another one)—it was a penny arcade play, with a Coney Island accent!

Here was a jinx that could not be broken. Was the Kansas City manager wrong after all? Evalyn despaired of ever winning a chance to use her dearly-bought cultured accent. Then, the jinx did break! Out of a clear sky, just as she was about to give up. Evalyn graduated overnight from the language of the bowery to that of Boston. In other words, to the leading feminine rôle in a George Arliss picture!

Mr. Arliss, notoriously careful as to the quality of his supporting casts, was interviewing all prospective leading ladies himself. Nervous, facing tremendous competition, Evalyn read over the play with him. But Mr. Arliss' first words, too, were a disappointment.

"Where are you from?"

When Evalyn tremulously replied "Kansas City," he answered "I thought so!"

So the middle-western accent still clung. All was lost.

Not quite. The eminent actor's next words reassured her, "I don't think there is anything in your speech that cannot be overcome. You get the part."

Talk had scored again.

That's what Evalyn Knapp has to say about her screen success

By Helen Howard

Evalyn Knapp, whom you'll see in "The Millionaire" with George Arliss; and in "You and I."
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 appreciate this advantage.

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

So point two in favor of Princess Pat is that it can be applied more smoothly, assuring the peculiarly soft, velvety tone and texture which definitely establishes Princess Pat as the choice of ultra fashionable women everywhere. A deciding factor in choosing powder is perfume. Will you like Princess Pat—an original fragrance? Yes. For it steals upon the senses subtly, elusively. Its appeal is to delicacy, to the appreciation every woman has of finer things. It is sheer beauty, haunting wistfulness expressed in perfume.

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

Even beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat possesses a special virtue which should make every woman choose Princess Pat as her only powder.

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

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

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

get this Week End Set—SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set for this CINCOPOX and size only. Each a mannerly supply of almond base powder and Pink Starch from Original Princess Pat preparations. Beautifully decorated bowler box.

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"Princess Pat powder for me," this photograph of Dorothy MacKinnon plainly says. And Miss MacKinnon, beloved star of the silver screen, makes her selection from experience.
Sunshine Mellows
Heat Purifies

LUCKIES are always kind to your throat

Everyone knows that sunshine mellows—that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Rays. LUCKY STRIKE—made of the finest tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop—THEN—"IT'S TOASTED"—an extra, secret heating process. Harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos are expelled by "TOASTING." These irritants are sold to others. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. No wonder LUCKIES are always kind to your throat.

The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply; take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine, and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough.

SCREENLAND

JUNE 25c

The SMART SCREEN MAGAZINE

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ITS COLOR CHANGES . . .
to blend with your complexion

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SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET
Containing: miniature Lipstick, two Rouges; Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up"
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NEW! TANGEE THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of TANGEE Lipstick for professional and evening use.

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TANGEE COSMETIC, a new "mascara," does not smart the eyes, used also for tinting the hair, $1.
TITAN STAR OF "CIMARRON" SWEEPS TO NEW HEIGHTS IN ANOTHER GREAT ACTING ROLE!

From the Tumultuous Panorama of Empire that was "Cimarron", RICHARD DIX returns to new Triumphs as the Hero of REX BEACH'S Stirring Story "Big Brother"... A Robin Hood Racketeer in the Fantastic Tapestry of New York's Underworld! Great Actor! Great Star! The World will Cheer his Superb Portrayal of this Fearless Fighter and Courageous Lover!

Watch for this and other great RKO RADIO PICTURES Now Playing: "White Shoulders" with Jack Holt and Mary Astor; "The No Girl", a Gorgeous Technicolor Production.

"Laugh and Get Rich" with Edna May Oliver and Dorothy Lee; Wheeler and Woolsey in "Cracked Nuts"; Lowell Sherman and Irene Dunne (glamorous "Sabra" of Cimarron), in "Bachelor Apartment."

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The Smart Screen Magazine

Alma Whitaker, Western Editor

June, 1931

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Next Month!

The big mid-summer issue—July—will be on sale June first. And here's a friendly tip—don't miss it. Beginning with a particularly exciting cover, and continuing right through the book, including the very last page, this issue matches the summer season. It has that carefree vacation spirit. For one thing, there will be an art section of bathing girls in the new beach fashions—and when we say bathing girls, we mean Hollywood's prettiest and youngest stars, 1931 style. Fashion and beauty!

Then the fastest-rising young man in motion pictures begins his own story—Phillips Holmes is the name, and we know you'll want to read his own account of his life and career, illustrated with family photographs never before published. It wasn't easy to persuade Phil to let us have his baby pictures! You'll be amused, too, at the article revealing your film favorites' bad habits—yes, we know the old-fashioned idea was to pretend that movie stars have no bad habits; but it's more modern and endearing to know them as they really are.

This isn't all—but we want to save a few surprises for you to discover for yourself, in that July issue out June first!
The Whole World's Coming

1912! Movies in their infancy. Adolph Zukor visions a mighty dream! Wholesome entertainment for all — young and old, rich and poor alike! Across the screen thunders the first long motion picture — immortal Sarah Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth"! Since that time Paramount has been known everywhere as the greatest name in entertainment.

1931! Paramount's greatest triumph! The 20th Birthday Jubilee Program for 1931-2. Your Theatre Manager is arranging now for the pictures you will see in 1931-2. Tell him now that you want to see this program of 75 marvelous entertainments, the climax of 20 years of supremacy! "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

Your Favorite Stars!
Harold Lloyd, Marlene Dietrich, Marx Brothers, Maurice Chevalier, Ruth Chatterton, Gary Cooper, Nancy Carroll, George Bancroft, Clara Bow, Tallulah Bankhead, Jack Oakie, Richard Arlen, Frederic March, Claudette Colbert, Phillips Holmes, Paul Lukas, Jackie Coogan, Clive Brook, Sylvia Sidney, and more!

Your Favorite Stories!
"A Farewell to Arms", "24 Hours", "Stepdaughters of War", "No One Man", "An American Tragedy", "The Smiling Lieutenant" (Chevalier), "Lives of a Bengal Lancer", "Monkey Business" (Marx Bros.), "Huckleberry Finn" and 70 more!

Your Theatre Manager is arranging now for the pictures you will see in 1931-2. Tell him now that you want to see this program of 75 marvelous entertainments, the climax of 20 years of supremacy! "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

Paramount Pictures
When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
Class A:

★ **A CONNECTICUT YANKEE.** Fox. Will Rogers at his best. Mark Twain's funny story interpreted by Rogers leaves nothing to be desired. Good old-fashioned entertainment with Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Albertson also in the cast.*

★ **A TAILOR MADE MAN.** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. William Haines at his funniest best in this made-to-order comedy. Dorothy Jordan is a charming heroine.*

★ **CIMARRON.** Fox. Richard Dix at his best. In one of the most interesting films to date—the early history of Oklahoma. Irene Dunne and Estelle Taylor are excellent.

★ **CITY LIGHTS.** United Artists. A typical Charlie Chaplin picture with all the trimmings including Harry Myers and pretty Virginia Cherrill.

★ **DANCE, FOOLS, DANCE.** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Joan Crawford gives a glamorous performance in this moving tale. Lester Vail is her capable leading man.

★ **DISHONORED.** Paramount. Marlene Dietrich, as a fussy spy, lifts this picture into the better-class group. Josef von Sternberg directed and Victor McLaglen is the boy-friend.

★ **EAST LYNEE.** Fox. The good old-fashioned tear-sticker charmingly directed by Frank Lloyd. Ann Harding, Conrad Nagel and Clive Brook are all fine.

★ **RANGO.** Paramount. Everyone will go for this. The actors are monkeys, apes, tigers, buffaloes, and panthers. It's grand entertainment, especially for youngsters.

★ **STRANGERS MAY KISS.** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Norma Shearer is a sensation in this film. It's a sophisticated adult drama with comedy touches, with Neil Hamilton and Robert Montgomery as the male support.*

★ **TABU.** Paramount. Charming South Sea romance with a native cast. Beautiful photography and good direction by F. W. Murnau.*

★ **THE FINGER POINTS.** First National. Richard Barthelmess is splendid as a reporter entangled with racketeers. A real punch. Fay Wray and Negro Tommy armchair support.

★ **THE FRONT PAGE.** United Artists. A high voltage newspaper yarn packed with laughs and thrills. Frolics against Mary Brian, Edward Everett Horton, and Pat O'Brien do fine acting. Don't miss this one.

★ **TRADER HORN.** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A good production about Africa. Dorothy Lee and Duncan Renaldo acquit themselves admirably.

Class B:

**BACHELOR APARTMENT.** Radio. A snappy, sophisticated film. Lowell Sherman acts and directs. Irene Dunne and Jack Oakie supply the feminine pulchritude.

**BEHIND OFFICE DOORS.** Radio. Another poor working girl falls in love with her boss. However, it's a good picture with a good cast including Mary Astor, Robert Ames and Ricardo Cortez.*

**BODY AND SOUL.** Fox. The new and charming Edwin Landis makes her American screen debut in a war story that could be better. Charles Farrell has the male lead and handles his role very nicely.

**CAUGHT CHEATING.** Trafalgar. George Sidney and Charlie Murray are the innocent victims of gangland. The laughs are few and far between.

**CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON.** Fox. Warner Oland gives an interesting characterization in one of the best murder mystery stories to reach the screen. John Garriott and Marguerite Churchill supply the romance.*

**CRACKED NUTS.** Radio. Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee are at it again. Too much talk—but you'll be laughing at the comedy trio.*

See page 110 for complete casts of current films. Note the pictures selected as worthy of Screenland's seal of approval. Make this your guide to the worthwhile screenplays.

DON'T BET ON WOMEN. Fox. Jennette Mac Donald and Edward Lowe in a smart, sophisticated comedy-drama. You'll be amused by Roland Young.


GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN. Warner Brothers. Frank Fay is an amusing Don Juan in this comedy smash. Laura La Plante, Louise Brooks and Joan Blondell are Frank's girl-friends. Good for many laughs.*

JUNE MOON. Paramount. Jack Oakie is swell as a zappy songwriter in Tin Pan Alley. Frances Dee is the heart appeal. Entertaining.*

KIKI. United Artists. Mary Pickford is funny but not convincing as Kiki. Reginald Denny and Margaret Livingston complete the usual triangle.

LAUGH AND GET RICH. Radio. A fast moving comedy with snappy dialogue, some pathos, and many laughs. Ebeneezer O'Clock, Dorothy Lee and Hugh Herbert supply the guffaws.

LONELY WIVES. Pathé. Many laughs in this tale of mistaken identity with Edward Everett Horton handling the comedy and Laura La Plante, Esther Ralston and Patsy Ruth Miller handling the charm.*

MAN OF THE WORLD. Paramount. This melodrama isn't up to the usual William Powell standard, although Bill as a blackmailer is splendid. Carole Lombard and Wynn Gibson are the existing feminine interest.*

MY PAST. Warner Brothers. An unusually good triangle love story extremely well done. Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon and Lewis Stone do a fine job.

RIVER'S END. Warner Brothers. Charles Bickford in a dual role well acted. This is one of James Oliver Curwood's yarns of Canadian Northwest. Evelyn Knapp is the interesting heroine.

TEN CENTS A DANCE. Columbia. A rambling story with lovely Barbara Stanwyck and Ricardo Cortez. Melodrama at loose ends—could have been better.*

THE AIR POLICE. Sono Art-World Wide. A good action picture with thrills galore and a cast including pretty Josephine Dunn, Kenneth Harlan and Charles Delaney.*

THE AVENGER. Columbia. Buck Jones in a highly entertaining story based on the life of a notorious bad man. Dorothy Revier is the girl.

THE LAST PARADE. Columbia. Another gangster story with a new slant and plenty of comedy and thrills. Jack Holt, Constance Cummings and Tom Moore are splendid.*

THE RIGHT OF WAY. First National. A rather gloomy "melodier" with the Canadian backwoods as the background and Conrad Nagel and Loretta Young as the hero and heroine.*

* Reviewed in this issue.

★ These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of Screenland's seal of approval.

(Continued on page 103)
George Arliss in his first modern role! A merry gentleman of the old school who became a millionaire at 30, a semi-invalid at 40, and a playboy at fifty. His doctor thought the pace was too swift for him—so he retired, but his idea of the quiet life would put an ordinary man in the sanitarium! See him in “The Millionaire” and you’ll understand why the great army of Arliss fans is always growing greater.
Slams and Salvos

Give us your screen impressions—write 'em and reap!

REAL TRIBUTE
(First Prize Letter)

As a preacher I am not hostile to motion pictures. To me they are educational and not wholly materialistic. A moving screen-drama absorbs me because I desire to see life from many different angles. I want to see life as it is. It isn’t a question of realism versus idealism. The question is one of balanced facts. I have a vital fear of being self-blinded—refusing to see what can be seen. If a slight noise annoys me and dialogue reaches my ear, I can shout loud enough to drown out the little noise. But that worries me and fails to eliminate the annoyance. Many people are like that with life. Moving pictures show life in reality. When I see human hate, passion, and love upon the screen I see life. I see where is my battlefield. I am more eager after that to combat hate and boost love and charity.

Norman Rice, Caledonia, Queens Co., N. S., Canada.

DEDICATED TO DIRECTORS
(Second Prize Letter)

One hears people say how a star’s acting makes a picture. Maybe the actor does deserve the credit—maybe; but I had the opportunity of seeing a picture made and from now on the director gets plenty of laudation from me!

One seldom hears of the hours the director must drill the star until the actor and dialogue reach the smooth perfection the public sees. Nor does one usually realize that the director must see that the setting in keeping with the picture and that the scenes are realistic. He makes the plot either funny or pathetic and sees that the costumes fit into the atmosphere. There are people to do the work in each of these departments, but it is the hand of the director that smooths the rough edges to make a picture.

So, come on, fans, give the director a great, big hand!

DALPHA FASKEN,
2010 King St.,
Seattle, Wash.

'RAY FOR "RICH"
(Third Prize Letter)

After reading “Cimarron” I heard it was to be pictured with Richard Dix in the role of Yancey Cravat. And what a serious mistake, I thought, on the part of the casting director. Richard Dix could never do this part which called for such a great character! That was my opinion because I had never seen him in anything except pictures which required only ordinary actors. So when “Cimarron” was billed at my favorite theatre, I said that I would not waste my time in seeing what should have been a magnificent picture, only to have it spoiled by Richard Dix.

But being truly feminine I changed my mind. What a frightful mistake I had made about Mr. Dix! He was splendid as Yancey Cravat. His acting was superb. And if “Rich” never makes another picture, he should be content to rest with the laurels that he won in “Cimarron.”

FLORA PIPER,
Box 104,
Texarkana, Texas.

BUDDY, BE YOURSELF!
(Fourth Prize Letter)

I might forgive anything like Anita Page’s extra pounds, Yulie singing through his nose or Betty Compson’s two chins—but to have one of your own Kansans prove disappointing—it’s too much! Please, someone, persuade Buddy Rogers to shave off that mustache—it is terribly unbecoming to the naive Buddy. Let William Powell or the suave Menjou wear the adoring hair in their own sophisticated way but never the childish Buddy; rompers would be more becoming.

SUE HANEY,
Girard, Kansas.

FOR—

As an artiste, Garbo is unsurpassed. Exteriors other actresses may copy, but they may never achieve the depth of feeling, the sincerity of emotion, and the marvelous art—the careful and detailed execution of a performance—that have made Garbo a name in the history of the modern drama.

Take a day off and spend it with Garbo’s “Inspiration.” A day with Garbo will teach you many wonderful things: it will give you an appreciation of the art of the drama such as you have never known before.

If ever a performance raised a film from the commonplace to the sublime, it is this most sensitive and human of the Garbo creations. To speak of another actress surpassing one who climbs ever upward on the ladder of histrionic art, who seems, indeed, to have reached the pinnacle, and yet continues on, is absurd beyond any word of reiteration.

RICHARD E. PASSMORE,
Media, Pennsylvania

(Continued on page 10)
THE VOICE ON THE PHONE: "Listen, you! This is a friend of yours, and I'm wisin' you up. The finger's on you! They're goin' to get you this time sure. Even a reporter can't get away with the stuff you've been pullin."

THE REPORTER: "What! — say look here! They can't kill a reporter! Why there's a million readers behind me and a million dollars to back me up. The "Press" would bust this town wide open and all you cheap mobsters would fall out through the cracks. They can't kill a reporter, I tell you, they can't!"

Dick Barthelmess plays a new role. A reporter in on the most dangerous secrets of gangland. His paper paid him fifty dollars a week for the "inside stuff" — but the underworld offered fifty grand for the news that never got into print. And then — his best friend spilled the story that he had never dared to write!
SLAMS and SALVOS

Continued from page 8

AGE—A DEEP, DARK SECRET

There's one topic that never will have even as much privacy as a goldfish has, and that's a person's age. That's why I'm inclined to pity the screen people. If they choose to broadcast their age, okay. Especially do I admire Mary Pickford and Marilyn Miller in this respect. This is also probably the reason "Our Mary" had sense enough to cut off her curls and desert from playing kid roles, although I'd give anything to see her return to them occasionally.

But, oh, those actors who persist in believing we fans are too gullible! I'm not going to divulge this star's name. One day I read that she gave her age as 23, I know that isn't true. Years ago I read her life story and those same books are in my basement. This is bringing the coal to Newcastle, is it not?

KAY MATTHEWS,
6300 14th N. W.
Seattle, Wash.

WHOA, BUDDY!

What is this I hear about the screen idol, Buddy Rogers, can it be that he is to stop playing the role of the playboy. If by any chance he should start playing in the more serious films he will ruin the hopes of many a young man of to-day who hold him as their idol.

I am a real fan and never miss a picture that Buddy plays in. He is made for his part. Why spoil a good thing? To me and to many others there will never be another to take his place on the screen as the smiling curly-headed boy of screenland.

GRANT HARRISON,
Kila, Montana.

OKAY!

Kay Francis has not acted any predominating part in pictures I have seen, but her strong characteristic qualities have given concrete support toward the success of the film.

In pictures where she played opposite William Powell she portrayed the part of a neglected wife and was given a similar part in "Scandal Sheet." I'll wager that if Kay were given a part opposite some emotional hero than these matter of fact men she would, as the phrase goes, "knock 'em cold."

A. R. JOY,
1009 West 16th Avenue,
Vancouver, B. C.

PAGING LILLIAN ROTH

What has happened to Lillian Roth? That little girl deserves to be starred. Anyone who didn't laugh at her antics in "The Love Parade" isn't human. True, she didn't shine in that picture, but that's because it was so generally excellent. Her dramatic performance in "The Vagabond King" was perfect, and with O. P. Heggie she saved that picture from being mediocre. As for "Honey," what a flop it would have been without Lillian and Streets Gallagher! Since then Lillian's roles have been cut to nothing. She is a splendid actress, an excellent blues-singer, and an adorable girl. I, for one, should like to see her given fair treatment on the screen again, and I am sure there are many others who feel as I do.

PEARL A. KATZMAN,
601 West 189th Street,
New York.

LIKES SLIM STARS

People are always writing in and saying so-and-so is too thin. What's the matter with them? Are they jealous? They know that being this is all the rage this year and has been for many years past, and, of course, the stars must be up to date. Who wants to see a fat star crossing the screen? I don't for one and I don't think anyone else would, either. Give me the thin stars. I'm satisfied.

MARY VIRGINIA RENKENBACH,
215 Forster Street,
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

With the talkies came sophistication and Kay Francis—and unanimous okay on Kay.

—AND AGAINST

They're dragging Greta Garbo down again. Before I saw "Anna Christie" I was one of the few who mocked the country's glorious Garbo. I said she was stupid, maudlin, and affected. Then I saw her in "Anna Christie." I saw her drinking beer with Marie Dressler. I saw her smoking and standing there like a goddess on her father's boat. I heard her husky, maudlin voice and I became one of her admirers on the spot. Then I saw "Inspiration," and instead of being inspired I went back to my original opinion of Garbo. There was no reason for that picture, "Inspiration." It gave Garbo no opportunity for acting, for characterization.

Greta Garbo was not good in silent pictures. Pictures like "Inspiration" will kill her slowly but surely.

ETTA LIFINE,
412 N. 15th Ave. E.,
Duluth, Minnesota.

CICERO VERSUS CINEMA

Cicero glares at me and says, "Young lady, do your Latin!" Sadly I open the book. Words to look up, syntax to find, and the principle parts of the most difficult verbs! Why should I worry whether a noun is masculine or feminine, or whether a pronoun is in the dative or the ablative case? I think Cicero is very condescending if he thinks for a single moment that I shall spend all my time picking apart his troublesome anatomy.

No, Cicero, something, something you never dreamed of, has come into this world. It entertains thousands of people! People whose ancestors might have been in the forum listening to your fourth oration against Catiline. We have an amusement which surpasses all forms of entertainment you had in Rome. Cicero, although you have been dead for many years, even you must have heard of the movies!

EVA ARTROUX,
6 Bodgett Place,

There has been a "Rich" rave ever since the release of "Cimarron." Here's Richard Dix as he appears in his new picture, "Big Brother," which promises to be another winner.
Miss 1931

"I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY!"

Another sure victory for Leo, the M-G-M lion! Take a look at these great pictures which have recently come out of the marvelous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Even if we stopped right here, Metro would walk off with 1931 honors. But there are many, many more marvelous dramas, uproarious comedies, sensational hits now being made, not only on the busy M-G-M lot, but "on location" in many odd corners of the world. You can always look to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for real entertainment in pictures that you will never forget!

METRO GOLDWYN MAYER

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND
YOO HOO, LEW!

But Lew Ayres won't look around. He can't; he is too busy making this scene for "Iron Man," his latest opus, in which he plays—you've guessed it—a pugilist. See the suspended microphone? The cameras are catching Lew against the ropes—just so he doesn't go through them.
Hearts will throb—
Blood will race—
Eyes will fill with tears!

THE WORLD WAS TOO SMALL...
Only God’s Limitless Sky Was Big Enough
For This Mighty Drama!

DIRIGIBLE! Gigantic challenge to the elements...
forged by the hand of Man! Cleaving with its silver
sheath the forbidden world of hurricane rising above
the earth... and in the ears of the super-men spinning
its treacherous helm comes the roar of motors like the
thunder of heaven defied... a sinister reminder that
the silver wings on their brave breasts mean “eagle”
... or in one moment of flashing, blinding holocaust
... “angel”!

DIRIGIBLE

COLUMBIA’S LEVIATHAN OF THE AIR!

with

JACK HOLT
RALPH GRAVES
and FAY WRAY

From the story by
Lt. Comdr. Frank Wilber Weed, USN.

A Frank Capra Production
Adaptation and Dialogue by Jo Swerling

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN IT WILL BE SHOWN

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
The Cleverest Girl in Hollywood!

W E'LL have to explain that. We'll be glad to! There may be prettier girls and more poignant performers. But there is no other star in pictures with the all-around competence of Norma Shearer. She can give the illusion of great beauty—even though you may not consider her actually beautiful. She can play comedy and drama with equal facility. She has never yet turned out a mediocre picture. "Strangers May Kiss," her latest, isn't art—but it is good box-office entertainment, enhanced by the sparkling performance of its star.
An indication of Miss Shearer's cleverness—the way she wears her clothes. Norma is a little girl, really, but she gives an impressive illusion of stateliness in the lovely clothes she wears on the screen.

Dedicated to Norma Shearer

Norma is a deft actress. Her comedy scenes in "Strangers May Kiss" are entirely charming. The hat? It's part of the costume she wears when the story of her latest picture shifts to Mexico.

In "Strangers May Kiss" Robert Montgomery plays a lonesome lover—he knows it's hopeless, but he can't help following her around! His characterization in Miss Shearer's latest film has won stardom for Mr. Montgomery.

SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE

Dedicated to Norma Shearer

Norma is a deft actress. Her comedy scenes in "Strangers May Kiss" are entirely charming. The hat? It's part of the costume she wears when the story of her latest picture shifts to Mexico.
LIFE SKETCHES

by

Henry Rood Jr.

1. She was born in the city of Berlin, Germany

Marlene Dietrich

2. A musical career was planned for her, so she studied singing, languages and the violin at Weimar and Berlin.

3. Over-practicing caused an injury to her left hand and she was forced to discontinue her musical work for a period of six months.

4. During this time she entered the Max Reinhardt School of Drama. Before long her unique talents won her a rôle in the German version of "Broadway".

5. Success followed in both stage and screen work. She came to America after completing "I Kiss Your Hand Madame", "Three Loves", and "The Blue Angel", abroad.

6. Stardom in this country was attained through the pictures "Morocco" and "Dishonored".
THE next best thing to going to Hollywood yourself is to listen to Cecil Beaton talk about it.

Mr. Beaton is the celebrated young English artist who comes over here once a year to take pictures of the film famous. And what pictures! You'll remember this Magazine gave you a special gallery of them last year, and that Cecil selected his "Six Most Beautiful Women in Hollywood" for us. I thought you'd like to know how he feels about it in 1931. You'll find his new gallery of stars' portraits in the first rotogravure section in this issue—each photograph autographed both by the stars and Mr. Beaton, so that they are well worth saving and framing.

Incidentally, since SCREENLAND last year invited Mr. Beaton to name his selection of the loveliest ladies in pictures, newspapers have been after him to do it for them this year! It's a good idea!

Last year's list of Beaton's Six Most Beautiful Women in Hollywood:


This year's list:


And Beaton adds one more for 1931: Tallulah Bankhead, the amazing American girl who has made such a success in Cecil's London, and is now over here making pictures.

Consider the two lists. How times have changed! No mention of Lillian Gish or Alice White or Dol Rio. Garbo—Shearer—Davies hold their own. Now look at the newcomers—Ina Claire, filmatically obscure last year, now a bright and blazing star. Dietrich, who has swept all before her. And Tashman—about whom Beaton says: "I suppose she is not strictly beautiful. But I love her nose!"

And now for a bit of "film chat." Garbo and Dietrich? Mr. Beaton sees no good reason for odious comparisons in this case, but he still puts Garbo first. Though, he adds, Dietrich was charming in "Morocco." Garbo? Ah, Garbo! He still has made no pictures of her. That doesn't worry Mr. Beaton, what with all the other girls swarming to sit for him. "She has a sense of humor," he says. Shearer is "amazing." Tashman—not only clever, amusing—but really intelligent. "I have talked to her, seriously," says Mr. Beaton, "and she has a most interesting mind." And—that adorable nose!

Tallulah—she is an old friend; he has made some lovely pictures of her. Will she be a success with American movie audiences, with her exotic appeal and sophistication? He doesn't know. He wonders.

But his greatest enthusiasm—and if you knew Mr. Beaton you would understand that his enthusiasm is rather a tribute, for he looks at Hollywood beauties with the cold, cruel eye of an artist—is Ina Claire. To him, she is incomparable. She has a quality, Beaton believes, shared by no other screen actress. And—I really don't know if I have his permission to quote him on this, but I'm taking that chance because I think it is so interesting—it seems that Miss Claire has determined, from now on, to put more heart into her screen portrayals. To feel it here—to make herself, in other words, a warm, human favorite rather than the brittle, sophisticated Claire that Broadway knows. Beaton thinks she will be a very great screen star in her "new personality." You'll find his camera impression of her in our section.

And now I won't keep you in suspense any longer. Turn to the Beaton pictures. They will give you an intimate insight into the moods and manners of these stars of ours. I'm sure you'll have a good time!
A New Slant on Garbo

You've read what certain writers think of her. But here she is through the eyes of those who know her best—her co-workers. They see her every day—from nine to five. She couldn't fool them! What do they think?

By Paul Hawkins

Perhaps never in screen history will there be another person so richly endowed with the potpourri of talents and contradictory traits that go to make up Greta Garbo.

Her co-workers describe her as being phlegmatic, enthusiastic, helpful, indifferent, shy, cordial, friendly, aloof, a worker, a genius.

Ask the people who have appeared in pictures with the glamorous Garbo why she is the Enigma of the Screen and they will tell you there is nothing whatever mysterious about her. But sum up the opinions of these same persons and you will find that she is a greater mystery than ever.

Clarence Brown, for instance, who has directed Greta's best pictures, feels that he knows less about her than anybody.

"Socially, I don't know her at all," he told me. "Only when she invited me to her home to work on a script, did I learn that I had been living directly across the street from her for more than a year!"

Phlegmatic, enthusiastic, helpful, indifferent, shy, cordial, friendly, aloof, a worker, a genius—whichever is she?

"On the set, Garbo means simply work to me. She is perfect to direct. She knows her business. She's a great actress. Not strong physically, she works very hard, giving everything she's got, from 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. She quits promptly then and feels that when her work is done she should be free to go where she pleases and do what she pleases. No studio dinner parties, posing for pictures, meeting people on business, for her.

"I remember the time I received a note from the Swedish ambassador to America," Mr. Brown continued. "His wife wanted to come on the Garbo set and meet her and watch her work. Garbo refused.

"'Why should I meet her?,' she asked me, 'I don't need her and what need can she have of me?'

"I told her that one never knows what might happen and that some time the ambassador might be in a position to do her a valuable turn.

"Greta merely shrugged. And her reason for declining the meeting was so logical that I didn't press her further.

"'People don't expect to meet a bank employee during his business hours merely to watch him count currency, or stand over a writer's shoulder while he works on a manuscript. With me, I feel the same. Why should my work be disturbed or interfered with?' she asked me.

"'The truth is,' Mr. Brown confided, 'Garbo is shy, almost abnormally so. She is awkward in meeting people. She is so shy that..."
What do Garbo’s leading men say you here! Read their views and

if anyone watches her on the set—even I, her director—she becomes confused and finds it difficult to go on with the scene. “Her judgment on matters affecting screen technique is excellent. So highly do I regard it that often, as in ‘Anna Christie,’ I adopt Garbo’s ideas rather than my own. ‘Anna Christie’ was one of M-G-M’s best sellers; it made Garbo one of the greatest talking picture stars, and it placed my name among the ten best directors of the year—so I believe I have been justified in having done the picture Garbo’s way.”

Quite a tribute, that, from one of the industry’s ace directors! But opinions from other members of the “Anna Christie” cast offer contrasting highlights upon its star. “Oh, not a great actress, but rather, an effective actress,” replied Charles Bickford, when I asked him whether, in his opinion, Greta Garbo wasn’t the screen’s greatest actress. “Personally, she is the most unaffected individual I have ever known—and I really doubt whether she places a whole lot of importance upon pictures and her own position in the film industry. “When she works,” Bickford declared, “she gives everything to the success of the production, and she is essentially frank and sincere—on and off the screen.”

“Phlegmatic!” said Marie Dressler, when I asked for her opinion of Miss Garbo. “I have never known her to exhibit a lively interest in anything, except once, when I suggested the life story of Christina, the madcap Queen of Sweden, as a splendid Garbo screen vehicle. She was really enthusiastic about that, but except upon that one occasion, she always seems totally uninterested in her surroundings, even a trifle bored.”

“No one I have ever worked with in pictures has made me work so hard,” continued Miss Dressler. “Greta works almost to the point of exhaustion, and her capacity for work is contagious. The fact is, an actor must put forth every last ounce of effort every minute of his working time, or his rôle will fall short miserably in comparison to Greta’s uniformly splendid work. There are several actors, for this very reason, who have risen to great heights when playing opposite Garbo, only to fall back to their natural levels when appearing in other casts. “Hard work,” added the expert Miss Dressler, “is largely instrumental in anyone’s success, and it is not the least factor responsible for Garota’s fame. She has exceptional talent, it is true, but I believe if you were to put the question to her, she would tell you: ‘Hard work has brought me what success I have today.’

“As for the off-screen Garbo,” Miss Dressler declared, “I consider her a charming young person, with the same mysterious sort of appeal that attracts you to her screen personality— altogether with a lot of substantial common sense that one seldom finds in the youth of today.”

“There is a fascination about the art of Greta Garbo that inspires the best from her fellow players.” This is the opening tribute from George F. Marion, who, at seventy years of age, modestly says he is still “striving to learn enough to be an actor.”

He is strongly enthusiastic over Miss Garbo’s ability, and says: “She has a distinctive genius for characterization that

Conrad Nagel, Garota’s leading man in “The Mysterious Lady,” says: What do you mean, ‘Woman of Mystery’? The only mystery was the title of the picture!”
really think of her? They tell then form your own opinion!

brings the breath of life into the puppets of the dramatist's imagination. Hers is a personality that literally walks into the roles she imparts. She seems to possess an insight into the soul of character and she renders herself to its portrayal with little thought of self, content to register by the sympathy she feels for the character presented. This, in my opinion, purely bespeaks true art."

"Gee, she's a marvelous girl," sighed Johnny Mack Brown. "I worked with Miss Garbo in 'A Woman of Affairs' and 'The Single Standard' and I'll never forget what a grand person she is."

"Yes," Johnny admitted, when I mentioned Miss Dressler's reference to hard work being synonymous with a Garbo picture, "I worked hard, all right, but I never before or since enjoyed working hard so much as I did in my two pictures with Greta. To borrow a phrase from baseball, Greta keeps you 'on your toes,' but there is no nervous tension about it. Miss Garbo is so conscientious that she inspires the best that is in her fellow workers."

"And she's a good scout, too," Johnny drawled, "and has a great sense of humor. She was very active between shots on the set of 'The Single Standard.' We tossed the medicine ball around and laughed and chatted just like school kids."

"Take it from me: Greta is a good sport all around, and as fine a person as I've met since I came to Hollywood four years ago."

Conrad Nagel knitted his brows and looked puzzled. "What do you mean, 'Woman of Mystery'?" he asked me, after I had asked him what, in his opinion, made Garbo "The Great Enigma."

"We worked in two pictures together," he went on, "and the only mystery about Greta was possibly in the title of the first, "The Mysterious Lady. 'The Kiss' was the other, her last silent picture."

"I found Miss Garbo to be a thoroughly enjoyable person. Every day we would come to the studio with a new joke, and although Miss Garbo was a newcomer to this country and perhaps not fully acquainted with American humor, she was quick to get the point of every story. We had a delightful time, all through the making of those two pictures."

"I suppose everyone has told you that she is a Trojan for work," Conrad laughed. "But have they told you that she always quits promptly at five-thirty, while many of us lesser souls sometimes have to work all night? Greta won't work one minute over time. I admire her for it—and I'd do the same thing if I were important enough to get away with it!"

Since the occasion seldom arises for Miss Garbo to have anything to say to the various studio technicians, her co-workers outside the cast itself know little about her. During the filming of "The Single Standard," however, when the yacht used in that picture was anchored off Catalina Island, an incident occurred which illustrates the Glamorous One's inborn curiosity and her pride of achievement.

Emil "Doc" Ploen, electrician for "The Single Standard" unit, told me the story. "We had been anchored about 500 feet from the Catalina shore for about a week. The weather was too cloudy for flying and so the whole company sat around, telling stories, playing cards and just killing time. Garbo and Nils Asther sat apart from the rest or walked along the deck (Continued on page 112)
Barbara comes back to Broadway

A little girl named Ruby Stevens made her first New York appearance as a dancer on the Strand Roof on Broadway five years ago. Today, Barbara Stanwyck, dramatic actress, stars at the Strand Theatre downstairs, with her name in lights. Just another romance of the Big Street!

The Strand Theatre on Broadway recently blazed with lights and banners announcing the fact that Barbara Stanwyck was starring there in “Ten Cents a Dance.” And right upstairs is the Strand Roof, where, just about five years ago, Barbara made her debut on Broadway as a dancer, at a salary not much more than that ten cents a dance of the title of her latest movie! That’s Broadway! She was little Ruby Stevens then. Nobody dreamed that she could act—except Ruby herself. She knew she could if she had half a chance! But that chance was long in coming, and meanwhile she danced on, in cabaret and vaudeville. Until one night a play called “The Noose” opened on Broadway. And Ruby Stevens, still with plenty of ambition and the brand-new name of Barbara Stanwyck, flashed to overnight fame as—a dramatic actress! Nobody knew she had it in her. Everybody was surprised. Barbara just smiled—and dreamed some more big dreams. It was “Broadway” that gave her the next great opportunity and shoved Miss Stanwyck into a real career. Then the screen claimed her. Columbia is starring her now. She’s one of the greatest bets in pictures. And over the Strand Theatre on Broadway, in the Strand Roof Danceland, girls are still dancing from 8 P. M. to 3 A. M. Will another Barbara Stanwyck dance her way from there to stardom?
Confessions of a Gangster's Moll

His wife tells on "Little Caesar"

By Mrs. Edward G. Robinson (Gladys Lloyd)

"Little Caesar" meets his match—the Missus! Read what Edward G. Robinson is really like; you'll be surprised.

Edward G. Robinson with his wife Gladys, ready to step out.

"Little Caesar" is in evidence only when Gladys wears an unbecoming hat or the telephone rings before noon.

"How does it feel to be a gangster's moll?" or "Seriously speaking, aren't you terrified to be married to the man who can send shivers down the spines of thousands of people?"

These are the questions I am usually asked after every preview or opening of a new picture in which Mr. Robinson portrays a gangster. My answer is, "It feels great!"

There's never a dull moment—not that I wouldn't welcome a dull moment now and then just to get my breath. To justify my answer it is only fair to take you behind the scenes and give you a glimpse of "Little Caesar" at home.

First of all, he's fond of sleeping mornings. Shortly after noon you may see your bad man rearranging some pictures or pottery before he starts out for an afternoon stroll, probably ending up in a picture gallery or a department store, purchasing such dainty articles as cobwebby lace handkerchiefs or Guerlain's latest for—well, you probably can guess. Sometimes he even comes home with a charming new lamp under his arm—nothing would surprise me any more. Of course, you understand, this is when he is not working.

The other day he walked in with enough Wagnerian records to start a music shop. Wagner, by the way, is his favorite composer. I firmly believe those famous warrior motifs have done as much toward making him a good cinema scraper as anything. He's an unusually good-natured person. The well-known gangster snarl is occasioned only by the wearing of an unbecoming hat on my part or the ringing of the telephone before noon.

Just imagine having your butcher and baker and candlestick maker in constant awe and almost apologizing for sending the monthly bill merely because they refuse to believe that your husband is anything but a killer, not to speak of the genuflecting officers of the law, and taxi drivers all over town afraid to displease.

Of course, there are some disadvantages. Sometimes he works out his parts with me. He considers me his most severe critic—where have you heard that before?

When he is rehearsing and playing a part he abandons himself so completely to the character that subconsciously he lives the character in his sleep.

Many times I am awakened and startled by villainous threats. I dream occasionally myself—and I'll tell you this one just to prove how this gangster business gets under your skin.

I dreamed we were both out speeding and were finally picked up. When told to pull up to the curb Eddie asked the officer how he'd like to carry a lily for the rest of his days. We were promptly arrested, and then it finally dawned on him that he was only rehearsing his part for the next day and we were trying vainly to convey to the copper when—thank God—I woke up and decided that as long as I was married to a gangster I was happy that it was only a make-believe gangster!
Mexican Divorce
By
Charles Winfield Fessier

"Not only have you a blonde head but your brain is blonde," spoke Horace Randolph to the girl perched atop the table in his office. "Nature didn't bother to give you grey matter. She gave you a colorless fluid substance upon which there is no more chance of making an impression than there is of carving one's name on a wave. You give me a mental hang-over every time I think of you!"

The blonde smiled sunnily and studied the effect of light on the black sheen of bosiery that accentuated the curves of her trim out-thrust leg.

"You should rent an hour each evening at some broadcasting station and call yourself Big Brother," she remarked. "You'd even be a good preacher if you didn't have such a nasty disposition. What do you care if I marry Kergan Montgomery? I'll have to sit across the breakfast table from him, not you, you know. And if he snores it won't keep you awake."

"Surely," said Horace angrily. "It's none of my business, I know. Only thing is that I hate like the devil to see Kergan Montgomery improve upon nature in making a sap of you. You don't love him. He doesn't love you—"

"Oh, but he's so interesting," interrupted the girl. "He plays polo and flies an airplane and he's been married to so many really important women—I'll be the first movie actress he's ever married. Think of it! Mrs. Kergan Montgomery, formerly Iola Lane, star of the silver screen!"

Horace gestured impatiently.

"And then it'll be Iola Lane, seventh ex-wife of the much-married Kergan Montgomery, who is now reported engaged to an East Indian princess in Paris," he predicted. "You know darned good and well that Montgomery doesn't think any more of marrying and divorcing women than I do of having the radiator of my car filled. He asked you to marry him merely because he's a rotten conversationalist and he couldn't think of anything else to say at the moment. He'll chuck you in six months and you know it. Remember, the ex-wife of a notorious man is like an ex-heavyweight champion. Newspaper men interview both of 'em to see what they think of their successors, then forget all about 'em."

Iola powdered her nose and shot a sidelong glance at the irate Mr. Randolph.

"But it'd be good publicity," she pointed out.

"Bah!" snorted Horace. "You'll get about as much beneficial publicity out of it as you would if you contracted a bigamous marriage with an assistant alcohol
Beginning the gay romance of a very beautiful blonde screenqueen, whose heart is torn between a millionaire playboy and—her own press agent!

Illustrated by Addison Burbank

I don't need it now. If you insist upon giving fatherly advice, go adopt yourself an orphan; don't practise on me. I'm free, white, twenty-one and I know my own mind, such as it is and what there is of it. I may be dumb, as you so subtly intimate, but as yet I don't need the services of a mental step-father. As a business manager and press agent you're the best ever but as a self-appointed watch dog for my heart you're a flop. I'm going to marry Kergan Montgomery. So there!"

"Sold," said Horace wearily. "Go ahead and see if I care. I was trying to help you but I won't rub any skin off my nose in the process. Don't think there's anything personal in my attitude. If it weren't for business reasons I wouldn't give a damn if you married a troop of Marines or a tattooed man from the circus. Go ahead and be another stepping stone in Montgomery's marital marathon if you insist. Only you'll be ruining yourself as a star. I wouldn't be surprised if they cancel your contract. Marrying Kergan Montgomery's like getting killed in Chicago; people consider that something's wrong with you or it wouldn't happen."

A pained look appeared in Iola's eyes and she bit her lips in vexation.

"That's just like you," she declared. "You're just like a prize fighter's manager. Figuratively speaking, you don't care if I get a clout on the nose so long's it doesn't cripple my money-making possibilities. Isn't that about it?"

She was poised for departure, looking back over her shoulder at him. Horace wanted to leap over the desk, capture her and admit that he was a darned liar: that money had nothing whatsoever to do with his objection to the proposed marriage and that a healthy masculine jealousy displaced reason in his arguments against it. But he did nothing of the kind. Pride, which had kept him from disclosing his affection for the girl, withheld confession of a second emotion which could not have existed save as an offspring of the first.

"Sure," he declared, striving (Continued on page 106)

cooker from Cicero. When Babe Ruth gets a home run it's he who gets the publicity. No one writes a story about the baseball. It's the same way with Montgomery and his wives. You'll be fattening his marital batting average and it's he who will get the publicity; not you. I tell you, Iola, you're committing professional suicide. When Montgomery gets through with you you'll have about the same box office appeal as a talking news reel depicting a spelling bee at a school for tongue-tied Welshmen."

Iola Lane closed her compact with a decisive snap and climbed off the desk.

"Listen here, Horses," she said, using her own peculiar version of Horace, "when I was quite young my father ran off with the girl third from the end of a traveling musical comedy's Orange Blossom Ensemble. Since then I've struggled along without a father's guidance.

the publicity man to his star. But he was in love with her, too!
Mr. Arliss Looks at the Movies

There has never been, in my opinion, such a stimulus to the drama as that which is offered by the mechanical contrivance which permits the best that the country can produce to be seen and heard in the most obscure corners of the United States.

I think there can be no doubt about the educational possibilities to be derived from talking pictures. It is, in fact, difficult to realize the immense stride that has been taken from the silent to the talking screen.

To tell stories by means of pictures, is, I suppose, the most primitive stage of education; whereas the literature of any country is its crowning glory. And just as soon as you get talking pictures you automatically get literature.

The great authors of the world will soon be turning their attention to writing for the screen; in fact, they are doing so now. The great mass of the movie public is quick to learn and to appreciate style in writing as they have already learned to appreciate good music.

I hope as the talkies get better and better—and they will—that they will be used in schools and even universities as examples of the best speech. This will necessitate some improvement on our part, I mean on the part of the actors, and will close the door to some unworthy aspirants to the screen.

We have been given time to grow gracefully out of the silent pictures into the talking pictures. We have come, first of all, to the habit of listening.

After a little more time we can experiment with Shakespeare—who, after all, was not a "highbrow" playwright in his day but the author of popular comedies and tragedies which the public flocked to see.

Our first experiment with a picture which required exceptionally close attention of listeners, which depended as little as we dared upon spectacle and action, was "Disraeli." It was a gratifying success. Then we tried "Old English," written by one of the great masters of English play writing, John Galsworthy, which depended even more upon the close attention of the listener for its appeal.

From these we know now that people have learned to listen. It gives us more confidence in the future of the talking pictures.

In the theatre, as stage managers discovered three hundred years ago, if a featured play was not long enough for a full evening's entertainment, the piece selected to precede it was selected so as to harmonize with it in a way. A farce did not precede a tragedy.

So with talking pictures, the entire program should be harmonized. It should go out from the studio as a unit and not be put together haphazardly by the exhibitors.

The average talking picture lasts about an hour and twenty minutes. Why should it not be as long as a stage play? If it requires two and a half hours to de-

What the eminent actor believes about the past, present and future of motion pictures

By George Arliss

Arliss always has a full four weeks' rehearsal before starting to "shoot" a picture. Here he is coaching Evlyn Knapp and David Manners for "The Millionaire," while director Adolph and Noah Beery look on.

A photographic impression of George Arliss in his new talking picture, "The Millionaire." He plays a rich man masquerading as a garage worker!
The Original

CHANEL

By Herbert Cruikshank

You know those little Chanel copies. Well, here's the original model—the famous couturiere herself, come to Hollywood to create clothes for Ina Claire and other stars. Because Chanel is a piquant personality as well as a great designer, we assigned a mere man to interview her—and he came away with not only the most amusing story of the season, but real fashion news.

I

N a cigarette it may be taste, just as the billboards say. And in publicity it most certainly is hooey. But in fashions it is Gabrielle Chanel. Don't let anyone tell you—or Samuel Goldwyn—different. Or, if you feel grammatical about it, differently.

When it comes to la mode, Chanel is le dernier cri. If it weren't for Gaby the gals would think la mode was what the Greeks put on struberry pie. She tells Paris what to put on, and what to take off. And Paris passes the golden apple of her style decree to a world of fluttering femininity.

Chanel speaks, and the world of women clothes itself in raiment of rough tweed and jersey fabric. She waves her wand, and the Circes of all seven seas add the subtle allurement of Chanel perfumes to their illusive charms. A nod from her, and a million lovely ladies adorn their beauty with costume jewelry. By Chanel, of course. She personifies Fashion, first goddess of femininity. And from her Parisian shrine proclaims oracularly, "La mode, c'est moi!"

Once, perhaps, it was true that mankind would blaze a trail to the door of him who built mouse-traps best. But interest no longer centers in mice—or men. Today it's to the ladies, God—er—bless 'em, that all eyes are turned. So Gabrielle Chanel becomes a person of supreme importance, artistically, commercially, industrially.

And now Samuel Goldwyn has brought Mohamet to the mountain. To be more exact, to the hills of Hollywood and Beverly canyons. For Sam has enticed Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel from her vast European enterprises to show his stars that all fine linen need not be purple. Darned clever, these Goldwyns.

It was the bait of costumes "by Chanel" that snared the style-conscious Ina Claire in the meshes of a Goldwyn contract. Competition to be a Colman heroine is hotter now that the winner will be Chanel-clad. Even the blasé bosoms of Norma and Gloria are palpitant at the prospect of Chanel adornment. And Lily Damita lies dreaming of the hour when her Chanel clothes will bring more knees in supplication bent. Gaby has turned the movie stars to mannequins.

It's a proverb that the boot-black needs a shine. But judging by Chanel, the proverb's false. She looks the part. Not only of a creative genius, a sensitive artist, and a keen business best show window.

Says Chanel—and listen if you'd be Fashion-wise:

Be careful of your color combinations this season. Vivid solid colors, fine; prints, not so good.

In the evening your gowns may reach the ankles. But while the sun is up, your skirts must be likewise. A full fourteen inches up!

Red is grand—but black is safer.

Wear jewelry as "junk" for daytime—in profusion. For formal wear, little or none.

The present flair for formal pajamas is detestable!

The long bob?

Chanel.

Jersey and tweed for smartness?

Chanel.

Costume jewelry?

Again Chanel!

Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel. She tells Paris what to put on, and what to take off. She personifies Fashion.
DOES just saying “I love you!” before a camera and microphone make you feel that way?

Kay Francis and Kenneth McKenna said it to each other shortly after they met to work together in “The Virtuous Sin,” and now they are married and on the way to finding out whether or not they can live happily ever after.

Bill Boyd and Dorothy Sebastian murmured it in “His First Command” and rushed to the altar to be sealed.

Carole Lombard told Bill Powell she adored him in “Ladies’ Man” and Bill believed it: The Lombard-Powell love scenes look like the real thing now.

When Ramon Novarro requested that Dorothy Jordan should be his leading lady for the second and even the third time, Hollywood began to buzz. But Dorothy and Ramon insist they are not and never have been in love.

IS ROMANCE

Do the great lovers of the screen really feel that way? Just how real are those movie kisses? This story tells you!

By Ruth

Carole Lombard everywhere; they dance—always together; they dine—together, but not in parties—they haven’t time for anyone else: at concerts, plays or the opera they are together, finding so much to say to one another that they don’t go out in intermissions lest someone else waste precious moments. You wouldn’t know Bill!

Let anyone who feels inclined to sniff and say: “It won’t last!” consider the case of Harold and Mildred Lloyd. They used to play love scenes together. During their

Kay Francis and Kenneth McKenna said “I love you!” into the microphone in “The Virtuous Sin.” Now they are married.

But Ronald Colman and Lily Damita were only acting in those love scenes in “The Rescue.” There was no love lost!
first picture, Harold asked Mildred if he could come to call on her that evening and Mildred said no; she saw enough of him all day! But got over that. They've been married for more than eight years and are devoted to each other and to Gloria, Peggy and baby Harold.

Then there's exhibit B, the John Barrymores.

It was "The Sea Beast" that began the romance of John and Dolores, back in 1925. Those much-talked-of love scenes eventually culminated in a wedding ring. The durability of that bond has been tested by long and hazardous ocean voyages on fishing boats and yachts, shared lately by little Miss Barrymore, one of the world's best sailors. Dolores lets John bring home gigantic, smelly sea trophies—and keep them! The once-ragabond Barrymore has developed into an ideal husband and father.

Ain't that somethin'?

At the same time that Dolores was succumbing to the magic of her first love scenes, her sister Helene was playing in a picture with Lowell Sherman. Yet we can't blame their subsequent marriage on that because Lowell set to work and married the other girl in the opus, Pauline Garon, and both he and Helene had to divorce first mates before they found their present happiness together.

Sometimes the public reads romance into pictures when no romance is there. For years fans strove to get Richard Dix married to Lois Wilson, Ronald Colman interested in Vilma Banky, and Charles Farrell wedded to Janet Gaynor, and John Gilbert married to Greta Garbo.

Richard and Lois were and are sincerely fond of one another, in a friendly fashion, and outside insistence on Cupid almost wrecked a beautiful thing.

Charlie and Janet seemed enamoured of one another during the making of "Seventh Heaven," but publicity was fatal to the boy-and-girl romance. They played up to what was expected of them and the next thing they knew the dew was off the rose, the bloom gone from the grape, the sawdust leaking from the doll, and the little god roaming other pastures. Janet married Lydell Peck and now Charlie has married Virginia Valli. No amount of billing as "the screen's favorite lovers" will make any difference now.

Ronald and Vilma were never "that way" about each other.

"We're just like an old married couple—there's no thrill to it," Vilma used to explain in her quaint way, "if the scene tells kiss or make (Continued on page 124)
HOLLYWOOD has an important place for the girl with brains. She needn’t be pretty—she may be plain as plain. But if she has beauty, all the better!

For one of Hollywood’s most interesting, most difficult, and most necessary jobs calls for the head for detail that seems to be a peculiarly feminine attribute. The movies simply could not get along without the script girl.

Remember the old, old days (the pre-script girl era), when a screen actor might leave a room wearing a pair of fur chaparejos—to return in half a minute wearing a pair of leather pants? Remember when an actor would be riding a spotted horse on the first part of a short journey, and be seen at the end of the ride dismounting from a steed that had turned coal black?

Of course, every cinema goer knows that pictures practically never are taken in the sequence in which they finally appear. Sometimes it is expedient to start work on the picture by “shooting” the very last scene.

And the script girl is right there when the shooting begins noting every minute detail. Camera angles—wardrobe—furniture—spots on clothing. Details—details—details!

Better let Miss Alma Thompson, one of Hollywood’s leading script girls, tell about it.

“I’ve been at it for ten years. In other words, for ten years I’ve been checking up and keeping tabs and minding p’s and q’s. One of the best examples of what my work consists of was in the filming of ‘You and I.’

“Robert Milton, the director, had ordered a retake of a scene in an artist’s studio. The scene had been shot eleven days before, and Mr. Milton called me, as he always does, and told me to get out my notes. Retakes are the most difficult part of my job, by the way. Retakes are a constant challenge, because it’s impossible to remember every detail, and it’s manifestly impossible to write down everything.

For example, in an artist’s studio scene there would be palettes with dabs of paint on them. If an artist should see ‘You and I’ he would be interested in all the details, and he would remember the dabs of paint, the

Even if you don’t look like Garbo, there may be a place for you in the screen studios.

By

John O’Hara

The script girl need not be pretty but she must be smart!

Real name Samaniegos. Named Novarro by Rex Ingram who couldn’t pronounce or spell the other. Was bus-boy in New York automat. And movie show usher. Shaves himself and hates haircuts. Doesn’t know his own telephone number. Has it changed every week because of annoyances. Never intends to be a monk. Actually drove the chariot in “Ben Hur.”

Talks with his hands. Never has a dime or a check in his pocket. He knows his chili and carne when it comes to cooking. Bring your own fire extinguisher! Sleeps in antique bed with his head where his feet ought to be. Loves jaunts to Europe. Always comes back laden with gifts for friends. Never owned an automobile until this year and can’t drive the one he has. Mildly enthused over flying but contract has him grounded.

Doesn’t live in Hollywood. Has fourteen brothers and sisters. Raffles off $1000 pool for, working crew every time he makes a picture. Service? He gets it. Hates cafes because he used to sing in them. Roadside barbecue joints his favorite eating places. Built stockily as a prize-fighter. Loves to swim, play tennis and wrestle. Saw his first football game last season and thinks it’s better than bull fights. Wants studio in Nice, France, to make own pictures in all languages. Already directed himself in two foreign versions. Never been engaged. Wears smoked glasses when traveling but doesn’t fool anybody. Likes to pose for pictures. Always forgets gloves.


Gets tons of foreign fan mail and presents from fans all over the world. Shrinks from personal appearances. Modest but not timid. Finds most companionship in non-celebrity ranks. Enjoys shower baths. They can be as cold as possible.

A charming host to a limited circle. Ever courteous, even when annoyed. Won’t change his mind once it’s made up. But likes to listen to any and all arguments. Has most of Latin superstitions. Loves gaiety and freedom and people who don’t talk about themselves and their latest pictures. Where does he find them?
**B**LONDIES quote high on the Hollywood curb. Bull or bear market, almost any blonde rates far above par. If angels are blonde—and who says they aren't—then Hollywood must be a stock broker's dream of heaven. If statistics are right, the cinema World is full of gentlemen!

For those gilt-edged ladies said to be preferred are also common (that is, ubiquitous) in the movie capital. Some are cradle blondes; others—well, a blonde by any method is just as much in evidence. The fact remains that they over-run the place. Golden blondes. Ash blondes. Brown blondes. Dizzy and giddy blondes. Manicurists. Hash slingers. Lunch sellers by the roadside. Beauty contest winners. Infant prodigies. Tom Mix's horse. Even Oscar, the doggy female impersonator. Blondes!


Blondes are getting scarce, they say. In spite of hair dressers growing richer and peroxide flowing like water, still only ten per cent of the pulchritude of the country belongs to the fair. Yet six out of ten movie stars who have found any measure of fame and fortune are—yes, gentlemen—are blondes!

Call the roll and convince yourself.


One of those Hollywood blondes, Dot Mackaill, receiving expert beauty instruction from Max Factor, wizard of make-up. Factor says: "The camera is kinder to the blonde."

Why are blondes the camera favorites? Is there some secret about it? Constance Bennett can't tell—or if she can, she won't! She looks blondely, most beautifully mysterious.

Ann Harding, blonde of blondes. That lovely, long hair of Ann's is the envy of some other Hollywood blondes because it's Nature's idea, with no outside aid!

Blondes are pliable by nature, sympathetic—mercurial—volatile, according to Max Factor. Blonde beauty is sensitive to every emotion. Marion Davies has it.
What, are blondes more successful than brunettes?  
And why?

By Marie House

Why, when only 10 out of every 100 women can lay claim to blonde heritage, are there so many blondes at the top of the movie ladder? Perhaps because they look like Leila Hyams!

Is there some spark of personality, some special perception which makes blondes especially susceptible to the lure of the lenses? Ask Laura La Plante—she's blonde by choice!

Why is blonde stock so high? It may be that the answer is to be found on these two pages. Carole Lombard is fast forging ahead to real screen success. She's a real blonde.

Why are blondes evidently preferred by filmdom? Is there some secret alchemy whereby the gold of the head is converted into the gold of fame? Some catalytic abracadabra? Some spark of personality, some special perception which makes blondes especially susceptible to the lure of the lens and microphone?

Why, when only ten out of every hundred women in everyday life can lay claim to the heritage of the blondes—why are there so many blondes at the top of the ladder in the movies? Why is blonde stock so high?

Perhaps an expert on blondes, brunettes, red-heads and brownettes can tell. Perhaps a master of make-up knows the secret of the blondes' success.

Max Factor, the wizard of movie beauty, says: "The camera is apt to be kinder to the blonde. There is a definite harmony about the coloring of the blonde, the way in which the hair relates to the complexion which makes it beautiful before the lens. It is this—this which makes every feature of the blonde stand out. No one feature overshadows another. And every subtle expression, every nuance of emotion can be portrayed—not better—but it can be shown more clearly for the camera.

"Then, too, the idea of blonde beauty has always been associated with romance. All down through history, it has been the blonde who has been worshiped for beauty. The heroines of legend and story have been portrayed as blondes. It is the soft pastel coloring of the blonde which has been associated with love, with romantic stories. Angels are thought of as blondes. Madonnas. Perhaps it is for this reason that authors, directors ask for blondes to create their roles.

"I believe that blondes are pliable by nature. Not too deep. Not too thoughtfull. But sympathetic. Able to take direction, suggestions. They are mercurial. Volatile. Their beauty is sensitive to every emotion.

Well! There's Dietrich; and Chatterton; Garbo, Harding, Constance Bennett, all noted mistresses of emotional roles. There's Betty Compson, Dorothy Mackaill, Mary Pickford, Loretta Young. There's—but why go into that?

Look at the girls who have become blonde, just for ducks, and maybe drakes, too. Laura La Plante became famous as a blonde—but it's no secret that those who knew her when called her hair dark. Would she have achieved her standing if she hadn't gone blonde? Laura dyed her hair dark again for "Captain of the Guards" and Laura slipped a little! There's Alice White who had some measure of success with her own brown hair but scored a distinct hit when she bleached her hair.

Perhaps this is a blonde era. Perhaps a certain well-known book all about gentlemen and blondes had something to do with it. That's what blonde Betty Compson says. Betty doesn't think there's any special reason why blondes are successful. In fact she's doubtful if they actually are. But then she's a blonde and duly modest. She became more blonde because a certain director said she could have a part if she coveted only if her hair were light—so good-hearted, obliging Betty bleached it. She insists it hasn't made any difference in her roles, that she's played the same kind of parts ever since "The Miracle Man." But she does admit that since the advent of the panchromatic film, blondes get the break with lighting and camera men probably prefer them.

Well, look at Bebe Daniels. Just look at her. Dashing Bebe with her black, black hair, a blonde for her newest picture—or a reddish (Continued on page 113)
ELISSA followed Bre'r Fox down the dotted line and found herself in a strange land of wonders. The Planet Hollywood!

"It's incredible!" declared Elissa, rubbing the cigarette smoke out of her eyes. "Amazing! A different country. An entirely different planet. Like Mars. The Planet Hollywood!"

"Why not write a book about it," exclaimed the Mad Fan, furiously drinking the very nice English tea. It wasn't such a mad suggestion at that. The name of Elissa Landi adorns the covers of at least two best sellers in England—not to mention the book that she is now writing in Hollywood, which will soon see the light of print on this side of the Atlantic.

"Impossible," scoffed Elissa. "It would take at least four volumes. One volume to explain it to the rest of the world. They couldn't possibly begin to understand it in less. The openings like 'City Lights' or 'Morocco.' Premiers! Lesser premiers and just openings. The fact that Charlie Chaplin can walk along Hollywood Boulevard unnoticed and be mobbed on a first night.

"Everything is backwards here. A truly important person, someone who really matters in the world, someone like H. G. Wells, could go to a first night or some important Hollywood gathering and be pushed aside while people flocked around Mr. Whoosis, president of the Thingummy Film Company. Even the secretary to Mr. Whoosis is a far more important personage in Hollywood. I could imagine one being rude to the secretary of someone like Premier McDonald and getting away with it. But the secretary to Mr. Whoosis in Hollywood is someone to cater to. Importance here is out of relation to anything anywhere else!"

You can imagine the kind of books this new Fox star writes. Send to England for "Neilsen" or "The Helmers" if you want to know more. You see in Elissa Landi a girl in whom the muses unite. She writes books. Poetry. Plays like nobody's business—except several million European fans who can't be wrong. Plays a mean piano—and is beautiful.

"Why not write a play for yourself to star in?" suggested the Mad Fan, munching cake.

"Oh, that would be too obvious," said the English Landi.

"Not at all. After all, how much better to have an authoress interpret her own rôle—her own creation?"

"I think you would be too close to it," objected the authoress. "Someone else could probably round out the character and make it much better. When Ernest Hemingway's 'Farewell to Arms' was produced on the stage in New York—(that was where Fox discovered Elissa)—I think there was far more in it than he had written. I believe that Laurence Stallings when he adapted it, Reuben Mamoulian when he directed, and I like to flatter myself that I too—added something to the personality that was Catherine Barkley.

"When Catherine enters and says 'Hello, darling'—she put the..." (Continued on page 102)
STARS
AS THEY
ARE!

Presenting a Grand
De-bunking
Gallery of
Hollywood Portraits

by

SCREENLAND is proud to present the following portrait pages, each an exclusive picture by the noted young English artist, Cecil Beaton. With the little camera you see him holding in this informal photograph, Mr. Beaton makes these amazing camera studies of the Hollywood girls and boys—showing them, we feel, as they really are, without frills or affectations. To get the effects he wants, Mr. Beaton sometimes climbs ladders and perches precariously on studio scaffoldings—but he always gets his star!
Portrait by

John Wayne
Mary Francis

Portrait by [signature]
LIL REFORMS

When a wrong woman goes good in Hollywood—that's news! Hereafter Miss Tashman will play more sympathetic roles

By Sydney Valentine

I f a man biting a dog is news, what about a wrong woman going good—in Hollywood? Well, it's happened!

"I've reformed," admits Lilyan Tashman. Imagine! "No more vamping. No more home-wrecking. I'm going to be good.

"But—not too good! I hope I always play heroines with a sense of humor. I couldn't bear to be a dull, stodgy woman, whose only talent is virtue."


"Good. But not too good!"

Not that Lilyan regrets a career of vamping and punishment, of ogling the weak and willing hero and hurling him to fun and frolic. It's made her what she is today. One of the outstanding actresses of the screen. Known wherever movies are known. But now that official stardom has been conferred upon her by Paramount, she's leaving the celluloid primrose path behind—and no fair looking back over shoulders, either!

But on second thought, let's look over shoulders. Whose? Personally I nominate Lilyan's. Encased at the moment, and very smartly encased, too—in a navy-blue tailored frock with little buttoned jacket. (Navy is the color for spring, cables Paris.) Busily engaged on an excellent luncheon at The Embassy Club. It's a celebration day for Lilyan with her brand new stardom, just out of its tissue wrappings and sparkling—well, very nearly like a cool million; and how the stars rush up to congratulate her.

A pair of personal congratulations too. Lilyan for here is a stardom built upon a career of villainy. That's unique. True, others have played sirens, women with slightly soiled pasts—but Lilyan has made a habit of playing the villainess. Not the kind that strangles infants in their cribs, that go in for mayhem and arson. But the kind that sneaks into the home and steals the husband with a flick of the eyelash and a wisecrack—the baddie, the meanie! And how we rush home to practice the technique in our mirror behind our door!

She started as a vamp. And that's just where she chose to start. Many times in the past she has had offers to star—and refused. She made of herself, instead, one of the best known bad women of the screen. A star of vamps. A reputation as a smart woman.

Smart to know that it is a decided character like a vamp who registers on the screen; that any audience has a sneaking liking for the other woman, the siren. Hasn't Greta Garbo always played sirens—practically? Smart to know that playing such parts is really acting—not just a straight lead that walks through a picture. Smart to play the first vamp with blonde hair and give the dark-haired temptresses a run for their diamond bracelets. Smart to built a personality that is known to the movie world for sophistication. Smart to know that while the interest, the enthu-

(Continued on page 102)
What part does religion play in the lives of the screen stars?

Will Rogers is deeply religious, although he marches under no specific label.

Here's a view of Hollywood—famous the world homes — prosperous shops — and you'll find

By Alma

Is Hollywood a

A
X ill-informed preacher referred to Hollywood as a godless town. Nothing could be further from the truth. The majority of picture people, just like the rest of us frail humans, have felt the necessity for spiritual solace and divine guidance. Of course they don't prattle about it and exploit it, but a recent painstaking survey has convinced me that there is as much sincere religion in Hollywood as anywhere.

Some of these picture people will admit that they are not regular attendants at any particular church. Some of them have evolved spiritual philosophies of their own, rather than accepting any established creed, but it is rare to find one of them who is wholly indifferent to the importance of religion in life.

The Roman Catholic Church can boast many devout members. Ramon Novarro has always been an ardent Catholic, as are his entire family. His sister is a nun, and another sister may take the veil. A brother is preparing for the priesthood. Ramon himself is said to have expressed a desire to retire sometime from the world and enter a monastery.

Marion Davies is a Catholic and finds time for her religious duties, in spite of the endless calls upon her.

Eddie Quillan and his entire family are devout Catholics, and would not even consider opening their Christmas presents before attending church on that sacred morning.

Tom, Matt and Owen Moore, Sally O'Neil, Gilbert Roland, Anita Page, ZaSu Pitts, all proudly claim this religion. Colleen Moore has found

Maurice Chevalier, the French playboy of stage and screen, is devout.

Mary Pickford has a deep strain of the spiritual in her make-up.

Ramon Novarro is one of the most devout members of the movie colony.

Norma Shearer and her husband, Irving Thalberg, are steadfast church-goers.
infinite solace in this church in spite of the fact that it disapproves of divorce. Norman Kerry comes from a long line of Catholics and was educated at a Jesuit school. He never travels without a shabby little testament and a medal of the Holy Virgin. A crucifix and rosary hang by his bed.

Bebe Daniels was baptized a Catholic but married out of her church when she took Ben Lyon, who is Jewish, for spouse. Mae Murray, on the other hand, became an ardent Catholic when she married Prince David Mdvani. She also has evolved a philosophy of her own, in which “serenity” is the keynote. She believes ardently in an after life.

Although Gaston Glass and Lyota Karlin were married at the home of James Cruze, they went directly from there to a Catholic priest to have the union sanctified in their faith, by which they took each other “forever and ever.” Those four remarkable youngsters, Jean Fenwick, Marian Marsh, Eddie and George Morgan, sisters and brothers, are devoted Catholics and church attendants. Marian, you know, is John Barrymore’s new leading lady in “Svengali.” Maureen O’Sullivan, Maurice Chevalier, Claudette Colbert are all earnest Catholics.

The Catholic Motion Picture Guild, founded for charitable and spiritual purposes in Hollywood, claims many devout members. May McAvoy, Thomas Meighan, George O’Brien, Neil Hamilton, James Gleason, Skeets Gallagher, Rod La Roque, Vlma Banky, Nancy Carroll, Antonio Moreno, Jackie Coogan. (Cont. on page 115)

Dick Barthelmes says: “I just try to practice simple Christianity.”
In order to live, then, I am up every morning at six-thirty A.M., and while this will be a jolt to those who think of movie stars as dozing until afternoon in thousand dollar negligees on leopard skin rugs, my hours are no better than, if as good, those of clock punchers anywhere. Mamie brings me tea and toast—not champagne, as you would like to believe—and I am off to the lot before nine.

In the old days, boys used to talk about "the lot" as the place where they chopped or sawed wood and they never loved it much, except afterward—when they became presidential timber! The same can be said of Culver City. Our lot is a work-place. Indeed, the folks who haven't been to Hollywood and think of it as the Devil's Hop Yard would discover that it's not unlike Fall River or any other mill town. You'll hate me for saying this because you want to believe what you want to believe and I have no business to destroy the illusion of the talkies, but the truth can be so irritating that it's fun to use it once in a great while!

Yes, when a pretty girl is seen smiling into the face of her lover on the screen, the audiences drinking in her avid glances have no idea that she has been through so much that she could bite nails. She doesn't bite the hero for fear she might get ptomaine, for the hero, too, is in a poisonous temper. Even a milkman couldn't get romantic so early in the morning!

When a picture finally flickers off to orchestral accompaniment of *Hearts and Flowers* in the splendid setting of our palatial movie houses, it all seems spontaneous, but there has been plenty of combustion before. Believe me, the glare of the klieg lights is ruinous to the

**Marie Dressler's Own Story**

Concluding "The Girl Stood on the Burning Deck," the real-life story of our greatest trouper

*By Marie Dressler*
eyes and to the disposition. No other trying details are needed, but there are always plenty of them.

Before one gets round-shouldered carrying around bank-books, there is much to be suffered and learned. To begin with, it is necessary to memorize the scene which is to be played. Expertly written material is so cued that it is fairly easy to get, but sometimes there are jaw-breaking combinations and word arrangements which are very trying to an experienced actor just as a singer must have a proper arrangement of vowels in order to get the best tones. Well, whether the stuff is good or bad or whether we like it or not, we recite it to ourselves and everybody who will listen, until we are perfect in our own estimation. Then we start to rehearse and everything goes like a train on rails. We are on our tip-toes. We know this is going to be the best picture yet. We are extremely careful because although words can sometimes be shredded and slips covered on the stage, the talkies have a way of exaggerating any fault. As a result the work of a movie actress must be much more polished and finished than that of any performer on the legitimate stage. Few realize this and it will be news even to many actors.

When we are ready and "just rarin' to go," the director says, "Now we'll take it." We feel at our best, our costumes are fresh, our make-up right on the spotted line, our voices clear, our bodies as glowing as morning tubs can make them. Men are hurrying about us, big electric light wires are trailing here and there. The air is pervaded with so much anticipation that you could put gravy on it and eat it.

First, the camera is focused. For this procedure the principals either stand within range or have somebody stand for them. I usually do all my own standing. Before the picture is over I will have to stand for a good deal worse. Well, after I begin to feel slightly less peppy, the announcement comes, "Camera, O.K." Whereupon, we all brighten and look like the prize Sunday School class. "That's over," we think. But that's not the half of it—oh, no!

Next come the lights. It is necessary to stand again while the lights are tried out, for it is absolutely essential that they cast no shadows in the wrong places. It takes from three-quarters of an hour to an hour and a half to get the lights behaving as they should. If the movie characters are supposed to be young and beautiful, the light men have a more difficult time, and the harder and longer this process is. Gosh, I ought to be popular with the light boys! It may interest you to know that there is always a good or bad side to one's face or figure. It is, consequently, necessary to find out and exploit this selling side.

I know you are already surprised because you can't believe that we don't go gaily about allowing the cameras to catch as catch can. As Al Jolson says, "You ain't heard nothin'." When the lights are pronounced satisfactory, the lines are next said for the sound. It is important to know how the voice is registering. The intricate mechanism of the sound ma-

(Con't. on page 117)
Here's how they made the outdoor dance scenes for Joe E. Brown's picture, "Broadminded," in the gardens of a Pasadena hotel. Director Mervyn Le Roy and his cameras are at the right. You can pick out the other equipment if you look closely. Pretty!
Her Best Friend Won't Tell Her!

Evelyn Brent won't know that her chum wrote this story for us until she reads it here! Evelyn is the hardest girl in Hollywood to interview; that's why we went to her best friend for this frank, penetrating personality impression.

It was noon. The usual and the not so usual theatrical and motion picture groups crowded the Algonquin lobby. A hubbub of voices and clouds of cigarette smoke completed the familiar scene. Glancing around, I espied two well-known faces surrounded by a gay, grapevine fortress of friends. They were John and Josephine Robertson, just returned from Spain and England where John had directed "Spanish Jade." Conversation tumbled merrily from personalities to picture making on Spanish soil to personalities. Very much present amongst the latter was one whom the Robertsons vivaciously referred to as Betty.

"Who is this Betty?" There were limits to curiosity. "Betty?" John's eyes widened. "Betty Brent?"

"Betty played the lead in John's picture," Jo rescued. "Never heard of her," with the rude indifference of one who has trouble enough keeping abreast of the home-bodies.

"You will," John prophesied, and Jo nodded agreement. "She's just signed to appear opposite Douglas Fairbanks in his next picture. There is she now." The elevator door had opened and two girls, attired in unpretentious tennis clothes, holding uncovered rackets, stepped into the lobby.

"Betty," Jo called.

The darker of the two girls stopped. Her rather pointed chin—a stubborn chin, I categorized it—raised arrogantly. The eyes were cool, indifferent, searching, yet I vividly recall that despite her apparent arrogance she seemed slightly confused both at the greeting and being halted in the crowded lobby. Signalling out the Robertsons, the set expression of her face relaxed and she hastened over, her eyes softening and smiling.

"This is Betty Brent." Jo turned to me.

Miss Brent nodded and glanced at me cursorily. A few more words with the Robertsons, her acceptance of their week-end invitation to visit them in Great Neck, and she joined her companion by the desk.

"She's a grand girl," Jo beamed.

I had my doubts. I considered her casualness and abruptness entirely uncalled for. I could neither understand their superlatives nor their enthusiasm and immediately forgot Betty Brent in the rush of events of the next six months.

At the end of that period, I came West and became affiliated with the Fox Studios. Strolling on a stage one day, I espied a girl in oriental garb doing an emotional scene before the camera.

"Isn't that Evelyn Brent?" I asked the assistant director.

"Yeah," I watched with more interest. There was nice restraint and sincerity in her work.

"Okay," called the director.

She walked to her chair, her face setting in the same aloof mould that had irritated me that first meeting.

"Helen." Her voice clipped the word. "Cigarette, please.

The maid struck a match. Miss Brent inhaled the smoke in thorough relish. Her eyes encountered mine, the same cool, indifferent brown eyes that I remembered. A puzzled expression flitted into them. I remained where I was.

She smiled, a warm, infectious smile. She smiles rarely. When she does, it is neither rusty nor affected. It induced me to go over.

"Hello!"

She extended her hand. I liked the way she shook hands firmly. "I met you with the Robertsons," she time-lapsed. "What are you doing out here?"

"What are you still doing here?" I retaliated. "I heard you were going to do just the one picture with Fairbanks and return to London."

"My plans have changed. I didn't do that picture and I'm still here."

I asked no more questions. Her tone was not a "mind your own business" one, but it discouraged queries. She is a difficult subject to interview for this reason, but an interviewer skilled in cloaking questions in conversational anecdotes can stimulate response from Betty Brent and get an excellent (Continued on page 121)
**Are Women Less**

What do you think? Read the screen stars' views on this much discussed question and see if you agree.

WE'VE heard so much of gay Lotharios, of men who love 'em and leave 'em, that it's a shock to read the statement of Sir Ellis Hume Williams, eminent London divorce court lawyer, to the effect that his long experience has convinced him that women are less faithful than men.

Can it be true? Hollywood stars, consulted, agree and disagree.

Among the heads nodding "Yes!" to this vital question are those of Lupe Velez and Genevieve Tobin, two of the loveliest of the younger players.

"I think women are less faithful than men," declares Lupe, her black eyes snapping, "but that is because men make them so.

"A man comes along, young, good-looking, very attractive—see? He sees a girl. She looks swell—see? He thinks, 'Oh my golly, what a fine girl that is!' So he starts in and he gives her a swell time, lots of presents and flowers; he takes her places, sticks around underfoot all the time until she is just gone crazy over him.

"And then what happens? "Why, another girl comes along, a little bit maybe prettier than the first one—or anyway different—and the man thinks, 'Oh my golly, what a fine girl that is!' And the man forgets about the first girl and runs after the second.

"Then the first girl, what does she do, poor thing? She is jealous, I tell you! She can hardly stand it, how she is jealous! So she must do something. And what does she do, she is not faithful any more. She try to pay back all men for what this one man do to her.

"Sometimes such a girl marries and has little children because she hopes she can get happiness from being a mother, but even then she is not faithful, for she is not in love."

"Statistics probably show that women are more faithful than men, but I personally doubt it," says Genevieve Tobin, thoughtfully. "Outwardly, women may live more seemingly faithful lives than men, but in their hearts most women are fickle.

"If this were not true, more wo-

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**Irene Dunne says that faith is based on confidence—the first breach destroys faith.**

**John Barrymore believes women are the dominant sex; men are easily molded.**

**"Women are less faithful than men," says Lupe Velez, "but only because men make them so."**

**The charming Genevieve Tobin says that in their hearts most women are fickle.**

**Always the gentleman! Dick Arlen says men hold the record for being unfaithful.**
FAITHFUL THAN MEN?

By
Ruth Tildesley

men would exert themselves to be entertaining to their husbands. They would keep themselves looking smart instead of dragging about the house in soiled kimonos. They'd try to be alluring instead of constantly nagging their men. This can't be just thoughtlessness on their parts. It is a natural deduction that when a woman ceases to bother about attracting her husband, subconsciously at least, her heart and mind have become diverted into other channels.

Conrad Nagel agrees with Lupe that a woman may become faithless if she has been badly hurt.

"But honesty of purpose is second nature to women," he insists. "A situation may arise that is temporarily tempting to her, but at its root you will find she has been terribly hurt. I don't believe a good woman is ever faithless to a man to whom she is bound by ties of home, religion or children."

John Barrymore smiles and neither

Ralf Harolde maintains that if women are faithless it is all the fault of the men!

Estelle Taylor is a feminist. "Women are not faithless!" declares Mrs. Jack Dempsey.

According to Kay Francis, women are unfaithful in mind only; they like to flirt with danger.

Ramon Novarro avers there is no constancy today compared with olden times.

Irene Rich says that women love to play with fire but will turn and run as fast as they can.

assents nor dissents, but looks wise.

"Charles Dickens created the women in his books on a pattern that he wished existed. They were sweet and submissive and loyal and impossibly, sickeningly virtuous. Nancy Sykes was faithful to the horrible Bill until death.

"As a matter of fact, women are the dominant sex. Men are whatever women want them to be."

The most vehement of the denials are led by Estelle Taylor and the Gleasons.

"For a very practical reason, women are not faithless," cries Estelle. "Women have behind them the tradition of centuries in which fidelity has been held up as essentially women's virtue. All their lives they have heard women who slip condemned.

"With men, it is exactly the opposite. As a boy it is impressed on him, perhaps unconsciously, that he is a potential Don Juan. He must conquer every woman he can for he is more of a man if he does so. Men who are upright are called molly-coddlers by this strange twisted point of view.

"Another reason: Even with the changed status of women they simply haven't the opportunity to be unfaithful that is accorded to men.

(Continued on page 125)
Reviews of the

Six Best Films of the Month:

THE FINGER POINTS
THE FRONT PAGE
A TAILOR-MADE MAN
STRANGERS MAY KISS
TABU
A CONNECTICUT YANKEE

Turn to page 110 for casts of current films

The Finger Points
First National

If you are up on your crime news you’ve read the sensational newspaper story of the shooting of a certain reporter who played the game two ways. Here’s that reporter in film fiction—played by Richard Barthelmess, of all people. I like Barthelmess. He isn’t afraid of what “his public” will think if he plays a wise guy. He prefers the hazards of an interestingly tricky part like this to the tame safety of sure-fire romantic “heroes.” You see him as a reporter covering the activities of the racketeers; then allying himself with the bad boys and enjoying the spoils—until the tragic end. An exciting picture. Dick is splendid. Fay Wray and Regis Toomey are excellent support.

A Tailor-Made Man
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

The William Haines addicts will be cheering. Here’s the best picture their idol has made in a long, long time. I think that Bill was one of the screen stars hardest hit by the microphone. He is the gift of pantomime, and the demands of dialogue robbed him of some of his spontaneous charm. But he is gradually absorbing the new technique, and in this picture he proves he can still be counted among the sure-fire comedians. The story is the old stage success, and it is hokum all the way. However, Haines gains some guffaws as the brash pants-presser who masquerades in another man’s evening clothes and crashes the gate to fame and fortune. Joseph Cawthorn and the lovely little Dorothy Jordan help a lot.

Tabu
Paramount

For sheer photographic beauty, “Tabu” is the film of the month—incomparably lovely. You’ll come away from the theatre moaning those South Sea blues. The tale is simple and romantic, enacted by an all-native cast. A brave pearl diver is in love with a charming maiden chosen by the native tribal chief as a sacred goddess—which makes the girl tabu to the ordinary mortal. The direction by the late F. W. Murnau is remarkably effective. If the picture seems to drag it may be due to the fact that it is a silent film—although it has a nice musical score by Hugo Riesenfeld. You will like the sweet little native girl and the stalwart lad who play the leads—they are natural and appealing, with no kleig-and-camera inhibitions.
Best Pictures

SCREENLAND'S Critic Selects the Most Important Screenplay's of the Month

The Front Page
United Artists

The greatest newspaper play of them all is now a screen smash. It's hot, stirring entertainment. Milestone, who directed "All Quiet on the Western Front," did a grand job here, too. It's all about a star reporter whose plans to marry the girl and settle down and get out of the newspaper game for good are rudely interrupted—and there's the drama, and the punch, and the comedy. Pungent dialogue; raw-meat melodrama; romance, and ruthless characterization. Menjou—our suave Adolphe—plays a hard-boiled managing editor and gives the best male performance of the month. What an actor he turned out to be! Pat O'Brien from the stage is very good as the reporter. Please don't miss this. Mary Brian and Mae Clarke are the femmes.

Strangers May Kiss
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Little Snow White is dead. And Norma Shearer killed her! Norma has been on her trail for a long time; "The Divorcee" fastened her demise; and now "Strangers May Kiss" finishes her off, and a good job, too. Never again will the movies dare to tell with a straight face the tale of the poor little, pure little heroine. Miss Shearer's ultra-modern pictures have done a lot to advance the cause of adult screen entertainment. Her new film is a rich, racy, and entirely unbelievable show, about a "modern girl" who wants to be free and won't marry her foreign correspondent until he asks her to. It's all very opulent. Norma is exciting. Neil Hamilton and Robert Montgomery are very, very neat. A smart, beautifully mounted show.

A Connecticut Yankee
Fox

The most spectacular picture of the month, and a gorgeous show, Fox's new version of Mark Twain's comedy classic. And what a chance for Will Rogers as the twentieth-century Yankee transplanted 1500 years back into King Arthur's time! You'll find it fresh, novel, and different after our orgy of gangland films. It was a smart thing to do, making this picture at this time. Rogers as Sir Boss and William Farnum as the King engage in the adventure to rescue the fair princess and when they get into difficulties and their trusty henchmen ride to their rescue, in Austins, you'll get your big laugh of the month. Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Albertson furnish Grade A juvenile appeal. Farnum is excellent as the King.

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:
Adolphe Menjou in "The Front Page"
Pat O'Brien in "The Front Page"
Norma Shearer in "Strangers May Kiss"
Neil Hamilton in "Strangers May Kiss"
Robert Montgomery in "Strangers May Kiss"
Richard Barthelmess in "The Finger Points"
Will Rogers in "A Connecticut Yankee"
William Farnum in "A Connecticut Yankee"
Joseph Cawthorn in "A Tailor-Made Man"
Paul Lukas in "Unfaithful"
I DON'T suppose there's much argument about summer being the loveliest time of the year. Summer, for most of us, means more leisure, half holidays out in the sunshine, two weeks, at least, on vacation, charming week-ends in the country with friends, hikes through the woods. Summer is charming—but—summer makes its demands.

For there is no time when a girl's beauty is so important. The very informality of our summer attire demands that our skins be their finest, our hair most glowing, our eyes bright and our figures, oh goodness help us, quite perfect. In winter and autumn and spring we can, to a great extent, mask our defects. We are indoors more. We are under artificial light. But summer we are out in the open, in more ways than one. You can't hide overweight in a bathing suit. You can't conceal blackheads when you are going hatless beneath the afternoon sun.

Thus summer time must be beauty culture time; and whisper it, summer isn't nearly so kind to our beauty as many of us have believed it to be. Too much sunshine is very coarsening to the skin. Sunburn is an evil we should absolutely avoid. We must watch that our scalps do not get too dry and we must protect our eyes from too much glare, so that we do not begin frowning and squinting, thus giving ourselves wrinkles. And above all things, we must look clean and dainty at all times!

That isn't easy, of course, but it is less difficult than you probably think. The best method to follow, I believe, is to lay out a summer beauty schedule for one's self and to follow it just as faithfully as possible.

Let's start with figures, first. If your figure isn't perfect, do start before summer comes to remedy its defects. If you are overweight please put yourself on
Here is a beauty schedule to help you look your best in the charming—and exacting—Summer months.

SUMMER DAINTINESS

Anne Van Alstyne knows all the beauty rules no matter what the season of the year. But she will be particularly glad to help you solve your beauty problems for the exacting summer months. Write to Anne Van Alstyne, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope for personal reply.

All reducing exercises should be vigorous and regular. Swimming, bicycling, rowing, hiking are all excellent. All exercises that tend to keep the body supple—that is, bending, squatting and such, are very fine, too.

For girls overweight. Eat more than average. Eat, in fact, more than you want. Drink at least one quart of milk and a half pint of cream daily. Get lots of sleep—nine hours at night and a nap during the day, if possible. Exercise regularly but gently. Exercises that tend to relax you are best—as most underweight is caused by nervous disturbances.

So much for figures. Now for skins.

The great thing about skin care in the summer is bathing often enough. It's always a very important factor, but in summer it becomes paramount. And right here seems the best place for me to write you about how proper cleanliness creates beauty.

The days of the “Saturday night bath” are gone forever—except where the (Continued on page 104)
"These lady aviators come sometimes one at a pop, sometimes two at a pop, these days," remarked Patsy, the Party Hound. "And now Betty Compson is giving a tea for two of them. And they're not just flyers, either, but record flyers. They are Edna May Cooper and Bobbie Trout, who hold the record for sitting up in the sky longer than any other ladies have ever done before. That sounds as if they might have had their knitting with them, but they say they didn't. It took them all their time to run the machine and do their housekeeping, they say."

"Housekeeping?" I inquired.

"Why, yes. They had to roll their blanket shipshape and sweep out crumbs, and pack things away."

We were on our way then to Betty Compson's new home. At least it is her old home on Hollywood Boulevard where she lived before she married James Cruze, but she has had it beautifully renovated. It was exquisitely furnished in styles of Louis XV. and XVI., with predominating colors gold and blue, and was a fitting background that day for the lovely Betty, who wore a long brown accordion-pleated Greek gown, of a style called "The Greeks Have a Word For it"—you know how they name gowns!

"And this American girl had a name for it, too, when she got the bill!" laughed Betty as we complimented her on its beauty.

Edna May was wearing a fancy aviator's suit, like one for a comic opera, especially designed for her to wear on the stage, and which had been planned for her by Howard Greer, noted Hollywood designer of women's clothes.

"Of course, I couldn't really fly a mile in it," smiled Edna May.

Bobbie Trout had decided to park her aviation costume, and to come looking just feminine and helpless like the rest of us.

Both girls are very charming, and had thrilling tales to tell of their endurance flight over Glendale and Southern California.

We learned then that sitting on the air isn't at all like sitting on the front piazza. The first day the girls hit a down-draft, broke contact with the fueling plane, and Edna May dislocated her finger. She got gasoline all over her face and arms and in both eyes, and her eyes burned and wept for two hours afterward.

"Next day," Edna May told us, "when I was receiving oil before the container was unhooked, contact again was broken, and I was afraid to let go for fear the heavy bag would demolish the wing. But I held on until there was danger of my falling out of the plane. When I did let go, I fell into the refueling department and injured my back."

Of course, sleep was a difficult proposition, because in their airplane they had to double up to get into their tiny bunk.

"The worst accident of (Continued on page 98)"
N the dear old days following 1913, all that was necessary to get a laugh out of the public was to slap a slab of pre-war custard pie on the tip-tilted nose of Gloria Swanson or to have Charlie Chaplin lose his pants on a public thoroughfare.

"But no more," says Mack Sennett. "When talkies came in the studio door, slap-stick comedy flew out of the window."

"There's nobody better qualified to give us the low-down on the Ha-Ha business than Mr. Sennett. For in 1913, with no understanding of the speaking stage and absolutely ignorant of all dramatic tradition, this Irishman was the first man to make the moving picture sit up and perform funny stunts. He introduced a new art form into the world, besides giving it such outstanding comedy personalities as Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand, Louise Fazenda, Ben Turpin, Wallace Beery, Harry Langdon, Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver, Chester Conklin and Polly Moran—to say nothing of the elegant Miss Swanson.

It was nearly twenty years ago that this big, blunt Irishman, handsome in his big, blunt way, gave up hammering rivets into boilers in East Berlin, Connecticut, to go down to New York and try to become a singer. But being a business man first and a hopeful singer second, when he found he would have to study seven or eight years in order to earn seventy-five dollars a week, he gave up his concert stage aspirations and went down on Fourteenth Street where even to this day bargains are to be had. Down on Fourteenth Street to the Biograph Studio where a couple of crazy men were making little pictures that moved, and were paying lucky people three dollars a day plus a substantial lunch of liverwurst, pickles, brown bread and coffee, just to stand around in front of something that looked like a glorified magic lantern, and take orders.

It was all a big joke to Mack—he always had a way of balancing at serious things like trouble and work. He thought everybody on the lot was too solemn. "What the world needed was a good laugh. Burlesque was the thing, he decided. Burlesque movies to make men forget taxes and women forget teething babies. And right there was born the idea which laid the comedy foundation of all moving pictures."

With a man named Fred Mace, Sennett got a little money together and started for California. There he had to write, direct, act, build the sets, answer all business letters, cut the films, title them, and ship them away to New York. Then all he had to do was to sit down on a dry-goods box with his heart in his mouth and wait for the verdict.

The verdict on his first two was—"awful!" Mack's money was gone. It looked as if he would have to go back to pounding rivets again. But before deciding anything, he took his camera and started for what was then down-town Los Angeles. Suddenly he saw a Shriner's parade of ten thousand men coming up the street. Working out a story as he went along, Mack shot a lot of sequences, inserted some swell comedy scenes with Mabel Normand, and shipped it all off to the office back in New York.

The verdict was "wonderful!"

Able now to get the financial backing he needed, and encouraged by his mother, a witty widow from the south of Ireland, Mack Sennett started out and used every form of humanity as ingredients for his laugh machine: babies, bathing beauties, cats, dogs. (Continued on page 126)
About Betty, the beautiful perennial of pictures

By Mary Howard

HOW'S the view from the peaks of success—sitting on top of the world? Don't you wish you knew? Have you ever met a real, live, honest to goodliness success? Wouldn't you like to know about the home life of a success? What a success thinks of success? You would?

Then meet Betty Compson. Twice she's climbed to the rarified atmosphere where stars twinkle on top of the movie world.

Yoo hoo, Betty! How's the climate up there—on top of the world? How does it look from the peaks and the pinnacles?

Well, the view's grand! And even looking back on the rugged road, full of hard rocks, hard work, ups and downs, getting to the top once and sliding back, getting up again—Betty says she wouldn't change a thing! If she had her career to go over again, she wouldn't have a thing different. Not a bump. Not a view. Except, perhaps, she might have liked to stop long enough to pluck a college degree from the tree of knowledge.

"Success," muses Betty, "means happiness. It means accomplishing the things you set out to do. It's having the material advantages to do the things you always wanted to do." It means acting to Betty, because acting is "fun." It means time out to read. Betty is an avid reader. She's always intending to take up the violin again. It means travel. Living comfortably—doing things for people.

"Everyone wants to be a success," adds Betty. "But almost everyone is a success at something if they only knew it! A successful mother—housewife—bookkeeper.

"Success is happiness. And happiness is not taking things too seriously. If you do a bad picture today, you'll do a good one tomorrow. If you lose some part you particularly wanted, there'll be another one just as good later. Even my marriage to Jim Cruze—we parted when we were still good friends—that's a great deal!"

Betty can't honestly think of a thing she'd have different. Unless—she could have had her start in the movies while still young and yet somehow have managed to finish her formal education. She left high school in her junior year.

If given her choice she would never have lived a purely domestic life. Well, didn't she once? And didn't the kleig lights lure and the microphone call? Perhaps if she had been left a bank full of money when she came of age, she might have gone to Europe and studied the violin—married, lived a social life. She doubts if she would have tried a screen career. For necessity is the mother of ambition. But probably she would not have been as contented. For Betty is happy.

"I'd rather do this than work," she says, toiling before the camera. "It's fun to me." (Continued on page 127)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR. and ROSE HOBART in "CHANCES"
MENJOU! If you saw him in "The Front Page" you will not be surprised to hear that he is to be starred—again. In silent days Adolphe played only one role—the movie man of the world. Today he is a brilliant actor of unlimited versatility.
SHE'S all you mean when you say "Blonde!" Jean Harlow is recognized now as one of Hollywood's most decorative young women. She has not yet repeated her rather startling performance of "Hell's Angels"—but watch her; she will!
JUST another leading man for a while, Neil Hamilton has come into his own in Norma Shearer's "Strangers May Kiss," now that the standards of the modern screen permit a hero to be human. Neil, like Menjou, is no longer a "type"—he's an actor.
THE most interesting portrait study of Nancy Carroll ever published—don't you think? Nancy is working now in a picture tentatively entitled "Excitement," with Fredric March—and we know it will live up to its name with these two in it!
BEAUTIFUL. Billie Dove is coming back, and it's about time. We've missed her. She didn't like those last talkies she made, but now she has found a story called "The Age for Love" and will give us a picture worthy of her talents.

JACK OAKIE, just before he begins work in a brand new picture, practices the Oakie grin before recording it once more for the customers. Jack's new film will be a novelty—"Dude Ranch," with June "Dimples" Collyer opposite.
FILMY FASHIONS!

LOOK to your stars for fashion tips! The Hollywood Girls know what is being worn long before the rest of the world, for most of the new clothes are designed expressly for them.

Loretta Young, below, is wearing a spring supper frock of beige net and lace over flesh satin, with a bunch of hand-made flowers at the point of the ruffled shawl collar. The perfect dress for the girl just stepping out of her 'teens!

A new note from Paris—the jeweled comb to match the shoulder straps of the evening gown Loretta Young has chosen this comb to harmonize with her silver blue gown.

Dorothy Mackail's spring chiffon is carried out in printed marquisette in tones of green, yellow, and gray, the underbodice marked by velvet ribbon ending in a flat bow at the cowl neck. Lovely, isn't it? And isn't she!

The smartest hat we have seen so far this season—Laura La Plante's natural straw Bakou trimmed in brown grosgrain. And, of course, the La Plante smile helps, too.
Above, Carmel Myers illustrating an important fashion point: matching touches on frock and hat. The wing ruffle at the yoke of her frock is new. Her pert bicorné has an animated cockade.

Laura La Plante, left, is shown in her new sports suit of natural kasha-colored silk with its pleated skirt and jaunty finger-tip jacket. The scarf is smartly checked in brown, orange, and green. Cool—dainty!

Dorothy Mackaill shows us her profile hat. It’s of shirred velvet and horsehair, trimmed by two gardenias. One of those hats not every girl can wear successfully.

An exquisite white chiffon evening frock, worn by Loretta Young, below, has a bolero effect edged in real black Chantilly lace that also forms the all-over pattern in the new spring manner of black and white.

YOU’LL like these spring and summer fashions, for they are the smart, simple things essential to every woman’s wardrobe. Study them and choose your own frocks and hats accordingly!

All Photographs by Elmer Fryer
DOROTHY LEE may be looking up at her own name in electric lights by the time you read this. She is slated for stardom, this pert, pretty child who has been the charming feminine foil for Bert Wheeler and Bobby Woolsey.
HE IS Edmund Lowe here. But when you see him with Victor McLaglen in "Women of All Nations" you'll be calling him Eddie again! And that will be quite all right with Mr. Lowe, an excellent actor who would hate to be "typed."
THE reports of John Boles' imminent return to the "legitimate" stage have been greatly exaggerated! John, after a New York vacation, went back to Cal-Gililma to play the lead in "Strictly Dishonorable," at Universal City.
IF YOU don't know Rose Hobart, you should! She's the girl who made her screen début in “Liliom” and then hurried right back to Broadway! But now Holly wood has her again, and you'll be watching her in some very interesting performances.
YOU remember Greta Nissen! Greta, say hello to
the home folks! Her accent mastered, Miss Nissen
returns to the screen in "Women of All Nations," with
Messrs. Lowe and McLaglen. And then she will be
the beautiful blonde heroine of "Transatlantic."
AN ADVANCE fashion note by Ona Munson!
Ensembles like this will be worn near all our best oceans this summer. The short jacket of russet-brown linen, wide slit trousers in egg-shell shade, and natural linen hat are all very good, says Miss Munson.
CAROLE LOMBARD is busy these days. She is scheduled to play the heroine in "Up Pops the Devil" with Norman Foster, and "Night Before Marriage," with Gary Cooper. And now see the opposite page for a sparkling story about her.
What about Carole Lombard?

You know she's beautiful—but what's she really like, this blonde who is Bill Powell's best girl? Meet her here

She looks New Yorkish.
She talks slightly Bostonish.
She acts (on the screen, mind you) very Londonish.

The geographical phenomena in question is Carole Lombard, blonde, svelt and smart-cracking.
She was immured in Hollywood at the age of seven and by some miracle escaped the fate of a screen child prodigy.
She has divided the ensuing years between school, an apprenticeship in the Mack Sennett Seminary of Hurting Pies and Non-Swimming Bathing Beauties, an ingénue ship on the Fox lot, a similar vessel at the Pathé studios, and at the given moment is answering Paramount's prayer for a beautiful actress who can also act.
The Lombard family hails from Fort Wayne, Indiana, whence they came to Hollywood four strong—mother, two brothers and Little Sister.
The brothers deserve a chapter in any story about Carole, because they seem to be responsible for little sister's utter lack of feminine complexities such as nerves, affectations and moods.
Freddie, the elder by six years, and "Tutti" (for Stuart) previous by three years, decided at an early age to make their sister into a model A-1 female relative, with ultra-gratifying results.
Whining, tattling and crying were among the early luxuries denied Little Sister. She didn't miss them much, however, because she didn't know that other little girls enjoyed them.

Carole trained easily, it seems, because she was included in all such masculine excursions as baseball games, riding jaunts, tennis and golf and even sailing.
By the time she had reached a gangling sixteen the brothers showed little, or no disinclination to accompanying her to numerous dances and theatre parties.

A few months before the issuance of a diploma from the Los Angeles high school, Carole decided that she was tired of it all. The urge to do great and stupendous things sent her thoughts to the nearest studio.
She expected parental and fraternal objections. She rehearsed her impassioned plea carefully before the family conclave. She was surprised (Continued on page 111)
Critical Comment

MAN OF THE WORLD
Paramount

A William Powell picture can never be dull. This isn't one of Bill's best—but he is well worth seeing in the rôle of a gentlemanly blackmailer who falls in love with the blonde niece of one of his victims. Powell appeals—and Wynne Gibson, as his faithful accomplice, and Carole Lombard, as the blonde, are delightful.

GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN
Warner Brothers

Sparkling and spicy! Nothing slow about this comedy, with Frank Fay at his sly suavest as a ladies' man, and such beauties as Laura La Plante, Joan (Big Eyes) Blondell, Louise Brooks, and Margaret Livingstone as his excellent excuses. You'll like Laura; and the blonde Miss Blondell looks like a real bet.

BODY AND SOUL
Fox

It isn't the fault of the co-stars if this vehicle is shaky. Blame the story and the silly dialogue. Elissa Landi, making her American screen début, shows glamorous potentialities which are never quite realized here. Charlie Farrell works hard with competition from Donald Dillaway and Humphrey Bogart, both swell.

BACHELOR APARTMENT
Radio

Most of this is fun. Lowell Sherman is pretty much the whole show as a rich bachelor who has a hard time convincing his pretty stenographer—Irene Dunne—that he is really in love with her and not a couple of other girls. Mae Murray comes back, as sprightly as ever. Claudia Dell, Ivan Lebedeff, and Norman Kerry contribute.

CRASHING HOLLYWOOD
Educational

A miniature feature with many laughs and lots of Hollywood atmosphere. All about three girls trying to crash the screen gates, with hilarious complications. The cast includes some players you have liked in features—Eddie Nugent, Phyllis Crane, Rita Flynn and Bryant Washburn. Nice to see Nugent again.

CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON
Fox

Here's corking entertainment—the best mystery movie in months. Warner Oland appears in a new rôle as Charlie Chan, Earl Derr Biggers' popular Oriental detective, working this time to solve a series of murders on a world cruise. Thrills and chills and comedy—and a great cast, including Marguerite Churchill and John Garrick.
**UNFAITHFUL**  
*Paramount*

They haven't done right by our Ruth this time. Here's a creaky "society drama" with Miss Chatterton playing an aristocratic martyr whose husband is in love with her brother's wife! Heavy with complications—and, although the star does her best, it is really Paul Lukas who strolls away with the histrionic honors. He's great!

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**BEHIND OFFICE DOORS**  
*Radio*

You'll like this gay romance of a business girl in love with her boss. She helps him "put it over"—only to find herself left at the typewriter when Catherine Dale Owen comes along. However, love—and a good head for business—find a way. Mary Astor is charming as the girl, with Robert Ames as the boss.

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**THE RIGHT OF WAY**  
*First National*

Folks who remember Sir Gilbert Parker's novel may find this talker version mild entertainment. But the rest of us will call it old-fashioned and slow. Conrad Nagel plays Beauty Steele, the English barrister who finds himself living a new life in the Canadian wilds. Loretta Young is the fair heroine.

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**JUNE MOON**  
*Paramount*

It's a grand comedy-with-pathos, this screen version of the Broadway stage hit. Jack Oakie is at his best as the sap from up-state who comes to Tin-Pan Alley to make his fortune rhyming "June" with "moon." You'll enjoy it whether you saw the play or not. June MacClay, Wynne Gibson, and Harry Akst are splendid support.

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**CRACKED NUTS**  
*Radio*

If you are a Bert Wheeler-Bobby Woolsey fan you had better not miss this, even though it isn't as hilarious as some of the team's previous efforts. There's too much talk, which retards the action. But Bert and Bobby, aided as they are by luscious Dorothy Lee and Edna May Oliver, make it all good fun.
"The Wonder Bar."

Al Jolson blew back on to the stage of the Nora Bayes Theatre in a European novelty called "The Wonder Bar." The stage runs over into the audience and the whole theatre is part of the gaudy Parisian night club, the Wonder Bar.

But it's all Al. He's the same funny, eye-rolling, crackling, quick-witted, snappy, colloquial, singing comedian that we knew of old. When he's on the stage, it's a good show. When he leaves it, "The Wonder Bar" falls down so flat that there is no thud at all. It just isn't.

There is a "plot," but, as Moran used to say, why bring that up? Jolson sings a Yiddo-Russian song new to these ears that got me applauding furiously. It was worth the whole evening.

And there's Patsy Kelly and Trini and Al Segal and a Palace-full of good vaudevillians. But for all that, there is only Al. The rest is just stuffin'. But—see it for that Jolson!

"Miracle at Verdun."

This fifth production of the season of The Theatre Guild by Herr Chumberg—"Miracle at Verdun"—is a superb but spotty spectacular satire which in its colossal conception calls to its aid the talking motion picture. The shots that give us the screen speeches of the Prime Minister of France and the Vice Chancellor of Germany over their dead in the World War, showing the reaction on the patriotic boobs in the crowd, are an effective aid. The stock shots do not help.

At a cemetery at Verdun, among a gang of jabbering tourists, one man remains to dream on the possibilities of the dead soldiers of Europe coming to life. The play is the dream. The dead return and demand an accounting. After a series of dramatic, comic and ironic revelations as to what the living world of today thinks of them, they crawl back to their graves. The idea is monumental, but the author has not put it over simply enough. Besides, since when have the living to account to the dead?

Claude Rains, in the long cast of all nations, is the one actor who projects himself beyond the footlights. In the conclave of the nations, as the representative of the workers, he is cyclonic, torrential. This is the second time that I announce Mr. Rains as the Guild's most finished actor. The others were unintelligible because they talked in lingo. But their acting was good—all of them.

Channing Pollock's new play, "The House Beautiful," the Bible Belt, says Mr. De Casseres. Although it lock's fine showmanship. Mary Phillips—at the right.
Looking over the latest Broadway hits and misses

By

Benjamin De Casseres

"The Admirable Crichton."

Practically a new play after twenty-eight years, when William Gillette was first seen in J. M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," I—who saw that first production—must admit I did not get the kick out of it in 1931 that I did in 1903.

It is one of Barrie's best—next to "Mary Rose" his very best. There is an eternal idea in it—that class distinctions are founded on natural laws. The London butler is a Napoleon on a desert island and the British lords and ladies wrecked with him slip down to the servant level. Barrie does a lot of soul-washing in this play; but to me it now seems weak in the hams, although still retaining its core-strength.

Walter Hampden played Crichton too seriously. I do not think that either he or Gillette ever squeezed the essential humor out of this character. Fay Bainter was beautiful but listless.

Estelle Winwood didn't hit it off as Tweeny. Effie Shannon was admirable in her small part.

"As Husbands Go."

What's the antonym of Paris? Dubuque, Iowa, of course! Taking this idea, just budding and bubbling with zottles, Rachel Crothers bottled up one of the cleverest and cleanest comedy hits of (Con't. on page 101)
ONE of Eddie Cantor’s small daughters collects autographs. After getting Gloria Swanson, Mary Pickford, etc., dad asked, “Don’t you want me to sign?”

She looked utterly blank as she said, “Whatever for?”

A rumor persists that Gloria Swanson will play the heroine in a screen version of Eugene O’Neill’s “Strange Interlude,” which, as a stage play, took seven hours each evening to produce with an intermission for dinner.

After “Scandal Sheet,” made more than eight months ago, George Bancroft demanded $75,000 a picture from Paramount. He mentioned the same sum to Warners, who were scouting around, at the time they annexed Ruth Chatterton. But neither Warners nor Paramount accepted the idea amicably. Now, however, we hear that George has re-signed with Paramount—not quite, however, for $75,000 a picture.

Imagine a picture containing over 50 top notch stars. That’s “The Stolen Jools,” to which all the glamorous ones contributed their services, the proceeds to go to the National Variety Artists’ Fund.

It opens with Wally Beery as a desk sergeant at the police station, writing a scenario. He’s informed Los Angeles is burning down, and absently promises to send a man over. But presently news comes that someone has parked on the wrong side of the street—so the police reserves are called out. The stolen “jools” belong to Norma Shearer, and, after everyone has been a suspect, Mitzi Green proves to be the sinner! It’s good fun.

Mae Murray made a sufficiently good comeback in “Bachelor Apartment” to have won a contract with R.K.O.—so now her next will be “High Stakes,” again with Lowell Sherman and this time as the lead. Mae is now a sister-in-law of Mary McCormick, who annexed Pola Negri’s ex-spouse, Prince Serge Mdvani, brother to Mae’s Prince David. One way and another, the two quiet young Roumanian princes who slipped into Hollywood about five years ago, working in the oil wells, have done pretty well for themselves.

Papa Bennett, father of Constance and Joan, secures the role of the poor-rich five-and-ten store owner in Marion Davies’ picture, “Five and Ten.” We can remember when Richard used to talk wisely about raising the girls in a broad-minded way, answering all childish questions about embarrassing subjects truthfully, and generally permitting them to develop untrammeled. He declines to state whether he is satisfied with the results!

“Never injure your mate’s feelings,” was the maxim on which dear old James Neill and his wife consummated thirty years of happiness. James was a famous character actor in silents, and died a few days after celebrating that thirtieth wedding anniversary.

Gold fillings in teeth barred actors from studios because they photographed black. Now a new sensitive film overcomes this drawback—and Hollywood dentists are jubilating!

This is the girl Charlie Chaplin discovered in England—Patricia Detering, actress and model Sari Maritza is her stage name.

Marlena Dietrich visits the Paramount studio in France. With Marlene are Suzy Vernon and Thomy Bourdell, French players.
Such a relief to know that Billie Dove is to return to the screen—in, of course, a Howard Hughes production. It is called "The Age for Love"—now, children, make a good guess. What is the age for love?

Paramount has been out on a juvenile signing spree. They have issued contracts to Mitzi Green, Jackie Searl, Jackie Coogan, Carman Barnes and Sylvia Sidney.

Mitzi was dragging down $625.00 a week but now she commands $1,250 a week. Jackie Searl's weekly stipend jumped from $125.00 a week to $300. Jackie Coogan is to get $25,000 a picture. Carman Barnes, author turned actress, gets $1,000 a week. And Sylvia Sidney, from Broadway, has a sliding wage—six months at $500, a week; six months at $750. a week; then a year at $1,000: a year at $1,500; a year at $2,000; and a year at $2,750. Not so bad for youngsters.

Another Cinderella story—little Sally Sweet, an unknown, sung with Eddie Cantor in Miami. Eddie thought she had beauty, personality, and everything, so he asked Samuel Goldwyn to give Sally a screen test. And now Miss Sweet may have the lead opposite Eddie in "Palmy Days." It is whispered that Rudy Vallee is sweet on Sally.

Mitzi Green is insured for $1,000,000. It costs $15,000 a year. The doctors said this cute kid was 100% healthy. You should see her tuck away chocolate cake!

South America is trying to lure Lupe Velez. She is turning them down—probably because Gary Cooper has to stay in Hollywood.

S. S. Van Dine, who writes the Philo Vance detective novels, has arrived in Hollywood. His "Blue Moon Murder," will be a movie.

Rennie Renfro, trainer of the Metro "Barkies," giving the canine actors their Saturday night bath. They love it!

"An American Tragedy" was one of those books bought for the screen, but never used. Now Phillips Holmes, son of Taylor Holmes, after his success in "The Criminal Code" will play the role of the boy who went so bitterly wrong for such desperately natural reasons. Phil is the fastest-rising young man in pictures.

Jetta Goudal has taken to tam o'shanters, with dashing success. She wears her wedding ring on her middle finger, instead of the third like the rest of us. Trust Jetta to be unusual.

Quite an emotional experience for Dolores Costello when she faced a camera for the first time in two years.

What with her marriage to John Barrymore and the baby, Dolores has been considerably preoccupied since talkies came in, but watch her blossom forth in "The Passionate Sonata" with Anthony Bushell.

Since Edna Best, English actress, ran away from Hollywood ditching a picture with John Gilbert, in favor of returning to her British actor husband, Herbert Marshall, and Marlene Dietrich insists upon returning to Germany after every picture to be with her actor husband and the baby, Hollywood is busy finding local jobs for foreign husbands. It's quite a lark. But MGM wants Edna and they're going to work it, just as Paramount plans to keep Marlene on the job. Those jobs for husbands will surely be forthcoming.

When a lovely young thing asked Edward Everett Horton what was the most essential asset to get into pictures, he replied that a good figure and a pretty face helped a lot but that "an influential relative is much better!"
Norma Shearer says she likes drama best as it keeps her talking—nothing so difficult as comedy which depends more on facial expression. So now she is making "A Free Soul" and her next will probably be Noel Coward's "Private Lives."

Dorothy Mackaill is considered the most recklessly outspoken of all the stars and she loves to give her naughty witty tongue free range. But at that she is artful about it—Dorothy can make naughty remarks with just the right disarming expression, so that people don't know they've been hit. So, notwithstanding, Dorothy has seen stars come and go and she now occupies the most desirable bungalow on the First National lot. As a small girl, going to music and dancing lessons alone in London, Dorothy ditched the classes and got herself a job at the London Hippodrome, some days before mamma and papa knew a word about it.

Hollywood's foreign films are not proving profitable. A Norma Shearer picture with Lily Damita in the leading rôle for Paris audiences, for instance, just isn't a Shearer picture and the fans decline to be enthusiastic. So our stars will simply have to learn foreign languages. The most valuable in future will be those who can both act, look handsome, and do it in several tongues. So far Ramon Novarro and Antonio Moreno, with their Spanish pictures have proved profitable, but they pretty well stand alone. Adolphe Menjou can speak five languages—watch him soar.

So, you ambitious would-be screen luminaries, polish up on your languages!

For that matter, versatility in

Lew Cody and Harry Myers are both popular in the roles of funny drunks—get chosen for such rôles pretty well every time. Yet both have been on the water wagon for ages—Lew for two years, Harry for six. Never take a drip. But then, you see it takes a fellow who once knew how, but is now dead sober, to be a funny drunk. Real drunks are just a nuisance on the set!

Greta Nissen ignored a speed tag, so they arrested her just like anyone else, and stuck her just about twice as big a fine. That cop cannot have really looked at Greta.

Harold Lloyd's children are to have a proper christen-
ing ceremony as soon as the incubator baby Harold Jr. is able to be out and around. It will be a double event, because Margie Elizabeth, the new adopted little girl, will also be officially christened and baptized at the same time. It will all take place in the Episcopal church, by the same pastor who married Mildred and Harold. Little Gloria, their own daughter, was christened by him, too. The adopted girl is named after Harold’s mother, who left for Europe directly after she knew the new babe was out of danger.

Lupe Velez will appear in the stage play “Argentina” in New York, when she finishes in “The Squaw Man.” In the meantime, her Gary Cooper has been warding off nervous breakdown and may retire to his dude ranch in Montana for a good rest.

At the last Mayfair dance (an exclusive motion picture club) Mary Pickford danced a good deal with Johnny Mack Brown. No, Mrs. Brown didn’t mind.

Zion Myers, brother of Carmel, who has made such a hit with his dog comedies, used to be a red-headed office boy on the Los Angeles Times. He’s still red-haired but he has forgotten all about office boy’s duties.

Funny to be a raging success in a picture, yet be pretty certain she will never play in another. That is the outlook for Reri, South Sea Island maiden, leading lady in “Tabu” for Paramount. She has any amount of “it,” quite a Hollywood sensation—but she is to return to tropical obscurity after the picture is finished. Anyway, that’s the plan at present.

Quite an outbreak of unhappy endings in pictures these days: in “Dishonored” Dietrich is shot; in “Svensgali” both hero and heroine die; in “Woman of the World” Bebe Daniels goes to jail. Both heroes are killed in “Public Enemy”; Dick Barthelmess dies in “The Finger Points,” and we know what is going to happen in “An American Tragedy.”

A mid-western fan of John Barrymore wrote in, criticising his acting and remarking that John needed a haircut.

“I’ve played in great cities, towns, hamlets,” said John, “but this is the first time I have ever known the village barber to be a critic.”

Of course Norma Shearer, Norma Talmadge, and Colleen Moore all married producers. Maybe Anita Page has the same idea. Anyway, she is around a good deal with Carl Laemmle, Junior. And young Carl is certainly some pumpkins as a producer these days.

Two more sad deaths are being mourned by the film colony. Director, F. W. Murnau, and Robert Edeson, stage and screen veteran.

Murnau, one of the screen’s most interesting directors, had just returned from the South Seas where he had spent a year making “Tabu.”
He died of injuries received in an automobile accident when the car he was driving left the road to avoid a truck.

Robert Edeson died of a heart attack. His wife and daughter and his old friend Edmund Breese were at his bedside when the end came.

When Marie Dressler isn't working on her own lot, she visits on other sets and gives the actors a cheerio. Two of her pets are Johnny Mack Brown and Neil Hamilton—and she always wants to mother them. Any new venturers in screen work from the stage find her most helpful; she minimizes the terrors of the microphone for them and jollies them up in their blackest hours.

Little Mary Brian was having a joyous time the night they held a strictly professional pre-view of "The Front Page" at United Artists' studio—newspaper and magazine writers flocked around to congratulate her. Lewis Milestone got his share of the kudos, too, and was host at a supper party afterwards. Lewis had a hard job trying to seem modest and give all the credit for the picture to Ben Hecht and Charles McArthur, the authors. None of your "Once in a Lifetime" stuff for those authors—Hollywood is theirs.

Marie Dressler entertained lavishly for half a dozen studio press agents recently. And she didn't have to, since she gets any amount of good publicity anyway, and besides, the studio boys adore boosting her. It must be that she loves them for themselves alone!

We've had horse pictures, dog pictures, monkey pictures (à la "Rango") and now Educational is screening "A Fowl Affair." This portrays the romance between a Plymouth Rock rooster and a white Leghorn hen. A white Mallard duck is the villain of the play. A red rooster is the sheriff, and ducks fill such roles as a smuggler, a vegetable peddler, a maid, and several cops.

Universal City celebrated its sixteenth anniversary as a picture studio. When Carl Laemmle founded it Henry Ford and Thomas Edison helped with the dedicating ceremonies in 1915. Universal was the very first studio in California, and at one time there were forty-two companies working on the lot. It has turned out over a thousand full-length pictures and shorts galore. The studio grounds cover over 300 acres.

Did you know that Marilyn Owsley was once an opera critic in Philadelphia? That Ricardo Cortez was once general manager of a New York Shipping Company? That Lew Cody was once a drug store clerk? That Lawrence Grant was adopted by the Blackfeet Indians as a tribesman when he visited their country to get pictures for a lecture?

That one of the best cam-

Phillips Holmes, his sister, Madeleine, and his brother, Ralph. The handsome leading man is just "Phil" to them. "An American Tragedy" is his next, from Theodore Dreiser's sensational novel.

Just before the shooting! Director John Cromwell illustrates a bit of action for Ruth Chatterton while the slate boy registers the scene number. Mr. Cromwell is one of our ace directors.

Picture without words! Six-year-old Jackie Cooper, who plays the title role of Percy Crosby's "Skippy," outside Clara's dressing-room. You can write your own caption.
eramen in Hollywood is James Wong Howe, a Chinaman? That Ina Claire’s brother, Allan Fagan, is a director?

That the “sinful” city of Hollywood has 43 churches, 20 schools, and branches of the Y. M. C. A., Boy Scouts, etc?

Norman Kerry is godfather galore to the children of all his servants, past and present. The latest is Norman Kerry Togakawa, son of his Japanese gardener.

Evelyn Knapp, who once packed Christmas cards for a living, soars in Hollywood. She's a lovely thing and has the prettiest teeth in all flimflam. You'll like her in the George Arliss film, “The Millionaire.”

Irving Thalberg carries snapshots of his baby around and makes everyone admire the little son Norma Shearer presented with.

Louise Brooks returns to the screen in “It Pays to Advertise” and “The Public Enemy.” Louise is another girl who felt the talkies had defeated her. Now she hops back into a leading rôle.

Even if Corinne Griffith’s voice doesn’t seem to register so well, she looked gorgeous in a blue evening gown to match her eyes at a George Archainabaud party. Her spouse, Walter Morosco, is now producing pictures at Columbia. Walter used to sell hot-water heaters, even if papa was a theatrical producer. As Corinne told us when she married him, “They were very good heaters!”

After departing from Hollywood when her contract with Paramount was concluded, Pola Negri is being tempted back to American films by RKO. We missed our Pola, she was always good for copy. No one was ever so frank about love affairs, for instance. We knew when it was Charlie, when it was Rod LaRoque, when it was Valentino, when it was Bill Haines, and just what Pola’s reactions to these gentlemen’s methods of love-making were. When it was Serge Mudvani, however, we were to understand it was forever and ever. He, it seemed, met all the requirements. But now Serge is married to Mary McCormic, since Pola shed him in Paris.

Pola has never played in talkies, but she’s an intensely capable person when he was at the top of his glory in silent films. Later, when things weren’t going so well, Adolphe emerged into greater grandeur. Now that he is back, shining triumphantly in talkies, behold the return of the shabby car! It’s something or other in psychology.

When Mary Astor was in the midst of a passionate love scene with Ricardo Cortez, and the cameras were grinding away, a wicked little house-fly alighted on Mary’s nose. Of course the entire shot was ruined. Now it transpires that nasty little flies can cost the studios as much as $5000 a day, when they fly into camera range just because of the necessity for re-takes.

Ronald Colman is a wonder at card tricks and kept the party amused at the Dick Barthelmess home recently. That and tennis proved the entertainment of the day. Gloria Swanson, in black velvet with a red coatee, and Corinne Griffith in black crépe, were two of the charmers looking completely entrancing. Gloria’s latest picture is called “Obey that Impulse.”

Tony Moreno has only played in Spanish versions since talkies came in, but the fans have been so complimentary that Tony will now play in “The Night Court” for Paramount. Tony married a charming widow, Mrs. Daisy Danziger, several years ago, and so acquired a delightful flapper daughter and a handsome young son right off the bat. Tony is adored by the step-children, who make him do their dares in the swimming pool, help with their Spanish, and dance at their flapper parties.

Did you know that Maureen O’Sullivan owns a chicken ranch in Dublin?
The house of Myrurgia at Barcelona, Spain, makes enticing perfumes, soaps, creams, powders, sachets and other beauty products—all utterly fascinating.

By Mary Lee

I've had perfumes from France and perfumes from Araby. I've had eau de colognes from Germany and scented soaps from England, but never until this month have I had perfumes and powders and scents and the most indescribable creams from Spain.

Get set for a rave, for this is going to be a real one, and as sincere as a baby's dislike of creamed spinach.

The perfumes, soaps, creams, powders, sachets and every other enticement you could think of are made by the house of Myrurgia at Barcelona, Spain. It is, so far as I can find out, the first attempt of a Spanish firm to invade the already crowded beauty market, but I would certainly like to advise other Spanish firms to come on in too if they can put out things as utterly, devastatingly fascinating as these Myrurgia products.

They have, to begin with, the most alluring names. One scent, which goes throughout the powder-cream-cologne-soap-perfume stages, is called "Maja," which you pronounce "Maha" which is Spanish for flapper. It has a heavy and insinuating scent, this Maja, with an amber-base, and is dandy if you like amber perfumes. I don't very often. But that's a matter of taste.

Another is "Maderas de Oriente" which means woods of the orient, and in order to prove it to you, has a stick of very rare wood plump in the center of it! It is strong and powerful, and as you might suspect, very woody.

There are next four divine flower odors—Orgia, which means orgy, just as you'd suspect but which is a delicate, floral bouquet just the same; Flor de Blason, which is a heavier perfume but delightful; Surpiro de Granada, meaning breath of Granada, that lovely Spanish city, a very worldly flower scent; and Clavel, a carnation fragrance, which was my own particular favorite since it smelled totally unlike any other perfume I've ever sniffed.

All these come in the most delightful, almost humorous packages. The creams, for example, are in tiny glass jars, as delicate as Venetian glass and just as charming. I fully expect to use mine for holding salted nuts and such like, when the cream gets out of them. The creams, too, are tinted in heavenly shades. None of that commonplace white business for this firm.

The Maderas de Oriente comes in a funny little brown wooden box with blue and green woolen tassels all over it. It makes you feel as excited as a two-year-old on Christmas morning. This perfume is $12.50 the bottle, and the powder $4.00 the box.

The soaps are fifty cents a cake but as they have been aged for several months—eight months, the company says—before being put on the market they really resemble an economy. And the way those soaps do scent you up! In case you don't know the value between "new" soap and "old," old is that unbelievable kind that never gets gobs of soap jelly all over it, when you leave it in your tub, but which stays beautifully dry always.

None of this Myrurgia line is inexpensive. You can get a small bottle of Maja perfume for $3.50 and a larger one for $6.00. You can also pay $30.00 for the breath of Granada. But honestly, if any perfume is worth such prices—and good perfumes are always expensive—this Myrurgia line deserves your attention. And just the sheer amusement of seeing these charming, utterly different containers dressing your dressing table seems to me worth more than half the price.

Coming back to France from that Spanish tour I'd like to point out to you M. Coty's newest contribution to the girl with the delicate nose. Coty has invented a perfume gadget called "The Diadem" and a little darling it is, too. It is a sort of holder, very much like the "lazy Susan" affairs people used to have on their dining room tables. You remember those things that whirled around, don't you, holding salt and pepper on one side, and catsup, mustard or what have you on the other. Well, the "Diadem" is arranged like that.

It holds five medium-sized bottles of (Continued on page 122)
Picnicking With Louise Fazenda

By Blanche Meredith

There is the fabulous phoenix bird said to rise from its own ashes to live again.

And there is the very real Louise Fazenda who views the ruins of her fire-razed Malibu beach cottage from the cool shelter of a neighbor's garden, planning the new construction—and picnicking meanwhile.

Louise Fazenda is always looking for an excuse for a picnic. If it isn't the anniversary of something—or for her husband and herself, or their immediate families, a perfectly legitimate reason for a celebration can usually be found. Louise is just a picnic hound.

Maybe the next door neighbor boy surprised both himself and his parents by not "flunking" the semester at school. Hurray! We'll have a picnic.

Or Louise has a day off and takes the neighborhood ladies motoring to the beach with her while she discusses plans for the new sea-side home with her architect. Fine! An impromptu picnic.

Or the little daughter of a friend is recovering from an illness and a day of ocean air and sun will do her good. Voila! A piqueenique!

So Louise consults Anastasia in her kitchen. Luncheon baskets are teetered off high perches on top shelves. Cupboards are opened and shut with a great bustling. And out of the delightful maelstrom on such a day as this Louise finally emerges with arms laden. The engine of her big sedan whirs, and the picnic has started.

When there are children in the party, Louise always includes a basket of "Diploma Sandwiches." These are made from whole wheat bread, cut very thin, and tied with a bit of ribbon. They can be merely bread and butter sandwiches or can be spread with a thin layer of cream cheese, jelly, ham, or any other sandwich filling. There is a little ceremony that goes with the distribution of these "Diploma Sandwiches." Louise, looking as much like a high school superintendent and a dignified college president as possible, proffers each child one of the sandwiches, with this remark: "After four hours of patient waiting, ahem—I present you with this diploma. I hope you will make good use of it and honor your alma mater."

Youngsters always give a little crow of delight when they see these sandwiches, says Louise, and it's worth the extra work in preparing them.

"It's most fun to chew these diploma sandwiches from both ends, slipping off the ribbon when you come to the center."

Another kind of sandwich that will please children is called the "Witch's Sandwich." Louise gives its preparation as follows:

"Cut out slices of white bread with a round cutter. Have an equal number of slices of Boston brown bread. Butter the white bread. With a thimble, press out circles for eyes in the brown bread. With a sharp knife, make a small triangle for the nose in the brown bread and a slit to represent the mouth. Spread a little orange marmalade on the"

(Continued on page 100)
Bickford Fan. There, there—it's all right! Your boy friend, big Charlie Bickford, is working again and regularly. He said for a while there he didn't care if he ever made another picture; but apparently he changed his mind, for he is performing, and quite daintily, too, for Leo the Metro Lion. You'll see Bickford in "The Squaw Man" with Lupe Velez, Warner Baxter, and Eleanor Boardman.


Alice K. You thought I was a "wow" in "Wings," did you? Please pardon the correction but I did not appear in "Wings"—that was two other pretty girls. But to give you the low-down, I'm not an actress, except incidentally. Jack Holt appears in "The Last Parade" with Constance Cummings and Tom Moore. The addresses you asked for will be found in the Write to the Stars Department in this issue.

Etta F. More good old pie and slapstick comedies and less murder and gangster pictures if you had your say about the production end of the business—hurray and a hoop-de-do for you! Joan Crawford's given name is pronounced as one syllable—Joan. Norma Shearer's new picture, "Strangers May Kiss," will have been released before you read this. Playing with her will be Irene Rich, Marjorie Rambeau, Nell Hamilton and Robert Montgomery.

Coriune of Newark. Charles Delaney's wife is Mary Meek, a professional. He entered pictures in 1923 after working in stock and vaudeville. One of Charles' latest releases is "Millie" with Helen Twelvetrees, Lilyan Tashman and Robert Ames. Charles was born Aug. 4, 1907, in New York City.

Nancy H. Sorry to disappoint you but I'm not a male groom, I'm not waiting for a street car, do not say "and when" and believe it or not, I'm just a little rich girl, poor but honest, trying to get along. You can write to Cecil Blount DeMille at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Billie of B. C. So I'm funny, am I? That's far too mild a word, but don't blame me for the stock market or the price of spinach. If you must have the exact age of Charles Rogers, he is 25 years and about 10 months old when you read this—his birthday was Aug. 13, 1905. He has black hair and brown eyes and he plays with Frances Dee and Stuart Irwin in "Along Came Youth."

A Dominion Girl. Billie Dove's latest release was "The Lady Who Dared," from the story, "The Devil's Playground," by Kenneth J. Saunders. Appearing with Billie were Sidney Blackmer and Conway Tearle. She is one of the screen's most beautiful women and is a charming person to meet. She has hazel eyes, brown hair, is 5 feet 5 inches tall and was 28 years old on May 14 of the present year. Swimming, riding and golf are her favorite pastimes when not engaged in screen work. Her next film will be for the Howard Hughes Company.

Betty from N. J. You ask Bebe Daniels' director to put her in a series of college pictures where she gets her man—doesn't Bebe always get her man, I ask you? She is 30 years old, has black hair and eyes, is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. She is happily married to Ben Lyon. Her new pictures are "Reaching for the Moon" with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; and "My Past" with Joan Blondell, Ben Lyon and Lewis Stone. (Continued on page 128)
"Keep the lve of Youth!"

SAYS

RICHARD DIX
R.K.O. Radio Pictures' Star

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nine out of ten lovely
Screen Stars know

"The woman who wants to keep her charm must keep her youth!" says Richard Dix . . . star of R.K.O.'s production, "Cimarron."

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"The fascinating stars do know the secret of growing lovelier each year.

"Regular care with fragrant Lux Toilet Soap is the secret," they will tell you. "This lovely white soap keeps skin youthfully aglow."

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IRENE DUNNE, R. K. O., says of white Lux Toilet Soap: "For very smooth skin, Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful."

ESTELLE TAYLOR says: "Every woman wants beautiful skin but a star must have it. Lux Toilet Soap is a boon to me."

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all came," recounted Edna May, "when the bulldog entangled itself and the tail surfaces, when I stayed out on a wing in a hundred-mile gale, trying to cut the parachute loose. Finally when I was ex- hausted, I cut it loose, but the wind was so hard to cut, I got so tired I had to give up or be blown off, and then—I prayed. And the cords loosened themselves and we were saved.

Billy Haines, blithe and debonair, ar- rived just then, and delivered himself of a very high-sounding thing, amusing as ever. The party stops, looks, and listens when Bill comes in.

Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello called on me so soon, and Helen declared she wanted to learn to fly.

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon came, too. Bebe herself is some sort of courtesy fly- ing officer or other, and really knows how to run a plane. She is expecting to solo any day now and probably has done so before this gets into print. "She and I hope to take a flying trip one of these days."

Jetta Goudal arrived looking pretty in black and wearing a black hat with a brim and trimmed with feathers. She and her artist husband, Harold Grice, seem very happy.

Hugh Trevor and John Roche were among the guests, John arriving with Lady Cleaver, whose father is Minister of Finance in Ireland. She and the Honorable Mrs. Victor Bruce are flying around the world in opposite directions and have met in Los Angeles. Mrs. Bruce was to have been present too, but had been delayed in San Francisco on account of bad weather. However, we found out afterward that the two flyers had tea together that day, along with Edna May and Bobbie.

"Mrs. Bruce," Lady Cleaver told us, "has installed a dianthopon in her plane, her husband having told her she would never be happy unless she could talk!"

Walter Pigeon was there, and Thelma Worth, Betty Compson's cousin, Bonny and June Ruhlin, Howard Greer and a dozen others.

Edna May's and Bobbie's plans include a vaudeville trip for body and brain, quite probably a picture or two, for Edna May at least.

Miss Cooper was a picture actress before doing aviation, and you know, and Betty Compson have been friends ever since the old Lasky days.

We drank deep of the demon tea as we listened to the adventures and plans of Betty's guests of honor, and am afraid that we overstayed the conventional tea hour, we were so charmed.

I MUST confess that Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue had always sounded to me like a trash man's relics of grand opera, but all the same I, together with everybody else, was anxious to meet this genius and see what makes the wheels go round. We always imagine we shall find out, but we never do, what it is that is the main- spring of genius.

So when Leonard Sillman, writer and actor of Hollywood, invited Patsy and me to a Sunday afternoon tea given in honor of George Gershwin and his brother Ira, we were very keen to go.

But alas, the genius was laid low with the flu at the last moment, and it was too late to call off the gathering. However, Ira was a lot of consolation, especially as he is a very charming per- son, and George sent a nice little letter of regrets.

Our host lives in one of those artistic Hollywood apartments, that is half stud- io, half restaurant, a solid edifice, built big, that as he is a lover of statuary, he has many beautiful pieces, besides rare paintings and tapestries brought from abroad.

An especially intriguing object, or rather pair of objects, were two swinging gates, exquisite Italian hand-wrought grilles, representing leaves on a trellis, which were placed in the arched doorway between the drawing room and dining room, and which had been brought from Europe by our host. The grilles were carved of wood, but bronzed in some way like copper, and so delicately wrought that you fairly seemed to see the leaves trem- bling in a soft breeze.

Suddenly, we caught sight of Mary Miles Minter, and forgot all about every- thing else, it had been so long since we had seen her.

Mary was looking very beautiful. She weighed a hundred and thirty-six now, she says, although a few months ago she weighed something like a hundred and seventy.

She told us that she is going on the stage this season, as she finds she has the right play. It seems that she has offers from both New York and Los Angeles managers. You remember, probably, that she was a child actress on the stage before she be- came a picture star at the age of fourteen.

Ramon Novarro was there. He had come in his make-up, right from the studio; had been working all night, he said, and was very tired; but when he met his old friend, Francis Beranger, the writer, he pepped up at once for a nice little chat over in a corner.

We spotted an interesting looking man who had just come in, and found out that he was Prince Jean Chica of Roumania, who had sent by his brother to repre- sent and study aviation. He is just com- mitting making an air trip from Budapest to Cape Town, South Africa. This is con- sidered one of the most thrilling voyages in the world, and Patsy and I got a great thrill as his dark eyes flashed over the remark that "It is possible I may never reach my goal!"

Grace La Rue, Laura La Plante, Leni Stengel and all the other charming lady aviators were looking their usual attrac- tive self, while just for once the mas- culine picture stars were being a bit neg- lectful.

Edgar Selwyn, noted playwright, thea- trical producer and now motion picture di- rector, brought his lovely wife, who was once on the stage, but who turned pro- ducer last year in New York. It does seem too bad that the stage should lose her beauty and vivacity.

Helen Hamilton was among the guests—King Baggot, the Sisters, Grace Johnston—who, by the way, told us she was going to London to dance at the Kit-Kat Club, in Europe. Mrs. Haines, Mr. and Mrs. Regan Toomey, Milt- hern Harriss, ZaSu Pitts, Lola Lane, Lew Ayres, Tom Douglas, John Howland, Gavin Gordon, Catherine Dall, Horace Liveright, Sue Carol, Nick Stuart, Richard Cromwell, Mr. and Mrs. James O'Hara, Jo Murray Anderson, and a score of others.

The guests simply overflowed the big room, but there was such a spirit of enthu- siastic friendship, and interest, and pleasure in the gathering, all attributable to our charming host, that nobody minded; indeed, those who did it seemed to enjoy finding seats on cushions on the floor.

We chatted with Ramon Novarro during the buffet tea which was served, and he told us about his first radio work.

"I was all right from my neck up, but my legs were trembly so I could hardly stand," he laughed.

Macho Jo, the noted Japanese dancer, was there with his beautiful American wife. They have two children and are very happy, but were a little tired. When we arrived, we learned, her family were angry and turned her out.

But inside of two weeks my family met my husband and his family and took him to their hearts," his wife smiled.

After tea there was some delightful en- tertainment. Ramon Novarro sang Span- ish songs, Leonard Sillman gave some humorous songs and a dance; Mildred Harriss sang two numbers most pleasingly, and the Sisters G sang and danced a couple of cute little numbers and were very amusing.

FOR once a Spanish house in Holly- wood is really occupied by Spaniards, and a Spanish party is to be given by the people in it. exclaimed Patsy, as she glanced up from a letter she had just re- ceived, as we were having tea at her bungalow.

Ron Casper is giving a party for Con- chita Montenegro. Joe, you know, stars in all the Spanish versions of the pic- tures which we have seen so far, he appeared.

Joe was giving the party in honor of Conchita's birthday, and it was a Saint's birthday, too; which made it all the more appropriate to have a Spanish style of cake, as is done in Spain, filled with all sorts of good luck emblems.

We all agreed that cake was going to be rather dramatic as a prop, but at the time it promised only romance and fun.
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under side of the brown bread face and place on top of the white bread. The effect is that of a round brown face, white eyes, nose, and mouth where the butter shows through.

The only drawback to such a sandwich is that they are so interesting to look at that all eating proceedings are held up until the guests decide whether to eat them or take them home as a souvenir! Variety for this sandwich can be had by making some of the months smiling, others scowling, and changing the shapes of eyes and nostrils.

A sandwich that Miss Fazenda always includes in her picnic baskets is:

The Sweet Sandwich

The following proportions will make sufficient filling for twenty little sandwiches.

\[
\begin{align*}
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cup soft butter} \\
\frac{1}{4} \text{ cup chopped dates} \\
\frac{1}{4} \text{ cup chopped figs} \\
\frac{1}{4} \text{ cup chopped prunes} \\
\frac{1}{8} \text{ tsp. salt}
\end{align*}
\]

Arrange slices of bread in pairs. Mix the chopped fruits with the butter, salt and cream. Stir until the mixture is soft and creamy. When sandwiches have been filled, wrap them in a dampened tea towel until the rest of the picnic luncheon is prepared.

Of course, there are devilled eggs packed and served in either a tin can or a box. With them Louise likes to serve crisp crackers, or tiny biscuits.

Here is her recipe for making the diminutive biscuits:

\[
\begin{align*}
2\frac{1}{2} \text{ cups pastry flour} \\
3 \text{ tsp. baking powder} \\
\frac{1}{2} \text{ tsp. salt} \\
5 \text{ lbs. butter} \\
1 \text{ cup milk} \\
2 \text{ lbs. sugar}
\end{align*}
\]

Mix flour, baking powder and salt. Sift. Cut in butter with a knife until well mixed. Add milk slowly until soft dough is formed. Place on floured board and pat into small rounds. Drop on buttered pans. Mix the sugar with a little milk and spread on top of each biscuit. Bake for 15 minutes.

Detailed Eggs

Remove shells from hard boiled eggs. Cut in two, lengthwise. Remove yolks. For nine eggs, use the following proportion of ingredients:

\[
\begin{align*}
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cup mayonnaise} \\
1 \text{ tsp. salt} \\
\frac{1}{8} \text{ tsp. paprika} \\
\frac{1}{8} \text{ tsp. chopped parsley} \\
\frac{1}{8} \text{ tsp. chopped green pepper} \\
3 \text{ pimento-stuffed olives chopped fine}
\end{align*}
\]

Mix thoroughly with yolks and stuff. Wrap in oiled paper.

The ideal salad for picnic days is often called "The Summer Salad." Louise says it is most refreshing for outdoor serving.

\[
\begin{align*}
3 \text{ cups shredded cabbage} \\
1 \text{ cup shredded lettuce} \\
2 \text{ cups diced pineapple} \\
1 \text{ cup red cherries} \\
2 \text{ pts. melon} \\
\frac{1}{2} \text{ tsp. paprika} \\
\frac{1}{4} \text{ tsp. celery salt} \\
1 \text{ cup mayonnaise or any salad dressing preferred}
\end{align*}
\]

Mix all ingredients except dressing, which can be added just before serving. A big platter of chocolate covered rounds is set off the menu. And if you would see smiles of contentment settle over the faces of your guests at this last course, Miss Fazenda suggests:

Chocolate Bodies

\[
\begin{align*}
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cup fat} \\
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cups sugar} \\
2 \text{ eggs} \\
4 \text{ tbs. milk} \\
2 \text{ squares chocolate, melted} \\
1 \text{ tsp. vanilla} \\
2\frac{1}{2} \text{ cups flour} \\
1\frac{1}{2} \text{ tsp. baking powder}
\end{align*}
\]

Cream the fat. Add eggs and sugar. Beat for two minutes. Add milk, melted chocolate and vanilla. Next add all dry ingredients, which have been mixed and sifted together. Drop from the end of a spoon on greased baking pan, spacing about 2 inches apart. Sprinkle top of each cookie with finely chopped walnuts and almonds. Bake for 15 minutes in a moderate oven.

In that drowsily pleasant hour between luncheon and a swim in the surf, Louise will mentally reconstruct the seaside haven where so many picnic parties have been held in the past. The new home will be a gay construction soon to be set in place with many game plans for the summer.

"The kitchen will be started first," declares Louise. "I know there are a hundred and one beach house sites is that she is afraid the children will get cinders in their eyes and she herself prefers to include charcoal in her diet in a more subtle form!"
The Stage in Review

Continued from page 87

the season in "As Husbands Go." It's a laugh-epidemic from the beginning to the end. John Golden has cast it to the queen's.

A married woman and her widowed friend, both from Dubuque, shake a wild leg in Paris and bring back to Dubuque an English writer—for the married woman—and an international gigolo of an elderly and monocled breed for the widow. The husband is the town banker-Babbitt, but also a wise guy. The drunken scene between England and Iowa is a perfect work of the comic art.

The widow keeps her Boulevard pick-up and marries him. But the English lover likes the husband so well that he streaks it back to London, sinless and conscience clean.

The dialogue snaps like a Bismarck herring. If it wasn't for a bit of a let-down in the third act, I should pronounce "As Husbands Go" a little masterpiece.

Catherine Doucet, gurgling, homely, mock-satiric of how the main works, with Lily Cahill and Jay Fassett as the wife and husband perfect seconds. No one can tell Miss Crothers how to write a play.

"Napi"

Napi is the pet boudoir name of La George, of the Comédie Française, for Napoleon, the fellow, as you remember, who continually got his military It mixed up with his primordial It.

Ernest Truex, who plays a double for Napoleon in order to get him out of his trouble with La George, is a funny picture and decrants a great many laughs out of the audience, especially in the bedroom scene in the second act. Truex is a fine comedian—he has gusto and a churrup in his voice and motions.

The play itself is hopelessly thin and bodiless. A corkingly comic idea, there isn't enough action or dialogue to stretch it out for three acts. But Truex as a fake Napoleon is worth the price.

The Misses Frieda Inescort and Peggy Shannon decorated the stage.

"Privilege Car"

A circus story that is overloaded with color, character and humor, but that wobbled, cracked and floundered in the telling like a bank examiner before a District Attorney.

Foran and Keefe, the authors, have laid their piece in the restaurant car of a traveling American circus—there's the handy shoplifter, the dopey dip, the trapeze performer, who is stooing for another circus, the clean cornet-player, and a lot of rough-and-tumble who are well-drilled and quite recognizable.

Paul Griffy, Harry Tyler, William Foran and Lee Patrick get prizes for their acting in this show that will make a rousing picture for the not too-art-y zones. But the authors try to tell us too many stories in three acts.

"A Woman Denied"

Mary Nash is good Old Original Sin to the bitter end in this lurid pash play from the Italian of Gennaro Curci.

The yarn runs this way: An artist has a Barbara lying around his studio for art purposes only. But she's on the make by nature and always at it. Nay, nay, says Paolo Vanni (McKay Morris). But it looks as if he couldn't stand the electronic

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tag much longer. Barbara nearly has Paolo ulitricted when the brother steps in to save the wife and baby from what the Times would call "undue notoriety."

Good. But not too good. "What would you suggest? "The Dolls' House? But that could only be done in costume, as a period play. It was, after all, propaganda for the emancipation of women. Ibsen is too dated. Shakespeare isn't. He didn't try to point a moral. Ibsen did. "Hedda Gabler" might be nice to try. Yes, I think I should like to do Hedda—but when I am older in pictures. I think a part like that should belong to someone like Greta Garbo.

Ali, Greta Garbo! Someone has been murmuring about Elissa Landi being Fox's Garbo. She might be. Who knows? She's tall, blonde, intense, with amazing green eyes. An English girl—who yet was born in Venice and claims Austrian heritage. That almost makes her a good American, doesn't it? She played in films on the Continent, in England. She played with Lars Hanson in Swedish pictures. With Adolphe Menjou in a French film. Played the lead in "The Storm" in London. Appeared in "Lavender Ladies." The Constant Nymph. All in all, her career has been seven years long—she's now twenty-four.

She played in several films written by Elinor Glyn—the perpetrator of It, remember? Madame Glyn declared Elissa was the typical English girl, but Elissa smiles about it. She doesn't think she is. The typical English girl is solid, rather large, calm—and well, nothing at all like Landi.

But with her very nice and authentic English accent, how can she help but play English roles with a British accent. Elissa doesn't like things just because they are fashionable. She thinks Beverly Hills is less than nothing. Imagine! Like some clerk's suburban heaven in England, only there are dozens of rosebushes in Beverly Hills front yards, instead of a wall. Quite. Stereotyped. Little homes in the hills that ramble up and down are something else again. She finds Hollywood artificial, adolescent and sophisticated, all at the same time. But where all the orgies and "Queue People" hide out she can't imagine. She can't even walk along long walks, know the etiquette of riding a horse, and plays a different game of tennis. Reducing is just as in the daytime affair as her. She's naturally slim. She loves children and animals. Elissa enjoys notoriety and is an expert driver. She's married to an English barrister called "Johnny." J. C. Lawrence to the public at large.

Her next picture, after a comedy just to show she's versatile—and by the way she admires Ina Claire more than other talking star—will be "The Yellow Ticket." "Body and Soul" with Charlie Farrell will come. She will be the leading lady. Nobody will know that everything is now just fine and Landi.

Just Fine and Landi—Continued from page 34

whole world in those words. Two very ordinary words, but Catherine puts into them everything she would give to her lover. I hardly believe Mr. Hemingway invented those words when he wrote it. But each of us building up the part, adding to it, brought more depth and beauty to the character. No. I would rather have someone else act any rôle I might write. Though I doubt if I could do a movie story. The things I write are not very pictorial.

Well, what sort of parts do you earn to do? Dramatic? Ibsen, perhaps? No one has done Ibsen on the screen.

"Ibsen," thoughtfully. "What would you suggest? "The Dolls' House? But that could only be done in costume, as a period play. It was, after all, propaganda for the emancipation of women. Ibsen is too dated. Shakespeare isn't. He didn't try to point a moral. Ibsen did. "Hedda Gabler" might be nice to try. Yes, I think I should like to do Hedda—but when I am older in pictures. I think a part like that should belong to someone like Greta Garbo.

Ali, Greta Garbo! Someone has been murmuring about Elissa Landi being Fox's Garbo. She might be. Who knows? She's tall, blonde, intense, with amazing green eyes. An English girl—who yet was born in Venice and claims Austrian heritage. That almost makes her a good American, doesn't it? She played in films on the Continent, in England. She played with Lars Hanson in Swedish pictures. With Adolphe Menjou in a French film. Played the lead in "The Storm" in London. Appeared in "Lavender Ladies." The Constant Nymph. All in all, her career has been seven years long—she's now twenty-four.

She played in several films written by Elinor Glyn—the perpetrator of It, remember? Madame Glyn declared Elissa was the typical English girl, but Elissa smiles about it. She doesn't think she is. The typical English girl is solid, rather large, calm—and well, nothing at all like Landi.

But with her very nice and authentic English accent, how can she help but play English roles with a British accent. Elissa doesn't like things just because they are fashionable. She thinks Beverly Hills is less than nothing. Imagine! Like some clerk's suburban heaven in England, only there are dozens of rosebushes in Beverly Hills front yards, instead of a wall. Quite. Stereotyped. Little homes in the hills that ramble up and down are something else again. She finds Hollywood artificial, adolescent and sophisticated, all at the same time. But where all the orgies and "Queue People" hide out she can't imagine. She can't even walk along long walks, know the etiquette of riding a horse, and plays a different game of tennis. Reducing is just as in the daytime affair as her. She's naturally slim. She loves children and animals. Elissa enjoys notoriety and is an expert driver. She's married to an English barrister called "Johnny." J. C. Lawrence to the public at large.

Her next picture, after a comedy just to show she's versatile—and by the way she admires Ina Claire more than other talking star—will be "The Yellow Ticket." "Body and Soul" with Charlie Farrell will come. She will be the leading lady. Nobody will know that everything is now just fine and Landi.

Just Fine and Landi—Continued from page 34

"The Gang's All Here"

Here was something that Russel Crouse aimed at that looked like a bull's eye. But too many people handled the gun, or it was over-fired, maybe. "The Gang's All Here" exploded all over the lot. It is intended to be a satire on our gang warfare. It becomes a barbsleque, almost slap-sticky. There is no rich guy to be knocked off. Of course there's a "goil," too. Atlantic City and Nantucket are the places where the lions cavort, headed by Ted Healy, who has a smile that would melt to laughter the Great God Caesar.

Gina Malo has a hand in the matter as well as Zelma O'Neal. But it is Hal LeRoy, a kid of seventeen, who dances off to the stage school, angle-shaker—the latest "find." Lewis E. Gensler wrote what is known as the music, Oscar Hammerstein and Morris Ryskind directed, and the ballet was staged by Tilly Losch.

Lil Reforms—Continued from page 51

stasm of the audience may be with you in a well-drawn characterization, it is the thought of the heroine who actually gets her man in the final reel, that is left with the audience as they leave the theatre. That's why she wants to be good. Lilian promises to go on being just as chic, as smartly groomed—but with a difference. Being good won't mean Queen Mary hats and afternoon tea in the Chateau Nunn. ""Certainly there is a difference in the clothes a character wears," says Lilian. ""You can get a picture of the person you are dressed. In my personal life when I get ready to go somewhere, I always try to imagine who will be there and dress and unconsciously react to the part that they expect of me. I have two or three kinds of personalities like that—and yet they are all myself.

"So a character in a play will react to the scene she finds herself in and the kind of clothes she wears. Obviously a heroine, even a 'good' heroine—providing it were a modern rôle, would be smartly dressed. After all you must conform to the rules of good taste to be truly chic. If you try to be too different, you become just trumpy. Naturally a vamp can get away with wearing the same dress as a woman of accepted standing—otherwise there would not be too much difference.

"And that's that. Lilian is the arbiter of elegance and fashion in the movie capital. So in the screen world, what Lilian wears today we will have to wear tomorrow. Lilian started her career in New York. She posed first for, a noted artist, then joined the "Pollys. Didn't they all? There were the ones who leased all their stock, where she played everything from old ladies to ingenues. Fine training, she declares. Don't they all? Then came the romance with Edmund Lowe. Lilian is just a little worried about what a contract may mean. Her marriage has always come before her career, she says. She likes to be free to go with Eddie when and where he goes. What Eddie says goes—practically—in the Tashman-Love household. Why, just the other day Lilian was invited to Barbara to see some polo matches but Eddie didn't want her too, so she stayed at home.

"And you always mind your husband?"

"Oh, yes," admits Lilyan cheerfully. "Life is too complicated to get into endless arguments. It's much simpler to do what Eddie wants—never mind if it isn't always that color, it looks swell). And she's as pleased as a child with a pair of shiny red wagons, at being good.

A blonde vamp has made good! And trust her to keep on—even if they make her be good!
Mr. Arliss Looks at the Movies
Continued from page 26

...and develop a theme on the stage, why should we give the film story a less adequate treatment? If the theme is a worthy one and the writing is good, I see no reason why a talking picture need be compressed into half the length of a stage play? There could be intermissions, of course, as in the theatre, to let the audience rest its mind.

I was frankly surprised when Mr. H. M. Warner invited me to make talking pictures for his company two years ago. I explained to Mr. Warner that I had none of the qualifications for the cinema. My personality does not lend itself to sensational exhibitions of oscillation. My kisses are usually fatherly or avuncular. They are of the briefest duration—it is practically impossible to fade in on one of my kisses! I do not ride horseback, nor swim, nor drive a motor car.

Mr. Warner replied that it did not matter, that they wanted me to do "Disraeli." My next picture is not adapted from a play. I don't quite know how it will turn out. It takes me some time to work into a part. After appearing for many months in a play, it was not difficult for me to act it in the pictures. We simply followed the stage production. This next characterization, however, will be new, one that I have never studied or played before.

But the studio is being most kind to me. I asked for—and they most generously permitted me—a full four weeks' rehearsal. That is most unusual, for salaries must be paid during that time. But in the end it costs no more, for rehearsals are held in private with no need for wasting the time of cameramen and electricians. The actual time spent in production later is cut down enormously.

My experience in the movies has taught me many things that have been useful to me in the theatre as well. First and foremost, it has brought home to me the value of sincerity; I found that every flicker of an eyelash, every shade of emotion was registered on the screen, and so I reason that what is seen by the camera may be felt by an audience. The art of restraint and suggestion may be studied by watching Charlie Chaplin on the screen; he is in my opinion the ideal picture actor.

I have the greatest respect for the screen and its people. It is unfortunate that the newspapers seem to find so much profit in the reporting of the peccadillos of those who are guilty of spectacular misbehavior, in the quest for happiness or publicity. The public soon believes that the conduct of these few is a fair example of the manners of the movie world. They do not take into account the thousands of steady, hard workers who are the real backbone of the industry. My acquaintance with the wickedness of the movie actors and actresses has been gained entirely through the press. I have never met any of these people—or if I have, I've been unaware of their wicked ways.

Work in the studios is arduous. To me it is always interesting but rather exhausting. The real fun and pleasure is the outdoor work—in the country on charming, sunny days. I am never happier than on location work in such a picture as "The Millionaire." It is a picture in which I am supposed to work in a garage, and when I have on my overalls and am pottering about outside my workshop in real earnest, I begin to realize the pleasures of being a "working man."

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Keeping Cool and Lovely—Continued from page 63

Saturday bath is added to the bath of all the other days in the week, just as it should be. But despite the fact that we are all of us taking more baths than we used to, it is surprising how many of us do not know how to get the greatest benefit from them both for health and appearance.

In winter we should all have at least one bath a day; and in summer, I think, we should all have two—a warm bath on retiring, or a hot bath at the end of our working day—and a cold or a cool shower in the morning.

Men have used shower baths for ages and more and more girls are beginning to use them. But do remember this. A shower is not as cleansing as a tub bath, no matter what anybody tells you, and it is not nearly so good for the skin. Showers are invigorating. If you are one of the lucky people who react to a cold shower, nothing is better for waking you up briskly in the morning, for generally toning the whole body, and for guarding against colds and disease of all types. But if you don't react to cold showers, don't indulge in them. If you find you stay chilled and blue after taking them, no matter how vigorously you use your drying towel, avoid them. They are bad for you. Take warm or hot showers, in those cases, but not cold ones. Either way, use showers in relationship to tub baths.

Use them for pepping you up, and when you are in such a rush that a tub bath is impossible. But don't use them exclusively.

Tub baths, besides being the most cleansing baths, have two other values. They are stimulating or relaxing, depending upon how hot you take them.

Contrary to what you might expect, summertime is one of the best times for hot and warm baths and it is the least good time for cold ones. When you come home hot and sticky at the end of the day, a warm tub bath will do much more toward doing away with your fatigue than a cold shower. Warm baths are restful, always, which makes them the best baths to take before retiring. Hot baths are stimulating. Jumping into a tub of hot, sudsy water just before dressing for dinner is one of the surest ways of pepping yourself up for the whole evening. And always remember to use soap. Slightly scented soap is very nice, as it is both cleansing and acts as a pleasant deodorant, but soap of some kind is imperative. The body is an oiled surface, you know, and just plain water slides off of it as easily as from the proverbial duck's back. Lots of girls, during the summer, have the mistaken idea that a dip in the ocean or a swim in some rippling take are sufficient for cleansing. They're not, unless you take your soap with you and use it vigorously. One more rule about baths and I'm through.

If you are so situated that a quantity of water, either hot or cold, is difficult to attain, here is a bath which you'll find very refreshing. Fill a large bowl with very hot water. Immerse a huge bath towel and spread it already covered it with suds. Rub until the towel becomes cool. Dip it once more in the hot water and wash off the soap. Dip a third time, in cool water this time. Pat your body dry, instead of rubbing vigorously.

After bathing, you should always add two special summer time refinements. One is a dusting with lightly scented powder, or a rub down with a good eau de cologne; and the other is the use of a deodorant, as a check against excessive perspiration. You may have to shop a bit to find the right deodorant for yourself—just as you have to shop to get the correct toilet powder. Deodorants come in varying strengths, however, so I know you can find the right one for yourself. At first you may need to use them every day or so. After a bit you will find twice a week enough and if you use them properly they are quite harmless.

Bobbed-haired girls will find it wisest, I think, to cut their locks a bit shorter during the winter. But during the duration of your hair, it is very important to look neat, and scraggily locks will defeat this. When one looks very spotless on a hot afternoon one gets the constant compliment, "How cool you look!" and after a bit you begin believing it, no matter what the temperature. Long-haired girls should dress their hair close to the heads with every last lock of it in place. And naturally the hair should be washed more often. There's only one word of caution about that. Protect the scalp from sunburn, just as you do your face. When you are going out in the brightest sun, wear a hat, I beg you.

For summer gloves I always choose cotton or fabric ones—cotton is ever so much cooler than silk, you know. They are very smart and quite cheap and my own experience is that my hands, remaining unsoiled, seem cooler wearing them than they would if I went without them. You don't have to wear long gloves with your short sleeved dresses, either. Short gloves and short sleeves are a very chic combination.

Finally your make-up itself can give you that fresh, dainty look. During the "dog days" you will want to use less cream and substitute in its place, more astringents and cooling lotions. There are many fine ones on the market. Use more powder than you wear in winter and abandon your dry rouge for a cream one. Perspiration will disturb your make-up, of course, but if you put a good light cold cream foundation underneath, add cream rouge, applied delicately, then lipstick and then powder very carefully and quite heavily over it all, I think you will have little trouble. Working girls will find it very valuable to keep a cleansing lotion and a box of face powder with, above all things, spotless powder puffs, in their lockers.

It sums up to the fact that you do need to spend more time on your appearance in summer than in winter—and it also follows that you won't want to. You'll want to succumb to the languid, lazy feeling, but please don't. From June until September you need both the ounce of prevention—against too much sun, too much exposure and too much relaxing—as well as a half a pound of care. So do invest in, you girls who want to be not only pretty but charming. You'll find it quite the best investment you ever made. For I promise you you'll hear said of you (in strong, masculine voices) "Oh, she's a great girl! She always looks so fresh and charming."

Lillian Roth's brunette beauty is a joy forever. She is making short features now.

Joan Crawford always wears galoshes when it rains. Wonder if that's one of her beauty secrets?

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no more than another name on the register does to a hotel clerk. I ought to trade my brain for an extra pair of lungs and become a train announcer. There I was head over heels in love with her and my brain didn’t have sense enough to find out what was going on in my heart until it was too late for my tongue to do anything about it.”

He moped about the office for a while, then pulled on his hat and walked down the corridor, his hands in his pockets and his head lowered. He bumped into some one.

“Sleep in bed,” suggested that individual. “Oh, it’s Randolph! Just coming to see you, Randolph. About Miss Lane.”

The speaker, a pudgy little man, was Sam Hodges, president of Ace Films, to whom Horace had contracted Iola.

“What about Miss Lane?” Horace asked crossly.

“About this marriage business,” answered Sam. “Marriage is all right, you understand, but it’s got to be committed with somebody that enjoys more public respect than a hi-jacker. This here Montgomery isn’t any president of the Christian Endeavor, you know. I don’t like the idea of Miss Lane marrying him.”

Horace spat his cigarette to the door and ground it beneath his heel, wishing it were Sem’s nose.

“Oh, you don’t like the idea?” he snapped. “What does it matter what you like or don’t like? Listen, you just hired Miss Lane; you didn’t buy her. I think she’s capable of handling her own private affairs.”

Sem wriggled his hands angrily. “But the contract,” he spluttered. “I’ll cancel it if—”

“Think you’re the only producer in Holly-wood?” inquired Horace. “Well, you’re not. I’m handling Miss Lane’s business affairs and for her I’m telling you to take that contract and set fire to your lot with it.”

Whereat Horace stalked away, thinking acrid thoughts about people who couldn’t mind their own business. Sem proceeded in the other direction, laying the ground-work of an elaborate plot whereby he was determined to maneuver Mr. Randolph into a strategic position and then lock him in the treasurers, figuratively and financially speaking.

In the solitude of his apartment, Horace prepared to dedicate an evening to nursing vain regrets. But fate, perfumed with a faintly alcoholic breath, intervened. Alvin Young, gag man, arrived announced and uninvited. He found Horace slouched in a chair, holding his head in his hands.

“Come on and let’s manufacture another,” Alvin suggested cheerfully.

“No,” inquired Horace without looking up.

“Hangover,” explained Alvin. “Isn’t that what the matter with you? No? Well, no matter. The proceeds of acquiring one’ll be good for what ails you. But whoopee party tonight. Somebody asked me to see that you attended in person. Come on, get on the old bike and let’s go away from here.”

“Beat it,” suggested Horace. “I don’t want to go on a whoopee party. Neither do I wish to entertain guests. I’d like to be left alone. Who’s giving the party?”

“Montgomery,” stated Alvin. “Kergan Montgomery. At his country home back of Beverly. Coming?”

“I wouldn’t even attend his funeral,” Horace declared. “Did he ask you to invite me?”

“No,” said Alvin, a look of keen disappointment crossing his face as he tipped a cocktail shaker and found it empty. “Iola Lane did. You’d better come. Montgomery’s going to announce his engagement to marry your meal ticket.”

Horace sat upright, portraying active interest at last.

“You mean—”

“Surely,” stated Alvin. “He’s going to marry her. You don’t think he’s been sticking around her for an autograph, do you? Tonight’s the night. It’s going to

Frank Albertson on the sands at Malibu beach. Frank and Maureen O’Sullivan were the romance in “A Connecticut Yankee.”

Freddie and Florence, or Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March, returning from a vacation cruise.
be some party. The bootleggers’ will date

time by it.”

Horace Randolph had never been shot in
the pit of the stomach by a Krupp gun, but
he knew now how it would feel. He
had known that it was going to happen but
subconsciously he hadn’t believed it. Hope
had struggled for existence like a weed
growing from a brick wall. And now the
announcement was going to be made this
very night. Hope began to wither and
in its stead came despair.

“Well,” urged Alvin, “coming?”

Horace’s first impulse was to toss Al-
vin out of the apartment by way of say-
ing no. Then he suddenly decided to go.
The thing developed a morbid fascination
for him. He wanted to hear the announce-
ment for the same reason that crowds rush
to watch police drag a body out of the
river.

“All right,” he said listlessly, “wait while
I get dressed.”

“Shake a leg,” advised Alvin. “To-
morrow I’m going to pay like thunder for
the fun I have tonight so I want to have
enough fun to compensate me for the in-
evitable hangover.”

Horace went to his room and removed
his clothes. He caught his reflection in the
mirror and walked closer. He wasn’t bad
looking, he decided. Black hair, grey eyes
and a jaw that was firm. Funny looking
nose, but one couldn’t have everything. He
waggled his chin aggressively and drew his
eyebrows into twin black lines. Then he
smiled. More of a grin, but not bad.

What could Iola see in Montgomery? A
stuffed shirt, that’s what Montgomery was.
Horace studied himself to ascertain what
could be wrong with him. He found noth-
ing outstandingly defective. He practised
a wam, suffering look with some success.

“Now imitate a tomato that’s been
stepped on by a truck,” suggested Alvin
from the doorway. “That was fine but
glycerine’d have improved it some.

What you doing, rehearsing for an attack
of pneumonia?”

“Shut up,” snapped Horace, turning his
face to hide the angry blush. “Shut up
and clear out before I rattle a shoe tree
off your skull.”

“All right, all right,” agreed Alvin
hastily. “But no more bedroom dramatics.
I’m in a hurry. I want to get there be-
fore the drug store tea runs out.”

Horace completed the business of dress-
ing and descended to Alvin’s roadway;
Alvin piloted the car into the flowing
streams of light that marked the evening
traffic and headed west. Horace slumped
down into the seat and chewed a cigar.

“I’m thinking of promoting a pool on
the marriage,” commented the driver as
he dodged between two trucks and flicked
the fenders of an old woman’s slow-moving
couple. “We’ll all draw tickets on the
number of months Montgomery’ll stick it
out. Number six ought to win.”

“If you haven’t any other use for your
wind, whistle,” suggested Horace sourly.

“Why don’t you let your brain collabo-
rare with your tongue on your conversation?
As it is your brain hasn’t the slightest idea
what you’re going to say until your mouth
opens and wind starts rushing past your
ears.”

Alvin cocked his head sideways and di-
gested this.

“Pretty good,” he finally conceded, but
you could never use it against a truck
driver. Make your insults explicit, mai-
lad, so that the lowest of creatures may
know the proper moment to slap you down.

What’s eating on you, anyway? Some-
body steal your skates or swipe your favor-
itite agate?”

“When one goes to a funeral,” blurted
Horace, “one doesn’t appreciate having a


What kind
shall I take ??

‘I’ve just read the most astonishing book-
let...about baths! Imagine a book about
baths being so interesting, and so helpful!

“But when I think of all the sleepy
‘no-account’ mornings I have had; the
evenings spoiled by being inexcessably
tired; and the nights I’ve been too
tired to sleep! And then

to learn (among lots of other things)
that the right kind of baths probably
would have saved many of those
precious hours...well!...I can’t
tell you how sorry I am this little book
wasn’t published a long time ago”

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low-head wise-cracking by his side."

Alvin whistled. Then he chuckled delightedly.

"Funeral!" he repeated. "Oh, oh! So that it? I can't see your eyes, but I'll bet they're green. Wanted her, yourself, eh?"

"No," snapped Horace. "It'd take a sap like you even to think of that. I meant the funeral of her career. Does that explain things and will you quit your infernal giggling? I don't and never did want other women.

"The explanation," stated Alvin, "shall be given a file number and placed on the shelf next to that manual by the fox fur."

"Fool!" commented Horace.

"A frank confession," applauded Alvin. The fox at least snapped at the grapes, but I've never seen you make a pass at Iola."

Horace, not wishing to give Alvin further openings, discontinued the verbal sparring match, maintaining a sullen silence until they reached Montgomery's estate.

After parking the car Alvin went in search of Kergan. You see, Horace seated himself in the shadows on the porch and brooded until the business became tiresome. Inside there was music, the intermittent dull thud of a metronome, and occasional bursts of laughter. He went inside and took a seat, partly concealed by a palm. Couples on the veranda were dancing quite decorously for this late in the evening. Horace thought everybody too serious. Gaiety would have been a better background for his somber mood. He had a vague desire to stand out as a sort of Banquo's ghost at the feast.

"Oh, you're here?"

Hume glanced up. Iola was standing before him dressed in something as golden as her hair, a shimmering, flowing thing than sent a shiver of amunbers under her night the sight of her sent a rush of elation coursing through his being. Realization of his impending loss coated his heart with a film ungraciously.

"Yes, I'm here," he muttered. "Annoyed?"

Iola grimaced.

"Don't act that way," she pleaded. "This is supposed to be a happy night, you know. Please don't be a wet blanket. Come on out of the rain the rain, and let's go swimming."

"Don't want to meet him," Horace grumbled.

"All right, he's stubborn," said Iola plaintively. "I'll bring him over here. I just want you to see that he isn't an ogre; that he hasn't scales and that he's really quite nice."

She departed and came back with a tall, sallow man whose main claim to distinctive looks was a bored expression. As Iola led the fellow toward him Horace decided that she looked amazingly like a lily pad floating downstream towing a frog. Kergan," said Iola, "this is Mr. Randolph, my business manager."

"A pleasure," declared Montgomery, bowing from the waist and studying Horace intently. "I suppose you know that she is going to have a new manager soon, eh?"

"Heard Iola say something about it," answered Horace as he rose to give the man a malicious handshake. "Congratulations."

"It's a habit I have," said Montgomery boastfully. "I just can't resist marrying beautiful young ladies."

"So I hear," remarked Horace. "Something like collecting postage stamps, eh?"

"It's a good deal thicker." The man's eyes twisted into a pleased smile.

"Yes," he admitted, "only I concentrate on modern issues, so to speak."

Frank Eastman is Educational's gift to the feminine contingent—and does he say 'em!"
the table and the sound of their chatter drowned out the clatter of knives and forks. Lola sat directly across from Horace. Beside her sat Montgomery. His face was flushed and his conversation was fuzzy. He divided his attentions between Lola and Myrna Gregory, leading lady for a pie-throwing comedian. Lola seemed to care not in the least.

"Guess that's another of his secrets of success with empty-headed women," Horace told himself. "Don't let 'em know you're crazy about 'em."

Once again he forgot that he had been employing the same tactics with no startling success. He left his food untouched and gazed at Lola. Never before had she appeared so enticing, so desirable. A queer feeling possessed him, causing acute suffering. He sought to analyze the sensation. Was this, too, his sixth sense? He hadn't had to eat for a century; he finally decided, "Gosh—here I am talking like a theme song writer."

Horace's nerves were vibrating like harp strings as time for the inevitable announcement drew near. He deliberately insulted an assistant director sitting next to him and so briskly answered an innocent remark from a bathing beauty at his right that the poor creature was forced to flee to the haven of the room where the drug store tea was brewing in a large punch bowl. Finally Montgomery rapped for silence and slowly rose to his feet. He swayed slightly.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "as much as there are no parents here to do the honors I shall do them. Perhaps you have suspected it, but I will make it conclusive. Miss Lola Lane, the little lady on my right, is to be my bride—soon."

There was a perfunctory patter of hand-clapping. The eaters went on about their business. Montgomery was annoyed.

"The little lady," he said in a louder voice, "the little lady, my sixth—no, seventh—no, sixth—" He laughed loudly. "Seventh," he pronounced. "Seventh's right. Sometimes I forget. Drink to number seven!"

Horace held his glass aloft and wondered if he could splatter Montgomery with its contents without hitting Lola. Then he decided not to make a fool of himself. In order to carry out that resolve he knew that he'd have to remove himself from Montgomery's vicinity. Unnoticed, he left the room.

He made his way to a darkened corner of the porch and sat with his head bowed low. The last vestige of hope had given up the ghost! He sat motionless for an hour, for he started nervously from the darkness came a familiar musical voice, a scared "Oh!" and the slam of a car door. There was a subdued roar, the clash of gears and a long blue sedan shot past. Montgomery was driving. The interior of the car was resplendent with flashing rays of light heaten back from a shimmering golden dress. Lola was with him!

Horace required no explanation of the sudden departure. It had entered Montgomery's head to be married that night. Lola had agreed. Horace leaped to his feet with some vague notion of running after them. He took a step forward, then sank back to the bench. It was too late!

A vague shape weaving through the blackness across the porch,

"Halloo," said a voice, "Dark, isn't it? Darker'n the inside of a goat's belly. Who're you?"

(Does Lola Lane, the screen beauty, marry Kenneth Montgomery— or does Horace change the scenario to suit himself? You'll find out next month—and there are lots of laughs before "Mexican Divorce" whirls along to an exciting finish.)

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The picture producing companies, each month in SCREENLAND will feature pictures and stars to be seen in the theatres throughout the country. Watch this announcement for the name of each company on the following pages: Radio Pictures, page 3; Paramount, page 5; Warner Bros., page 10; Fox, page 11; First National, page 9; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, page 11; Columbia, page 13.
and not a little disappointed when her mother placidly assured her that no interference would be forthcoming from her, and the brothers "ribbed" her nonchalantly about her career. Now, the Lombard mère is just about 100 years ahead of her time in the job of mothering. She does not believe in that sacred thing called parental rights. She is satisfied with the sincere friendship and love that her children offer her, and refuses to block with advice, teaching, or commands any course they care to follow. Her platform of "I do not choose to interfere" is the scandal, so I'm told, of all the Lombard relatives, and nourishing gossip for the neighborhood sewing clique. "You simply couldn't go wrong with a mother like mine," Carole told me one day when the subject of progeny versus parentage was food for discussion. "I think the 'Life of the Lombards' is the real reason for my slying from the matrimonal leap.

"Our house is usually ringing with laughter. My brothers are wits in their own right and they do a good deal of practicing about the house. Freddie and Tutti always bring home a few friends apiece for dinner, and those added to a few of mine makes the Lombard mansion a little like a madhouse. But I love it. I am afraid that when I leave home for one of my own I'll be gnawed with homesickness and loneliness."

Due to brotherly interest, no doubt, Carole goes about the business of being a motion picture player with a masculine deliberation that is amazing in one so blonde, so blue-eyed and so fragile.

She studies the intricacies of make-up, coiffures, diets, exercises, gestures, voice pitches, clothes and mannerisms as methodically and thoroughly as an income tax collector.

She believes that a flawless figure and plus-perfect grooming are far more essential on the screen than mere beauty. And I, for one, say the Lombard girl is right.

Carole has trained her figure into a symmetry of liquid lines that nettles fifty percent of Hollywood's feminine population. She does not diet, but she does believe in sensible eating and plenty of outdoor exercise.

Her hobbies are interior decoration and perfumes. She is reluctant to admit to the latter interest, since ninety percent of the film colony claims the same avocation.

"I really love perfumes," Carole said on one occasion when she returned from Mexico with twenty bottles of rare scents. "I don't buy the stuff for the bottles to be used as decorations on my dressing table. I open every bottle the moment I get it home and use it until I tire of it. I change perfumes on an average of once a week, returning to old favorites or new possibilities, and the stimulating effect of this variety in aromas is quite pleasant."

At this writing, Carole's home is the ultimate in Colonial furnishings, drapes and things. It will remain Colonial until she can afford to sell out the entire house and start from the ground up creating a new and exciting domicile.

When she has finished her last scene in "Up Pops the Devil," she will make a speed-limit trip to Los Angeles' largest furniture establishment and, aided with an army of rug-men, chair-men, table-men, drapery-men and lamp-men will "do over" the house in French Provincial style.

To the suggestion that clothes should be added to her list of hobbies, Carole is scornful.

"Clothes a hobby?" she echoes incredulously. "Clothes should be a business, a very serious business to every woman, whether she likes it or not."

"Shopping is never a pleasure for me. Keeping one's mental balance in a sea of eager saleswomen calls for every ounce of sales resistance and poise."

Having won sartorial laurels right along with Kay Francis, Lilian Tashman and Norma Shearer, with no obvious effort, Carole admits that no woman is smart by virtue of talent or bank account, but by gruelling toil and exhaustive study. The fact that she now is riding on the crest of a very well behaved wave has not stirred Carole's equilibrium. Her contract with Paramount is just six months old, and she has been assured that stellar roles are in the very near offering.

Carole says that she always knew she'd make good. You see, she's not inhibited by interior complexes. Even when she was lying in a hospital after a severe motor accident, and doctors were indefinite when asked about her return to the screen, Carole never doubted her destiny for a moment. When a numerologist advised her to change the "e" to her first name she did that calmly, too.

Freddie and Tutti still "rib" her for being an actress, but they are terribly proud of her.
together, looking out over the water, and talking Swedish most of the time," Plon related.

"One afternoon one of the fellows got out a revolver and several of the company started shooting at a five-gallon can on shore, but they were all missing it. Besides, a Norwegian gunsmith, Plon explained, "so one of the boys brought the revolver to me and asked if I was wrong with it. I aimed at the can and hit it three times in succession. 'The gun's all right,' I told him, 'what you fellows need is practice.'"

"She walked away from the group, and I explained how to aim and fire correctly.

"Oh," she said, "then there is a trick to it!"

"She watched closely and then very earnestly took practice shots at objects to her liking, then she walked back to the waiting group, and tried her aim at the target on shore. Over-anxious, she missed in her first attempt, but then hit it three times. Finally, Plon said.

"She thanked me, and laughing heartily, handed the gun to one of the boys and walked away to see if any of the fellows could bet her mark. None could—and she seemed as genuinely tickled with her performance as a young girl!

"Everyone trembled when Garbo first came on the lot," Dorothy Sebastian, who played in 'A Woman of Affairs,' and 'The Single Standard," with Garbo, informed me. "That is, everyone but I", she amended. "I decided that I would just 'be myself'; that Greta must be only human and that she probably disliked all the kowtowing that greeted her from all sides. So, when our director introduced us, I said, 'Hello' casually, for I was actually not much impressed.

"I must have betrayed my feelings, because Greta inquired: 'How do you feel?'"

"'Tired,' I answered.

"'I do too,' said Greta.

"'Good,' I grunted. I am afraid that I was extremely laconic, for I was really tired dead.

"'I'm glad that you are tired,' Greta went on. 'I like tired people.'"

"We seemed to get along famously from then on. A few minutes later it was lunch time, and Garbo invited me to eat with her, in her dressing-room. I had lunch with her often, after that.

"When we had finished 'A Woman of Affairs,' I rented a new house and started in to re-furnish it. Greta asked to come over and see the place. I told her to come right along, but warned her that everything was terribly topsy-turvy.

"'Whoopped up, in my chairs hadn't yet arrived and so we ate our luncheon—baked beans and Boston brown bread—sitting on the floor,' Greta seemed to enjoy the grand confusion. It was really a lark for her, as she enjoys her- self most when she can romp about and not have to give a thought to how she looks.

"Mentally, she is very bright. She is thinking all the time. She enjoys a joke, even when it is on herself, which is, after all, the acid test for a sense of humor.

"From a professional angle," Dorothy went on, "I believe Greta is born with the gift of genius and that as a film star she hasn't yet scratched the surface of the glorious future that awaits her. I think her rôle in 'Anna Christie' came closest to showing us what the real talents of Greta Garbo are:"

"She is original. Her acting finesse is very nearly perfect. Although the term is popularly misused, I must say that Greta Garbo is a twin sister of my friend Donald's tribute to the star of "Romance," in which he played opposite the glamorous Greta.

"He, like Dorothy Sebastian, believes that Garbo is merely at the beginning of her success. "I have never worked with anybody that was a finer actress," he adds.

"She has a terrific personality which she carries into her work; and she does not take the easy road to success. Usually genius goes hand in glove with laziness, but Miss Garbo is the very epitome of hard work and conscientiousness," says Mr. Plon.

"Her thorough understanding of acting technique is amazing. It is second nature to her. In talking over the script of 'Romance,' I was extremely pleased by her sound judgement on any point. I believe no one on the screen approaches her for sheer acting knowledge and jibe.

"'Unassuming, yet strangely fascinating,' said Gustav von Seyffertitz, when questioned upon the subject of Greta Garbo.

"When I first met her," he recalled, 'she was very, very shy. We were making 'The Mysterious Lady' and American picture-making methods were strange and complex to her.

"Although I had a big part in that picture, I felt little chance to become acquainted with Miss Garbo, for between scenes she would sit away somewhere by herself, a bit scared. I believe, by the unfamiliar surroundings. In our few contacts between scenes, I found her to be most unassuming and fascinating, with a peculiar flavor of roccoco.

"I do not believe you can call Greta Garbo a 'popular' actress, even though she is universally acclaimed," said Mr. von Seyffertitz. 'She is, instead, an intriguing personality and her tremendous appeal is largely due, I think, to the aura of a for- eignness which characterizes her."

"Her low, rumbling voice, which has occasioned widespread comment, is rather characteristic of Continental women, I believe, and is a great asset toward maintaining that foreign atmosphere about Garbo. In Europe, you know, we all speak like that, from away down deep in the throat."

"Have you noted any great improve- ment over Miss Garbo's work from when you first worked with her up to the present?" I asked him.

"I don't believe she has changed her style materially," von Seyffertitz replied.

"When we made 'The Mysteri- ous Lady,' only the producers hadn't realized it yet. Garbo has her own meth- ods of portraying characters; her tech- nique is individual, and so I do not be- lieve she has changed much. She is es- sentially the same actress: original in her art and in her methods of that magnetic attrac- tion, mystery."

"She's a peach!" enthused Lew Ayres, when I called his opinion of his heart's desire in 'The Kiss.'

"'The Kiss' was my first picture," Lew told me, 'and in my one big dramatic role. It was the most challenging role for me. I was entirely my way that I actually dominated the scene."

"She's a good business woman, then," I suggested, 'for being willing to pass up self-glorification for the sake of the picture.'

"Maybe," Lew reflected, "but I can't help but feel that she did it for me. Throughout the picture she gave me hints that I could have known otherwise only through tedious monologue. She is my favorite actress and I shall always be grateful to her, for she helped me over the hurdles when I was just learning to toddle in this business.

"She is the most even-tempered star I have seen so far. Even in the most try- ing situations she has always remained calm, complete mistress of whatever prob- lems came up. She is a delight to work with, because she appreciates sincere effort from her co-workers and she is wholly unselfish in giving credit where it is due. I hope some day I may play in a Garbo picture."

"I have watched Greta Garbo's steady rise in pictures with great satisfaction," said the Reverend Mr. Neal Dodd, pastor of the church of the angels in Hollywood.

"When I worked in 'Flesh and the Devil' with Miss Garbo, she was not yet a recognized star, but I considered her an actress of great possibilities. She was very quiet but cordial, and I noticed par- ticularly that she had no exaggerated opinions of herself," continued the leader of Holly- wood's 'Little Church Around the Cor- ner.'

"I found her to be a very pleasant per- son, and ever since I worked in that one picture with her, I have watched her pro- gress. Recently I had the chance to see her in 'Merry Wives of the Shores,' and in "The Romance," which I recently reviewed."

"I do not believe you can call Greta Garbo a 'popular' actress, even though she is universally acclaimed," said Mr. von Seyffertitz. 'She is, instead, an intriguing personality and her tremendous appeal is largely due, I think, to the aura of a for- eignness which characterizes her."

"For me, to work with Garbo is an education in screen art. I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of the making of the picture. Miss Garbo is not only a real actress, she is a re- markable woman with a keen sense of humor and a sympathetic understanding of life."

"I have worked with Greta Garbo in many pictures and each one has been an enjoyable experience. Miss Garbo is an artist and she gives to every performance such enthusiasm which communicates itself to the other players. As a woman she is ever- changing in her moods and is, therefore, always interesting and charming. That's what Lewis Stone thinks of her.

"And so it goes."

"Photographic, enthusiastic, helpful, indifferent, shy, cordial, friendly, aloof, a worker, a genius: Greta Garbo is each and all of these."

"Each of Garbo's co-workers recognizes another facet of the sparkling jewel which is Garbo's many-sided personality. All of them love and admire her."

Watch for the lovely portrait of Greta Garbo, which you will want to keep, which will ap- pear in the rotengrave art section of SCREENLAND next month—the July issue, on sale June first!
We Want Blondes!

blonde and a very fascinating blonde, too. Bebe decided that the contrast of her dark hair against her face was not as flattering as the luminous chestnut red she has adopted, and as always Bebe is right. Why are blondes so successful in pictures?

Loretta Young, one of our most preferred blondes, has this to say: "Blondes are more feminine. More beautiful, perhaps. And beauty means a great deal to the screen. I always think of blondes as dainty. Dick Tracy figures." (Loretta does not consider herself a blonde, by the way.) "Blondes," says Lilyan Tashman scornfully, "are clinging vines, dependent on men for support. They are fluffly and frilly and delicate." Is that the reason so many are successful in pictures? Lilyan is not at all that type, but Lilyan is one of those blondes by preference. For professional purposes, she admits, because the "other woman" had always been dark and she was the first blonde vamp on the screen. Lilyan claims she is a blonde with a brunette character, so that explains everything!

Dorothy Mackaill says that blondes just naturally attract attention, and therefore experience, and it is the woman with experience who can play the emotional roles on the screen. Men always turn to look at a blonde blonde. They may not look twice, but they always take the first look. And if this is natural for men, and men are fans and women want what men want—then everyone wants to see the heroine a blonde. And that's that. When you say "blonde" you think of women, not men, she says. Most women prefer dark men, and since dark heroes are the rule, blonde women playing opposite are preferred. Then Mary Pickford, the first big blonde in pictures, was a blonde. She thinks that blondes are apt to be more modern, can change moods more rapidly, and, too, that cameras prefer them. Perhaps this is the era of gentlemen preferring blondes. Perhaps in another era there won't be so many gentlemen. But the movie lots are full of ambitious mothers dragging about blonde infants, the casting directors register blonde than brunettes. Max Factor must be right. And it hardly looks as if there would be a slump in the blonde market very soon!

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Kent Douglass
Marie Dressler
Cliff Edwards
Julia Faye
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Gavin Gordon
William Haines
Hedda Hopper
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Gwen Lee

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.

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Jean Arthur
William Austin
George Bancroft
Carman Barnes
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Clauodette Colbert
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Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Leon Errol
Stuart Erwin
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El Brendel
Marguerite Churchill
Joyce Compton
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Mary Astor
Evelyn Brent
Sue Carol
Joseph Cawthorn
Betty Compton
Bebe Daniels
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
JoByna Howland
Arline Judge
Arthur Lake

Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

George Arliss
John Barrymore
Joan Blondell
Ruth Chatterton
Claudia Dell
Irene DeRuy
Kay Francis
James Hall
Walter Huston

Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett

Send Birthday Wishes to These June Stars:

June MacClay
Davey Lee
June 2nd.
Lane Chandler
June 3rd.

J. Farrell MacDonald
June 4th.

William Austin
June 6th.

Ona Munson
June 12th.

Barry Norton
June 16th.

Vivian Duncan
June 17th.

Ivan Lebedeff
June 18th.

Edmund Breese
June 18th.

Jeanette MacDonald
June 18th.

Gladyss Ford
June 22nd.

Jack Whiting
June 22nd.

Ernest Torrence
June 26th.

Mary Lawlor
June 28th.

Lester Vail
June 29th.

Rex Bell
Jean Bennett
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
Marguerite Churchill
Joyce Compton
Donald Dillaway
Charles Farrell
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor
Warren Hymer
Richard Keene
J. M. Kerrigan
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June 22nd.

Jack Whiting
June 22nd.

Ernest Torrence
June 26th.

Mary Lawlor
June 28th.

Lester Vail
June 29th.
Is Hollywood a Godless Town?

Continued from page 53

June Collyer, Junior Coughlan, Trixie Friganza, Eric Von Stroheim, Eddie Dowling, John Ford, Winfield Sheehan, William K. Howard, Leo McCarey and Sam Taylor. Polly Moran is a member, too, and declares herself "rabid Catholic"—although, interestingly, she sometimes listens to Rabbi Magnin's Liberal Jewish sermons over the radio with particular interest.

There are not nearly as many Jewish actors as one might suppose, although several of the producers embrace that fact. Norma Shearer adopted Judaism when she married Irving Thalberg, and both she and her husband are steadfast churchgoers. Carmel Myers is the daughter of a Jewish Rabbi. And of course, everyone knows Charlie Chaplin is of the Jewish faith, but perhaps, that he is a deep student of the Bible.

The Christian Scientists can claim a great many Hollywood followers. Corinne Griffith attends this church and her recent testimony appears in The Sentinel. Conrad Nagel was an usher in the Fifth Church of Christ, Scientist, in Hollywood for some years, and is now a regular attendant at the one in Beverly Hills.

Mary Pickford was formerly a Catholic, but after her divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, became a deep student of Christian Science. She often attends the Wednesday night meetings at Santa Monica, and at one time testified frequently. When in town the Beverly Hills Church sees her an attendant. Douglas Fairbanks was once an altar boy in a Denver church, but is now interested in the Church of Mary and occasionally accompanies her to services.

Doug, Jr. and Joan Crawford attend the Christian Science Church and are also deeply interested in Metaphysics. The first Mrs. Fairbanks, young Doug's mother, was interested in spiritual belief, and it is through her that this young couple have taken up its study. Joan and Doug were married in a Catholic church, New York, and became Catholics at that time. Since their Metaphysical interests, however, both have changed markedly in their attitudes toward all phases of life and work, and have forged ahead amazingly. They credit their religion with making these new successes possible.

Belle Bennett has been an earnest student of Christian Science for the past three years and proclaims that she has found it a great solace during her many sorrows. There have been six deaths in Belle's family during that time and she tells how Science saved her from insanity.

Little Philippe de Lacy attends Christian Science Sunday school regularly. Through Philippe, his foster mother also began attending the church, since she noted the self-control and serenity her boy was gaining from this teaching.

Other Scientists are Leatrice Joy, a member in their Concert Singing, Charles Ray, Enid Bennett, Charlotte Greenwood, Fan- chon and Marco, Ernest Torrence, Nigel de Vries, Torrence, and DeWitt Jennings.

The Episcopal Church, also known as the Church of England in that country, boasts a number of regular members. Joan Crawford, Deanna Durbin, and Bennett are both members of that Church, and Victor McLagen's father is a bishop in that creed.

Richard Barthelmess was raised in the Episcopal Church, later went to a Christian...

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chines must be adjusted and synchronized. After it has taken two hours or more to get ready, the shoot is started. The operator feels more shot against than shooting, the director says, "Everybody ready! I will take the scene!" Jaded from the preparation, may be the actor to do a good job, the actors get set. It's like a race. We get all our sines and all our bleeps ready. We spurt and pull all we have in the run and just as we come congratulating ourselves on how truly magnificent we are and this picture is going to knock 'em cold, the camera man says, "Sorry, but I was out of focus on that." We go through the focusing again and the "cuss" in focus is accentuated this time. By this time I think of myself as "The Two Orphans." You can't get through it again. You won't. This is intolerable. You look around. Everybody is taking a long breath and moving into position, so you think of the bread-line and grid up whatever one birds up. You crawl on the floor or up the ladder or put on the fur coat or do whatever you have to do that you'd rather not, and everybody starts again from the judge's chair. They are even more demented minutes. "We'll do it this time, by George!" Our enthusiasm by now is somewhat forced, but still, second wind, like second thoughts may be better. When we are well on our way toward the home stretch, the light man electrocutes us by saying, "Sorry, there are shadows in that. We'll have to try again." Hell's wells and Christmas trinkets! You can see that the going-on at Culver City make it no place for the fledgling with a rose in his breast. He'll "try anything once." If one wants to be Alice-in-Movieland, one will do it "again and again." More focusing. The camera men welcome the interruption to do a little more experimenting. Finally we are off on a new gallop when the sound man stops us. "Sorry, I didn't get that last." In the pause they make an interesting conference. There is a general conference. When we finally begin the scene again for recording, the actors have heard the lines so many times another and back and jumped and received so many instructions, that they can't remember their lines. This time we are all 'on the ball' for the fault. It is brought home to us that the delay is all ours. We old-timers take it with an alleged grin—the young ones with not so good a grace. By this time nobody feels as if he had a feather left to fly with. The only consolation is that it happens to everybody, novices and veterans alike, but it hurts just the same when it happens to you.

In "Caught Short" I sang "I'm Going Spanish Now." My goodness, the time I got that one off my chest, I could have gone any nationality and been buried as the unknown soldier! You see, you go back for another so many times that when the music finally started, I couldn't remember me "looking for a touch of color" so we changed it for the wider better. When I could work, old man Mike couldn't. By the time he was on the job, again, my mind was a cinder-coated ash. I had so much type shaft right out in the alley with tears of rage and humiliation in my eyes. If I had been a blonde, it would have blown up Culver City. As I paced up and down calling myself everything from a jellyfish to the best words found in a pirate's vocabulary with a few doughboy terms thrown in, I asked myself, "What made me think I would pull this in the pictures? Why didn't you bake buns for a living?" Tum-tidi-tum—looking at the pedigree of my famous family tree—suddenly the words came back to me. I rushed back and announced that I was ready if the mike was, and it was. We snapped it. I had as much fun as you thought I was having if you saw "Caught Short." The mike and I go along very well these days because it is now so arranged that the actor is less hampered by the little sound-demon. Nobody knows what a strain it used to be to try to look and act natural, realizing that it was possible to move only in a limited space and hold one's head at a certain angle in order that the sound could be properly reproduced. In "Anna Christie" I was the director that the mike would have to follow me instead of my following the mike. As a result a man shadowed me wherever I went and carried that little instrument which recorded Marnie's words to film lovers throughout the country. The result was good because I was not worrying about mechanical conditions and trying to pull my stuff at the same time.

After a hard day on the lot, I don't dress up in my best clothes and parade to Hollywood Boulevard or go to an all-night party as many suppose. Instead, I am put to bed at nine o'clock, my windows opened so that I get the fresh fragrance of my garden and the sound of the sea, and I am asleep. I don't even need nightshade to help me to induce sleep. Yes, I have that kind of a conscience. I have learned that the only thing to do when there has been a hard day behind and a bad one ahead is to put water on the slate and sponge out all mistakes and worries. After all, we never do anything that does not hinge things to the other fellow that we, the carefully plan during a pillow conference with ourselves.

I do not alternate work and play. When I work, I work; and when I play, I play. In the days when I decided "Tillie's Punctured Romance," we took our picnic sails along, had a lark of a time, and spent some fourteen weeks producing the picture. Today some of our biggest and most expensive films are started and completed within four weeks. While we are working, I give all that I have to the job. If it's necessary to stay over time at night, I never whimper. I'm on the job promptly in the morning because punctuality is my greatest virtue or sin, whichever you consider it. I never have been able to understand or forgive the many people who are so incommoded in the time and pocket books of others as to appear for appointments with lame excuses of slow clocks or unexpected callers. I am sure that I have as many interruptions and know just as many people, if not more, than the average person, but if I can save a dear friend, who has just come to see me on her return to the city, "I'm terribly sorry, but I have an engagement in ten minutes," I do not see why we should be the same. As it is I give up something that means a good deal to me to keep my appointment only to find that the other person keeps me waiting half an hour. We ought to get together on this and change things for the better! Time in George Washington.
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118 SCREENLAND
am in the garden of Eden, almost literally, when I get hold of a pair—some good-looking clothes, and then lie on my stomach on the floor. I never let the goods know that I am afraid of it so that it does not take courage. But when I do—sumptuous clothes—though I admit that I sometimes feel as if I were trying to dress the statue of Liberty. I have started a gown in the morning, and worn it all day, and I haven't looked like the covered wagon, either!

Women who have clothes sense can dress on less than the alimony they collect. Many a woman can stand lots of scenery—even need it. As for me, if I get dolled up too much, I look like a cozy corner in the 9th, a Mardi Gras, or Pioneer Day in Salt Lake City. To the woman who says wistfully, "I wish I could make my own clothes," I can only say what a bearded native said to a tourist who stated that he certainly would like to see Hollywood Boulevard, "Who in hell's stopping you?"

Curiously enough, the screen is very hard on clothes. One picture will leave gowns in a worse condition than a long run for stage wear. The black velvet dress in "One Roman Night," the stage version of "The Swan," cost four hundred dollars. The first time I put on my dress holes in it. I left it in such a rotted condition that I was afraid it would fall off of me before the picture was finished. I have been asked, when I point out the places which clothes off our backs won't burn our skins. All I can say is that God gave us our skins and the manufacturers give us our dyed clothes. The camera has a very searching eye and we have experts who do nothing but notice incongruities in costumes. I didn't think to do it, but there is always somebody to see that if you go out of a door in white shoes, you don't re-enter in black ones just because the scene happens to be shot the next day. This is as important as that the same flowers are not left on the piano for both April and October. Every little detail is watched by somebody.

Yet careful as we are about detail, no point is ever missed by an audience. A color change in a stationary one day and told me how much he liked "Anna Christie." He said he had seen it three times. "The point that got me," he said, "is that the old man lets you the gate outside the saloon and you took your mad out just standing there picking at your cuff. Gee, I got a kick out of that and taught me a lot. After that I started taking my mad out on my cap. I've worn out two."

Next to clothes, people are most curious about make-up. Their favorite question is, "Who puts on your make-up?" If it didn't sound as if I had the big head, I would say, "God." My face may not be much, but I don't do anything to it to make it either worse or better. I wear very little make-up as a matter of fact, practically in character parts. I believe that make-ups take character away and is, therefore, a serious handicap. A face like mine has advantages. I have to have it in a cold cream jar. I don't have to spend two hours nightly ironing out the day's wear and tear. If I were like the folks do, I bet I could get the prize as Miss Coney Island. I used to cry as a little girl when I realized that I wasn't pretty like my sister and other children. It really hurt. Then I began to find that I could do many things that the beautiful ones couldn't.

I have learned since to be sorry for a beautiful woman—yes, really. You see, we all start in life with some personality, but when we don't use it, it goes. The creature who is good to look upon makes people so happy just to be near her that they wait on her and spoil her and soon the personality goes, leaving nothing behind. I saw the beautiful Langtry once at a gaming table in Monte Carlo and, believe me, I was glad I had a rubber face that was still an asset. Langtry's beauty was gone; her face was vivid, expressionless, inert. There are, of course, exceptions. Lillian Russell, on the other hand, was always beautiful, because her nature was generous and lacking in ego. Her personality developed and enhanced her beauty which otherwise would have withered.

As a matter of fact, I have no idea what I really look like. With an acrobatic face like mine, I never look twice alike in a photograph or in a part. If a chameleon were asked for its picture, it would not know whether to give its admirer one of the pink or phaid photos. I am in the same fix. When I'm asked for my photograph I wonder whether I shall send myself as a queen or a duchess. "Caught Short" of queens, I send Mariette! Another question is, Do I like animals? Sure! I can make elephants do things that nobody else can make them do. Elephants are not the only animals. I understand elephants. I've owned every breed of dog and even parrots. At present I have no animals, but I'm scared to death for fear I shall fall for something. Some day my

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When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
cause every time I come home, I like to find how much my own country has improved. Yes, my dear vacataire, you know. Again, I have climbed off the Burning Deck into a house with a garden; my name again gleams in front of theatres from Maine to Massachusetts. I feel as my friends when they cross to the other side of the Atlantic.

What is my suggestion for making good? Don't expect to succeed over night and be assured that if you do, the result may not be lasting. Don't get the idea that the world owes you a living. If you do not have the world something and if you make good you can collect. Keep trying, keep smiling, and never forget that there is no part too small to play, and there's no age limit. Never be jealous of the man higher up, the star of your organization; your bit can stand out, too, and many a lowly, blue-blooded, tony tip is as dreamy as your head, and next will be the star on the next. Many people in all walks of life work industriously in small parts for a certain length of time without murmuring and then become famous. The reward is due they kick over the traces just as they are spotted for promotion. Then they look out entirely and blame their plights on bad luck, woofing that the world is against them when in reality they simply aren't stickers.

What a life! A courageous, hard work, friendship, cooperation, and patience. With these the whale will ultimately land at your feet. My whale has been washed up at last, and with your help I am now eating him!

The Original Chanel—Continued from page 27

Or the kind of wife who always remains the munificent—a free gift of love.

On the Bois, along the boulevards, they'll tell you that Mademoiselle might have been Madame the Duchess of Westminster. And reason why her career of the evening sort as not was presented by the Grand Duke Dmitri. Had her courage not been equal to her charm, she might have been a model for Parle. But her past, oh, and her will to win—alone, have lifted her from the lowly estate of a little milliner to national and international-eminent.

War, the ruiner, was in some measure the maker of Chanel. She sensed the fitness of severity in times when the enemy rounded at the portals of Paris. She observed the war-time popularity of the smart uniform worn by all of France. And she capitalized the vogue by inauguring a fashion of mannish materials and tailored things which spread like good news to an emancipated womanhood that stood shoulder to shoulder with its men against the invader.

War passed. But the new liberty symbolized by Chanel lived on amid a world of sports and social setbacks—bobbed-hair—free! The responsibility for the entire revolt of women against a tradition symbolized by stays and bustles and binding the sort rests upon the shoulders of Chanel. For the mode reflects the life of its time. When words are imposed, it is to be assumed that shall we say—laurels, fainted now and then for diversion, and were given to fits of "the vapors," the stilling styles of the period were satisfactorily imprisoning. But today the girls enjoy a free-limbed liberty—morning, noon, night—in business, in pleasure. And Chanel has dressed them to enjoy the new life to the limit.

Mademoiselle na zby l'Angleterre. But although grandpa did little in the Great War, he has all the less, read sufficient books, seen sufficient plays, heard sufficient talks—and enough stories about dough-bags and French girls to know the proper approach. So "Parley-foo Fraançaise"? said I.

Now, had Mademoiselle responded "nee," I would have cued and come back with the proper snapper about "Then why don't you give the guy his change?" or perhaps one of those "volez-vous avec moi" things.

But, apparently, they don't speak French in France any more, because Gaby looked a little blank and it's not an interpreter. My French was Greek to her. Therewith the dialogue became an animated conversation with the svelte Miss Davidov giving us both an even break, and not being in the way perturbed by being caught in the middle.

And this is what I learned.

You will not be wearing prints this season, but rouge is "de rigeur." And please be careful of your color combinations. See, too, that the hues you effect become your complexion.

We have every reason to believe that the ankles. But while the sun is upon your skirts must be likewise. A full four.

Mademoiselle's styles will be introduced through Goldwyn pictures six months in advance. Her creation of special costumes suited to star personalities is vitally different from the practice of her establishment in the Rue de Cambon where her work is purely impersonal.

Fashions are made for you, and you and—you for the multitude, not for the exception; for the many, not for the few. Most girls look well in the current styles—else the mode would change.

Although Gaby has never been here before, she is familiar with New York through motion picture and call tall buildings by their first names. Like Ed Wynn, she "loves the woods." After a prosperous season in Paris she seeks rest in the country.

She doesn't know many movie stars. But she likes Marlene—Dietrich.

Men in white pajamas for formal wear is "destructable." The place for pajamas is in the home.

Styles are created for Youth. And the dowagers may look out for themselves. The trick is, of course, that fashions designed for youth top off years from the age of maturity.

A good figure is more to be desired than a pretty face. Which is a break, the former being more easy of attainment. And, incidentally, it is as easy to dress a "stylish stout" as it is a boyish form.

Red is her favorite color. It is the shade of happiness, gaiety, life, it exhilarates. But white—black is safer. Most girls may look très snob in black without risking colors. Mademoiselle prefers white flowers.

Perfumes must be mysterious—vague. They must not be recognizable. Upon smelling "Jockey Club" one should never be able to say "But, Pwew, there's Cruik-shank." Be vague, intangible in your perfumes—and they must be faint, suspected.

Wear jewelry as if it were a function of "face," to be decorative. This regardless of its intrinsic value. In fact, an expensive jewel may be a bore—like, if you'll pardon the interjection, an
expensive woman. When Chanel is "care-
lessly" dressed in the daytime she wears
a proclivity of jewelry. But for formal
wear—little or none. Perhaps a single
jewel. Something to frame, or enhance
the beauty of the face.

A friend says that Gaby once objected to
her "funeral appearance" and draped a rope
of jewels around her neck. Later she found
them to be worth eleven-and-a-half-million
dollars, not francs. Chanel has a remark-
able collection of the most precious stones
—but treats them as of no importance.

Nothing, she says, is interesting to her
after midnight. Ah, ah! Fashions, like loves, are never revived.

Fashions become costumes. Loves—cua-
toms.

Chanel likes the "long bob"—the little
knot at the back of her head.

She is casual about everything—except
her work.

She has factories manufacturing the
fabrics and accessories.

She exports millions of dollars' worth
of perfumes all over the world.

She owns an artificial flower factory.

Many a former fairbanks had sold the
rights of it, "Monsieur Beaucaire," to
Paramount for Rudolph Valentino. Fur-
thermore, since I had met Betty, she had
married and her husband was a producer
in Hollywood. So she settled here and
at the moment was engaged in making a
series of pictures for Fox.

I have known Betty six years, now, but
there are many cubby-holed yesterdays
that are new to me. She is no patroness of
the personal pronoun. What she has ac-
complished is in the past and remains
in the past. She can't be bored cluttering
up the present with it. At rare intervals,
I have heard her say that she considers
her performance in "The Showdown", one
of the finest she has ever given. That
she enjoyed making "Underworld" and
"The Last Command." But this is said
as though it were about another person
entirely.

She is skittish of friendships. The
word, to her, touches the idealistic. It
is expressed by silence or by actions: it is
a matter of principle; it is sympathetic
understanding to the minute detail.
She has been hurt often by "friends," hurt
in funny little ways that perhaps were un-
intentional, but she is not sensitive to the af-
deal. Why one so sensitive should have
entered on a motion picture career is sur-
prising. Heaven only knows to the full
the equities and brutality of this industry.
But she entered upon it because, as she
says:

"It was all I could do. Many was the
time when work was nothing but a hope
and I was down to my last nickel that I
wondered if I could do that." Her sen-
tivities, her shyness of people made her
realize that the cool indifference of that
first meeting was not intended as such at all.
But she is still that Betty Brent.

famed for her philanthropies.

Her age is trent-esept—thirty-seven to
you. She doesn't look it.

She has no recreations. Only work
and rest in the country. No hobbies.

She's frail and French and
refuses all pose and posture. Thus
she means it when she says American
women have fine taste, invariably selecting
models she, herself, would choose for them.

Because of her employees, she will
never retire.

Five is her lucky number. She calls
all her perfumes and dresses by number
only. "Titles"—"Keep the Husband at
Home" and so forth, are vulgar, she says.

Five is the number of her most popular
scent, and the best of her models.

The gowns to be created for the Samuel
Goldwyn-United Artists stars are to be
made by her own fitters from sketches
sent by her from Hollywood.

She declares her fame in fashions is
based upon her simplification of women's
clothes.

And by then I had gained courage to
try my French again.

I said "adieu," which seemed to be the
only word of French Madameisselle under-
stood. At any rate, her radiant smile
showed it was the most pleasing word I
had spoken!

Her Best Friend Won't Tell Her!

Continued from page 57

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The collecting of perfumes and lovely bottles is a pet pleasure. Betty has a three-shelved perfume table crowded with almost every make of perfume manufactured. etc.

She has an amusing fan of purchasing pencils that boast enormous lead. She has been known to write letters but she is a zero correspondent. "I write enough checks to keep my hand in!" she defends herself.

Clothes lure her. One closet is devoted to evening gowns alone. She doesn't fancy herself in sport attire. Semi-sport is the nearest she comes to this phase of dress. Hats and slippers she is also most fastidious about. She recalls with a shadowy smile that her mother used to tell her: "If you are well shod and well gloved, you are well dressed.

The beach is her paradise. She feels still living the year around in a house or a hotel apartment. When near the water, a buoyant, untrammeled freedom possesses her and one comes to know the real Betty Brent in this environment. She likes to get sunburned and is systematic about it, careful to keep evenly on her front, and sides. She would stay in the water the day long if some one didn't literally chase her out. Her beach house is always a cheery place to be. You come and go as you please. You can walk through the place in wet feet, dripping salt water. At night, a talkative log fire crackles in the grate and Betty either reads, plays bridge or solitaire, or talks.

She's a night owl. When she isn't working in a picture her day really begins after luncheon. She likes to sleep late. In the afternoon she will go shopping, or keep appointments with furriers or modistes or something of the sort. She is home about five, however, and ready for tea. She prefers getting into lounging pajamas, rather than staying in street clothes. She does dancing and going with a congenial party of four or six to the Mayfair or the Embassy more than any human I have ever known. In New York, she completes an evening with a sandwich and coffee at Reuben's. In Hollywood, she has been known to finish it with bacon and eggs in B. B. B.'s Cellar or at the Brown Derby.

She has little desire for week-ending, "By the time I pack a bag and unpack it it's time to come home," she dismisses such a notion.

The beach, however, is different. She can slip into a sweater and coat, a beret, wooly socks and sport shoes and that's all there is to that. She likes to drive to the beach in her Packard phaeton, but she loves driving in town.

She lives a curiously comfortable and evenly organized life. She refuses flatly to be rushed. Time, as time, has little significance. She is usually late for appointments, but to any voiced complaint she retorts above her surprise:

"What is half an hour more or less?"

Yet, irrelevancy enough, she is religiously prompt for studio calls. If she happens to be a few minutes late, she apologizes to her director and to the company.

Most everything of moment that she has done in her life has been done on a hunch. She is strongly intuitive and psychic to a distressing extent at times. She is highly strong. A little incident may set her nerves awry. Her nervousness is inward. To the obvious glance, she is cool as a cucumber always.

An intriguing personality, Evelyn Brent. A curiously lonely personality with a little-girl love for life and a natural woman's realization of its callowness. At moments, a cynic; at other moments, an optimist. Moody, Fascinating depths. The genius of "wearing well" when her interest has been stirred. A straightforward down-to-earth attitude toward existence and people. Restless, nomadic by temperament, stationary by necessity. A one-hundred-percent person to have as a friend!

Truth About Cosmetics—Continued from page 94

Coty's different perfumes and its cost depends upon which perfumes you select. You can get a very nice assortment for $5.00 or if you want to be careless with your change you can pay $10.00 or $15.00 for it. Again, something grand for gift giving, for bridge prizes, and to lead young men up to when they are having a bad attack of generosity.

Coty also has a new indelible lipstick—priced one dollar or one fifty, depending upon the case. It is a swell lipstick, really indelible, and not so sticky as lots of the indelible kind. Coty guarantees that it isn't made with aniline dyes, which is important, and that it won't wrinkle the lips. The more expensive case is a flat, modernist one, very nice if you can afford it. As I got mine free, that is the one I instinctively selected.

Somebody wrote in to me and told me I seemed enthusiastic about most things. I'm not. But the ones I don't care for in a big way I don't write about. So you may draw your own conclusions.

Finally, this month a little note of apology. I wrote two months ago that the nice Lydia O'Leary, who invented that miraculous cream that covers ugly birthmarks was selling the cream for two dollars. That was wrong. The price is three dollars a jar, but at ten times that, for people who need it, I'd consider it a bargain.
When the Movies Demand Brains
More Than Beauty

Continued from page 30

kind of brush the actor was using, and so on. "Well, my notes fortunately covered such details pretty thoroughly, and I told Mr. Milton to go ahead. Everything was ready; all the actors were ready, and the shooting was about to begin. I sat beside Mr. Milton and waited for him to give the signal. "Suddenly I felt a cold chill. Instinctively I reached out and tapped Mr. Milton's arm. 'Wait!' I said. "'What's the matter?' he asked. "'Mr. Stone,' was all I could say. Then I got up and examined Lewis Stone's smock. From where I'd been sitting it seemed that he had lost a button. And I had a momentary vision of a stack of letters from near women all over the country, who would remember that in one scene the buttons on Mr. Stone's smock were intact, and a second later a button was missing. Oh, women notice those things, and they write letters about them.

When the script girl makes a slip she hears from her own sex. Of course she doesn't write to the script girl, but to the director, but the director isn't responsible for those details, and the eulogizing and indignant letters come from girls and women all over the country.

"However, I soon saw that the buttons were all right. The smock merely had rolled back and hidden the button that I thought was missing. The scene went on.

"The directors get used to these interruptions on the part of the script girl. It's annoying, of course, to be all ready to take a scene, only to have the script girl put up her hand in the signal to halt. But it's more annoying to have to take a long scene all over again because of an irregularity of detail."

The script girl is responsible for more than meets the eye. Her duties do not begin or end with remembering the length of star's cigarette or the kind of shoes that were worn by an ingenue. Far from it.

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R-617-2CAMERA—EXT.HOUSE
F-40mm. TULLE, 225x20. W. 20x20.

PAGE 12

23. INT. HALL WHITE ROBE
A colored attendant, in a white jacket, in the
Matty's and Stanley's command hats. Matty has a
flat passage. Doderick enters.

R 521
1 Cameraman E.0.
C. U. Richy.

RICHY
Hello, Matty
MATTY
Hi, Richy, my boy
Geoff—meet Richy.

R 520
How do you do, sir? I've heard
RICHY
Don't you know anything?

MATTY
Hello, let me look at you
RICHY

R 522
3 Cameraman E.0.
H. T. E. 800.
D. 1 0.00 C.

MATTY
(Laughing)
Saw old Geoffrey (goes to Matty)
(Mattys' eyes in knotting)
Hello, darling—good to have Geoffrey
with us.

MATTY
(Returns kiss)
I literally drooped her, darling—
He wanted to go back to his hotel
for a suitcase and all that sort—
I told him it's his own shirt
for clothes and present he clothes—

MATTY

This is what a script page looks like. The lines mark off the length of the different shots with indications as to the camera's use, the number of minutes and seconds consumed by each shot, etc.
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Silver Screen

The June issue is out May tenth. Buy a copy and judge for yourself. You’ll never be without it again.

As a matter of fact, one of her most important duties is to write down the exact location of all the cameras and lights used in the filming of a scene. Cameramen sometimes are pretty hard to deal with, because most of them have a very limited opinion of their ability to tell, by looking through the lens, the distance from a table or a chair or a tree or an automobile when the scene was shot for the first time.

"Some of them are troublesome," according to Miss Thompson. "When we take one part of a scene, we measure the exact location of every camera, down to the last inch. Then if we come back to that scene, I order the set-ups to be made just as we’d measured them. Of course if the cameraman wants to be malicious, he can move the lens without moving the camera. But there is a way of telling when a lens has been moved and it doesn’t take me too long to find out. To tell the truth, though, there isn’t as much friction between the cameramen and me as there used to be. Most of the old-time hostility was caused by the cameramen’s penchant for practical jokes, but the modern studio has no time for that sort of thing on a set. Studios today have achieved a degree of efficiency that makes making a picture almost legal."

Love, we are so used to the other one that we do this or that without thinking. It might tell, instead, pass the potatoes or quaff the dish. No, making love in pictures is just business to us!"

It is reported that Gary Cooper refused to do "Dishonored" with the gorgeous Marlene Dietrich. It wasn’t because he didn’t like the lady, but because he thought the director gave her the best of the picture in "Menage a Trois.

Love scenes had failed to create even synthetic romance between Marlene and Gary. But then they got in their work with Gary in "The Wolf Song" where he met Lupe Velez.

Lupe, it seems, keeps him from noticing other screen sweethearts, though June Collyer was mentioned rather widely as a possible rival when she and Gary made their first picture.

The Jack Gilbert-Greta Garbo romance became almost an idol after their performance in "Flesh and the Devil." I remember being on the set when they did the dancing scene in which the young soldier falls madly in love with the siren, and thinking: "If that isn’t real, nothing is!" It raged wildly while the camera rate.

If propriety and the constant necessity for registering love for a beautiful co-worker tended to enhance this widely-publicized affair, the same condition had no effect when Jack Gilbert played opposite Lilian Gish in "La Boheme." Report had of the romance before the time that Gish had walked off the set every second day. It couldn’t have been as bad as that, but at any rate it was no secret that neither Jack nor Lilian felt any teutonic enthusiasm for his or her co-star.

Another of the Great Lovers of silent days found himself incompatible with the fair one to whom he had to profess unying adoration.

Perhaps the antipathy between Lily Damita and Robert Leonard began during the opening day of her arrival in Hollywood. In the interests of publicity, Sam Goldwyn requested Ronald to meet the famous Lily at the train station, present her with flowers and proceed to a feast in her honor at the Roosevelt Hotel. Ronald was on his vacation; to break into it involved inconveniencing his friends as well as himself, but his objections were over-ruled by Mr.

Goldwyn and Ronald duly appeared at the train to present the flowers and be photographed greeting his new leading lady. After that, however, he considered that the job was done and proceeded to fulfill his interrupted personal plans, while Lily was escorted to the feast minus her expected starry partner.

Lily is a girl accustomed to having men fall at her feet at first sight and this cavalement gave her cause to stop and think. Thereafter it was war—and I mean war.

Sometimes the rosy haze engendered by youth meeting youth under the kleigs and indulging in mummified tenderness accompanied by uncounted clinkies departs after the two have been separated a while.

Russell Gleason and Marguerite Churchill thought it must be love when they first met, on the opposite side of the "Seven Faces." But Marguerite went out on "The Big Trail" for months and now Russell seems to be rushing June Collyer.

After "Harold Teen," All you mentioned "she" or "her" in the hearing of Billy Bakewell he thought you were talking of Mary Brian, but the other day a succession of girls in his life since then.

Mary Brian is a sort of ideal girl to nearly all young males who play with her; there was a picture of "Sweethearts of Hollywood," —in which Mary and Charles "Buddy" Rogers believed for an interval that they had found the thing the river was named for—she and her friends now.

Clara Bow and Gary Cooper got "that way" during "Children of Divorce," their first picture together, Clara is anything but the personification of the constant nymph, however, so Rex Bell is the way to spell her current fame.

Hugh Trevor was cast as the devoted swain of Betty Compson in "Midnight Mystery," and no matter how many screen sweethearts he’s had to make love before, the camera since then, he’s remained devoted to Betty outside.

Betty has had that effect before. Wasn’t "Gone With the Wind" generally upset about her while they were playing in an early talkie, before Grant had met Loretta Young?

But Ramon Novarro requested that Dorothy Jordan should be his leading lady for the second and even the third
time, people began to wonder if the sweet little Southerner had accomplished the seemingly impossible and won the heart of this elusive bachelor. But there seems to have been no cause for agitation. Ramon and Dorothy are not and declare they have never been in love.

Richard Arlen often remarks that two who play love scenes together should indulge in at least a mild flirtation in order to put over the illusion of reality, but Richard has never been even mildly affected by the screen heroine since that time, years and years ago, when he played a small part in a picture featuring Lois Moran. All three young men in that film thought Lois, with her long curls and baby face, was perfect. Who were those other two, anyway? I used to meet the three of them, escorting Lois and her mother, wherever I went.

During the filming of "Her Man," Helen Twelvetrees became almost certain that Phillips Holmes represented the answer to the well-known maiden's prayer. The illusion has faded, though.

A good many maidens are credited with feeling the same way about this tall fair youth, and he seems to have had moments of thinking them right. But a boy's will is still a wind's will, and Phillips isn't grown up yet.

Whether or not Edwin Booth and Duncan Renaldo imagined themselves in love while they were on location in Africa for "Trader Horn" seems to be a question for the courts, but after seeing the picture, I should think that if there were any members of the company, the crew or the denizens of that continent who were not won over with the gorgeous blonde they ought to have their heads examined.

Going into the infant class, we have Mitzi Green, aged eleven, admitting the attentions of Leon Janney, aged thirteen, although she says nothing may come of it. An older but still juvenile romance is that between Joan Marsh and Billy Janney begun during a picture of last fall, and still holding out.

Is romance genuine or synthetic in Hollywood?

I don't know! Do you?

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**Are Women Less Faithful Than Men?**

*Continued from page 39*

woman's life is an open book. Always someone wants to know where she is going, how long she will be gone and what she expects to do while away. When she returns, she is asked hundreds of questions as to whom she saw, what she did, where she went, why and what of it? A man, married or unmarried, has long since been an uncounted time. Not one thinks of questioning him.

'T've hired and fired many an actor in my long stage experience,' contributes Jimmy Gleason. 'In all the years, I never saw an actor dragging a bunch of kids to the theater. Yet many an actress has done it. Faithful to the last ditch, I've found women, but a man won't inconvenience himself for anybody.'

"For years my mother was president of the Orphans' Home in Oakland," adds Mrs. Gleason. "It was some 150 small children. During the whole time of my mother's connection, there was no case of mother desertion; always it was the father who had deserted the family. Up to the point of starvation the mother would try to keep the family together, faithful to the wretch who had left, in case he should some day return."

Richard Dix wags his head "Yes" and shakes his head "No."

"Where her man is concerned, a woman is likely to be the acme of fidelity," he explains. "A man can love a woman and become at the same time infatuated in another direction—and recover at will. If a man has any principles at all, he is likely to adhere more strictly to them than is a woman. We run in circles when we discuss this subject abstractly. A better answer would be: 'Every human being is an individual case.'"

Supporters of the theory that faithfulness is about evenly distributed between the sexes are Irene Rich and Louise Fazenda.

"It depends on how much they have to do," remarks Louise. "If a woman has a lot of money and plenty of time, she likes to wander. If both she and her husband work, they are apt to be glad to see each other at the end of the day and feel that their meeting is more of an adventure. A husband seems like a new person when you have been deprived of his company.

"But a woman is unconsciously cruel when she falls out of love, especially if there are no children. Sentiment means so much to her, and when romance is gone, the once beloved is just another man and rather annoying at that—and she shows it."

"Women have come to feel that old standards have fallen and they have as much right to wander as men," observes Irene Rich. "It has become a fifty-fifty affair. Women without much to occupy them, often drift into flirtation because they enjoy thrills. I don't mean to imply that these flirtations are neces-

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JUST A TOUCH of darkening shadow on lashes—what can be more flattering to pretty eyes? But—ordinary cosmetics so often look unnatural—"made-up." So often they make lashes brittle. Now—a new cosmetic has been created which gives lashes a Double Treatment. First, it darkens lashes with a delicate and absolutely natural touch. Then it softens lashes. Of course "brittle" or coarse lashes are impossible. . . . This Double Treatment cosmetic is the new Liquid Winx . . . Try it! Send $1 for Vanity Size (enough for a month's use).

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Dipped Out

Of all the men I know...

Peel Off The Ugly

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Have a New Clear Skin in 3 Days!

UGLYBLEMISHES

Sonnichsen: Chapter II—Continued from page 65

comedy cops, ducks, geese, trains, automobiles, there was no limit to his ingenuity.

The first thing I learned about making the world laugh was that comedies must be short, simple, varied, and human. And they must be packed with action—otherwise they're a total flop.

"Making a comedy," he continued, "requires a whole lot of horse sense. You can't do anything without a reason. And you can't get by with just a haphazard collection of haphazard ideas—ideas for 'just folks.' Things that could happen to Uncle Jim or Aunt Mollie. And write, that is, this true of American people but of folks everywhere.

Once I was doubtful how a picture would go in the Far East. So I called in a Japanese scholar—a highly educated man who had little in common with movie comedies. I had the picture run off for him. 'What do you think of it?' I asked. 'I think it will go very well in my country. It is human.' It did go well in Japan, and in many other far-flung countries. And it was in this way that I learned that human nature is the same in Japan, Java, Ireland, Iceland—in fact, the world over.

'When the most difficult of all in producing comedies is to get an idea, a story. I can hire all the comic actors I want but it is the story that counts. And I was in the position of a writer, who can turn out a good comedy scenario single-handed. We have a whole staff of writers, but each of whom get as high as thirty thousand dollars a year apiece. Two of them will work on an idea until they have given it all they have. Then two more take it and develop it until the whole staff has worked on it. When it's finally finished, we have a gen-

sarily serious or that these women go too far, for I think as a rule when she sees such an apparent butch, she gets away and runs as fast as she can. But women do love to play with fire. "A few years ago, when women were dependent, they had less chance to be faithless," is Edmund Lowe's opinion, "but now men and women are alike. If a man is a Don Juan—a man a flirt, that doesn't condemn the sexes.

"I do believe, though, that women enjoy notorious men more than men do. Take Peggy Hopkins Joyce, for example—she seems to revel in rushing from husband to husband and keeping her affairs in the limelight. It doesn't look as if any man who gets a thrill out of his infidelity.

"All through history, much is made of the vamps, such as Cleopatra, Josephine, Du Barry, and so on. Against these, stands but one man—Byron.

"There is no such thing as constancy today in the sense in which we read of it in olden time. No modern Jacob could hope to serve seven years for a modern Rachel, for by the time the first year was over Rachel would have decided not to wait for him," states Ramon Novarro.

"She is always beautiful. This man is hopeless. He will never be able to marry me, and my youth will soon be gone. So I will attempt to be true to myself and say 'Sad to relate, women are more faithless than men,'" sighs Mary Nolan. "I've known mountain women who clung to faithless men and wouldn't give them up. That primal instinct is in every woman. If she loves a man, she can't wean herself away from him, or she couldn't! until civilization taught her she was lacking in pride and self-respect. Now she may become divorced from the man she loves and so no longer be called being true, but by nature she is faithful.

Mary Brian's reason for disagreeing with the savant is that women have more sense than men. "Men are like boys and seldom grow up. They like adventure, but women take on responsibilities when the time comes for them."

According to Kay Francis, women are unfaithful in mind only; it is men who are actually so.

Richard Arlen thinks men hold the record, though married women may upon occasions seek excitement in forbidden fields.

"Circe has been held up throughout the ages as an example of feminine wile to lure men from fidelity," says John Boles. "Kipling's story, 'The White Man's Burden,' is a prime example. But these alibis are inadequate. Women are and always have been more faithful than men. At least, I think so. Men more frequently make their faithlessness appear to society, as when they are unfaithful, society has overlooked any peccadilloes of men, while it condemned women," is Lex Ayres. "Cage to the palate of today and he is protected by white lies to protect their reputations and 'mental cruelty' is an excellent screen to hide behind.

"It's the men who kiss and tell. We drive the women straight to hell," laughs Blanche Sweet. "All women would be very glad to be known as good and not bad. For the most part, they are."

Time has shown that men feed on intentions and declarations. "Faithfulness, therefore, can be attributed to express male desire. The insidious seed is based on extreme confidence in every woman, more so than in a man."

That women are much more faithful than men is claimed by a majority.

Ralf Harolde, Radio's favorite menace, maintains that if women are ever faithless it is due to the long and careful campaigning of men, and to the conduct of those to whom the women are supposed to be true.

Dorothy Lee, a recent bride, thinks a woman is always faithful to the man she loves. "If she's not in love, she doesn't hold to the code of honor as stubbornly as a man. Women are more practical and less likely to be guided by mossy traditions."

"Insofar as marriage is concerned," adds Irene Dunne, "the whole fabric of faith is based on extreme confidence. The first breach destroys faith."

"My firm contention is that the single standard is upheld by women by their own wish," insists George Duryea. "Women are more faithful than men because they want it so."

"A statement of the eminent lawyer is ridiculous," says Edmund Breese. "Evidently he doesn't understand animal nature. The male species of the animal is polygamist, it is always anxious and willing to cohabit, but in the female the desire is evidenced only in seasons."

"More men fall down on marriage vows than women, and the answer goes back to the fundamental laws of nature."

"Money plays a big part in weakening marriage vows. This is a case of a man being faithful to his wife while they were in moderate circumstances, then when wealth comes, his patience for time for new acquaintances. Sometimes it is the man who progresses beyond his wife and forms new and younger ties. Money makes men forget their wives."

"When you have been married a long time," says one, "you get used to each other and the marriage becomes a way of life, and you don't mind it."

"From the man's standpoint, the wife is much less interested, and it is the man who gets more satisfaction. The wife is the one who always has the questionable relationship with others."

"From the woman's standpoint, there is no comparison. The man is the one who gets the satisfaction."

"The greatest difficulty of all in producing comedies is to get an idea, a story. I can hire all the comic actors I want but it is the story that counts. And I was in the position of a writer who can turn out a good comedy scenario single-handed. We have a whole staff of writers, but each of whom get as high as thirty thousand dollars a year apiece. Two of them will work on an idea until they have given it all they have. Then two more take it and develop it until the whole staff has worked on it. When it's finally finished, we have a gen-
eral story conference and everybody is al-
loved. Suddenly, the music comes in and the set is cut to pieces. Once we get what we con-
sider a fairly fool-proof story, the rest is easy.

After seventeen years, Mack Sennet had
turned a few one-room shacks into the most famous comedy studio in the world. He had started with the time of Old California and the rest. He had made plenty of money, bought his mother a great big ranch in Canada, built her a fourteen-room bunga-

love and a drive to Santa Monica Beach, and was just ready to sit back—a rich good-looking bachelor—and twirl the world by the tail.

But it wasn't to be! Overnight, talkies hit the front page of the dramatic world, and the pantomime art was murdered at one stroke!

"I had to start from rock bottom again," Sennet explained. "As soon as my grotesque characters started to talk, they weren't funny any more. Reality blotted out laughter. Even to see a man lose his pants to music didn't cause a chuckle.

"After thinking it over a good while, I decided that instead of being a hindrance, talk could be made to help the comedy work. I'll add the elements of hearing. All wit wouldn't have to be visual. But it was a mighty, mighty tricky transformation.

"I determined to stick to the old silent formula for comedies but to add sound, dialogue, and color—sparsely. There was searched for—absolutely necessary to delete slap-

stick and introduce in its stead sophisti-
cated situations. Subtlety was the keynote now—and Sennet is the only producer to use color in short comedies.

"On my recent flight from Los Angeles to New York," Mack says, "the continual change in the panoramic proved one of the most thrilling experiences I have ever had, and it is my intention to reproduce these sensations in the beauty of the California orange groves, the gleaming snow-capped Rockies or the Painted Desert may be lost.

"Novelty, reality and humanity are what I am trying to put into my pictures." Mr. Sennet concluded. "The human ex-

perience I have suffered or enjoyed has been turned into grist for my comedy mill.

That is my little personal contribution toward the laughter of the world!"

**Compton Close-up with Betty**

*Continued from page 66*

Time was when Betty wasn't a success. Back in a small Utah town, small Betty studied the violin and longed to be an actress. It was inevitable. Being an only child of moderately poor parents, Betty was taken to the theatre when anything good happened. There were always one or two others to mind the baby. So she always knew the theatre. Papa and Mama Comp-

son vision her as another Maude Pickford. But not Betty. In Betty's blue eyes, she saw herself as another Olg Nethersole.

"When my father asked me why I didn't spend more time with my violin, I told him I didn't want to be a violinist. I wanted to go on the stage. He said I should go to a dramatic school, but I knew that wasn't the only way. I had to have a job. So I joined a stock company. As a matter of fact, I didn't start in vaudeville. I was playing in and orchestra to pay my way through school. It was one of those old-time shows with several short films and two or three vaudeville acts. One day one of the acts didn't go on. They asked me if I didn't want to try a single with my violin. I did. After that I had sev-

eral seasons in vaudeville. When I found myself in Hollywood I heard they needed a swell actress at Universal. I told them I was. And they believed me!"

That was the beginning of fifteen years and a few movies. After several comedies and serials, came "The Miracle Man" and it was a miracle to Betty. She was a star and her succession followed suc-

cess. Then Betty tried domesticity and dropped out of pictures. Came the talkies and she scored again.

When the change comes, if ever, that Betty leaves the screen it won't be to sit and fold her hands. She'll take up interior decorating in a serious way. Even now the young are wasting out of doing the old home site over every year or so. "You wouldn't think of wearing the same dress for several weeks," says Betty logically.

"Why wear the same house?"

She's devastatingly frank. She likes to go to fortune tellers because they have such a bland way of assuring you everything will turn out all right—as it usually does.
Nancy Carroll's Life Story

BEGINNING in the June Silver Screen, Nancy Carroll, that lovely little Irish girl, tells in her own words the story of her life. It's a love story, packed with drama. It ranges from Tenth Avenue, New York, to Europe and Hollywood; with fame and laughter, tears and struggle. You'll certainly want to read this.

This is just one of the many fascinating features in the June Silver Screen.

$1,500 IN CASH PRIZES is offered for the smart moviegoer who can unscramble four scenes each month. The scenes have been as scrambled as your breakfast eggs, but all you have to do to win a prize is re-assemble them correctly, name the picture, the star, and the company which produced it. Pull details of the contest in July issue.

IS GARBO DOOMED? The shadow of a strange fate that hangs over the most beautiful woman. The June Silver Screen will tell you all.

Great interviews with Marie Dressler, Ramon Novarro, Gavin Gordon, Claudette Colbert, John Boles, Elissa Landi, Neil Hamilton and others. Beautiful new pictures, and Silver Screen's own exclusive Movietown Topics, the snappiest gossip out of Hollywood.

The June issue of Silver Screen will be on sale May tenth.

Arlen Fan, Drexel Hill. This department is offered for your entertainment and appraisal. If I should by accident scare up a laugh now and then, be non-chalant and don't scatter the ashes on the girl friend's best welcome mat. Richard Arlen is giving you another Western picture, "The Conquering Horde" with Fay Wray and plenty of Indians. He is not appearing in "Druggilite" but Jack Holt and Ralph Forbes. "The Conquering Horde" is featured in that film, Richard was born Sept. 1, 1899. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 161 pounds and has medium brown hair and grey eyes. He and his pretty wife, Jobjana Ralston, have been married since Jan. 27, 1927.

Anne of N.Y. I do start the day with a smile? Truer word was never spoken even in jest. Lionel and John Barrymore are the famous brothers of Ethel, whose parents were Georgia Drew and Maurice Barrymore. John was born Feb. 15, 1882, in Philadelphia, Pa. He is 5 feet 10 inches, weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and light brown eyes. Dolores Costello is his third wife. Lionel doesn't give his age. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 155 pounds and has dark hair and blue eyes. He was on the stage with his parents when an infant. Screen career began in 1915.

Helen L. No. William Haines has never been led to the altar in real life, though no doubt many of the girls would gladly take the fatal leap with him. Billy was born Jan. 1, 1905. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. He played with Marion Davies and Polly Moran in "Show People." Helen Foster was born in 1907 in Oklahoma City. Dorothy Janis, real name Dorothy Penelope Jones, was born Feb. 19, 1910, in Dallas Texas.

Wandering Willy. Phyllis Haver has not made a picture since she became the wife of William Keenan of New York City. She is 32 years old. Alice White is 23, Dolores Del Rio is 25, and Barry Norton is 26.

Helen S. Marion Davies is not married. She has the "Moore Voice" and "Father" with Ralph Forbes and C. Aubrey Smith of the New York stage. Dorothy Guelver was married in 1926 to C. W. DeVite, a director. Marceline and Alice Day are sisters. Alice is married and the mother of a baby son. Leila Hyams is the wife of Phil Berg. Anita Page is still single at the ripe old age of 20 years.

Listening Hard. For all the nice things I can tell you about your magazine, are you sure you'll keep John Mack Brown is happily married to Cornelia Foster, a college sweetheart. They have a young daughter, Harriet. Joan Crawford's latest pictures are "Paid" and "Dance, Fools, Dance."

Charles S. L. From the frozen north to South America is some little step but you'll find my "Ask Me!" department tucked away in every corner of the globe if you have South America as an Address. Milton Sills passed away at Santa Monica, Calif., on Sept. 15, 1930. He was 48 years old. His last picture was "The Sea Wolf," from a Jack London story. Laura La Plante plays with Edward Everett Horton, Esther Ralston and Patsy Ruth Miller in "Lonely Wives."

Molly C. You extend your sympathy to me for my big job—I'd rather have your congratulations and a big hand if I'm to take care of all questions that come to me for the department. Kean was born in Denver, Colo., in 1907. He has black hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 168 pounds. As far as I know, he isn't married.

Laura M. One of your big moments is when SCREENLAND arrives. My personal endorsement on this beats new clothes. You and your brother want to know if Monte Blue can run an airplane—no doubt he can fly one as long as anything. He has been a sailor, soldier, lumberjack, miner, copacker, locomotive fireman, commercial traveler and an Indian agent. Can you beat that record? His latest picture is "The Flood."

Leon V. Ramon Novarro was born Feb. 6, 1900, in Durango, Mexico. Possessed of an excellent speaking and singing voice, he is right at home in the talkies. He is devoted to playing the violin and piano, and organ. He is not married or engaged.

Jasie C. The six aviators in "Lilac Time" with Colleen Moore and Gary Cooper were Dick Grace, Stuart Knox, Harlan Hilton, Richard Jarvis, Jack Ponder and Dan Duryea, but I have their addresses. The cast of "The Racket" with Thomas Meighan is too long to give here but Frank Albertson was not in it. John Darrow who plays with Johnny Compson in "The Lady Refuses" was in the cast of "The Racket. Marian Nixon's private life is Mrs. Edward Hillman, Jr. David Rollins and John Darrow played with Nancy Drexel in "Prep and Pep," released in 1928.

Patsy S. You can't believe all you hear, less of what you see and button, button, who has the button? That swell gangster (in pictures). Edward Robinson, can't recall ever meeting an underworld character, thus proving the above assertion. Charlie Chaplin's private life is Mrs. Edward Hillman, Jr. David Rollins and John Darrow played with Nancy Drexel in "Prep and Pep," released in 1928.

Roberta from Wash. Conrad Nagel is about the most farmered-out player in pictures. In the last two years he has appeared in 28 films and only about half a dozen of these have been made for MGM, though he is under contract to them. Don Alvarado is 26 years old, 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Jean Arthur is 26 years old, weighs 105 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Jean's pet aversions are not confusion, glitter and crowds! Jean's a quiet home girl.

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Margie L. Sue Carol has many followers who would gladly park on her door step and even part with hard-earned "what have you" to get a glimpse of her pretty face on the screen. Come on, Sue, give the people a new film, "Call Your Man." John Lederer. Her first husband was Allan Keefer. Sue was educated at National Park Seminary and at Kemper Hall. She has appeared in popular films were "Air Circus" and "Walking Back."

Caroline H. You have the wrong impression of my department. I do not read and receive all of Clara Bow's let-
Theresa M., The principals in "Haunt- man's House" were Victor McLaglen, Larry Kent, Carl Switzer, Bela Lugosi, and Belle Stoddard. The film was released in 1928. Eva Von Berne made her one picture in "America—""Mask of the Devil" with John Gilbert and the late Alma Rubens.

"B. V. D. of Texas." So you've been timid about writing me. Put your reserve in your pocket and give me your hand and we'll have a get-together meeting and talk about your favorite. Clive Brook. He was born June 1, 1891, in London, England. His father was surgeon. He has grey eyes, brown hair, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 149 pounds. He is a pro- ficiency but he has written a number of successful short stories. He came to America to make one picture and has re- mained six years. He is Captain Levinson in "Goodbye—" with Ann Harding and Conrad Nagel.

Puzzled from Zanesville. I don't blame you, who wouldn't be? If the first request for a photograph from a star fails to bring the coveted prize, write, write again—nothing to it but that. Jack Jones' wife is Odille Osborne but I don't know her birthplace. Sally Eilers and Hobart Bosworth are other sweet things. Conrad Nagel's wife is Ruth Helms, a non-professional. John Gilbert is 33. Tommy Steele is 31 and James Hall is 30.

A Hobo in Hoboken. You are ready to place a heavy bet that the screen stars never see any of their fan mail. I'll take you up on that for I've known many to fairly eat their mail. If you know what I mean. Charles Rogers has been reported "this way and that" about several screen beauties. He is the deduction that Buddy's best girl friend is his mother. No cause for tears there.

Dorothy S., Roderique La Rocque, bet- ter known as Rod, was born Nov. 29, 1898, in Chicago, Ill. Rod's father was French and his mother English. Rod has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 181 pounds. I do not know Lon Chaney's wife. He left a son who has married three times. Leatrice Joy and John Gilbert were divorced when their daughter was just a baby.

Chicke. Clara Bow won't mind your calling her names if they all begin with darling and end with something. I have rather a hazy suspicion you like Clara—excuse me if I'm wrong. A great cast was assembled to make her last picture, "Prostigation of Paper." Esther Stuart Erwin, Harry Green, Thelma Todd and Dixie Lee.

Arthur Rankin Fan. It isn't that the old players are forgotten but with the new crop of screen material coming on, some- times it's hard to find time to locate our old friends. Arthur Rankin has been appearing in shorts (comedies) for quite some time. I guess he likes what he does. For several studios. Donald Keith was born in Boston, Mass. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. His real name is Francis Penney. His wife is Kathry Stuckuzee.

Brown Eyes, Cleveland. Just a rough guess, but you're quite easy on the optics. Gary Cooper is 30 years old and Colleen Moore is 30. Colleen's last release was "Footlights and Fools." She told the country in "On the Loose," a stage play, since she had written her last picture. Among Gary Cooper's newest films are "Morocco" with Marlene Dietrich and "Fighting Caravans" with Lily Damita. Gary, at the illness, is recuperating from an operation.

Lucy G. You will find quite a few colored people on the screen and stage but to give you inspiration to become a player is more than I can do. "Halle- lujah," a King Vidor production, used an entire colored cast. No, I'm not saying that none of the cast had ever worked before in pictures, they gave excellent performances.

Jules S. R. You want to be at the top don't we all? You'd like the stars to back all the money and stamps you spent on them without the long looked- results. Too bad you have been disappointed. The wife Jack Kirkland and they have a young daughter. Nancy is 24 years old and great little actress.

Somebody. How do I know you are Warner Baxter was born March 29, 1899, in Columbus, Ohio. He played for Otho-Warners 14 years in various top companies, vaudeville and Broadway play before her. "Hallelujah" was her screen picture as leading man for Ethel Clayton in "I Own Money." But it was in his first lead- ing picture, "In Old Arizona," that his name showed for his favorite actress. Go ahead and ask me!

Just Nee. Don't ever tell me I have a funny name! Rudy Vallée's one and only film was "Bag-A-Job." He was his sweetest picture. Stanley Smith appeared with Nancy Carroll in "Honey." Mitzi Green was there, too. If you ask me, my favorite actress. Go ahead and ask me!

Jeanne T. To appeal to my intel- ligence puts me right on my toes for I love to dance around with words of more than two syllables. Reginald Denny has light brown hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet tall, weighs 178 pounds and is married to "Bubbles" Steffel, better known as Betty Lynne. He is a licensed aviator, drives a white roadster, speaks with a slight British twang and has a charming grin that endears him to all boys and girls from 6 to 60. You've seen him in "A Lady's Morals," with Grace Moore, and "Love, Marriage," with Mary Pickford, no doubt. His new picture is "Doctor's Wives" with Joan Bennett.

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The Bond Bonfire

Introducing a new red-head named Lillian Bond. Watch her!

By Myrene Wentworth

LILLIAN BOND is the name. Frankly in Hollywood on wickedness bent. Theda Bara, in her vampiest days, never breathed a sigh as sirenical as Lillian hopes to heave by way of scouring the sound screen.

Lady Hamilton; Mme. Du Barry; Camille—yes, and Cleopatra, Salome, and all the rest of the bygone ladies of lure, never aspired to the ambitions voiced by this fiery lass from England who burned up Broadway last season and who is now out to start bigger and better motion picture bonfires of emotion.

“What we need is a little incense in the atmosphere,” we suggested, as Lillian started confiding her secret ambitions. “I have been in captivity.

I read history books and the trappings usually found therein, she explained. “I was a woman of my day, and how shall I gain through them? No modern sisters have remained no different today, the world has changed, a woman must rise to situations those of history did not play. My experiences raised the ambitions of a pathetically small child, but I was fourteen years old and had no ambition but to be famous. It was in St. Vincent’s School for Girls in London that I first began reading of women who achieved so tremendously in the making of world history, whose conquests meant kingdoms, wars; whose sacrifices cost thrones, nations. From the very beginning I was inspired by the women that I read. I studied them, absorbed the glamour, the romance and the glory. The tragedies, too, were gripping in magic interest. They made me want to act their lives, wicked as wickedness could be, but authentic, real, convincing.

“Yes, I went on the stage while I was still at school studying oratory. Salome? Hide my blushes! I played in a Dick Whittington pantomime. Everyone in England at some time or other plays in pantomime when they are at school age or even younger. Proud mothers put children into the little plays when they are barely able to walk. It’s just English tradition, I guess. I went because I wanted to go on the stage and it was the only way I knew to break the ice without running away from home. My mother had been an actress as a child and shared my ambitions. Later I went into the ‘Picideally Revels.’ That’s a cabaret but not the cabaret as you know it in this country. There it is considered quite a thing. This gave me a chance to try the musical revue stage and it was there I remained until I came to the United States several years ago.

We recalled that Miss Bond was recently brought to Hollywood by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to repeat the vamp role she created on the stage in “Stepping Out,” now being made into a talkie with Reginald Denny and Charlotte Greenwood.

“No, that wasn’t my first ‘vamping’ experience,” she said. “I don’t know how I really happened to get my first opportunity for that kind of part unless someone with a clairvoyant mind knew the ambitions I was carrying around while singing and dancing ingénue roles. Anyway, I was given the part of the native girl in ‘Luana’ in New York and all my friends burst into gales of laughter. (Catchline: They laughed when I told them I could play the Luana.) I put so much energy into that characterization that the part was built up and built up until it established me as a siren.

“I never want to play a straight rôle of any kind again. I prefer what I call character roles. Commercially, I guess a vamp by any other name is just as vampish. But no two sirens are alike and, as everyone knows, the only difference in ingenues are their ages and degrees of blandness. A man or woman who plays straight parts limits his or her professional life. You can go so far and there you are. When you are too old to be a leading man or leading lady your career is ended unless you hang on and grab whatever crumbs are scattered your way in bits and minor characters.

Personally, I admit a weakness that surges in every feminine bosom. I want to be as beautiful as possible. I want my characterizations to be gorgeously exotic, bizarre and laden with tons of lure. Those were the glorious creatures who made history who sighed with their Alexanders the Great for more worlds to conquer. I ought to have a chance with only one world to work out on!”
As told to
Princess Pat
by
10,000 Men

"Women Use Too Much Rouge"

The men, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge does look unreal.

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. But there is never a question of too much, never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the most natural rouge in the world. And whether blonde or brunette, you can use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect—instead of being limited to one as with usual rouges.

Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat Almond Base Powder Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing almond base imparts to Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a basis—hence their drying effect. The almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent almond base—instead of starch.

Princess Pat almond base face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the new round box. It has been possible because of the almond base to make the lighter weight powder just as clinging as the medium.

Wonderful New Color for Lips Just what you've wanted—lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and also adheres to and colors the inside; moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely "rim" of color as with usual lipsticks.

Try the Six Aids-to-Beauty in Princess Pat Week End Set This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge. You will be delighted with the set.

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Applied lightly for daytime use and with somewhat deeper shading in the evening, the four colors of Maybelline Eye Shadow are most effectively used as follows: Blue is to be used for all shades of blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes. Green may be used with eyes of all colors and is especially effective for evening wear. If you would make the most of your appearance, a thrilling discovery awaits you in Maybelline Eye Shadow. Incased in an adorably dainty gold-finished vanity at 75c.

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Dark, luxuriant lashes are essential to feminine beauty and Maybelline Eyelash Darkener is the choice of millions of women the world over. A few simple brush strokes of either the Solid or Waterproof Liquid form and the magic of Maybelline Eyelash Darkener is achieved instantly. This easily applied, perfectly harmless beauty aid, to Black or Brown, will delight you, particularly when applied after Maybelline Eye Shadow. Be sure to insist upon genuine Maybelline. Price 75c.

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with Greta Garbo in "Inspiration"
with Norma Shearer in "The Divorcee" and "Strangers May Kiss"

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Directed by Harry Pollard ... Produced in conjunction with the U. S. Navy.
Glamorous Janet Gaynor sweeps to new triumphs of enchanting appeal, as the bewitching, wistful waif who wins the love of her handsome millionaire guardian. A magical masterpiece of tears and laughter, tenderness and charm, with youth and years contending for the love of a little Cinderella mysteriously lifted from drudgery to delight. As dazzlingly joyous as a flood of sunlight—this latest directorial achievement by Alfred Santell.
This Month’s Program

Features:

Cover Portrait of Dorothy Mackail...
Junior, How Could You? Cartoons by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr...
Racketeers of Hollywood...
John Barrymore Gives Dolores Costello a New Voice...
Phillips Holmes’ Own Story...
Hollywood’s Bad Habits...
Let Them See My Pictures!
Star Shots...
Star Shadow Contest...
What Do You People Think About?
Triumphant Veterans...
Rich Man, Poor Man...
Mexican Divorce.

Personalities:

Cry, Baby!
Call Him John.
It Takes Two!
The Prodigal Daughter.
The Rainy Thursday Girl.
Living on Laughs.
Dunne Luck.

Special Roto gravure Art Sections:

Star Shadow Contest...
Great Garbo Etching...
Fashions...
The Big Racketeer...
The Most Beautiful Girl of the Month...
The Rainy Thursday Girl.
LIVING ON LAUGHS.
Dunne Luck.

Departments:

Revuettes.
Summer Specials.
Honors Page.
Editorial.
Reviews of the Best Pictures.
Hedlum Parties and House Warmings.
The Stage in Review.
Critical Comment on Current Films.
The Right of Weigh!
Screen News.
The Truth About Cosmetics.
Ask Me.
Casts of Current Films.
Addresses of the Stars.

Are You a Shadow Sleuth?

How well do you know your stars? Here’s a chance to prove it. Turn to our Star Shadow Contest, on the first pages of the first rotogravure section in this issue, and have some fun. And not only fun—$2,500 in cash prizes for the winners!

The contest will run for four issues: this issue, July, the next issue, August, September, and October. You’ll find it more fun as you go along. It will sharpen your wits, intrigue your imagination, and develop your interest in your film favorites. You may think you know your Hollywood celebrities as well as your next-door neighbors—that you’d even recognize their shadows. Well, go ahead! We’re backing you—and may the best shadow sleuth win!
Here are the new motion picture favorites

Your Favorite Stars:

HAROLD LLOYD
MARLENE DIETRICH
MAURICE CHEVALIER
GEORGE BANCROFT
MARX BROTHERS
RUTH CHATTERTON
GARY COOPER
NANCY CARROLL
CLARA BOW
JACK OAKIE
RICHARD ARLEN
FREDRIC MARCH
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
CLIVE BROOK
CHARLES ROGERS
JACKIE COOGAN

TALLULAH BANKHEAD
MIRIAM HOPKINS
PHILLIPS HOLMES
CAROLE LOMBAR
SILVIA SIDNEY
PAUL LUKAS
ROBERT COOGAN
CHARLIE RUGGLES
CARMEN BARNES

Be sure to see:
NANCY CARROLL
Fredric March
in
"The Night Angel"
Edmund Goulding Prod.

"The Vice Squad"
Paul Lukas—Kay Francis

"Up Pops the Devil"
Norman Foster, Carole Lombard
Skertz Gallagher, Stuart Erwin

"The Lawyer’s Secret"
Clue Brook, Richard Arlen,
Charles Rogers, Fay Wray

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REVUETTES
SCREENLAND'S First Aid to the Movie-Goer—Read These Revuettes and Let Your Good Sense Be Your Guide!

Class A:

★ A CONNECTICUT YANKEE. Fox. Will Rogers scores in this very funny Mark Twain story. Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Albertson carry on a pleasant romance.

★ A TAILOR MADE MAN. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. William Haines hanging out plenty of laughs as a brush painter-producer. Dorothy Jordan is the lovely heroine.

★ CITY LIGHTS. United Artists. This Chaplin classic is worth waiting two years for. Virginia Cherrill and Harry Meyers contribute pleasing performances.

★ CITY STREETS. Paramount. A thrilling gangster story with plenty of action—with Gary Cooper at his best and Sylvia Sidney, from Broadway, as the charming heroine.

★ DIRIGIBLE. Columbia. Spectacular air thrill, a good story and entirely human people. Ralph Graves, Jack Holt and Fay Wray present the eternal triangle. See it.

★ IRON MAN. Universal. A plausible romance of the ring with Lew Ayres taking it on the chin from his unfaithful wife, Joan Harvard. Robert Armstrong, as the prize-fighter's manager, is excellent.

★ SKIPPY. Paramount. Corling entertainment for the whole family. Jackie Cooper and Bobby Coogan are natural actors. Don't pass this by.

★ STRANGERS MAY KISS. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Norma Shearer at her best in her first picture to date. It's a sophisticated tale of an ultra modern maiden. Robert Montgomery, Noel Hamilton and Marjorie Rambeau are splendid support.

★ SVENGALI. Warner Brothers. John Barrymore comes through again with an impressive performance. Marian Marsh is a captivating Trilby. See this one.


★ THE FINGER POINTS. First National. A newspaper yarn with Richard Barthelmess giving a grand performance. Fay Wray and Regis Toomey are interesting support.


Make this your guide to the worthwhile screenplays. Note the pictures selected as worthy of SCREENLAND’s seal of approval. See page 98 for complete casts of current films.

Class B:

★ THE MILLIONAIRE. Warner Brothers. George Arliss is splendid in a delightful screen treat. Evelyn Knapp and David Manners supply the romance. Don't miss this one.

★ BAD SISTER. Universal. This is a silly old-fashioned for our sophisticated tastes. Bad Sister flirts with all the boys including Nice Sister's beau. Sidney Fox and Bette Davis are new and nice.

★ BEYOND VICTORY. Pathé. A fair war drama. This one concerns four buddies and their experiences. Bill Boyd, Morton Shilling and James Gleason give ace performances.

★ BIG BUSINESS GIRL. First National. A sophisticated tale of how "Miss 1931" manages love and business. Loretta Young as the heroine and Frank Albertson and Ricardo Cortez as the male interest. A good picture.

★ DIVORCE AMONG FRIENDS. Warner Brothers. A marital mix-up with James Hall, Irene Dunlop, Lew Cody and Natalie Moorhead and spacy dialogue.

★ DUDE RANCH. Paramount. A swell burlesque on the "wild west." Jack Oakie is a pith as an actor putting on a brave front. June Collyer is lovely; Mitra Green and Stewart Erwin are hovels.

★ FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN. Warner Brothers. An amusing light comedy with Olsen and Johnson clowning. The story is weak but Technicolorful.

★ GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN. Warner Brothers. Frank Fay is an amusing Don Juan in this farce. Laura La Plante, Louise Brooks and Joan Blondell are Frank's girl-friends. Good gags and lots of laughs.

★ GUN SMOKE. Paramount. A thriller—this two-fisted cowboy picture with Richard Arlen as the strong but talkative hombre and Mary Brian as the sweet heroine.

★ LAUGH AND GET RICH. Radio. Edna Mae Oliver, Hugh Herbert and Dorothy Lee make this homely boarding house comedy interesting by their characterization.

* Reviewed in this issue.
★ These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of SCREENLAND's seal of approval.

(Continued on page 124)
HE is genius—madman—lover! His hypnotic spell reaches out of darkness controlling love—hate—life itself.

SHE is the beauty who has all Paris at her famous feet—who wins men with a smile—who hates Svengali the sinister love maker—until his magic spell forces even her heart to beat to his manufactured love!

JOHN BARRYMORE as “SVENGLALI” The Hypnotist

MARIAN MARSH as “Trilby”

Directed by ARCHIE MAYO Based on the novel “Trilby” by DU MAURIER

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Don’t miss the newest beauty of the screen, alluring Marian Marsh, selected for this great part by Mr. Barrymore, himself.

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SLAMS and SALVOS

Send us your screen views. We'll pay for the best letters

THE FAN'S STAND

Garbo still holds her throne—she reigns supreme. But the fans want to crown John Gilbert—that is, they think he belongs by Garbo's side, cinematically speaking, of course!

Marlene Dietrich manages to hold her own and then some.

Clara Bow, the film flapper, is still blazing with the fans. We hope she kicks in with a good performance in "Kick It." There's a trend toward musical movies with Lawrence Tibbett nominated as head man.

Charlie Chaplin can make all the silent films he cares to—he has the crowd with him.

More "kid" pictures wanted. We'll get more—Paramount is going to make "Huckleberry Finn" with Jackie Coogan playing Huck.

Apparently Charlie Farrell's marriage to Virginia Valli hasn't wilted the interest in the Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell films. Some one suggests a romance by Warwick Deeping, as a suitable vehicle for them.

The blond Phil Holmes continues to be one of the most popular screen juveniles. Read his life story on page 24. It begins in this issue.

WHAT ABOUT "SKIPPY"?

(First Prize Letter)

The movies have taken the place of Goldilocks and Cinderella in the make-believe of our children. A group of eight and nine-year olds were playing outside my window. "I'm Loretta Young," one of them announces, "and my sweetheart is Arthur Lake." "I'm going to be Clara Bow," one daring mite discloses.

What are we going to do about it? We can't have censorship—it is an affront to adult intelligence—but our children certainly cannot have the moving-pictures as they are at present. No matter how much I like Greta Garbo, Ruth Chatterton, and William Powell, I cannot permit my children to see them in their glorifications of gangsters and illict loves.

But it does seem cruel to keep them away from the theatres altogether, when they so love the charm and fantasy of the screen. Please, producers, come to the rescue of the poor youngsters!

SUE F. COPE,
2525 Jennings Ave.,
Fort Worth, Texas.

DAT OLE DAVIL GOSSIP!

(Third Prize Letter)

A "choice" piece of news may seem no more harmful than a bit of thistle-down blown against one as he walks along. But the sharpest knife could not hurt more terribly than the thorn of a bit of thistle-down.

That's why I believe that the divorces and marriages of the film people should be locked away from the public. If you don't love your "bitter half" of the marriage bargain, it does make you exlubiated to plait your broken marriage in the face of the four winds. But if you do love that person and are sanctioning a divorce only because of necessity—well, all that rumor hurts. Fed by the facile pens of writers and press pull, these legends become Brodhhagnan in appearance. As a result, film-players live in a shell and paint on its surface a gay mask which is anything but fun.

KAY MATTHEWS,
6300 14th St., N.W.,
Seattle, Washington.

A BOOST

( Fourth Prize Letter)

Some things Talkieland can be mighty proud of:

Clarence Brown's directorial ability;
Greta Garbo's eyes;
Clara Bow's curves;
Ruth Chatterton's voice;
Norma Shearer's poise;
John Gilbert's pluck;
Garbo's personality;
Marlene Dietrich's legs;
Janet Gaynor's youthfulness;
Constance Bennett's sophistication;
Mary Pickford's last youth;
Gloria Swanson's finesse;
Marie Dressler's talents;
Ann Harding's fragile beauty.

RALPH C. BYFIELD,
620 Oregon Street,
La Fayette, Indiana.

(Continued on page 97)
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.
"CHANCES"

in

with

ROSE HOBART

The picture thousands of fans have waited for, clamored for, actually demanded—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in a greater role than in "The Dawn Patrol"... He reaches full-fledged stardom in "Chances" where men sport with fate, honor and life; and love tramps the shambles of the battlefield... "The Dawn-Patrol-Fairbanks" as you would have him in war and love—with the gorgeously beautiful Rose Hobart.

Directed by ALLAN DWAN
Story by A. HAMILTON GIBBS
Adaptation by Waldener Young
with a cast including
ANTHONY BUSHELL
HOLMES HERBERT
MARY FORBES

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
Because she was the daughter of a famous actor, Joan became camerawise at the age of seven. Very, very dignified!

Having made a stage début with her father in "Jarnegan," Joan went into films opposite Colman in "Bulldog Drummond."

When the youngest Bennett was twelve, before any thoughts of a stage or screen career had entered her dainty blonde head.

JOAN—So Far!

A pictorial account of little Miss Bennett's career—like herself, short and sweet.

And now the Joan of today—the pretty Bennett, barely out of her teens, whom you'll see in "Doctors' Wives" and other Fox films. Cecil Beaton, that authority on loveliness, says Joan Bennett's little-girl wistfulness is her greatest charm.
THE shortest speaker may be the most important. It’s a cinch he’s the most interesting.

The shorter items on the movie program, too, may be the most important. Certainly those short comedies and novelties bearing the "Educational Pictures" trade-mark always challenge the best of feature pictures for first honors as entertainment. Product of the industry’s only big specialists in short features, they bring you, minute for minute of your time, more real amusement than almost anything else you’ll find on the screen.

So it’s always good judgement, not only to pick your feature picture, but to find out also what short features are on the program. You won’t want to miss such excellent comedies as Sennett’s "Cowcatcher's Daughter" and "Ghost Parade", or those HOLLYWOOD GIRLS in the Ideal Comedy "The Lure of Hollywood"; the thrills of the latest William J. Burns Detective Mystery, "The Strangler"; the beauty of the Romantic Journey "Cross Roads"; or the delightful cartoon whimsicalities of the latest and funniest Paul Terry-Toon, "The Sultan’s Cat."
DOROTHY MACKAILL

DOUGLAS S. ANDERSON

Screenland's

TRY DOROTHY MACKAILL'S
SUMMER SALADS—YOU'LL LIKE THEM.

DOROTHY IS ONE OF
HOLLYWOOD'S GRAND-
EST HOSTESSES—AND
WHEN SHE SERVES HER
CRISP SUMMER SALADS
SHE GIVES YOU ONE OF
THE FAMOUS MACKAILL
SMILES, TOO!

SUMMER SPECIALS

Referring to Dorothy Mackaill and her favorite warm-
weather recipes, which she divulges here for your delectation

By

Blanche Meredith

DOROTHY MACKAILL

has a grand maid, Cecelia, who has been all over the map with her, and if she keeps on making the kind of salads Dorothy likes she will be the gorgeous star's right-hand salad-maker de luxe for many more years to come.

But this story is not about Cecelia. She may make the delectable epicurean tid-bits into tasty concoctions, but the brains of the outfit is our own little Dot. She is a self-admitted connoisseur. Her observations have been taken from Hollywood to Hull, England, her old hometown, and from New York to Honolulu and waypoints in between. But after gathering salad statistics at random and by blandly inquiring of waiters at such impressive hostleries as the Ritz-Carlton in New York and the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu as to what goes into the vivid parti-colored dish set before her, to the amazement of her more formal and restrained friends, she has the salad situation well in hand.

As she says, "Believing that thousands of rabbits thrive on lettuce yearly with scarcely a newspaper line telling of an early and untimely death of one from eating the stuff, I guess it won't hurt me, and I eat it with a vengeance!"

But what goes on the lettuce leaf is quite another and important matter, which should be gone into directly. First into the little green-garden, a specially reserved and cultivated plot in the backyard of her Santa Monica Beach home. Yes, movie stars do grow vegetables. Believe it or not, and Dorothy's garden contains every kind of green vegetable from brocoli to spearmint grown for her household consumption.

Furthermore, she may, on occasion when her studio duties permit it, be found fondly digging around the roots of an aspiring bean vine, now and then furtively plucking a very young onion from its bed and unabashedly popping it into her mouth. Of all the vegetables invented by Nature and Burbank, Dorothy bends toward the young onion, and this little member of the "licentious" tribe, commonly considered an offender by individuals less frank and direct than Dorothy Mackaill, occupies a warm and seasoned spot in her heart.

All this salad discussion developed the idea for this story while Dorothy, clad in a sporty pair of lounging pajamas, reclined in a wicker lawn chair during a moment's respite from her picture under production. Cecelia had hunted up a pet recipe book containing some hundred of Dorothy's immortal salad works, and just for a surprise had painstakingly followed the directions and concocted three of her most luscious ones for her luncheon. Dorothy wandered up to the little informal table set in the sun in a beautiful rose-bowered corner to find one of the most inviting lunches of her career all ready and waiting.

"Well, Cecilia, which number is this?" she asked, pointing an inquiring finger at a spring strawberry perched on a mound of whipped cream: "Tha's numbah fohty-th'ee, (Continued on page 102)
Indiscreet

Through one indiscretion—a woman with a future became a woman with a past

A new year..... A new life.....

So Jerry Trent (Gloria Swanson) made her New Year's resolution.... Her past was a closed book.... Her romance with Jim Woodward was forgotten.... On fresh, clean pages she'd write of a new and greater love... But the winds of fate blew...

Love demanded a sacrifice...

Joseph M. Schenck presents
A DeSylva, Brown and Henderson Production

GLORIA SWANSON in "INDISCREET"

with

Ben Lyon Arthur Lake

Directed by Leo McCarey

A United Artists Picture

"UNITED FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT"

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
"Skippy" is a "kid picture," but it is for grown-ups, too. No matter how young or how old you may be, you'll get a great kick out of the screen adventures of Percy Crosby's cartoon characters. We wish we had room here to cheer Jackie Searl and Mitzi Green as well.

Screenland Honor Page

Won by

The Boy Stars of "Skippy"

Presenting the youngest stars ever to win our Honor Page—Jackie Cooper and Bobby Coogan, who score in "Skippy." Jackie, because he is not only a delightful little boy, but a really gifted actor who troupes with all the assurance of a Barrymore. Bobby, because he is an endearing kid making his first screen appearance and trying oh, so hard to make good.

Jackie Coogan's little brother Robert—Bobby to you—makes a hit in his first picture, "Skippy." Just as Jackie did in Charlie Chaplin's "The Kid." Same big cap and sweater and wistful look.

This is a close-up from the picture showing Jackie Cooper as he cries over the loss of his dog. The screen has never seen a more touching scene. Master Cooper is a former member of "Our Gang."

Two boys and a dog—and what fun and what pathos they provide in "Skippy." It's the picture that will silence all censors of the screen.
THE RADIO TITAN, INDOMITABLE SYMBOL OF SCREEN LEADERSHIP, UNFURLS THE GOLDEN BANNER OF A GLORIOUS NEW SHOW SEASON!

When Colossal "CIMARRON" swept triumphanty to the screen, RADIO PICTURES set a new standard for itself and the amusement world!... A standard of artistry and entertainment that inspires RADIO'S 1931-32 program.

Thirty-six superlative productions... among them "THE BIRD OF PARADISE," Richard Walton Tully's immortal play with Dolores Del Rio.

"MARCHETA," Glamorous romance of old Spain and "FRONTIER," companion spectacle to "Cimarron" with its stars, RICHARD DIX and IRENE DUNNE.

Fanny Hurst gives you "SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION," intriguing story of Hollywood; and Wesley Ruggles, great director, brings a penetrating drama of today, "ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?" Other attractions of road-show calibre are "MIRACLE CITY" by Howard Estabrook and Willard Mack's "THE DOVE" with Dolores Del Rio.

Great Pictures...Great Stars...Great Entertainment, the reward for those who follow the RADIO TITAN on his Triumphant March to New Conquests.
Charlie Chaplin, as his friend, young Fairbanks, sees him. He may be the world’s greatest pantomimist, but he is just a funny face to Doug!

Joan Crawford is a devoted wife. We believe it—she has seen her husband’s caricature of her, and they are still speaking.

Can this be the face that a million maidens sigh for? No—it’s just Junior’s impression of John Gilbert. Incidentally, Jack and Doug are good pals.

JUNIOR, HOW COULD YOU?

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., caricatures a few of his Hollywood friends. Are their faces red!

As Junior sees Senior. Did Douglas Fairbanks take one look at sonny’s sketch and decide to hunt tigers in India?

Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., or our Mary of the curls, the pout, and the purposeful chin—caught by Doug, Jr.

Here’s the profile that is said to have inspired young Doug in his own career. It belongs to Jawn Barrymore.
I T'S about time to do a little attention-calling!

The most exciting thing about this motion picture business is the swift, sudden discovery of new stars. Things may be a bit dull; then—wham!—along comes a fresh, smart youngster; or a blazing new beauty, and Hollywood and the world perks up and looks about and takes a new lease on life.

And here's where you come in. You, and you, and—yes, you over there. Without your okay a new find has about as much chance as a 1910 silhouette on a 1931 beach. It's your approval and applause that securely establishes a newcomer. That's why I wish you would keep your eyes open—well, if they are open, then open them wider. You can be my little scouts and watch out for talent. Do a Sam Goldwyn—you know Sam picked Bill Haines, Eleanor Boardman, Ronald Colman, Lily Damita, Constance Bennett—and pick your winner and then let me know. I'll put him or her over for you. Fame and fortune positively guaranteed in two years! All I don't guarantee, in fact, is that I can get you a personally autographed photograph once the star is "over." No— I can't promise that.

This Magazine has a way of picking them. Way back in 1925—if it hurts to think back so far, just make that "some time ago," but stay with me—SCREENLAND ran a piece called "The Most Valuable Baby on Earth." At the time, this baby was just a few minutes old; but here was his horoscope which said that by the time he was eight, he'd be world famous. The name of the baby? Bobby Coogan!

If you've seen "Skippy," and I hope you have, you know that the littlest Coogan is already well on his way. He is a sweet, sensitive kid with eyes as big and brown and wistful as his big brother Jackie's. Paramount has signed Bobby, too, to a real contract. And right here it might be interesting to review some of the points brought up by the astrologer who doped out Bobby's destiny. It seems that Baby Coogan will be a screen star of unusual ability, along emotional lines; and that he will be a great financial success as well. According to that horoscope there is artistic genius of a rare sort, and it is added that if Bobby's directors are wise, they will only suggest to the child what they want him to do, and leave the details to the new Kid's original imagination. Jackie, if we can believe the 'scope, will help Bobby at the start, but later each may go his own way for business reasons. Fair enough.

Watch Bobby Coogan. And don't forget we told you. And here are more "I told you so's."

It was in 1929 that we selected Lew Ayres as a coming star and invited you to watch him—no hardship at all. When Connie Bennett came back to pictures we told you, in her own words, why she came back—and predicted she would be a bigger hit in her second screen career than in her first, which she left for marriage. We told you about Tallulah Bankhead first, and advised you not to miss her—and now they are saying that this blonde Alabama girl has them all stopped. Wait and see. But meanwhile watch the youngsters like Carman Barns and Sidney Fox and Sylvia Sidney and Evelyn Knapp—we picked them, too. And we gave you Phil Holmes first—and how you took him!

And now if you have any other candidates let me know. How about picking Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore as the coming star of 1947?

Have you heard about the Scotchman who wants to marry Greta Garbo for her money?
RACKETEERS

Oh, yes—movie stars are fortune’s darlings. But they are also open targets for more scheming sharp-shooters than any other notables. Read why they must learn to say “No!”

Ben Lyon reveals that he is bombarded with demands touching every branch of flying. Ben, with his mother.

The successful Hollywood screen star is a target for more scheming sharp-shooters and petty racketeers than any other notable in the public gaze. Experience forces him to look with suspicion on every stranger who approaches him, and much time and money have been saved by the almost universal filmland custom of saying no to every question and demand.

Repeated burnings have made Hollywood not only afraid of fire, but of smoke; sparks and dead embers as well.

Borrowers of money are the chief and most frequent offenders. Salesmen offering everything from a 20-acre estate in the south of France to a chance in the Havana lottery stand on almost every street corner and at every studio gate, waiting for star victims.

Whether Hollywood wants it or not it has the reputation of being an easy money town, and the “gimme boys” are out to get some of it. And not only the boys who operate within the shadow of the studios. Each incoming mail brings pleas, threats, demands and proposals from all over the world, and from all sorts and conditions of people.

The most frequent request made of women stars is for dresses and dress accessories, according to Bebe Daniels. An especially well-chosen and attractive gown, worn in the briefest of scenes in a picture, will be noted with envy by millions of women, and of these millions five hundred or more will write in to praise it—and to ask for it.

“I could give away not only my entire wardrobe, but a wardrobe ten hundred times its size every month,” Miss Daniels admits. “Many of the letters are from obviously deserving cases. In reply to them I do what I can, but I’d have to have the combined fortune of the Rockefellers, the Fords and the Morgans to meet every request made of me.”

Ben Lyon reveals that he is an open target for every fly-by-night (that is not an attempt at humor) airplane and aviation scheme on two continents. Ever since the world became aware that he is one of Hollywood’s most ardent and active aviation pilots, he has been bombarded with offers touching every branch of the flying industry.

“Much of my mail of this sort comes from inventors and pseudo-inventors who claim to have a device or ship which will revolutionize aviation,” says Lyon. “Jules Verne had no imagination at all compared to that manifested by some of the cranks who write to me, describing...”
of Hollywood

By Brian Herbert

a contraption or contrivance in which they want me to invest."
An offer frequently made to screen stars is that seeking their help toward a Hollywood career. Many have been approached on the street and through the mail by ambitious souls who offer a percentage of their wages if the star only will help them get a job before the cameras.
"You can do it easily," they say, "and I'll give you half of what I earn for the next five years. All I want is one chance."
Dick Barthelmess seems to be the particular victim chosen by these ambitious hopefuls. Especially during his frequent visits to New York.
Hotel bellhops, waiters, waitresses, the man on the street, and even cab drivers tell their troubles to Dick and wind up with the plea, "Get me in the movies, yes, sir?" Dick seems to be the victim of the hopefuls.

Radio salesmen, bond salesmen, vacuum cleaner salesmen, automobile salesmen, real estate agents, oil promoters, race track tipsters, and easy-money operators of all descriptions track and trail the famous screen star in all his wanderings. Some are unbelievably ingenious in finding out telephone numbers, and for this reason the average Hollywood star has the 'phone company give him a new listing once each month or oftener.
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a favorite for the marksmen, had fourteen new telephone numbers in ten months.
"I changed it so often I never could remember it myself," he admits with the grin that has done so much to advance his career.

Fraudulent charity schemes are hobbling up in Hollywood almost every time the clock ticks. Lacking the time to investigate them all, the average screen star makes it a practice to ignore them, and only when the Community Chest or the Motion Picture Relief Fund solicitors come around does he get out the well-worn check book.

 Studios take extreme care to see that players and directors are protected while on the lot, but occasionally some wily book salesman or insurance peddler will find a hole in the fence and slip onto the stages.
A few days ago one such individual sneak ed his way to the set where

"I could give away not only my entire wardrobe, but one ten hundred times its size every month," says Bebe Daniels.
Dorothy Mackaill and her company were filming "The Reckless Hour" at the First National studios. Approaching Miss Mackaill, Conrad Nagel, H. B. Warner and other members of the troupe in turn, he represented himself as having been sent by "your friend John Barrymore, who did not want you to miss this opportunity for quick return." The man was selling stock in a newly-formed oil company. Barrymore never had seen him.

When all-talking, all-singing, all-dancing productions were the vogue Hollywood was over-run with dancing schools of all kinds, sorts and sizes. Tap dancing, ballet, acrobatic, soft shoe, eccentric and "Spring-is-here" studios were on every corner, street and alley. But now the racket has somewhat abated. The same could be said for schools of the voice when talking pictures first appeared. Some were legitimate. Many were not.

Until recently one of Hollywood's chief sore spots was the schools for motion picture acting that attracted a gullible and eager clientele. Recent activity by the Los Angeles city prosecutor relieved this situation.

It is true that Hollywood is an easy-money town. But it's not nearly so easy as it was.
CRY, BABY!

MR. and Mrs. Coye Watson have done more than their bit for motion pictures. For lo, these many years, they have been contributing actors and actresses to the sum total of the Hollywood scheme until today they have, if you please, eight little Watsons working in the studios! And of the eight, Delmar, age four, is the brightest and busiest; I'm going to tell you about him.

The Watson clan is Hollywood's royal family of the screen, from a standpoint of talent as well as numerical weight. From Coye, Junior, now 18, to Garry, two years of age, they are by, of and for the cameras. Eight youngsters: five boys and three girls, all of them trained and ready for the first part that comes along, each of them an experienced Thespiian.

Coye Watson, progenitor of this amazing Rooseveltian family, is the coach, guide and counsellor of the fireside circle. He has trained for the cameras in turn Coye, 18; Vivian, 16; Gloria, 14; Louise, 11; Harry, 9; Billy, 7; Delmar, 4; and Garry, 2. Coye, pere, knows his motion picture art. He has been a part of the business for 15 years, specializing, as one of his several cards reads, in: "Motion picture piano wire and mechanical gags."

A "piano wire" or "mechanical gag," if you must know, is the thing that made the magic carpet fly in

Don't feel sorry for the little boy who cries in "We Three." It's his job and he loves it!

On the "We Three" set, with Coye Watson—the man kneeling, with cap-coating tears from one of his eight little acting Watsons, Delmar.

Here's Delmar between scenes. He's a happy little boy who only cries when daddy asks him to. It's all a game to him.

By

Garret Fox


The bright particular star of the family group is Delmar, the four-year-old. A few Sundays ago, in that magazine section that comes as a part of your Sunday paper, you saw Delmar's picture in a very special pose. He was that little fellow whose likeness hangs in the London Salon of Photography, under the title "Broadcasting": a picture of a wailing infant, clad in overalls, standing with mouth wide, tears on cheeks, one hand to his ear and the other extended in an Atlas-like attitude. That picture bids to make Delmar internationally famous.

Just now, today that is, Delmar is the only one of the family working. He is playing an important part with Ben Lyon and Rose Hobart in First National's "We Three." Together they are the trio of the title. As far as the picture itself is concerned Delmar probably will walk away with it. No adult actor has a chance against a youngster—any more than he has a chance in a scene with a flag or a dog. And no aspersions cast at any of them.

The simple secret of the (Continued on page 106)
Call Her TOBIN

That's what Genevieve calls herself—and she should know

By Marie House

She calls herself Tobin. She's the golden-haired Genevieve of the Universal lot.

But of course you've heard of Genevieve Tobin. When all of the hair-tearing producers of talkies went prospecting in New York, "Tobin" became the trophy out at Universal City. One of those big names featured in expensive Broadway lights—and what chagrin, Cinemaland refused to be impressed! What if she was Polly in "Polly Preferred?" What if she did co-feature with Henry Hull in "The Youngest?" What if she did score in London in "The Trial of Mary Dugan" or was the reason why "Fifty Million Frenchmen" couldn't be wrong? What if she played in "Little Old New York" for seasons? Everyone knows "Little Old New York" was a Marion Davies picture! But since "A Lady Surrenders" movieland has, too—and it's a different story about "Tobin." Just wait and "Seed" will show them something else again!

Genevieve plays the part of the woman who wins a husband away from his wife and five large-eyed children.

"It's really too bad," mourns Tobin. "All of the sympathy is bound to be with the wife. I feel sorry for her myself. I can't help but feel that as the woman who is the man's real inspiration, I haven't any right to him and when the audience takes one look at those big brown-eyed children—they'll feel that way, too!"

Oh well, lots of other "other women" are popular; we try to be consoling. Look at Dietrich and Garbo and sirens like that. They steal the men and just look at them.

But that is different, insists Genevieve; and on second thought, it is. Genevieve, domiciled with her mother—she's one of those "mother knows best" kind—is a nice girl. It's too bad but you simply can't dig up any scandal about her. She's vivid, with lots of vivacious gestures. She's pretty, and very smart and correct. She wears the right thing, being well dressed without making a fuss about it. Well dressed in the manner of English women who wear their clothes as if they'd always had them.

Picture her curled up with her feet under her in a big chair, wearing a swagger and quite inconspicuous suit of brown woolen, with short-sleeved yellow knitted sweater, brown and white sports pumps, and (Continued on page 123)
John Barrymore
How her husband coached Dolores for her screen come-back
By Gary Gray

The Barrymore Voice is famous on stage and screen. Now John is teaching Dolores Costello all the intonations for her new screen career. Here's a husband who not only gives his wife everything she wants in the way of a beautiful home, cars, and jewels—but is giving her a grand new voice as well!

John Barrymore has given Dolores Costello a new voice! Not an easy matter, perhaps. Not so easy as more material things.

As, for example, when Mrs. John Barrymore needs a dress-maker, a hair-dresser, a dentist, a doctor, she sends for the best she can get like any other American woman versed in the art of comfortable living. But when she desired to lower her voice for her return to the talking screen, that was something else again. And she found all of the help she needed right at home.

You will remember, no doubt, that Dolores Costello helped to usher in the era of talking pictures at the time the Warner Brothers brought about no small upheaval into the industry with the debut of the Vitaphone. In those days her voice, naturally soft and well-modulated, recorded in a higher pitch than it actually seemed to possess.

This was not considered detrimental in the youthful ingenue roles Miss Costello was playing at that time. But with her return to the screen and with her decision to play more mature and sophisticated parts, such as Noyla Noyes in her return picture, "Expensive Women," it was believed both by studio and star that a lower voice was more desirable.

When Mrs. John Barrymore needs a dress-maker, a hair-dresser, or a dentist, she sends for the best she can get. But when she wanted to lower her voice for her return to the talkies, she found all the help she needed right at home!
some years ago, he took a series of lessons from a famous voice teacher for the sole purpose of perfecting his own qualifications, generally considered more than good enough, to read those immortal lines.

"I had to make over my voice," Barrymore declares, "and work unceasingly on intonations."

So what could be more natural than for Dolores Costello Barrymore to receive help and expert tutelage from her husband in the privacy of the Barrymore home during the months of preparation for her return to the screen?

Voice experts agree that nothing so improves and enriches the human voice as exercises reading profound and serious literature, particularly blank verse, and more especially, Shakespeare. Barrymore adds "The Sermon on the Mount" and Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address" as "simple things of great beauty" which are valuable for the same purpose.

Rules were laid down by Barrymore and passed on to his wife from his own experience. There was much reading aloud from these masterpieces. There were diaphragm exercises, instructions as to proper breathing, care with intonations, use of the soft palate or the nasal cavities.

There is no evidence that Dolores Costello rehearsed the now famous gutteral line always connected with Ethel Barrymore, "That's all there is—there isn't any more." But she did spend long, leisurely hours with her husband practicing intonation and low register dictates.

And now that she has acquired a new voice—a Barrymore voice—she is ready for a career again.

She has returned to the talking screen after two years of happy retirement with reservations. Her contract with the Warner Studio is an optional one with Miss Costello exercising the options. She is to make one picture and then decide.

When that one picture, "Expensive Women," is completed, she will embark on a summer cruise with her husband and their infant daughter, Dolores Ethel Mae, aboard the Infanta. By then she will know if it is possible to combine happily the business of being wife and mother with what she considers the less important business of being a motion picture star.

"I hope I can," she says.

Dolores Ethel Mae was almost a year old when her mother returned to the studio to begin her picture. Only a few months before, the mother had been questioned about her probable return to the screen. She had only smiled, thoughtfully.

"I have been so completely happy here," she countered, looking about her in the garden of the interesting hill-top home. "I dislike to think of leaving, even (Continued on page 115)
HAD every intention, before this was begun, of reading up a few of the better biographies, studying the accepted form and thinking up a few bright innovations of my own. But what with one thing and another, I just didn’t seem to get around to it. Therefore, my life story—as if anyone cared—will probably be piecemeal and a rotten continuity job. My memory is nothing if not spotty. I can remember incidents which took place when I was four or five—and very dull incidents they are, too—but that doesn’t mean anything, for there are whole periods in my life which are completely blank (in retrospect). As I look back, it would appear that I went into frequent comas—making gaps in my recollection that can only be traced by the school I went to that year. And you will see that I apparently did little besides change schools!

To begin at the very beginning is the simplest plan, I suppose, but it will annoy Mother, who is, to this day, painfully embarrassed about the circumstances surround-

The life and career—so far—of the fast-rising young man on the screen. Watch Phil. SCREENLAND predicts he will be among the first great stars in popularity and performance within two years. And we picked Lew Ayres!

As told by
Phillips Holmes
To Margaret Reid

Phil Holmes today, who tells you his own story, beginning in this issue. He said: “It will probably be a rotten continuity job!” but we told him to go ahead—to be himself and let us worry about the results. Well, we’re not worrying, for we know you’ll like this frank account of the life and times of a young actor who, one of these days, will be second to none among the stars of the screen. Remember SCREENLAND first called your attention to Lew Ayres—and look at Lew now!
a mother’s pride. I was red and completely bald—devoid
even of fluff on my shining pate until I was a year old.
But to Mother, who had immediately become rather fond
of me, I was beautiful—but only for a short while. As
soon as she was able to travel, Dad took her home to
New York, where all the layettes and what you call 'ems
had been prepared in expectation of a more timely ar-
ival. On the train were two ladies—the kind who coo
and gush over any baby, just because it’s a baby. They
promptly accosted Mother.

“Oh, we just must see the baby,” they twittered. “Do
let us have one little peek.”

So Mother opened the coverlets and proudly exposed
my countenance. The ladies took one look, then another
—and after an embarrassed pause, walked away without
saying one word. Poor Mother!

When I was two months old, Dad was doing “The
Grand Army Man” in New
York and they needed a
baby to be carried on in the
third act. Mother took me
down to the theatre but
David Belasco looked at me
and decided that I wasn’t
the type, that I would prob-
ably start crying in the mid-
dle of the scene. I guess I
gave the appearance of an
irascible infant who would
bawl at any moment—and
did.

It was, however, not until
I was eighteen months old
that I seriously set about
being a nuisance to my par-
ents. By then, Dad was tour-
ing in “The Grand Army
Man” and Mother was doing
a vaudeville sketch called

Phil was always a snappy
dressed! He was pretty proud
of his new hat
when, at the age of six, he
posed for this
photograph.

Those big, blue
eyes that are
making girlish
hearts flutter
these days look
wide and seri-
ous in Phil’s
baby picture.

A kindergarten
group which in-
cluded a future
film star.
There’s Phil on
the right with
the anchor on
his chest, and
next to him,
with the rib-
bons, Ruth, his
first romance!

“Lost, A Kiss.” I was in Chicago with
my grandmother, and proceeded to con-
tract pneumonia in an important way.
Mother heard of it in New Orleans and
rushed frantically to Chicago. Dad had
just gotten back to New York and was
tied up there with a new show, and go-
ing crazy with worry about me. And
at that moment, the wires between Chi-

cago and New York were blown down
by a storm and there was no means of
telegraphic communication. Dad was
wandering around the Players’ Club, looking like a ghost,
when a newspaperman—a friend of his—spotted him
and asked what was the matter. When Dad told him,
the man rushed him out to the newspaper office, pulled
about fifty strings and turned over to him the use of
the special Associated Press wires, the only ones repaired.
And for three days I was News, Mother and Dad com-
municating over the sacred Press wires.

I remember being four years old, because that was
the time of my first great love. Her name was Ruth and
she attended the kindergarten in New York which I had
just entered. Ruth was extremely beautiful, with big
eyes and alluring curls and, during school-hours, I sat
and gazed at her, completely enslaved.

From there, as I said, my recollections are sporadic.
My childhood seemed to consist, principally, of a suc-
cession of schools. You see, Dad often played engagements
in Chicago and Mother, not wanting to be separated
from him, would pick me up and go along. In Chicago,
we usually lived with my grandmother—Dad’s mother.
The first school I attended after kindergarten was the Le Grange School in Chicago. I remember little about that period except skiing—very badly, but with great aplomb. I do remember our departure and my noisy anguish because I wasn't allowed to take my kitten, which Grandmother had given me, back to New York. I sat on her comfortable lap and argued that I didn't see why the kitten couldn't be packed in one of the trunks. Grandmother gave me very good reasons why this was impossible.

"And besides," she added, "it would be better, anyway, for you to get another one in New York. This little cat has fleas."

"Well, Grandmother," I reproached her sagely, "we all have to have something, you know."

The dialogue of this incident, I admit, was recalled to me by Mother, who was impressed by such profundity—after the manner of mothers. It is Mother, too, who recalls the circumstances of my first spanking—my only one, by the way; which should warn parents to smack their children often, lest they grow up to be movie actors!

Anyway, I was on an allowance of ten cents a week—the idea being to teach me the value of money. Vain hope! I began coming home with picture-books and toys and marbles—things I could never have purchased legitimately. Mother asked me where I was getting them and, after stalling around a bit, I admitted that a kind gentleman, whom I met every morning on the way to school, gave them to me. Mother was highly shocked and threatened to stop my allowance then and there.

"All right," I cried, "you can keep your old allowance. I can make more money on the outside, anyhow."

Perhaps it was the whaling I got that intercepted what might have been a brilliant career in literature.

We moved to Forest Hills when I was seven. The identifying time-marks are the beginning of the War and the birth of Madeline, my sister. And I also remember my teacher at the school I went to in Forest Hills. She was a young German woman—gentle, intelligent and marvellously understanding. I remember taking walks with her, when she tried to explain to me the beauty of tolerance and warned me against falling prey to the hatred of the entire German race that prevailed at that time. I was an ardent, though uncomprehending, disciple—mostly because she was such a very pretty teacher.

Oh, yes, and it was also in Forest Hills that I acquired my first chum. His name was Dick Fancy and he used to lick me regularly because I said I was going to Harvard and he claimed Yale as the only possible spot for a man. Dick and I used to sneak through the fence at Forest Hills and watch the championship tennis tournaments. And one day I showed up at home three hours late for lunch. Mother put me to bed for the rest of the day. That punishment, too, was the first and last of its kind—Mother apparently being a very faint-hearted disciplinarian. It didn't work out so well anyway, since Molly—my sweet Canadian nurse—couldn't stand it any longer by five o'clock and let me up, gave me a dime to buy some seeds and I spent the twilight planting a garden, with the calm self-satisfaction of a rewarded martyr.

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**The Holmes family. Left to right, Taylor Holmes, Phillip, his mother, his brother Ralph, and his sister Madeline. Phil is named after his mother, whose maiden name was Edna Phillips.**

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A production of "Twelfth Night" by the Harvard Military Academy included among the cast one Phillips Holmes. He's the last boy on the right—and will you look at that wig!
Phillips Holmes’ life story—short in years, but packed with color and interest!

When I was eight, I attended the Collegiate School on Seventy-seventh Street in New York. The pupils wore military caps, rather like those worn in the Civil War, and flashing swords. I never lost the thrill of wearing those insignia of importance. Each time I crossed Broadway, to and from school, I was quite convinced that, were I to hold up my hand, all traffic would immediately stop and the policemen come to attention. I wanted terribly to try it, but something inside warned me not to—so I continued blithely in my earnest belief.

I think that the next in the education series was that interval which stabbed my soul with an agonizing shame... We were in Chicago and Mother sent me to the University for Girls. It is true that they had classes for small boys, but the humiliation of attending a girls’ school could not be qualified. I sulked continually, but Mother refused to heed because the French teacher was excellent and I was learning such beautiful French. I remember thinking—“just like a woman!”

It was during this period that Ralph, my brother, was born. Dad was playing in “His Majesty Bunker Bean” at the time and his managers wanted Mother to name the baby “Bunker Bean, Junior.” Finally, with considerable disgust, she did relent enough to put “Bunker Bean, Junior” in the corner of the announcement cards.

The next school was Swift, also in Chicago, where I was subjected to a Navajo coat which I loathed and where a boy named Herbert Cline persecuted me. He was, even then, a clever artist and would draw pictures of me lying on the ground with a black eye and in the last death throes and captioned “This is how you’ll look when I get through with you after school!” The terror this instilled in me grew so intense that one day I just wouldn’t go to school at all. Finally, Molly warned out of me what was the matter and urged me to go and lick him. She bolstered up my courage so that I went to school next day and was so fresh that Herbert didn’t offer to fight, drew no more pictures and we even became friends. Just a few days ago, I had a letter from him—he is now a promising commercial artist.

We returned to New York when I was nine, but I had hardly started in at Collegiate again when Dad signed with the old Triangle company. That meant California and we all trekked across country to make our first acquaintance with Hollywood. New Yorkers all, we turned up our respective and collective noses at the sight of the shabby old Santa Fé Station in Los Angeles and continued to sniff audibly all the way out to the strange conglomeration of orange groves, cheap stores, patches of desert aridity and monotonous bungalows that was Hollywood at that time. Most people, thinking of me as a comparative newcomer, forget that I can stroke a long, white beard and remember Hollywood “when.”

I think we were here for about two and a half years that first time, but always with trips east every few months. I went to Harvard Military School in L. A. and one of my classmates was Douglas Fairbanks, Junior. It was in the nature of a reunion, since my family had known his family in the east and young Doug and I were already old friends.

Ralph and Madeline and I were allowed very little contact with Dad’s new trade, the movies, so I have no reminiscences of pictures in The Old Days, although it was then that I was first intro- (Continued on page 110)
OF COURSE, you understand, in a general way, our manners in Hollywood are impeccable. But most of our starry ones have managed to retain some naughty tricks that Emily Post would shudder to observe!

There was an old Phil May cartoon which depicted a horrified cockney spouse gazing at her erring husband, who held a saucer full of tea poised for easy blowing. "Good 'eavens, Bill," she was gasping, "it's orl right to slush hit hin the sorcer, but yer mustn't blow hit!"

In somewhat the same way our glamourful Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks evidently think it is quite all right to chew a little gum once in a while, so long as they do it in the dark. What a chuckle we had one night at a grand premiere in Hollywood, watching Doug and Mary chewing solemnly, in the firm belief that no one would know in the dark. We never did discover how they parked their gum, though.

Doug, too, has a naughty little trick of balancing himself back and forth on his toes while he is talking. Can't keep still. But, of course, the doctors say that is very good for the tummy line.

Charlie Chaplin's worst habit is being temperamental about working hours. The entire staff must be on the lot on time, just in case Charlie might want to work that day—but he is quite likely never to show up for days

Joan Crawford loves to sit on one foot. She will start demurely with both feet on the floor like a well-behaved young lady—but pretty soon she forgets! Above, Joan's favorite pose.

Robert Montgomery has the scribble-pad habit, not only while talking at the telephone, but even in general conversation. His friends often feel his thoughts are elsewhere when Bob gets that far-away look.

Wally Beery can be a perfect gentleman for ever so long, but the moment he sits down to table, he lets himself go. Good food is Wally's pet diversion.
$2,500.00 in Prizes!

Star Shadow Contest!

First Prize  $1,000.00
Second Prize  500.00
Third Prize  200.00
Fourth Prize  100.00
Fifth Prize  75.00
Ten Prizes of $50. each  500.00
Five Prizes of $25. each  125.00

Do you know the stars? Can you tell them by their shadows?
How accurate is your memory? Do you retain correctly in your mind the form and proportions of your screen favorites?
Personality is the inseparable attribute of each of us. Even our shadows bear the indelible imprint of our characters. Can you tell which stars cast the shadows printed on the next two pages?
If you can, you are in line to win one of the prizes offered in this novel contest!

See Next Page—Try For A Prize
Somehow in this issue of SCREENLAND are the pictures of the stars which conform in size and shape to the silhouettes printed on these two pages. There are four star shadows—can you find their originals? Some page in this issue bears the picture of the star which exactly fits each shadow. These heads when cut out or traced or copied will match up perfectly with the black flat silhouettes you see here.

Can you spot them? Can you carry in your mind's eye the proportions of the shadow and, as you look through the magazine, mentally test each photograph-head for shape and size? It will be a fascinating game, and to the successful contestant the prize money will be a fitting reward for the skill and care expended.

After you are convinced that you have found the head that fits the shadow, cut out or trace or copy the head carefully and paste it upon the silhouette. Then remove or trace or copy the puzzle picture—that is, the original shadow with its correct photograph or copy pasted upon it.

If you have found the correct picture in the magazine, you will find that the head just matches the shadow, so that when the head is pasted upon the shadow, none of the black will show. Of course you must match the amount of bust to be left with the head, but that is a part of the puzzling details! And of course you will follow the same procedure with each of the four pictures and shadows in this issue.

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Here are their shadows—can you find the photographs to fit them? Each picture of each star is on some page in this issue of SCREENLAND. When you find a star whose picture would just fit this or that shadow, cut out or trace the head and as much of the body as needed to cover all the black. Place the picture over the black and write or typewrite the name of the star beneath the pasted picture—you will see the dotted line and space left for you to fill in.

The best way to do is to decide first whether the shadow is that of a man or a woman; then, fixing in your mind's eye the size of the head, look through this issue of the Magazine. You will be surprised how hard it is, but for those who accomplish it, the prize will well repay them. When preparing your solution for submission use all your skill and care, for it is your neatness and accuracy that will count.

There is no ruling as to the method of mounting the sixteen pictures when they are finched, nor is the matter of assembling the sixteen a matter of rule. Just use your taste and good sense and the judges will use theirs—and may the best boys and girls win!
STAR SHADOW CONTEST

All set? Read all the rules and advice on these two pages and you’ll be ready to enter this Star Shadow Contest. The whole thing should be done with neatness and accuracy and taste, if you want to win some of that $2,500.00 prize money!

The name of each star must be filled in on the dotted line beneath each star shadow, when you have completed the identifying process.

After you have completed the puzzle pictures, hold them until you can send in the entire set of sixteen at the same time. Four of the sixteen are presented here. Next month—the August issue—there will be four more, followed by another four in the September number, and the final set of four in the October issue.

In other words, Star Shadow puzzle pictures for your entertainment and profit in four issues of SCREENLAND. Sharpen your wits, get the whole family together 'round the good old library table, use your imaginations, and have a lot of fun—then send in your sixteen completed, pasted-up Star Shadow pictures to the judges.

The Rules of the SCREENLAND Star Shadow Contest:

1. Twenty cash prizes will be paid by SCREENLAND Magazine as follows:
   - First Prize: $1,000.00
   - Second Prize: $500.00
   - Third Prize: $200.00
   - Fourth Prize: $100.00
   - Fifth Prize: $50.00
   - Ten prizes of $50.00 each
   - Five prizes of $25.00 each

2. In four issues—July, August, September and October numbers—SCREENLAND is publishing cut puzzle pictures of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Four complete cut puzzle pictures will appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of a silhouette, or shadow. In the same issue of the magazine with this shadow will be a photograph of some actor or actress which will exactly fit the silhouette or shadow. When the photographs are properly located, cut out and pasted upon the shadows, the names added and the whole rectangular puzzle picture removed from the magazines, there will be sixteen separate portraits. $2,500.00 in prizes as specified in Rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged sets of sixteen portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures have appeared in the October issue. Assembled pictures on the shadows must be submitted in sets of sixteen only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each complete portrait. At the conclusion of the contest, all solutions should be sent to The Star Shadow Contest Editors, SCREENLAND Magazine, 40 West 60th Street, New York City. Be sure your full name and complete address is written on, or attached to your entry; that your entry is securely packed to guard against damage in transit; and that it carries sufficient postage to avoid delay.

4. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of SCREENLAND Magazine to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in SCREENLAND Magazine, and assemble the copied portrait with the copy of the shadow. Copies of SCREENLAND Magazine may be examined at the New York offices of the Magazine or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying the cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestants’ methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The sixteen cut puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, must be assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of SCREENLAND Magazine’s staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household or anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

7. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered, the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

8. The contest will close at midnight on October 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on October 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with SCREENLAND Magazine. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the October issue, which will be on sale on the newsstands on or about September 1st. The prize winners will be announced in the February 1922 issue of SCREENLAND.

9. Because of the time and labor required to re-pack and re-ship thousands of entries, it will be impossible to return any of them.
GRETA GARBO

An Etching
The Vikings' Daughter

Verse and etchings by Eliot Keen

The sagas of the Norsemen ring
With lusty paeans of conquests won;
But, Greta dear, until you came
No Viking liking had begun.
O Scrumptious Scandinavian!
Your charm is quite enslaving an'
Persuades us to convictions legion
For sveltes and Swedes and things Norwegian.
Now Viking claims are understood:
Carbo-like, they landed first—
They would!
HE DID a Barrymore in "The Royal Family."
Now there are plans over at Paramount to star him in a new version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."
But if you think Fredric March will do a Barrymore in that, you're wrong. He'll give his own conception of the character.
EVER since that clever young Englishman, Cecil Beaton, descended on Hollywood with wit and camera there has been a vogue for "different" portraits of screen celebrities. This new picture of Kay Francis with its stunning lights and shadows shows the Beaton influence.
Right, an ensemble of "heavenly blue" crépe, with an interesting jacket, cut with a novel sleeve treatment and circular peplum.

Billie, above, makes a beautiful picture in this cool, serene white chiffon, which clings to the swelte Dove figure. The slight fullness in the skirt is achieved by godets of tiny ruffles.

A LITTLE FASHION SHOW

The dress of the ensemble pictured above. It is trimmed with small mirrors surrounded with rhinestones; slightly bloused, then form-fitted to the knees and falling in soft folds to the floor.
The black taffeta model at the left shows the separate sleeve treatment. All edges are finished with a small pointed scallop. Like it?

Ivory white satin, bloused at the waist line, stresses the tubular silhouette. The back treatment is of particular interest with its crossed bands and loops from the shoulders to the waist.

STARRING
BILLIE DOVE

Billie’s pet pajama suit, which she is wearing at the left, is carried out in her favorite colors—blue and white. The bodice is of blue flat crêpe, the trousers are white shantung.
THE proudest man in Hollywood today and the luckiest baby. Here's one of the very first formal portraits of Harold Lloyd, Jr., whom his father calls "Bud." The baby is still a little camera-shy but he'll get over that when he knows us better.
When screen audiences begin to call a girl by her nickname, she has not only arrived; she has come for a long stay. Right after she made a little box-office history in "Common Clay" you began to write us letters about "Connie." And so we knew that you had picked a new star and intended to keep her in the manner to which her million had accustomed her.

Now you've seen her in "Born to Love" and she seems warmer, more sympathetic than ever to you. To her superb sophistication and talent for clothes she has added a human touch. Her forthcoming film, "The Common Law," gives her her most popular rôle so far.
The kind of action that conquered the tennis aces of the world. William Tilden in one of his series of tennis pictures.

In his film series for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Tilden shows some of the shots that won so many honors for him.

THE BIG RACKETEER

Big Bill Tilden crashes a new racket, the movies

Right, Big Bill gets some new court angles in the "sights" of a slow motion camera used to film some scenes for his tennis shorts.
Big Bill demonstrates the grip for a backhand smash, one of the strokes that made him the terror of the courts. Isn't the screen going sporty, though? Here's Tilden—and Bobby Jones is starring for Warners, and Vincent Richards is appearing at Universal. Take your golf or tennis lessons from the movies!

Famous for his powerful tennis shots, Tilden has the tables turned on him and is shot by one of the M.G.M. camera men for a scene in one of his series of short tennis features.

The camera catches the court star in one of his quick recovery shots. Tilden, by the way, is no amateur as an actor. He has starred in his own plays on Broadway. You'll like him on the screen.

The end of a perfect swing! See these Tilden short features if you want to brush up on your game.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

CONSTANCE BENNETT and JOEL MCCREA in "BORN TO LOVE"

Photographed by Emmett Schoenbaum, RKO-Pathé
The Prodigal Daughter

Advance Note: Tallulah Bankhead is a panic in her first picture, "Tarnished Lady." That's why you'll want to read this amusing story and find out all about her

TALLULAH BANKHEAD is her right name, but in London she was known as the Alabama Hell-cat, which was doubtless a source of unending pleasure to her.

Tallulah is the girl who wouldn't wait for recognition. She went to Europe to woo Fame. Fame didn't have a chance.

For eight years she has held London captive. A Bankhead première is the signal for pandemonium, as it is known over there. Over here it would be termed a riot. The natives form queues blocks long; standing in line for days until the gallery opens. After her performances crowds wait outside the stage entrance to see the lady. Reporters are assigned to her as though she were City Hall or the Ile de France. In London Tallulah is a panic.

I doffed my prophetic robes just after the Wall Street cataclysm, but I would venture the guess that Tallulah is going to be a drawing-card for Paramount in American pictures. Of course it is possible that I was unduly dazzled by Tallulah in person. It is possible that the screen will fail to capture her magnetic drive. But I have faith in the camera. And I've seen Tallulah.

At luncheon in gay Astoria, with actors made up to resemble society people and society people made up to resemble actors, Miss Bankhead graciously motioned me to sit at her right. "My better profile," she explained.

She has returned to America to see if the streets are really lined with gold. She is here to do "Tarnished Lady" written especially for her by Donald Ogden Stewart, whose hilarious "Haddocks Abroad" resulted in the sometimes hilarious "Finn and Hattie."

Tallulah Bankhead is energy compact, talking quickly, entertainingly, brightly. Words tumble over themselves in their haste to express her thoughts. "I find pictures delightful, really, because they're new and different. I was definitely fed up on the stage; the crowds; the parties; the bores; the newspapers. It was all so much the same after each play opened and after each succeeding night of a run. Here, you see, I have different work every day. The sheer novelty of it thrills me. My friends, I daresay, should be amazed to hear me so enthusiastic. But I am. I am a convert to the great god Cinema."

All this should be read at double quick time to produce the effect Tallulah produces. And then it would be slow.

She came out of Alabama in the early twenties to be chosen one of a group of winners in a beauty contest. There was no sequel, so she embarked for London, having made no mark in the one or two American

(Continued on page 120)
WHAT do SCREEN STARS THINK ABOUT?

Who said picture people never talk about anything serious?

Who said they never think because most of them can’t? Who said Hollywood was dumb?

It is a tense game of the survival of the fittest, this professional racket! The players are constantly up against all sorts of trickery, petty meanness, generosity, life’s emotions at highest and lowest peak. They rub shoulders with every class of life’s children, at their worst and at their best. Each must sink or swim on his own merits. No one cares what happens to the other fellow. It is no game for a weakling and certainly no game for a lazy thinker!

Professional people have perhaps the most solid and definite ideas on life of any class, because to most of them it has been a constant struggle against odds of one sort or another. Professional life is eternal conflict.

Knowing all this and hearing the conversation on the set that afternoon, I started out on a quest of professional philosophies first hand.

Richard Dix was my first victim. He defined philosophy as “one’s individual reaction to life.”

“Then it must, of course, be as changeable as the events and the circumstances of one’s surroundings and one’s age,” he said.

“Life is an interesting adventure to youth, an intriguing conflict and battle against odds as one grows older, and in old age it is usually a mellowed understanding of its futility and a sort of resignation, half religion and half fear.”

“We live, we read, we associate and absorb ideas. From this unconsciously form definite convictions and we try to live up to them or preach them to others. How sincere and practical we are in these convictions depends on the breadth of our minds and how willing we are to drop the old convictions and adopt new ones as we advance to broader mental horizons.”

In other words, Dix believes one’s philosophy of life should include the best of opinions and impressions of the world we contact, and that we should never be completely smug and satisfied with our own little philosophy, but reach out for greater understanding of life, and its meaning, in daily contacts.

“Pshaw!” says the terse and matter of fact Helen Twelvetrees. “The only solution to this old existence is ‘keep your sense of humor’! That’s all anyone can hope to do; and if successful, one has at least a refuge always from every emotion. Life is a laugh if you never get serious over it.”

“Ah, but that is impossible,” said Neil Hamilton quickly. “One must get serious occasionally over some things in life—for after all life is a rather interesting question if we do take it a bit seriously and try to work out each problem—up here,” pointing meaningly at his head.

Constance Bennett looks on life as an exciting game to be played intensely, in-

Constance Bennett looks on life as an exciting game to be played intensely and intelligently.

Billie Dove says: “Do not expect too much of life. But leave your mind open for the good things.”

Neil Hamilton believes one must get serious occasionally—but Neil is smiling when he says it!
Maybe it’s news to you that they think at all! Well, read this article if you believe that Hollywood is dumb. You’ll change your mind!

Doris Denbo

By

Itelligently, and honestly. That’s her philosophy.

She believes it is every person’s privilege to attain happiness. That happiness cannot be attained through money, beauty, or social position. That there is no sincere and lasting happiness except mental. Therefore one must be at peace with oneself mentally. One must face life candidly, without fear or bitterness, if one wishes to get the best out of living, according to Constance.

“Life, to me, is a game to be played,” she says. “One necessarily must gamble now and then, and, of course, must sometimes lose! Then be a good loser and start over with a stiff chin—and if at all possible, a grin. That grin sort of helps the old moral for some reason or other!

“The game of living has to be played every day. It is up to us as individuals to make it an interesting, profitable, and fascinating game with a fair break for all the players!”

Constance is a spirited, self-assured young lady who seems to have solved her life’s problems and to be playing the game of life to her own complete satisfaction. She always seems to be intensely interested in—just living!

Bebe Daniels feels that without work and incentive, life is an empty dream.

“If work can be called a philosophy of life, then I have one,” said Bebe. “I believe a full and active life, with a goal to strive for (and never quite attained), is the solution to the problem of living life fully and keeping young mentally.

“A certain balance between work and play, of course, is essential. Live each year for the net return to you, whether your goal is money, activity, or love. Your life must be filled with incentive and activity to find happiness and a certain solution to living!”

Bebe has always been a dynamo. When she is not appearing in a picture she is building and furnishing a home to rent or live in, or dabbling in flying. Bebe is never idle or just resting, even between pictures.

Lupe Velez says, “Live just for today, this very minute. You do not know what ‘appened tomorrow. You should not care what ‘appened yesterday. Live for the now!”

“We must ‘ave ‘appiness,” says Lupe. “We are only conscious of the moment—is it not so? Then why not insist to yourself that that moment be a ‘appy one? You are wasting precious moments of life if you are busy thinking what ‘appened tomorrow or if you are thinking about what ‘appened yesterday. If I find I am thinking sad thoughts I jump up and go play hard or do some very energetic work until I get over it. Then I am ‘appy again and see how foolish I was!”

That is characteristic of the vivid, vibrant and very much alive Lupe, child of impulse. She believes you must train your thoughts to enjoy every moment, the moment you are living. If it makes you happy to make others happy—if it is good—do it! That’s all there is to living, in Lupe’s estimation.

Joan Crawford admits it has only been in recent years that she has had any workable philosophy in her life. She does not believe any one gets a true philosophy until they have lived for someone else. When a love comes into life which makes its objective that person’s happiness, then one stops and thinks about life—not before, according to Joan.

“Without a definite objective and reason for (Continued on page 117)
TRIUMPHANT

Here's to the grand old girls of the screen! This is their story

O H, YES, of course, Hollywood is crazy about Youth—but we have our incomparable Marie Dressler and Polly Moran as well. And they are not the only veterans who are winning triumphant success later in life. You have read in Marie’s own biography in this magazine, how she snatched victory from defeat less than a year ago.

It was in 1913, after a hectic vaudeville career, that Polly hit Hollywood and pictures, for Mack Sennett. But it wasn’t until Al Christie starred Marie and Polly together that M. G. M. realized their hilarious possibilities, and now these two make many younger and more beautiful screen charmers green with envy.

See, too, how Beryl Mercer has forged ahead. Beryl with her fat, dumpy little figure and her amazing capacity for wistful misery. Beryl was born in Spain, but mamma was English. Hence a long stage career in Britain. A successful stage role in New York in 1914, Theatre Guild work there, and then Hollywood. “Three Live Ghosts” established her in talkies, and since then there have been good parts for Beryl. She’s a gem as a funny cockney woman, as witness her in “Seven Days’ Leave.” Marvellous in tender mother roles—comedy and tragedy come equally easy to her. You’ll see her next in “The Public Enemy,” and soon in “Right Are You Are...” if the wish of her life comes true. Beryl has a young daughter, a Pekingese dog, a modest apartment in Hollywood, and a nice comfy bank account, thank you.

Or lovely Louise Dresser, of “The Goosewoman” fame—just signed with Paramount to co-star with Dick Arlen in “Roped In.” Louise is an Indiana girl who once wrote ballads and sold ’em. Played in “Peck’s Bad Boy” at 14, and thereafter made a success in stage and vaudeville productions for 16 years. Breaking into pictures was hard, though, and it wasn’t until “The Goosewoman” that her talents were really acclaimed here. Louise has gone along triumphantly ever since. She’s in “Lightnin” with Will Rogers—glories in her age— and expects to reach her best success after fifty.

I love to see these old dears successful and blithely confident. Still, it isn’t a good idea for every nice older woman to hop off to Hollywood. Most of these vic-
terious veterans had long stage experience. I wish we could picture every one of them for you—but here are only a few!

Florence Oberle, for instance—playing a very wet comedy rôle for Pathé in which she has to get soaked through and through—but for years she played Shakespeare and the higher drama, and comedy rôles galore in Los Angeles theatres, with her husband. Then Essanay saw her in Chicago and hired her for three years. She has divided her time between stage and screen ever since, and raised three children as well.

Florence Roberts began with Mack Sennett, after Mack had seen her in “Your Uncle Dudley” on the stage. That was in “Grandma’s Girl.” Now she’s doing talkies right along—adores playing funny grandmas. She’s working in “Too Many Cooks” with Bert Wheeler.

Cissie Loftus was born in 1876 but she’s just started a new picture career, after many, many years on the
You know how hard it is said to be for a rich man to get into heaven? It's almost as hard for a rich girl to rise to stardom on the screen. Believe it or not!

This poverty stuff seems to have been a grand background for success in cinemaland, ever since Mary Pickford and the Talmadge and Gish girls walked into the first studios practically in rags and rode out of other studios in Rolls-Royces.

Against the long roll call of those who have been desperately poor or moderately so, including Joan Crawford, Louise Fazenda, Wallace and Noah Beery, Betty Compson, Janet Gaynor, Clara Bow, Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Sidney Fox and Ramon Novarro, among others, the names of the sons and daughters of the rich is pitifully small.

There's Sue Carol, of course; and June Collyer, Jean Harlow, and Maureen O'Sullivan, each of whom was born with the well-known silver spoon to cut their teeth on. But it wasn't gold that gave these three maidens their chances to make good on the screen.

Sue saw Nick Stuart dancing at Cocoanut Grove one night; they fell in love; in order to spend more time in one another's company, Sue visited Nick at the studio and attracted the attention of his director.

"How would you like to take a screen test?" asked the director.

"No, thank you," said Sue.

But the third time he asked her she let him make one to shut him up. Which led to a contract.

June Collyer's father was a friend of Allan Dwan, so when Allan came east to make a picture he met the beauteous June, and suggested that she might get a thrill out of doing a bit. June "clicked" and came to Hollywood.

Maureen O'Sullivan was at a fashionable café in Dublin, dancing with a party of young society people, when Frank Borzage saw her. He watched her with interest and presently sent his card over to her table with the request that she take a test. And so Miss Ireland stepped onto the screen.

Yet none of the three has yet had the sensational success of three young Cinderellas—Clara and Janet and Joan.

Clara Bow, from Brooklyn's back streets, won a beauty prize that did very little toward helping the Flaming Flapper to fame. She fought her way up the ladder, alone.

Janet Gaynor worked in the office of a shoe store in San Francisco before ushering at the California Theatre there turned her thoughts screenward. Then she moved to Hollywood, worked as an extra and in western shorts, until James Ryan, casting director at Fox, chose her for a part in "The Johnstown Flood."

Robert Montgomery had to go to work when the family fortunes were lost. He made good on the stage and screen.

Is wealth a help in the race for
Cinderella, who has the better
This story will surprise you

Tildesley

Joan Crawford put herself through school by working for board and tuition. She worked for dancing lessons, too, and had inserted herself into a musical comedy chorus on Broadway when Harry Rapf of Metro-Goldwyn saw her and sent her west with a contract. She didn't step into big parts at once, though; she learned her business in the years before she was starred.

In answer to "What qualifications are necessary to break into talkies?" Edward Everett Horton replies: "A good voice is a help, and it's well to be beautiful, but the most important thing is to be born with the right relations!"

The Bennett girls, Constance and Joan, Russell Gleason, Leila Hyams and Kay Francis followed his advice by selecting stage parents. Constance married millions, as well. And besides that, she was chosen by that infallible star-picker, Sam Goldwyn, for her first picture.

Connie was attending an Equity Ball when Sam's eagle eye fell upon her. He gave her the flapper role in "Cytherea" and she ran off with the show.

A father, mother or other relation can further any youngster's career, even when said relative isn't in favor of it. Witness Kay Francis, whose mother, Kathleen Clinton of repertoire fame, wanted her to go into the business world. Kay didn't finish her business course. She went to her mother's stage friends and got a job behind the footlights.

Neither Irene Dunne nor Richard Dix, of "Cimarron," had influential relations. Irene was rich and Richard poor. Both won fame first on the stage.

Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey were poor boys. Which might prove something—only Amos 'n' Andy were half 'n' half, Amos being rich and Andy poor!

Of the names that have endured through the years, the children of the poor have the best of it.

There's Charlie Chaplin, born in London's slums; Harold Lloyd, a country boy; Wallace and Noah Beery, who knew bitter poverty in the mid-west; Jack Mulhall, who was a grocery boy at Wappingers Falls, New York; Betty Compson, who acted as maid in a time of financial stress: Bebe Daniels, who knew the rigors of cheap four-a-day vaudeville as a child; Marie Dressler, acknowledged character queen of screenland today, who left a poor home at the age of thirteen to win her well-earned crown; and Louise Fazenda, who has been a consistent favorite for fifteen years.

Louise was the child of poor people. As a very small girl, she sold newspapers outside the Arcade in Los Angeles, helped deliver groceries from her father's store, and took care of babies whose mothers had to go out.

Though they were very poor, (Continued on page 122)
The Millionaire

Warner Brothers

Here's the family film of the month. Take ma and pa and the young folks—and don't forget to go yourself. It's a picture for everybody. Simple, and quiet—no gangsters, no murders, no molls. New York, which after all likes millionaires, adopted this one right away: but the Manhattan applause was echoed elsewhere—which is news. It's George Arliss' most popular picture, and the first time the great English star has ever played an American character. You'll enjoy every scene in this refreshing comedy drama about the rich man whose doctor orders him to retire—but who goes to work instead. And makes good. There's an engaging romance between the very charming Evalyn Knapp and the likeable David Manners. There's Booth Tarkington dialogue. You simply mustn't miss it.

Iron Man

Universal

What Lew Ayres as a prizefighter? Wait until you see this picture before you complain! It isn't the routine prizefight film and Lew is far from the familiar hero. I believe this is the role Lew didn't like. Well, you'll like him in it. He gives an interesting performance; it isn't his fault if he looks more like an appealing prep-school boy than a pugilist. Robert Armstrong plays the manager who shoos Lew to success—and how Armstrong plays that part. He steals every scene he is in. "Iron Man" packs a punch and serves suspense. Jean Harlow as the wife who causes the champ's downfall may be seductive and luscious and all those adjectives—but I wish she'd try exhibiting a little more of acting ability and a little less of Jean Harlow. But perhaps I expect too much.

City Streets

Paramount

How many pictures do you forget as soon as you leave the theatre? How many stay with you? "City Streets" is memorable for me for just one scene. Touching and true, it pictures the poignancy of young love as beautifully as if it were part of a pastoral romance instead of caught in a gangster melodrama. Yes, here's another one of those, with its booze-running and its killings and its what-nots. But here, too, is a real love story told by Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sidney, and it's this story that will get you. Especially that scene in which Gary visits Sylvia while she's doing her stretch. Pathos here, and drama—different from other love scenes. Sylvia is a smash hit in her screen début, by far the finest actress of the new ingenue crop. Gary was never better. Mamoulin directed.
Svengali
Warner Brothers

**John Barrymore** in his greatest rôle. The du Maurier classic, "Trilby," provides John with the juicy character of *Svengali* and he plays it to the hilt. His new leading lady, Marian Marsh, is an enchanting *Trilby*—emotionally immature as yet, she's just a child—but with genuine appeal and promise. Here's a grand old story of the picturesque Latin Quarter Paris when artists wore smocks and their garret studios bloomed with beauties like *Trilby*, beloved of *Little Billee*. The sinister *Svengali* stalks in, enslaves *Trilby*, and hypnotizes her into the singing sensation of the Continent. It's the master's dread influence against *Little Billee's* devotion—and it's all a perfectly dandy escape from current film fare. The powerful ending rounds out a rather magical movie that may very well become a screen classic. And you will welcome Marian Marsh.

Skippy
Paramount

If you haven't seen "Skippy" please hurry right out and do it now. This picture is the most ingratiating entertainment on current screens. You may "hate kid pictures." You may run from child actors. Ordinarily I wouldn't blame you. But if you miss "Skippy" you're just an old dog-catcher. And speaking of dogs—when you see *Skippy* and *Sooky* mourning the loss of their pet you'll break right down and have that good cry you've been denied since the gangster epidemic. Percy Crosby's cartoon kid comes to life in the person of Jackie Cooper, the best actor of any shape or size I've ever seen. He's amazing. Bobby Coogan is an endearing *Sooky*, the shanty-town kid who is *Skippy's* best pal. But director Norman Taurog deserves the most applause. What a job! He must really like kids.

Dirigible
Columbia Pictures

The thriller of the month. I hand it to Columbia Pictures while other producers are still messing around the underworld, they are looking up and filming the grand melodrama of a dirigible flight. It's a splendid picture because it has sensational thrills and entirely human people. For every thrill there's a heart-throb—there's a twenty-four-sheet phrase they can have for nothing! A spectacular South Pole conquest by dirigible and plane supplies sufficient excitement for thirty pictures. Ralph Graves as an air ace, Jack Holt as the dirigible pilot race for the Pole and the acting honors, with Graves winning, but Holt not far behind. Fay Wray is the girl—she usually is! *Dirigible* has thrills of the good, clean, old-fashioned kind in a smashing 1931 setting. All small boys will love it.

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**Ten Best Performances of the Month:**

- Jackie Cooper in "Skippy"
- Sidney Fox in "Bad Sister"
- Marian Marsh in "Svengali"
- John Barrymore in "Svengali"
- Ralph Graves in "Dirigible"
- Gary Cooper in "City Streets"
- Sylvia Sidney in "City Streets"
- Robert Armstrong in "Iron Man"
- George Arliss in "The Millionaire"
- James Cagney in "The Public Enemy"
HOODLUM PARTIES and HOUSE WARMINGS

You'll have a good time this month with our Hollywood Party Reporter

By Grace Kingsley

"Guests buy their own food here!" a hot-dog vendor bally-hoed. And inside, afterward, we were told, "You have to buy your own refreshments!"

Lights, like those used at big theatre openings, played on the house as we approached, and just as we turned in at the gate we had been greeted by the hot-dog man, the odors of whose cooking rose pleasingly to our noses.

Our invitations had read, "Olsen and Johnson's Hoodlum Party!"

"A gesture of dissent," Patsy opined, "against the many high-brow parties they've been giving lately in Hollywood."

Despite the hot-dog man's warning, down in the whooppee room we found plenty of free lunch and near beer. That room was most amusing. It had been fitted up as an old fashioned dance hall—bar, sawdust on the floor, little tables and plain chairs and all—and here most of the guests gathered. A little cigarette girl circulated and asked us to buy cigarettes.

Just as we were sipping a glass of near beer we heard a commotion. Patsy rubbed her eyes as we beheld an apparition at the door.

"Do you see what I see?" she demanded.

"A pony, as I live and breathe!" I gasped.

Olsen and Johnson had brought their pet pony right into the house, and it made us feel like Alice in Wonderland to see him there in person.

He made himself quite at home, however: was evidently used to being a member of the family, and probably wouldn't have turned a hair if we had shown him the early French furniture in the drawing room above. He was very nonchalant.

And how that pony did love his beer! He did his tricks for a drink. Finally, I have to report, however, that he went Hollywood, drank so much that he fell asleep in the sawdust on the floor, and had to be sent home in a taxi!

Jack Oakie arrived in his usual sweater and sports trousers, and Polly Moran came with Billy Haines as usual.

Just as we were saying hello, we heard a clangor coming up the hill.

"I do hope it isn't the patrol wagon come for us because we're making so much noise!" gasped Polly.

And it wasn't. Instead, an ambulance swung up to the gate.

We all ran out to see what it was all about. The doors opened. A solemn nurse and doctor hopped out, and amid a deathly stillness, out of the depths of the ambulance slowly limped Monte Blue, assisted by another nurse!

Monte began a speech in a feeble voice: "Folks, I was sick, but I just had to come to this party—"

when we heard a stifled giggle. There back of us stood Monte's wife; and then we knew it was a gag.

Monte dropped his limp and made a dive for her in (Continued on page 104)
The Discovery of the Month

Is Hollywood overlooking a bet in Brian Aherne, Broadway's combination of Gary Cooper and Ronald Colman?

There's star material in those broad shoulders, clean-cut features, Cooper eyes and Colman accent—to say nothing of an acting talent that made all the New York critics eat their old adjectives.

The name? Brian Aherne, from Britain. At the moment Mr. Aherne is playing in America for the first time—imported especially to play Robert Browning to Katherine Cornell's Elizabeth Barrett in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," a play based on the poet's real romance. The play is a success, as are all Miss Cornell's productions; but for the first time in this great young actress' career she has shared her applause and critical attention with her leading man. Mr. Aherne has scored with his portrayal of Browning; playing a Victorian poet, he yet manages to be vital, ingratiating, humorous!

If Hollywood doesn't know about Brian Aherne, we're suggesting that he be signed without delay! He has had not only an important stage career, but has won popularity in English films, having played in Anthony Asquith's "Shooting Stars" and "Underground." His last screen appearance was in "The W Plan," made by British International and released in this country by R.K.O. Aherne has a vigor not always exhibited by leading men from Mayfair; he has some of the best qualities of Colman and Clive Brook with, as we mentioned, a dash of Gary Cooper. And since there has been no riotous male discovery since Lew Ayres, Bob Montgomery, and Phil Holmes, to balance the Dietrich-Bankhead onslaught, Brian Aherne looks like the answer to the producers' prayer. What do you think? Does he look like a bet to you?
Unravel this Hollywood triangle! Beautiful screen star, her millionaire fiancé, and her press agent, with scrambled hearts—read the rest of this sparkling romance here.

Last month you met Lola Lane, lovely blonde screen star, among whose million or so admirers is her own press agent, Horace Rudolph. But Lola has promised to marry the wealthy Kergan Montgomery. At one of those Hollywood parties there's a club—and the first thing Horace knows, Lola is in Kergan's car speeding toward Mexico! Horace follows—now read the finish of this romance race.

PART II.

Horace was silent. The intruder lighted a match and held it above his head, peering intently at Horace. The glow disclosed him to be Alvin Young. His expression was so solemn that Horace knew him to be intoxicated.

"It's Horace," announced Alvin. He chuckled gravely. "Just heard something funny," he stated. "It ought to interest you. It's about Montgomery and his lawyer. They had an argument."

"Yeah?" said Horace without interest.

"Oh, I should say so," Alvin assured him. "Devil of an argument. Was under a table and I heard it, every word. Acoustics 're good when you're under a table. Try it sometime when your radio's playing something you like. 'You can't marry her,' says the lawyer. 'I can't, huh?' says Montgomery, and—hey! you quit choking me. I was just—"

Horace had him by the shoulders, shaking him savagely.

"Tell me quick," he snapped. "Why'd the lawyer say Montgomery couldn't marry her?"

"Leggo and I'll tell you," complained Alvin. "Lordy, the joke I'm going to tell you isn't like medicine that has to be shaken well before using! 'You'd better not,' says the lawyer. 'Oh, I'd better not, huh?' says Montgomery. "Well, I will," he says. 'Better not,' says the lawyer. 'I will,' says Montgomery, "Take the consequences then," says the lawyer, 'I'm willing." says Montgomery. 'Better not,' says—hey! you hit me with that bunch of bananas and I'll sue you for all you're worth."

Horace held his fist beneath Alvin's nose and wagged it threateningly.

"Tell me and tell me quick," he roared. "Why didn't the lawyer want Montgomery to marry Lola?"

"I'm telling you," said Alvin plaintively. "No need to murder me. 'It won't be legal,' says the lawyer. 'The devil it won't,' says Montgomery. 'I'm telling you it won't," says the lawyer. 'I'm telling you I don't give a hang,' says Montgomery. "Better wait," says the lawyer. 'I'm marrying her tonight," says Montgomery. "Better not," says the lawyer. 'I will,' says—"

Horace caught him by the ears and shook him vigorously.

"Now tell me once and for all: why did the lawyer say Montgomery couldn't marry Lola?"

Frightened, Alvin jerked away.

"All right, all right, spoil the story," he said. "The lawyer said something about Montgomery's last divorce being got in some Mexican state and about how American courts won't recognize divorces got there and—"
eyes. A traffic policeman on foot barred the way. He leaned to one side just in time to save his neck. "Oh-oh," moaned Alvin. "He's taking the number and I'm the guy they'll lock up tomorrow!"

Horace searched the line of cars for the familiar blue sedan. It was not in sight. He pressed harder on the throttle with no result. The car was giving all it had. Somewhow he cut through Los Angeles without being stopped. Then he was on the highway leading to Long Beach. Traffic had thinned. It ought to be easier to locate the blue sedan now.

"Seems to me," complained Alvin, gripping the door and pressing his feet against the floorboards, "that you'd use your head. You had all night to punch Montgomery on the nose but you couldn't think of it until he starts going somewhere. Hope he licks the devil out of you."

Horace curved around a track and slithered back to his own side of the road. Far ahead a red light weaved back and forth across the highway. At first the intervening distance seemed to remain unchanged. Then it gradually closed up. Finally Horace's headlights revealed a glint of blue ahead. It was Montgomery's sedan.

Horace drew alongside, leaned out and waved toward the curb. Montgomery, probably considering himself arrested for speeding, obeyed. Horace parked alongside and got out. Montgomery opened the sedan door.

"What's this?" he demanded. "Assault and battery. I think," explained Alvin, "My boy friend wants to poke you in the nose."

Montgomery caught sight of Horace. He stepped from the car.

"What the devil's the idea?" he demanded. "Stopping a man like this! Are you drunk or something?"

"Show you," grunted Horace, and let fly, striking Montgomery a glancing blow on the cheek.

Montgomery crashed a huge fist against Horace's jaw and Horace hit the pavement. He stayed there a moment. Then he crouched low, got a football linesman's start and hurled himself forward. His head caught Montgomery in the pit of the stomach. The man soughed gustily and collapsed, his head striking the running board of his sedan.

"Have you killed him?" came a timid voice.

Iola was leaning out the sedan window, studying the recumbent Montgomery with interest.

"Hope so," muttered Horace, fingering his abused jaw. "Now you get out of that car and come with me. You've caused me enough trouble for one night. If you argue I'll hit you on the head with a wrench and take you anyway."

(Continued on page 125)
The Stage in Review

The summer show season is in full swing on Broadway. Read these pungent comments on the most interesting new plays.

"Peter Ibbetson"

LIKE an old love-rose inhaled again in dreams, like a bundle of perfumed love-letters that tumbles out of a drawer unexpectedly, like some exquisite first-love emotion re-evoked over a bottle of old wine in a somnolent inn—so was I enswaddled again in that magic that the story of "Peter Ibbetson" has always re-evoked in me at the beautiful revival of this play by Shubert-Raphael and Constance Collier. (Nearly all the wise-cracking and sophistication of the present day is fake.)

Dennis King was an almost ethereal-looking Peter, something indeed for romantic maidens (Oh, there are a few of 'em left!) to swoon over. Jessie Royce Landis as Mary, the Duchess of Tovar was compelling, especially in the dream-scenes. The Colonel Ibbetson of Charles Coburn was so rascally—from any standpoint—that I wanted to howl "Bravo!" when Peter killed him. However, the finest bit of acting was done by Wallace Clark as Major Duquesnoise—and what a tremendously spontaneous hand he got!

The Younger Generation will have no use for this play. That's because they are dead and buried emotionally—but do not know it yet.

"The Wiser They Are"

Ruth Gordon and Osgood Perkins romp through "The Wiser They Are," by Sheridan Gibney, like two kids, although Osgood is a bit too severe looking and overgrown to be an ideal lover. Ruth is Trivie Ingram, a girl who doesn't know her own It, rather flirtatious and daintily funny wherever she is allowed to be just Ruth Gordon. Perkins is her guardian who is set on marrying her, although he is deep in many unsevered and half-severed affairs. And Trivie is, of course, likewise involved.

The sex-meoutings of these two persons, with the antics of six others of various sexes as foils, provide a great deal of smart entertainment for two acts. The third act, on board the steamer Olympic, goes clean. A sheer collapse of inventiveness and exhausted dialogue. Result: bedroom horse-play, vintage of 1898. Ho-hum! Julia Hoyt was there. It was a Jed Harris production. And that explains its success.

"The Silent Witness"

Jack De Leon and Jack Celestin, with the aid of Lionel Atwill, Kay Strozzi, Fortunio Bonanova and Harry Griible, have put over a corking good mystery show in "The Silent Witness."

The same lady of uneasy virtue (played by Kay Strozzi) is murdered twice before our very eyes by the use of picture technique. The second time it was the real stuff. The first time a Nize Boy from Such a Nize Family thought he had done it. His father goes to trial for the boy (some cleverly worked-out incidents point to the Head of the Nize Family), and he has even confessed in a remarkably good court-room scene, when a stranger (to the audience) rushes in to tell the court that Carlo Forti (Fortunio Bonanova), a gig, really strangled the Abandoned Woman. The stranger was hiding behind a curtain, as we see in another flashback. Clever!

Lionel Atwill as the father is at his best. Young Anthony Kemble-Cooper as the Blond Kid in the Toils of Sin did a rattling fine job, while Harold De Becker as a cockney witness came near walking off with the act. He sent us into convulsions. No doubt about this as a slam-bang sell-out as a picture.

"Getting Married"

In spite of the fact that the Theatre Guild dredged the whole town for about eight of the best players known hereabouts, it could not infuse any life into George Bernard Shaw's "Getting Married," which is Shaw at his very worst.

In this word-scenario in two acts (for "Getting Married" is all titles and no picture) a lot of miscellaneous people sit around and emit a lot of ancient wheezes and bromides about marriage. There is no play at all. The "characters" are epigram-spouting dummies, and what little champagne there is in the con-

Ruth Gordon romps through "The Wiser They Are," a new play which provides a great deal of smart entertainment.
Lionel Atwill is at his best in a corking good mystery show, "The Silent Witness." Ray Strozier is seen with Mr. Atwill in the scene at the left.

Right, Dorothy Gish and Hugh Buckler in George Bernard Shaw's comedy, "Getting Married," which has been revived by the Theatre Guild.

The magic of Du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson" is again on Broadway. Here is Dennis King with Charles Coburn.

Conversation dissolves in buckets of flat beer.

But the Guild did its finest. There was Margaret Wycherly (positive), Henry Travers (tingeringly delectable), Ernest Costart (pompous), Dorothy Gish (beautiful and gishable), Reginald Mason (a sweetly tolerant Bishop), Romney Brent (only one Romney: charm)—and Helen Westley, eead', in fine purple and linen who goes into a Shavian trance and emits romantic blather that only Miss Westley could get away with. And she did—for she's a superb actress.

Shaw's played out—and the Guild knows it. "Getting Married" is probably the last of the Old Man in New York.

"Melo"

"Melo," by Henry Bernstein, begins slowly, almost boresomely. It gradually trots and ends in a fine scene between two men, in which one lies like a gent, and the other swallows the lie about his dead wife after nearly yanking the secret out of the other fellow.

Both are musicians, close friends. There is a wife. She loves them both, her husband in a maternal way and the lover, famous violinist, in an ulric way. She tries to poison the husband, thinks better of it, and, conscience stricken and not having the courage to leave him for the lover, throws herself in the Seine. The husband never suspects. He thinks she committed suicide because there was no baby. But suspicion begins to tickle his brain, and then comes the most effective scene in the play, the lying lover and the finally re-adoring and believing husband. The final curtain descends on them playing a violin-piano duet. The treacle is sometimes thick.

Bernstein is a master craftsman. "Melo" is, stripped of all of its box office accessories and effective settings, a psychological melodrama more to be seen than remembered. Edna Best, Earle Larrimore and Basil Rathbone are excellently cast as wife, husband and lover respectively. "Melo" will make a finer picture than a play. It is much worth the seeing. It clicks after the first act.

"Six Characters"

The great success of "As You Desire Me" put enough nerve and sinew into the will of Tom Van Dyke to revive "Six Characters in Search of an Author," the play that made Pirandello famous. And if you want to know the greatest and most original dramatic mind of the century see, read and study Luigi Pirandello.

Six characters out of real life with a tremendous family tragedy breeding in them—a father, mother, three illegitimate children and one legitimate child, with the father tangled up in a scrape with his step-daughter—walk in on a stage director about to put on a Pirandello show and demand that their story be fictionized. There follows such gorgeous, brainy, stimulating, paradoxical talk (and action) as never has been heard on any stage before. This play is not for the papoose mind. It is rich caviar.

The production was flawless. Eugene Powers, Walter Connolly, Doris Rankin, Eleanor Phelps and Paul Guiffoyle played in Model A style, with the great burden on the shoulders of Eugene Powers, who was actually the brain of Pirandello.

Sheer brains, no sugar here! Pirandello is the triumph of thought over diabetes.

"The Rap"

Who murdered Frederick Harrington, ex-District Attorney, who is conducting an investigation for the Bar Association?

We get the corpse right off the bar as the curtain rises.

He is dum-dummed as he is (Continued on page 124)
RAIN and Thursday are two pet aversions of most women.
The first because it spoils new frocks and straightens waved hair. And the second because it means the maid’s day out and therefore a more complicated existence.

To Helen Chandler, neither one is an annoyance. In fact, when the Weather Man reports rain on the day the calendar pad shows up Thursday, Helen starts the day with the high assurance that important things are under way for her.

“Although I never think about it at the time, looking back I always find the big events happen on Thursdays, declared this young actress. Important things began happening when she was eight years old and got her first stage job through her own efforts. When she was fifteen she was a leading lady on Broadway. Later she became known as a fine player of dramatic roles with the Theatre Guild and in numerous Broadway productions. In talking pictures she is identified with “Outward Bound,” “Mother’s Cry,” “Dracula,” “Daybreak” and “Salvation Nell.”

As for rain—Park Avenue was flooded with rain on heavens that weather experts always know means rain and Helen would remember she had an errand four blocks away. And she would make her calculations so perfectly that she would always come home muddy and drenched to the skin, with eyes shining.

When she was older she must have realized that rainy weather enhances the beauty of a natural curl. But at the age of eight, when she accidentally stumbled into her first job, it was rain for rain’s sake and let the long yellow curls take care of themselves.

“It was drizzling on this particular afternoon when I left school with a chum. This little girl was stage-struck and would often go to the different theatres where they were casting children’s parts,” said Helen.

“The idea of going on the stage didn’t interest me at all. But when this little girl said she was going to ride to a certain theatre in the subway—well, that settled it. I had never ridden in the subway. I always came straight home from school each afternoon in a cab. That ride is even more vivid in my mind than my first interview with a producer, which happened a few moments later.”

Arthur Hopkins was cast- (Continued on page 115)
Dorothy Jordan prefers a one-piece bathing suit of white with blue trim. And Dorothy also chooses a practical helmet when she makes a date with the Pacific. Dorothy is another picture girl who can swim.

Evalyn Knapp believes in sensible suits for swimming, perhaps because she really can swim. Here she is wearing a two-piece, two-toned blue jersey. But Evalyn—you'd better take off those shoes before you plunge!

How do you like this sun suit Ona Munson is wearing? Designed for health and comfort.
The "tab sea suit" is worn by Mary Carlisle, below. It lives up to its name by showing an abbreviated top with a tab anchoring it to the shorts. Designed to make swimming easy.

That beautiful blonde, Joan Blondell, above, wears the 1931 version of the Grecian sandal with her two-piece brown and orange suit with its pleated trunks and zipper side fastening. Smart!

If Edwina Booth isn't careful she'll have a striped sunburn! She's wearing something pretty new in backs. Do you notice how many of the girls pictured here are wearing berets? And Garbo started it all.
Here is one of the neatest beach ensembles we have seen this season. Evalyn Knapp is wearing it. The jersey suit with striped top has its matching coat—smart enough, really, to wear with a sports dress.

Two-timing pajamas! Frances Dee's bathing suit comprising trunks of blue jersey and bodice of white becomes a striking beach costume by the addition of a pair of white jersey trousers, striped with matching blue.

Marian Marsh shows off her "conch-shell cap"—which is a little more swagger and becoming than the usual bathing cap, and just as practical for mermaid purposes.
We hope the seal isn’t being taken in by Mary Carlisle’s interest. She is probably thinking of what a cute little muff he’d make for next winter.

Joan Blondell likes color, and lots of it, in her beach costumes. Right, she’s wearing a scarlet and white three-piece suit with a beret to match.

What if a great big horrid wave had come along just as Dorothy Jordan was smiling so sweetly for this picture? Better ride that surfboard, Dot.
Meet Conchita Montenegro, wearing her favorite swimming suit with pippings of plaid cotton and a plaid belt.

Frances Dee, left, poses with the permanent waves at Malibu.

Evelyn Knapp's jersey ensemble boasts a jaunty little cape.

Irene Delroy, below, has that happy Hollywood vacation look.
Bob Allen, how did you get in this section? Not that we can blame you. And you make a rather nice decoration, at that. Well, go right ahead into your dive.

Joan Blondell shows off the zipper side fastening of the trunks of her smart little suit, at the right. Those are good sandals.

That gorgeous blonde, Anita Page, about to quench her mid-afternoon thirst with an orange. That wicked Hollywood!
You'll notice that for serious swimming purposes Joan Blondell wears a simple, one-piece suit! She saves her snappy ensembles for frivolous afternoons. Gone are the days when Hollywood bathing beauties would sooner have sacrificed their best close-ups than get all wet in that nasty ocean. The 1931 beauties believe in sun, surf, and all the exercise they can find time for.

Of course, if you want something really grand, you can go in for a black satin suit like Evalyn Knapp's, right. It has a bodice for all the world like an evening gown's. Like it?
It looks like a million dollars—but it's made of cotton, this two-piece pajama outfit worn by Evalyn Knapp. The colors? Brown and white, very good this year as you know; and don't you like the smart stripe and the emblem?

Over that bathing suit you saw her wearing a few pages back, Conchita Montenegro wears plaid gingham trousers and a navy blue bolero lined with the plaid.
WE’RE FOR PAJAMAS!

The French apache inspired this costume! It's red, white, and blue jersey with matching beret, and wide draped belt. Pep by Joan Blondell.

Flannels! Lilyan Tashman advocates their use in one of the season's gayest costumes—wide white trousers and red and white blouse with sash. And Lilyan knows her clothes.

We couldn't resist showing you this perfectly lovely and simply ridiculous "sugar-cookie" beach hat. Only a Marian Marsh can wear it, we're warning you!
One of the three or four "best-dressed women in Hollywood," Lilyan Tashman, is elegant even in summer beach attire. She wears a pajama suit of skipper-blue jersey, with a terrifically becoming linen vest.

Joan Blondell can crash this section as often as she pleases if she wears such becoming beach pajamas as these, in blue and white jersey.
DOROTHY MACKAILL

Enjoys the Beauty and Comfort of her VITA-TONIC WAVE

DO ROTH Y MACKAILL, whose soft, lustrous wavy hair is the subject of much admiration and not a little envy, says: "The secret of keeping my hair soft and wavy and naturally beautiful is my Frederics Vita Tonic Permanent Wave. I feel especially safe in recommending the Frederics Vita Tonic Process because I know it will not harm the delicate shade and texture of my hair".

Soft, lustrous, wavy hair—the alluring beauty you've longed for, can be yours if you demand a Genuine Vita Tonic Wave. We will gladly send you a free Vita Tonic Wrapper to take with you when going for your Permanent. Compare it with the wrappers used by your Hairdresser—assure yourself of getting a Genuine Vita Tonic Wave. At the same time we will send you an interesting booklet on the care of your wave and a complete list of Hairdressers in your vicinity who give Genuine Vita Tonic Permanent Waves. Write Dept. 188, E. Frederics, Inc., 235-247 East 45th St., New York, N. Y.
German beauty experts advise olive and palm oils to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Carsten—and others equally renowned—join vast group of more than 20,000 beauty experts the world over in urging daily use of Palmolive.

Carsten says: "I recommend all my clients to use Palmolive Soap at least twice a day, massaging its wonderful lather gently into the skin for a couple of minutes."

Today, despite differences in type, lovely women all over the world are acquiring "that schoolgirl complexion." The fresh colorful English skin; the lustrous pallor of the Parisienne; the rich, olive-tinted Spanish and Italian complexion... each one retains its characteristic beauty through a simple formula recommended by more than 20,000 beauty specialists.

In 16 countries, 169 cities
"Wash the face with a pure soap—a vegetable oil soap—and water," they'll say, "but not any soap will do. It must be Palmolive!"

If you should question this statement, you'd learn some interesting facts about the cosmetic value of olive and palm oils. Those are the vegetable oils of which Palmolive is made, you know. They cleanse without irritation. They are mild, gentle, easy on the texture of the skin. Specialists have made many tests with Palmolive and they are universally enthusiastic.

An easy method, too
You massage Palmolive lather into the face and throat until the impurities are freed from the pores. Then you rinse it off with warm water; after that with cold. And—if you like—an ice massage as an astringent. That's what you are advised to do morning and evening by more than 20,000 of the world's best known beauty specialists. They, don't forget, are professionals. Their recommendation deserves your attention. Buy a cake of Palmolive and try the facial treatment tonight. You'll find it the easiest way to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., Eastern Standard time; 7:30 to 8:30 p.m., Central Standard time; 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., Mountain Standard time; 5:30 to 6:30 p.m., Pacific Coast Standard time—over WEAF and 39 Stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion Retail Price 10c
THIS funny business, this living on the laughs you get out of audiences—well, it's a very serious proposition with me, and I'm not smiling when I say it, either!

There's fun in being funny, of course, and it isn't exactly my purpose to play Pagiacci and tell you that behind all my smiles there lurks a tear. You'd stop me because you've heard that one. But I do mean that what apparently is the most extemporaneous form of entertainment—in other words, comedy—is as a matter of fact apt to be the most studied and most carefully worked out. And in no form of amusement is this truer than it is in the talkies.

When you laugh, as I hope you do, at things I do and say, don't remember what I am about to tell you. It might spoil your fun, and my job in the world is anything but fun-spoiling. What I am about to tell you is the reason or reasons why funnybone ticking is, with me, such a serious business.

In the first place, I regard comedy as seriously important in itself, and not alone because it is a difficult form of expression and entertainment. A little story explains this firm conviction of mine. A couple of years ago I broke my leg for the second or third time. Ten days after I broke that leg I opened with a show in New York. My leg was encased in a cast, but even so, I danced a little. My doctor threatened to put me in a straightjacket. He said I was insane.

Without arguing the merits or demerits of that accusation, let me explain that I finally convinced the doctor that all his threats meant nothing to me. It was the trite philosophy of the trumper: "The show must go on."

The doctor looked at me and shook his head and smiled. "Well, I give up, Joe." Then he told me something that may or may not (Continued on page 113)
Critical Comment

THE PUBLIC ENEMY
*Warner Brothers*

The gangland film to end all gang films! Here's one that will never be topped. It will get you, with its stark realism, its superb acting, its ruthless direction. A new star is born—James Cagney. What an actor! Jean Harlow, sumptuous blonde, assists. Exciting? It's one continual thrill. See it if you're over 21!

BIG BUSINESS GIRL
*First National*

A nice little picture. What happens when a boss falls in love with his secretary—and she is lovely Loretta Young? Frank Albertson is the interference, Ricardo Cortez the boss. Of course, it's all too romantic to be true, but there's a lightness about it that makes for good, mild entertainment. And Loretta is more charming than ever.

DUDE RANCH
*Paramount*

If you're an Oakie enthusiast you'll have a good time; and if you're not, then we're sorry for you. Jack and his pals stage a "wild west" act for the benefit of paying guests at Stuart Erwin's dude ranch—and it turns into the real thing, with lots of laughs. June Collyer is the "beautiful dame" and Mitzi Green helps.

THREE ROGUES
*Fox*

The West is having a fling on the screen this month. Here's a land-rush melodrama-with-laughs, all about three bad boys who take a big-brotherly interest in Fay Wray and fight for her rights and her honor. Victor McLaglen, Lew Cody, and Eddie Gribbon are the three ridin', fightin' fools, and small boys of all ages will cheer.

THE PERFECT ALIBI
*Radio Pictures*

We want to give English-produced pictures every break in the world but we can't go into a rave over this very mild picturization of A. A. Milne's mystery play. It's only moderately interesting. No fault of the actors—C. Aubrey Smith and Robert Lorraine are two of the best, while the heroine, Dorothy Boyd, is competent and attractive.

DIVORCE AMONG FRIENDS
*Warner Brothers*

Just another case of good actors and elaborate trappings wasted on a weak story. The domestic complications of pretty Irene Delroy and handsome Jimmy Hall get to be a great, big bore to their audience. Lew Cody as an amiable drunk and Natalie Moorhead as a strenuous vamp are too obvious to help much. Don't hurry to catch this.
BAD SISTER
Universal

Introducing a new star, Sidney Fox. She's something new and fresh—very fresh; you'll like her. She plays a mean little minx in this devitalized movie of Booth Tarkington's novel, "The Flirt"—but her personality is poignant and you'll want to see her again. Bette Davis, another newcomer, and Conrad Nagel are good, too.

LAUGH AND GET RICH
Radio Pictures

If you like pictures about homespun folks, you'll enjoy these family affairs of a boarding-house keeper, Edna Mae Oliver, from hash to high society. The angular Miss Oliver is almost always amusing; and Dorothy Lee as her daughter romances agreeably with Russell Gleason. But by far the best performance is given by Hugh Herbert.

QUICK MILLIONS
Fox

Have just one more racketeer film before you swear off! This happens to be different. It has a strong punch and a somewhat fresh slant. Spencer Tracy is a new thrill as a trucking king amorously involved with two beauties—Marguerite Churchill as a debbie and Sally Eilers as an underworld gal, both splendid. Well worth seeing.

THE SECRET SIX
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Oh, for the good old days when a movie "Gang" meant Hal Roach's comedy kids! But here's a much better than average gangster film, glorified by Wallace Beery in a grand roystering role, and directed by George Hill with a crisp combination of suspense and satire. Marjorie Rambeau teams with Beery; a great combination.

PARLOR, BEDROOM, AND BATH
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

This is good, old-fashioned, rowdy slapstick, frank and unashamed. We welcome it as a change from too much gang drama. Buster Keaton is really funny as a would-be great lover, especially in his scenes with Charlotte Greenwood. A great cast, including Reginald Denny, Sally Eilers, and Cliff Edwards, help make this comedy a riot.

THE CONQUERING HORDE
Paramount

This superbly mounted western, in Paramount's usual lavish style, will please all followers of the outdoor drama. It gives Dick Arlen his best western role to date, with Fay Wray as his sweetheart, against a background of the antebellum cattle country. Beautiful scenery. But isn't it about time to give Dick an acting chance?
The **RIGHT of WEIGH!**

You can be just as slim as you will—and **will** is the right word

**S**OMETIMES I am persuaded that there are only two real beauty problems—blackheads and overweight. I get scores of letters, of course, about hands, faces, about hair and eyes, and makeup. But they are never unhappy, overwrought letters. They are simple letters, simple to answer. Only on the subject of blackheads and reducing do I get heartbroken epistles that sound as though the world would end for my correspondents if I couldn’t do something to help them.

And really, without meaning to sound just too severe, I can’t see why these terrible problems should exist for the average girl, or even why, when they do exist, they should seem so dreadful. For blackheads can be cured, absolutely. And figures can be reduced. One can be as slim and lovely as you will—and will is the right word.

So here I am, all set on this lovely early summer day, to try to solve one of those problems for you, to tell you how to become a sylph, or to stay a sylph. I’ll even be generous and give you two simple little truths to memorize and then tell you how to go about making them true for you. Here they are. Too much food and too little exercise make you overweight. Less food and more exercise make you slender. Now isn’t that simple?

But let’s suppose you are—well, let’s be honest about it—plain fat. You want to reduce. You’ve tried dieting—a little; and exercising—a very little. But nothing happens to your weight. You did cheat on a couple of ice cream sodas, one day, and ate macaroni one dinner time; but still you tried. And it didn’t get you anywhere.

All right. Let’s look your problem severely in its round, comfortable face.

The most important thing to find out, before you start to reduce, is what is causing your overweight. The chances are a hundred to one that you are eating more than you need and not exercising at all. The one chance is that your overweight is caused by glandular disturbances—that is, genuine ill health—but that chance is so remote you do not need to worry about it unless you are really ill.

The next thing to find out is how much overweight you really are. Some girls have exaggerated ideas on this score. Only this morning I got a letter from a fourteen-year-old, five feet in height, who was worried because she weighed ninety-five pounds. She only wanted to weigh eighty! If that youngster should go on a diet that would reduce her to eighty pounds, she’d be a doctor’s patient within a month! Remember that your height and the actual weight of your skeleton has a tremendous lot to do with what you weigh. Your temperament influences poundage, too. Very nervous people are almost always thin. Then consider your age. It is best to be a bit overweight up until thirty, while after that you should be a little underweight. That’s for your heart. After maturity it doesn’t like the strain of carrying excess pounds.

Get a good scale, if you can, preferably one without springs. One of those old-fashioned affairs like they have in freight offices, or the swank kind doctors use are best—the kind with the weights. The spring ones are always springing—and forgetting to come back. Weigh yourself before and after meals. You’ll be surprised to find how much heavier you are after a hearty dinner. Then rate yourself on a standard that gives you five to ten pounds for each inch of height over five feet, the five feet being about one hundred pounds. This is an accurate enough gauge, allowing for differences in large and small bones, age and such things. Also allow for your type of work. If you are a sedentary worker, an office or shop girl, or a home maker, the chances are that your day will provide you with very little muscular exercise. If you are an exec-
DO YOU WANT TO REDUCE?

Ask Anne Van Alstyne! Read this article first. Then, if you find you still have an unsolved beauty problem—figure, skin, hair, feet—write to Miss Van Alstyne and she will help you. Address: Anne Van Alstyne, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope for personal reply.

utive, you should have a bit more weight to allow for the nervous strain you are under. If you are a vigorous outdoor worker, your exercise should prevent your storing up fat.

If, after all these considerations, you find you really are overweight, then you just must diet and you just must exercise.

Does dieting sound like an awful bore to you? Well, perhaps it will help you endure it if you think of it as a definite accessory of charm and a real gift toward beauty. A charming girl is one with vitality. Fat slows you up. An attractive girl is one who suggests youth, either real or simulated. A slender figure is a youthful figure. A beautiful girl is one with clear, transparent skin. If your diet is full of starches and fats you can't have clear skin. But isn't it worth dieting to attain youth, beauty and charm? I think it is. But be careful of what diet you choose.

There are diets that are faddish. There are diets that are downright harmful. There are many that will reduce you very quickly but the damage they do to the nervous system, the face, and the morale is very serious indeed. Other diets are merely deceitful. By eliminating all liquids from one's meals and thereby cutting down the natural "water weight" of the body, they make the scales record a lighter figure. But once you return to your normal diet, the poundage returns.

A good reducing diet, that will get you thinner and make you stay at your ideal weight, must be varied. It must contain all the essentials for health and eliminate only the things that make for excess. It must have tissue builders, energy builders, minerals and all four vitamins, and have them arranged so that some foods containing all these elements are eaten every day.

What are tissue builders, you ask, and what do they do? You'll find them in lean meat, cheese, fish, flour, peas, beans, milk, eggs and cereals. They keep your skin clear, your eyes bright and your hair healthy. Energy builders, which destroy fatigue, are in butter, bread, cereals, sugar and all sweets, potatoes, peas and beans. All fresh vegetables contain minerals. Milk is particularly valuable. All raw vegetables and raw fruits contain vitamins.

So, for a reducing diet you not only can eat lots of things—but you should eat them. You can reduce and yet have, every day, some meat, cheese or fish: two fresh vegetables; some butter; at least a slice of bread; milk; raw fruit, preferably oranges, and a quart of water. Now isn't that easier and more pleasant than "doing" without something—bread and butter, for instance, or all vegetables? Following such a plan, you will not have to live on oranges alone, or lamb chops and pineapple, or cucumbers and stale toast, or some such senseless combination of foods.

Remember that (Continued on page 100)
Ruth Chatterton is going to remain with Paramount. You know, of course, that Warner Brothers had Ruth dated up for a long-term contract, with a great increase in salary, at the expiration of her Paramount contract. But now Warner Brothers and Paramount have come to an understanding that Miss Chatterton shall stay on the home lot. And no hard feelings. Especially from Ruth, who will make more money than she ever did.

Now don't begin feeling sorry for Warner Brothers about Ruth Chatterton because they have an ace up their sleeves. They have signed Lil Dagover, a foreign importation and prominent actress abroad. Strangely, Miss Dagover was formerly a Paramount player too, having appeared in foreign productions for them. Miss Dagover is Warners' Garbo-Dietrich-Landis-Bankhead. And as Maurice Chevalier would say—she is "bee-u-ti-full!" Anyway, big things are planned for her so watch out for this newest Garbo menace.

Warners aren't only going in for foreign players, they are also grooming some of our nice American youngsters for stardom. The fortunate youngsters are Evalyn Knapp, James Cagney, Marian Marsh, Joan Blondell, Warren Williams, David Manners and Don Cook. We hate to brag but Screenland predicted stardom for most of these youngsters a few short months ago. Remember?

Julia Faye and Estelle Taylor have paid their tuition and booked their reservations to attend a conservatory of music in Salzburg, Germany, this summer, where, you will recall, Doris Kenyon is also booked on her concert tour. Julia and Estelle decided it was important to continue their singing lessons. But the rift in the Taylor-Dempsey household altered Estelle's plans. Estelle is busy divorcing Jack and Jack has already established residence in Reno. The end of another Holly-wood romance.

Here's irony or something—Estelle was on the United Artists payroll for a year but was never given a part in a picture. The only work Estelle did in that year was to collect her weekly pay check. Now that she's in the limelight she has been offered, and has accepted, the vamp rôle in Ronald Colman's next picture, "The Unholy Garden."

Claire Windsor, whose career began by her getting lost on horseback while at a mountain party with Charlie Chaplin and his friends, is going on the London stage.
An artist recently made a clever sketch of Claire via television—she sitting in a booth in New York and he four miles away in another. They were able to converse while the sketch was being made and see each other all the time.

After more than a year’s absence from the screen, Dolores Del Rio returns in “The Dove” and after that she will make “Bird of Paradise.” Dolores has a nice contract with RKO—she’s well again and very much in love with her husband, Cedric Gibbons, thank you.

When Constance Bennett says “Dad” or “Pop” or anything paternal in “Bought,” she’ll be talking to her own father, Richard Bennett. He is starting a new career as a Hollywood screen actor and daughter Connie gave him his first job.

Rudy Vallee wants to make another picture and there’s a possibility that he will. Rudy has been talking things over with the Fox organization. Incidentally, the “Vagabond Lover” doesn’t want to sing or play the saxophone in his next picture; he wants to make films on the Richard Dix order—two-fisted he-man stuff. They say Rudy makes tests of himself with his own home-movie camera.

Would you call the red-headed Margaret Livingston “The Queen of Jazz” now that she has married Paul Whiteman? Not so long ago both Paul and Margaret vigorously denied they would wed. Paul has even been quoted as having said that marriage was a middle-class institution. Maybe Mr. Whiteman wants to prove he’s one of the crowd—anyway, Miss Livingston is his fourth wife!

Janet Gaynor, working on “Daddy Long-Legs,” slips away to Palm Springs nearly every week-end. Janet has learned the importance of frequent little retirements to preserve the strength of the soul.

Buddy Rogers is growing up at last—has lately developed a deep bass voice and his acting in “The Lawyer’s Secret” is said to be sensationally good.

Paramount considers it has a new find. He’s a young colored boy with a funny face and actually answers to the name of “Eaten Sleep”!

When Marie Dressler returned from her rest-cure at Santa Barbara, she discovered Polly Moran with a broken nose, and assured her that not one shot of their next picture should be made until Polly’s nose had been restored to its normal beauty. They are great friends, these two, with a special chair in Marie’s dressing room, exclusively for Polly.

Bebe Daniels and her Ben Lyon, who appeared together in “My Past,” have a grand dressing suite on the First National lot, next to Edward G. Robinson’s. They are quite the royalty on that lot.

Ben has just won a United States lieutenancy in the 322nd army corps, which he had to earn with 450 hours of flying, and by passing a very stiff examination, physical, mental, and temperamental! He gets $30 a week for this, with a $15 a week allowance for Bebe in time of war. But the joke is that Bebe is the fully accredited honorary colonel of that regiment, allowed to wear the uniform, medals and everything—and Ben, like all the rest, has to salute her. Bebe gets no
Oh, how they love their art! Clive Brook, Ruth Chatterton, Carman Barnes and Carole Lombard all waiting for the studio doors to open so that they can make nice talking pictures for you.

It isn’t necessarily pure delight to be invited to be a bridesmaid at a fashionable Hollywood wedding. At one recent affair, after all the bridesmaids had accepted the offer, they found it entailed going to a special dressmaker and milliner and paying $300 for their dresses and $50 for their hats.

As one bridesmaid remarked, “They should only let us in for that golden weddings in Hollywood.”

Paramount paid Theodore Dreiser $150,000 for the screen rights of “An American Tragedy,” they say—and now he is all set to bring suit against them for what he considers mal-treatment of his story. “When I read the script I went into a trance. When I came to, I bellowed, I screamed, I wept,” he bawls. “They tell me I’ll be just crazy about the finished picture,” he snarls. “You bet I will!” Oh, Dreiser is one mad author these days—but most people insist the picture is great all the same.

Hollywood is very ironic—loves to pursue the reluctant and turn down the eager pleader. So that it was only when Lois Wilson had decided to give up the struggle and go to Europe with Auril Lee to try the London stage, with passage all booked, that Universal implored her to remain for “Seed.” Lois is lovelier than ever, and much too young to be the mother of five children as depicted in “Seed,” in spite of her compelling performance. She is quite a diet fiend, even unto carrying her special milk around with her. Not safe to start a diet conversation when Lois is around.

Lois has never married, although we insisted upon getting romantic about her friendships with Eddie

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Mrs. Robert Montgomery isn’t a myth—she’s real! Mrs. Montgomery was kept a deep, dark secret from the public and this is one of the first pictures of the Montgomerys together since Bob made a hit in pictures.

What the fashionable woman wears when traveling. Little wonder that Lilyan Tashman has the reputation as being the best dressed woman of Hollywood or anywhere. Note the luggage.

end of a kick out of that situation.

Bebe has always been a good business man—bought up lots of real estate. Seems curious to recall that only a year or two ago, Bebe was so discouraged he thought she was through with pictures. Paramount, after 9 years, failed to take up her new contract. There seemed to be a conspiracy to believe that Bebe couldn’t do talkies. But Le Baron of RKO finally gave her a contract without even a test—and “Rio Rita” did the rest. Bebe waxes poignantly grateful anent Le Baron and shudders to think how different life might have been but for his faith in her acting ability.
Determined to live up to his reputation and have a bath tub in every picture, Cecil B. De Mille inserts one into the script of "The Squaw Man" and asks Lupe Velez to step into it.

Horton and J. Warren Kerrigan, both bachelors of too long standing. But Lois insists both affairs are distinctly platonic. It was Universal that gave Lois her very first screen chance as a little girl 15 years ago, and the same studio rescues her from permanent retirement from the screen for "Seed." Lois remembers Carl Laemmle, Jr., as a small boy whose dad was her friend. Now he's her boss.

Doris Kenyon had permanently renounced pictures and gone over to the concert platform because of her fine voice. She was booked to leave for Europe with her small 4-year-old Kenyon soon after the sudden death of Milton Sills, to sing in Berlin and Salzburg. But First National offered her such a fancy contract for three pictures that she agreed to be persuaded. She left for Europe, however, on May 24th and won't return for more pictures until September. Doris looks sweeter—the suffering of her last few years has had a soul-stirring effect. She still owns the gorgeous home at Brentwood where Milton Sills planted so sumptuously with his vast botanical knowledge. And the baby is adorable.

Louise Brooks had a bad break when talkies came in, because the "Canary Murder Case" was first made as a silent, and when it was decided to turn it into a talkie, Louise had gone to Europe for a trip. So of course, the substituted voice didn't fit so well—voices are just a personal thing. So she remained to make a few silents in Germany and France, and when she returned it was necessary for her to accept very small parts to break into the game again. So her second lead with Frank Fay


Jackie Searl is the best bad boy in pictures. Master Searl is all dressed for "The Queen of Hollywood" in which he plays with Mitzi Green. You remember him in "Skippy" and "Tom Sawyer."

in "God's Gift to Women" is something of a triumph.

Louise has a nice natural voice, but she hasn't quite outgrown her conversational reserve—never could get Louise to unbend and rattle along like most girls do. Her nice mamma says its because in numerology, Louise is dominated by sixes, whereas fives are better for self-confidence and the frank manner. But sixes always work through in the end.

Greta Nissen comes back in "Women of all Nations," speaking excellent English, looking prettier than ever, and wearing her clothes much
more smartly. This will be her first talkie—and in the interval she has been doing stage plays which are spoken of as “artistic successes but financial failures.” Anyway, Fox has given her a contract, and her next picture will be “Trans-Atlantic” with Eddie Lowe.

Enid Bennett, who played Skippy’s mother in that kid picture, says she doesn’t feel she has really “come back”—that was just a little flyer. “There may be a place for me in pictures, of course,” she says, “but I cannot see it just yet awhile.”

And then, of course, there’s Eleanor Boardman, who retired from the screen just before her first baby was born, but now has four talkies to her credit—including “The Squaw Man,” and “Women Love Once.” Maturity and maternity have added to Eleanor’s charms—she used to adopt a slightly hard attitude before she married King Vidor—liked to say stinging naughty things—but now she is very feminine and sweet.

Will Rogers doesn’t smoke or drink, but oh, he chews gum—even unto borrowing a wad from anybody handy. Except at home. Mrs. Rogers says Will parks his gum outside the home like a good little boy and none of the Beverly Hills furniture is mussed up.

This Will is easily one of the most unique figures in America today—author, journalist, actor, speechmaker, polo player, arch-humorist, arch-publicity man, political moralist, cowboy, to the tune of half a million a year.

Mrs. Rogers says he sleeps seven hours and snores; detests card games; owns a dozen funny musical instruments which he cannot play but tries to; and has never been known to speak a cross word at home.

“I never had no high ambitions,” drawled Will recently, “and even now I don’t know what it’s all about this success.” That’s Will, just a regular guy.

He’s 52 years old, tousled, untidy, refuses to bother about clothes, and makes little use of the grand bungalow built for him on the Fox lot. As for schooling—“I studied the fourth reader for four years,” he grins. And, yes, really, he says his mother wanted him to become a Methodist minister—but he went into the Ziegfeld Follies, instead!

Mary Brian and William Bakewell seem to be very good friends these days. William has been the favored escort on numerous occasions. What about Arthur Lake, Mary?

On “Dirigible,” an essentially masculine picture, just one lone woman gets in on the credits—Dorothy Howell, who wrote the continuity—the clever girl who rose from the business department of Columbia studio to become screen editor, all in three years. In the meantime, outside of working hours, Dorothy Howell often trots around with Eddie Buzzell.

Tango toes have come in again, a pre-war vogue. Saw Lilian Tashman, Charlotte Greenwood and Grace La Rue all showing off their Terpsichorean abilities at the Ambassador recently—Charlotte has the perfect legs for the tango.

Just before starting on “The Queen of Hollywood,” Louise Fazenda took two weeks off and drove her nice old mater and pater all through northern California, with a few frisky days in San Francisco. Louise loves to drive her own car and adores the open road. She says after we see the picture we may think someone else is the Queen of Hollywood but for the present she accepts the crown and the throne.

“It certainly is hard times. Junior hasn’t worked for a month and we are way behind in the rent,” sighed one mother of a
young Hollywood actor. Ho, hum! All the same it is great days for most child actors in Hollywood just now, what with Alfred Santell hiring 'em for "Daddy Long Legs" with Janet Gaynor; and Bill Beaudine for "Penrod and Sam."

Anyway, Mitzi Green's parents have no possible excuse to get behind in the rent!

Bela Lugosi of "Dracula" fame on both stage and screen has never seen himself in a picture. He's made three, but had to sail for Honolulu with "The Black Camel" company before any one of them were released. One of Bela's pictures is "Broadminded." The gentleman is most broad-minded in his tastes in ladies.

Lew Ayres seems to be winning his fight for a larger salary from Universal. He had been getting a bonus at the end of each picture, but Lew thought a higher salary would improve his standing generally, especially as the life of a screen star's popularity is apt to be brief.

Maureen O'Sullivan had a joyous visit back to her folks in Ireland, just before beginning "Skyline" for Fox. She hadn't seen them since that exciting occasion when she was annexed for "Song o' My Heart"—just picked out from a restaurant party in Dublin and asked if she would consent to become a Hollywood star! Can't you imagine the family excitement—having said goodbye to an unknown little girl a year ago and to welcome back a famous young lady drawing as much salary in a month as would run her Irish family for a year?

Watch out for a young woman named Shirley Gray, 23, blonde, adventurous and highly practical. Shirley was taking part in a play at Oakland but heard that United Artists were taking tests of young actresses. So she flew down to Hollywood by plane, took her tests and got back in time for the evening performance, with a contract in her little purse. How's that for enterprise?

Things happen like that. Nils Asther, young Scandinavian actor, had not been embarrassed with offers for screen work in America, so when his wife Vivian Duncan cabled that she had produced that small daughter in Paris, Nils eagerly accepted an offer from a French film company. Then he received a good Hollywood offer right away! But France and the baby won.

Lady Mountbatten, declared to be England's most beautiful peeress, had a grand time in Hollywood as the guest of Mary Pickford. Pickfair has been the scene of glamorous social affairs, with the entire Hollywood peerage doing the young lady honor. Marion Davies was also her hostess, providing gala entertainment for Lady Mountbatten at both her Beverly Hills and beach homes.

Stockbrokers are in good standing in Hollywood. Jeanette MacDonald, by the time you read this, will be Mrs. Robert G. Ritchie.

Olive Borden was expected to appear in a stage play on Broadway but instead she married Theodore Spector, a stockbroker, too. Olive was married on March 28th and kept it a secret for nearly a month.

Time was when the screen vamp was brunette and slinky—à la Theda Bara and Virginia Pearson of silent days. But now, the minxes are all blonde—Jean Harlow, Lilian Tashman, Garbo, Dietrich, et al. If they put Cleopatra on the screen today they'd surely make her a blonde. Even Bebe Daniels, brunette charmer for...
The Truth about Cosmetics

By Mary Lee

HE Ambrosia company has gone and done it again. Ambrosia is the firm—and the product—that launched liquid cleansers so successfully about two years ago. They put across Ambrosia so thoroughly that every other beauty house had to adopt liquid cleansers into their lines. And a very good thing that was, too, for we did need correct counter-balance against the heavy creams so many of us had been using.

Now Ambrosia itself is putting out a cream—but it's a different cream from the rest, and very very nice indeed, I assure you. It comes in the same spiffy little bottle with the black top that Ambrosia appears in and sells for the same price, that is, in one and two dollar sizes. It has been on the market for a couple of months, but I have saved it to write about until now, as I consider it one of the finest "summer" products I've yet come across.

The old theory of beauty care used to be that the skin dried out in winter and must be cared for particularly during that time. Do you recall how our maiden aunts used to wear veils through February and March to keep their skins from chapping? The skin does dry out in winter, particularly where the owner of the face lives in a steam-heated apartment, but the winter drying is as nothing to the summer-time drying; now that the sun-tan vogue has been so thoroughly accepted. One case of moderate sunburn can dry your skin more than ten winters. Hence my enthusiasm for a cream with penetrative and nourishing qualities, which this Ambrosia cream genuinely seems to have.

Having myself a tendency toward dry skin, I've been trying out this cream and I recommend it very highly. It is a liquid, as soft as real cream, and very softening. Another great thing about it for summer is that it is the best little sunburn cure I've yet heard about. Of course, you shouldn't get sunburned, if you value your skin. But if you do, dash this Ambrosia cream on quickly and you'll be delighted with the way in which it takes out the soreness and the burn. Also as a base under make-up, to act as protection against excessive burning or tanning, I know you'll find this cream more useful than a dozen sunshades.

Another product particularly needed in summer is a good depilotary. You simply can't wear short sleeved dresses and go stockingless if you are shaggy. It's offensive and unsightly and just not done. So to overcome this handicap comes a new Zip production.

Zip in cake form you undoubtedly know about, but Zip in cream form is something new, and much more pleasant to use. It comes in a tube and is pleasantly scented. It takes only five minutes to use and its results are amazingly lasting. It is not so strong as the cake Zip but I like it better. And the price is simply marvelous—fifty cents for a big fat tube of it.

Further in the summer line comes a body oil from my pet house, Lenitheric. It is to be rubbed over the body before sun bathing and it will make you appear brown without being brown actually. You probably know that it isn't so smart to be "dark-skinned" this summer, particularly in evening clothes, so this is one of (Continued on page 125)
ANN HARDING. Adorer. So it's like that, is it? Well, you aren't the only boy friend Ann can boast among her audiences. Every other fan seems to be a Harding booster. Yes—Ann is married, to Harry Bannister; and has a blue-eyed baby girl named Jane.

Question Box. Will I do a paragraph about Joan Bennett? It will take more than one blurb to do justice to Joan. She was born Feb. 27, 1911, in Fallsades, N. Y. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 108 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. She has been married, has a young daughter, and is divorced. One of her latest releases is "Doctors' Wives" with Warner Baxter and Victor Varconi. Marilyn Miller was born Sept. 1, 1900, in Evansville, Indiana. She has blonde hair and green eyes. She has been married twice. Her first husband was Frank Carter; her second, Jack Pickford, from whom she was divorced.

R. M. D. From this world-wide "Ask me" station, we are prepared to clear up most anything, giving you bright moments and setting you right about the screen stars' favorite birthdays, if any. Lew Ayres was born Dec. 28, 1909. He was christened Lewis Ayres but prefers to be called Lew.

Susie. To the many Barry Norton fans who have been asking for a glimpse of him in the galloping talkies: you can see and hear him as the young lieutenant in "Dishonored" with Marlene Dietrich and Victor McLaglen. Marlene sings in "Blue Angel" and "Morocco" and she does some high-powered piano playing in her latest release, "Dishonored." Marlene returned from her vacation in Germany in April and is now working in her new picture, tentatively titled "Indiscretion," and directed, of course, by Josef von Sternberg.

R. F. Your questions may come and go but my answers are like Amos 'n Andy, they go on forever. Stanley Smith was born Jan. 6, 1907, in Kansas City, Mo. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has blond hair and blue eyes. He was on the stage six years before his film bow in 1929. He appears in "From Soup to Nuts" with Ted Healy and Frances Mc Coy.

Miss Buddy. You'll let me take all the time in the world to answer your inquiry—but I don't need it, thanks. Here's the answer right on time. In "Dawn Patrol" Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was Douglas Scott and William Janney was Gordon Scott, his young brother. Janney also appeared with Conrad Nagel and Loretta Young in "The Right of Way." Phyllis L. How do you like your pretty name in print? I know the answer and so do you. John Bole's wife is a southern girl, the former Marcella Dobbs. They have a three-year-old daughter and a younger child too. John was born Oct. 28, 1900. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 180 pounds and has grey-blue eyes and brown hair. His next film is "Seed."

Dolores J. I'll admit I'm as wise as some owls but I can't tell you why Buddy Rogers doesn't patronize his barber as often as his admirers think he should. But I'm a willing worker and will see what can be done about it. Charles' next is a character role in "The Lawyer's Secret," and he is great in it.

Helen J. I haven't a record of Carl von Haartman—except as the captain of the Zeppelin in "Hell's Angels," the four million dollar pictures. Ben Lyon and James Hall are the brothers and Jean Harlow made her debut in this Howard Hughes film.

Nicholas. You want me to settle a dispute out of court—who is the handsomest of these three screen players, Charles Rogers, Ramon Novarro or Lewis Ayres? If you won't mind my saying so, I think I'll take Robert Coogan, who plays so naturally and delightfully in "Skippy" with Mitzi Green and Jackie Cooper. No, Jackie isn't a brother of Gary Cooper but Robert Coogan is Jackie's young brother. Can you figure that out?

Sawny of Dallas. I can't give you my personal promise that Ramon Novarro will answer your letter but drop him a line or two and trust and hope as you've never hoped before. Durango, Mexico, claims Ramon as one of her celebrities. He was born Feb. 6, 1900. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. His latest film is "Daybreak" with Helen Chandler. Ramon may go to Europe to make pictures soon.

Corn-Fed Girl. If you're one, I'm a milk-fed chicken. David Lee's name is just that. He was born Dec. 29, 1926, in Los Angeles, Cal. He made his first picture, "The Singing Fool" in 1928. He also appeared in "Frozen River" and "She Knew Men." Louise Brooks is back again after spending some time abroad making films. She plays in "It Pays to Advertise" with Norman Foster, Skeets Gallagher and Carole Lombard; and in "God's Gift to Women" with Frank Fay. James Hall was 30 years old on Oct. 22, 1930.

Joseph Peters. Am I a drawing-card for your favorite magazine? What do you think? I'm a master hand at drawing—my breath. Har-har, also tee-hee! Anita Page was born Aug. 4, 1910, in Flushing, Long Island, and educated in New York City. She is unmarried and lives with her mother, father and young brother in Beverly Hills. Lon Chaney was born April 1, 1883, and died Aug. 26, 1930. His first and last talking picture was "The Unholy Three."

 Mona B. Away back in 1926, before our favorite screen stars came out, or did talk. Richard Dix and Esther Ralston played together in "The Quarterback." Esther's latest (Continued on page 98)

You'll find the stars' addresses on Page 114. Turn to Page 98 for the casts of current films. Please consult these services before asking questions. Thank you!
release is "The Southerner" with Lawrence Tibbett; and Richard's is "Cimarron."

Sue Carol Fan. You are not the only one who wants to see Sue in better and bigger pictures. Her first screen appearance was with Douglas she "in Soft Cushions." Among her latest are "Check and Double Check" with Amos 'n Andy, and "Dancing Sweeties" with Grand Ole. Sue was born in Chicago, Ill., on Oct. 30, 1908. She has dark brown hair, flashing brown eyes, is 5 ft. 3 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. Sue and Nick Stuart were married July 28, 1929. They kept it a secret for several months.

D. York. Robert Woodley claims 41 years but he doesn't look it. Bert Wheeler doesn't tell his age but he's a good comedian at that. Ralph Forbes is an Englishman. He was born Sept. 30, 1902 in London. He has blonde hair, blue-grey eyes, is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. He married Ruth Chatterton.

Johnny Mack Brown Fan. You have the wrong phone number if you think your idol isn't a big favorite—who said he wasn't? Since he made his first screen appearance with Marion Davies in "The Fair Co-Ed," John has been traveling fast. He recently made "The Great Meadow" with Eleanor Boardman, "Billy the Kid" with Kay Johnson and Wallace Beery and his next is "The Secret Six" with Jean Harlow, Marjorie Rambeau and Wallace Beery.

A. B. of Ohio. You hit your head on the nail when you hope Will Rogers will go on poking fun at all events as long as he lives. A wave of my hand to you. Eddie Quillian was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on March 31, 1907. He has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 140 pounds. From the time he was able to walk, he talked to theaters, with his family and with vaudeville trouperers. He has made 18 two-reel comedies for Mack Sennett. He is good in "Big Money" with Robert Armstrong and James Gleason.

Francis X. G. You want some one to give you a slope number if you think your idol isn't a big favorite—who said he wasn't? Since he made his first screen appearance with Marion Davies in "The Fair Co-Ed," John has been traveling fast. He recently made "The Great Meadow" with Eleanor Boardman, "Billy the Kid" with Kay Johnson and Wallace Beery and his next is "The Secret Six" with Jean Harlow, Marjorie Rambeau and Wallace Beery.

Ewald G. How can movie stars cry in pictures when there isn't anything to cry about? You're one girl in a million who doesn't take her movies seriously. In "Kiders of the Dark" with Tim McCoy, you saw Dorothy Dwan as Mary and Rex Lease as hero Jim. Rex is a fine lance player and I haven't his permanent address. Virginia Grey was "Little Eve in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Nena Quarraroo appears with Marion Davies in "The Bachelor Father." Nena, whose real name is Gladys, was born March 17, 1910, in New York City. She has black hair and eyes, is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds.

Leatrice and Beatrice. Twins, are you? From this distance I can't tell you apart. Clara Bow is 25 years old, has red hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 3½ inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Bebe Daniels was 30 her last birthday; she is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has black hair and eyes. Greta Garbo is 24, weighs 125 pounds, is 5 feet, 6 inches tall, and has golden hair and blue eyes.

Brown Eyes. Pauline Frederick was never the wife of Will Rogers. She has tried matrimony four times but Will Rogers has had the first and same wife for many years. Gilbert Roland played opposite Norma Tal-madge in "Camille" and "The Dove."

Hudge. You have the same nickname as Dorothy Lee. If you want to enjoy a good cry, take plenty of hankies and go see your favorite actor, Clive Brooke, in "East Lynne" with Ann Harding and Conrad Nagel. Clive has brown hair and grey eyes, and was born in London, England. His wife, Mildred Evelyn, was a popular English actress. They have two charming children, Faith Evelyn and Clive, Jr.

Miss R. M. Monte Blue is not on contract just now. "White Shadows of the South Seas" was filmed in the Society Islands group—on the Island of Tahiti, in the South Pacific. These islands are spoken of as the Polynesia group, which includes the Samoan, Tonga, Phoenix, Society, Marquesas and Hawaiian islands, as well as numerous smaller groups.

Cherie, Entrez. Je suis de service. Charles Rogers will be 26 years old on Aug. 13, 1931. Nancy Carroll is 24, Mary Brian is 23. Louis Wolheim's last release was "Gentleman's Fate" with John Gilbert, Leila Hyams and Anita Page. Mr. Wolheim created the role of Capt. Floyd in the first Broadway stage production of "What Price Glory." His next picture was to have been "The Front Page," in which he had the part of the managing editor of the newspaper film, when he passed away. Adolphe Menjou plays the part. Louis Wolheim will be sorely missed. He was unique on the screen and a fine gentleman off. Who will forget him in "All Quiet on the Western Front?"

Harrisette D. Little girls are still asking, "How can I get in the movies?" If you ask me and I think you did, I wouldn't try. There are so many on the flicker-coast who are without even part of a day's work. Better stay under the old roof. Bert Wooster is playing with Douglas she "in Soft Cushions."

Fllo from Westfield. You do think of the funniest questions, don't you? How old are you—a part of a cast of "Cracked Nuts."? Am I telling? Sue Carol is 22, Nancy Carroll is 24, and Bebe Daniels is 30 years old. Bebe's next film is "The Maltese Falcon."

Brown Eyes, New Haven. Clara Bow is too busy making films and gathering in bulk to write you a letter. She's nuts. Ha-ha! Nils Asther and Vivian Dunban announced their marriage on May 30, 1930. Nils appeared with Joan Crawford in "Dream of Love." Jackie Coogan was 16 years old on Oct. 14, 1930. His latest release is "Tom Sawyer."

Estelle G. I'll be frank with you; in fact, I'll be both frank and earnest. Joan Crawford is one of our best loved screen favorites. She can pack 'em in with each new film. "Paid" and "Dance, Fools, Dance" are among her latest releases. John Mack Brown was her leading man in "The Face Behind the Mask." Cliff Edwards (Ukelele Ike) supplied the comedy and Ricardo Cortez was Jeff, who did the grand tango with Joan.

Angela L. Going back six or seven years in the cinema industry for a complete cast is going back pretty far but I can give you a partial cast of "Chickens." Dorothy Mackailly, Gladys Brockwell, Myrtle Stedman and Hobart Bosworth played the principal roles. Barbara La Marr's last husband was Jack Dougherty. She left three adopted children when she died.

Just Three Girls. Let's get together and put the pop in pepper. Have you ever tried to beat the high-powered Floyd Gibbons' record of 217 words per minute? Floyd is in the movies now. Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray do not remember birth dates. Sylvia Sidney appeared in "Kiss Me Again" with Walter Pidgeon and Edward Everett Horton. Bernice is single. Alexander has been married but his wife was killed in a plane crash. Dickie is not a resident in 1929. He lives with his mother and father and young child. Both Bernice and Alex are playing in vaudeville at present.

Alice M. David Manners was born April 30, 1902, in-half, Nova Scotia. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, and has brown hair and grey-green eyes. His real

(Continued on page 127)
SLAMS and SALVOS

Continued from page 8

sounded pleasing notes in my responsive heart. But, invariably I edged toward an exit when a slim-shouldered corn-haired hero hounded the films.

And, after a good many years of feeling fraudly justified in blasting blond blonds, I have to take it all back and sneek in to see a Swede?

And what a sweet Swede he is!

Broad, bracing, brassy shoulders. Keen, kind,ingly eyes. Wide, winning, will-o'-the-wisp smile. Low lifting, ravishing voice, and a dashing, debonair, deliberate manner—crowned with a wealth of golden hair.

And who is this wondrous, winning wizard? Why, Phillips Holmes, of course!

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

WANTS GARBO AND GILBERT RE-UNITED

Why must actors like John Gilbert and Greta Garbo be separated, when their best work was done playing together?

Surely, John's acting has not improved much since he became a star. His most splendid work was done opposite the great Garbo. And why must they be separated now? To be stars in their own right? But what difference does that make, when a star seems to do better work as a featured player?

Greta Garbo, and John Gilbert belong together. Without each other there is something lacking in their acting. They are such an ideal pair, and work beautifully together, and their love scenes were created so realistically that they always left me spellbound. And now, must they be separated forever or will someone get wise and cast them together again, where they both belong, before anything happens to their popularity?

Sybil Steinberg,
71 West 182nd St.,
Bronx, New York

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR CLARA

Should Clara Bow be given another chance? I should say so!

Clara cannot prove she is a great actress because she has not been given good stories. I'd like to see her play Sadie Thompson. She'd walk away with it—she'd make screen history!

I want to see Clara Bow on the screen and I know there are a million others like me.

Dina Martin,
1343 South 51st Street,
Cicero, Illinois

SEE PAGE 24

All my life I've booed the blondes! Blonde women were pretty bad, but blond men—well, they were like stale crackers!

A dashing, dark, daring lover, or even the brutal black-hearted brunette villain personality he has! His exuberant good humor is as irresistible as his glorious voice—there is nothing of the wilting crooner about Tibbett. (I'd like to see him in a role of the Antigone type; he would understand the robust adventure and gallantry of that play.)

Yes, when musicals are as stimulating as "The Prodigal," they are welcome.

Miss L. Chapman,
658-a Castro Street,
San Francisco, California.

A SUGGESTION

You fans who have read "Kitty," by Warwick Deeping, don't you think it is an ideal vehicle for Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell?

I can think of no other actress or actor so ideally suited to these parts as Gaynor and Farrell. Can't you just see Janet as tiny, lovable, brave Kitty Greenwood, and Charles as pathetic, war-torn Alex St. George?

This story is one of the sweetest I have ever read, and I would like to see Janet and Charlie make a talkie of it.

Marvow Monroe,
Conway, Arkansas.

ROASTING THE AUDIENCE

I used to become outraged at the type of motion picture shown on the modern screen. Especially those comedies whose high spot was a sequence in which the men had to run around sans trousers, finally ending with a general house-wrecking.

Remember the final sequence, when Charlie is out of prison and he walks along the street, a pathetic figure, and the two newsboys begin to pester him? It was during this scene that the audience laughed!

The only person who thought there might be some pathos in the scene was a

(Continued on page 126)

Charlie Chaplin can make as many silent pictures as he chooses—the crowd is with him. "City Lights" is his most successful film to date, so Charlie can't be wrong!
**CASTS OF CURRENT FILMS**

*Films Reviewed in this issue*

**“A CONNECTICUT YANKEE.”** FoO. From the story by Mark Twain. Directed by William Keighley. Adapted by William Keighley. The cast: Jack, William Keighley; Professor Barstow, Edward Arnold; Mr. Squire, Edward Arnold; The Knight, Jack, William Keighley; The Squire, William Keighley; The Knight, William Keighley; Louis, Richard Dix; Lancer, Richard Dix; Sir Galahad, Richard Dix; The Squire, William Keighley; The Knight, William Keighley; The Squire, William Keighley; The Knight, William Keighley; Sir Galahad, Richard Dix; The Squire, William Keighley; The Knight, William Keighley.


**“BEYOND VICTORY.”** Paramount. From the story by Horace Jackson. Directed by Horace Jackson and James Keenan. Directed by John Robertson. The cast: Richard Dix, William Keighley; Sydney Greenstreet, John Qualen; Leo, William Keighley; Prominent Businessman, Sydney Greenstreet; The bank president, Sydney Greenstreet; The banker, Sydney Greenstreet; The lawyer, Sydney Greenstreet; The police officer, Sydney Greenstreet; The tailor, Sydney Greenstreet; The customer, Sydney Greenstreet; The tailor’s assistant, Sydney Greenstreet.

**“BIG BUSINESS GIRL.”** First National. From the story by Horace Jackson. Directed by Horace Jackson. The cast: Richard Dix, William Keighley; Sydney Greenstreet, John Qualen; Leo, William Keighley; Prominent Businessman, Sydney Greenstreet; The bank president, Sydney Greenstreet; The banker, Sydney Greenstreet; The lawyer, Sydney Greenstreet; The police officer, Sydney Greenstreet; The tailor, Sydney Greenstreet; The customer, Sydney Greenstreet; The tailor’s assistant, Sydney Greenstreet.

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**“SHENANDOAH.”** Warner Brothers. From the novel by B. Traven. Directed by John Ford. The cast: William Keighley, John Ford; Sydney Greenstreet, John Qualen; Leo, William Keighley; Prominent Businessman, Sydney Greenstreet; The bank president, Sydney Greenstreet; The banker, Sydney Greenstreet; The lawyer, Sydney Greenstreet; The police officer, Sydney Greenstreet; The tailor, Sydney Greenstreet; The customer, Sydney Greenstreet; The tailor’s assistant, Sydney Greenstreet.

**“PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH.”** MGM. From the play by Charles W. Bell and Mark Swan. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: William Keighley, John Ford; Sydney Greenstreet, John Qualen; Leo, William Keighley; Prominent Businessman, Sydney Greenstreet; The bank president, Sydney Greenstreet; The banker, Sydney Greenstreet; The lawyer, Sydney Greenstreet; The police officer, Sydney Greenstreet; The tailor, Sydney Greenstreet; The customer, Sydney Greenstreet; The tailor’s assistant, Sydney Greenstreet.

**“QUICK MILLIONS.”** Fox. From the story by Constance Tait and Rodward Brown. Directed by Richard Dix, William Keighley; Sydney Greenstreet, John Qualen; Leo, William Keighley; Prominent Businessman, Sydney Greenstreet; The bank president, Sydney Greenstreet; The banker, Sydney Greenstreet; The lawyer, Sydney Greenstreet; The police officer, Sydney Greenstreet; The tailor, Sydney Greenstreet; The customer, Sydney Greenstreet; The tailor’s assistant, Sydney Greenstreet.


**“THE NAUGHTY FLIGHT.”** First National. From the story by Robert Riskin. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: William Keighley, John Ford; Sydney Greenstreet, John Qualen; Leo, William Keighley; Prominent Businessman, Sydney Greenstreet; The bank president, Sydney Greenstreet; The banker, Sydney Greenstreet; The lawyer, Sydney Greenstreet; The police officer, Sydney Greenstreet; The tailor, Sydney Greenstreet; The customer, Sydney Greenstreet; The tailor’s assistant, Sydney Greenstreet.

**“THE PUBLIC ENEMY.”** Warner Brothers. From the story by Kubec Krulak and John Bright. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: William Keighley, John Ford; Sydney Greenstreet, John Qualen; Leo, William Keighley; Prominent Businessman, Sydney Greenstreet; The bank president, Sydney Greenstreet; The banker, Sydney Greenstreet; The lawyer, Sydney Greenstreet; The police officer, Sydney Greenstreet; The tailor, Sydney Greenstreet; The customer, Sydney Greenstreet; The tailor’s assistant, Sydney Greenstreet.
"Mine . . .
as though I'd had it made to my order!"

says
JOAN CRAWFORD

"I had always told my friends that some day I would make a perfume . . . not simpering sweetness . . . but dash, and zip . . . oh, gay modern things! And then, one day, I found it . . . I didn't make it . . . but Seventeen is all I wanted it to be."

Three quick aids to the complexion of Seventeen

The exquisite coloring of youthful skin is in these new make-up accessories! Seventeen Youth-tone Rouge brings elusive colortones to your complexion . . . and forms, with the Lipstick, a stunning ensemble in black and silver . . . Seventeen Lipstick comes in youth-tone shades, and is permanent or not, as you choose. Moisten the lips before applying and the color becomes indelible . . . Seventeen Two-Tone Face Powder blends shades to simulate the radiance of youthful skin . . . Also: Seventeen Perfume, Dusting and Face Powder, Talcum Powder, Compact, Brillaintie, Sachet, Toilet Water.

The Seventeen Bridge Ensemble will lend a new, smart note to your entertaining. Ask for it at your favorite toilet goods counter.

Seventeen

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
The Right of Weigh!—Continued from page 87

Joan Crawford knows the right of weight! Joan's figure is considered one of the best in Hollywood.

shake yourself, really "wag" the torso, like an energetic puppy when the family comes home. This exercise sounds silly and looks silly when you do it but its results are lasting and gratifying.

Two "crossing" exercises should be done every day. You take both of them lying down. Lying flat on the back, arms at the sides, cross your left leg over your right and touch the left toe to the floor as far away from the right side of the body as possible. Do the same thing with the right leg, over the left side. Repeat six times, rest, and do three times in groups of six. That's easy, but the second exercise is harder. Still lying on the back, bring the left toe up across the body and touch the floor beside the right shoulder. Go back to first position and touch the right toe over the left shoulder. This sounds hard and it is. Be sure to rest in between times, so that you do not get too exhausted, but practice regularly until you can do it ten times, five times on each side without trouble. The way this exercise eats up fat is just miraculous.

Finally, it is good to remember that every thing we do contributes to or takes away from—our beauty. For instance, you can bend to pick up things and make an exercise of it, or merely shuffle lazily and do yourself no good. Sweeping—as just one household task—is an excellent exercise for the arms. Climbing stairs is fine for the ankles. There are moments in the busiest day for beauty, if you will only use them.

But on this subject of reducing, let me caution you not to be over ambitious at first. Overweight is the result of a long regime of bad eating habits. These can not be cured in a week or a day. But by careful, sensible dieting and regular exercise, results will be produced that will be permanent. Rapid reducing only produces lassiness. Rational reducing produces good health and charm.

for the chest and for the abdomen. What's more, you'll find this kind of apparatus fun to have around. Like scales, everyone always wants to get on them and try them out. And five and ten pound dumbbells—despite the fun that has been made of them—are dandy little things for exercising the arms. I recommend all these things, simply because I think you'll find they break the monotony of straight exercising and make it a kind of game.

Still further on this subject. If you are going to exercise regularly and faithfully, you'll enjoy having an exercise mat. In many of the better shops you can buy them already made up, nice soft affairs of hair-lined leather or satin, or you can very easily make one for yourself. Make it about six feet long by three feet wide. If you make it up in satin or silk, quilt it in soft rolls and when you are through using it, you can fold it and retire it quietly to a closet shelf.

On an exercise mat, or on the floor or your bed—a bed is not so good as it yields too much—do this rolling exercise. Grasp the edge of the mat with the hands, rock your body back and forth, back and forth ten times. Rest and repeat three times in groups of ten. Rest and then do the "wagging" exercise, particularly recommended for girls who sit all day and have "broadened out" unattractively. Lying flat, bring the heels back against the thighs, so that your knees are in the air. Raise the torso, keeping only the arms and shoulders on the floor or mat. Then

cise is particularly good for heavy thighs. Riding a real bicycle is excellent, too, and if you want to go in for real gym equipment, a stationary bicycle is very fine.

Another excellent gym furnishing is one of the rowing machines. They are quite inexpensive now and the rowing exercises they help you do are great both

the very fact that you are overweight means that you have a vigorous appetite. You can't curb it in a moment. Remember, also, that you have been consuming lots of your energy every day to get through your days and that you can't tamper vigorously with that energy source. It takes energy to lose weight, which is a point lots of people ignore.

Here, then, are some sane menus planned for the girl who wants to reduce. Such meals plus twenty minutes of daily exercise will reduce you harmlessly, painlessly, and the reduction will be permanent.

For BREAKFAST:
Juice of one orange, or unsugared grapefruit, or cooked, unsweetened fruit; bran muffins.
Black coffee or tea with lemon; no sugar.
One slice of toasted rye, gluten or Graham bread.
One poached egg with two curls of bacon; or one boiled egg.
For LUNCH:
Vegetable or any clear soup; green salad with the same dressing; fresh fruit salad; glass of milk; tea with lemon.
For DINNER:
Clear soup of any kind; moderate servings of fish, meat, or lamb.
One helping of spinach, asparagus, cabbage, or cauliflower. Eat two vegetables, or one vegetable and green salad with vinegar or light French dressing.
Twice a week, some sweet, preferably ice cream, in moderate portion.

Now that doesn't sound like starvation, does it? It isn't starvation. It is simply reducing, but it is also a healthy menu. It gives you enough variety to balance meals and not be too hungry eating the same thing all the time. It also makes you eat three times a day, which is much better than eating twice or once a day, as some girls foolishly do while reducing. You actually eat less if you eat three times daily.

When you only eat once, you get too tired and over-hungry. You may change these menus to suit your personal taste, also. Don't be too hard on yourself at any time. It takes couples of and greater courage to eat not quite enough food when you have a long habit of eating too much. Try not to eat between meals but if you get too hungry, take sips of milk or buttermilk, or even water.

And now for the exercises.

People put on fat in different places, so it is hard to give exercises that will be ideal for everyone. I'll give you a few here that are good in the majority of cases, and if you want further help with your particular problem, do not hesitate to write me personally, and I'll be glad to advise you directly.

General rules first. Walk whenever you can and wherever. A mile a day is splendid, and more is better. Stand instead of sitting. Don't exercise just before or just after a meal. Do deep breathing. This helps in the oxidation of your food and keeps it from turning into fat.

For reducing the abdomen, The bicycle. Lying flat on the floor, arms at the sides, raise the knees back over the abdomen, and pedal an imaginary bicycle, right leg, left leg, twelve times. Rest and repeat in three more groups of twelve pedalls each. This exer-
"Now... I can stand the Public Gaze"... Can You?

At a swimming party, you slip your beach coat from your shoulders—and suddenly your bathing suit seems all too brief... At a dance, you raise your arms to pin back a stray lock, forgetting that your dress is sleeveless. These moments, in fact any moment, in public, need not be embarrassing if your skin is free of disfiguring hair.

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Miss Do’thry,” smilingly admitted her dusky server. “That’s the one you in- vest in when you’re in Del Monte. It’s a red apple, an’ celery chopped real fine with that berled dressin’ like you make, an’ I mixed a little of the dressin’ with the wine and put it on your ice just like you do, and cut up some orange twists—”

“Yes, I remember,” enthused Dorothy, “that’s a good one, but how about this?” pointing to a refreshingly looking bunch of crisp watercress festooned around garden peas, two quarters of tomato, stalks of new asparagus, an artichoke heart and a strip of crimson pimento.

“That’s numnah sixteen, Miss Do’thry. You made it up in Yosemite.” ‘Celia showed her white teeth in pride as Dorothy leaned forward to examine the detail of the salad with a practiced eye. “It’s a beauty, it is,” she pronounced.

There was more one green, yellow, and orange delight that caused a dreamy look to come into her eyes. She fondly gazed at the sliced avocado, a luscious one, not too ripe, and cut into green-edged mounds in a graduated line across the same sty Mexican hand-blown glass plate. She seemed to disregard the effectively placed plums that flanked the center fruit with tiny slices of a fresh peach and the tub of Russian dressing with a bit of watercress blending with a ring of parsley surrounding the plate edges.

It was a moment before she said, remissly, “Yes, this is the one I’ll eat first. And with every bite I take I will think of that gorgeous evening in Honolulu when someone helped me invent it. It was a special sort of someone, and we picked the avocado, and chilled it, and then we found it very ripe Hawaiian mountain apple and a mango that would melt in your mouth—”

She broke off, suddenly conscious of her listeners, and snapped back into the typical debonair Mackaill manner. Few people realize that she has another side—that there is a decidedly soft and feminine quality in “Dot.” But just mention Honolulu to her and watch the effect. When the mists of a poignant memory have cleared a bit, leaving an impression that something quite wonderful must have happened to her in that tropical mecca of successful stars, she talks quite naturally and easily of the gorgeous Island fruits that she has wangled into salads to the delight of the hospitable Honoluluans, who appreciate nothing so much as witnessing the enthusiasm of a Mainlander to examine the detail of their Island products.

So she disposed herself with the pear and the peach that acted as a home substitute for the mountain apple and the mango, and pouring a cool amber glass of iced coffee she abandoned herself to her luncheon.

“You know,” she remarked over a half-raised forkful, “I wish I could live entirely on salads. I just about do. Of course, there are gorgeous meals and desserts and all that, but just look at this salad. I mean everything that I want, and honestly, if I cram myself full of hot food in the middle of the day, I can’t work. That sort of overeating seems to creep up into my brain and my lines go blooey. But a chilled salad with good wholesome vegetables hits the spot. It fills and chills and ‘staches me up,’ and I have to watch my step or I can even feel stuffed on it!” she laughed.

“This salad today is fine. I like it about the best of any in my salad category. But for every-day consumption it is too rich.

I like lots of vegetables all mixed together, and nearly every day I eat the same kind for luncheon. Celia makes it strictly according to my rules, and I hereby reveal the ingredients, only I do reserve the original copyright for my own.

“In the first place, the vegetables should be washed carefully and chilled, the cooked ones particularly. The number of vegetables I use in this salad that I call the ‘High Type Mackaill Special’ sounds appalling, but it really is not any trouble and...
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Hoodlum Parties and House Warmings—Continued from page 60

mock anger at spoiling his effect, and presently the two were dancing in the living room.

Among so many noted guests present that Polly Moran remarked comically: "It's a big-time bill they've got here to-night."

Ab Leym had sent one of his orchestras, and so those who wished danced down in the whose room.

And the noted up-stairs and down were Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey and their wives, Lew Cody, Harry Carey and his wife, BertKalmar and his wife, Elsie, Gale, Ollie Oldham, John T. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Caesar, El Brendel and his wife, Robert Vignola, Charles Judels and a score of others.

A small boy was on hand, giving out delivery tags to guests, in case you forgot your way home.

"My name is " the cards said, "I have been to Olsen and Johnson's party. Please deliver me to "

The Mosconi Brothers were doing a funny stunt inside meanwhile. They were wearing beards like the Smith Brothers, and went about dispensing cough drops.

"I've never seen so much liveliness," whispered Patsy, as we came upon Messrs. Olsen and Johnson in a corner in a corner on the second floor, singing 'She's the Prince of My Heart.' Freely, every place that the party seemed to be dying for a minute found them singing in with that song.

Edgar Allan Woolf did one of his famous imitations, this time burlesquing Greta Garbo playing 'Anna Christie.'

Kalmar and Harry Ruby sang some duets of old-fashioned sentimental songs in a way that simply brought the house down, and Polly Moran of course made space for them.

"I think," remarked Patsy on the way home, "that I like hoodlum parties!"

A HOUSE warning and a garden party both! You stay in and look out, or stay out and look in!" exclaimed Patsy. She had an engraved owl in her window which she had just arrived by mail. It was from that most charming lady, Mrs. H. B. Ward. "I don't suppose he'll be Rita Stanwood again now that the talkers are in, since she is having tests made. She has three growing youngsters, but looks exactly as young as she did before they came.

We went to meet at H. B. Warner's first, a crossing the street, and proceed thence to the home of Mrs. Katherine Humphreys, a dear friend of Mrs. Warner's, and herself much interesting lady, being the daughter of a former governor general of Canada, an artist, and a much traveled person. Mrs. Warner was to be co-hostess.

So we gathered, a number of us, including Mrs. P. G. Wulchonse, Dorothy Mackail, Walter Wageen, Polly Moran, H. B. War, Harold Barsh and her hus- band, Charles Brabin, and others, in the Warner drawing room; but Mr. Warner simply moved us out to look at the flowers by electric light, as he is an ardent gardener and knows all the flowers by their high-brow as well as their pet names.

"Don't you suppose we're keeping the flowers up?" inquired Dorothy Mackail, as the light fell on some gorgeous roses that were climbing over the children's playhouse in gay profusion.

"Oh, they're quite used to Hollywood hours," Mrs. Warner laughed. "Harry is always late in dance.

"At Mrs. Humphreys' house we found the place a bower of flowers—the most beautiful garden I ever saw. Roses, jasmine, all sorts of flowers, were banked on window seats, mantels, stair landings, pianos, tables. And there was a great marquee in the back garden, with floods of soft light everywhere.

"Rita and Mrs. Humphreys both looked lovely. Rita in pale green and Mrs. Humphreys in white. Dorothy Mackail was dressed in a black evening gown, and it was highly effective.

"B. H. Warner told us how willing Miss Mackail had been to take instruction from the stage actors on the set, even though she was star of a recent picture in which they played together.

"And she so intelligent that she made better use of her time than we could have made ourselves," he remarked.

Rita was to have done the honors by introducing her friends, so we were the picture people to each other, in cases where they were strangers, but when she saw all her picture friends there, she rushed off to talk with them, leaving Harry Warner to do the honors.

But, clad in fullest evening dress, tails and all, he was quite capable of filling the pool, and everybody seemed to have a won- derful time.

Robert Ames was there with Jean Spain, and there was a lot of Edgared Napier Wil- len Wooli, Eddie Kane, Edmund Lowe and Lilian Tashman, Elsie Janis, who came as usual with Jack King, Zasu Pitts, Mr., and Mrs. Victor Vareoni, Lew Cody, and others.

Supper was served at tête-à-tête tables, both in the house, and as it was warming up, the guests seemed to prefer the garden.

Polly Moran did, and as usual Polly was bangingly funny. She was talking to a group, and finding herself speaking rather loud, said, "Why, I might as well make it a speech," and fortieth stood up to talk.

"I want you to see the red flowers at such a wonderful party, so I'll be care- ful. Especially as there may be a pro- ducer or two around. You never can tell. I've got four thousand dollars in the bank, so I don't have to be as careful what I say as I used to be!" and more like that.

After supper many of the guests gath- ered in the beautiful ball room to dance to music of the orchestra that had been earning them generously at the Ickendorf's, scraping and blowing away in there for dear life. It was a very nice orchestra, and presently nearly everybody was dance- ing.

Cecelia Loftus came in rather late, and was soon surrounded, but excused herself to dance with Jack King, and among those who were on the floor were Robert Ames and Miss Spain, Rita Warner and David Newell, Billy Haines and Dorothy Mackail.

While Patsy danced, I talked to David Newell, and he told us amusingly about playing as Jack King. Just then Rita Warner came up and told on him.

"David," she said, "refused yesterday to come on his score anything above eighteen, because he said it discouraged him!"

Polly Moran came in just then, and going to the orchestra leader began to kid him, whereupon he turned the direc- tion of the orchestra over to her for the next dance.

There were about a hundred guests pre- sent, and as we were leaving Mr. Warner ex- claimed:

"Such a big party, and the only speck of damage done was a tiny cigarette burn on a table. Two fish-ponds—and not a single body dragged out of them!"

"O matter how much the wild waves are waving to us," remarked Patsy, "when we come back from the ball we ate served at us by Mrs. Neil Hamilton, we just can't ignore it, can we?"

Mr. Neil was in an excellent mood, and there was a great profusion of flowers.

"Should we send you to Paris," he suggested, "to bring back flowers?"

"I'd rather have you send a semi- professional, and make me a family flower," said Neil. "They can't come to Paris, but perhaps they can come to Hollywood!"

"Oh, I wouldn't let them," said Mrs. Neil. "They'd keep the flowers growing in the sun all the time, and come between the crossing guard and myself!"

"I just want to make a lot of money again; the only way to do that is to go abroad and study painting," he said. "You can paint when you are ninety, you know."

We said hello to Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hardy, and to Flora Sheffield and her hus- band, Reginald Sheffield, both of the New York stage; Virginia Hammond and Josephine Whytle, other New York play-
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Neil Hamilton told us how Eddie Phillips got his start in pictures, when he won a part in "Rosita."

"It was back in New York," Neil said, "and Eddie and I were friends. Eddie was pining for a chance to come to California. He heard that Mary Pickford was looking for a foreigner to play in "Rosita," and he said he was just dying to play the rôle. I didn't think he'd get it, for he is as New York as Times Square. But next day he came to me all aglow, and so excited he could hardly talk. 'I've got the part!' he cried. 'I'm going to Hollywood with Mary Pickford!'

"It seemed Eddie had pretended that he was an immigrant just off a boat from Europe, and couldn't even speak English at all. He had spent half a day listening to some Italians to learn their dialect. He had put on a dark make-up and had slept in his clothes to make the garments look sufficiently unkempt, and at that they were pretty well worn anyhow. "Mary was deceived and signed him. But on the way to California there were other foreigners going out for the picture, and as he didn't know a word of Italian or Spanish, he was in fear and trembling that somebody would find him out and tell Mary. He went to Mary and confessed, and she laughed and forgave him. So he won the part anyway, and came to California, where he was duly launched on his picture career."

There were games and dancing down in the party den after dinner, and some of the guests went down there, while others remained above for bridge.

We did hope, we told Mrs. Hamilton and Neil when we left, that our hostess would think up another reason for a party.
Triumphant Veterans
Continued from page 55

Pathetic mamas are often precious screen assets. Mary Carr first rose to fame as the mother in "Over the Hill." Although she is reported as being in voluntary bankruptcy, R.K.O. rushed to the rescue and she played in "Kept Husbands," Idaho Rosing jumped back to picture success with "Sunrise," in a marvellous hysterical scene, after twenty years on the stage in America. Talkies ignored her for a while, but now she has the mother role in "An American Tragedy." Claire McDowell, so famous as the mother in "Ben Hur" and numerous other silents, is the other mother in "An American Tragedy." Claire has two big boys of her own, and a jolly Hollywood home. She, too, was a successful stage actress in her youth, before mothering for the movies. Both she and Charlie Mailes, her spouse, began with D. W. Griffith in 1910 in pictures.

Recent stage recruits are Nance O'Neil and Marjorie Rambeau. Nance's fame on the stage is recent enough to be familiar. It was while starring in a stage play in Los Angeles that pictures claimed her for "One Glorious Night" with Gilbert. Since then she has been royalty right along—the queen in "The Queen's Husband," a countess in "The Registered Woman," and so on. But Nance cannot quite forsake the stage and hopes to do another play shortly.

Of course, dear old May Robson has been on the stage forever. Now she has made "Mother's Millions" out at Liberty Studio, along with that mad, mad "Mad Parade" all woman-picture on the next set. Lillian Elliott has thirty years of stage behind her and was the wife of the late James Corrigan. She did many silent pictures, and has made successes in talkies in "Lilac Time" as the mother and plays in "Swell Head." She loves doing character parts and has no regrets for a youth that has vanished.

Louise Carver used to be an opera singer, but later became an eccentric

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comedian in vaudeville. She adores hard-boiled old lady roles and doesn't care how unladylike she looks in her make-up. She was in "The Man From Blankley's" with John Barrymore, and in "The Big Trail."

Remember the dear old mother of the blind girl in "Gay Lights"—Florence Lee, who began with pictures way back in 1916 as a screen mother. So they've held her to elderly roles ever since—she has to make them look as old as she is. She has been grandma to half the players in Hollywood. Of course, as Charlie's picture took two years to make, "Gay Lights" is her only new film to date.

Gracey Hampton used to be a singer. Later she played in the famous Drury Lane pantomimes in London, and was so beautiful that King Edward expressed great admiration. She was the wife of wives with Otis Skinner in "Kismet," and made a great hit. She was called to the screen for "The Bat Whispers" and is predicted as another winner.

Emma Dunn is a stage actress gone over to the screen since talkies, although there were some silent pictures from stage successes as early as 1916. She is the mother in "Bad Sister" and other roles are "The Texan," "Broken Dishes," "Manslaughter," "Side Street," "The Prodigal." Leah Willcow, always plays such very unsympathetic roles on the stage, usually unpleasant aunts, is with May Robson in "Mother's Millions" as a well-bred, patronizing person, which she does so well.

Lucy Beaufort, who played for 47 weeks in "Berkeley Square" on the stage, is making no end of a hit—three roles for Warners, including "Sonny Boy," "The Girl in the Show" with Bessie Love, "The Greyhound Limited," as the sorrowing mother, and her next is with Norma Shearer. Lucy came to Hollywood in 1923 from the stage—very English—and did 10 pictures in 18 months; but after a while Mary Carr matched the fanciest old lady roles from her. That's when "Berkeley Square" and the stage intervened. Things are swimming along nicely now again.

Maude Eburne, in "The Bat Whispers," was a stage success for twenty-three years before trying Hollywood. She just "fell" into fame originally, by clowning in the wings during rehearsal of "A Pair of Sixes," pretending she was a fainting heroine of melodrama. The boss put the stunt into the show and it wowed the audience. Her father was a Canadian gentlemen-farmer, and later she married Eugene J. Hall, manager of several stock companies.

Emily Fitzroy is another famous veteran of stage and screen. After twenty years on the English stage, she tried pictures as long ago as "The Lightning Conductor" with Bill Farnum. They always gave her hard old cat roles, so that it's a compliment when the audience gets mad at her.

There was an interval of New York Theatre Guild and Broadway plays, during which pictures were regarded as profitable summer vacation work. Emily has hobnobbed with royalty in real life too, notably the Crown Prince of Sweden and his consort, who presented her to King Edward of Britain. It was in "Driven" for Charles Brabin that she really won her picture spurs. Talkies have found her busy right along.

Lillianie Leighton, who is also chairman of the drama department of the Hollywood Woman's Club, once owned a weekly paper in Auroville, Wisconsin, began with amateur shows, migrated to professional work, and broke into pictures with the old Selig Polyscope in Chicago in 1911, being in the first multiple-reel picture ever made, "The Two Orphans." It's been pictures ever since, with such talkies to her credit as "Abraham Lincoln," "Call of the Flesh," "Feet First," "Subway Express," etc.

Mary Forbes, the mother of Ralph Forbes, and the charming mother-in-law of Ruth Chatterton, is always in demand for queenly aristocratic roles chiefly because she holds herself with such patrician rectitude, and can wear jewels as though to the manner born. She was the English aristocrat in "So This is London" with Will Rogers, and Charlie Farrell's mamma in "Sunny Side Up." She divides her time between stage and screen, wherever an aristocratic grand dame is needed.

Evelyn Sherman was once an expert accountant for five years, but dreamed of pictures while poring over figures. So she saved up enough to stake herself through a try. She trudged from casting office to office in New York, and finally got a call from Paramount, as a society-lady extra at $7.50 for one day. Smart evening gown, gloves, hat, shoes were necessary and Evelyn plunged to the tune of $300 and caught a shocking cold into the bargain. But her investment was good all the same, for soon she won a mother role and was established. By and bye it was Hollywood, beginning with "Suranna" and Mabel Normand and the duchess in "Three Weeks." Talkie roles haven't been quite so stylish so far but Evelyn knows they will soon get better.

Maude Turner Gordon comes from Indiana and the stage. Broke into pictures with Paramount in New York, and then came to Hollywood, doing many silents and talkies, including "The Last of Mrs. Chuey." She is a marvellous needlewoman, too, and her darling Alta Loma home is rich in superior samples of her work.

Dale Fuller, California born, began as a chorus girl, and finally captured a good musical comedy rôle. Her picture career began with Mack Sennett, as a glorified extra at $3.50 a day, some days, which led
to pie-throwing parts and animal comedies. Since then she has worked in every one of Von Stroheim's pictures and has weathered the talkie advent handsomely. She owns an orange grove at Covina.

Vera Lewis made a stage début in "Madame Sans Gene" in 1916. She began her picture career in "Intolerance" in 1914 and has gone strong ever since—now signed for "The Night Nurse" with First National. Lottie Williams is a sweet old dear who divides her time between stage and screen, was in "Sarah and Son," "Strictly Modern," and "What a Man" in talkies.

Vera Gordon was Russian-born but good American now. She played the rôle of a woman of 60 at the age of 14 in Russia and has been an actress ever since. She married at 16 and later went to Canada where the Russian colony hailed her as a star. Later, in America, Fannie Hurst picked Vera for "Humoresque," and so began her screen career. Dear old Margaret Mann, who made such a hit in "Four Sons" as the German mother, was one of a family of ten children born in Scotland, and had little schooling. She worked as a dressmaker in South Africa, but later played hostess in a colonial con-

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duced to them. Bessie Love was using one of our horses in a picture—Moher's greatest, living in Hollywood was the three riding horses she acquired for the family—and she wasn't quite up to taking hurdles. I was just about her size at the time, and we decided to double for her one night, Mother's black jumper. I liked doing it because every moment in the saddle was a delight to me, but beyond that my interest in horses was tepid.

Back in New York again, I went to De La Salle and there achieved the last black eye of my career. And it was a career, I remember. But to this day I stoutly maintain that I licked the other boy.

There was another return to Hollywood and to Harvard Military Academy and then I went east to Georgetown Prep for half a year. I was just sixteen when I undertook to research a definite turning-point on my sixteenth birthday. I was no longer a kid and the possibility of actually becoming a grown man—a possibility at Cambridge, which I volunteered in childhood—was now a certainty.

Those days were gone when I would drive Mother crazy by always being discovered perilously clinging to some creeper, top, or remote, torn by being in a perpetual state of knitted knees and torn shirts, worry her into a frenzy by staying indoors all day buried in a book and then, when forcibly ejected to get some air, remaining outside until handed in by the scruff of the neck—meant, was a single-track mind, concentrated placidly on whatever I happened to be doing at the moment or wherever I happened to be. Of course, of other ways in which I was to harm her maternal soul now, but they would be of a different, more dignified nature for me. I was precipitously growing up.

There was, after this momentous feat, a brief season with the family at Forest Hills. Then I went on to Newman, at Lakewood, New Jersey. This is where I attended the best prep schools in the country and, when I was graduated from there at seventeen, I was accepted for entry at Princeton University. And when I went to California to spend the summer with Mother and Dad, I already knew where I wanted to go. That was Cambridge.

I had several good arguments ready—
the boy who was, and still is, my best and closest friend, was going there: Mother, who had been born in Canada, would naturally like me to attend an English university and had also been feeling an urge for a trip abroad; and I had decided to be a diplomat, for which career an international education seemed invaluable.

So, in September, a month or so after my eighteenth birthday, Mother and I sailed for London—by way of Denmark—because I remember practically nothing, so eager was I to get there and join John in a new, exciting country. After a short holiday in London, I saw Mother off to Paris and left to meet John in Cambridge Wells, which was where we were to cram for Cambridge at a tutoring school called Henley House.

I shall never forget that arrival. It was dark when I drove from the station to the school bus, a raging gale. The Paley countryside appeared dismal, cold, hostile. It was as if someone had laid a clammy hand on my spirits. Suddenly, I didn't feel very grown-up and self-reliant any more. And when I reached Henley House, the feeling accentuated rather than abated.

It was a big, old-fashioned country-house, to which numerous wings had been added from time to time, making innumerable, unexpected stairs and alcoves and corridors. It seemed full of shadows to me. Mrs. Malden, the headmaster's wife, greeted me, suggested I probably wanted to join them immediately and showed me to my room, which adjoined his. The minute she left, John and I sat down in the chilly, severe, candlelit room and looked at one another aghast. It was too late to back down now—and here we were stranded in an alien place and feeling as forlorn and insecure as a couple of stray pugs.

With the morning, we felt a little better—a sunny morning in the country in England is irresistible. But it was two or three weeks before we conquered the sensation of strangeness. The other boys, all English, were very polite to us, but aloof—so, indeed, we were too. At table, we would grow inwardly hysterical like a pair of ten-year-olds at things like their broad accents and habit of keeping the fork always in the left hand.

After a bit, however, we got over this silliness, became friendly with the boys, grew accustomed to our surroundings and settled down to work. Our one deviation from conformity was when John had his father send us some coal for the grates in our rooms and I had Mother send us some oil-lamps. Raised on American steam-heat and electricity, we couldn't adapt ourselves to the chill of the rooms—which the hardy Englishman doesn't notice—and to the shadowy desolation of a room lit by one flickering candle.

The headmaster, Mr. Malden, was a marvellous person—white-bearded, always impeccably groomed, brisk and incredibly precise in manner, a brilliant mind and altogether delightful person. He was famous all over England for his high record in turning out students who made university at the first go. When you left Malden's, you were equipped—and if you flunked, it was your own fault.

Because I liked Malden and enjoyed studying with him, I got along well. I made my first half-term at Cambridge and was ready to enter Trinity College when John contracted a cold that developed into pneumonia and caused him to miss exams. I didn't want to go on without him so, during his long convalescence in London with his father, I went to France and entered the École Militaire.

That was marvellous. My principle excuse had been to perfect my French—but my real purpose was to tear off one perfect bolide of French feminine beauty, of French whoopie. I must have been insufferably casual, but I did have a great time—and I did polish off my French.

That summer, I came home to America and California, to be with the family, then back to France that May. It had been a lucky enough to be one of twenty selected out of a hundred and twenty applicants for that historic and glamorous House.

Trinity was wonderful—and it is thrilling to have a definite and rightful place in the very centre of tradition itself. I loved it with the frankly sentimental love I believe even a boy of eight felt, but that I do not now and would not like the idea of becoming so far away. So, in the autumn, Princeton was startling and chagrined suddenly to find me in its midst.

Princeton, too, was stimulating—and good fun. I'm afraid I remember the fun more clearly than the work. Rowing there, too, I thought that I ought to in the fall.

I made my Triangle the first year and did the leading lady in "Napoleon Passes" with, which we toured eighteen cities and stood up them at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Acting was still foreign to my inclination. By this time, I had abandoned my idea of a future in acting career and planned to go into Wall Street, in the office of a friend of my father. He was a great guy—sheerly practical. He fired my ambition, offered me a berth in his company at a higher salary than most of my friends could hope to command when they left Princeton. So I set to preparing to become a magnate as soon as I got my degree!

And when some Hollywood friends were in town that May, you and Dudley Rogers were coming to Princeton to make "Varsity," my interest was so slight that I promptly forgot it.

Trinity was the natural happening fast—my life speeded up to a breathless pace. It started on the day that I received a note to report to Dean Stewart's office. He is a liberal fellow, a man of French and English drama. Wondering what the message was about, I walked into the office. Three strange men were seated there.

"Are you Phillips Holmes?" the tall, dark, scholarly-looking one asked.

I admitted it.

"Dr. Stewart has probably told you what we want to see you about. What do you think of the idea?"

"It's very good," I said, not knowing why except that it seemed a convenient thing to say.

"Then you'll do it?"

"Well—" I hesitated ponderously. "I'd rather talk it over with Dr. Stewart first, and let you know."

As soon as they left, I found Dr. Stew-
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Hollywood's Bad Habits—Continued from page 29

Will Rogers borrows gum shamelessly. We ought to support our own vines. Margaret Churchill loves to throw knives, just to see Gaynor go to the extreme alarm of her friends. Myrna Loy's worst habit is changing her appearance—she can look like a different girl every day—and it destroys all faith in her for not recognizing her.

And would you have supposed that little Janet Gaynor, with a prodigious appetite for Italian spaghetti and gorges herself, would make a lovely car with a dash of butter and a sprinkle of salt, and a cup of coffee. And she has a taste for playing tricks on their guests and breaking out into vaudeville songs without warning. Clara Bow is a tea fiend—drinks it with all meals, even the meat course, which our British friends regard as a gastronomic crime. Gary Cooper is thoroughly wicked about keeping engagements. He is dreadfully apt to turn up at the right house on the wrong day or vice versa. Mamo has a habit to watch out for him but gets worn out with the job.

Jobyna says Dick Arlen's naughty habit is leaving electric lights burning where they shouldn't, and sending the bills up something awful.

Clive Brook suffers from the saddest of ailments. According to one little lady who forgets the names of people he knows really well, stand and flounder horribly when making introductions, and generally find himself in a continually explanatory mood. Fay Wray is one of those girls who has a place for every thing and believes in keeping everything in its place. But she can never remember which place it is and therefore spends her young life hunting purses, gloves, lip-sticks, letters, books, etc., and is therefore usually tardy at engagements.

Lively Frank remarks and watches the effect. He says you get to know people better after you've seen their reactions under these circumstances—the bad boy. Wheeler and Woolsey are naughty too, because they love playing tricks on their guests and breaking out into vaudeville songs without warning.

Englishman is a tea fiend—drinks it with all meals, even the meat course, which our British friends regard as a gastronomic crime. Gary Cooper is thoroughly wicked about keeping engagements. He is dreadfully apt to turn up at the right house on the wrong day or vice versa. Mamo has a habit to watch out for him but gets worn out with the job.

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Charlie Farrell is back from his honeymoon with Virginia Valli and is all set to co-star again with Janet Gaynor in "Merely Mary Ann."

Warner Baxter likes to dodge undesirable visitors and will tell all sorts of polite lies to avoid meeting such. But once one does catch him he makes up for everything handsomely. Eddie Love doesn't do any dodging, will make engagements with anyone once he is in the mood, but somehow he just has to phone that something has happened and he cannot come! Charlie Farrell does not play on anything going on an old cornet—wonder if Virginia Valli has a notion what she is in for? Victor McLaglen loves to talk war—the inevitability of another war—and so ruin the evening for all the people who believe that international brotherly love and peace are at hand.
be strictly accurate scientifically or medically; but it sounded like common sense.

"Joe," he said, "I don't blame you for wanting to make people laugh. And I'm going to tell you what good you are doing when you cause your audience to laugh. Do you realize that if a man gets ten good laughs in a day, it adds a day to his life?"

I was amazed. "Do you mean that?"

"Absolutely," he said. "I do mean that. You can depend on it. It has been figured out that when you laugh you bring into play certain muscles, many more than when you frown. That's the basic principle of my argument. The rest is too complicated to explain further, but it's the truth."

Never before had I looked at laughter quite so abstractly and statistically, but to show you that I was duly impressed, I had the stage manager of that show count the real, hearty laughs. Not the titters or little murmurs. I mean the real manly and womanly ones. According to his count the audience felt that way thirty-eight times in a single performance. So I became statistical myself. My average audience in that show numbered 2,000 persons. Thirty-eight times 2,000 is 76,000, according to my fingers. Therefore there were 76,000 laughs in one show, and we played eight shows a week, and that's 608,000 laughs a week. The show ran almost a year, and that's 30,400,000 laughs.

Divide that by ten and you have 3,040,000 days added to the lives of the theatre-going public!

And if that theory of my doctor's is true, think of the computations and complications I'd be getting into if I tried to estimate the number of days added to moviegoers' lives. Why, I'd have to figure it out on the basis of light years.

When I first began to be serious in a funny way I used to take quite a little pride in impromptu comedy. That was possible and, in fact, it was encouraged on the burlesque stage. Later, too, in musical comedy I would sometimes decide to change my entire gag routine during a performance. I would ad lib at a great rate, and it was fun. I really enjoyed myself.

In pictures, however, it's something else again. I am happy in pictures and I don't think I'll ever go back to the stage. But it's practically impossible to ad lib in the talkies.

Everything about the making of a talking picture is arranged with the precision of a fine watch. And cues mean a great deal not only to the other actors, but to the men in charge of the lighting, the camera man, and all the others who have nonacting, mechanical positions. A cue, either gesture or word, which has come too late because of an ad libbing comedian, can spoil a day's work. And retakes cost a great deal of money. An ad libber who won't reform and conform to these conditions can do ten times more harm than he can good. Even if a gag of that kind goes over it isn't worth the trouble or the wear and tear on the studio people's nerves.

And so, in pictures, our comedy is well thought out ahead of time. The director and the comedian talk over the gags, and the spacing after the gags, so that laughter won't drown out the plot development and dialogue. Everything is decided to a nicety. And it's all a very serious business. Of course the movie-goer doesn't see that phase.

Sometimes even in this enlightened age a person will say to me: "Joe, you have the best racket in the world. You like to be funny and here you are, getting a swell salary for having a good time." Sez he! If he really wanted the truth he might ask Mrs. Brown or one of the boys, Don, thirteen years old, and Joe E. Jr., eleven. Right now Don and Joe attend Urban Military Academy in Hollywood. Well, they could bear witness to the fact that their father, who is known for his comedy performances, has never been completely satisfied with any performance he has given; that he has been known to mope because he hasn't been satisfied with the "rushes," or daily showings of the previous day's work on a picture. They could tell anyone who asked that their dad plans a campaign of comedy with as much care as any general plans an attack. Goodness knows they have a good reason to be good students, for they know how attentive their father is to his own particular kind of home work.

But at least they have one relief. If he is serious about being funny, he can be just as funny in his attitude toward something serious. It's all very complicated, this serious funny business. It gets more and more like the Einstein theory. (My doctor's name isn't Einstein.)

_____

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July 29th.
It Seemed So Strange to Hear Her Play

We Knew She Had Never Taken a Lesson from a Teacher

THAT night of the party when she said, "Well, folks, I'll entertain you with some selections from Grieg," I thought she was joking. But she actually did get up and seat herself at the piano.

Everyone laughed. I was sorry for her. But suddenly the room was hushed.

She played "Anitra's Dance"—played it with such soul that everyone swayed forwardly, listening. When the last glorious chord crashed like an echo, we wrote astonished—and contrite—how did you do it?

"We can't believe you never had a teacher!"

"Well," 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 have no time for a lot of practice—so I decided to take the famous U.S. School of Music course in my spare time.

"It's as easy as A-B-C. I began playing almost immediately. I learned to read music from music. Now I can play any piece—classical or jazz."

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Pain goes almost instantly, ends corn

ONE drop of this new formula and any corn soon shrivels up and loosens.

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Meet your favorite movie star

In "The Wild Duck," Helen received splendid notices without an exception.

During the years that followed, Helen played with John Barrymore in "Richard the Third," and with Lionel Barrymore in "Macbeth." She was the original Maria Irene in "The Constant Nymph," "Hamlet," "Faust," "The Silver Cord," and "Mr. Kim Passes By." Further established her ability in dramatic work.

Helen taught at the Professional School for Children when she got her first picture work. It was in Allan Dwan's "The Music Master." "All the other girls in my class seemed to be growing up into young beauties," said Helen, in explaining how she happened to get into film work. "I would hear about the spending money they earned doing little parts in pictures in addition to stage
work. And all because they had nice long eyelashes, smiles that photographed, and the general appearance of being young ladies instead of a child, as everyone regarded me.

Helen decided to slay her inferiority complex in regard to pictures once and for all. She would show them! When they had class discussions and the others got up and told about their experiences working in films, she would have something to say herself.

It would be raining the afternoon she walked to the Fox studio. She was startled with mud by the time she reached the big red brick building on Tenth Avenue. Before she ducked inside she noticed a very long car parked outside with the initials "W.F." on the door. "Alta!" she thought "the big boss himself is here." She did not know that Fox was not the one to interview for film work, that his interest was in the distribution end.

Inside, Helen found an office filled with hopefuls. She noticed that those who asked for the director were sent to the assistant director. And those who asked for the assistant director—waited.

"So I decided that the sensible thing was to ask for Mr. Fox," laughed Helen. In a few seconds she was escorted into an office and found she was standing beside Allan Dwan.

"You have an appointment with Mr. Fox," she was asked.

"No," replied a very dignified Miss Chandler, "I only said I wanted to see him."

After an astonished silence, the director asked her if she would like to take a test for "The Music Master." A make-up kit was handed her and, to use her own words, "she used a little bit of everything."

The test was hopeless, of course. Helen had never used a bit of make-up in all her stage work and knew nothing about handling the cosmetics. Dwan scrutinized her face carefully and said: "Go wash your face and let's see how you look.

"So I washed my face clean and started my picture career—with plenty of things to talk about in class discussion from then on."

When Helen Chandler came to Hollywood to work in pictures it was March and raining, it was told to Hollywood Chamber of Commerce reporters and Southern California weather enthusiasts.

And it was still raining, a few weeks later, when the romance started which today means that she signs checks for the water and gas bills of a Hollywood hilltop home with the distinguished signature, Mrs. Cyril Hume.

Helen met the noted novelist and film writer at a dinner party. Several days later she was just hoisting her umbrella to search for a cab to take her to a luncheon date with Joan Bennett when there was a toot of an automobile horn at the curb and Cyril Hume suggested taking her where she was going.

"Cy had a new green car that had a good engine but sat up in the air like a bathtub. He had just bought it that day and hadn't had a chance to get a perspective view of it. Incidentally, I embarrassed him for months afterward by getting in the wrong seat. There were so many just like it—all long on good engines and short on good looks."

Several hours passed by over the luncheon table. When Helen finally left Joan Bennett and looked for a cab, she spied the green "bathtub" down the street, waiting. It was Cyril Hume.

"I thought you were a writer," she said.

"I was," he replied, "but today I'm a cab driver. Step in."

One Sunday afternoon the two were out riding. Helen said she, being used to the rolling country of Connecticut, liked hills. When they spied a hill in the distance, Helen said: "Oh, let's drive up there."

They drove and drove and drove and when night came they were still driving—and it was raining. The hill had begun to assume undying proportions.

"When we finally landed on top we found we were on Mt. Wilson, one of the highest mountains in Southern California," laughed Helen. "And I had an early call at the studio. We snatched a quick dinner and started back down again."

"It was so dark and rainy by the time we skidded to the bottom of the mountain again that we didn't know which way to turn. So when two little boys asked for a lift, we said all right—provided they would direct us back to Hollywood. They agreed. But after we had dropped them off at their destination we found we were in some place called San Fernando. Seven times we drove back into San Fernando until we finally found the road back to Hollywood.

And she still likes the rain!

The Humes are one of those young couples who are always celebrating something. The anniversary of the day they met. Or the commemoration of the day they were engaged. Or a wedding anniversary.

Joe Donahue—you saw him in "Sunny" with Marilyn Miller, and you'll see him again in "The Reckless Hour," with Dorothy Mackail.

During the last rain, a rain which Southern Californians will remember because it marooned beach residents and played havoc with lowlands—on that day the Cyril Humes were due for a celebration.

"I had a Ford convertible coupe that leaked," reports Helen. "I picked Cy up at the studio and we drove down to a beach club for luncheon. I remember there wasn't another soul in the club dining room that day except Cy and me. And coming home it got wetter and wetter. We found a fire truck stalled in the center of a big lake of water. The fireman called to us and Cy and I 'Forded' blithely through all the water and sent a rescue party back from the fire station. Oh, it was a big day!"

So the next time you wake up to find your bedroom windows drenched with showers, don't think the whole world is joining you in lugubrious groans.

Helen Chandler is probably up and out, signing new contracts, grabbing life by its horns, and finding the world all wet—and a delightful place to live in!
happiness is just one indifferent experience after another," says Joan. But when one is suddenly faced with a radiant reason for everything and a person to think for in every thinking second, a philosophy is a necessity.

"I believe that a certain portion of a person's life is spent in getting impressions about life, people, things, and events. Life were seems to be no real logical reason for anything. Life is—just life!

Then comes a person into that life to give it meaning. You want to be a success because of that person; you want to be able to give something beyond just body and empty, purposeless soul. You begin to have entirely different eyes.

You want to be things, do things and think things.

"Philosophy comes when the consciousness is awakened to a purpose, and I believe my philosophy is to live my life so that I may serve Douglas Jr. in any need he may have, to make my life a monument to him and his life. I want to be a success so that he may be proud of me, so to help him in every Abby of his life and to be a reason for his finding a purpose in life. I think this is just what we have meant to each other?"

Dear, beloved Marie Dressler! Comedienne, philosopher, philanthropist; chuckling, blunt, honest, forceful Marie, has a philosophy one would expect from a matured life which has been full of overflowing.

"Don't fight life!" warns Marie. "Have faith in the process of things and hang tightly to a confidence in the earnestness of life and a certain delivery from all obstacles to your objective. You might as well be like that; it doesn't do any good to be otherwise, does it?" she questioned with a chuckle.

We all been hungry, I have been well fed; I have had everything, I have had nothing! I have found that to live life each second to the best of your ability, be game, and never to allow your perspective to become warped solves this little old problem of living as well as any other recipe one might follow. In other words, take life by the horn, not by the throat. Sounds like Marie Dressler, doesn't it? John Boles majored in philosophy and allied sciences in college, so he goes deeply into human motives and human reactions.

"We all have potential possibilities to do a certain something. If we are wise will cultivate that natural inclination and concentrate on lifting ourselves above the station to which we were born," says John Boles. "This is only possible where we have the initiative and force to push ourselves above and beyond our limitations."

He can explain all this very scientifically and as he talks his eyes grow and his fine face is alight with vivid interest. Some are born with one gift, believes John; some with others. What we individually do with these natural gifts determines the mark we will make in this world and what we will take with us into the next.

Billie Dove, the beautiful, the gracious, says, "Do not expect too much of life. Believe that everything that happens is for the best. Don't try to climb the ladder too fast, don't try to sell yourself out of breath and with no energy to go on, or you may fall mortally hurt at the bottom, with no more courage to try and climb again."

A New Test for the Opportunity to Win $2,500

SIGHTS like the one above were not uncommon in the days of settling our great West. Pony express riders were courageous, keen-eyed Indian fighters who risked their lives daily in keeping the growing frontier outposts in touch with civilization. It took a keen eye and great quickness of thought to keep from being slaughtered by bloodthirsty redskins and plundered of the important packets in their charge.

Here is a test of what keen-eyed observation might be necessary. The rider above has perceived an ambush, has goaded his horse into a frenzied dash for life and has wheeled in his saddle to cut down any pursuer who might get within rifle shot. There is no trace of an Indian to the casual observer, yet there are the faces of five Indians concealed in the picture.

How sharp is your eye?

60 Grand Prizes, including prizes of $2,500.00, $1,000.00, $1,000.00, $500.00, and $500.00 in value will be given in our newest advertising offer. First prize will be $1,750.00 cash or a Studebaker Commander eight-cylinder Sedan, and $751.00 will be added to the first prize on the proof of promptness, making a total of $2,500.00.

There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for these prizes, which will be given in accordance with the contestants' standings when the final decision is made. Just think! A $2,500.00 prize to you if you answer correctly and are prompt and win first prize!

Look carefully. If you can find at least 4 of the Indians' faces, lose no time, but mark them with a cross, tear out the picture and mail it to me. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties and the prizes will all be given free of all charge and prepaid. Answers will not be accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago. Send no money. There is no obligation, BUT IF YOU CAN FIND AT LEAST 4 OF THE HIDDEN FACES, RUSH YOUR SOLUTION TODAY TO

Billie cried herself to sleep for two nights because she felt she was to play a part in a picture which afterwards never saw the light of day. Had she obtained this part she would have missed the opportunity to play a much more important part which gave her career a big boost toward stardom.

"Ever since this experience," says Billie, "I have never worried over the turn affairs might take. I may want something rather badly, but I always hold a reservation in my thought that maybe it is not the thing that is best for me.

"If you do this and do not plan your life too far in advance you will somehow find things working out for you better than you could have planned them. Leave yourself open at all times for the good things of life. Expect them! Do not ever be too sure that you know what is right for you to do, or that you must have a certain result! It's futile. "There is a destiny that guides our lives far more wisely and correctly than all our own planning could do. I cannot tell the number of times I have been working on something, and when I let go of them, things worked out more smoothly and rightly than I could have imagined!"

On the other hand, there is Mary Pickford who believes we shape our own destinies. We visualize a certain thing we want to happen in our lives. If we keep that always in the background of our minds, we are almost certain sooner or later to express that thing into reality.

"Just the things we keep in the subconscious as desires, ambitions, longings, call them what you will, we will sooner or later bring into expression outwardly. We are creators of material things, not the thoughts about them. But this takes a certain sort of concentration and forceful thinking which must be cultivated," says Mary.

"It takes study, knowledge and practice to be able to run our lives mentally. There are mental forces about which we know little as yet, but which are just as present as the physical forces which we do know about. It is these forces which human beings are discovering as the human mind reaches out for more of the world and understanding. Some days our lives and our environment will all be controlled by a knowledge of ever present mental laws."

You see, after all it is rather a shame for folks to create the impression that our best friends are all shallow, selfish, pleasure-loving people. If the truth were known there is not a harder working, more intense-living and vivid-thinking people in the world than mere screen people.

The so-called beautiful but dumb ones are anything but dumb, for they have known how to use life's greatest gifts to get where they want to go.

"Now Hollywood's not so dumb!"

John Barrymore Gives Dolores Costello New Voice—Continued from page 23

The more humble workers welcomed her with real affection. In many ways she has shared with her husband the reputation for indifference to the opinions of "important" people and never failing courtesy and understanding in her dealings with those generally considered of little importance.

And the people of little importance, who somehow are very important indeed in the final analysis, were the ones who were happiest to see Dolores Costello come back to the studio.

There was, for instance, Elmer Fryer, portrait photographer for the combined Wanamaker-Brothers-First National studios, who was once still cameraman on an early Costello picture. While Dolores Costello had been in studio and screen, Fryer had "arrived" in importance. His portrait studies had been widely copied all over the world.

Into his gallery came Dolores at the end of one of the first days she spent on the studio lot, preparing for her new picture. Mr. Barrymore was with her. They were to see something the latter had not done for a number of years, pose together for portraits.

Perhaps she had forgotten what Fryer just then was remembering. That once, years before, she had "gone to bat" for him when a studio shut-down loomed and salary men began to get nervous. She had never forgotten her valuable help at that time even if she had.

For a short time Fryer worked behind his camera in silence. It was the first time in two years that Dolores Costello had submitted to the trying ordeal of studio portrait sitting. And he had not done it for some years because he had never been matron of the Warner lot and who has personally seen to it that the dressing rooms assigned some years ago to Dolores and her family have never been profaned by any other occupant!
Then Fryer, who had been a “still man” and who had won fame and distinction as a portrait artist during the intervening two years since he had seen Miss Costello, came out from under his black velvet focusing box and away from the tell-tale ground glass which shows him, long before the subject knows, just what the public will eventually see in pictures he makes.

He went out in front of his camera and sat down beside Dolores Costello.

“You are more beautiful, than ever, Dolores,” he said directly and sincerely, “You will be pleased with what the camera will show you.”

Important executives had told her similar things, of course, but Fryer’s statement brought quick tears. She knew that he did not need to say such a thing, that some people might have considered it impertinent for him to have said it, but she knew too that one of the “unimportant” people who had worked faithfully with her in the past years when she, too, was climbing to success, would not deceive her.

For the first eleven months of her baby’s life, Dolores Costello devoted more attention and time to her child than the average mother. There was a nurse, naturally, but she often found herself left to her own devices while the mother took personal charge of little Dolores Ethel Mac.

Two short trips away from the baby were made during that period, but on the longer voyage south the child was taken along. It was after these trips away from her baby that the mother agreed to listen to the insistence of the studio executives who wanted her to return to the screen. No picture work would take her away from the child more than a few hours at a time and she was convinced that such absence would in no way be detrimental to the child.

As a matter of fact the little girl probably did not know that her mother had returned to her career. There was always an hour for play with her in the morning and the “tuck-in” half hour every night, and in between the baby was taken, almost every day, for a ride to the studio where Miss Costello worked.

It was necessary for Miss Costello to lose some twelve pounds of weight. This was undertaken under a physician’s observation. Exercise and a diet which consisted principally of spinach and asparagus, proved effective. Dolores Costello returned to the screen after a two years’ absence weighing within a few ounces of her former screen weight. And she also decided she must have a new voice in keeping with the new rôle she was to play.

“I have always intended to return to my work,” she explained to this first interviewer upon her return to the studio, “The only thing I was not certain about was the proper time. My baby comes first. But she has been so well and I have been so happy. If we both stay that way while I make pictures it will be fine. I will just have to wait and see.”

When and how to shampoo . . . . page 15

Once in two weeks is the average time . . . The ideal shampoo takes lots of water and soap . . . Rinse out and then go through the process again . . . removes the last traces of first wash . . . Gives the hair its sheen and gloss. The final rinse water should be . . .

for a clear skin . . . page 12

The fundamental need of any face is cleanliness. Choose a pure soap. Nothing else will reach down into the pores and cleanse them properly. Go to bed with a face really cleansed and relaxed . . . Keeps your face young and fresh. Some skins are . . .

for more attractive hands . . . . page 9

Both how and how often you wash your hands are important. Hands must be washed frequently . . . Dry them thoroughly. Finish with a quick run around under the nails with an orange wood stick. If your hands chap easily use . . .

Quoted from this FREE booklet . . .

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plays she did bits in.

Gerald du Maurier cast her in "The Dance," (done over here by Richard Bennett) and she registered vividly. Then she established herself in "Fallen Angels," starred in "The Green Hat" and "Her Cardboard Lover," and enchanted London in such various pieces as "Garden of Eden," "They Knew What They Wanted," "Let Us Be Gay" and, of all things, "Camille."

Tallulah reads reviews of her work, but when they are adverse she does not agree with them.

She sprinkles her conversation with good Anglo-Saxon words, smiles beguilingly, and refers constantly to well-known Biblical characters.

She is a Lorelei by Lanvin; the little

The Prodigal Daughter—Continued from page 11

plays with which she was delighted. It was sent to her London home while she was being interviewed by a British newspaperwoman.

The painting was carefully unpacked and hung. Tallulah then introduced it enthusiastically and said "God, you're beautiful!" Whereupon the next day's papers headlined this remarkable version: "Good- looking Bitch!" "I'm a Bright Face!"

The life of a star is not all roses, even in Piccadilly. Tallulah is a composite of all the extravagant heroines she ever played.

She has a definite flair for the melodramatic, vitalizing an anecdote as thoroughly as though it were a third-act climax. She spends her emotional forces in a protracted manner, pouring herself into a trivial discussion as though it were a tremendously important matter.

"It was nice having my clothes made for me, in London," said Tallulah. "Worth, Chanel, and Molyneux all designed exquisite things for me, and were perfectly satisfied simply that I should wear them.

In this country that is not done.

"Yet I spent everything I made over there. Here I hope to have a bit. After a day at the studio, so far at least, I've been too tired to do anything. No parties. Really! And I'm on the wagon. To keep my weight down. You see they want my face gently rounded but my figure slim. Quite. They forget that the figure takes on weight with the face. All part of the same system, you know."

"Anyway, the champagne I've had here has been vile. So it's difficult to be dry."

She was modest about her overwhelming success in London, but positive about her artistic ability. In speaking of "Her Cardboard Lover" I said that Leslie Howard stole the play from the star when it was produced in New York.

"He didn't steal it from me, in London," said Tallulah.

For all her egotism she was straightforward in telling how Somerset Maugham refused to permit her to play Sadie Thompson after seeing her in rehearsal.

"It almost broke my heart," she said. "I loved that part."

Tallulah is the type that will always get her share of the breaks or find out why. She is distinctly feministic, asking no consideration merely because of her sex, yet getting what she wants by exercising a highly magnetic sex attraction.

As soon as she had started working for Paramount rumors were circulated about her temperament, but this is one of the standing charges leveled at almost any dynamic newcomer. When I saw Tallulah rehearsing for the camera she impressed me as a very earnest actress, thoroughly engrossed in the scene at hand.

Whether or not the citizenry will stand in line to watch Bankhead remains to be seen. That portion of Manhattan that has seen her has put a frank approval on the Alabama flame.

I left and sneaked a look at her other profile: that was good, too!

Broadway has seen Tallulah Bankhead's new picture, "Tarnished Lady," and she is once again acclaimed by the Garbo-Dietrich-Landi menace. And she's our own home-bred even if she did have to go to school in England before she was discovered by our movie producers. Anyway, Tallulah is back and she's here to stay this time! An original story by John Colton called "China" is scheduled for her second talking picture.

Tallulah came, we saw, she conquered!
Call Her Tobin—Continued from page 21

mesh hose and a nice coat of tan.

"You'd never think of wearing clothes like these on the streets of New York, she said, tossing the brown tips of her shoes, "unless you came in from Long Island or somewhere, would you, mother? But here, I always think of it as the country. Why, look down there—they keep chickens!"

Looking down the street from the very exclusive Chateau Elysee on the site of the old Indian Hotel, where they were indeed chickens. Feathered ones too, busily laying eggs!

But Genevieve, having been born and brought up in the back, "Emperor of the world," is a waif—"A mass of lovely flaming ruffles. A black lace with a lighter lace braid that looks as if it had come untucked in the back—notice these jeweled chain shoulder straps, that's all I wear! It's daring to dance in. Lace is so flattering." Besides clothes, Genevieve likes the movies. Lots. Seldom, but Sunday matinées at the Capitol theatre were for her and her sister. She adored seeing Lillian Gish. But she actually saw few of the old silent pictures. For there was always Ethel Barrymore or Jeanne Eagels to see and learn something from. Movies were for pure enjoyment.

Thrilled with westerns, "Cimarron" is a perfect talkie.

At the grand premiere of "Seed" in Los Angeles, Genevieve Tobin, the sister of the star, was dressed quite girlishly, while Lois Wilson, who plays the mother of five children in the picture, and who is a spinster in real life, wore a chic, sophisticated Parisian gown. So you never can talk about these "other women."

The girls received tremendous ovation for their work in "Seed." Genevieve Tobin scored another hit and for Lois Wilson it was a victorious come-back after ten months mugging it on the stage.

Genevieve has never married. But when she does she is quite willing to be persuaded to give up the stage. It depends on conditions. After all, she has had her career and tasted the nice sweet dish of success—so if love and marriage comes along, it might be nice to try that.

Call Her Tobin—Continued from page 21

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unless you have been on the stage very young and have been dandled on the knees of producers—while very young.

A native New Yorker, who first saw the electric lights about twenty-five years ago, she learned her a b c's in her birthplace and later attended the Institute de l'Etoile in Paris. Which probably explains her absorbing interest in fashions, for she designs many of her own clothes—and has ideas about the rest.

Howard Green is her designer in Hollywood, Mayebelle Manning in New York. You should see one lace creation in cream which she said looked like "Emperor of the world," is a waif—"A mass of lovely flaming ruffles. A black lace with a lighter lace braid that looks as if it had come untucked in the back—notice these jeweled chain shoulder straps, that's all I wear! It's daring to dance in. Lace is so flattering." Besides clothes, Genevieve likes the movies. Lots.

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Howard Green is her designer in Hollywood, Mayebelle Manning in New York. You should see one lace creation in cream which she said looked like "Emperor of the world," is a waif—"A mass of lovely flaming ruffles. A black lace with a lighter lace braid that looks as if it had come untucked in the back—notice these jeweled chain shoulder straps, that's all I wear! It's daring to dance in. Lace is so flattering." Besides clothes, Genevieve likes the movies. Lots.

Thrilled with westerns, "Cimarron" is a perfect talkie.

At the grand premiere of "Seed" in Los Angeles, Genevieve Tobin, the sister of the star, was dressed quite girlishly, while Lois Wilson, who plays the mother of five children in the picture, and who is a spinster in real life, wore a chic, sophisticated Parisian gown. So you never can talk about these "other women."

The girls received tremendous ovation for their work in "Seed." Genevieve Tobin scored another hit and for Lois Wilson it was a victorious come-back after ten months mugging it on the stage.

Genevieve has never married. But when she does she is quite willing to be persuaded to give up the stage. It depends on conditions. After all, she has had her career and tasted the nice sweet dish of success—so if love and marriage comes along, it might be nice to try that.

Call Her Tobin—Continued from page 21

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Truth About Cosmetics—Continued from page 94

those very chic compromises that clever girls will want to use. Like all Lentheric products this "Huile Lentheric" comes in a stunning bottle that you’ll be proud to have on your dressing table.

Fashion says that we are going back to delicate, youthful complexities, to keep us in tune with the snappy new summer clothes. I think this will be pretty true and generally observed. And certainly girls who do observe it will have to change their whole make-up scheme. We all were pretty "red Indian" last summer, and violent lipsticks, dark powders, and oh-so-vivid rouges have become monotonous even though startling. To be an old-fashioned girl once more, even in appearance only, may be rather charming after all.

Primrose House has recognized this need and has put out a new powder in a shade called "Rose Petal." It is a warm pink tone, very soft and flattering. The powder is moderately heavy, as a summer powder should be, as too light a one blows off and too heavy a one gets your face all gummy on hot days. The packaging on this powder is delightful. The box is palest yellow outlined in silver with a big silver monogram on the fastener. And these powder packages that close tightly are fine for traveling, as you probably learned many vacations ago. The Primrose Powder is priced $3.00 but it will go a long way.

Two other houses, trying to be helpful along these lines, are putting out tiny "tint cards" giving dabs of their rouges and lipsticks in all their colors so that you may try them out at home and discover which colors are quite the best for you. Coty, which always does things amusingly and cleverly, is putting out their little test card in the form of an artist’s palette. Louis Philippe, who makes that divine Incaranat lipstick—the kind that won’t come off—puts out a more modest little square card, but both houses have sweetly volunteered that they will be glad to send these cards to any of my readers who desire them. For the Coty card, address "Elizabeth" of Coty, 714 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. Louis Philippe you can reach at 100 Smith Street, Port Chester, N. Y., and just ask for their shade selector. I’m sure you will find both of these worth sending for and the products themselves are so well known they do not require additional recommendation. But if they did, I’d gladly give it.

Do you read Mary Lee every month? Don’t miss her authoritative—and amusing—comment on the newest, smartest, and safest powders, soaps, perfumes, and other exciting cosmetics.

Bebe Daniels’ pet hobby is perfumes in bottles of all shapes and sizes. Here's Bebe and her priceless perfume cabinet.

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
Slams and Salvos—Continued from page 97

four year old child who demanded tearfully, "What are the boys doing to Char- 
lie?" He was promptly hushed up.

I crept from the theatre. Give the audi- 
cence back their custard pies—that's all 
they understand. Main Street—Broadway.

Gopher Prairie—New York. They are not 
so far apart, after all.

LESTER ASHEM.

1819 12th Avenue, 
Seattle, Washington.

THAT RICH CHARM

Movieland to me will always be linked 
with that most charming star, Irene Rich. 
Passing by her attractive home one eve, 
I visualized in my mind her genuineness as 
I had seen it so often portrayed on the 
cinema screen. Hers is a lasting beauty 
and unaffected charm as I had always be-
heved and always will. Who could forget 
her sincerity in "Ned McCabe's Daughter" 
and "Craig's Wife"? Someday, somehow, 
 somewhere, I hope to meet her in person.

DOROTHY FARRING.

1231 Webster Street, 
San Francisco, Cal.

SPEAK AMERICAN

It has taken me most of my life to learn 
to play Beethoven, and so when I saw a 
girl, like Joan Crawford was supposed to 
have been in "Dance, Fools, Dance," one 
assiduously engaged in the art of perfect 
snoring, perfect swimming, and perfect 
dancing—"short off" the Moonlight 
Sonata (even à la Jazz) without a flaw, it made 
me realize what a wonderful thing a re-
producing piano is!

How contradictory this girl! Cultured 
enough to say "bean" for beans, but not 
cultured enough to spell exaggerate and 
parallel correctly.

It may be all right for Clive Brook, 
Ronald Colman, and other Englishmen to 
speak English as Englishmen speak it with 
their "beans," "cawn's," "leftenant," "hug-
gage," etc., but for the sake and 
love of everything American, why not have 
Americans be natural and speak American?

H. E. SCHIMMEL.

14 N. W. 8th St., 
Faribault, Minn.

A PLEA FOR BETTER 
OPERETTAS

I saw the German screen operetta, "Zwei 
Herzen im M Takt." It made me jealous 
of the Germans who can hear such plays 
frequently. Why can't we have plays like 
this? Our "singles," Jeanette MacDonald 
variety, are so artificial. The songs seem 
to be dragged in by the heels: action stops 
while the heroine breaks gaily into irrele-
vant song.

In this German operetta, the music be-
longed there; the songs were truly a part 
of the story; they were a delight to listen 
to.

I saw the play ten times, and it was in 
German, too, and the only German I know 
is je and nein. I cannot remember ever 
having had the courage to sit through an 
American musical comedy twice. So please, 
can't something be done about it? I'm 
dreadfully poor and I don't know how I'll 
ever raise enough money for passage to 
Germany!

EMILY H. HUCHER.

28 Elm Place, 
Buffalo, N. Y.

Write in to this department—give us 
your views of the stars and screenplays.

Betty Compson and Hugh Trevor played in a picture together and ever since then Hollywood has reported them engaged.
Screen News—Continued from page 93

years, turns very blonde. Aileen Pringle and Carmel Lombard did it too. If Mary comes back she'll find the brunette market very weak. Someone has even been trying to persuade Gloria Swanson to bleach.

Have to be rich to boss your own shows in Hollywood. It seems strange to hear of such people as Mary and Doug. Chester Morris, Gloria Swanson, demanding "freedom" to select their own roles and pictures. It transpires that Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, and Buster Keaton are really the only ones who have been entirely "free" all these years.

Still, of course, Mary and Doug have been practically "free" except for certain financial overlords—and Mary told me only a few months ago that she was really happier when someone else had the responsibility of deciding what the screen career of her "baby" was. She didn't at all assure her own judgment was best.

To promote a picture at the Paramount Theatre in Los Angeles, the studio had Mary Brian act as an usher. "No one recognized me for ages," grins Mary, "but finally I said I was Mary Brian and the girl denied it. Presently she accosted me with "Say, when did you quit making pictures?"

Mae Marsh burst into fame under the D. W. Griffith banner in the days of "The Birth of a Nation" and "The White Rose." Then, as a matter of fact—all children want to be shown. Was mother ever really an actress? So Mae is signed with Fox and is all expected, as to whether she can make the grade in talkies so the three babies will continue to be proud of her.


When the poor men do get into the titles they tend to be "Blind Husbands," "Travelling Husbands," "Virtuous Husbands," or become involved in "Bachelor Apartments."

The unsung double who "stands in" for the stars who have formed a Hollywood Double Reel Company to be a good vaudeville stunt. Geraldine D'Vorack, who has "stood in" for Garbo, is to be featured.

Adela Watson is an interesting Hollywood character—she has played minor roles, such as maids, in pictures for the past fifteen years. In fact, while stars come and go, Adela goes on forever, making a first class living. But it was not ever thus—way back in 1918 when she was a blonde in a high E flat and played in musical comedy with John Barrymore, 25 years ago. But because she was never so much on books, her job was to be in the front row of the chorus, right behind the star, who would get all the credit and applause for those clear high E flats.

Can you picture the confident, successful, back, and hard, and then to Elizabeth MacRae. She has been trying to persuade Gloria Swanson to bleach.

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Can you picture the confident, successful, be-
WHEN an actress gives a tea to the press, that’s nothing. But when an actress’ bosses give a tea for her—that’s something! A girl should know that when the company to whom she is under contract tenders her that kind of reception, it means stardom. And if Irene Dunne doesn’t know it—we’re telling her!

But getting an interview at one of these teas is about as hard as learning how to play the piccolo via the correspondence course. However, undaunted, we arrived unfashionably early determined to talk with Miss Dunne before the other scribblers arrived. We sat with Miss Dunne in a little room while she performed the last minute rites, such as powdering her tip-tilted nose, before facing her guests.

I don’t know whether this is going to be disillusioning or not—but Irene doesn’t look any more like an actress than you, or you, or you! She looks more like a débutante. Irene was dressed in a smart gray crêpe frock with a touch of jade and a wide band of gray fox fur on the sleeves of her dress. She wore a smart gray turban with a jade clip and gray shoes and stockings. She isn’t beautiful but she is charming. She looks intelligent and what’s more she is!

Irene’s hair is blonde and her eyes are blue. Her startling success in “Cimarron” hasn’t affected her unfavorably; in fact, she wears the same head-size as she did when she played in road-show musical comedies, and she has both feet firmly on the ground.

Before the tea had reached its high, chummy stage, whispers went the rounds that Miss Dunne is really Mrs. F. D. Griffin; and that her husband, a doctor, was also one of the guests. By the process of elimination we dis-

covered Dr. Dunne—er—Griffin. He remained in the background. He’s a handsome man! The Griffins have been married for three years and the marriage has been kept a secret for publicity reasons. It isn’t considered good publicity for a screen heroine to have a husband. However, it isn’t Irene’s fault that you didn’t know she was married, as she is very proud of her doctor husband.

Irene entered pictures when the vogue for song and dance films was at its peak. She had (and still has) a lovely soprano voice and stage experience, having played in “Sweetheart Time,” “Irene,” “The Clinging Vine,” and in the road company of “Show Boat.” Radio Pictures signed her and Irene made her début in “Leathernecking,” but let’s not go into that—it was a pretty bad picture. The only bright spot in the film was when Irene sang—and she sang only one song!

After that Irene sat and sat, waiting for a studio call for months, but nothing happened and she was discouraged. Then suddenly came the announcement that Miss Dunne was to have the coveted rôle of Sabra Cravat in “Cimarron.” There was a wail of disappointment—many well known and established stars had taken tests for the part—and it was given to Irene Dunne, an unknown, and a musical comedy actress at that! It was incredible—imagine a musical comedy actress playing a dramatic rôle! It isn’t necessary to go into a rave about Irene’s acting in “Cimarron”—it’s a well-known fact. Anyway, let’s get back to the tea before it gets cold.

Irene had sung over the radio the night before for the first time, and was a little worried about how she went over. (She needn’t have been.) She had been seeing Broadway plays and was particularly impressed with Herbert Marshall’s performance in “Tomorrow and Tomorrow.” And she was quite thrilled because she was leaving for Honolulu the following day, for a vacation.

We asked Miss Dunne if she liked pictures and she said, “Of course, I like playing in pictures, but the stage is my first love and always will be.” So that’s that. Miss Dunne is studying for the concert stage and is aiming at the Metropolitan Opera and it’s our guess that she’ll make it.

However, it will be a long time before we lose Irene to the stage because Radio has her under a long term starring contract. And besides, she likes the talkies and the microphone likes her and the fans like her, so figure it out for yourself!
As told to Princess Pat by 10,000 Men

"Women Use Too Much Rouge"

The men, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind: for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge does look unreal.

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. But there is never a question of too much, never the unlively "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the most natural rouge in the world. And whether blonde or brunette, you can use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect—instead of being limited to one as with usual rouges.

*Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat Almond Base Powder* Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing almond base imparts to Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent almond base—instead of starch.

Princess Pat almond base face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the new round box. It has been possible because of the almond base to make the lighter weight powder just as clinging as the medium.

**Wonderful New Color for Lips** Just what you’ve wanted—lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlively "rim" of color as with usual lipsticks.

**Try the Six Aids-to-Beauty in Princess Pat Week End Set** This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge. You will be delighted with the set.

get this Week End Set—SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set for this COUPON and 25¢ (coin). Easily a month’s supply of almond base powder and FIVE other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Beautifully decorated bodkin box.

**PRINCESS PAT, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago.**

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Street ...................................................
City and State ......................................
Dorothy Mackaill, poised and lovely First National star. For sports she wears the simplest things... a white tennis coat, a swimming suit as active as the aquaplane she rides. But for evening... this magnificent couturier gown of black lace, with its stunning wrap of velvet and white fox.

VARIETY

IS THE NEW SPICE OF FASHION

The modern girl may revel in a veritable galaxy of gowns. There are charming costumes for almost every hour of the day. But if these are tempting, they are none the less exacting. They require a figure with graceful curves, with rounded contours to set them off to best effect.

Clinging gowns reveal the form almost as much as the audacious swimming suit. Both are subtle compliments to the vibrant beauty of modern women.

Fortunately, most women can attain this fashionable figure—by wise control of their weight. Yet there are pitfalls. Unless a reducing diet, otherwise adequate, contains plenty of roughage, improper elimination may develop. Poisons spread through the body. Headaches, dizziness, yellow skins, pimples are natural results.

There is a pleasant, modern way to insure plenty of roughage in the diet. Simply eat two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's All-Bran daily. This delicious cereal is guaranteed to overcome the danger of faulty elimination. Isn't it much better to enjoy this natural food than to risk habit-forming pills and drugs?

You will like the many ways Kellogg's All-Bran can be eaten without adding many calories to the menu. Milk brings out the delightful nut-like flavor. Use All-Bran in cooking too. Kellogg's All-Bran also provides iron, Nature's rouge for cheeks and lips. Eat it regularly. Ask for the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Recommended by dietitians. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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"THE MODERN FIGURE"
Leading motion-picture actresses are shown to you in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Everything from sports-togs to evening gowns. In addition, the booklet is full of valuable information on how to reduce wisely. Free upon request.

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Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "The Modern Figure."

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Is Gloria's Glamor Gone?

Swanson's Own Frank Opinion of her Future
In an amazing way, Tangee changes color as you apply it to your lips... and blends perfectly with your own natural, individual coloring. It is the one perfect lipstick for blonde, brunette or red-head!

You can see the color come to your lips... color so lovely, so natural that it seems a very part of you. In truth it is, for Tangee is permanent and leaves no coating or greasy smear!

Unlike other lipsticks, Tangee has a solidified cream base, soothing and healing to the lips. And it outlasts several ordinary lipsticks!

New! Tangee Theatrical, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick 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"

THE GEORGE W. LUMP CO., Dept. S6* 417 Fifth Avenue New York

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August, 1931

**THIS MONTH'S PROGRAM**

**FEATURES:**
- COVER PORTRAIT OF CLARA BOW
- HELP SAVE CLARA BOW!
- NEW MEN WANTED IN HOLLYWOOD
- WHEN THEY "LET THEMSELVES GO!"
- WHAT CHANCE HAS A SECOND COOGAN?  Robby Coogan
- IS GLORIA SWANSON GLAMOR GONE?  Gloria Swanson
- THOSE LITTLE GAY HOMES IN THE WEST!
- PENT HOUSE.  Flitton
- OUR LATEST LITTLE IMPORT!  Lil Dagover
- "I WANT $200!"  Claudette Colbert
- LOOK, BUT, YOU HOLLYWOOD BACHELORS!
- PHILLIPS HOLMES' OWN STORY

**PERSONALITIES:**
- CAGNEY!
- LOIS TALKS ABOUT GLORIA AND RUTH!
- GLIVE BROOK CONFESSES!
- WHO IS SYLVIA?  Sylvia Sidney
- BY POPULAR REQUEST.  Clark Gable

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- STAR SHADOW CONTEST
- FASHIONS ARE GOING NATIVE
- TOUGH GUY!  James Cagney
- MARION GIVES A PARTY
- FASHIONS FOR FUN!
- THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

**PORTRAITS:**
- Joel McCrea, Constance Bennett, Leo Wilson, George Arliss, Dolores Costello, Barrymore and John Barrymore, Dolores Del Rio, Gaby Cooper, Greta Garbo, Ann Harding, Dorothy Mackaill, Leslie Howard, Greta Nissen, Pat O'Brien, Bebe Daniels, Carole Lombard, Richard Arlen, Sylvia Sidney

**DEPARTMENTS:**
- REVUETTES.  Guide to Current Films
- SLAMS AND SALVOS.  Letters from the Audience
- ASK ME!
- HONOR PAGE.  Miriam Hopkins
- EDITORIAL
- REVIEWS OF THE BEST PICTURES
- LET'S MAKE UP!
- THE STAGE IN REVIEW
- YIP-EE!  SEE HOOT'S RODEO SHOW
- CRITICAL COMMENT ON CURRENT FILMS
- SCREEN NEWS
- THE TRUTH ABOUT COSMETICS
- CASTS OF CURRENT FILMS
- ADDRESSES OF THE STARS

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**The GIRL**

**Hollywood FEARS**

Who is she?

And why does Hollywood fear her?

You'll find out in the next issue of SCREENLAND—September, on sale August first.

Don't miss this glamorous feature!
Maurice Chevalier in Ernst Lubitsch's

"THE SMILING LIEUTENANT"

Based upon "The Waltz Dream" by Leopold Jacobson and Felix Dormann, and the novel, "Nu der Printemps" by Hans Muller.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

CHARLIE ROGGS

MIRIAM HOPKINS

Music by OSCAR STRAUS

Irresistible! Gay Maurice, debonair as ever, laughing his way in and out of love as beautiful Claudette Colbert and Miriam Hopkins play at hearts with him. Produced by Ernst Lubitsch, whose sure deft touch and surprise situations make his pictures such a delight. You'll go out of the theatre feeling happy as a lark, a sparkle in your eyes, a song in your heart. It's that kind of a picture—don't miss it! "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

Paramount Pictures

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REVUETTES

Let SCREENLAND help you select your film fare—read these Revuettes and let your good sense be your guide!

A new screen hero—Robert! Bobby to you! Jones, who stars in a series of twelve short features entitled "The Man Who Could." This is a new type of sports short, and stars such as Richard Barthelmess, Joe E. Brown and Zelma O'Neal, appear with Bobby. These features are amusing as well as instructive.

Class A:

★ A FREE SOUL. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Mark up another winner for Norma Shearer. A modern, adult picture with Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable and Leslie Howard supporting the star.*

★ CITY STREETS. Paramount. A thrilling, gastronomic story packed with action, and with Gary Cooper at his best and Sylvia Sidney, new and interesting, as the heroine.

★ DIRIGIBLE. Columbia. Spectacular air thrills with an interesting story well acted. Ralph Graves, Fay Wray and Jack Holt present the eternal triangle.

★ FAME. Warner Brothers. You'll be sorry if you miss this nicely acted and directed picture about nice, human people. Lewis Stone and Doris Kenyon are excellent.*

★ IRON MAN. Universal. A plausible romance of the ring with Lew Ayres taking it on the chin from his unsympathetic wife. Jesse Harlow, Robert Armstrong, as the prize-fighter's manager, is excellent.

★ SEED. Universal. An intensely human mother love and triangle drama with John Boles, Genevieve Tobin and Lois Wilson doing brilliant work.*

★ SKIPPY. Paramount. Grand entertainment for the whole family. Jackie Cooper and Bobby Cooper are delightful. Don't miss this one.

★ SMART MONEY. Warner Brothers. Thrills and plenty of action, and lots of humor, too. Edward G. Robinson is grand as usual and Ethel Kendell is the girl.*

★ SVENGALI. Warner Brothers. John Barrymore in his greatest role. Marlon March is an enchanting Trilby. See this first-rate picture.

★ THE MILLIONAIRE. Warner Brothers. Another George Arliss film treat which you'll enjoy thoroughly. Evelyn Knapp and David Manners supply the romance.

★ THE FRONT PAGE. United Artists. A high voltage newspaper yarn packed with laughs and thrills. Adolph Menjou, Pat O'Brien, Edward Everett Horton and Mary Brian are splendid.*

★ THE SMILING LIETUANIAN. Paramount. Just charming Maurice Chevalier in a uniform again—but this isn't quite up to "The Love Parade." Claudeette Colbert and Miriam Hopkins assist the star.*

★ YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID. Radio. A potent underworld drama with Richard Dix and Jackie Cooper giving great performances. Marion Shilling is the feminine interest.*

Class B:

ALWAYS GOODBYE. Fox. Elissa Landi's personality shines in this crook drama. However, the entire cast is good, too—Lewis Stone, Beryl Mercer, Paul Cavanagh and John Garrick.*

BACHELOR APARTMENT. Radio. A naughty bachelor, Lowell Sherman, falls in love with a nice stenographer. Irene Dunne, and marries her after many complications. Mae Murray is in the cast, too.

BORN TO LOVE. RKO-Pathé. A commonplace story with Constance Bennett doing her best to make it interesting. Joel McCrea has the masculine lead.*

CAPTAIN THUNDER. Warner Brothers. All about a chivalrous bandit played by Victor Varconi. Fay Wray and Don Ameche also ran, pair.

DAYBREAK. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A nice romantic tale of a student prince and a girl of the people. Ramon Novarro and Helen Chandler are the charming hero and heroine.

DOCTORS' WIVES. Fox. A sophisticated drama with no action or comedy relief. Warner Baxter and Jean Bennett do their utmost but have thankless parts.

EVERYTHING'S ROSE. Radio. Robert Woolsey minus his side-kick, Bert Wheeler, tiddles the customers with this one. Anita Louise and John Darrow are the love interest.

HELL BOUND. Columbia. A raucous film with a different angle. Leo Carrillo, Lola Lane and Lloyd Hughes present the usual triangle.*

INDISCRETION. United Artists. One of those "should a woman tell?" tales—but it isn't drama, it's practically all comedy. Gloria Swanson, Arthur Lake, Barbara Kent and Ben Lyon are present.*

IT'S A WISE CHILD. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A daffy and risqué film with Marion Davies heading a fine cast including James Gleason, Marie Prevost, Polly Moran and Lester Vail.*

KICK IN. Paramount. Clara Bow gives a grand dramatic performance in her best talker to date. It's a crook yarn with Regis Toomey and Leslie Fenton featured.*

LADIES' MAN. Paramount. "Just a gigolo" but William Powell makes this rather depressing film something. Constance Bennett, Kay Francis and Olive Tell are the feminine contingent.

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. An atmospheric story saved by Leslie Howard's good performance. Conchita Montenegro is an interesting heroine.*

PARTY HUSBAND. Warner Brothers. A back-door play with Dorothy Mackaill and James Cagney trying to make a go of marriage on the "modern" plane—each leading a free life.

SHIPMATES. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Robert Montgomery is in the navy now. If you're a violent Montgomery see it, otherwise don't rush. Dorothy Jordan is a very pleasing heroine.*

SIX CYLINDER LOVE. Fox. This is as old-fashioned as a horse and buggy; however, Spencer Tracy, as a high-powered automobile salesman, gets things up a bit. William Collier, Sr., and Sidney Fox are among those present.

SUBWAY EXPRESS. Columbia. Murder in the subway. A plausible mystery story with Jack Holt, Alleneultz, Pringle, and Jason Robards as the principal players.*

* Reviewed in this issue.

★ These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of SCREENLAND's seal of approval.

(Continued on page 106)
BARBARA STANWYCK

In

NIGHT NURSE

Utterly revealing! Night Nurse, by the author of Ex-Mistress, is a human document—the story of the woman who must do men's bidding in the long watches of the night... After the first hundred shocks nothing gets under her skin... She learns how to take them or to laugh them off... A nurse's thousand and one nights!... Not to be missed!...
SLAMS and SALVOS

What do you think of players and pictures? Money for your thoughts!

Jean Harlow is the subject of much discussion for and against her—however, the Platinum Blonde must be popular because she has been borrowed by practically every movie company. "Goldie" is her next film.

MOVIE MAGIC
(First Prize Letter)

I am a beautiful, desirable and cultured young woman. Gorgeous clothes adorn my slim, seductive body. My hair is smartly done, my hands are long and tapering with exquisitely tended nails and my voice is low and sweet. For two evenings a week and thirty-five cents I am what most every young girl dreams of being—a charming person.

This is a letter of gratitude, a letter of thanks to the persons who make it possible for me to receive such value for my money.

In reality I am a rather ordinary young wife and mother. But twice a week I forget all about trying to make a very small allowance cover very large demands and grasp thirty-five cents in my hands and hire me to our community theatre where I become a charming heroine of a charming world.

Robin Adair, 3800 14th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

A CLARA BOW RALLY
(Second Prize Letter)

"Clara Bow". Those two words seem to be stretched across every newspaper in the country at the present time. They tell

the story of a young girl who has been betrayed by her friends in whom she had confidence. A girl who has contributed to the screen some of the finest performances ever witnessed, both in the field of comedy and drama.

Who will ever forget her as the dazzling flapper in 'Black Oxen' and 'Mantrap,' or her fine dramatic performance in "Ladies of the Mob"? They were all portrayed by a girl who had neither stage experience nor lessons in the art of acting but who was richly endowed with that natural born talent which is so scarce among movie stars.

Come on, all you Clara Bow fans, stand by your favorite and wish her a speedy recovery and bigger and better roles in the field of drama.

Boden A. Daniels, 91 Eighth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MOVIES—A TONIC
(Third Prize Letter)

Nobody can deny that the movies are:—
A comfort to the distressed.
A cordial to the heart-sick and home-sick.
An example to the foolish.
And sometimes a restraint to the wicked.

Nothing but the movies can so conduces cheerfulness, and everyone knows what a tonic is good cheer. Movies leave us comforted and gay. They are friends when we are alone. They make us feel keenly the magic and mystery of beautiful things. Bringing us in contact with all the wonders that our unlimited imagination craves, and our limited resources too often deny us. Helping us to acquire knowledge and self-development which comes only by contact with the finer things of life. Giving us the courage of our dreams, and the faith to look for the happiness that lies just around the corner.

Mrs. W. W. Geraghty, 1412 Central Street, Kansas City, Mo.

(Continued on page 98)
Love and lies lead her to the reckless hour with one man—to marriage with another...
Too proud to accept a marriage bargain, she pays the check, and sets out to collect from the world of men... But her desires are stronger than her hate. Gorgeously gowned Dorothy Mackaill as the model who makes her reckless hour pay dividends.
IT'S WRITTEN in the STARS

Leo's crown fits him better than ever!

"More Stars Than There are in Heaven"

IF only you could take a peek through the telescope with Leo, what a thrill you would have watching M-G-M's brilliant stars, directors, writers and technical experts—all busy on the greatest production program in the history of this company. Week after week during the coming season new M-G-M hits will come out of that miracle city known as the M-G-M Studio. Mighty productions that are destined to take their place with such M-G-M triumphs of past seasons as "The Secret Six," "Reducing," "Our Dancing Daughters," "Anna Christie," "The Divorcee," "Min and Bill," "Paid," "Strangers May Kiss," "Trader Horn." It's written in the stars that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will again prove during 1931-1932 that it is the greatest producing organization in motion pictures.
1931-1932 Will Be M-G-M's CROWNING GLORY

These famous stars and featured players will make the coming year the greatest in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer history:

Marion DAVIES  Wallace BEERY  Joan CRAWFORD
Marie DRESSLER  Greta GARBO  John GILBERT
William HAINES  Buster KEATON  Robert MONTGOMERY
Ramon NOVARRO  Norma SHEARER  Lawrence TIBBETT  Alfred LUNT  Lynn FONTAINE

Dorothy Appleby  Reginald Denny  Neil Hamilton  John Miljan  Irene Purcell
Lionel Barrymore  Kent Douglas  Helen Hayes  Ray Milland  Marjorie Rambeau
Edwin Bartlett  James Durante  Leila Hyams  C. Montenegro  C. Aubrey Smith
William Bakewell  Cliff Edwards  Jean Hersholt  Polly Moran  Ruth Selwyn
Charles Bickford  Phyllis Elgar  Hedda Hopper  Karen Morely  Gus Shy
Lilian Bond  Madge Evans  Leslie Howard  Conrad Nagel  Lewis Stone
Edwina Booth  Clark Gable  Dorothy Jordan  Ivor Novello  Ernest Torrence
John Mack Brown  Ralph Graves  Joan Marsh  Monroe Owsley  Lester Vail
Janet Currie  Charlotte Greenwood  Adolphe Menjou  Anita Page  Robert Young

In stories by the world's most brilliant writers. Directed by men who are making screen history.

You'll Soon APPLAUD

Marion DAVIES  in "Five and Ten"
Norma SHEARER  in "A Free Soul"
Marie DRESSLER  Polly MORAN  in "Politics"
Robert MONTGOMERY  in "The Man in Possession"
Greta GARBO  in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise"
and many others

GOLDWYN-MAYER

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
ASK ME!

Charles H. Connie Bennett is still unmarried; but you had better watch out for Henry Falaize and Joel McCrea—both—if you are planning to rush Miss Bennett to the altar. But good luck, my boy—he may send you her photograph.

Alice M. Be sure you're right, then go ahead—he who hesitates never gets the bag answer from me. Ruth Chatterton has blue eyes and brown hair. Did you know that Ruth has written 25 songs, sung in musical comedy and at one time played in stock with Lowell Sherman, Pauline Lord and Lenore Ulric. David Manners has grey-green eyes. His wife is Suzanne Bushan. Kay Johnson is in "The Single Sin" with Bert Lytell. Kay is married but has no children.

May of Glendale. This business of being all bothered can't sleep at night or snatch a nap or two at the movies, with a generally run-down condition over the movie stars, isn't a joke, is it? Perhaps these lines will take a load off the chest. Buddy Rogers, Clara Bow and Audrey Ferris are all Americans; Norma Shearer is a Canadian, and Greta Garbo is from Stockholm, Sweden. Greta was born Sept. 18, 1906. For March and April birthdays of the players, consult those same issues of SCREENLAND.

Madeline D. All the grand things you say about my department are true, but I'm far too modest to admit it. Joan Crawford weighs 110 pounds; Eddie tray weighs 115 pounds and is 5 feet 9 inches tall. Marion Davies weighs 120 pounds. Myrna Loy is 5 feet 7 inches tall. Kay Francis weighs 122 pounds and is 5 feet 8 inches tall. Kay was born on Friday, January 13, but doesn't tell what year.

Vivian R. So you've heard a lot about me—just as I thought, even my best friends would tell me. Sue Carol is 22, Nancy Carroll is 24, Alice White is 23, Helen Kane is 22 and Nick Stuart is 25 years old. Sue Carol is the wife of Nick Stuart; Nancy Carroll's husband is Jack Kirkland. Helen Kane is married, but the matrimonial bark struck a rock some time ago. Latest reports are, a reconciliation has made the sailing smooth again.

Miriann F. In "The Divorcee," starring Norma Shearer, you saw Chester Morris, Constance Nagel and Robert Montgomery. Paul Lukas was not in the cast. William Jannoy played the role of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s brother in "The Dawn Patrol." Sally Starr, Ben Baird, Ralph Graves and William Desmond were born on January 23. In my usual assortment of stars' birthdays, I haven't one to offer for December 21, but December 24 was Ruth Chatterton's, and what a grand Christmas gift she proved to be.

SHADOWED!

Yes, you're being shadowed—and you're going to like it! Every fan will want to enter SCREENLAND'S Star Shadow Contest. Turn to Page 35, and first thing you know, you'll be competing for some of that $5200.00 in cash prizes. Go to it!
MODESS VACATION SPECIAL

A summer thrift idea

You save on every purchase during July and August

2 BOXES OF MODESS . 90¢
1 TRAVEL PACKAGE . . 25¢

Total Value $1.15

ALL THREE FOR 79¢

Our Vacation Special—a travel package of six Modess Compact and two boxes of Modess Regular—was so popular last summer that we decided to offer it again. It has all the charm of an irresistible bargain—$1.15 worth for 79¢.

And the two types of Modess featured in this Special are a perfect combination for summer comfort. Modess Regular is standard thickness. The Compact is Modess Regular, gently compressed. It is designed to supplement the Regular for wear when less thickness is necessary.

The travel package of Modess Compact is a very useful thing. The amount of room it takes in a traveling bag is hardly noticeable. It comes in very handy when you need a few extra Modess to see you through. You can tuck it away in a bureau drawer and save it for a guest accommodation.

Why worry about summertime protection? You can wear Modess under your sheerest dresses with an easy feeling of perfect safety—perfect comfort. The softly fluffed filler is cool and evenly absorbent. Modess will never be conspicuous, because the edges and corners are carefully rounded and it smoothly fits to the figure. It is deodorant—easily disposable.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK N.J. U.S.A.

World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

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When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
Miriam Hopkins, TAKE YOUR BOW!

You win SCREENLAND's Honor Page this month with your performance in "The Smiling Lieutenant"

Because she brings something entirely novel to the screen, Miriam Hopkins gets our Honor Page. It isn't beauty that she brings—or supreme talent—or glamor. It's—suppose we call it just a sense of humor. So few of our ingenues have one—that the advent of Miss Hopkins with a twinkle in her eye, a quirk to her lips and her tongue in her cheek was particularly welcome at this point! She plays a prim princess with a Chevalier crush, and pretty soon it's apparent that underneath the tiara there's a lot of primitive girl. The camera has been none too kind to Miriam, but you'll find her quaint, clever, and refreshing all the same.

One of the snappy scenes in Lubitsch's smart screen comedy, "The Smiling Lieutenant," starring Maurice Chevalier, with Miriam Hopkins playing a love-lorn princess who suddenly begins to behave quite like other girls.
GUIDE to the BIG SHOWS!

FROM THE CITY OF MAGIC COMES A GLORIOUS ARRAY OF GREAT ATTRACTIONS AS A GLAMOROUS NEW SEASON OPENS!

"THE BIRD OF PARADISE" ... Richard Walton Tully's volcanic dramatic spectacle in all its splendor! DOLORES DEL RIO and thousands in the cast.

FANNIE HURST'S "SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION"...Great author of "Humoresque" now shows us the soul of a city...drama rising from teeming streets...thunder in its voice...laughter on its lips...a sob in its throat!

"FRONTIER" ... .
Tumultuous panorama of Onrushing America with the stars of "Cimarron,",
RICHARD DIX, IRENE DUNNE.

"MIRACLE CITY" ...
The Glamour...Ecstasy...
Heroism of those fated to dwell in Hollywood's Glass Houses!

"MARCHETA" ...
Richard Dix and Irene Dunne in Romance 'neath the burnished skies of old Madrid.

COMING SOON!

"ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?" Created by the men who made "Cimarron," Wesley Ruggles, Direc-
tor; Howard Estabrook, author.

"TRAVELING HUSBANDS" A gay tale of wandering men and wandering wives...Evelyn Brent, Hugh Herbert, Constance Cummings.

"SPHINX HAS SPOKEN" With Lily Damita, Adolph Menjou, Eric Von Stroheim.

Don't miss a one of them! ... or better still tell the manager of your favorite theatre that you want to see all these RKO RADIO PICTURES at his house!

RKO-RADIO PICTURES

TUNE IN on the "R. K. O. THEATRE OF THE AIR" over N. B. C. Coast to Coast Network EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT 10:30 P. M., New York Time
You can say all you want about this foreign menace—and you will anyway; I can’t stop you—but it seems to me it’s a good thing for Hollywood.

That thriving cinema city is up on its toes. All the little boys and all the little girls—and especially the little girls—are getting jittery. They never know when a new foreign menace is going to sweep down on them. They sleep with one eye open; they walk looking back over their shoulders. How do they know when a Continental Novelty will sneak up and shove them right off those comfortable thrones they have been occupying for so long? Answer: they don’t; and that’s what makes it all so exciting.

Ever since Garbo, in fact, the stars and starlets have been harboring a horrid suspicion that their dynasty’s days are numbered. That, after all, maybe the divine right of celluloid kings could be questioned. After sharing the same screens as Edward and Carol and Marie and Alfonso they had begun to believe that they too were born to the poiple—I mean purple. But then—one day Alfonso left suddenly and went to live in Fontainebleau. And by that time Dietrich had arrived over here and got settled. And it was all very, very perplexing.

To top it, Tallulah came marching home. And Pola Negri decided that she would like to see that dear Hollywood again. And—oh dear, oh dear!—if Warner Brothers didn’t have to go and look for more trouble in the person of the exotic Lil Dagover, pride of Germany’s Ufa studios. Lil was signed up and will be over here soon; and then, little boys and girls of the screen colony, you will be in a state!

For Lil is no upstart, no mere pretender. She’s a legitimate empress of emotion—a magnificent actress, as well as a disturbingly lovely woman. She has glamor, all right—but she also has talent, and that’s much more dangerous. Glamor has been known to wear thin, but ability is good for many seasons. A recent Dagover effort was released over here about a year and a half ago—“Hungarian Rhapsody,” a Ufa production. Dagover is no youngster, but then neither is Mitzi Green, and look at the sensation she turned out to be.

George Arliss, the most illustrious star of them all, reads and enjoys his fan mail. And that’s more than
some of our baby blondes and soulful heroes can be bothered doing.

You should hear Arliss tell about one letter in particular, in which the writer said he had enjoyed “The Millionaire” more than any other Arliss picture, because the star gave such a fine performance. “I especially liked the way you got off the street car,” concluded the volunteer critic.

How do those wild Hollywood stars spend their play time? I’ll tell you. Take Marlene Dietrich, for instance. When Dietrich isn’t working hard in “The Lady and the Lions,” her latest opus, she’s at home trying to coax her little daughter Maria out of the swimming pool where she persists in staying all day. Maria loves Hollywood. And she says she won’t ever leave as long as she can have her swimming pool. Now, Marlene—don’t go being a disciplinarian. Let Maria live in the pool. As long as Maria is happy in the pool she’ll like Hollywood. And as long as Maria likes Hollywood, you’ll like it, too. And you’ll never go back to Germany. Everybody happy?

Marlene Dietrich and Tallulah Bankhead—what a combination!
The two gorgeous girls met in Manhattan when Marlene returned from her European vacation. Dietrich was in town only two days, but she managed to lunch at Sardi’s, see three plays, and meet Tallulah. They liked each other right away. Tallulah and a friend took Marlene up to Harlem, where the German actress saw chocolate-colored night life for the first time. And got quite a drive out of it. Nobody, though, asked Tallulah if Greta Garbo is still her favorite screen star.

Miss Bankhead, by the way, saw “Skippy” six times and thinks it’s the greatest picture ever made. And she paid a fine tribute to that little boy who played Skippy.

“I hope some day I’ll be half as good an actor as Jackie Cooper,” says Tallulah. And means it.

COMPETITION!

[Cartoon by Edy]
Clara is facing the crisis of her life. Will her friends stand by, or will they desert her? The little Bow has been handcuffed by bad publicity and her own indiscretions. Can she throw off her shackles and make a come-back? She says: "I believe I'm capable of better work if they give me a chance!"

WHAT will save Clara Bow?
Save her for more pictures? Save her for the future that may be awaiting her as one of the great dramatic actresses of the screen?
Save her from the pitiless publicity—the mockery of men—the ingratitude of "friends"?
Save her—from herself?
You can!
But first—is she worth saving?
This little girl—only twenty-five—who has everything: youth, fortune, talent—everything, that is, except good common sense—is she worth salvaging? Or has she forfeited the friendship and interest of the millions who have admired her? You may condemn her—but you can't forget her. She has what every girl in the world would want if she were honest. And her very gifts have led her astray.
Clara said to Screenland: "Oh, I'm so tired of being the It Girl! So sick of this flapper stuff. I want to play a woman's part now. I believe I am capable of better work if they'll give me a chance."

Clara needs your help now as never before. Read this inside story of her fight. What will happen to her next?

By
Sydney Valentine

CLARA BOW, her back to the wall,
CRIES:

"I'm tired of being the It Girl! I want to play a woman's part now.

"I'm through with love affairs and don't expect ever to marry.

"Perhaps things have been too easy for me—perhaps I needed this suffering—"
Save Clara Bow!

"Of course all the hateful publicity has been ghastly. But perhaps things have been too easy for me, perhaps I needed some suffering—"  
Rather pitiful words, these. "Perhaps I needed some suffering—" She isn't hard. She is humble. She's hurt, and bewildered.

And it's you who can save her. And it's up to you to save her—because you made her what she is today! Your paid admissions made her one of the great screen stars. Your insistence upon her in "It Girl" roles sentenced her to serve as the hot baby of the movies. Maybe, if she'd had more chances to play the dramatic roles she craved—but that's mere speculation. We're concerned with Clara today—right now. The girl who is the sole survivor of the reckless young phase of the films. The phase when youth and beauty came from squalid homes to Hollywood, land of gold and glory, and were buried in that golden dream. Hollywood is safe and sane today. The present picture girls are, oh, so sensible. They diet, they read books, they go to bed early. Not like Clara. Clara is frantic—free—untamed. She is not afraid to live. She is not a business woman like Norma Shearer. She never had the driving social ambition of a Joan Crawford. She lacks the poise of a Dietrich, the background of a Bankhead. The cold self-possession of a Garbo. She's—just Clara Bow. A little bit of a girl who used to like candy but never had enough of it. And when she could buy herself all she wanted, she ate too much.

But Clara is a part of the motion picture scene. You can't ignore her. You can't say, "Oh, Clara Bow—" and dismiss her with a gesture. Because Clara is real. And she is always news. From the first day she left that Brooklyn brownstone to enter a movie contest, she has been news. And she's not stopping now! Clara will be playing madcap grandmothers in 1960. You can't keep her down. She's too hot, too colorful.

Yes, she is worth saving. In spite of the temperament that has led her across the front pages of every newspaper in the world—in spite of the silliness, the cheapness, the melodramatics, the extravagances. No matter what she has done, she has had a bad break. Screenland believes this. And you believe it, too, if we can judge from the letters that you write to us begging to give Clara Bow another chance.

Did audiences stay away from Sarah Bernhardt's plays because the Divine Sarah's private life was slightly more colorful than the average? Did the world think any the less of Duse's art because of her confessed love for Gabriele d'Annunzio? In the world of opera, two of the great idols, Caruso and Farrar, bore their share of gossip and publicity—but they never lacked a following. Why, then, should we take Clara's little case too seriously? If she were less colorful she couldn't be Clara.

The red-headed little gamin who has held the spotlight for five years has almost been broken by scandal this time. The most unfortunate day for Clara was that upon which Rex Bell closed the door against Daisy de Voe, secretary-companion to Clara, had the keys changed for the locks, and denied Daisy even a chance to converse with Clara again.

The gambling check incident a few weeks earlier had not aided Clara's cause, but Paramount tried to offset

Clara Bow is not brazenly hardened by her misfortunes. She is hurt, bewildered. In "Kick In" she proves that she is a better actress than ever. This story tells you just how she feels today—her hopes and fears for her screen future.
Clara, under the care of a physician for months, began to break seriously. A rest in the desert seemed to help things, and the studio had decided to risk one more picture, "The Secret Call," with Charles Starrett, from the New York stage. Work began on Friday, May 1st. On Sunday the cook discovered Clara weeping in wild hysterics, her nerves finally out of all control, and Rex Bell called the doctor, who had her immediately removed to the Glendale Sanitarium.

An official bulletin was issued to the effect that Clara Bow was suffering from complete nervous breakdown and could not hope to recover for several months. The studio announced her withdrawal from any further pictures at present. As her contract with Paramount will be up next December anyway, the studio had already been hesitating about renewing it. This breakdown seems to decide the matter finally.

Too many men conspired to complicate life for Clara. Her sister actresses of Hollywood are not blameless in this tragedy, for they held aloof socially, in fact, almost ostracized the flamboyant little (Continued on page 117)
CAGNEY!

James Cagney's scrap book is all blank sheets after the first twelve pages!

Every actor keeps a scrap book—you might be surprised to know what a store they set by them—but Cagney's is, so far as the memory of interviewers runneth not to the contrary, the emptiest one in existence. It covers, in eloquent brevity, a period of more than five years, since that eventful autumn morning in New York in 1925 when Cagney found his name featured in every review of the play "Outside Looking In" which had opened the night before at the Greenwich Village Theatre.

If Cagney is without any particular pride in the past, as evidenced by the scantiness of the clippings he has seen fit to include in his scrap book, he has some confidence in the future. It is a big book and the blank pages run on to great numbers.

A considerable number of them can be used to hold the complimentary things that are being said about him in New York papers and elsewhere for his work in "The Public Enemy," the first picture in which he has played the leading role.

In six years Jimmy Cagney saved only twelve pages of notices. Within six days after the opening of "The Public Enemy" the possible material for additions to the book exceeded all the previous copy he had pasted in.

The young red-headed character actor claims that he is "shanty Irish." He admits it freely and smilingly, while carrying the wing collar he hates to wear, from scene to scene in sequences in which he appears in dinner clothes. The collar goes on just before the cameras start to grind and comes off only seconds after the director says "cut."

But if Cagney is "shanty Irish," his shanty was a four-storied one because he was born in a New York tenement district and spent much of his youth there. His boyhood companions were boys who later became gangsters, racketeers and criminals. One of them has been hanged. Several are dead. Others are in prison. But James Cagney and three brothers were taken in hand by a mother who made no compromise with right and wrong.

The family (Continued on page 102)
WE WANT good leading men—and we want them bad!

Here we have all these new girls—Dietrich, Tallulah, Elissa Landi, Sylvia Sidney, Carman Barnes, and soon Lil Dagover—to keep up the feminine tradition. Grand new girls—exciting—glamorous—lovely. But where, oh where, are the new Colmans and Coopers, the Powells and the Barthelmess's (we simply can't spell that out), the Holmeses and Montgomerys and the Ayreses? Yes, I know these are tongue-twisters; but we're terribly, terribly serious about all this. Something has got to be done. And soon.

Out in Hollywood today there are very few new and dashing heroes to play with these new and lovely ladies. Oh, there are enough actors—there always have been and always will be. But where among them will you find the male equivalent of our Garbo or our Dietrich or our Landi? Is there a thrill in a carload? Look them over and see.

**NEW MEN WANTED in Hollywood**

In the interests of all the eager young ladies of the moving picture audience, we have asked the young men of Hollywood to assemble more or less in a body and be reviewed. It isn't at all fair to them—we know that; but what can they do? They aim to please or they wouldn't be in pictures. Besides, among them are some glowing exceptions who may turn into potential Colmans and Coopers before our very eyes. And they are just the boys we have been looking for!

Don't be bashful, boys. And don't crowd, girls. We're all just one big quarrelsome family. Some of us like that grinning young man in you upper left-hand corner; others may prefer that soulful-eyed gentleman to the right. Let's all get together and have an argument. But no biting and scratching, please.

To begin, Mr. Pat O'Brien, step right up here, please. Will you move your head just a little bit to the left? There—that's better. Now, Mr. O'Brien will tell us all about himself. What? Oh, you won't, Mr. O'Brien? Well, then we'll have to tell on you. And how will you like that? It doesn't matter. You can't deny that you were born and brought up in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and educated at Marquette U, where you studied law
Where are all the new men to keep up with the new girls? Will some of the boys assembled here supply the demand? The Editor wants to know!

By Delight Evans

and starred in football. Then—stock companies and finally Broadway, where you won plaudits in “The Up and Up” and “Overture,” until Howard Hughes bought your contract from a stage producer and brought you to Hollywood and “The Front Page.” You look very good to us, Pat, and if “Personal Maid” with Nancy Carroll gives you half a chance, you’re with us to stay. Married? Yes.

It isn’t Joel McCrea’s fault that he has been most widely publicized as Connie Bennett’s current crush rather than as a good actor. He’s such a big, good-looking kid that we’re apt to overlook his ability as a trumper. But in “Born to Love” he shows signs of acting talent. He’s a Hollywood boy who has made good in his own home town.

A far, far different type is Spencer Tracy. From the stage, where he scored in “The Last Mile,” Tracy brings a real punch to pictures as you know if you saw him in “Up the River,” “Quick Millions,” “Six Cylinder Love,” or the forthcoming “Goldie,” with Jean Harlow. He prefers heavy leads. Threw his hat away as soon as he came to Hollywood. He’s married to Louise Treadwell and they have one son, five years old. The real thing, Spencer Tracy.

Ivor Novello has made the girls’ hearts beat a little faster—a little faster? pardon us, a whole lot faster!—by his Latin good looks, his English accent, and his fine technique in stage plays. He made one silent movie in America, D. W. Griffith’s “The White Rose,” with Mae Marsh; and many movies in England. He should be good in M-G-M films if he has the right sort of romantic rôle. He’s an older, wiser Novarro, if you want comparisons. Not married.

Two of the most promising and picturesque new young men in Hollywood today are James Cagney and Clark Gable. In fact, they are so darned good they get stories by themselves, because we’re getting so many letters crying for information about them. If you want to know our private opinion, these are the two boys most likely to succeed in 1932. But we don’t like to play favorites. In fact, we flatly refuse. So—on with the show!

There’s Charles Starrett. It’s hard to tell about him, because he has always been pretty much part of the background in every picture in which he has appeared—not that it’s his fault, you understand. Remember him in “The Royal Family of Broadway”? He can do better than that. He played football at Dartmouth, made his screen début in Richard Dix’s “The Quarterback,” had his best part so far in “Fast and Loose” with Miriam Hopkins, and is (Continued on page 126)
There comes a time, a moment, in a scene, when an actress working up to the emotional crisis of a picture, makes a decision. It is made in a second. It is made without her volition, by that something within her which has ever been pushing her forward, which has from her first thinking days restlessly sought for expression. And this decision made between the swings of a pendulum will decide her whole future, will determine whether her name shall be an immortal name of the theatre or whether she will be forgotten. It is perhaps the most important decision of her life, this conclusion that she arrives at so hur-
riedly, but for all that she can exert no influence upon the matter by thinking; wisdom and calculation clamor in vain. Her judgment, her hopes, her plans fall from her and the actress that she is, takes possession.

The question that springs to her mind is this: “Shall I throw myself into this scene and really look and behave and feel as the girl would, or shall I remember to keep an expression that will not be bad for the camera?” Before the scene starts they argue the matter out with their subconscious selves and they placate and subdue the artistic scruples of the actress soul, but all to no purpose. When the great moment of the crisis arrives, wisdom, plans, all go flying before this mad woman who raves like one possessed, as indeed she is. But before we bewail the lost virtues which have so hurriedly gone scuttling away, look upon the picture that we have. Often it is a gem of pure Art. And the moment when the actress abandoned all hope of being pretty, practical and wise, threw the whole schedule out of the window and “let herself go,” was the moment when she entered into her kingdom, wrote her name in electric lights and in the book of the great, and justified her existence.

Such a moment arrived for Clara Bow way back in the dear, dead days of the silents. Clara had made herself a little place with “Down to the Sea in Ships,” but nothing to establish her, only enough, in fact, to win her a chance. Then came “Black Oxen.” In this play Clara set the speed record for flappers and has flapped ever since because of it, but the great moment was when Clara in a terrific arraignment of her mother shook herself free from every restraint and lived her part dramatically, thrillingly, and unforgottably. Her chin stuck out, those black eyes flashed. The frenzied jerking unschooled movements meant something and they meant that something with a vehemence that roused the most lethargic spectator. The great moment arrived for Clara, and in spite of the fact that she knew that she mustn’t look so and mustn’t do that, nothing could stop her. Clara Bow, Actress, took command, and that scene in “Black Oxen” became a treasured memory for everyone who saw it.

The greatness of an actress is shown not by beauty but by ugliness.
WHAT CHANCE

You saw Bobby Coogan in "Skippy." Will he be a million dollar movie kid like big brother, Jackie? Read the answer in one of the finest stories that ever came out of Hollywood.

"The part I liked best about acting in 'Skippy' was the clothes, because they were very dirty and mostly holes. When I act in another picture I hope my clothes will be much more dirtier and much more holier."

Bobby Coogan

In the accompanying story you will read just what Jackie Coogan thinks of his baby brother's bid for the screen kid crown he himself once wore.

If you were a Jackie Coogan fan ten years ago, there is something of a thrill awaiting you in the film version of the cartoon strip "Skippy." It comes after Skippy's mother tells him not to go over the railroad tracks and he crosses under them to enjoy the forbidden delights of "Shantytown."

There Skippy meets up with a tattered little waif named Sooky—and I hereby caution you to hold your hats and don't stand up. Because your eyes are going to bug out at a familiar Dutch bob, haunting big brown orbs, and an immense torn cap with the bill flopping over one cheek—to all intents and purposes, the Jackie Coogan of "Daddy" and "The Rag Man."

A rapid mental calculation assures you that this is 1931 and that the former child idol of the screen may at the moment be boning over a trigonometry assignment—or possibly hacking himself up with a razor. A belated glance at your program notes will inform you that Sooky is played by "Robert Coogan." Thus your thrill is elucidated but not dispelled. The Dutch bob and wistful eyes continue to fascinate even after you know they aren't a hallucination.

You might be interested to know that this little actor had a startling experience two years ago which was quite analogous to the pleasant shock he has just given you. When he was four years old, Robert was taken to his first movie—a revival of "The Kid"—made when Jackie was four. He was spellbound by the antics of the child on the screen. They told him it was his brother—but he knew that couldn't be so, because his brother was big and old and had short hair—and anyway he was 'way off at military school.

Robert could see that the boy on the stage (he didn't know it was a picture) was little and had bobbed hair and looked exactly like himself! By some strange projection of childish imagination, he decided the little boy was himself—that was the only possible explanation. And when it came to the scene where Jackie is separated from his vagabond foster father and forced into the orphan asylum conveyance, Robert threw his arms around his mother and screamed, "Mother, don't let them take me away in that black box! I don't want to go away."

Later, he saw Jackie make a personal appearance in his cadet uniform during the showing of "Tom Sawyer." The picture started the moment Jackie left the stage. Robert was dumbfounded. "How did my brother change his clothes so quickly?" he queried.
has a second COOGAN?

By Weldon Melick

From these incidents, you will infer correctly that Robert is rather unsophisticated. He is bright—and the most perfectly belayed miniature gentleman you could ever hope to run across in this day and age. But except in looks, he is not the Coogan that Jackie was at six. At an age when his brother loved chess and checkers, this youngster is still playing with dolls.

He doesn’t have the savoir faire that Jackie had acquired before he was half Robert’s age. But he does have something his older brother never had—an unspoiled sweetness, a charming innocence that Jackie’s premature wisdom robbed him of.

That quality has rarely, if ever, been brought to the screen before, so we can’t predict its possibilities of captivating an audience. But if you stop and think, you will realize that precocity is sometimes distasteful in a child—while innocence never is. Jackie, of course, is the shining example of a child actor who got away with precociousness and made you love it—but only because he was always so marvellously poised, so consummately the actor. You inevitably admired his fine technique.

You won’t admire Robert’s technique. He doesn’t have any. But Paramount studio executives and the first director to work with him are so sure he is going to be another million-dollar kid that they have placed him under three-year contract and are already hunting for a story to suit his individuality.

The diametric difference in the two Coogan personalities may be largely a matter of environment. Jackie started his life as a comparatively poor little boy. He had been earning his own living for four years before he reached Robert’s present age. (That sounds like “Little Bunky” but his mother assured me it wasn’t bunk.) He grew up in hotel rooms and in the wings of vaudeville theatres.

Robert, on the other hand, was reared in a back yard—but oh, what a back yard!—with a swimming pool, miniature golf course, and everything a little boy could wish for, except perhaps the Rocky Mountains. It goes without saying that he had a few more tons of toys than Jackie did to make life interesting—a seventeen-room mansion will hold more toys than a travelling wardrobe trunk. Besides, as already noted, Jackie had professional worries on his little mind to take the place of tiddle-de-winks.

Robert has been sheltered and protected like an orchid. He has the constant attention of a nurse, a luxury Jackie never knew. Every moment of his life is guarded zealously from influences which might tend to destroy the fragile qualities of childhood. One might suspect the Coogans of deciding that one prodigy in the family was enough, and of setting out deliberately to see that their second son should develop more normally.

The product of an entirely different regime from that of his predecessor, Robert is taller and weighs more than Jackie did when he was eight and a half, but is far more youthful than “The Kid” was at four. Jackie talked like an attorney when he still should (Continued on page 114)
IS GLORIA'S GLAMOR GONE?

Her Opinion—
And Another!

By
Ida Zeitlin

GLAMOROUS GLORIA, they used to call her! Golden Gloria! Glittering Gloria. Or any other adjective beginning with a G that described the effect she seemed to create for her huge fan following. And now? Gallant Gloria, they might call her with truth. Or—with equal truth—Glimmering Gloria. Or—more bluntly—Gloria Going Rapidly Downhill.

And yet it isn’t so simple as all that. For somewhere between Gloria in the flesh and Gloria on the screen there stretches a mysterious gap.

Meet Gloria Swanson—a slim, small, attractive, beautifully tailored person with blue-gray eyes—and you come away impressed—admiring her looks, approving her low, pleasant voice, applauding her intelligence, cheering her pluck, marveling at her clear-sightedness, pledging yourself to defend her to the last ditch against all detractors, meanies and oafs who tell you that her day is done. Go to see "Indiscreet," her latest picture, and you come away—(maybe you don’t, but for every one of you who doesn’t there are dozens who do)—sick and sorry at having seen a lady
La Swanson gives you her own frank opinion of her future

you like making a spectacle of herself. And since it's by her shadow, and not her living, personality that Gloria falls or rises, figure it out for yourself.

What wicked magic is there in the screen that changes the soft contours of her face into a hard mask? that transforms her agreeable voice—a "voluptuous" voice, I have heard it called—into a rasping mockery of itself? Worst of all, what has happened to the poised and self-possessed charmer for whom the public clamored so loudly in the old De Mille days that, willy nilly, she was forced to stardom—literally forced, for she was shrewd enough to perceive beyond the dazzling triumph the shadows of a heavy responsibility.

Well, look at "Indiscreet" again and see what's happened to her. The film may prove to be a money-maker. Certainly its New York audiences greeted it with such shrieks of delight as the Marx Brothers needn't have scored. But that's neither here nor there. The laughter may have been a tribute to Gloria's cleverness in selecting a scenario filled with sure-fire slapstick situations, or in surrounding herself with an attractive and competent cast. It wasn't, alas, a tribute to either her competence or attractiveness as an actress. She—the veteran—gave an exhibition of such self-consciousness as would have shamed a novice. She smirked and she capered. She crushed the comedy scenes flat beneath an avalanche of coyness, and she hammed the dramatic ones. From little Barbara Kent to Big Ben Lyon there wasn't a member of her cast who, in ease and naturalness before the camera, didn't outpoint the Once gorgeous Gloria.

You see what's happened to her, but you don't know why it's happened. Are the talkies responsible? According to Gloria, no. "The microphones have never bothered me," she says. "Naturally when I made my first test, I was nervous, but when I'm actually playing and singing, I'm conscious of nothing but the part. After all, even in the silent days we had to do a certain amount of talking to put the scene over. The only difference is that now the audience hears it and then they didn't. But so far as the actor's concerned, the technique is the same."

It sounds reasonable enough, and deepens the mystery of why a person who says she's conscious of "nothing but the part" should give the impression of being conscious of nothing but herself.

Is the passing of time to blame? You would never say so to look at her. I defy anyone to detect in the smooth oval of her face the least sign of the fading of youth. Whatever the screen may show is the work of the disfiguring camera. Gloria herself is still radiant. Besides, even if she weren't, why should that make her stiff and unnatural? The years should have brought her assurance and authority, and not a schoolgirl's gaucherie minus its charm. Can it be some subconscious fear that takes this way of revealing itself? Whatever heartbreak the disfiguring years may bring to the average woman must be intensified a hundredfold for the woman whose public life depends on her youth and beauty. "What shall I do without my pretty face?" cried Scott Fitzgerald's heroine, and many a movie star must have echoed that piteous cry.

Yet nothing could be saner or more admirable than Gloria's expressed views on the subject. "Why worry about age?" she says. "Like any woman I'd like to stay young forever, but wishing won't do it, so——" and she finishes with a shrug. "I have my moods of depression, but they're neither so black nor so frequent as they used to be. After all, you grow older along (Continued on page 99)
Those Little Gay Homes in the West!

Summer stars—and some are not, but everyone in Hollywood has a little beach "cottage"  

By Alma Whitaker

This is the month when the stars can enjoy their beach cottages for more than mere weekends. Cottage is an all-too-modest name for some of them, which are almost palaces.

Consider, for instance, the beach home of little Marion Davies at Santa Monica—thirty rooms, two garages to house thirty cars, butlers, cooks, housemaids! Marion's real home is in Beverly Hills, and she also owns an apartment in Paris. But it is at Santa Monica that she does most of that luxurious entertaining for which she is so famous.

It stands behind massive walls, a giant Georgian colonial house with huge white columns and is guarded from the curious by four guards, day and night. It is at the foot of a high cliff, right on the ocean front. The three gates are kept bolted. Above the two garages are the servants' quarters—handsome enough for, say, any newspaper woman!

Once through the entrance the eye greets an exquisite garden, with a fountain that plays colored lights at night. No flowers ever die in this garden; each season they are replaced by gorgeous blooms. Exquisite hand-made laces adorn the windows and French doors.

In the entrance hall six life-size portraits of Marion in her favorite roles by famous artists, hang above little tables which form altars. On these and throughout the house stand flowering growing orchids. When they cease to flower, they are exchanged for others. They are valued at from $500 to $1000 a plant. Peerless Oriental rugs, luxurious divans, brocaded drapes enhance this scene, as they do throughout the house. Many of them especially woven for this famous young lady. The whole of the second floor wall is hand-painted with historical scenes.

The reception room is done in peacock blues and gold. A hand-sculptured marble table adorns the center, and a great carved mantelpiece, bijou tables of great value, gorgeous lamps abound.

The gold room is utterly regal, sixty feet long, with a gold leaf ceiling that cost $50,000 alone. Ten throne-like chairs are set at austere intervals down each side, shimmering chandeliers form the lighting, and four rare paintings hang upon the walls. The grand piano was specially done by a Japanese artist. The fireplace is a veritable shrine of beauty.

The Marine Room is the playroom, with gorgeous views on two sides, through many glass doors, overlooking the swimming pool. A carved table bears a royal crest. Wood for the walls was imported from Europe, and drapes are of costly brocade in rose.

The dining room is one hundred feet long, and contains four huge dining tables, each to seat twelve people. High-backed chairs give an impression of imperial splendor. The ceiling is carved, and gold candleabras hang from it. A fifty foot sideboard is weighed down with antique silver, bearing the crests of the royal houses of Europe, the Hapsburgs, the Romanoffs, the
Holzolzerns, etc. Marion's English butler rules supreme here, custodian of the keys and the servants. His name is Albert May and he spells it "Hein Hay Why!" He, too, formerly served the great in Europe. Two original Sir Joshua Reynolds pictures hang in glorious aloof majesty.

The library is another huge room, lined with such valuable books that they are kept behind gilded grills, to which the butler holds the key. The books were all especially bound in red morocco. Here too, motion picture apparatus is concealed, so that private views of pictures may be enjoyed.

The breakfast room is homey and folksy—sunny, gay with old Sheraton and criss-cross curtains and lots of precious old china in corner cabinets.

The pantry and kitchen are a sheer housewife's delight—the butler says he can serve one hundred people without embarrassment—and often does. Oh, you should see the lovely silver, chinaware, linen, glass!

Each of the ten master bedrooms on the two floors above are carried out in different periods—thus there is a Napoleonic, an Italian Renaissance, old English, old Colonial and so on, perfect in every detail. All have sumptuous bathrooms—twin-bed rooms having twin bathrooms. Marion's own room is strictly colonial, done in mulberry and ruffles, a huge four-poster bed, and an old hand-made coverlet. But beside her bed stands a little table with magnesia, aspirin, seidlitz powders—just like the least among us! And in her gorgeous black marble bathroom, an alarm clock hangs beside the mirror—so after all she is still the slave of a clock like the rest of us.

Leading from this is Marion's sun-porch—an utterly delightful place—comfy chairs, a jolly desk, tables with sewing baskets and books, chocolates, magazines.

(Continued on page 118)
PENT HOUSE

A love story about some picture people you have never met before—with an entirely new angle on the most fascinating business in the world!

By

Paula Gould

Illustrated by Addison Burbank

They stepped out on the terrace of the penthouse. Neither felt the cold; they were young, and their blood was hot and eager. They stood with their hands locked together.

She lunged to him, tenderly, passionately.
"Gerry, don't go."
"Dear heart, come with me. Say you'll come."
"I can't. You know I can't."

His body stiffened. He released her gently. "Let's get out of here, then. The room is stifling. Let's go out on the terrace."

They closed the door behind them, and stepped out on the terrace of the penthouse. Snow was falling in large, soft flakes. New York looked like a fairy village made of sugar icing. Lights twinkled on the Palisades; the clock on the Paramount Tower said twelve-thirty. The snow made little jewel-like crystal flowers on the girl's black hair; it made the red, thick hair of the boy look pale and silvery. Neither felt the snow or the cold; they were young, and their blood was hot and eager. They stood with hands locked together, and both, automatically, looked toward the Battery. They could see nothing; the city was an indefinite blur of white, sparkling with tiny lights that looked like huge fireflies. But there, downtown, at the end of the city, was the Battery. The Battery, where the boats went far, far away...

Angela Calvert knew that it was neither sensible nor honorable for a girl to bring her lover to her office at midnight. But where else could they go, after the theatre? Where could a man and a girl go in New York, if they wanted to be alone?

Gerald March shared a three room apartment with his mother; Angela shared hers with her mother and younger sister.

There was the penthouse; glamorous, invested with romance because it was not a penthouse in which people lived, but one in which they worked. When Don Bosinney left the cattle business in Montana and charged into the motion picture industry in New York with the ferocity of a bull at the sight of a red flag, Supreme Pictures, which he bought, was housed on the thirtieth floor of a huge sky-scaper on the corner of 50th Street and Broadway. With the impulse and daring that were so characteristic of him in the five years in which he bought, sold and merged picture companies as other men buy coats, hats and shoes, he called a meeting of executives one morning and announced that the organization would move one floor higher. When one of the vice-presidents timidly suggested that there was nothing but the roof to move to, Bosinney announced with a chuckle that work on a million dollar penthouse would be started immediately.

Three months later, one hundred and thirty-five Supreme employees moved into the completed penthouse. The wise mob on Broadway said it was another of Bosinney's dramatic gestures. But Don Bosinney's employees, who adored him, said it was romantic, thrilling, glaminor-
Love or a career? Which did Angela choose?

ous. And why not? Wasn’t it nicer to be a stenographer for a motion picture company in a penthouse than a stenographer for a cloak and suit house on the third floor of a loft? We’ll tell the world!

But Angela Calvert, who was his press agent, knew why Don Bosinney moved his employees into a penthouse. Because Bosinney lived in a flat, rambling house in Westchester; because Bosinney was fascinated with the skyscrapers of New York and because he wanted the thrill of being on top of the world, both actually and figuratively.

But the penthouse did more than inflate the ego of a multi-millionaire and thrill a corps of office workers. It brought life to Angela Calvert, who was perhaps the prettiest and most intelligent girl in the motion picture industry in New York. It brought life to a girl who was so avid, so eager, so hungry that sometimes she was afraid the fire in her heart, the passion for living would consume her. Her friends, her intimates laughed the rare times she told them this. But Gerald March didn’t laugh. Gerry took her face between his hands when she told him and sighed, and looked a little sad. Then he gently kissed her. Gerry understood. He understood everything. And tomorrow Gerry was going away . . .

They were back in the penthouse, wiping the snow from their hair, their clothes. Angela’s office, tiny, compact, with an open fireplace, looked like the window of a shop that specializes in antique Colonial furniture. The room was papered in a flower design in blue and rose against a white background. There was the fireplace, and the andirons of brass, the secretary of maple, with a typewriter on it, the small couch covered in chintz, a swivel chair of maple and two tables with small, old fashioned brass lamps on them. These lamps Angela now lighted. There was a soft, dim look about the room. The logs crackled in the fireplace: a bowl of roses on the desk sent out a sweet and heavy fragrance. The snow fell heavier, faster; the wind moaned as though its heart were breaking.

And suddenly, she was in his arms again.

“Give up the job, Angela, and come with me,” he whispered, as his lips caressed her eyes, her cheeks, her neck. “You’ve had trouble with Cummings and it will be worse later, Angela, come with me!”

It was she who now sought his lips with hers. “I want to, Gerry. I do! But I can’t give up the job. I can’t! I love it so!”

He drew away from her embrace.

“Let’s sit down and talk this thing over,” He frowned, but drew her to his knee as he sat down in the swivel chair before the desk.

He held her to him. When she looked at his profile her heart did strange things in her body. There was something about the look of him with those blue eyes and that wicked, auburn hair and his long, thin body that always set her on fire. Angela knew suddenly that this was the happiest moment of her life. She must hold on to it and make it last. She couldn’t let him go tomorrow. She couldn’t!

“You care more about the job than about me,” he said bitterly.

“No, Gerry, no!”

“Yes, Angela, yes!” His voice was mocking, angry. She rose and stood leaning against the desk, staring down at him.

“That’s not fair, Gerry.”

“Why isn’t it fair? You’re crazy about all this”—his hands swept the tiny office—“you’re crazy about being the great Don Bosinney’s press agent! You’re crazy about the flattery, the adulation you get here. From six, eight men. You love the feeling of superiority it gives you to get a two hundred dollar check every Saturday! You can’t give up half a dozen men for one man, or a two hundred dollar check for one hundred which you would have to share with someone else. I don’t blame you, Angela. You’re waiting for some great director, or writer to fall in love with you!” His voice grew louder, his checks flushed. “You girls in the picture business are all alike. Nobody pleases you but three thousand dollar a week directors. Big reputations! Million dollar bank accounts! Oh, Angela, you can’t do this to me!”

Her fingers touched his cheek softly, gently. “Gerry, I do love you. I do! I do!”

“Then why don’t you come with me? Paris in the spring. Angela! Can’t you picture it, and you and I together? And then London! And later Vienna! Angela, we won’t have much, but we’ll be so happy!”

“Don’t. Gerry. I can’t stand it.”

“We can be married in the morning. And you can send Bosinney a cable from the boat! I can picture his face when he gets it! Say you’ll do it, Angela, please!”

“I can’t do that to Mr. Bosinney. I can’t, Gerry. He’s been too sweet to me.”

“Angela, I love you. Bosinney doesn’t. Neither does Cummings or anyone else in this outfit. They

Gerry

When she looked at his profile her heart did strange things in her body. There was something about the look of him with those blue eyes and that auburn hair that always set her on fire.
need you now; you’re useful to them. That’s why they tell you how wonderful you are, and that’s why Bosinney gives you a Colonial office for a Christmas gift. But wait! They won’t need you always. Then see what happens!

"Stop it! You’re jealous and bitter, and trying to make me bitter, too!"

"No, my dear, I’m only trying to make you see reason. All right, keep your job."

"Gerry! Don’t let’s spoil our last evening together! You may come back, you know."

"Not a chance. Williams did the best he could for me after the reorganization. Foreign correspondent is the only possible post on the paper. I go to stay."

She drew him to the window again.

"Look! It’s two o’clock. We ought to go. It will take hours to get home in this storm. I have the British booking story to write first thing in the morning."

He groaned.

"Stay a little while longer—just a few moments—and I’ll write the story for you. Stand there, against the wall, with the firelight in your face. I want to think of you as I last saw you. Does Cummings ever tell you how pretty you are?"

"No," demurely. "But he always tells me how clever I am!"

He pulled her to him roughly. "Angela, let’s stay here tonight." His eyes were drugged. They held hers.

A little shiver ran through her from head to foot. "If you wish, Gerry."

"You mean, you would?"

"Why not? I love you."

You would, knowing that I’m leaving tomorrow? That I may never see you again?"

"Yes, Gerry, of course."

"You’re wonderful, Angela. Wonderful." He looked at her steadily for a moment, then took her coat from the hanger and held it for her.

"Come on, get into this and let’s go before I forget my manners. Come on," angrily, as she stood staring at him. "What are you waiting for?"

"You’re a strange boy, Gerry. I can’t understand you."

"That’s because I’ve got red hair. No, sweet, it was my error. It just occurred to me that you might feel differently about it tomorrow."

"I meant what I said. I want to stay."

"Well, I don’t. Come along, or I’ll let you go home alone."

Neither said a word in the thirty floor ride in the self-service elevator. The snow had stopped. Broadway, white and winding, was deserted. The siren of a taxi honked shrilly in the distance. The electric signs were blurred and dim. Like my eyes, like my heart, thought Angela. I’ll cry all night.

"Taxi, sweet?"

"No, let’s walk. It’s so near."

A few more moments with him... Tomorrow, at this time! Don’t think of it... She took his hand. Not a word was spoken in the walk to 52nd and Park. At the door of her apartment house, he said gruffly:

"Angela, won’t you come with me?"

"Don’t, Gerry!"

"Goodby, darling." He took her hand, then dropped it quickly. "I’d better be going now."

"Gerry, you’ll write?"

"What for? Letters are so silly.

Write me. Gerry. Once."

"All right." He stooped quickly, and kissed her lightly on (Cont. on page 108)
Screenland's Star Shadow Contest

$2,500.00 in PRIZES

Fit the stars to their shadows

It costs nothing to enter and you may win one of the twenty prizes

ON THE next pages are the shadows, but where, oh where are the stars? They are, of course, somewhere in Screenland, all the stars are.

But can you find them? When you have one located, put your finger on the star and your eye on the directions and learn how you can win a prize.

The prizes are ample to repay you for careful study of the shadows. After all, the originals are right in this copy that you hold in your hand, so that if you study the size and shape of the silhouettes you ought to be able to select the photographs which would just fit these shadows.

This contest began in July Screenland. Back copies may be had by addressing Contest Department, Screenland, 45 West 45th St., New York City. See next page—try for a prize.

FOLLOW THE DOTTED LINE!

Neil Hamilton knows the stars, and knows their shadows, but he never sew them separated before. Can you re-unite them?
HERE ARE THE

STAR

SHADOWS

Can You Find the Stars? They Are Somewhere in This Issue

If you correctly combine the stars with their shadows, you are eligible to enter the contest. There is nothing else required to win even the $1,000 prize; no letter to write

THE Star Shadow Contest which began last month is again before you with tantalizing shadows. To whom do these shadows belong? The photographs which are exactly the same size and shape are printed in this issue.

That does not mean that they are printed without a background. On the contrary, there may be backgrounds and in fact the person whose head will fit a shadow may be one of a group. If, however, you can spot the original of the shadow and can arrange it with its shadow as directed, you will be eligible to be considered for a prize.

After you have looked through Screenland and have found the heads which are the right size and shape, you must put them upon the shadows, neatly. Then the pasted heads with their names beneath must be sent in to this office. However, do not rush in your answers until the contest is completed. It would be fatal to your chances, for the entire series of Star Shadows—(there will be 16 in all)—must be sent in at the same time.

In filling in the name of the picture, that is, the name of the star, you may typewrite the name or it can be written in, but the correctness and neatness count in the final selection of the prize winners. Read the rules and consider carefully all the requirements. It is a test of your intelligence and a test of your skill, as well. The prize, then, will be won by one possessing quite accurate vision, and it will be a testimonial to his or her carefulness as well.

When you have selected the photograph and fitted it to the shadow, filled in the name and prepared your solutions for mailing, you will have had to use your own sense and taste. Your full collection of solutions will be a real exhibit of your skill and intelligence and it will put you in line for one of the prizes.

In contests of this character it is often interesting...
The Rules of the SCREENLAND Star Shadow Contest:

1. Twenty cash prizes will be paid by SCREENLAND Magazine as follows:

- First Prize: $1,000.00
- Second Prize: $500.00
- Third Prize: $200.00
- Fourth Prize: $100.00
- Fifth Prize: $50.00
- Ten prizes of $50.00 each
- Five prizes of $25.00 each

2. In four issues—July, August, September and October numbers—SCREENLAND in publishing cut puzzle pictures of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Four complete cut puzzle pictures will appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of a silhouette, or shadow. In the same issue of the magazine with this shadow will be a photograph of some actor or actress which will exactly fit the silhouette or shadow. When the photographs are properly located, and pasted upon the shadows, and the names added, there will be sixteen separate portraits. $2,500.00 in prizes as specified in Rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged sets of sixteen portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures have appeared in the October issue. Assembled pictures on the shadows must be submitted in sets of sixteen only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each complete portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all solutions should be sent to The Star Shadow Contest Editor, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Be sure your full name and complete address is written on, or attached to your entry; that your entry is securely packed to guard against damage in transit; and that it carries sufficient postage to avoid delay.

4. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of SCREENLAND Magazine to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in SCREENLAND Magazine, and assemble the copied portrait with the copy of the shadow. Copies of SCREENLAND Magazine may be examined at the New York offices of the Magazine or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying the cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The sixteen cut puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, or their drawn duplicates, must be assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written on or typewritten below.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of SCREENLAND Magazine's staff. Their decision will be final. No solutions by members of the household or anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

7. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered, the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

8. The contest will close at midnight on October 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on October 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with SCREENLAND Magazine. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the October issue, which will be on sale on the nextstand on or about September 30th. The prize winners will be announced in the February 1932 issue of SCREENLAND.

Because of the time and labor required to re-pack and re-ship thousands of entries, it will be impossible to return any of them.

THE STARS THROW THEIR SHADOWS ACROSS YOUR PATH!

not fit the shadow, continue your search, until your patience is rewarded. Then test your skill.

Now get set!

Take one last look at the directions and then on your way through the star-strewn pages of SCREENLAND seeking for the substance for the shadow, the substance in this case being $2,500.00!
LEADING man—by special request of Miss Constance Bennett. Joel McCrea, selected by the star to play opposite her in "Born to Love," was also chosen for "The Common Law."
THE most interesting portrait we have ever seen of Miss Bennett. Don't ask us whose handsome face she sees in the smoke of her cigarette—your guess is as good as ours.
Conchita Montenegro, in "Never the Twain Shall Meet" expresses the freedom which is Beauty and illustrates the new mode that is taking control of the fashions for women of a smartness.

Maria Alba as she insidiously charms in one of those Spanish versions. What, no Spanish! Well, one can understand the dance, anyway. It is the posture of the moment.

FASHIONS ARE GOING NATIVE

But Hula Complain of That?

The SCREEN-Who’s-Who Girls are bending like reeds before the typhoon of the South Sea Island Fashion invasion. Hips are wobbly these days and even the strictest follower of fashion must bend her knees.

The palm trees sway in rhythmic grace as the breezes ruffle the lagoon of the South Sea Isle. The hula girl dances with swaying languid sensuousness. The guitar pleads and entices. It is "Never the Twain Shall Meet" and Conchita Montenegro is dancing. The audible screen has brought the witchery of the islands of Frederick O'Brien to our own movie house, and we are going native.

Ta-da-da-DA, ta-ta-Ta-TA! Oh, to dance and love! Oh, to drink deep of romance and deeper of squareface gin. Glorious Jack
London! Glorious summer, sweet odors and sweeter glances!

It is not to be marvelled at with the allure of the Isles-of-Gay-Abandon on every screen that Paul Poiret, Chandon and Hart, Schaffner & Marx should have felt the urge. They too have their pet yearnings, their hidden life of imagination and after all these years, it has burst forth, and with a mighty surge overthrown Paris and taken command, trampled upon customs, and set up its own dynasty. The waist line has gone Hula! The subtle inviting surrendering bend of the palm shad-

owed dancer has become the mode.

How much of the abandon of the South Seas has been adopted? How far have the smiling easy loving customs of the voluptuous hula girls found supporters among our own screen girls?

Ta-ta-dah-DAH—ta-ta-TAH—da!
Tough guy!
Character studies of that amazing young actor, James Cagney—who isn’t as tough as he looks
Marion gives a party

Jack Gilbert—grim just as wide and ingratiating as ever—and the duskily beautiful Dolores Del Rio. Aren't they a splendid couple? Dolores is stunning in severe black satin, with a bizarre pendant.

A group that fairly glitters! Norma Shearer, Will Hays, Marion, and Irving Thalberg. Marion is wearing one of the girlish, lacy frocks that suit her blonde beauty so well. Note that Marion's only jewelry is a string of pearls—but they're real! While Norma Thalberg is dressed in the most perfect taste and simplicity.

Hedda Hopper, that smart matron, wears a dignified gown of satin and sequins, with long sleeves.
Lily Damita is wearing one of those awfully simple gowns that only a Damita can wear. She, too, scorns adornment, except for the jewelled clasp of her belt. Lily is one of Marion's best friends.

Never think of Ramon Novarro as the life of the party, would you? But Ramon is really a gay lad, and he seems to have Connie Bennett simply fascinated. The rival blonde? Adolphe Menjou's wife, Kathryn Carver.

Marion Davies is always giving parties. She's Hollywood's most lavish hostess. But she doesn't always let our cameraman come in and take pictures of her guests, as she did this time. Glance around and see the stars as they look away from the studios—when they are in party mood and mode. Pick the prettiest girl—is she Norma, Lily, Connie—or the hostess?
FASHIONS FOR FUN!

Connie Bennett in a knockout suit of white flannel skirt and blue jacket, with crêpe blouse and scarf. There's a red note in scarf and hat.

Turkish toweling beach clothes are good. Above, Marian Marsh in her ensemble of red and white. In oval, Marian and Laura La Plante.
Adrian designed the costume Joan Crawford is wearing at the right. White—with gay Roman-striped scarf and cuffs and matching band on the beret. Joan's shoes and bag are particularly smart. A good little dress to copy!

Carole Lombard, below, wears this white cotton mesh frock when she plays tennis with Bill Powell. Her string beret is yellow jersey. Carole always wears socks with her sneakers.

Marian Marsh's beach pajamas borrow ideas from the French fisherman's costume. The under blouse is striped red and white jersey, the bolero is blue flat crêpe with a sailorcollar, matching the extremely full trousers. Marian's sandals are painted wood, blue and red with gold. The hat of blue and white poplin is stitched on the turn-up brim.

Hollywood goes informal this summer
And now we come to the clothes of a perfect summer evening! Lilyan Tashman has selected one of the new backless evening frocks in a white net model, accented with green flowers and rows of green ruching.

Lilyan obligingly turns her back on us so that we can see the décolletage of her gown and the Tashman coiffure of closely clustered curls. It's a rather extreme frock, and unless you feel you have the Tashman flair you'd better be content to admire it but not to copy it!

Dorothy Mackaill's striking version of the lounging pajama has a fitted green shantung jacket, and trousers printed in a bold design in green, gray, and white.

Here's a hat! Yellow, coarse-weave straw with a brown ribbon accenting the bandeau.
Irene Purcell wears dress of white satin showing twin collar finish, and hemline fullness accentuated by cording trimmings.

Lupe Velez is wearing her pet necklace of roped string corals that slip through loops of rhinestones and hang from the choker to waist-length.

Dorothy Mackaill wears a smart little fitted jacket of striped ermine with her afternoon frock of yellow and brown chiffon printed in formal leaf pattern.

Lilyan Tashman, left, in an afternoon ensemble of pink-beige crêpe. Note the large brown hat, long gloves, and brown moire slippers—all smart.

The interesting shoulder idea of Lella Hyams' black evening gown requires no other ornament than rhinestone clips on the upper-arm sleeve. A grand inspiration that makes lovely skin look even whiter!
REMEMBER when Lois occupied the place at Paramount that Mary Brian does now—their sweet, simple ingénue? Well, Lois left those parts far, far behind when she struck out for herself as a dramatic actress. Look at her now!
Lois Talks About Gloria and Ruth!

Miss Wilson, their best friend, gives you intimate close-ups of Swanson and Chatterton

By Ben Maddox

RUTH CHATTERTON is a perfect double for Gloria Swanson! Aw, g'wan with your fairy tales! I suppose Lillian Gish will be given another crack at the talkies because she's such a deadringer for Garbo!

Don't be like that. I know it's a jolt to learn that Ruth and Gloria are as alike as two peas in the same pod. It bowled me over, too, when their best friend told me so. But it seems that they are even twin minds when it comes to picking their best friend. They chose the same one—Lois Wilson!

Ruth and Gloria look, think, act, and live alike. Believe it or not, but you must admit that no one knows us as well as our particular best friend. And, strangely enough, both Ruth and Gloria chose Lois out of all Hollywood to function in this capacity.

In their ups and downs, their triumphs and mistakes, Ruth and Gloria have turned to Lois for companionship and advice. Both Chatterton and Swanson have reigned supreme at the box office. Right now Ruth seems to have the edge. Lois is the right-hand woman in the regal courts which surround them.

And both Ruth and Gloria have had tough sledding. They have dared everything and lost, at times. In the dark moments their most loyal friend was the everfaithful Lois.

Off-hand you wouldn't think Chatterton and Swanson had a thing in common. Ruth with her broad A's is generally considered ultra-refined, swanky, ladyish. Gloria is apparently the other extreme—exotic, moody, sensational. In reality, according to Lois, Ruth is not half so elegant nor Gloria so wild as they have been pictured.

"Disregard their coloring and they have a remarkable physical resemblance to each other," says Lois in beginning her comparison. "In 'Paramount on Parade' Ruth looked more like Gloria than Gloria does herself.

"They were brought up much alike," Lois continues. Most of us have heard that Ruth attended a good private school and that Gloria grew Topsy-fashion. Lois says this is not true.

"Gloria's early days have been misrepresented by the publicity men who have persisted in building a Cinderella legend about her. Both girls went to private schools until their middle 'teens. Each had to make her own way in the world later on, but they both had a good educational start."

So when it comes to intelligence Lois ranks them equal—and on a very high plane.

"Their worst enemies never have accused them of being dumb. Their minds are as quick as a whip. Ruth and Gloria have superior brains. Each is ten times as bright as the average woman.

"Their talk is extremely stimulating. Because they are both exhaustive readers. (Continued on page 113)"
OUR LATEST LITTLE IMPORT!

Here's Lil Dagover, Warners' own entry in the Garbo-Dietrich-Landi race. Lil, dark, lisome, and lovely, is famous on the European screens. Her first American movie will be "I Spy." Watch her!
Clive Brook Confesses!

You've read interviews with him before. But here the usually quiet Brook actually babbles—and reveals some new and interesting facts about himself

By Hazel Hairston

SLEEP? Just something to do when there is nothing more interesting. Clive Brook doesn't believe in it. He would rather read any old day than curl up and steal a little shut-eye. Sometimes he doesn't go to bed for days and days. Late hours, and in fact, almost any hours at all appeal to him. If there is a party on—a small and select one—the host or hostess need never worry about Mr. Brook being the one to break it up with a sudden departure. But more often it is reading, rather than parties, that keeps him awake long after the lights in the other part of the house, or train, are off.

He especially likes train journeys. "Because," he told me, "when I am on the train, take that trip to New York from the Coast, for example, I know there will be no phones ringing, no directors wanting to see me, and no alarm clocks reminding me to be on the set at 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning. I tell you, that is great! You would be surprised how much pleasure most of the screen people get out of that journey across country. And the return trip is just as fine."

Maybe Clive Brook's fondness for late hours is a result of his youth—his early youth. He used to be a reporter, you know. And his love of reading could have easily surpassed his love for sleep. He reads almost anything, provided it is good. Goes in for fourth dimension literature, novels, and biographies. Likes to read in bed.

He writes a little, himself. Is afraid any minute he is going back to writing seriously. Used to write short stories.

Meet Clive Brook, suave and polished, at luncheon at the Paramount Studios on Long Island. He is wearing a brilliant blue dressing gown that makes his gray eyes more blue than gray. His hair is brown, darkened somewhat by the dressing applied to it. He is an Englishman, all of his five feet, eleven inches. Off-screen he appears much younger than on, but his manner is just as polished and his conversation just as crisp.

I was somewhat surprised at his diction. I expected it to be more English. He explained later why it isn't. "When I first came over to America," he said, "many of my friends kidded me about my British accent, and so naturally I became conscious of it and tried to alter it. I must have succeeded because on my first visit back to England my friends said I had turned American, even in dialect."

"Now what I am trying to do is to take the best qualities from each form of speech and combine them. A perfect blending of the English and American methods of speech is the perfect diction. Ronald Colman has achieved it as nearly as anyone I know."

Before the interview with Clive I had been warned by the entire publicity department that he was "a hard guy to talk to." I had been especially warned about asking any questions concerning his personal affairs.

He didn't wait for me to begin. Before we were seated five minutes, he warned me that he would discuss nothing pertaining to love. Only he pronounced it "I-o-v" and put into the saying of it all the scorn he could muster.

"Why must reporters always ask a man about love?" he asked me. "Why is that particular person thinks or does about love of any importance?"

Mr. Brook was interviewing me. I refused to answer.

But, when a screen star refuses to talk of love, that is at least news. So I didn't mind.

"And you can say that Clive Brook has no sex life!" came next.

More news: an Englishman with a sense of humor!

It seems that Mr. Brook's name causes him no end of trouble. Few people know how to pronounce it. The correct way is with a long "I," making it rhyme with "dive." But the majority of people insist on making it rhyme with "leave." His close friends always call him "Cleeve."

(Cont. on page 104)
"I WANT" two hundred dollars!" The words were spoken firmly, though the lips trembled a little. The speaker was a slender, dark-haired girl whose warm brown eyes were shadowed by deliciously curling lashes, and who might have been the 17 she claimed but looked more like 12. The speaker, a poker-faced theatrical producer, gazed down in mild amusement at the glowing young face that suggested an eager doe rather than a hard-headed business woman, and drawled: "I could get Margalo Gillmore for two hundred dollars. How about a hundred?"

What she wanted to do was to fling her arms in Thanksgiving around his neck, to carol with joy at the top of her lungs, to dance a wild dance of triumph. With difficulty she restrained herself. "I thought—" she stammered, "I thought it isn’t who does the part that counts but how it’s done," and wondered if she looked as foolish as she felt. "Anyhow," she added, blushing furiously, "I’ll take the hundred," and went home in a daze of happiness.

A new idea—character stories of the stars! In which you’ll read the most intimate and interesting, never-before published slants on their lives and careers. The first, Claudette Colbert

By

Ida Zeitlin

The girl was Claudette Colbert, who stepped from success on the stage to success on the screen in "The Lady Lies" and "Manslaughter," who has been variously called Paramount’s rising star, the Norma Talmadge of the talkies, the most unaffected actress on the screen and the most considerate one off it. But on that day six years ago, when no one outside her family and small circle of friends had ever heard of her, she didn’t even feel in her heart of hearts that she had the right to call herself an actress. Without money, without experience, without backing or any kind of theatrical connection, this 17-year-old had made up her mind she was going on the stage, and let anyone try to stop her! She had also made up her mind she was going to get $200 a week. Why just two hundred she didn’t know. It had struck her from the first as the proper salary for a self-respecting actress, and she clung to it as a baby clings to his pet elephant. Round and round she walked, from agent to agent, from one producer’s office to the next. "I want $200!" That was her magic formula, her one steadfast rock in a strange, and stormy sea. Sometimes they laughed at her, sometimes they snarled at her, sometimes they offered her less. She could always back water. But next time the question was put, she bobbed up once more. "I want two hundred dollars," she would say sturdily, and in the end she got it—and as much more as made the two hundred look like two bushel cents.

Claudette Colbert has been blessed with many good things. To her native loveliness and charm has been added the rarer gift of intelligence. She thinks straight and she sees clearly. She keeps her sense of proportion in success as in failure. It doesn’t occur to her to clamor for the thousand marks of artificial deference, for the forced lip homage that is meat and drink to so many of her colleagues, because she takes the respect of her fellows as much for granted as she takes her respect for herself. And because she has no use for the fake article, she gets the real thing.

But to see her against the background of her own home explains her better than a mountain of words. It is dusk of a winter’s day, and the quiet, spacious living-room, high above the din of the city, looks out over the bare trees and twinkling lights of the park to the fantastic line of architecture beyond, and on into the deep blue evening sky. The peace without is matched by the peace within. Soft lights, soft colors, furniture so artfully arranged that it seems to melt unobtrusively into
A fresh viewpoint on your film favorites! You think it can't be done? Well, here it is! And not only a new slant but a new writer—Ida Zeitlin, who also wrote the stunning Swanson story.

the background. Yellow roses in a low bowl. A grotesque idol, souvenir of a recent trip to Bali, lurking in the shadow. On the grand piano the photograph of a man with a fine, sensitive face and kindly eyes. A slender, black-gowned lady comes in to greet you—a gray-haired, gently-bred lady, with pearls at her throat and ears, and an air of old-world dignity and grace that lends the final note of perfection to a perfect room.

"I am Claudette's mother," she says in her charmingly scented English. "She will be not long. I am sorry she eses late, but I ope you will excuse 'er." And you excuse her freely for her mother's sake as well as for her own.

Madame Colbert talks to you of this and that, only not of Claudette until you ask her. Then she answers your questions willingly enough, yet always with a touch of reserve. She cannot control the lighting up of her face when her daughter's name is mentioned, but she can and does control the expression of her feeling to a stranger. Claudette enters, slight, vivid, her face, like a freshly washed flower, holding humor as well as sweetness. Her small hand is extended in friendly welcome before she stoops to greet her mother, who adores her in silence.

"If you want me to begin at the beginning," she says, when the preliminaries have been disposed of, "then I must begin with my father. He started it all when he decided to bring us to America after his business in Paris failed."

Claudette was six, her brother Charles thirteen, when her father turned his back on the country he knew and loved, and set out with his wife and children to try his luck in a strange land. The luck was elusive at first, and only Madame Colbert could have told how, with her French genius for home-making, she managed to keep her family not merely fed and clothed, but healthy and content on practically nothing a week. But after a while the new land proved friendly enough, if not exactly prodigal of her favors, and Claudette's happy, uneventful childhood was spent in a comfortable household whose lack of luxury was more than compensated by the atmosphere of warmth and graciousness that her mother knew so well how to create.

Though their home had been transplanted to New York, it was still in all its essentials a French home. Claudette lived the life of the sheltered jeune fille in the bosom of her family, and because her parents were wise as well as loving, and because she had no need to look beyond her own four walls for the gaiety and laughter and sympathetic companionship that young people crave, "this new freedom" meant nothing to her and she didn't miss it.

Nevertheless, there was a difference between the Claudette Colbert who grew up in America and the (Continued on page 119)
LOOK OUT, YOU

Such a sweet little hand, and yet so bare! Won't one of the 38 step up and slip a nice big solitaire on the right finger? Incidentally, to whom does this hand belong? She's one of the prettiest ingenues in Hollywood, and she has set her cap for one of these boys. We're not telling which one.

Claudia Dell, with Hollywood's favorite literature. But Claudia herself isn't angling.

38 rich and eligible bachelors, in a city of so many beautiful girls! It can't last. In fact, by the time you read this, some of these boys may have fallen. Which one?

HOLLYWOOD may not be a happy hunting ground for husbands, but the Hollywood woods are full of matrimonial prizes, just the same. Take comedians alone:

From Charlie Chaplin to little Eddie Quillan, they seem to be inlaid with much fine gold.

Charlie Chaplin, being ballyhooed as the world's greatest funny man, gets top prices for every picture he makes, and his pictures go right on selling year in and year out, like "Alice in Wonderland." He owns much real estate, too, some of it, like his studio, being so strategically situated that business has moved up to its door and doubled or trebled its value.

Of course, Mildred Harris and Lita Grey didn't seem to get along with him as nicely as might have been expected, but from a gold standard isn't he a prize?

Mack Sennett has more than a million dollars invested in California real estate, including a skyline ranch in Hollywoodland, eighteen acres in Studio City on which the new Sennett Studio is built, and the old acreage in Edendale where the bathing beauties originated, now valuable business property. His mother lives on the 450 acre Sennett Ranch in Dansville, Quebec, which has been in the family for more than 200 years, and supervises the maple sugar industries and asbestos mines that flourish on the ranch.

Aside from real estate, Mr. Sennett is an active producer of comedies that are going over in a big way, has his own sound and color processes and uses very little red ink in his ledgers.

He has never been married but is a most delightful escort.

Can some bright girl annex him?

William Haines not only draws a handsome salary each week for being amusing on the talking screen, but owns a prosperous antique and interior decorating shop on the side.

To show that Bill is a crafty business man, let me tell you that he happened to hear of a collection of alabaster vases coming to the Pacific Coast one morning and before afternoon he had bought the whole shipment and cornered the market to the healthy profit of his shop.

Bill also possesses a home in Hollywood, filled with interesting furniture, and knows how to buy priceless -

Carl's biggest boy star, Lew Ayres—still a bachelor, and he just had a raise!

The boy producer, Carl 'Junior' Laemmle of Universal City. Girls, girls!
HOLLYWOOD BACHELORS!

By

Ruth Tildesley

things. A good catch for some enterprising female, Jack Oakie’s sole family consists of his mother. They rent their house and invest his money in securities. Jack says he isn’t extravagant, but he could be if he liked and still not spend all his salary.

That highly paid comedian, Eugene Pallette, has a home and a car that any girl might fancy. In addition, he has a trailer consisting of a little house on wheels complete with bunks and kitchen, the bunks folding back to form a comfortable sitting room. In this equipage, Eugene sallies forth to the wilds. No wife, so far, has saluted forth with him.

Stuart Erwin says he has never been in love. He earns a fine salary, lives in a bachelor apartment, has a car and saves his money.

People seem to think that Eddie Quillan supports his huge family, but that isn’t true. Eddie’s money is invested conservatively by Eddie’s father, who is business manager for the Quillans, all of whom work, and any girl who wins this matrimonial prize won’t hear the wolf howling at her door.

Drawing an enormous salary is no guarantee that a young man is a good “catch.” During Lew Ayres’ first year in the big time, he didn’t save a cent and found himself, at the end of it, in debt.

“This won’t do,” said Lew to Lew. So he got a manager, who allowed Lew a reasonable amount to live on and invested the surplus for him. At this rate, Lew will soon be independent.

Russell Gleason needed no manager to guide him. Pathé pays him a thousand dollars a week, and when the studio gave him a contract three years ago, the canny youth bought an annuity that will make him independent at the age of 25. Russell lives at home, draws only $15 a week spending money, and has decided to leave pictures in two years’ time, go to Oxford to study for the succeeding two and prepare himself for a career in writing. In another four years he may look over the (Continued on page 123).
Reviews of the

Six Best Films of the Month:

SEED       SMART MONEY
THE SMILING LIEUTENANT FAME
A FREE SOUL YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID

Turn to page 93 for casts of current films

Lionel Barrymore, Norma Shearer, and Clark Gable in "A Free Soul" give splendid performances.

Maurice Chevalier, in "A Smiling Lieutenant," has two heroines—Miriam Hopkins and Claudette Colbert.

Edward Robinson, Noel Francis, and James Cagney in "Smart Money," in which Robinson scores.

A Free Soul

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Another smash for Norma Shearer. Her part in "A Free Soul" is an actress' holiday—it combines the daring of "Strangers May Kiss" and the drama of "Mary Dugan." Kisses and court-room confessions—and Norma plays every scene as if this were her first big part and she had to make good. That's her success secret—a sincerity that makes her throw herself into each new rôle and give it her best. She plays, here, the beloved daughter of a noted criminal lawyer whose weakness—straight Scotch—is translated in her character into a craving for Clark Gable, a high-powered gambler whose wife father—Lionel Barrymore—defends and saves. How father and daughter join forces to fight for each other makes poignant drama. Gable and Barrymore score.

The Smiling Lieutenant

Paramount

Right now I'll warn you that this isn't another "Love Parade" so that you won't go expecting too much. Then when you do see this new Lubitsch-Chevalier show you'll like it. It's always good fun, with Maurice as an irresistible young Viennese officer in love with a girl violinist, Claudette Colbert, but pursued by a princess, Miriam Hopkins. With a true love like Claudette you'll wonder why he'd marry the princess—until the picture tells you in a series of smart, amusing scenes. Those "Lubitsch touches" you hear about are more like slaps. Can it be that the Herr Direktor's famed finesse is going Broadway? Nothing subtle about some of those scenes. A song or two. Maurice—Claudette—Miriam—see it!

Smart Money

Warner Brothers

Edward G. Robinson in a picture without a leer—at least, not the brand of leer that made you shiver in "Little Caesar." Robinson has lost none of his wallop but he is also appealing, as Nick the Greek, a barber who is a gambling fool with only one weakness—pretty blondes. When a blonde crosses his path the fellow comes to grief. You see him rise from a small-town barbershop to his own smart gambling house in the Big City. A character comedy-drama, not a gangland thriller—but absorbing entertainment nevertheless. Besides the highly deft and humorous characterization by Robinson, there's that fast-punching fellow, James Cagney, this time more sympathetically cast. Beauty by Evalyn Knapp, Noel Francis and others.
Best Pictures

Seed
Universal

Here's the picture people are talking about. And no wonder. It's the most human drama that has come to the screen in a long time. Director John Stahl has done a good job, although his scenario dodges the theme of Charles Norris' best-selling book—which was birth control. The picture becomes an absorbing, sympathetic cross-section of an American family—about a man who, after ten years of married life, leaves his wife and children for another woman. Now don't think of this in terms of the usual movie triangle. John Boles as the husband isn't a cad. Genevieve Tobin as the other woman isn't a "vamp." And Lois Wilson as the wife is far from being the old-fashioned snivelling martyr. They're all real. Splendid acting, especially by Miss Wilson. See it.

Fame
First National

Here is as neat and witty and bright a picture as you can find. Directed by Robert Milton, who gave us "Outward Bound," it's safe and sane for the whole family. It's a comedy drama of thwarted ambitions—but don't let that keep you away. This story of an aspiring artist who gives up his hopes for a substantial job with a soap manufacturer for his family's sake is spirited and clever. Ironic when the man in question quits his job to dabble in art again only to sell his masterpiece for use in a soap advertisement! With such splendid players as Lewis Stone, Doris Kenyon, Evalyn Knapp, Charles Butterworth, Una Merkile and John Darrow in the cast you are assured of fine entertainment. Butterworth is really funny. The quaintest man on the screen.

Young Donovan's Kid
Radio Pictures

Strong men swallow hard and weak women love to weep when Jackie Cooper comes on. And here he is again, this wonderful kid whom even our meanest critics are calling a genuinely great actor. Jackie doesn't steal "Young Donovan's Kid"—he is "Donovan's Kid." Even a fine performance by Richard Dix can't take this picture away from its rightful star—that tough, homely, intelligent child known as Skippy. You'll like Jackie even more as the gangster's son who is adopted by Donovan after daddy bites the dust. Marion Shilling is the girl interest. The story? Punch and pathos—or bunk and baths, it all depends upon how deeply the Cooper kid can move you. I'm for him, so I liked "Young Donovan's Kid." And I hope you do, too.

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:

- John Boles in "Seed"
- Lois Wilson in "Seed"
- Lewis Stone in "Fame"
- Doris Kenyon in "Fame"
- Genevieve Tobin in "Seed"
- Clark Gable in "A Free Soul"
- Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul"
- Edward G. Robinson in "Smart Money"
- Jackie Cooper in "Young Donovan's Kid"
- Miriam Hopkins in "The Smiling Lieutenant"
"Tomorrow's big star" tells more about his career and himself. If you want to know what a young man on the high road to stardom thinks and feels—how hard he works and hopes—read this remarkable life story.

Last month Phil Holmes began his own story. He told you about his family background, his school years, his early ambitions, up to the time he crashed the studio gate. Now, read the rest—it's the most intimate and revealing account ever published of a youngster's heart-breaking struggles for success in Hollywood. We salute this boy brave and big enough to write it for us!

As I boarded the westbound train, I felt that the last pages of the introductory chapters of my life had been turned. Facing me was the first of the clean, blank pages which, I determined, would be more carefully written.

It was the first day of September, 1928, when I arrived back in Hollywood. Paramount had stipulated, when the prolonged family conferences had ended in a decision to "let the boy see how he likes it," that I be in town on that date. And, with touching naiveté, I rushed breathless across the continent lest I disrupt the entire company by arriving late.

That was in the days when the Chief got up early in the morning. By the time I drove out to Hollywood, the California sun was making the Chamber of Commerce eat its words. Hot, dusty, and weary, I nevertheless took a quick shower and shave, changed my clothes and was at the Studio in less than two hours after my arrival at the station.

I remember the ride along the Boulevard, down Vine Street and across Melrose Avenue to Paramount. I felt capable of picking up the Roosevelt Hotel between thumb and forefinger and placing it on Whitley Heights. It was with a little difficulty that I restrained myself from trying it, anyway. Hollywood looked exciting to me—more exciting than it ever had before, or ever will since. Everything seemed terribly significant to me—and I felt significant to everything and to myself! The world was important and I had an important place in its pattern.

I really wasn't any more cocky and self-confident than the average boy just out of college and about to make his own way. It is the normal, inevitable thrill of being your own man at last. Childhood and adolescence suddenly seem like a prelude. This is the actual beginning of everything and the sheer excitement of it can never be approximated by anything else.

It was on the crest of all this that I hurtled in to the studio. God knows a motion-picture studio has no definite glamor, no unique flavor. But, on that morning, I was terribly conscious of my heritage. I had the blood of actors in my veins—and I imagined I sensed in the studio that thrilling, indefinable aroma that prevails backstage and epitomizes the term "theatre."

I had brought a make-up box along, in case I had to start work before noon...
rival had occasioned. I was bewildered. I had expected the rhythm of excitement, that had been gathering momentum in me all the way across the country, to continue in an unbroken chain. I was, in short, younger than I had any right to be, but I learned!

For ten days I didn’t work. Then they sent me to Frank Tuttle, who had directed “Varsity.” He gave me a bit in the last picture Adolphe Menjou made as a Paramount star. It was a charming little scene—I as Pierrot and Tanya Akron as Pierette, hired by the hero to stage a romantic interlude for the heroine’s benefit. It was just one day’s work, but that didn’t bother me. Here was the wedge, the necessary start. I was all set. You see, I still didn’t know my moves.

Full of renewed confidence, I turned up at the studio early next day, to see what was planned for me. What they had planned was a nice long rest. Perhaps they wanted me to conserve my strength. But I couldn’t see it. I was a man now, damn it, and I wanted a job.

For the following two months, my sole occupation was a daily haunting of the studio and keeping generally underfoot. The casting-department would tell me to go see this director—“maybe you’d do for this little bit”—and that one—“perhaps he’ll let you play that small part.” But I was never quite the type. And I began to feel that my type must be a strange and uniquely unnecessary one.

Then, too, I couldn’t understand a business organization working on such lines. They were paying me a weekly salary—yet they were not demanding value received. To one who had almost become a broker, that seemed like very inefficient business tactics. And I wanted to work—I was straining at idleness like a dog on a leash. The perpetual inactivity drove me crazy.

Then, one morning, when I was proving that I at least had nuisance value around the place, they told me to go in and see John Cromwell. He had just come out from New York, one of Broadway’s finest stage directors, and I was deeply impressed by having just the chance to apply for a bit. He talked to me—and told me that the interview didn’t (Continued on page 111)
Let's Make Up!

Read how the right make-up can make a plain face beautiful and a beautiful face exciting!

By

Anne Van Alstyne

I WISH I were a poet instead of a mere beauty editor. For then I could tell you how I really feel about make-up.

I think make-up is just about the nicest little thing in the life of a girl today, to be classed right along with boy friends, exciting jobs, new clothes and general blessedness.

I think the things that make-up can do toward making a plain face beautiful and a beautiful face utterly devastating are simply too exciting. I feel that when you realize that make-up can change not only your whole appearance but your whole character—for it really can—and that destiny does depend upon character, no matter what anybody tells you—well, then you begin to appreciate this wonder stuff. And when any mere man comes up to me and sighs over the fact that women spent eight billion dollars a year on cosmetics and moans that it is all vanity, vanity, I always reply that it is ninety percent pleasure and ten percent good common sense and that the world is a much nicer place because of it.

But—it is strange that with make-up so generally used and so really inexpensive, considering the benefits it showers upon us—that so few girls know exactly how to put it on, or even how to buy it, the right kinds originally. This unfortunately being the case, I'm going to give you a few simple rules to guide you; and of course, if I can help you further through personal letters of advice, don't hesitate to write me.

The first big important thing about make-up is getting yourself the right colors. The correct shades of powder, rouge, eyeshadow and lipstick are absolutely imperative and with our new smartness in dressing we are discovering that we need more than one set of colors. It's obvious that a yellow dress, or a green one, throws a different light on the skin than a red or black one. A hat with a brim shows your eyes in a different light than does a little close beret. So you must have various make-up shades for different costumes, if you want to
be really chic, and experiment with them until you know just how effective they can be.

The next most important thing is the right kind of skin to apply your make-up on. It doesn't necessarily have to be perfect—though, goodness knows, it ought to be—but at least it must not be full of large, ugly pores, blackheads and such disturbances. So, if your skin isn't clear, start perfecting it before you start taking your make-up lessons. If you've been following my articles you have, perhaps, learned how to care for your skin from them. But if you haven't, or if you need to give it new, special care I'll be glad to send you. But I'm going to take it for granted here that you know all about such things—that your skin is as fair and lovely as it ought to be. Which brings us straight up to how to find the best colors, among all the heavenly shades the cosmetic manufacturers show, to find the shades that will be most becoming to you yourself.

There are now about ten different shades of powder and six shades of rouge and lipsticks in most beauty lines. So the only thing is to determine which ones you want for yourself. The skin on the inside of the arms retains a very true tone, more so than your face which changes a great deal with the seasons. Or the skin on your chest, just below the neckline on your average dress, is another good "testing" place. Match powder to the skin at these spots and it will be very flattering to the face.

Lipstick and cheek rouge should be chosen to complement each other. I think the shade of the lipstick is the more important, just as the way you make up your lips is more important than any other beauty detail, but the two must always be in harmony.

Lipstick for daytime wear should be one shade lighter than the natural color of the lips. Some girls make the mistake of choosing one shade darker. This gives a terribly artificial look. Remember in buying "indelible" lipsticks that the shade as you put it on the mouth, and the shade as the color "sets" are two different affairs—so never judge an indelible lipstick until you have worn it for a half hour or more. For evening you may choose much "higher," more brilliant lip shades. They go fascinatingly under the electric lights.

Cheek rouge should be still lighter than the lip rouge. For instance if your lipstick is a medium red shade, let's say, your cheek rouge should be lighter but more brilliant in tone, tending more toward the orange reds—that is, lighter—than toward the blue reds, which are purplish in tone and therefore darker. The reason for this is, of course, that the cheek rouge is whitened down with the coatings of face powder that go over it. Personally I don't like dry, powder rouge as well as paste cream rouge. The latter is harder to apply until you have learned the trick (I'll tell you how further on in this article) but once donned it stays on. Powder rouge blows off, and you are never sure how you are looking.

Eyeshadow is very sophisticated and must be used with intelligence. But buying it with intelligence is more important. Match it to the shadows under your eyes—which are usually blue, but in some girls soft shades of brown—rather than to the color of your eyes. Naturally if you have blue shadows and blue eyes that's just dandy. But blue eyeshadow. The same follows for mascara for lashes and brows. Be very careful of black. It is usually too harsh. Brown is best, and some very sophisticated girls use a touch of blue, which is delightful on blue eyes.

Now that's not so hard, is it? That's the first half of the lesson. Here's how to put on the make-up after you've bought it.

First you need a very good mirror lighted by very strong lights and the courage not to be afraid to face it. Examine your face just as critically and dispassionately as you can. Get acquainted with your face. After all, you might just as well. It's the only one you're ever going to have and you should be willing to make the best of it.

Study it thoroughly for its contours. Find out where it is good and where it isn't. Look at your full face and profile, both right and left. See yourself under the lights you are going to be seen under—sunlight, electric lights, candle light. It makes all the difference in how much make-up you put on. And don't let anybody tell you electric light is harder than sunlight. That's just their little joke. Sunlight is the hardest thing in the world to make up for.

When you have finally determined that your face is too thin or too long or too broad or too what, you must put on your rouge to overcome these little deficiencies. Rouge, correctly placed, can do more for your appearance than a congress of plastic surgeons.

If your face is too thin, place the rouge about in the center of your cheeks. Shade it outward (Continued on page 124).
The Stage in Review

Gilbert & Sullivan: Salute!

MILTON ABORN'S revivals of "The Mikado" and "Pinafore" took the younger, middle-aged and bald-headed generation by storm.

The old cocks remembered Fay Templeton, who played Little Buttercup. The audience finally allowed her to sing—what a reception the immortal Fay got!

And Bill Danforth's Mikado! A work of art—the greatest of all Mikados. Then he switched just as suavely to Sir Joseph Porter in "Pinafore."

'Member Frank Moulan as the Sultan of Sulu, ye elder birds? Well, here was that grand old fellow as Ko-Ko and Dick Deadeye, playing as festively as of old—as of yore and galore.

Ethel Clark and Ruth Altman are comely members of this group, too. This Gilbert & Sullivan music will outlast Al Smith's smokestack at 34th and Fifth Avenue.

"Crazy Quilt"

Billy Rose and a gang of fair experts sewed this crazy quilt together, in the center of which you will see the great kosher hoyden, Fannie Brice; the chubby-faced, smile-it-out, concertina-lugging Phil Baker, and old kick-you-in-the-slats, Ted Healy.

The three of them when on the stage knock out a continuous shower of laughs and keep the Depression, the Dumps and the Slumps clamped down tight in what Sig. Freud calls the Unconscious.

Fannie appears, among other make-ups, as a man in his glad rags, even the old stovepipe. She looks slick and naughty. Then she has some good songs and business, among which is a delectable bit, I Found a Million-Dollar Baby in a Five-and-Ten-Cent Store, snored out by Fannie in a way you won't forget, for some minutes, anyhow.

Phil Baker had his stoope in a box, of course. Phil looks as if he liked to laugh. It's a crazy quilt all right, and probably won't hit the hay till next fall.

"Brass Ankle"

"Brass Ankle," by DuBose Heyward, comes very near being one of the few great American plays. It is certainly the greatest play produced during the last season. It is intense, inexorable, fatalistic and moves to its tragic end with the solemn rhythm of Greek tragedy.

In the Deep South, Ruth Leaver, with only a drop of negro blood in her veins married to a pure white, gives birth to a pure white child and then to a throw-back, a negro baby. To save the daughter from the stigma she plants a musket where she can easily get it, calls in the neighbors, and before them and her frantic...
husband announces that she is pure white and that the child is by a negro farm-hand—all of which is a lie. The husband shoots both wife and babe dead off stage, as she had planned. Only the doctor knows the truth—that Nature is the villain. Mrs. Learner was a "brass ankle," a part-negro that can pass for a white anywhere.

Mr. Heyward's play is simple and logical in its construction. Alice Brady did very well in a part that did not always fit her. But she still remains our leading emotional actress. Ben Smith as the tortured and torn husband gave a superb performance. Lester Lonergan as the doctor was fine.

This is a play of pathos, irony and pity. Had I the giving, I'd have given it the Pulitzer Prize.

"Old Man Murphy"

Arthur Sinclair is the finest all-around actor that the Mother of Cops, whose capital is Dublin, has ever sent us. There is a vitality, an inherent comic-sentimental-dramatic kernel to his work that comes out sometimes subtly and sometimes blastingly in all he does.

He is, however, best in comedy, and in this play, "Old Man Murphy," which Pat Kearney has built for him and Maire O'Neill especially, Sinclair simply keeps the house in an uproar, whether he opens his mouth or not, for his dress, his walk, his face, his lightest gesture are instinct with the grotesque, the original, the absurd.

The play is tissue. It is laid in a Mid-Western city where the Murfrees (born Murphy from the Patch) lord it over the town. Charlie Murfree is running for Mayor. In blows grandfather Murphy out of Ireland, and the fun begins. What he does to the fake Murfrees, the town, the Patch and the whiskey, is none of your business if you haven't seen it. Maire O'Neill does splendid funny work as a widow over in the Patch.

"Brass Ankle," according to Mr. De Casseres, comes very near being one of the few great American plays. Alice Brady, one of our leading emotional actresses, is in the principal role of this powerful but sordid drama.

Want to blow up with belly-laughter? See "Old Man Murphy." I'd like to see this expanded to picture-dimensions with Sinclair and O'Neill in it, of course.

"Private Lives"


That, ladies and gentlemen of the screen audience of America, is my spontaneous description of "Private Lives," an "intimate comedy," written by the Pooh-Bah of the Seven Arts, Noel Coward.

It is a story of the psychical, physical and vocal ins-and-outs of the thing called Love in two beings who have been divorced, meet again, run away together, leaving their wife and husband to fiddle-faddle after them. Finally, after wrecking an apartment in Paris during a love-battle, they make a getaway while the other couple in pursuit have started a fist-fight of their own.

Otto Kruger and Madge Kennedy were top-notch as the handlers of the brilliant dialogue and the swift verbal punches. They are real men and women, not Shaw epigram-dummies.

Marriage unmasked is a little masterpiece, with some subtle side-swipes at Life.

A great picture for Brain Alley in Hollywood.

"Her Supporting Cast"

Eleanor Curtis had a grand old Louis the Dumpteen hideaway apartment somewhere in the Furtive Fifties. I should say, Eleanor was about as shrewd a chiseller, gold-digger and sugar-daddy frisker as you ever met. And in the hands of Mildred McCoy she certainly toyed with the strings of the brass-fiddle which I call my libido.

Well, Eleanor makes a comic sucker of three different kinds of saps: an artist who is a romantic Rudy; a champion heavyweight who cracks her bones even when he looks at her; and a wall-street coupor concomitant who sneezes into the sawdust for the bills.

She strings 'em along, each one believing he's the Only Guy, when—of course!—they all meet one another in a little trap Eleanor has laid for (Continued on page 127)
A RODEO and supper at Hoot Gibson’s ranch! Good old Spanish hospitality!” exclaimed Patsy, the Party Hound. “And won’t it be fun!”

We traveled out to Saugus, to Hoot’s ranch, where we found some thirty thousand people on the bleachers, at the rodeo, but we managed to thread our way to Sally Eilers’ box. Sally was looking too cute for anything in a white duck riding suit with a big, ten-gallon white sombrero on her bronze curls. Hoot, of course, was in the arena directing events. He was riding the handsome cream-colored horse, Palamari, and looked awfully handsome. Patsy was especially enamored of his carved leather riding boots, black and white and beautifully made.

In the boxes all round, we discovered a lot of celebrities, including Reginald Denny and his cute wife, Babble; Sue Carol and Nick Stuart; James Gleason and Lucille Webster Gleason and their son, Russell, who seems to be the latest aspirant for Marguerite Churchill’s favor, as he had brought her, and was very attentive; Lew Cody and Phyllis Crane, that cute Arline Judge and a lot of others, all looking charming in sports clothes.

We heard a wild hurry from the crowd and discovered that the horse Tumbleweed, a wild bronco that had never been ridden, although numerous aspirants among the cowboys had tried, was being brought into the ring.

Cecil Henley, a Washington cowboy, mounted Tumbleweed, and amidst deafening cheers, kept his seat, though Tumbleweed tried his best to unseat him, bucking and rearing and pawing like mad.

Arlene Judge, recently from New York, decided that she had fallen in love with Cecil, although she said she had a hard time imagining a cowboy named Cecil!

And Russell Gleason owned that he had a yen for Mabel DeFreest, the pretty cowgirl, who really was very chic. But he said he didn’t know how to write a match note to a cowgirl!

While we were chatting, in came a new line of cowgirls, all picturesque in their short skirts or riding breeches, with their bright kerchiefs around their necks, their slender bodies swaying to the motion of the horses.

But next moment there was a cry, then a horrified silence. One of the bravest and prettiest of the cowgirls, Juanita Ortega, who had been urging her horse forward into the procession, was hurt. Her horse had in a flash risen on his hind legs, fallen backward and crushed the girl beneath him!

The ambulance rushed in, and there was a report that the rider’s back had been broken, and she was hurried to the hospital. That put a sad quietus on events for a while; but nevertheless the show went on, as shows will, and we were fascinated in seeing Everett Bowman establishing a record at steer decorating. In just five and a half seconds cowboy Bowman had managed to get a rubber band around a steer’s jaws!

Somebody exclaimed: “Oh, there’s Bill Hart!”

And sure enough, there sat Bill in a box. Some one near him sent the word around that he was to be introduced. Hoot introduced him, and Bill rose and took a bow from a cheering crowd. Some of us remembered that Hart had made as one of his best (Cont. on page 115)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sidney in "Confessions of a Co-ed"

Photographed by Elwood Bredell, Paramount
HE'S had a raise! Or, since we're speaking of Mr. Arliss, we'd better be correct and say "rise." Warners have handed George a new contract at much more money because he is one of the most popular stars in the business. With you—with us—with everybody!
THE most romantic portrait ever published of two of the most romantic persons in pictures. Usually when John Barrymore can be induced to pose for the photographer he looks pretty bored. But here he actually seems to enjoy it. And—looking at Dolores—we add, why not?

Dolores and John Barrymore
Dolores Del Rio

DOLORES is happy now. She is playing the colorful character of Luana in "Bird of Paradise." Later on, she may be cast opposite Gary Cooper in "Broken Wings," for Paramount. And how will that other lovely Mexican, Lupe Velez, like that, we wonder? Wait and see'
AT LAST she will be seen in a rôle worthy of her tempestuous talents. Evelyn's own husband, producer Harry Edwards, will present her as "Pagan Lady"—the part that Lenore Ulric played so effectively to capacity audiences on Broadway last season.
"LUFF Garee!" Those are Lupe's sentiments, and they are echoed by young ladies throughout the land. So that Gary, when he sails into individual stardom on "Broken Wings," may be sure of a sell-out. Now cheer up, Gary, and give us a grin!
WHY won't Greta and Jack Gilbert play together again? Well—you see—er—that is—go ahead and ask her yourself! Maybe this is the way she looked when the suggestion was made to her that the Garbo-Gilbert screen team be revived!
ISN'T this a pleasant picture of the RKO-Pathe pride and joy? After an airplane vacation with her husband, Harry Bannister, Ann is back at work in the studio in a picture tentatively titled "Devotion."

DOT goes to Honolulu on a vacation and gets herself reported engaged not once, but three times! Then, back home in Hollywood, she smiles and advises us not to believe all we read in the papers. What a girl!
A GREAT star on the stage, Leslie Howard is just another leading man on the screen. But we think that's because he has not yet been given a rôle tailored to his talents. Please, Mister Metro, won't you give him a chance to make good in a big way?

Leslie Howard
WHAT an excuse for "Disorderly Conduct!" Greta Nissen supplies the feminine excitement in the new Victor McLaglen-Edmund Lowe feature, and succeeds in convincing her public that she was away from the screen too long.
Howard Hughes had to buy Pat O'Brien's stage contract from a Broadway producer to get him to play the reporter in "The Front Page." Pat was worth it, as he proved in that hit; and he is repeating in "Personal Maid," with Nancy Carroll.

Bebe Daniels

Bebe is wearing her favorite summer frock —its name is "Caballero," and it is made of red and white dotted crépe with collar and cuffs of starched white linen. There's no star on the screen who can wear clothes with more dash than this pretty Daniels girl.
WHILE the world wonders if she will consent to become Mrs. William Powell, Carole Lombard goes quietly ahead, improving her acting in each new film. Right now she is appearing with Ina Claire and Jean Harlow in "The Greeks Had a Word for It."
Sylvia Sidney

One of the most amusing little girls who ever struck Hollywood—and one of the finest actresses. You'll enjoy Margaret Reid's frank story about Sylvia on the opposite page.
WHO IS SYLVIA?

By Margaret Reid

You'll find out all about this Sidney girl right here. And if you saw her in "City Streets" you'll want to know

IT WAS last January that Clara Bow and Daisy deVoe (sec.) took a dislike to each other. In Hollywood, two ladies aren't permitted to argue in peace and comfort—so the local dailies were giving the two little girls great big headlines. And it was bruited about that the new notoriety was to be the professional end of Clara. Of course, that is always bruited whenever la Bow makes the newspapers—but this time, the hulking bruiters insisted, the final gong had sounded.

At that moment, Sylvia Sidney arrived at Paramount's western studio and was immediately put into the picture slated for Clara. She would be groomed, it was said, to take Clara's place. It stopped being said on the evening when "City Streets" was shown to the press at the studio.

In this picture, (directed by Rouben Mamoulian and one of the finest ever made anywhere, if you will pardon this interpolation by one who really ought to be a reviewer herself!), Miss Sidney pulls no Bow. In no way is she an imitation of anyone and she is, besides, an extremely competent performer, a refreshing and arresting personality.

Those two factors will survive, regardless. But already her appearance is being tampered with, after the manner of Hollywood where one lady must look as much as possible like all the other ladies. The little Sidney is blessed with a quite remarkable face, Slavic contour making sculptural planes for the camera's especial delight. But no. To be different around these here parts just isn't cricket.

"'They' tell me," she explains, "that I looked ghastly in 'City Streets.' So they're making me curl my hair, reduce my mouth to as near a cupid-bow as it will come, and make long, waving eyelashes with lots of mascara, and who am I to talk back? I would go in the movies!"

A Marx Brother, who hovered intermittently during lunch, pronounced her O.K. the way she was, with considerable enthusiasm. (It has become impossible, of late, to keep the several last of the mad Marxes out of any story gathered on the Paramount lot. If only by force of numbers, they pervade the atmosphere—and a very nice atmosphere it is, too, since these admirable lunatics moved west.)

Other people had approved Sylvia au natural—among them, the very ones who signed her up in the first place, and now their idea would be to obscure the qualities that originally commanded attention. But that's life, all over. And anyway, it really isn't as bad as all that—a Sidney will look like a Sidney in spite of them.

Roumania and Russia collaborated on this provocative little face. Her mother is of Russian descent and her father is a Roumanian—Dr. Sigmund Sidney, a well-known New York dentist. The Sidneys had always been apart from the theatre, until—out of the nowhere—came Sylvia, who was going on the stage or know the reason why. She never needed to know the reason why, because she went on the stage. When Sylvia gets an idea, she gets it good and proper.

"I was about five, when I first got the yen. I didn't do anything about it. One doesn't, at that age. It was just a general yen, enough to make me difficult to have around the home."

That was fifteen years ago and she continued to do nothing about it for seven years. At the end of that time, however, some immediate action was deemed necessary by parents grown just a little weary of the one sustained theme. So Sylvia was permitted to study with a private tutor of the drama and, a few months later, was appearing in recital at the Little Theatre.

When she was fifteen, she entered the exclusive Theatre Guild School. After a year's intensive work, she played the lead in "Prunella," the graduation play produced under the distinguished (Continued on page 100)
Critical Comment

INDISCREET
United Artists

Where's that lovely lady of "The Trespasser"? She's in farce comedy, that's where she is, and her devotees are going to be disappointed, even though "Indiscreet" is often entertaining. Laughs here and there—handsome sets—clever cast including Ben Lyon—but Gloria is wasted, except for a few good scenes.

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

And so they took the good old south-sea story and made it talk. All right—if you crave tropical romance. Conchita Montenegro she love Leslie Howard—and he love her; but—ah, that butt! You'll like Conchita as a Polynesian charmer. She's colorful and clever. Mr. Howard isn't quite at home. But he is very likable.

THE GOOD BAD GIRL
Columbia

Or, the love life of a gangster's moll. Mae Clark decides to go straight. She marries a nice young man, and then her past sneaks up and snaps at her. Yes, it's all pretty lurid, but Mae's performance is interesting. You believe in this girl. She's a good actress. James Hall is the nice young man. A splendid supporting cast.

ALWAYS GOODBYE
Fox

Elissa Landi's great hit is still ahead of her. Still, this story gives her her best role so far, as the stranded lady whose career is—men. John Garrick, Paul Cavanaugh, and Lewis Stone—if you know your movies you will be surprised to learn that Mr. Stone is the lucky man. Landi is lovely—a potent person. Mr. Stone is splendid, too.

SHIPMATES
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Robert Montgomery sets sail in his first starring vehicle as a sailor but the story nearly sinks him. Bob meets Dorothy Jordan, the admiral's daughter, and falls for her hook, line, and sinker—but has to win an appointment to Annapolis before he can win Dot. Good work by Bob and the rest of the cast and thrills by the Pacific fleet!

YOUNG SINNERS
Fox

Thomas Meighan comes back—and it's a good thing for this picture! Tommy saves it. Dorothy Jordan and Hardie Albright are sadly miscast as a couple of wild young things. It's Meighan's job to make a man of the wastrel boy and marry him to the minx. The nice young leads just can't be convincingly bad!
**BORN TO LOVE**  
*RKO-Pathé*

You Constance Bennett fans will gobble this one. It gives the star a highly emotional role, some big scenes, and love passages with her own real-life beau, big, good-looking Joel McCrea. The critical may complain of the story, concerning erring war nurse, very cute baby, and complications; but Connie will please.

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**UP POPS THE DEVIL**  
*Paramount*

A nice, light-weight summer offering which you'll enjoy thoroughly. Carole Lombard decides to be the breadwinner so that hubby, Norman Foster, can concentrate on his writing. You won't take it all too seriously because Skeets Gallagher keeps things popping with his wise-cracks. Good work by a grand cast. See it.

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**KICK IN**  
*Paramount*

Clara Bow can act! She proves it in this exciting melodrama. Even though her rôle is held down, Clara is always sincere, and, whenever she has a chance, really moving as the wife of a crook who tries to keep him straight. It's Regis Toomey's show, though, for his is the best rôle. A good crook show.

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**TARNISHED LADY**  
*Paramount*

Too bad, Tallulah. No, not you—your picture. Creasy story, uninspired direction, silly dialogue. But the star's moody beauty and decidedly different appeal may fascinate you. Clive Brook is good, and Osgood Perkins is interestingly real. But please do better by your Alabama bet next time, Mr. Paramount.

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**HELL BOUND**  
*Tiffany*

A mild gangster film with Leo Carrillo as the gangster chief who murders men but loves flowers and Lola Lane, who, in turn, loves Lloyd Hughes. Involved?—so's the picture, but Leo gets what happens to all bad racketeers—thereby paving the way for true romance. Lacks punch—it's about as stimulating as a glass of warm water.

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**IT'S A WISE CHILD**  
*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

Naughty, naughty! Don't take the kids. It's a risqué trifle involving a misunderstanding about an impending baby, with Marion Davies as the innocent victim. Of course it's funny, with Marion sparkling as a well-meaning fixer, and Sidney Blackmer, Polly Moran, and Marie Prevost lending excellent support.
SCREEN NEWS

Rumors, whispers, gossip, news!

On the spring board we have a lovely boarder, Dorothy Jordan. Before you go gracefully into your swan dive tell us, Dorothy, is Ramon Novarro waiting with arms extended?

Reinhardt's invitation and will also play in Vienna and Berlin under his direction. However, don't place any bets on this tip!

The most interesting news right now is the anticipated "blessed event" in the Bebe Daniels-Don Lyon menage. Bebe's baby is expected to make its debut in September.

Soft music, professor, to the tune of Lohengrin's Wedding March—Carole Lombard and William Powell have announced their engagement and will ankle to the altar some time soon. In fact, they may be married by the time you read this. Here's happiness!

Marlene Dietrich has started something—you should see the fancy hosiery she has brought back from Europe, with the clocks going around instead of up and down—very effective, but only on the right kind of leg.

Now we are all excited about John Gilbert's fond attentions to Joan Bennett. They are seen together on all social occasions these days.

Terrence Ray, Fox actor, has been given the mitten by Fifi Dorsay, within a few weeks after the announcement of the engagement.

"He's too young, and besides, he didn't pay me enough attention," confides Fifi. "Why he went a whole week without calling me up!"

The fans are delighted that Marlene Dietrich brings a few curves into fashion. None of your emaciated effects for Marlene and how she does love a good meal! Just at present Joan Crawford is so thin that all her friends are advising a let-up on Joan's stern diet.

So if you haven't the strength of mind to imitate Joan, have a good time and copy Dietrich.

Charlie Chaplin has selected Rita Poulton, a practically...
unknown English actress, for his next picture. Miss Poulton was a night club performer and at one time organized her own band—she plays a mean violin. You probably won’t be seeing her for a few years because it usually takes Charlotte that long to make a picture.

To bob or not to bob? In spite of the vogue among college girls to grow long hair, most of the famous beauties still favor the short crop, or, at worst, the long bob. The long-bobbed include Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Constance Bennett, Helen Twelvetrees, Lilyan Tashman. Those who never did cut off their hair include Ann Harding, Dolores Costello, Barbara Stanwyck, Eleanor Boardman—and among those who have definitely decided to grow their hair long again are Lois Wilson, Loretta Young and Betty Compson.

In the main, however, the bob holds its own in Hollywood—so much easier to find becoming hats, say its followers.

Mary Pickford, for instance, Ina Claire, Norma Talmadge, Dorothy Mackaill and Leila Hyams all insist nothing could induce them to forego their bobs at present.

Helen Hayes comes to Hollywood to make a talkie of “Lullaby.” Helen, it will be remembered, had to leave the cast of “Coquette” in Los Angeles because of an impending visit from the stork, so the play closed and the manager refused to pay the actors, claiming Helen’s condition was an Act-of-

**“Meet my new leading lady, Irene Purcell,” says Bill Haines. “It’s our pleasure! We’ll be seeing her in “Just a Gigolo.”**

Pola Negri, for whom orchids in exotic beauty blossom their heads off, is again in Hollywood where RKO-Pathé will take pictures of her. Welcome, Pola. Here’s wishing you a nice snappy come-back.

God. However, the court didn’t agree with him and he had to pay them for the two weeks’ notice they didn’t get just the same. The Act-of-God baby is a darling. Helen and her husband, Charles McArthur, are running a charming domestic ménage for her benefit in Hollywood.

Maurice Chevalier brings a new French game to Hollywood, called “Bouli,” a variation of bowling. He has all the equipment out at his California home and promises to have all the men bowling all summer.

A few weeks ago we reprimanded Neil Hamilton for having been married nine years without producing a little Neil—we told him he needed a child in the house to take his mind off himself. The nice obedient fellow has done his best to remedy the situation and he and Mrs. Hamilton have adopted a seven-weeks-old baby girl. It is not often that our advice is taken so promptly!

M-G-M is bringing Sir Harry Lauder to the screen—he of the Scotch kilts and the Scotch brogue who has been singing Scotch songs for a couple of generations. When he came out in the dim past for Selig he was very upity—asked indignantly who the female person was who was to be photographed with him. She was merely the leading lady. Talk about temperament! But perchance age has slightly reduced his ego since then.

Eighty thousand dollars’ worth of antique furniture had to be protected day and night by an army of guards on the “Alexander Hamilton” lot. Phew!
Doris Kenyon made "The Other Man" with Bill Powell before she sailed for Europe for the Mozart festival at Salzburg.

Mozart, by the way, died in dire poverty—and 140 years later he gets a world celebration! Aren’t we ironical?

A tough, rough, roaring bosun in one picture, and a valet in the next—that’s what has happened to Ernest Torrence!

Charlie Chaplin, badgered by criticisms in the British press for declining to make a personal appearance at a national charity performance under the patronage of King George, turned on his tormentors. They had declared he had insulted the King and reminded him that he owed much to his country.

So Charlie retorted that he never made that sort of an appearance anyway, but had sent $1000 instead. He received no command from the King, but only from a theatre manager. He didn’t owe anything to England, since it hadn’t been interested in him 17 years ago and he had to go to America to get his chance. That, anyway, $1000 was about all he earned in the last two years he was in England.

And perhaps Charlie’s strength lay in the fact that he could also add, “I really don’t care if I never make another picture.”

Charlie, you see, could well afford never to make another picture. He has amassed a huge fortune.

Jackie “Skippy” Cooper, the boy wonder, contracted for four years to Hal Roach at $50.00 a week when he isn’t working and $75.00 a week when working, has a two year contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer whereby he may receive $125,000 gross for both years!

Warner Brothers and Howard Hughes angled for Jackie but Hal Roach favored M-G-M due to past distribution connections.

Richard Dix and Radio Pictures got together on a new five year contract. Rich will receive $50,000 a picture plus a percentage. That “ole devil” wolf won’t be prowling around Richard’s door.

Song and dance films may be out but that doesn’t effect Marilyn Miller. As a tribute to her acting ability Warner Brothers will give her dramatic roles. “Lady From New Orleans” will be Marilyn’s first dramatic gesture.

Marie Dressler has been promoted by M-G-M—she will only make specials for them. One reason is to avoid overworking Marie and another good reason is that she is the queen of comedy and rates worthwhile stories.

Dorothy Mackaill is back in Honolulu again. Last time Dot went to Honolulu she got herself engaged three times!

Dorothy was only in Hollywood ten days—she expected to start work on her new picture but found the production was off—so off she went to Honolulu.

Remember Sessue Hayakawa from silent film days? You’ll see Sessue in “Daughter of the Dragon” with Anna May Wong playing opposite.
Is Ina Claire about to become the fifth (or is it the sixth?) Mrs. Robert Ames? That gentleman is forever at the beauteous Ina’s side, having, apparently, completely forgotten Jean Acker Valentino, to whom he was recently devoted.

At all events, all Hollywood notes that moon-calf look that comes to Robert before a new matrimonial venture. Some of his former spouses were Frances Goodrich, Vivienne Segal, Muriel Oakes—oh, yes, and wasn’t there a Helen Lambert?

In the meantime Ina is looking entirely lovely in large droopy brimmed hats, and rapidly gaining a reputation as the film colony’s brightest feminine wit.

Told you so! Warners have taken up Polly Walter’s option—she’s that pretty petite bit of blonde impudence who was sent out from New York only to find no one knew anything about it out in Hollywood, where she was treated with chilly disbelief. It was when Polly decided to go home, and weep all the way, that the documents safely arrived just in time to restore Polly’s amour propre. Two good pictures—and behold, the new contract.

Doug gives his wife a good testimonial. “I have had a very happy married life, thanks to Mary,” he told a London interviewer. “She knows the meaning of matrimony and how to run it. Her feet are on the ground, while I am often floating through space.”

Incidentally, Doug and Mary may remain in England for an indefinite period. It is said that Mary may do a stage play in London. What

Peggy Ross, California society girl, was given an informal screen test with a home camera by director Frank Borzage—now she’s a Fox player.

will Hollywood do without its king and queen?

Remember Sessue Hayakawa, brilliant Japanese actor of silent days, who, with his dainty little wife, won so many friends in Hollywood? Well, he’s being recalled from Japan to try to fill Lon Chaney’s shoes to some extent, and will have arrived before this is printed. He and Anna May Wong, who won such high plaudits in Europe, will be co-starred by Paramount. Anna has come home like a Chinese Cinderella, to her dad’s Los Angeles laundry, a radiant, cultivated princess, speaking five languages perfectly, weighed down with European eulogy.

We are positively assured that Marlene Dietrich carmines her toe-nails, to go with the fancy Parisian ho- siery she has brought home with her.

Sylvia Sidney has certainly made a deep impression on Carl Laemmle, Junior—escorting her everywhere lately. And she doesn’t work on the Universal lot, either.

Jack White, Educational film producer, pleaded dire poverty when Pauline Starke took her plea to court for $750 a month alimony, in the pending divorce suit. The judge only believed it 50% and ruled that she receive $400.

In the meantime, White mournfully told how he had been offered $100,000 a year by Universal but had to turn it down for reasons of ill-health.

George Arliss, in the costume for “Alexander Hamilton,” is indulging in an old English custom—a cup of tea at four o’clock in the afternoon.

Leo Carrillo greets his wife after a two-year separation due to Leo’s stage and screen work which carried him all over the world.
Evidently marriage, combined with individual independence, doesn’t always work in business arrangements. Quite a flurry among the United Artists, who, a few years ago, took each other for better or worse, under the unimpaired individuality plan.

Mary Pickford left Hollywood without arriving at any agreement on a story. Gloria Swanson packed up for New York when Sam Goldwyn disagreed with her about “Rockabye.” And Ursula Parrott, writing “Love Goes Past” for Gloria, finds that lady fractional, and continuously making changes in the story.

And now Norma Talmadge, of all people, is declared to be renouncing United Artists forever—after nine years—and don’t forget that Joseph Schenck, boss executive of United Artists, is her spouse! Norma was to have made two more pictures under an existing contract, but she has now been officially “released.”

Norma says she is not retiring from the screen; on the contrary she may make a picture abroad, since she is snowed under with European offers.

Joseph Schenck, aforesaid spouse, says he is glad to have Norma do anything her little heart desires.

Meet Patricia Hamilton. She’s the adopted daughter of Neil and his wife, Elsa, going on eight months — Pat, not Elsa!

Because some fans write critical letters to Norma Shearer, confusing her character with the sophisticated roles she plays, Irving Thalberg is going to see Norma gets more sympathy-arousing stories. So the next is to be “Smilin’ Through,” in which the other Norma (Talmadge) made herself famous, in silents. So Shearer must reverse the order and become innocent-girlish as she grows older and forsake her naughty woman-of-the-world ways.

“Of course I shall marry again,” says Pola Negri. “And it will be an American next time. He’s waited for me five years, while I’ve been making silly mistakes.”

Pola is looking very handsome these days, with a clear ivory skin, guiltless of rouge, and eyes more flashing than ever. She says she made a great success on the stage in England, and hopes to do one of John Colton’s plays on the stage here, besides the picture work. She assures us she has developed a good singing voice and, like Bebe Daniels, wants to do a screen version of “Carmen” with a few songs. Bebe has been trying to sell some producer this idea for a year or more. Which will win first?

Pola’s RKO test was perfect so Pola has a three year contract and is all set for a grand come-back. She is happy again—she has her career and she’s in love!

So Mary McCormick is probably welcome to Pola’s ex-Prince Serge Mudvani, who gave his age as 27 as against Mary’s 34, when they were married in Phoenix, Arizona. These foreign prince-lings have a marked taste for older women. Serge was 24 and Pola 32 when that marriage took place. His brother David is less than 30 now.
and his wife is Mae Murray, who is a soupçon older than that!

A fellow has been seen following Josef Von Sternberg around and studying him earnestly. We now discover he is a sculptor, about to make a bust of Von, and merely trying to grab sittings as best he may.

Young Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is still sporting that gorgeous blue Cadillac around Hollywood which his father gave him for his first starring picture, "Chances." N.B. Joan likes that Cadillac, too.

Joan Blondell's proving herself a little picture stealer, the rascal. So now she's being borrowed so fast by other studios for comedy roles that she has to stop to think where she really belongs.

Would you believe it of Frank Fay, of all people! He and a friend were driving to the studio in a hurry the other day. A cop pulled up alongside and found fault with Fay's speed to the extent of a ticket. But he was out of tickets, and told Fay to wait there until he could get one from the station up the street. And Fay waited!

Louis Calhern doesn't lose much time. He arrived in Hollywood from New York late one night, and early the next morning was at work in "The Other Man." There's a prompt lad.

Is temperament in Hollywood on the wane? Look at Marian Marsh, the young thing who Barrymore picked to play opposite him in "Svengali," and then in "The Mad Genius." The minute she finished the latter, she jumped into "Five Star Final," and then into "The

Other Man." Four pictures in three months, with no rest between except four days snatched at Palm Springs after "Svengali." And she's eager for more. Says she wants to "do things."

Mary Astor hasn't been going about with anyone since the tragic death last year of her flyer husband, Kenneth Hawks. She's trying to forget herself in work, she says. She doesn't mix much in screen society, and drops completely from sight at the end of every picture. Her contract, you see, calls for a two weeks' vacation between pictures, and woe betide anyone who tries to bust up that two weeks. She's fond of riding horseback alone, and spends much time on the back of the horse she's just bought herself, although during the hot weather she usually hides out at Malibu Beach. Mary's one person everyone speaks of as "a grand girl."

Lowell Sherman has a pet superstition that it's bad luck to start a picture without carrying over at least one player from a preceding production. Going to be a bit rough on some actor he's carried over now if Lowell runs into bad luck!" (Cont'd on page 127)
The Truth about Cosmetics

By Mary Lee

WHAT a dandy little month this has been for your girl friend that writes this page to you. For while it may seem early summer to you, it is autumn in the hearts of the cosmetic manufacturers and every one of them are now spending out their days turning out the most delectable things for you to buy the moment you return from your summer vacations. The result is that my office—high up in a New York skyscraper—smells as sweetly as an old fashioned garden and looks, what with gay packages in gay wrappings, just like Christmas and combines the best features of both.

I can't begin to tell you about all of it this month. But if you'll let me I'll start with one of the nicest practical items I've yet discovered and lead up gradually to the luxuries.

I'm sure you all know Odorono. It is the oldest of the deodorants on the market and still one of the finest. And it is one of those grand little products that gets wiser with age. At least its manufacturer keeps it up to new tricks constantly and everlasting improvements. Its newest stunt is to appear in a new bottle and with a new applicator, blessed with a new speed in drying and effectiveness but endowed with the same old price—that is, thirty-five cents for the small bottle and sixty cents for the larger size.

If you were one of the people like myself who never did like that pink shade of the old Odorono, you'll be glad to know that this Instant Odorono is crystal clear and utterly colorless.

The new applicator is very handy. It does away with using little cotton wads or pouring it out in either hand or any of that nuisance. The applicator is a special sponge attached to the end of the bottom stopper. You just dab this sponge under either arm and there you are, free from any danger of perspiration for one or two days. The old Odorono, which you have to put on several hours before dressing, is recommended for longer protection—that is, three days to a week—but personally I prefer this new version.

And of course I don't have to tell you that this saves your sheer summer frocks from stains and that it is really becoming one of the rites of good grooming. Also you probably know that it has been medically proven that the under-arm use of deodorants is not harmful. So it's utterly safe to use it and it relieves you from any worry or embarrassment on hot summer days.

Did you ever see anything more ducky than those three little crown bottles at the top of this page? Those are the new toilet waters created by that royal perfumist, Prince Matchebelli, and perfectly elegant they are too. You can get them in fragrances to match his perfumes which you already know—Empress of India, a sandalwood affair; Duchess of York, that lovely lilac scent and all the others; or if you want to be very, very new and chic you may choose Damas, a perfume that achieves the impossible being both exotic (Continued on page 106)


Left, Mr. Edwards has an inspiration. Interesting—but is it art?

Right, Cliff, having tried brains, now uses brawn—but to no avail.

Above, grit and determination count—but not, it seems, in this case.

Left, Edwards demonstrates the good old reliable finger-poke method.

Right, how a handy man around the house would do it—or try to do it.

Below, the last resort—quick, positive, sure—but painful.

How to open a milk bottle in 7 easy lessons!

Come into the kitchen with Cliff Edwards
Little Christine, I'm always happy to help those little eyes in distress, but your favorite actor, Richard Talmadge, is hard to keep track of. One of his latest films, "The Yankee Don," released in December, 1930, was produced by his own company, so you can take a chance on writing him in care of Richard Talmadge Productions, Hollywood, Calif.

Joan and Jeanne. You'd like to have Jackie Coogan's residence—so would I, but what would we do with it? If you don't mind to owe your last quarter, you'd gladly give it for Screenland. That's the spirit. Jackie Coogan hasn't an European address to my knowledge, but you can reach him at Paramount Studios, where he is under contract. It is said that Ruth Roland has a fish pond in her back yard and friends must pay 15 cents for every fish they land out of it. Poor fish!


Miss Ruth W. Home addresses of the stars are as hard to locate as money on trees, but our page of stars' addresses will get the same results. Ramon Novarro has five brothers and as many sisters. He lives with his father, mother, and several of the clan. He hasn't the faintest rumor to pass on about his matrimonial prospects. His love making is for screen rights only.

Mary Elizabeth H. Dolores Costello Barnymore played in pictures with her father, Maurice Costello, at the age of five years. She was on the stage in George White's Scandals when she signed a contract to appear in films. Her first screen role was in "Bobbed Hair," and later she played with John Barrymore in the silent version of "The Sea Beast." Her first picture since the birth of her daughter is "Expensive Women," with H. B. Warner and Anthony Bushell.

Eileen C. Thanks for your praise of my department and your journalistic sympathy for my "come-backs." Now what we want to get together on is bigger and better "come-bitters." Camilla Horn was born April 25, 1908, in Frankfort-on-Main, Germany. Olga Baclanova was born in Moscow, Russia, but she doesn't reveal the date. Dolores Del Rio was 26 years old on August 3. Lily Damita was born in Paris, France, on July 10, 1906.

Irene K. You have been misinformationed if you heard you had to be dumb but beautiful to get a start in pictures. If you want to go very far in any line today it takes more than just beautiful dumbness to make the grade. Lola Lane is the pretty girl in "Hell Bound," with Leo Carrillo and Lloyd Hughes. Leila Hyams is John Gilbert's leading lady in his new picture, "Cheri Bibi."

Just Red. Will I give you some nice fresh answers? You don't expect stale, shop-worn stuff from my department, do you? Tish-tish, Red. Dorothy Janis was christened Dorothy Penelope Jones. Born Feb. 19, 1910, in Dallas, Texas. She has dark brown hair and eyes and weighs 94 pounds. Her first films were "Fleeting," "Kit Carson" with Fred Thompson, "Humming Wires" and "The Pagan" with Ramon Novarro.

Fern L. I'm not so sure about any of the Hollywood stars having their faces lifted, but many have to have their voices lowered. Ronald Colman has added more fans to his already large collection, since he began to talk, in pictures. He appears in "Devil to Pay" with Loretta Young, and his next will be "The Ugly Garden." Ronald was 40 years old on Feb. 9. He has brown hair and eyes, weighs 175 pounds and is 5 feet 11 inches tall. He has been married some years to an English woman, but they are now separated.

Veronica D. Had you given up seeing yourself in print in this thrilling column? Better now than never, as the man said as he hit the nail on his head. Alice White hasn't made a picture since "The Widow from Chicago" with Edward G. Robinson, and "Sweethearts on Parade" with Lloyd Hughes for Columbia Pictures.

Birdie from Wash. I'd be no end pleased if I could arrange the casting of the stars to please my friends, but the studios don't or won't ask my advice and so what does that make me? Colleen Moore hasn't made a picture since "Footlights and Fools." She toured the States in a play, "On the Loose," in 1930, but it was withdrawn after a short booking. Colleen is a grand girl and a clever actress and deserves a big come-back. We're for her.

Brown Eyes. Al Jolson of "The Singing Fool" fame is playing in "The Wonder Bar," a musical comedy, in New York, and hasn't made a film for some time. Greta Nissen appears in her first talking picture, "Women of All Nations," with Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and El Brendel. Greta was born in Oslo, Norway. She has blue eyes, golden hair, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. Jean Hersholt was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, but I don't know the year. He has dark blue eyes, brown hair, weighs 180 pounds and is 5 feet 11 inches tall. He plays in Ramon Novarro's "Daybreak."

Miss Blue Bird. In this case, a blue bird in the hand is worth four and twenty black birds in a pie, or who killed cock robin? Bill Boyd, your favorite star, was born June 5, 1898, in Cambridge, Ohio, later going to Tulsa, Oklahoma, where he received his high school education. Bill worked at many jobs before breaking into
Introducing Hollywood's champion movie family—Mr. and Mrs. Coye Watson and their nine actor children. Last month in SCREENLAND you met little Delmar Watson. Delmar is the star of the family at present, but watch the others!

Andy of Milford. Pleased to meet you, but where's Amos and Madame Queen? Clara Bow's hair has been described as "ferry red, auburn and dark brown with red highlights." Whatever that is, but her auburn brown eyes are the original color with the usual sparkle. Clara's latest picture is "Kid In," with Regis Toomey and others. David Powell was born Sept. 9th, weighs 135 pounds, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and has brown hair and blue eyes and a winning smile. David loves dogs, rides horses, can pitch and plays a good game of golf and tennis. He is still a single man at 21.

Louise Brooks Fans. Wouldn't Louise be happy if she could see the many inquiries I received this month about her? Fairfield Hurd has come from her long stay in Germany, looking better than ever. Louise was born in Wichita, Kansas. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. Her first pictures were "Evening Clothes," "Rolled Stockings," "Now We're in the Air," "City Gone Wild," "Girl In" and "Beggars of Life," "Canary Murder Case.

Mike W. of La. If I tell you all I know about Anita Page, you'll send me a Georgia watermelon from Louisiana. That melon is practically mine right now. Anita Pommers, but Anita of course. Anita was born Aug. 4, 1910, in Flushing, L. I. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, weighs 118 pounds and is 5 feet 2 inches tall. Anita has been married as far as I know. Donald Keith was Emile Jannings' young son, who played the violin in "The Way of All Flesh." Cullen Landis was Thomas Meighan's brother in "We're All Gamblers," and not Gareth Hughes. Now that you know I'm not a myth and the letters are honest-to-goodness ones, come again and I hope you like us.

Phyllis H. Will it surprise you when I tell you Phyllis Todd was one of 16 graduates of the Paramount School, in which Buddy Rogers, Josephine Dunn, Jack Luden and Roland Drew, known then as Walter Gosse, were the bright and shining pupils? Phyllis was born July 29 in Lawrence, Mass. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has blonde hair and grey eyes. When she was a pupil at school in her home town she won a beauty contest as Miss Massachusetts and was selected by Paramount for its school of acting. She excels in light comedy and has made an excellent foil for Charlie Chase in his side-splitting comedies.

Boots B.—I wouldn't call you curious or a nuisance for I never use such violent language. One of Don Alvarado's latest pictures is "Bean Ideal," with Loretta Vail and Loretta Young. Richard Arlen has gone Western in "Roped In," with Louise Dresser and Frances Dee, and in "Gun Smoke" with Mary Brain and William (Stage) Boyd. How we kids love our Westerns, don't we, Boots?

Billy B. Aren't you glad you came in at the finish? It's an art to take the air at the close of such a dignified column. Stop again when you're sailing by. George O'Brien's last release before going on a vacation trip of several months was "The Beulah Beneath" with Margaret Wycherly, Larry Kent and Warner Hymer, who is also the life of the party with Marjorie White in "Charlie Chan Carries On." George O'Brien was born Sept. 9th, weighs 150 pounds, in San Francisco, Cal. He has dark brown hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 185 pounds.

pictures. Cecil DeMille gave him his start in pictures. He has been married three times; his second wife was Elinor Fair, and the present Mrs. Boyd is Dorothy Sebastian. Bill has blue eyes and light brown hair, weighs 180 pounds and is 6 feet tall. One of his releases was "The Painted Desert" with Helen Twelvetrees.

Kathryn L. You'd be surprised at the strange questions the postman brings me, and do I have to think fast? But nevertheless it still takes three minutes to boil a three-minute egg. No, Tom Mix isn't Bebe Daniels' leading man, but Den Lyon, Douglas Fairbanks Sr., and Ricardo Cortez have been in her last three releases—"My Past," "Reaching for the Moon" and "The Maltese Falcon." Tom Mix and Tony haven't made a picture for some time. They are still the head-line attraction with Sells-Floto Circus.

Elizabeth J., Orchard Dale. Can I tell you the way for a famous stranger to meet a perfect actress or a perfect stranger to meet—but who started this monologue, anyway? Lack of space prevents a re-told of how the various celebrities have met me. Gary Cooper and Lope Velez are busy denying and affirming their engagement, and who am I to dispute their word? Gary was 30 years old on May 7 of the present year. He has blue eyes, dark brown hair, weighs 180 pounds and is 6 feet 2 inches tall.

Josephine H. You're in great luck to get one reply from a busy star, so why ask for another. They get hundreds of letters and requests for pictures and personal replies every day, so don't be too hard on the poor dears. John Mack Brown has been married some time to a college sweetheart, Cornelia Foster, and they have a little daughter, Harriet. Loretta Young was born Jan. 6, 1912. She is 5 feet 3½ inches tall, weighs 100 pounds and has light brown hair and eyes. Her first screen appearance was with Colleen Moore in "Naughty But Nice," and was just a small bit and no credit given in the cast. Gloria Swanson and Warner Baxter were born on March 29, Betty Compson on the 18th and Joan Crawford on the 21st of March.

Pauline, Cleveland, O. The theme of this month's letters seems to be, "Take My Last Quarter But Give Me SCREENLAND." Edward Nugent was born in New York City Feb. 7, 1904. He has dark brown hair, green eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 150 pounds. He was on the stage before going into pictures. He is Wili-l-ly Ho in Robert Montgomery's first starring film, "Shipmates," Louise Brooks is in "The Public Enemy," with Edward Woods, James Cagney and Donald Cook, all three new screen names but well known on Broadway. Tom Tyler is making good pictures in a Western way and knows how to handle a naturally good voice as well as his horse. He appears in "Rider of the Plains," with Lillian Bond.

Marjorie H. So you think these fan letters to me are just "make-believe" and so you're writing to find out. How's that for a pain in the neck to me? Sally O'Neill and sister, Molly O'Day, have been on the stage for the past year and haven't made any pictures. Sally isn't married as far as I know. Donald Keith was Emile Jannings' young son, who played the violin in "The Way of All Flesh." Cullen Landis was Thomas Meighan's brother in "We're All Gamblers," and not Gareth Hughes. Now that you know I'm not a myth and the letters are honest-to-goodness ones, come again and I hope you like us.
Write to the Stars as Follows:

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

William Bakewell
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Lillian Bond
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Harry Carey
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Reginald Denny
Kent Douglas
Marie Dressler
Cliff Edwards
Julia Faye
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Gavin Gordon
William Haines
Hedda Hopper
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Henry Armetta
Mary Astor
Evelyn Brent
Sue Carol
Joseph Cawthorn
Betty Compson
Lily Damita
Bebe Daniels
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Jobyna Howland
Arline Judge
Arthur Lake

Warner-First National Studios, Burbank, California.

Robert Allen
George Arliss
John Barrymore
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Bebe Daniels
Claudia Dell
Irene Dunne
Doug Fairbanks, Jr.
Frank Fay
Gladys Ford
James Hall
Walter Huston
Leon Janney
Evantasy Knapp
Fred Kohler
Laura Lee

Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Frank Albertson
Hardie Albright
Luana Alcaniz
Robert Ames
Walter Baxter
Rex Bell
Joan Bennett
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
Marguerite Churchill
Joyce Compton
Donald Dillaway
Fifi Dorsay
Sally Elters
Charles Farrell
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor
Warren Hymer
Richard Keene
J. M. Kerrigan
Elissa Landi

 PARAMOUNT STUDIOS, 3451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
William Austin
George Bancroft
Carmen Barnes
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Collyer Brook
Nancy Carroll
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Jackie Coogan
Robert Coogan
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Leon Errol
Stuart Erwin
Norman Foster
Kay Francis

RKO-Pathe Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett

Russell Gleason
Alan Hale
Ann Harding

Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lewis Ayres
John Boles
Kathryn Crawford
Robert Ellis
Sidney Fox
Jean Hersholt
Rose Hobart
Dorothy Janis

United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Don Alvarado
William Boyd
Eddie Cantor
Charlie Chaplin
Ronsol Colman
Douglas Fairbanks
William Farnum

Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Gertrude Astor
Mischa Auer
Helene Chadwick
Helen Chandler
Dorothy Christy
June Collyer
Marion Douglas
Robert Edeson
George Fawcett
Albert Gran
Ralph Graves
Carmelita Geraghty
Hale Hamilton

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

William Collier, Jr.
Constance Cummings
Jack Holt
Buck Jones

Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Oliver Hardy
Ed Kennedy
Mary Kornman

Educational Studios, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Marjorie Beebe
Ann Christy
Andy Clyde
Harry Gribbon

Sono Art-World Wide, Metropolitan Studios, 1041 Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Ruth Roland
Eddie Dowling

Send Birthday Congratulations to These Following August Stars:

Dolores Del Rio
Anita Page
Colleen Moore
Charles Farrell
Mary Duncan
Regis Toomey
Natalie Moorhead
Fredrich March

Alfred Lunt
Barbara Leonard
Grace Moore
Ruth Morlan
Conchita Montenegro
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
Ramón Novarro
Ivor Novello
Marie Prevost
Esther Ralston
Duncan Renaldo
Norma Shearer
Lawrence Tibbett
Lewis Stone
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Lester Vail

Eddie Quillan
Fred Scott
Helen Twelvetrees
Myrna Kennedy
Barbara Kent
Mary Nolan
Eddie Phillips
Slim Summerville
Genevieve Tobin
Lupe Velez
John Wray
A. Jolson
Evelyn Laye
Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gilbert Roland
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge
Lloyd Hughes
Paul Hurst
Ralph Ince
Wallace MacDonald
Ken Maynard
Blanche Mahaney
Una Merkel
Geneva Mitchell
Charlie Murray
Sally O'Neill
Jason Robards
George Sidney
Bob Steele
Thelma Todd
Bert Lytell
Joan Peers
Dorothy Revier
Loretta Sayers
Barbara Stanwyck
Harry Langdon
Stan Laurel
Zasu Pitts
Our Gang
Thelma Todd

Send Birthday Congratulations to These Following August Stars:

Dolores Del Rio
August 3rd.
Anita Page
August 4th.
Colleen Moore
August 8th.
Charles Farrell
August 9th.
Mary Duncan
August 10th.
Charles Rogers
August 13th.
Regis Toomey
August 13th.
June Collyer
August 19th.
Leatrice Joy
August 19th.
Natalie Moorhead
August 27th.
Fredrich March
August 31st.
The enigmatic Garbo! What is the secret of Garbo’s unique appeal to the American public? She has the courage to be her innate self—despite the fact that off-screen and out of one another, a quiet, young lady has come upon us unobtrusively with a display of genuine histrionics deserving of ovation. We liked her in “Holiday,” knew she must be a lovely person by “The Girl of the Golden West,” but it took

(Continued on page 128)

AN OVA TION TO ANN

Amid the pandemonium raised by fans anent Garbo versus Dietrich and the Bow situation, while Hollywood itself has been made blatant by stars trying to outshine and outdo another, a quiet, young lady has come upon us unobtrusively with a display of genuine histrionics deserving of ovation. We liked her in “Holiday,” knew she must be a lovely person by “The Girl of the Golden West,” but it took

(Continued on page 128)

Keywords: Garbo, Dietrich, American public, ovation, histrionics, Garbo's influence.
Is Gloria's Glamour Gone?

Continued from page 29

with your friends and there are compensations. You develop a sense of humor and you learn to take life lightly instead of tragically. You remember that what's happening to you has happened to millions of people, and you survive, as so many others have done. You should be bleat and be sorry for yourself? As for my work, I'm much more interested in character parts than in glamorous leading ladies, you know. I don't have to stay young and good-looking forever for those.

Standing grapes? I don't think so. It sounds more like an excellent combination of courage and horse-sense than either sour grapes or a hidden complex.

Nevertheless, there's something wrong. She used to be a sensational box office draw, and now she's in the position of a suppliant for popular favor. "There's nothing strange about that," you may say. "She's not the first and she won't be the last to know first the adoration and then the indifference of the great movie public."

True, but her case isn't quite that of the average movie star. She was to her fans a character she was the Gloria, and she held the place then as that other phenomenon, the Glorious Garbo, holds today. Besides, there was the generous public who was welcomed back in that! How widely it was believed that Gloria's stock had taken a second upward leap! Only to change again to a new low with "What A Widow!"

Has the fans' taste changed perhaps? Are they demanding something more of something different from what they used to want? If Gloria can't meet that demand, it won't be for want of trying. What she lacks, you didn't, like so many others, get panicky. She didn't charge the game like a loco steer, head down and eyes on the ground. She set about coolly studying the problem. She found a good story, she sought a first-rate adviser in the person of Laura Hope Crews, she engaged a first-rate director in Edmund Goulding. For twenty-one days the three sat together, begrudging time out for food and sleep, and worked on the scenario, changing, rephrasing, improving, perfecting it down to the last minute detail before rehearsals began. And she hasn't abated her efforts since that time. Her hundreds of scripts are in her determination to find the best.

Her next picture, "Rockabye," is a discovery, a newcomer's first attempt. She is wildly enthusiastic about it. "It's the best material," she says emphatically, "that I ever had in my whole life. I've never known anything that impressed me so much or that I wanted more to do. The girl's a character—alive, unusual—she might even be sordid if she weren't played right. And her mother's a tensely old party with a bun on most of the time; I'm trying to get Laura Hope Crews to play it..."

"You do every new picture I make," she adds earnestly, "I grow more critical of myself. I love perfection. I can only make a picture that isn't as good as the preceding one, but if I do, it's not because I haven't tried hard enough to make it better."

Maybe the secret lies somewhere in those words. Maybe she tries too hard. Certainly that the impression created by the setting in her last picture, the effort is too much in evidence. Maybe Gloria's critical faculty stops at the same point as that of so many of the rest of us—ourselves.

She thinks that perhaps she hasn't made enough pictures to keep her place in the sun. And it's true that one a year is hardly more than a crumb to feed to the ravenous fans. Only a Chaplin can afford to be so restrained. She produced "The Trespasser" herself and found it such interesting and exciting work that she wanted to go on producing all her pictures. But after "What A Widow" she changed her mind. Exciting it remained, but also so laborious and exhausting that it took her practically a year to prepare for the picture, to make it and to recuperate from it. It was a great relief, she says, when she decided to have United Artists produce "Indiscreet" for her—just to come and work every day and collect her salary and not have to worry about any of the details. Just the same, I'm not giving up producing. I'll alternate—do one myself, then have them do one. That way I hope to make three pictures a year. That will help, Gloria, we venture modestly—provided the quality rises with the quantity.

What do we think of her chances? On her side she has capital and a clear head, the prestige of the past and—one of her greatest assets—grit and then more grit. The kind of grit illustrated by the following story. She started by playing comedy roles, which she hated. Like all youngsters, she wanted to play a dramatic part, and the first dramatic part she was offered was that of an athletic girl who did stunts in the water, one of them being to rescue a drowning man at night. Now Gloria didn't know how to swim and she was afraid of the water. But she kept that piece of information to herself and took the part. Meantime she went to the Y. W. C. A. for lessons, but every time the instructor came near her she shrieked and fled. At last the time arrived for the shooting of the rescue scene. It was a moonless night, dark as pitch, and the place was lit by flaring torches. Gloria, in evening dress, approached the director. "Just what do I have to do?" she asked, stalling. "Have you read the script?" "Yes," she said weakly, "I thought you might have changed it." "Nary a change," he assured her. "You just dive off." "Well," she blurted, "I don't know anything about diving." "Don't you think it's time you learned?" he asked unsympathetically.

"Yes, but I saw another girl in the car. I thought maybe you brought her along to double for me in this scene." "Well, maybe I did, but I'd like you to try it first." She walked blindly to the edge of the dock and waited in agony till she heard her name called, then tore off her dress and, a small bundle of terror and despair, jumped.

What happened after that she doesn't remember—she may have fainted—but the next thing she knew, she was clutching the drowning man, an excellent swimmer, and being hauled into a boat.

And the funniest part of the story is that, though they had the double do the dive after her, they used Gloria's shot. It was more graceful!

If that kind of grit were enough to boost Gloria back where she wants to be, she'd get there. But is it enough? She has grave handicaps to fight against—the vague but growing sense in the public mind that she is through, the fact that the present-day screen doesn't do justice to her physical attributes, the competition of newer and younger and more exciting rivals who have mastered a subtler and more appealing dramatic technique than Gloria has ever learned.

What does she think of her own chances? "I don't think about them," she smiled. "And I don't make any plans. I just go on, trying to discover where I stand. Of course, it's much easier getting to the top than staying there—but the toughest job of all seems to be climbing back after you've once fallen off.

"Sometimes, when I'm tired and things don't go right, I think I'll quit. But I know I'm only fooling myself. Two weeks away from the studio, and I'm like an old circus horse, sniffing for the sawdust again. Still, if the time does come when I'm convinced they don't want me any more, I like to believe I'll step out with a good grace."

"I have no complaints to make. The pictures and the picture fans have always been more than generous to me and, whenever I go, I'll say 'thank you very much for a nice time.'"

Spoken like a gentleman! Whether she comes back or doesn't come back, we offer a salute to Gloria, The Good Sport.

How would you like to sit in a projection room with all these famous screen players? Find Anita Page, Joan Marsh, Edwina Booth, Nils Asther, Polly Moran, John Miljan, Neil Hamilton, Dorothy Jordan, Leila Hyams, Monroe Owsley, Marjorie Rambeau—and there are others, too!
Who Is Sylvia?—Continued from page 83

direction of Winthrop Ames, one of New York's best producer-directors. And Sylvia was good. Even Mr. Ames, himself, took a personal interest in her, received notices, and compliments from professionals.

"So I decided I was a cinch for a real job and I started out to get one. Then there was the inevitable spell of managers taking one look at the gawky kid with her hair down her back and carrying a pile of books and saying, 'Look what wants to be an actress—my God, throw it over quick.' But it never seemed to bother me. I always went back again, keeping pretty well under foot."

Having at least made managers conscious of her for several months, one of them finally broke down and gave her a job. It was a part in a play called "The Challenge of Youth." The play wasn't very good—but that was quite beside Sylvia's point. She was now a professional, and at peace with the world.

"Then, on the second night of the run, I suddenly fainted in the middle of the first act. They thought it was appendicitis and we all for rushing me to a hospital. But I had read enough back-stage stories to know how shows must go on. So I couldn't listen to them and, with a brave little smile on my lips, I finished the show, loving every minute of it. Next day, an X-ray showed a torn ligament in my right side, result of jumping over a bannister in one scene. But, still the girl-martyr, I continued with the show."

I was having such a swell time being the heroine trooper that they were afraid to tell me that the show was folding up at the end of the first week. Finally, on the last night, Mother broke it to me very gently. And I went to bed for two weeks—I think it was as much chagrin as torn ligament!

Her next engagement was the macabre in "The Squall," another play with a distinct aroma. Following that, however, was "Crime." With her in this cast were Chester Morris, Robert Montgomery, Kay Johnson and Kay Francis. Little did they all know, etc.

"After that, I reverted to routine and picked a couple more flops. 'Mirrors' and 'Don't Count Your Chickens,' both of which died on me almost immediately. I decided I'd never get anywhere by rehearsing two weeks, playing one and then doing nothing for several. So I joined a Denver stock company, where I'd work constantly and in a variety of parts, getting the actual training I wanted. And in that company was Fredric March. It just goes to show you."

It was around this time that Fox, hungry for stage actors with which to feed their microphones, went berserk on Broadway and flocked every theatre from the Battery to the Bronx. Included in one shipment west was Sylvia.

"That's a long story which we won't go into. It's a very sad one, it would break your heart! I did one picture—and why I had to be sure—and then there was just a general confusion. I've never been so miserable in my life. I like work too well to fancy being lost in a shirt. They said I was hard to handle and I guess I was pretty disagreeable about the whole thing. Both sides were awfully relieved when I just stalked out and went home."

Praising long enough in New York to say how do you do to her family, she continued on to Rochester to join the stock company there. Here, too, the talkies cast their shadows before. The director of the company was George Cukor, now one of Paramount's aces; and, when Sylvia played the daughter in "The Royal Family," the tempestuous Julie was done by Aline MacMaHon, now Edward Robinson's decorative opposite in "Five Star Final."

After a long and successful engagement in Rochester, Sylvia returned to New York. By now an actress of some stature and reputation, she was recognized as one of Broadway's most promising. After playing with Robert Warwick in "Nice Women," she did "The Old-Fashioned Girl."

"I pulled my martyr stunt there, again. At the start of the run, sure-footed Sidney fell again. It was in the middle of the second act and the fall broke my ankle. They rang down the curtain until I came to, then I insisted we go on with the performance. Next day, they put a cast on my ankle and I went through the rest of the run leaning picturesquely on a cane. And adoring it."

"Before each performance, I had the stage manager announce to the audience that Miss Sidney was playing in spite of a broken ankle—I didn't want them to think I was born that way and it was always good for a hand when the brave little trouper made her entrance. And I could do just what I wanted with the other actors. I wonder they didn't get together and have me bumped off. I'd park myself in the centre of the stage and take every scene for myself—and they couldn't get mad at a pale, suffering witch who, every now and then, bit her lip to stifle a cry of pain. And the foolish ankle didn't hurt me a bit, you know. Someone really should have killed me."

Following this spectacular engagement, were "Crossroads," "Mary A Ship," and then "Bad Girl." With Paul Kelly. It was in the latter that she was spotted by Paramount. After the brief formality of a test in the eastern studio, she was immediately signed on a long-term contract and brought west for "City Streets." Straight from this picture, she went into the much sought-after role of Roberta in "An American Tragedy," and then to "Confessions of a Co-ed."

She hates to see "rushes"—is terribly depressed by the record of the previous day's work and always wonders why the picture is continued. She has worked almost continuously since her arrival on the coast, for which she is glad; because, when she has time to think about it, she is nostalgic for New York and misses her father. She can't understand a town where the majority of people are in bed by ten or eleven. She is to be observed sometimes with Phillips Holmes, sometimes with Leonard Sillman, New York dancer. She has the impulsiveness and spontaneity inevitable to twenty, and a nice wit and intelligence not usually associated with that age.

She isn't at all sure that she will get by in pictures—says her mother overheard a woman remark, at the preview of "City Streets," that Sylvia Sidney was perfectly terrible. But, on the other hand, there is them—including your, as they say, correspondent—as considers her just about the best of the younger acquisitions to the screen!
NAZIMOVA SAYS, "I am over 40 years old!"

Famous stage and screen star declares years need not rob you of Youth

"ONLY the woman who looks it is afraid to admit her age," says Nazimova. "But I am proud of mine—look at me—I am over forty!

"It is easy to be lovely at sixteen, but to be still lovelier at forty... well, that is easy, too, if a woman is wise! Actresses rarely look their age, you notice. Like me, they guard their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap.

"It is a marvel, that soap. For years I have been faithful to it—and my skin is so soft, so smooth. A woman's age is not the measure of her charm—oh, no."

How 9 out of 10 screen stars guard complexion beauty

Nazimova is only one of countless, perpetually youthful stage and screen stars who use Lux Toilet Soap to guard complexion beauty.

In Hollywood, actually 605 of the 613 important screen actresses use this fragrant white soap regularly.

NAZIMOVA. Who would guess, looking at this recent photograph, that she is over 40! More fascinating than ever she seems, this star who won early stage fame in The Doll's House, became a favorite of the screen in such hits as Salome, and returned to the stage recently in The Cherry Orchard.

Lux Toilet Soap...10¢
moved out of the district and James eventually graduated from Columbia University. Two brothers preceded him to college and are now doctors. The third brother entered the commercial advertising field. All three are logical of Cagney's environment is his knowledge of the life and language of the district, so expertly used in his convincing role of public enemy. This is a tendency toward liberal political views.

"Shanty Irish" he may be, but Jim Tully who wrote the story is from which Cagney's first successful part was culled, but he has most of the virtues and few of the vices of that strong-willed nationality. He has a jaunty, loose-jointed walk which makes him distinguishable in a crowd from any angle. It was the acquisition of this particular mannerism that made his amateur jiggling amusing to his friends during that first year in college and that in turn furnished the background for his first professional engagement soon after that first college year when his father died and it became necessary for him to go out "on his own." Over the red and back he came with a job dancing in the chorus of a big vaudeville act at $3 a week. A friend had helped him win the job and Cagney trusted his Irish resourcefulness to prevent the losing of it if the manager learned that it was his first professional engagement. The distinguishing trait then by a trait he has always kept, a willingness, almost a passion, to learn.

Cagney is probably the best audience for an advice giver in the motion picture or theatrical world. And, if he thinks the adviser knows what he is talking about, he will try it out.

In the comparatively small role he played with George Arliss in "The Millionaire," Cagney worked out his own interpretation of the insurance salesman part. It was admittedly an excellent bit because it gave the key to the whole action of the play. He rehearsed for three full weeks on those few lines, faithfully.

"I would have played the part at a slower tempo," Cagney confesses. "I still think it would have been better if I had played it at a faster pace. But Mr. Arliss was the only person who had the authority to me to discard his advice, even if I disagree with it. And when I am watching him, I always think that the others in the cast was worth a great deal to me."

The first entry in the abbreviated scrap book is a clipped newspaper clipping that is not quite two inches square. It reads: "James Cagney has replaced Donald Kerr as a dancing feature with the 'Pitter Patter' company, which opened for a week's run at the Shubert-Riviera Theatre last night. Some time ago it was predicted that this young man's cleverness would result in the recognition of his talent and that more of his work would be brought into the limelight. Now he is rapidly coming to the face at a pace that eclipses all predictions."

That is the only scrap book entry of the early years of struggle for recognition on the stage. The February 12 entry, on the same page, is an account of the opening night of "Outside Looking In," Charles Bickford and Mr. Cagney's first important part in that production, too.

Strangely enough Cagney won his chance in "Outside Looking In" by trying out for a part in a company which was to play "Desire Under the Elms."

"My reading of O'Neill's lines was so effective that I was chosen to play Little Red in Maxwell Anderson's play," he says with a chuckle.

Four pages of reviews of "Outside Looking In" follow and there is revealed an absolutely unanimous opinion that the work of James Cagney was very good indeed. Percy Hammond wrote: "Charles Bickford and Mr. James Cagney do the most honest, acting now to be seen in New York."

But though Cagney's partner in "honest acting," Charles Bickford, was persuaded to try picture making shortly after that, Cagney himself stayed by the stage for five more pages of the scrap book and four more years. They were not particularly prosperous.

Maria Alba, the Rio de Janeiro beauty whom you'll see in Goldie—but Maria isn't dyeing for her art. Jean Harlow is Goldie.

years. One show after another in which Cagney appeared died in its infancy, leaving only comments from the critics upon the excellent work of Cagney and the worthlessness of the vehicles in which he appeared.

From time to time he returned to dancing and to revues and vaudeville. He headed the "Cagney School of Dancing" which furnished support for himself during the lean times between stage engagements. His stage life alternated between comedy dancing roles and dramatic "weeping brother" parts. He liked to do the latter.

"The Grand Street Follies," "Maggie the Magnificent," and "Penny Arcade" were the rather unsuccessful shows which proved to be sturdy stepping stones for Cagney. He emerged from each near failure with additional flattering personal notices and valuable experience.

The boy who had so narrowly avoided becoming a tough in real life, found himself heralded as the most promising tough on the stage!

Then, of course, the screen claimed him. He was taken to Hollywood by Warner Brothers for the part of an unregenerate brother in "Simmer's Holiday" which he played so effectively that he was kept there to play in "Doorway to Hell." Implications from that picture complete the twelve pages of Cagney's scrap book. It is Cagney's past. His present and his future are yet to be pasted on the blank pages and registered on the public's consciousness.

James Cagney represents the most amazing combination of contradictions in the picture colony. He droops into the gangster lingo as easily and naturally as Chicago policeman but off the set he talks like a college professor. He shares with Bickford, who are among the first important stage roles, an intense resentment toward any pretentions of the "classes" as against the "masses." It has already been suggested that this is also true in his political views. He is a student of economics and philosophy and is almost too willing to discuss them when the opportunity presents itself.

His opinions are firm but his manners are pleasant. He is almost gentle. His voice is low, his facial expression solemn, his red hair and freckles making the serious sentences sound almost incongruous. He refuses to learn to play bridge. He spends his evenings arguing with friends, telling stories, comparing beliefs and ideas. The art of conversation is not lost with him. And this is the boy who was once known officially as the red-head reve- nue A before his mother took him in hand and moved the family out of the district.

He fights at the drop of a hat even today, but not always with his fists. He is very earnest, very convincing, very genuine. Mr. Cagney has invested no money but he has acted as a hard-times bank for his actor friends who are out of work. He apparently has no bad habits. Except that he never swears in public, and this is too noble a picture of the young actor who is playing "baby scarer" roles in notably spectacular vehicles. He only plead that it is the result of a canvas of those who agree and those who disagree with him.

Having got along this far in life without ever having played the piece he has suddenly registered great interest in music, and is taking lessons. When not working in a picture, he practices several hours each day, even in his spare time. He is able to play Debussy, whose music is, qualified experts say, as different from the Cagney type as "classical" is to it as possible can be found. He is also interested in Dostoevsky. Dostoievsky is his favorite. He is a severe critic of his own work and of that of others. Asked how he liked a Los Angeles showing of a popular play he said: "It's a great play—with some very hammy performances."

Mrs. Cagney was a dancer on the stage when they were married. She left the stage permanently when she went to the altar with him and has never ventured back. There are no children.

Independence is his weakness and his strength. His first day in Hollywood is the proof of that.

Cagney had an appointment with Director John Adolfi that day at the studio. Promptly on the hour he was there but Adolfi was not. Cagney waited fifteen minutes and then said to the secretary, "Tell Mr. Adolfi that Mr. Cagney was here."

Cagney's career is still ahead of him in a not too certain future. Cagney walked out of the office, and when the secretary tried to explain as studio officials could discover. It took them two days to find him.

They found him eating spaghetti in an Italian restaurant and discussing Russian novelists.

He is, so far as I know, the only ambitious young actor who ever walked out of a studio when he had been invited to stay.
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to annoy him.

Movie fans are forever writing to "Miss Clive Brook," and "Miss Olive Brook." Most of the letters contain comments for photographs. He has a form letter with which they are answered, and it begins "Dear Friend: If you will kindly send ten cents in stamped envelopes, I will send you a portrait of Clive in squaring that.

One of his old friends wrote a personal letter asking for a photograph. It became mixed in the fan mail and he received the form letter. He imagined what trouble there was for Clive in squaring that.

He spoke of his home life only once, when I asked him if he liked being spoiled.

"Crazy about them," he said. "I have one—a Doberman Pinscher, but he is so ferocious that I can't take him around with me—keep him at home to watch over the children.

Mrs. Brook, as you know, was the former Mildred Evelyn, popular English actress. They met when she played opposite Clive in "Over Sunday," his first big stage success in London.

She stays out of the spotlight now, believing that the only thing for a wife to do when her husband is famous.

Although Clive taught topography during the war, he has no sense of direction, he revealed to me. He is forever getting lost. Even in the studios he has trouble finding his way about. When he is in New York Mrs. Brook is his chief guide around the city.

He loathes anything pertaining to clothes. Hats, particularly, cause him much anguish. He can never find one that feels comfortable after he tries it on at home. He buys them by the score, and seldom wears them. He prefers his own, or none at all. And as for his dozen of suits, he has them made and wears them just because it is expected of him. The back-to-nature cults springing up in Germany sound good to him.

In the privacy of his own boudoir, he is happiest. In the winter he sleeps in just the top of his pajamas. In the summer, wears none at all.

Outstanding in his memory is his first real experience.

"I played in 'Oliver Twist," he said, smiling at the memory of it. "It was in a poor joint in London. There has never been anything like that thrill since. Of course I was scared. But at last, I was on the stage."

The desire for the stage that arose in Clive when he was just a youngster came from his mother. She was an opera singer.

His family tried so hard to dissuade him from seeking stage fame that he left home at the age of 14, and became assistant secretary at the Colonial Club in London. It was not until after the war, though, that he took the stage seriously. Before that, he did everything from teaching elocution, starring frequently in amateur dramatics.

After the war, he broached the subject of a stage career to Sir Alfred Butt, famous British producer, and was awarded a role in "Fair and Warmer"—the leading role, to be exact. This led to a contract with Sir Alfred, and later to a major role opposite Betty Compson. It was two years after his first screen appearance in England that he came to America to accept a contract with Thomas Ince in this picture. He has stayed six years. At first he free-lanced, and later was placed under a long term contract with Paramount.

When the talkies came along he was ahead of the majority of screen stars. His long stage training had made his voice acceptable.

Clive Brook has a strange philosophy of life. Says it isn't exactly fatalism, but small reason.

"My belief is that we are influenced entirely by secretions from various glands. I mean, for instance, it is the chemical make-up of people that determines their actions and reactions. We like some people and dislike others all depending on this. We do one thing and do not do another because of it," he told me. "But it is hard to explain. When you get into it, I suppose it is fatalism, in a sense."

He has no desire to be fabulously rich, like many stars.

"I want just enough money to permit me to travel," he pointed out. "I want the money and time for it, that's all. Home life is great for a while, but it can get tiresome. And it is very easy to become hampered with too many possessions."

"Right now I'd rather go to Russia than any place I know. Why? Because I have never been there, I suppose."

And speaking of possessions, his most precious ones are his collections of postcards and glass. Not large collections, but very rare and valuable.

He picked them up in his spare moments. His other spare moments he spends playing tennis or polo. And sometimes he writes. Now, he writes for amusement, rather than publication. And although he won't discuss love, he writes about it.

His first short story, which he sold to Smart Set, was about "I-a-v," he confessed, laughing.

Dancing appeals to him. So does chewing gum. His favorite drink is champagne. And he smokes almost anything. He prefers cigars. Oysters and partridge are his favorite foods.

He is on a diet, now. Doctor's orders. Before the doctor came along he used to eat enormous breakfasts.

Yes, he can remember being hungry and broke. It was fun. He doesn't like to talk about it.

He admits a strong streak of sentimentality.

"Past happenings and associations are very dear to me," he said. "They are the two things that stir up my sentimental side."

Perhaps it is his moodiness that makes him hard to know. Or maybe it is just his British nature. For in his circle of real friends, his circle of acquaintances large. People who know him slightly can't keep up talks. They are not a part of the group. But when a reporter approaches him, Clive is like reporters only in the abstract," he said. "In real life they can do too much harm. A star is at their mercy."

Besides having an extensive screen career, Clive has had another—that of a soldier.

In September, 1914, he joined the Artists' Rifles as a private. Six months later the unit was dissolved and all of its members made commissioned officers. His first duty as a subaltern was to take charge of the machine gun sections of a London regiment which waited for Zeppelins on the east coast of England.

Next, he was assigned to the machine gun corps and saw service in the organization for the greater portion of the war. Among the larger engagements in which he was active were the second battle of Vimy Ridge and the Battle of Passchendaele. The latter was the fight in which the British mined a tremendous portion of the front and blew it up, causing an explosion so great that it was heard in London.

Clive was among the soldiers buried beneath the avalanche of earth, but escaped almost unhurt. Five days after this rather hectic experience he was sent home on a ten-day leave.

While attending a theatrical performance in London, his memory suddenly left him. In the early morning hours he found himself on the opposite side of town, not knowing how he happened to be there.

Because of this attack he was retained in England to drill troops there. During the course of the work he suffered a second attack. Tells how he, while in the drill grounds in the middle of the night and drilled squadrons of troops which were not there. But this was the last attack of amnesia.

He rose to the rank of Major during the war, winning his commission because of gallantry in the front lines.

Since coming to America he has been one of the most popular leading men. Before, the talkies became popular, he tells how annoyed he used to be when on entering a theatre, people would rush out and touch him.

"Suppose now that audiences actually hear their favorite stars talk, they know we are real," he explained. "Until the talkies they thought touching us was the only way to find out. It was awful!"

Because he hates being pointed out in a crowd explains probably why he seldom goes to the theatre.

And if you ever write him a letter, don't expect to receive a reply in his own handwriting. He writes on the typewriter, all his letters. It is so tiresome that oftentimes he finds it difficult to read it himself. It is the only handwriting in Hollywood that handwriting experts have been unable to copy.

It is no wonder that Clive Brook has succeeded in the world. He got a great start!

He weighed 20 pounds when he was born!

If you don't believe it, he'll show you his birth certificate!
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The new ensembles are getting more involved. Paris even specifies now about figures and faces! We must be slender, ah yes! But rounded. We must glow with health while we grope with calories!

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The Truth About Cosmetics—Continued from page 92

Yardley introduces a new scent: it’s called “Orchis” and is delicately fresh and spring-like.

Do you read Mary Lee every month for the latest about the newest and most exciting cosmetics? You should!

Revuelettes—Continued from page 6

NOT SO LOUD. RKO-Pathé. Not so good. Elizabeth Kennedy plays a detective who tries to keep tabs on the goings-on in a roadhouse.

OUTBOARD STUNTING. RKO-Pathé. A nippy skillet comedy showing some hair-raising stunts in outboard sports. It packs a wallop.

SKIDOO. Vitaphone. Lew Fields doesn’t register very well in this comedy due to a weak story. It has always been hiccoped but harmless.

THE MAD MELODY. RKO-Pathé. One of the best cartoon comics with Professor Lion writing an opera. Good gags.

THE SPIRIT OF 76TH STREET. Vitaphone. Most of the section takes place during a spiritualistic seance with Helen Broderick wackieracting. Enjoyable.

THE TROUBADOUR. Vitaphone. If you go for opera you’ll enjoy this one. Giovanni Martellini is in splendid voice as usual.

THOU SHALT NOT. Paramount. Billy House as a nappy waiter in a night club manages to be funny despite the poor plot.

WILD WEST OF TODAY. Fox. Beautiful scenic surroundings with sequences showing wild horses, horses, sheep and cows. Well worth seeing.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT. Vitaphone. An interesting ripley feature showing various oddities he has encountered. Entertaining.

HE WAS HER MAN. Paramount. Dancing, music and Gilda Gray doing her famous dance. “Prisco and Johnnie” is the theme.

ROUGH SEAS. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A war comedy of high standard with Charlie Chase and Thelma Todd at their funniest best. Good gags.

THE HUDSON AND ITS MOODS. Paramount. Show off the beauty and charm of the Hudson caught from a river boat. Good photography.


WINE, WOMEN, BUT NO SONG. Columbia. Eddie Buzell manages to instill laughter into this one. Eddie masquerades as a butler and, of course, things go wrong.

and light; Queen of the Nile, which is just as seductive as you hope it will be, and Royal Gardenia, which is our favorite. They are all the same price, $3.50 per bottle, which contains four ounces.

Another house has been doing itself proud with a new perfume. This is called “Orchis” and is made by that fine English firm, Yardley and Company. It comes in a very simple little bottle with bevelled edges dressed up in a charming yellowed silver box. In fact the press agent of this perfume—ah, yes indeed, perfumes have press agents these days and why not?—said something about its looking like silver birches under the November sun. Of course, I have no words after a statement like that. But the perfume really is swell, it’s delicately fresh and spring-like. And it isn’t too fearfully expensive. There’s a two ounce size for $7.50, a one ounce size for $3.75, or if you want a trial size you may try a quarter of an ounce of it for a mere dollar and a half.

And here’s Elizabeth Arden’s Treasurette kit. It has a lock and a very big mirror, as well as any selection of Arden products that you desire, and I recommend it heartily for summer travelers. It is light and compact and it will save your having to have cosmetics rattling around in your bags or your trunk to say nothing of saving your sweet-girl-graduate complications. The price is $16 complete, unless you go wild and select the most expensive things in a shop that has very costly—and delightful—things indeed.

One more perfume and I’ll have to cease for this month. This is Prelude and is put out by Pinault. One look at the package Prelude comes in and you want it, and one sniff at the perfume and you hear yourself murmuring, “Daddy, buy me that.” This Pinault company does fine fur coats, when it comes to putting selling packages on the market.

Prelude comes in a soft green shade in a bottle so simple and yet so lovely it is almost impossible to describe it. You really must see it for yourself. Even the label has been put on the top of the bottle in a rectangular stopper so that nothing will clutter up the face of the bottle itself. Then the bottle has been slipped into a case lined with padded white crepe de chine, no less, and sits on a little white satin ribbon that pulls it politely out of the box whenever you call for it. The outside of the box is of a heavy black paper that looks like fine leather with one chaste little silver label. Now I ask you, does that sound like something you’d cry for? If you wouldn’t you’re just too strong minded. The price is reasonable for all this splendor.

Short Features

AIR TIGHT. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. An amateur ride in a glider. It should have been thrilling but instead it fell very flat.

ALL GUMMED UP. RKO-Pathé. You’ll get quite a few chuckles out of this domestic comedy triangle with Eddie Kennedy, Florence Lake and Lenore Carver.


CHIP SHOTS. Warner Brothers. Another golf lesson by that expert, Bobby Jones. John Halliday, William Davidson and Robert Elliott are some of Bobby’s cinema pupils. See it.

CO-ED. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. An amateur ride in a glider. It should have been thrilling but instead it fell very flat.

COUNTRY SCHOOL. Universal. Oswald, the rabbit, is very naughty in this one, and besides, he offers only a sprinkling of laughs.

DO NOT DIVORCE HIM. Educational. Claude Cook plays a sap clerk employed by a divorce lawyer. It’s a skit that which the kiddies will enjoy.

HERE’S LUCK. Universal. A Slim Summerville comedy with the comedian scrapping with a tough sergeant. Good for many laughs.

LAUGH IT OFF. Paramount. June McCloy plays a nurse who thrills the two patients with her voice. Tete songs and story.

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Pent House—Continued from page 34

the lips. "Be good, kid. I'll send you the booking story in the morning."

When Don Bosinney purchased Supreme Pictures, he brought with him what the industry blandly referred to as the "fifteen cowboys from Montana" to help him run the business. They were in reality fifteen subordinates who had served Bosinney faithfully in his various enterprises over a period of many years. Before their dramatic appearance on the movie horizon, they had been employed by Bosinney in one form or another on his ranches in the west. If the truth were known, not one of them had ever sat on a horse. They now occupied various executive posts. One was a vice-president; another was a supervisor on the lot in Hollywood; a third had been appointed purchasing agent, and so on. And John Cummings, who had an uncanny flair for phrases, had been given the post of advertising and publicity director.

And so when Cummings turned over the entire publicity campaign and opening on "The Love Melody" to Angela, she was glad. It meant work, day and night work, until the premiere of the picture. There would be no time to think, to brood, to yearn for a Gerry who would not write.

She didn't mind the days. But the evenings were lonesome. She went to no more premieres. There were no more after-theatre excursions to the penthouse with a red-haired boy whose beauty brought a lump to one's throat and a trembling to one's body. She made a habit of coming back to the penthouse alone, having a quick dinner. She would sit in the little maple swivel chair and look toward the Battery. And when Broadway became aglitter with a million lights, she felt a strange ache in her heart, an aleness. She sometimes found herself calling Gerry's name aloud, but there was no answer; nothing but the excited, expectant beat of her heart. She was grateful to Cummings for loading her with twice as much work as any human could possibly turn out.

The work preceding an opening night was almost as much fun for Angela as the premiere. There were the first and second night lists to be prepared. The first night list consisted of celebrities of the stage and screen, political figures, the world of art and society. And the press. Angela concerned herself most seriously with the press. Don Bosinney sincerely valued their opinion; unlike the majority of producers, he wanted Supreme to make pictures that received their approval and approbation as well as pictures that swelled box-office receipts. And Angela wanted him terribly to have what he wanted. She felt it was a pity that he was called to London two days before the premiere. He seemed so disappointed about missing it.

As the night of the opening approached, excitement in the offices of Supreme grew to fever pitch. Five years in the picture business had not dampened the enthusiasm of the fifteen cowboys for a "world premiere." There was even a rumor, which went the rounds of the various departments, that John Cummings had grown so mellow on the afternoon of the last opening, that Mrs. Brady, the young and red-checked charwoman of the organization, had been the somewhat amazed recipient of his alcoholic embraces. Angela dis-

| William Bakewell jumps over the net to meet his opponent for a game of tennis. You're on, Billy, but if you play as well as you act we'll have to look to our laurels. |
the switch.
"No! Don't want any lights. Want to
sit in the dark." His voice was thick.
"Mr. Cummings! Let me bring you
some water. And perhaps I'd better turn
on the light."
"No!" he roared. "I don't want any
lights. Only gin. Come here, Angela. I've
been thinking about you all day." He felt
in the darkness for her hand.
She drew away. "Don't, Mr. Cum-
nings. Here are your tickets. I've got
to go." She started toward the door, feel-
ing her way along the side of the table.
"Stay and have a drink. One, li'l drink."
"You don't know what you're saying."
Her voice trembled. She kept her hand
on the knob of the door.
He larched to his feet. The glass on
the table fell to the floor with a crash.
Angela felt the liquid dripping on her in-
step.
"You didn't mind that red-haired fellow
on Talkie Topics, did you?" He walked
over to the door heavily, brushed against
her, and covered her hand on the knob,
with his. "I know all about you and that
Gerry March and your carryings on in
your office. What do you think Bosinney
will say when he hears that your boy
friend——"
Angela swayed dizzily for a moment,
then jerking her hand away from under
Cummings', she raised it in the air for one
second of indecision, and brought it ac-
ross his face in a stinging slap. She heard
his gasp of pain, of amazement.
She could never remember how she got
into her hat and coat, and out of the
penthouse. She suddenly discovered that she
was on the street, and that there was such
a pain in her heart that she felt she could
not bear it. Not even when Gerry went
away had her heart ached so. Across the
street, the electric letters on the marquee
of the Supreme Theatre mocked her as
they announced the world premiere, to-
night, of "The Love Melody."
She heard nothing from anyone in the
penthouse. She did not expect word from
Cummings. But it was a month now
since that night, and Don Bosinney had
evidently been informed of every detail.
She suspected that the story might have
been greatly garbled, but still she knew he
had returned from London. He might
have telephoned her or written to her to
come and give him some explanation of
her strange conduct. This indifference,
as though she had been no more important
to him than the most impudent office boy,
hurt like a physical pain.

Yes, yes, Gerry, you were so right! When
they need you they smile on you and
flatter you and give you a Colonial office
for a Christmas gift, but when they don't
need you any longer, you do not exist for
them. What do your feelings matter? Pride?
Banish the thought. You must
have no pride. Love of the work? More
fool you, then. Collect your salary each
week and love a man, not a job. The
motion picture industry can well get along
without you, little one. Someone else will
place the little red invitations in the little
red envelopes as capably as you—someone
else will use his ingenuity, his wit, to make
the front pages of the newspapers—some-
one else will sit in the Colonial office on
the pretty couch—someone else will sit
out on the terrace on warm summer even-
ing and on cold winter nights when the
snow comes down in merry, mad little
flurries. Angela stood on the corner of
45th street and Broadway and looked at
the clock on the Paramount Tower. The
electric lighted hands pointed to ten min-
utes after ten. A little further north, a
touchstone girl swung gaily back and forth,
smiling coquettishly at the Broadway
strollers. Directly in back of the swing-

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ing girl stood the penthouse, slim and ma-
jestie and gray against the star spangled
sky. The thirtieth floor was dark. She
suddenly and drew her head more tightly around her. She had avoided
the penthouse for weeks. She didn’t want
her too, or anyone connected with it.
But tonight something strange had
her own wish to have her. She had
been sitting in the living room of the
apartment, alone, trying to read. But
she could concentrate on nothing: her
eyes had been drawn to the leaping flames in
the fireplace; it was so-like—and yet not like—another fireplace. And suddenly
she wanted to see that other fireplace; to
sit before its coziness again, if only for one
moment. To see the maple desk and the
chintz couch and the Colonial lamps and
the view of the city from the balcony of
the penthouse.

Her heart beat heavily as she stepped
out of the elevator. There was a dim
light in the entrance hall; a murmur of
voices from the executive offices. An all-
night conference, of course. She heard
her own labored breathing as she made
her way quietly down the hall to the
Colonial office. She opened the door softly
and turned on the lights of the lamps she
looked around quickly. Everything was
the same. The couch, the desk, the dim
lamp, the fireplace. Just as she had left it, six long weeks ago. No. Not the
same. She looked more closely at the
couch. The couch, the dear little
chintz couch, was covered with cigarette
holes, dozens of mean, brown cigarette
holes!

The little brown cigarette holes were
more than she could bear. In one more
moment, her heart would burst.

Blindly, in the dim light of the lamps,
she groped her way to the balcony. She
opened the door, and stepped out on the
terrace. The wind groaned, moaned and
softly died. Below her, thousands of
humans swarmed, like mad little ants,
creeping feverishly, one knew where.
To what purpose, to what end? Above
her, the stars, piercingly beautiful, white
and peaceful, twinkled back: To no
purpose, to no end.

Her mind was playing her tricks. Her
eyes closed. For one brief moment, she
swayed dizzyly, drunk with wretchedness,
heartache, fatigue, anguish.

“Miss Calvert! What are you doing out
there in the cold?”

She opened her eyes, and as it in a
dream, turned slowly. “I—don’t—know,
Mr. Bosinney.”

“Come in here and close that door.”

She obeyed mechanically. Bosinney
looked at her.

“I telephoned your house tonight. But
you were out. Strange, your coming here
this way. He lit a cigarette and puffed at
it slowly. “You’re trembling. You step
down on the couch and let me put a coat
over you.” He left the room and re-
turned almost immediately with a large,
woolly coat which he spread over her. She
lay breathing quietly, her eyes closed. She
could feel the scent of his cigarette in
her nostrils.

“Very unhappy, Angela?”

“Yes,” she whispered.

“I see.” He rose, and started to pace
the tiny room with quick, nervous strides.
He turned to her suddenly.

“Why didn’t you write to me, cable me
to London, make some explanation of your
sudden departure? At least, in fairness
to yourself.”

“I couldn’t,” she whispered. “I was
ashamed—of my temper.”

“Non sense. You did exactly right. But
you made a mistake when you left. You’re
much too highly strung, too sensitive, and
think too much of the other fellow’s re-
actions.” His voice grew harsh. “I will
not tolerate any drinking during office
hours and Cummings knows that he goes
back to the cattle country if it happens
again. Angela, I telephoned you tonight—
to ask you to come back to us. We need
you.”

She sat up suddenly, her cheeks flushed,
her eyes shining. The coat dropped to the
floor, unnoticed.

She walked over to the fireplace and
stood leaning against the mantel. The
flames brought a ruddy glow to her
cheeks, a brighter sparkle to her eyes.

Ruth Etting, the sweetheart of the radio
and queen of short features, on her farm
in David City, Nebraska.

Make a right nice farmerette, Ruth.

Don Bosinney looked at her, a little smile
playing around his lips.

“Angela, tell me how a girl as intelligent
as you could let a boy like Gerry Marr
walk out of her life? I saw him—in
Paris. He’s heartbroken about you. In
the good old-fashioned way.”

“Is he?” She sighed. “No one would
suspect it. He didn’t write: I haven’t
had a word from him since he sailed. I
thought he’d forgotten me completely.”

“Quite the contrary,” dryly. “Tell me
something, Angela. Are you interested in
the modern young women I see
around me. There are so many of you
eleven-year-old girls with jobs, high
salaries. Don’t women still need more
than anything else in life? Can
business life be as much of a retreat
for them as the world of feeling as it is
for men?”

“Gerry explained that the night before
he sailed,” Angela answered. “If we’re
intelligent the average girl or our
egos become inflated. Like the men around
us, we become drunk with power—in our
own small way,” as she saw him smile.

“I’m afraid we have a terrific energy—and brains—and that loving a
man isn’t a sufficient outlet.”

“You don’t think loving a man is a suf-
cient outlet, Angela?”

“I don’t know,” soberly. “I’ve never
given it a fair chance.”

“Angela, will you come back to us? I
want you to, very much. We need you
more than you know.”

“It’s sweet of you to ask me, Mr. Bosin-
ney. But you don’t really want me. No.
I’m through with the penthouse and the
penthouse is through with me. But this
unhappiness I’ve gone through seems to
have suddenly set me right with life. A
woman is stupid who thinks she can sub-
limate her emotions in a job. If she’s
fortunate enough to be loved by the man
she wants and to have a job she’s crazy
about, then she’s lucky. But if she must
choose between the two, then she—she
should take love. We’ve come to a very wise conclusion.
my dear, and I’m glad of it. Very glad.
Will you excuse me for a moment?”

“Of course.” She watched him as he
walked quickly out of the room, his step
gay, light-hearted. A great man, a brilli-
ant man, but best of all, a good man.

She sat on the couch, her eyes drawn
to the golden flames. Just so she had sat
with Gerry a long, long time ago, watch-
ing the flames, the falling snow, the mill-
lion lights of New York. “Gerry, Gerry,”
she whispered.

“Here, my darling.”

She turned her head slowly. Someone
was coming toward her—someone who
looked exactly like Gerry, with Gerry’s
blue eyes, and Gerry’s mop of ruddy hair.
“Gerry. It is you!” And as she felt his
arms tighten about her she murmured:
“How did you know? Gerry, how did you
come, when I needed you most?”

“When I need you most, you mean,” he
He was awfully decent to me. He warned
everything out of me, my feeling for you,
and told me I was a fool to let you go
the way you did.” That a man in the cattle
country would kidnap a woman if he wanted
her hard enough.” He smiled wryly.

“I’ve come to kidney you, if you’ll let me.
I couldn’t stand it any longer. Angela, the
called the ‘Paris’ and got in this morning.
I telephoned Bosinney and he asked me
to come over tonight. He’s going to
telephone you to come over, too. And
then put it up to you straight in man-to-man
fashion. Offer you the job again. And
then I accepted it, I come to go back with-
out seeing you. If you turned it down,
then—”

“Then you would know that you and not
the job are the big disappointment.”

Gerry, I turned the job down, and you can
kidnap me any time you want to. There
never was a more willing victim! How
about right now?”
Phillips Holmes' Own Story

Continued from page 61

concern a picture. It was about a play, the first of a series to be produced by the Los Angeles Civic Repertory Company in their effort to establish a western Theatre Guild. The play was Sidney Howard's 'The Silver Cord'—one of the big hits of that season in the east—and Nancy O'Neil, Kay Johnson and Philip Strange were already signed for it. And Mr. Cromwell gave me the role of the younger brother, one of the most dramatic parts in the play.

You know that old expression about "walking on air." Well, as a matter of fact, it isn't nearly so silly as it sounds. I literally couldn't feel the ground under my feet when I came out of that office, having read the part for Mr. Cromwell and gotten his definite approval.

All the circumstances were with me, this time. The Repertory group spared no money on production, the play was brilliant one and Mr. Howard himself was on the coast and supervised; Miss O'Neil, Miss Johnson and Mr. Strange are all fine actors; and, of course, Mr. Cromwell is one of the very best directors. Because of his careful rehearsal, I managed to evolve a pretty fair performance.

During our run, all the studio executives and directors saw the show at one time or another. And, at once, my stock rose. Big plans were made for me. As soon as the play closed, they told me I was to do "The Genius." This was a script by one of Professor Baker's students at Yale—a really marvellous story and I was to have the lead, virtually a star rôle.

That script was as vital a part of my daily life as breakfast, lunch, and dinner. I steeped myself in it. I learned every line and every scene of it, and I continued to probe still deeper into the nuances of character in the leading rôle. It was the part of a violinist and I religiously studied fingering and bowing, so that that detail, too, would look authentic.

This intensive work followed directly on the nervous strain that had carried me through "The Silver Cord." I had been totally unprepared, technically, for the demands of a rôle that would have taxed the ingenuity of an experienced, seasoned actor. Because I had lacked technical equipment, my one resource had been a complete immersion of myself in the character, a resource which experienced players are never forced to employ by itself.

On top of this had come the weeks of study and practice and rehearsal and excited concentration on "The Genius." It was just then that the story was shelved. I was left hanging in mid-air. Because I had been living and working on my nerves, they inevitably snapped. I went to the hospital with a nervous breakdown.

As I see things now, from the superior vantage point of my present experience and common sense, an overabundance of earnestness, so misdirected, is certainly the better part of futility. Even granting that life really is real and earnest and all the rest of it, one human being is a pretty small part of the general machinery. Flying by the board, all the little disasters—or, on the other hand, good fortunes—that drop into one's path strikes me now as quite a bit sillier than beating the head against a well-made concrete wall.

But, two years ago, I was still idealizing the importance of things in relation to me, and me relating to things. So I had a nervous breakdown. Now will you all troop upstairs and relax? It was bound to happen. I had been

Greta Garbo talks on Love

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How often have you studied and tried to identify friends of yours out on a bathing beach? The artist perceiving how difficult this was, conceived the idea of drawing up a bathing scene which would at the same time be a difficult observation test. He has placed on the beach in the picture above twin bathers who are exactly alike. Try this yourself and see if you can find these important twins. They are wearing bathing suits which are exactly alike, they are in exactly the same posture, they are the same size.

In fact they are identical in every detail. Can you find them? If you can, mark them with a cross and rush this ad to me by the very next mail. ($2500.00 to you if you send the correct answer and are prompt in the first prize or, if you prefer, the 1931 Studebaker and $750.00 in cash.)

Look carefully now. I'll tell you this much that the large figure of the girl in the foreground is not to be considered in the search for the twins but you had better observe the others closely if you hope to find the real twins.

If you think you have found them, lose no time but mark them with a cross and mail the advertisement to me. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties and the prizes will all be given free of charge and prepaid. Answers will not be accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago. Rush it to T. A. Hughes, Adv. Dir., Dept. 443, 500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
headed that way ever since I got back to Hollywood. I had been so damned intense about all my nerves being so tight. First, there had been the long idleness when all my energies were keyed to the concentration I had put in on the play and the even more concentrated work on preparation for "The Genius." And when that picture finished, I appeared to be in, where I started, something inside me seemed to snap.

I was in the hospital for six weeks. During that time an option came up and Paramount temporarily suspended my contract, the idea being that I was "unreliable."

That hospital room, symbolic of that period of my life, was a more dismal, nightmarish, hopeless place than I ever wandered through. The minute I heard about it, Mother and Dad rushed west to be with me—Dad leaving an all-star revival and, since he and Raymond Hitchcock were the mainstay of the show, his going meant that the play closed.

When the door of that hospital room opened and all those two people ran in, I thought of many unpleasant stories for which there could be no decisive come-back. I had failed in the first important attempt of my life and seemed to have been made to hang the dog in the proverb. When I came out of the hospital, I wanted to get away, far away—to Europe. Someplace where that was a thousand miles from Hollywood. And I'd have gone, if it hadn't been for Mother and Dad. They nipped any such notion in the bud. If I didn't stay and fight this out, they insisted, I'd never be able to cope with anything else again; it would mean that my life would be spent in running away from things. So I stayed.

The moment I was well enough I went to the studio and asked to have my contract renewed—not an easy thing to do. After due cogitation, they agreed to give me another chance.

For several weeks I didn't have an assignment. Then, brief bits in "The Wild Party" with Clara Bow and in "Illusion" with Buddy Rogers did little to re-establish my self-confidence. Again there was another long interval of idleness. After which, they gave me the juvenile lead in "Stairs of Sand," the last silent picture made by Paramount, and a routine western in which they hurled out unobtrusively to fulfill previous contracts with exhibitors. This, I consider the most unnecessary of all. Plain, uninteresting pleasure. I was terribly anxious to do a good job of it—the first real work they had given me since the great debacle. The two men who were featured in it were notoriously "tough guys" to work with. They delighted in discomfiting any younger, keener actor than they—and I was not afraid of them. Particularly because Jean Arthur was also in the picture. I had always had a slight crush on Jean and they knew her was an important occasion. The two men sensed this and made my life miserable.

After this opus was finished and only sneaked into the sticks, I again retired to my retreat. Mother and Dad stayed with me. They took a beautiful place on a hill side where we all live. For six months, I went nowhere and saw no one. Occa-

sionally, but very rarely, I'd go to a movie at some neighborhood theatre; or maybe go for a long drive. But that was the extent of my social activities. Mostly, I sat in the garden, overlooking the whole valley from Los Angeles to the ocean and read and loaded—trying to restore myself to health and strength.

During that long period, I didn't once take a girl out or even go out with any of the boys. I went occasionally to the studio to see if there were anything for me—but always making brief, unobtrusive visits. I really believe that such a battle—a fight to regain a reputation—is the hardest of all, if only because it must be an inactive one.

And then, when I had begun to feel that this nightmare would go on forever, the studio called me—told me I was to do the juvenile lead in "The Return of Sherlock Holmes" to be made in the east, and that I would leave for New York in a few days!

The significance of that assignment! It meant that I could get away from Hollywood for a bit, without running away. It meant that the studio still had a little faith in me. It meant work—active, actual work.

When I arrived in New York, I was put to work at once. The fact that the work was a little turn didn't turn out to be any world-beater didn't matter. I was working. Also, I saw a good deal of my old Princeton friends. And again tasted the same, prosaic normalcy I had known before. In my confusion, I had been making a range of mountains out of a very modest molehill, and contact with these sane friends completed the restoration of balance.

And, as is the way of such things, when the sun does shine after a storm, it grows steadily brighter and brighter. Before we had finished "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," word came from the Hollywood studio that Edward Sutherland wanted me for "Pointed Heels" and was holding up production until I could get back. I can't tell you what that did for me. It was the first time that anyone had openly expressed a desire to have me around a set. My acquaintance with Mr. Sutherland had only been a very casual one, but he had decided that I could do the part and wouldn't take anyone else. I shall be eternally grateful to him.

So, once more, I came back to Hollywood. But this time I was a conscious, aware person. I had acquired a sense of values and proportion now—and I wasn't afraid of anyone or anything.

From "Pointed Heels" on, things had progressed more or less smoothly. After "Only the Brave," my first real chance to characterize—I did "Devil's Holiday" for Edmund Goulding, That was a marvellous schooling. I played a young boy—the kind of part usually done by an older actor whose experience can express such a character much better than a boy of requisite age who, consequently, has no perspective on it. Goulding almost fought with me, wresting me from the requirements of the part by sheer force. When I finished that picture, I had acquired, in a few weeks, technical experience that would ordinarily have taken me years to learn.

Then, another conventional juvenile in "Grumpy." And then Tay Garnett gave me one of my best breaks by letting me do the tough sailor in "Her Man." This was the hardest actual labor I've ever done in astudio—whatver athletic training I'd had in school stood me in good stead then—and I loved it. Also, it served to prove that I could always be the "juvenile love interest."

Being farmed out to other studios and being, at one time, in demand for the leads in "All Quiet," "Journey's End," and "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," did me a lot of good on my home lot, even though they didn't let me do one of those three parts. I feel that I have some sort of footing now. We are just finishing "Confessions of a Co-ed" now, and I'm hoping for good things from the previous one, "An American Tragedy."

Life has balance, now. I shouldn't want to live the last couple of years over again, but I'm glad that things happened just as they did. My lessons were forcible ones, compressed into a short space of time. Usually, that period of learning extends from twenty to, say, thirty. I think that, in a way, I am lucky to have learned my lesson quickly, gotten it over with, and settled down to the enjoyment of its mastery already. I hope!
they talk well on any subject. Ruth reads two newspapers through every morning at breakfast, whereas Gloria depends on Time to keep her posted.”

“We recognize the obvious fact that both Ruth and Gloria are women of great determination and individuality. Left to shift for themselves at the age when the average girl is being protected by her family, they had to develop their own characters.

“Neither of them ever flinches,” Lois testifies. “They are wonderful sports. Gameless is their god. Playing square against big odds is their nature.

“I don’t suppose most people would believe it, but both of them are honestly shy when they meet strangers. Their sophisticated, calm manner is a cover-up.”

Gloria is Lois’ longest-known friend. They have been pals ever since they worked together at Paramount in those by-gone days when Gloria was a clotheshorse and Lois the eternal ingénue. Remember how we used to rationalize the wild things we heard about Gloria with the fact that Lois approved of her.

We were right, too. Lois says in explaining this side of Gloria, “She is the more impulsive of the two, but she is not as gay as her screen rôle. Gloria is not flamboyant in person. Her publicity has played up the colorful angle. All the wild rumors about her have been built up around her fictitious screen character. In real life she is as normal as anyone else.”

When Chatterton came to Hollywood to enter pictures, Lois was one of the first film people she met. Immediately a great friendship arose. Lois spends half her time at Ruth’s cottage at Malibu nowadays.

“Because Ruth’s past in the theatre has been dignified, due to the inherent differences between the legitimate and the movies, people are apt to jump to the conclusion that Ruth is a perfect lady and Gloria a mere engaging posseur.

“Actually, Ruth is not Bostonian in her tastes and Gloria is not at all the amateur in the art of gentility. Both of them can, and do, act like ladies when they feel so inclined. But their dignity is a mask which they drop whenever they feel in the mood to cut up, caper, and laugh.

“What I like is the grand sense of humor each has. It enables them to see through the tinsel and false glamour which inevitably surrounds a movie star. And it makes life a gallant battle. Whether they win or lose in each problem that confronts them, they are sure to have fun facing the working-out of the dilemma.

“Women do not like Ruth or Gloria as well as men do. This is due to the fact,” says Lois in analyzing them, “that they are essentially men’s women. Men flock to them. Their male admirers are legion and are sincere and true. Women are jealous of their vitality and charm. The few girl friends they have, however, are terribly loyal.” Which one can well believe after consulting Lois!

As regards acting, Gloria and Ruth take an equally intense interest in their productions, sitting in on the writing most of the time. They will go to infinite pains to see that every detail is correct. Both of them are musical, having studied voice and possessing fine singing voices.

Emotionally, Ruth and Gloria love with the passion one would expect from them. Behind the glitter they have each known heartbreak, but both are too proud ever to refer to the past. What is done is to be forgotten, they think.

Their best friend vouches for their similarity. But whoever would have thought that Regal Ruth and Glorious Gloria could double for each other?

Jill Esmond, British beauty and star of numerous stage successes on both sides of the Atlantic, has signed a contract with RKO.

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What Chance Has a Second Coogan?

Continued from page 27

have been lispimg. His only companions were grown-ups—other stage people—who treated him as an adult midget than a child. He was unbelievably smart. Even smart enough to cover up his sophistication in his picture roles. Technique. Acting was nothing new to him when he entered the movies at the more or less mature age of four. Hadn't he already spent half of his life on the stage?

But when Robert was taken out of his backyard world and put on a motion picture set, everything was new to him. He hardly knew what a moving picture was, having viewed only four of them in his life. He was afraid at first. But he discovered that playing with other children and people is an altogether delightful experience. And that messing in plain mud, muck, and assorted goo is heavenly, after having to get along somehow for six years in an ultra-sanitary back yard where even the dirt was liable to be sterilized. It seems that orchids are fond of good rich loam.

Robert has picked up an idea somewhere that children should govern their actions by the wishes of their elders. A rather quaint notion for these modern times. He is careful to conduct himself quietly in the presence of grown-ups, but at other times is a bundle of energy. He will answer your questions very seriously and deliberately.

"The part I liked best about acting in the picture," he told me in his shy, yet precise way, "was the clothes I could wear, because they were very, very dirty and mostly holes. If I act in another picture I hope my clothes will be even much more dirtier and much more hoher."

He really didn't mean "acting." He meant "living," but he doesn't know there is a distinction between the two. He lived every moment of his part as Sooty. When they made the scenes in which he is crying for the dog—he actually believed Penny was going to die. After the completion of the picture, he couldn't understand why they wouldn't let him have the dog to keep. Didn't he and Skippy work hard to earn the three dollars for his license fees?

It took three days to make the crying scenes. To coax the tears, they had to keep convincing Robert that Penny was going to expire at most any moment. The proverbial cat hasn't any more lives than that much-lamented canine. On the third day, when both kiddies were completely "cried out" but there still remained some scenes to be shot, Mr. Coogan said wearily, "Well, Robert, I'm awfully sorry to have to tell you this, but the dog is very sick and I think he's going to die again."

There wasn't a tear left. Robert gave his father a most reproachful look and said, "Daddy, I'm ashamed to say it—but I don't believe you're telling me the truth. I just saw Penny five minutes ago and he never looked more friskier."

The hardest scene was getting him to fight Jackie Scarl. "I can't fight Jackie," he pleaded pitifully, "he's my friend, I like Jackie—I can't hit him!" This problem held up production until the director learned from the family that Robert can't stand to be called "Chicken." He instructed Jackie Scarl to use the abhorrent epithet, and it worked like magic. Little Robert flew at him in a blind rage. After the scene was taken, they explained to him why it had been necessary to trick him. He ran to his friend, threw his arms around him, and wept on his neck. One day Mr. Coogan was sick (instead of Penny, for a change) and as Mrs. Coogan was in New York, Big Brother Jackie stayed on the set to help the director manage Robert.

Perhaps in the hope of exciting him to greater histrionic achievements, Jackie told him he was a bum actor.

The credulous little fellow took Brother at his word and promptly walked off the set, announcing to the astonished company that he had no future as an artist, so he meant to take up a useful trade without further waste of time. He was going to learn to be a cameraman right then and there!

Daddy Coogan had to be called from his sick-bed to untangle that one.

Need it be added that the incident abruptly terminated Jackie's career as an assistant director?

Robert was evidently reconciled to his destiny as an actor, for when he had seen some of the rushes in the projection room and his father asked him what he thought of them, he replied very solemnly, "Daddy—I think I'm positively marvelous!"

After the picture was finished, Norman Taurog, the director, sent Robert a mammoth battlefield—about the only toy he didn't have, and one his heart had been aching for. He called up Mr. Taurog to thank him. "Uncle Norman—that is the most beautiful battlefield God ever created," he said over the phone. "I think it is perfectly gorgeous, and I don't know how to thank you for it but there is something wrong with the propeller."

"Maybe you don't know how to wind it," the genial director suggested.

"Oh, yes I do," he contradicted, "but it hasn't got any brakes!"

I saw Robert after the preview of his picture the other night. Effusive women were covering his cheeks with their carmined congratulations. He had the most bewildered look—to see him was to wonder how long he can keep that quaint, ethereal charm under the wilting incandescent of Hollywood.

Well, I suppose one can't go on being an orchid forever!
pictures a film called "Tumbledown."

A. Getting back to Hoot's and Sally's ranch house, cowboys mingled with the crowd, and Marguerite Churchill took a delight in talking to many of them. She is a great horsewoman, and has worked in pictures with many of them. From every side we heard the call, "Hello, Miss Churchill?" as cowboys recognized the actress.

Everybody loves Marguerite. She is a good scout, as the small boys say.

Patsy wanted to visit the corrals on the way back, and we saw the horses being loaded into trucks for their trip home, having earned their ride.

We examined the cowboys and girls to be all worn out, but instead they were kidding among themselves, twirling ropes, and chatting vividly over the rodeo matters. We talked a moment to the woman who was running the hot-dog and sandwich concessions, too, and found that she follows rodeos all over the country! Then we drove over to the ranch house.

And what a delightfully picturesque place it is! Built in the old Spanish mission style, it has broad verandas surrounding it, amidst its old-fashioned gardens and its lawns. Its guest suites, we found, when we went in to remove our wraps, all face a patio, and are simply but most comfortably furnished, as becomes a ranch house.

The cool of its verandas was most welcome after the heat of the bleachers, and there a lot of us gathered to have a chat before supper, which was to be served in the huge living room.

Hoot and Sally live there all year round, coming and going to their work, no matter how far the distance may be, for they love this home of theirs.

"I suppose," remarked Sue Carol, "that if we really could bring back those old Spanish days in California, we should be terribly disappointed. There wouldn't be any proper plumbing, we'd have to ride in those terrible old carreas with the wooden wheels, that would certainly jolt the life out of us modern girls, athletic though we imagine ourselves to be, or else get ourselves all dusty riding horseback for miles, and then we'd have to give us indigestion.

No, I'm sure I prefer this imitation Spanish life."

Sue was looking cute as paint in a white knitted sport suit with a white beret to match.

She was telling us, too, about losing that thing which is said to be worth of jewelry which was stolen from her and Nick in Chicago, and right from under the shadow of the police station, too. "Well, Nick and I got one thing out of it," said Sue. "We went over to see the prisoners, among whom were the two girl bandits who had made their victims take off their trousers after they had robbed them so that they couldn't run away. They were awfully cute girls, and I think Nick liked them.

George Lewis, who has gone completely Spanish, now that he is playing in Spanish versions, was there with his pretty wife, and our old friends Frank and Mabel Lehr, Clark Gable, Marie Prevost, who has grown very chubby, and who was wearing a blue velvet beret. Howard Hawes, Micky Neilan, Eddie Sutherland, Alan Crosland and others, they were kiddingly offering prizes for whoever could eat the most.

Over at the Gleason table, there were Lew Cody, Natalie Moorhead, Alan Crosland and others, they were kiddingly offering prizes for whoever could eat the most.

"But we're stopping now, and concentrating on Lew Cody," we know he's going to win anyway," laughed Mrs. Gleason.

Mrs. Gleason said she herself was worn out—that she had been personally riding in every race and doing every stunt, right along with the rodeo performers—in her mind, of course—and that she was completely tired out.

"It's very hard," she grinned, "that bucking contest, on a middle-aged lady's liver and heart!"

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"I'm an invertebrate globetrotter," she said, "but I love China best of any place, Shanghai in particular. There is some wonderful cosmopolitan social life there that is very fascinating."

She said that she knew two Chinese princesses, both of whom had London ladies-in-waiting to her majesty, the Dowager Empress, about whom one of the princesses had written under the title of 'The Old Dame'.

"And it's quite true," she said, "that the old Dowager had thrown a rival into a well, and laced her with hydrocyanic. They said, these princesses, that being lady-in-waiting to her celestial majesty had been a tough job, inasmuch as they never said she was going to get into a cold, cruel rage over some small matter."

Miss Williams lost an only son a few years ago, you know, and never since has she been able to settle long in one place—while the edge of her sorrow is dulled, she is forever restless.

Mr. and Mrs. Gleason were among the guests, and we went over to chat with the vivacious Mrs. Gleason, while James joined Walter Huston and his son in another corner of the room to argue about stories.

Mrs. Gleason told us of a chat she had had with Charlie Chaplin just before Chaplin went abroad.

"He said he would be happy," she told us, "if England would confer a knighthood on me. Here, little Cockney, good for you! But they wanted, it seemed, that he should make some pictures over there in return for knighthood, and he wouldn't stand for that. Then he whimsically drew a coat of arms," she went on, "with mustache rampant, cane a bar, and his cap inmphes."

Ramon Novarro was there, and joined our group just then, and the two talked of their travels. Ramon, you know, may retire from pictures and live in the country. He wants to keep on with his musical studies.

Mrs. Gleason told about how she and Jimmie had lived in cold old London, in the same place where the Prince of Wales had his apartments, of how the guards came every morning to chuck him at six o'clock with the band playing.

"And all the Americans," she said, "used to come to our house because they saw it as the only place in London where they could get warm! We had a lot of fires."

Jane Cowl, she said, had an apartment right across the square from theirs, and Jane used to stick her head out of the window every morning and call across to tell them how bad the plumbing was.

Then we spoke of dear Robert Edeson and his passing, and of the devotion of his wife, and of how, because he could not sleep for pain, she would sit all night on the bed, holding his head and shoulders upon her breast.

"They kept him just a few days before he passed away," Mrs. Gleason said, "and his eyes sparkled with humor, though he could talk but little. The barber came to shave him while he was there, and thought to cheer him up by saying, 'Ah, but Mr. Edeson, you'll be coming to me soon!' 'Don't kid me,' Bob answered. 'I don't want to go. I'm not worried. I've had my life!'"

Eleanor Painter was among the guests. She is to do a picture work one of these days, following her magazine work.

Janet Gaynor was there with her husband, Lydell Peck; and other distinguished guests included Elsie Janis, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Howard, John Monk Saunders, Theda Bara and Charles Brabin, Paul Bern, Doris Kenyon, Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Wodehouse, Laura Hope Crews, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Mr. and Mrs. Rob Wagner, Carmen Panates, and many others.

Supper was served in the big living room, after which we chatted with Rob Wagner, who told us an amusing incident about the butler.

"I asked him for a drink of water," he said, "and told him that the food was very good. 'Ah!' answered the butler, rolling his eyes up, 'That is true—but ah, sir, the music—!'"

"Well, of course," Elsie Janis retorted "the Lawrence Tibbetts would have a musical butler!"

We had a few words with Mrs. Tibbett, who told us that Lawrence was expected back soon. Indeed by the time this is printed he will be in California again and at home.

Do you remember Madge Evans, the child actress? Well, Madge is all grown up now and is playing in 'Son of India' opposite Raman Novarro.

Somebody rallied her on the fact that she once sang herself.

"But that's forgotten now!" she said brightly, "and I'm happy just to be Mrs. Tibbett and the Tibbett twins' mother."

"Thailans," Patsy remarked, "is just a classic name for a classy bunch of picture youngsters. They're giving a party tonight at the Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador, and of course we wouldn't miss that lively crowd."

I have never seen the Cocoanut Grove so crowded, and momentarily expected to see a bunch of Thailans climbing a cocoanut tree to find a nice, cool place to sit and watch the crowd, but nothing of the kind happened.

They are the nicest youngsters in the business, Anthony Bashford confided, "There's not a cocktail in a carload of them."

Anthony had brought his wife, Zelma O'Neal, and as we had to wait for some friends who were to join us, Anthony and Zelma kindly invited us to sit at their table with them. Zelma, who created such a furore in "Good News" in New York, and who had just returned home from another Broadway show, said she didn't intend to leave her husband again, show or no show.

"I don't blame Zelma," Patsy confided to me, as we returned to our own table.

"Anthony is one of those real gentlemen of whom the world has all too few."

Charlie Murray came over to ask Zelma if she would help with the entertainment by dancing the Varsity Drag, but after she had conferred with the orchestra leaders and the other writers, pianists, and musicians, and Zelma had conferred with her husband, and it was found that the orchestra leaders and others wouldn't and couldn't play it, why, they reasonably decided to drop the idea, although I'm sure everybody was disappointed.

Mrs. Gleason was selling gardenias, including Nancy Drexel, who came up to us just then.

"From the party, we learned, was to raise funds to build a real club house for the Thailans."

"It will be so different," Sue Carol, who had just come out of the opera, said, "from the beginnings of the club, when nobody was club-conscious at all, but we were all just a lot of kids who gathered at the Montmarte for dancing and fun."

Nick Stuart, of course, had brought Sue, and we decided they were one of the nicest couples in pictures.

Out on the floor we met Lincoln Steadman, president of the club, who had managed to leave off his heavy duties as special agent for the U. S. Treasury.

We met a lot of stage people there, including Edward G. Robinson and his lovely wife, Gladys Lloyd, who has just emerged from pictures with his wife, Lucille Webster, Chic Sale and Virginia Sale, Arline Judge, Sadie Burt, who looks like a 16-year-old, although she said she had put four children through school before coming to the party; Joseph Santley and his wife, Ivy Sawyer; Eddie Cantor, who is a score of the funniest men, and among the dyed-in-the-wool screen folk were Laura LaPlante and William Seiter, Martha Sleeper, John Wayne, Lenore Aubert, Dixie Lynn, Cameron, Edna Murphy and Mervyn LeRoy, all the Marx?-children; Reginald and Bubba, Polly, Ida May Young, George Lewis, Rex Bell, Florence Vidor, Jose Creps, Sally Phipps, Frances Lee, Russell Gleason, Barbara Kent, Mary Brian, Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, Fred Dorsey, Matty Kemp, Ivan Lebedeff, Jack Oakie, Harry Green, George Stone, and many others.

Murray was master of ceremonies to open the show, and was followed by Benny Rubin, and both were a very good show.

Everybody dined and danced, or at least you might call it dancing if you wanted to, although, as Billy Bakewell put it, it took four hours to pass a given point, the floor was so crowded.

Quite late the various artists were called on to perform, and it was certainly, as Patsy remarked, a million dollar big time bill.

Eddie Cantor sang and danced; Fifi Dorsey was as seductively wicked as usual in a little song and dance; Arthur Lake did a funny burlesque of Rudy Vallee crooning a song; George Stone and the Brothers Salter, who had recently devastated his wife, Bing Crosby, in a song; Rosco Ates stuttered as amusingly as only he can; his lovely daughter, Dorothy, Who, Wednesday's daughter, sang after that Rosco played the violin without a single stutter; Harry Green made a little speech, saying that his trousers had been in a song in which he had lost his appendix, and Benny Rubin demanded to see his scar.

Patsy said to me after a while dancing a lot with Jack White, who, you know, is divorced from Pauline Starke.

It was all so wonderful that I am sure that we would never leave the Cocoanut Grove if its rays could have gotten in, but as it was the synthetic moon kept right on shining above us.
Help Save Clara Bow!
Continued from page 20

schoolgirl beauty-contest winner from the first. Thus Clara was forced to be a man's woman as distinct from a woman's woman—where the friendship of fine women could have done so much to develop this harassed, alluring child.

Nor was Clara vouchsafed the right kind of men—their interest in her was ever selfish, never toward the spiritual and intellectual progress of Clara's character. Of the dozen men we know to have been romantically interested in Clara—Donald Keith, Gilbert Roland, Robert Savage, Victor Fleming, Gary Cooper, Morley Drury, Bela Lugosi, Dr. William Pearson, John Rinelhart, Harry Richman and Rex Bell—not one of them could claim to have contributed anything to Clara's spiritual, moral, intellectual or professional progress. Which is one reason why an autographed portrait of Rudolph Valentino still occupies the place of honor next to Clara's bed. Valentino asked nothing of this little girl, risen to stardom from the brownstones of Brooklyn. Instead he treated her like a princess, paid her the deference due a charming cultured woman, enhanced her self-respect, contributed to a righteous pride rather than to a jazzy vanity.

Alma Whittaker, SCREENLAND's Western Editor, gave Clara her very first interview when she came to Hollywood, self-consciously stepping through the door of fame. Clara was so anxious to do the right thing, to behave courteously, to make a nice impression. But her father, in his shirt sleeves, with a handy cuspidor in constant

Another one of Hollywood's best dressed women—Juliette Compton! Miss Compton's evening wrap is of white satin trimmed at the cape border and the hem with wide bands of red fox.

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use, made things difficult even then. He broke the conversation with remarks about knowing just what men wanted from his girl and he was going to show 'em. Mr. Bow had been a Barker in Coosy Island and his outlook on life was just that. Always talking about "keeping my girl out of trouble with those guys," although it was later pretty obvious that Clara's job was keeping father out of trouble.

Things might have been so different had Clara's mother lived. No one of Clara's sister-actresses felt impelled to take social responsibility for this dashing, eager, flamboyant girl. Instead they snubbed her with deliberate neglect.

Yet Clara has a sweet, generous, and deeply sympathetic disposition—born in July, the sign of Leo. Born so has great power for feeling. When morally developed such characters can rise to fine heights.

Elmer Clifton, who gave Clara her first chance in pictures, still believes her capable of great dramatic portrayals. Even under the multitudinous handicaps that have beset Clara, Hollywood, staked as it has been by parasite relations and lovers, raised on all sides by second-rate men, attacked by the gutter press, Clara has developed a fair measure of soul—her very break under the brutality of scandal proves that she has not become brazenly hardened. It was only a few days before her breakdown that Clara said, "Perhaps things have been too easy for me, perhaps I needed some suffering."

So Clara was well on the way to learn that out of sorrow comes happiness after all.

She seemed so hopeful, so eager to be brave and to set things right. She knew this was to be a test picture upon which her future fate depended. She tried to rise to it, to throw off this hovering impending break, to hold her chin in the air and confound her foes. But things proved too much for little Clara.

She has always been loyal and generous. According to report her father had finally been forced to show his face on the Paramount lot. If only he could have been persuaded to take a long, long trip three years ago, it would have helped Clara's case considerably. She was always beset by all sorts of undesirable hangers-on who helped to complicate things for her. It is now conceded that the whole affair with Harry Rughles was designed as a publicity stunt for Harry, and a great many of Clara's beauks have made similar use of her fame for their own benefit.

But Clara is a loyal, truthful soul—never could believe people were faithless until it was proved.

Only a few days before the final breakdown Clara had said, "I am just trying to work hard now, and putting in all my spare time at my beach cottage to try to keep well. If the worst comes to the worst, of course," she added wistfully, "I have my trust fund which will support me in my old age. I'm through with love. I don't ever want to marry. I want most of all to be a good dramatic actress now—and, oh, I do hope I am going to make good!"

Will you help her? If you are still for Clara—if you want her to stay on the screen—write to her and tell her so. Your letters will help to bring her back. It was her fan mail that persuaded her company to give her another chance. This fan mail is an indication of just what her audience think of her—whether they still want her or are through with her. There's a definite place for a new Clara Bow on the screen. And when she does come back—perhaps, in a role different from any she has ever played—a highly emotional role to test her talents to the utmost—then is your chance to give her your support. Help her forget the wild little "It Girl" and you'll help save Clara Bow.

Those Little Gay Homes in the West!—Continued from page 31

Downstairs again, that utterly gorgeous swimming pool—sculptured marble, with a sculptured bridge across it, and a fancy tile border to reflect the colors. Around this are grouped canvas chairs and sunshades, and flower beds let in the marble floor, gay with blooms. To the south of this is the tennis court—swaying-seats and umbrellas all around—and flowers everywhere.

The snap-room, beneath the house, was brought over entire from an old English inn, with bar, chimney seat, carved oak tables and chairs, and a big fireplace. Here the bathers may frolic and retire in their wet suits. On either side are rows of dressing rooms, one side for the men and the other for women. These are fitted with rows of cabinets, double dressing-combs and brushes, mirrors, lights in the right places, and Marion can also supply her guests with bathing suits, caps, shoes, and wraps.

Next door Ina Claire occupies Marion Davies' first beach cottage, and up the street is the new adorable Spanish one of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon—which boasts an entire wing of guest bedrooms. It, too, is encased behind a high patio wall. Mary Pickford and Doug are also at Santa Monica—a compact little pink stucco, with a swimming pool and sun-bath privacy. Aileen Pringle and Dorothy Mason also live at this end of the beach. Malibu Beach beyond Santa Monica is, of course, very famous as a picture colony. Frank Fay and Barbara Stanwyck have a twelve-room "cottage," and they have gone in strong for trick lighting. Dick Barthelmess has just rented his Malibu home—brown frame house of seven rooms, furnished. John Boles has backed out of a place, and they manage to keep a lovely garden and lawns, too—so hard to grow them at the beach. It's Early American, two stories high, with only open fireplaces. Lew Cody has joined the beach cottage ranks, by renting Pauline Frederick's places; and Louise Beavers, whose cottage was burned down, is about to raise another more beautiful one upon the site. Leila Hyams' cottage escaped the fire, although built of cream boards. It has a huge living room done in chintzes and lots of wicker furniture. Neil Hamilton has gone in for cream and green color scheme, with a wicket fence and a ping-pong court.

Charles Bickford and Dorothy Jordan are a bit different—they favor Playa del Rey, beyond the Venice end. The Bickford place is high on a bluff, done in brown stucco with a red roof, and Charlie has devised a most dashing garden down the hillside which is quite enchanting. Dorothy is on that bluff, too, only her house is white stucco with a red roof and she has actually contrived a lawn right down the side of the hill. She, too, has a garden, but it is enclosed at the back of the house, protected from the wind.

Greta Garbo has left the beach in favor of a house on the canyon side, built by Constance Bennett, John Gilbert, Polly Moran, Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, and Clara Bow are all Malibu beach-combers, as are also Warren Baxter and George O'Brien.

Constance Bennett has usually rented Corinne Griffith's place at Malibu, but will take a different one this year. Victor McLaglen goes as far away as La Jolla—very remote and exclusive. Will Rogers owns a ranch at Santa Monica. Mae Murray has a home at Venice, right next to the oil wells. Mae Marsh is renting a house at Manhattan Beach. Nils Asther did own a fine place at Malibu but is parting with it this summer. Jette Goudal and her Harold Grieve live at Manhattan Beach all the year round, in an old Spanish place, which one reaches via a high narrow stone staircase.

This does not complete the list of beach homes on the shores of the Pacific at which our starry ones acquire their lovely summer tans and maintain their health at high standard. Naturally they enjoy them for week-ends all the year round in that California climate. And down there they dress in pajamas or bathing suits almost all the time, and set the beach styles for the world. Most of the girls are wearing huge beach hats this year to protect their pretty noses from sun blisters.
"I Want $200!"
Continued from page 55

one who might have grown up in France. Despite her guarded girlhood, despite her European upbringing, the new work hadn't made its mark on her, and it was the mark of a greater independence than she could have achieved in the old. Here every girl, barred by the daughters of the very rich, took it for granted that she would work, and Claudette took it for granted with the rest. Her father wasn't exactly smitten with the idea, but he had no valid objection to offer. Of course she'd marry early. It needed no fond parent, but only a casual glance at her nurse's face to offer that prediction.

Meantime, what harm in letting her flap her wings a little and play at working? She had studied commercial art at Washington Irving High School, and she was going to earn her living by designing beautiful clothes. But when she discovered that she would be allowed to design beautiful clothes until she'd spent a long time copying ugly ones, she abandoned Fashion for private lessons in French. It wasn't an exhilarating job, but at least, she liked the people she worked with and she made as much as thirty dollars a week.

One of her pupils whom she particularly liked was Helen Hackett, and one day Helen Hackett, after studying her face thoughtfully for several minutes, suddenly demanded: "Claudette, why don't you go on the stage?"

"Why don't I?" cried Claudette. "How can I? I don't know a soul on the stage."

Well, it seemed that Helen Hackett knew a soul named Anne Morrison, who had just written a play called "The Wild Westcotts" which contained a part of three lines that Claudette ought to go after. It couldn't hurt to try. No experience? Who was going to prove it? If Claudette was willing, she'd speak to Anne Morrison about her.

Claudette went home in a state of babbling excitement. Could she try? She must try! They can't say no—she'd always given her everything she wanted, and she wanted this more than she could ever possibly want anything else in the whole wide world. She had to do it. Even if father thought it was dreadful to be an actress, it really wasn't, anyway not in America, and no matter how much an actress she turned out to be or not to be, she'd always be the same nice Claudette "I promise you father."

Her mother, as always, was on her side.

"You know we cannot help you," she said gently, "but if you think you can do it—well, turning to her husband, "why not let her try?"

It wasn't easy to persuade him. All his preconceived ideas of the theatre, of its dangers, of its cruelty, of its tawdriness, had to be combatted. But in the end they won. It was difficult for him to resist his daughter, but it was almost impossible for him to resist his wife. "I honestly believe," said Claudette, "that if she had said to him, 'I'm going to jump out of that window,' he'd have answered, 'I'll go with you.'" (A soft sound of protest from the other end of the sofa.)

Not only did she try for the three-line part, but got it, and with it an Equity contract and a salary of fifty dollars a week. Every day she would look at herself in the dressing-room mirror and ask solemnly, "Is it you, Claudette?" and watch her own familiar head nodding back at her. But even then she found it hard to believe that this really was a real theatre, a real dressing-room in a real theatre was the girl in whose skin she had been living all her life long.
Still no one took her seriously. When the girl who was playing the second lead had to leave the cast and she asked the manager to give her the part, he gave her the horse laugh instead. Her friends smiled maddeningly. It was just by a fluke she had managed to get this job. What would she do when the play lay down and died, as it gave every sign of doing?

Look for another, of course. But looking and finding are two different things. Back and forth she trudged, up one pair of dingy stairs and down another, from one rehearsal to the next, the heartbreaking routine that most theatrical aspirants know too well. "The question I always dreaded most was, 'What experience have you had?'" she said. "If I said none, my goose was cooked. So I lied. 'Stock,' I'd say. Where?' they'd ask. 'In France.' I'd say. It never went over very big. They didn't say in so many words, 'What a liar you are,' but they'd slide their eyes up at me and say, 'Yeah?' and they knew and I knew exactly what they meant. But I swallowed it all and went right on lying.'"

"Yes," her mother's quiet voice interposed, with just the barest shade of disapproval, "that always seemed to me a little silly." Claudette throw her a smile and went on.

"One day Madame Burani, who had been my music teacher and who played character parts occasionally, phoned me that she was rehearsing in 'The Marionette Man' and that Brock Pemberton needed an ingénue who looked like an Italian. I gave him my usual song and dance about having played in stock and wanting two hundred dollars. He offered me a hundred and I grabbed it."

Her father frowned at the notion of her going to Washington, where the play was scheduled to open. But Madame Burani was an old friend of the family, and Madame Burani promised to look after her like her own mother, and he yielded. Unfortunately for Claudette, Washington agreed with her father. Washington didn't think Miss Collibet was an actress. "The ingénue," said she, "is a particularly weak spot, and since she forms the pivot of the play, the whole structure naturally collapses with a crash and buries beneath it."

Madame Burani spent the following day trying vainly to stem the flood of tears that threatened to drown the already budding ingénue. The play closed after a brief run, and Claudette returned to her mother's consulting army and to a father who concealed his pity for his griefstricken daughter beneath a stern ultimatum. "Now you must stop!" he said. "Now you see you have no talent, you will never be an actress, and you must put this mad idea out of your head and be content to do as other sensible girls do."

But a little time and a little thought went far toward resurrecting her daughter. All right, she wasn't a world-beater. All right, she had a lot to learn. Who said she couldn't learn it? But she had been panned and lied to thumb their noses at the pamphlet. If she was going to collapse at the last unkind word, her father was right. She'd better stay at home and wash dishes. She went to him and said: "Give me five years. I'm young yet. If at the end of five years, I haven't done anything, it is that my name doesn't count for something in the theatre, I give you my word I'll quit and do as other sensible girls do—get a job else you like." He looked at the pleading eyes, at the resolute young chin that was doing its best not to quiver, and his heart melted. "Very well," he said finally, "I will give you five years."

What happened next wasn't designed to steady his faith. She got a job in a show that was opening in Chicago. That was the first thing about it he didn't like, but when she came home, wildly waving her first $200 contract, he hadn't the heart to be a wet-blanket. "I don't believe it!" cried her mother. "It's true! Look! Look!" and three heads were bent incredibly above the miraculous document. There was a word after the figure 200—the word co-operative—but it meant nothing to any of them. It was just one of those words that lawyers like to stick into legal documents to make them harder.

But at the end of her first week in Chicago, Claudette discovered what co-operative meant. It meant that instead of $200 for her week's work she collected $15. It meant that she would have collected two hundred if the play had been a success which, alas! it wasn't. But her hotel bill wasn't co-operative—that was flat, and exactly four times as large as her salary check. She had to write to her father for money to pay it. She sent the money with a peremptory note: "Come home at once!" She didn't realize that the obligations weren't co-operative either.

For three weeks Papa paid Claudette's hotel bills. When she got back, even her mother was beginning to worry. Perhaps Father was right. Perhaps it was going to be too difficult. But she shook her head doggedly. She wouldn't give it up. "I'm very well," she said her father's customary word and I won't break faith with you. Go on if you must, but only in New York. Here at least I know you are properly fed and cared for. But to pay bills for you somewhere else, for some manager to make experiments with a play—no, that I have done for the last time."

Well, as it happened, he had done it for the last time. Claudette got an engage-
ment to tour in an "all-star" company of "Leah Kletscha" at a straight salary of $125 a week. She not only paid her own bills, she also not only saved money, but taught herself to act. If she was going to be an actress, she'd have to make every penny she could.

Helen Hagahan was in the cast, and José Ruben and Lowell Sherman—seasoned trouper all. Every night for nine months she went home to school and, when she went to them—drinking in every intonation, every gesture, and going home to repeat, to analyze and to remember.

But despite the attractions of this all-star engage-ment, the managers remained undazzled. The disheartening trail led from agent to producer, and Hagahan began once more. One day she was steered by a tip to Al Woods' office. His secretary looked her over. "Are you by any chance English?" she asked.

"Yes," said Claudette. After all, why not? Her brother had been born on the Island of Jersey and she might have been.

"All right," said the secretary. "Come back at 2:30 and see Mr. Woods."

"Did you say you were English?" asked Mr. Woods at 2:30. "You talk like an American."

"I've lived in America a long time," said Claudette in a hastily manufactured British accent. "I'm English."

"All right. Come back at 4 and see Mr. Lonsdale. It's his play."

She came, and a fever and read the part to Mr. Lonsdale.

"It's a curious accent," said Mr. Lonsdale doubtfully. "Where did you say you came from?"

"The Island of Jersey," faltered Claudette, close to tears.

"Miss Colbert," he said, as he saw the tear roll on her neck. He himself had come from the Island of Jersey. He cherished a passion for the Island of Jersey. Anyone who came from the Island of Jersey was practically his brother.

She got the part and she got her first straight contract for $200. She was in a Lonsdale comedy. She was to play opposite Mr. Edison Iselin in costumes were to be by Bendel. She was to have a wedding gown smothered in pearls. Life's cup was full.

They rehearsed for almost three weeks without Mr. Tarele. He arrived from England on the Thursday before the opening. He was all Bendel with her mother, having her final fitting. Suddenly the telephone rang. How or why she cannot explain, but she was seized by a sudden premonition of evil. "It's for you, Miss Colbert. Mr. Woods wants to see you.

Her heart sank.

At the office building her mother waited downstairs. Claudette went upstairs and was received by Al Woods' brother. "I'm sorry, Miss Colbert, but you'll have to give up the part. They've decided you're too young."

She couldn't protest, she couldn't utter a sound. She felt as if she'd been dealt a black card by the hand. The room began whirling round and she remembered nothing more till she found herself lying on a couch, her mother's tears falling on her face.

She knew there was nothing to be said or done—that this decision, whatever lay behind it, was final. They'd give her two weeks' notice. She knew the next reading after this was all. It was finished. But her gentle, timorous mother, who didn't feel comfort-able having her daughter so near them if she could help it, was suddenly a creature transformed. Eyes blazing while the tears still streamed down her cheek, she said what she felt needed to be said.

"Yes," Madame Colbert contributed calmly at this point, "I said I could not see them do this to 'er and say nothing. I said, 'Ow could you do it? She never 'urt anyone, 'ow could you 'urt her like this?' I think I was sorry. O yes—I think so. 'E took my 'ands and 'e said, 'In the theatre business, madame, you cannot 'ave a part. Believe me—you cannot 'ave a 'art. These things 'ave been done to everyone—to Jane Cowl, to Elsie Fergus-son, to everyone.'" Yes?" I said, 'hat is harder. I am sorry for these ladies, though I do not know them. But still, I do not understand 'ow you could do it to my Claudette' Oh,' with a reminiscent shudder, "it was 'orrible!"

But if this was the most tragic experience of Claudette's professional life, it was also the turning point. "Listen, kid," said Mr. Woods, "next show I have, I'll give you a part. No matter what it is, I'll give you a part." And he was as good as his word. He gave her a part, and she got such enthusiastic notices that from that moment everything began to change. They ran her after. She was earning $200 a week regularly. People who had laughed at her began to flatter her. "Watch Claudette Colbert!" sang the critics in chorus. "She's going fast and far!" Only one year was gone of the five she had begged, and already her name was beginning to mean something in the theatre. Her father still pretended to poo-poo the whole business, but he wasn't fooling anyone much.

"I carried all her notices about with 'in in 's pockets," said his wife softly, "and when 'e thought I was not looking, 'e took them out and showed them to 'is friends."

Madame Colbert was in Chicago with Claudette, whose play had two more weeks to run. When she suddenly decided that she must return to her husband, that two weeks was too long to wait. A week later Claudette received word that her father was ill with pneumonia, and three days after that he was dead.

She went home—to a home that had lost half its light—to a stricken mother who lay for weeks in a stupor of indifference out of which only her daughter could coax her.

"That's my father," she said, nodding at the picture on the piano. "He lived through all the worry, but he didn't have much of the fun. He never saw me play a really good part."

The good part came later—the part of the swaggering little tent-show tramp in "The Barker"—and if her joy in it was darker, it was because the fact that there was no longer anyone to stuff his pockets with her notices, she played it none the less mem-oramorable for that.

To Claudette herself the play was memorable for more reasons than one. As she hurried into the theatre, late, for the first reading of the play, her eye was caught by a long-legged youth, obviously the juvenile lead, sitting on the floor on a telephone book. She liked his face, and she liked the way he read his part, and she liked his manner generally. And the better she learned to know him, the better she learned to like him. His name was Norman Foster, and he concluded, as she did, of a non-theatrical family. "I think that was the first bond between us," she said. "Now, Miss Colbert, you should learn to move with his face and he didn't. He'd been warned again and again, 'Don't fall in love with an ac- tor,' and yet, I believe I'm in love."

But, despite the warning, and that she knew the truth, the Barker opened and "Don't ask us where," she cried impulsively, "we've never told anyone. Even the witnesses were people we'd never seen before. I was terribly

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happy. The only flaw was having to hide it. I knew it would make my mother mis-
terable. She thought I was too young to
marry and she was afraid of losing me. She
thinks," teased Claudette, "I'm much
nicer than I really am. But when we were
playing in London and mother went to
Paris for a few days, Norman and I stayed
together, never dreaming anyone
would pay any attention to us. And then
one day a reporter stopped us as we were
leaving the hotel and asked pointblank
whether we were married. Well—
with a Gallic shrug, "—what could we say?
Poor mother saw the news first in a paper
and came dashing back. But it's all right
now—and she's discovered she can't get
rid of me. You see, Norman and I de-
cided to go modern and keep two establish-
ments—one for him and one for mother
and me. "We see each other every day
and spend as much time together as we like.
But when I have a headache or he has a
grouch, each of us crawls off to his own
hole and sulks in peace. And the result
probably is," she said, nodding her head
wistfully, "that we do far less sulking that
we otherwise might.

"Well, that brings me to the pictures,
which just followed naturally on my stage
work. I wasn't in the spots, but when the talkies came and Paramount
made me an offer, I was only too happy to
accept. I love the screen and I love the stage,
and I'd hate to give up either. Sometimes I
still have that sense of strangeness about
being an actress that I used to have in the
beginning—especially when people stare
at me in the street. It makes me feel like
a sap, and—" with disarming candor, "my
husband says it makes me act like one too.
I'm with someone! I begin talking very
fast, and if I'm alone, I generally dive
into a taxi. But most of the time I know
I'm the same girl, only—and the corners of
her eyes crinkled engagingly, "a great
deal richer than I ever expected to be.

"My biggest kick? It's hard to say, but
working with Chevalier was one of them. He's
always been a family man. Whenever
we went back to Paris, I'd rush straight from the train to the theatre
to get tickets for his show. Once he walked
down the aisle and I saw him close, and
I can still feel the thrill I got out of that.
So when they told me I was to work with
him, she said, raising her silken lashes
demurely, "naturally I was pleased. And
now that I have worked with him," she
added emphatically, "I like him better than
ever. He's just the newest French
Man I know."

Madame Colbert was leaning forward
eagerly. "We saw 'im long ago," she said,
"and my 'usband—in Paris. We went
one night to a little small theatre—and
and there was a boy—very young—very slim—
with a funny red nose—oo sang. 'S voice was nothing but a laugh
down to our feet. Senth e said—my 'usband—'I'll be surprised if that boy
isn't going to be something great some day.' And you see—that boy is Maurice
Chevalier. So you may think if I was
pleased when they ask Claudette to play
'tim. And when I was pleased still more, because 'e is ex-
tactly like I. Ah no, Claudette, you mustn't
dismiss me—please now 'ow mean it—'e is
a simple, 'e is kin''—and I most dont know 'ow to make 'imself grand.'

"He doesn't know 'ow to make himself
grand!" She was speaking of Chevalier,
but she might well have spoken with
equal accuracy to her daughter. It's a
trait they have in common—these two at-
tractive children of France—their inability
to "make themselves grand." Ask any
one who has had any dealings with Claud-
ette Colbert what he thinks of her. His
eyes are likely to light up and in nine cases
out of ten the answer will be, "She's a
darling!" And if you want to know why,
you will probably be told: 'Because she's
simple. Because she's genuine. Because
she doesn't think she's the sun and the
moon and a couple of planets thrown in.
Because you don't have to kneel when you
talk to her. Because she keeps her feet
on the ground and her head on her shoul-
ders. Because she knows what it feels like
to be the other fellow.'

"I'll tell you why," said one man who
has had his troubles with screen stars,
"it's because she's the kind of darned nice
kid you'd like to have running around your
house all the time. And how many of
them," he demanded, fiercely, "do you think
I'd say that about?"

How many indeed! Perhaps only one
who has been in the business can appreciate
the splendor of that accolade.

You'll soon see Claudette in "Secrets of a Secretary" with Georges Metaxa.
Look Out, You Hollywood Bachelors!

Continued from page 57

field for a wife—or a wife may overtake him before he expects her. He'd be worth having—not only for his gold and his expec-
tations, but also for his personal charm.

Kent Douglass and Joel McCrea are two young mothers who have both signs them; the former the son of a Pasadena jeweler, the latter, of Hollywood's million-
aire colony. Both youths seem to spend their money in a way that makes Joel has built himself an elaborate home, which might be considered an investment.

Donald Dillaway and Douglas Walton, both now under pleasant studio contracts, insist that if films ever fail they have other ways of bringing home the bacon. Donald studied law before he became an actor and has sung in public since he was twelve; and Douglas had a three year course in architecture.

Billy Baxwell and John Darrow can use their excellent salaries as they see fit, for Billy's mother has a successful insurance business; and John has no dependents. John is saving his money on a novel insurance plan; and Billy's mother is advising him.

Junior Laemmle at the age of 23 is per-
haps the West Coast's newest summer home in Malibu, but he has a hundred thousand in bonds.

Six thousand a month is the remunera-
tion paid to Berta Luporida by Universal, but Berta turns it over to a bank for investment and keeps but a small sum for himself. He's been married and divorced twice but pays his wife a large salary since the house was finished, so no servant problem faces a possible wife.

Then there's Paul Bern, the associate producer, who pays attention to lovely ladies and knows how to present beautiful gifts, though up to now he hasn't deco-
 rated any feminine fingers with wedding bands. He owns a fine home in Benedict Canyon and a very large salary.

Clarence Brown is said to be the highest paid director in pictures. He owns his own plane. His wife, Lalla Brown, as his own pilot, is a major stockholder in an airplane corp. He has been divorced for a num-
ber of years and is often rumored en-
ponsored, but it never seems to come to any-
thing. At present Mona Maris is seen with Clarence most often.

Among the available producers, matrimo-
nial prizes may be found in James Cruse, who has an estate in Flintridge and makes his own pictures; and Harry Joe Brown and Sid Rogell of Pathé.

James Cruse says that Walter Lang is the best directorial bet in Hollywood; he looks after the qualities women like, plays and paints, plays bridge well, is cultured and traveled and has a dream of buying a chateau in France.

Nick Grinde, one of our younger direc-
tors, might be considered by maidens with minds toward matrimony. He has a house in Hollywoodland and a contract.

Newscomers who might be worth consid-
eration, also, are Monroe Owsley, former stage actor, who has assured a home in Beverly Hills; Donald Cook and Hardie Albright, neither of whom have dependents—(Hardie breeds wire-haired terriers on the side); and Lester Vail, who swears he spends all his money as he makes it, but who might be controlled by the Right Woman.

Oh, and I almost forgot Phillips Holmes, who has assured a home on a Hollywood hillside and a high-priced car, and is in such demand for pictures that producers cry for him.

Thirty-eight matrimonial prizes!
Well, anyway, any girl can look at them.
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Do what thousands of other women do to fade out freckles and gain a beautiful complexion. Use Othine-double strength, and you will no longer need to dread the sun and winds.

You will find that after a few nights' use of this dainty white cream even the worst freckles are disappearing while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce jar of Othine is needed to clear away these ugly blotches and restore the natural beauty of your skin.

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$1,000.
FIRST PRIZE may be won by you, or you, or you, if you can find the photographs of the stars that fit the silhouettes.

Both are in this issue. The Star Shadows are on pages 36 and 37 and the photographs are on —?—?—pages!

Read the rules and try for some of the

$2,500.

Let's Make Up!—Continued from page 63

toward your ears in a sort of triangle, out toward the end of the eyes, down toward the jaw. But don't let the rouge touch the hollows in your cheeks as it will only make them more pronounced.

If your face is round, don't put your rouge on in little round spots, unless you want to look like a Christmas doll. It should come in fairly close to the nose and fairly low on the cheeks.

For a face that is too long, apply rouge high on your cheek bones and shade outward toward the temples. If this sounds as though it were too high on the face, you try it and you'll be amazed at the result. Also remember that the smartest make-up now-a-days tends to emphasize the eyes more than any other feature—and very right that is, too. Never, however, rouge the cheek bones themselves, particularly if they are too prominent. Put a little extra color beneath them and their prominence will be less noticeable.

For an oval face, simply apply rouge at the spots where your color would naturally appear.

One rule applies for every type of face, however. Always put on rouge with an upward and outward motion shading it carefully so that no sharp edges of color are left. It should all blend into the real skin tones.

The cheek rouge—if you are using paste rouge—ought to be put on before any other make-up. Naturally you've started with your face perfectly clean and have rubbed in just a bit of cold cream, unless you are usually oily-skinned, as a base for the make-up. Now with your rouge applied, the next big thing to worry about is your lips.

To make up your lips correctly is absolutely the hardest thing of all to do. Even picture actresses who have spent years in Hollywood, making up carefully every day, tell me lip make-up still bothers them. You'll just have to work and work at it until you master it. Here are a few rules to help you.

If you have a small mouth that you want to look bigger, rouge it to the corners. If you have a thin mouth that you want to look broader, accentuate the center of the upper and lower lips. If your mouth is too large, make up the center of the lips and don't shade the ends of the lips very much. Full lips should be very lightly made up. But whatever you do, don't make your mouth look artificial. Think of Greta Garbo. It is that long, lovely mouth of hers made up in its full line that gives half the charm to her face. Artificial "Cupid's bows" and such are not only passé but bad taste.

After making up your mouth, turn your attention to your eyes. If they are too
Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett welcomes her famous husband home in Holly-wood on his return from a successful concert tour. Larry is all set to start on his next picture.

far apart, though this is really interesting, a bit of eyeshadow at the inner corners of each eye will make them seem closer together. And naturally you do just the opposite for eyes that are too closely spaced. Put your eyeshadow over your eye-lids, heaviest next to the lashes and shading lightly back toward the eye sockets. Never, never put any eyeshadow under the eyes. That will merely make you look ill. You are almost finished now, and all that remains to do is to put on your powder and a few extra touches. I think a large flat powder puff is best and a big, generous box of powder that you can dip your puff into. I hate little dabs. Cover your whole face with the powder very generously. Don't be afraid that you're getting on too much, for I want you to have the powder, the cold cream and the paste rouge all thoroughly blended. So when you have powdered all your face you can gently brush off the extra powder and your skin will be very soft and glowing and your make-up will be one that will last through hours, even though you are dining and dancing, or doing something equally strenuous.

Now you are nearly all finished. Inspect yourself carefully in your mirror. Put on just the tiniest bit of extra rouge on your lips and cheeks. This is just to heighten the whole effect of the make-up all nicely set under your powder. Take the towel off your head, that you wrapped around your hair before you started (you must always start this way). For the final touch—dust off all the powder from your eyelashes and brows and brush them lightly with mascara. That's all and I hope you look exquisite. You will if you really have followed the instructions.

But that isn't quite all. The final thing is to positively, absolutely, remove every bit of make-up before retiring at night. It is only the work of a minute or two, particularly if you use liquid cleansers, but it makes all the difference in the world in the appearance of your skin the next morning. Your skin simply cannot remain its loveliest if you sleep with your pores all clogged up. So take your hot bath, rub in your cold cream, if you are dry skinned, or your liquid cleanser if you are more oily skinned, no matter how late the party broke up or how sleepy you are. For this will save your beauty, which is quite the most important asset you have.
This Lash Cosmetic DEFIES DUPLICATION

E V E R Y effort made to copy this wonderful liquid mascara has been a f u a l t . Katherine MacDonald's Lash Cosmetic—which is used by the stars of Holly-wood—is the only one that leaves your lashes soft and silky, yet is positively waterproof. Copperin! rainproof! no water can make it streak or run, yet it gives no hint of artificiality. Contains no varnish, so cannot flake nor break your lashes. Easily removed with cold cream. Handy purse size gold capped bottle, black or brown, fs.

KATHERINE MACDONALD'S LASH COSMETIC

Katherine MacDonald, Hollywood, Calif.

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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 are what is wanted. Plots accepted in any form. Send for free booklet giving full details.

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HOTEL
BRETTON HALL
BROADWAY at 86th ST.
NEW YORK

New Men Wanted in Hollywood
Continued from page 23

hoping his Paramount contract will give him his big chance.
Warren William, who makes his bow in "Expensive Women," Dolores Costello Barrymore's come-back picture, has had a long and honorable career as a Broadway leading man with famous stars. William went on the stage to escape being what his father ordered—a newspaper man. He's from Minnesota, and served in the

You liked Kent Douglass in "Paid," with Joan Crawford. "Daybreak" with Noverro, and "It's a Wise Child," with Marion Davies. He was born in 1907, in Los Angeles, and began acting as a boy in community theatres, performing in every-thing from classics to musical comedy. No wonder he's good! He's six feet tall and prefers character leads to straight. A lad of promise.

William Boyd—we refuse to designate him as William (Stage) Boyd, because the other Pathe Boyd is known definitely now as Bill—is hardly a newcomer. He's a veteran from Broadway with years of ex-perience. He likes to play bold, bad roles. Paramount has him under contract and will present him next in "Murder by the Clock."
And then there's Donald Dillaway. Donald was born in New York City on March 17, 1905. He went to Cornell University and the University of Buffalo but he did not graduate from either university. Donald studied law but quit to go on the stage. His first talking picture role was in "Mill and Bill" his next is "Over the Hill." He is six feet tall, weighs 150 pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes and is a bache lor!

Another comer is Ray Milland who was born in Drogheda, Ireland, and who played in "Bachelor Father" and "Strangers May Kiss." His first stage experience was in London which accounts for his grand British accent.

Probably the most colorful new man on the screen is Metaxa—first name Georges, but call him Metaxa—programs do. He plays with Claudette Colbert in "Secrets of a Secretary" and if you like him he'll be shoved into more and more important roles. Metaxa's father was a judge in Bucharest. His grandfather was General Metaxa of the Russian army, and his an-tecedents were of Greek origin, having migrated from that land through Russia and into Romania. Plenty of picturesque background, you see, to say nothing of a grand voice and genuine acting talent. He is married, and has a seven-year old daughter, Yvonne. And admits it. You like Metaxa—yes, no?

Ray Milland has a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Remember him in "Bachelor Father?"
them. While they are demanding of one another who's who and what's what, the delightful frail, our little Eleanor, kisses them a collective good-bye and goes to Boston to see Shaw's "Hilda." It's by Philip Gerton and moved my larynx to intermittent ha-ha! Here's a mighty fine little picture for some sophisticated director, made for intelligent City Folks.

"Rhapsody in Black"

The best negro review I have ever seen blew into Broadway. It is Lew Leslie's "Rhapsody in Black." The art-effects of "Thousand Pardons" are plainly visible. "Rhapsody in Black" is actually, in parts, serious. It is a forerunner, I hope, of the collapse of the cheap Harlem vulgarity and imitation-white folklore that have hitherto passed for black entertainments.

No cheap humorists. No scenery of any consequence. No cheap dancing; no thrilling entertainment from the appearance of the Only Ethel Waters in "Harlem Interlude" until Cecil Mack's chorus concludes with a stunning rendition of the St. Louis Blues. The Cecil Mack chorus with the songs of Ethel Waters are alone worth the price of admission. Then there are Valaida, Blue McAllister, the Berry Brothers and Al Moore—all gold medallists.

The Pulitzer prize, I hand this year's Nobel Prize out of my own pocket. And the audience howled itself black-in-the-face the night I was there. We all went Afric.

"Devil in the Mind"

Leonid Andreyev has in "The Devil in the Mind" burst in on the Dostoievski-koff theme of Dostoievsky's "Crime and Punishment." A doctor, a "superman," believes he can murder as a psychological experiment by reining insanity. After he murders he really goes insane because the widow of the murdered man, whom he loves, does not believe he is sane. This rank Russian dish by an incompetent playwright was made memorable by those who saw it by the epical acting of Leo Butkovich. Seldom have I seen such a marvellous portrayal—of a man whom everybody believes to be insane trying to convince himself and the world that he is sane, a "superman." His acting is literally terrific. The lovely Barbara Bulgakowa was superb as the woman he was in love with.

Screen News—Continued from page 91

Irene Dunne, of "Cimarron" fame also has a pet idea, which she brings with her from the stage. She never "fancies up" her dressing-room. Says it means a short stay!

A while ago that affair between Constance Bennett and the Marquis Henri de la Falaise-white' was whispered. The former spouse of Gloria Swanson seemed to be worth a couple of acres. Recently it dropped to Jack and now I wouldn't call it worth even a couple of ten spots.

Notice the semicircular that has crept into Lafayette's work since Kenneth McKenna slipped that wedding ring on her finger? Yes, those two are still honey-mooning, and happy.

Theodore Dreiser, with all his international fame, could not Prevent his "American Tragedy" being changed to suit movie tastes—although they paid him $95,000 for the story as it is. But Dreiser threatens unpleasant reprisals. He maintains that the author has a lifetime equity in his brain children, whether they have been sold or not, and that no producer has any moral right to make changes and thus jeopardize an author's reputation. So we may have a very fancy law-suit in the news presently, in which every writer everywhere will be vitally interested.

This gossip writer, in the long ago, sold a scenario for $1,000. When the picture finally appeared, there was not one single item of the original story left. Never could understand what they paid the $1,000 for!

An unpleasant little boy, Horace Wade, once known as the 11-year-old boy author, but now a 20 years of age, has written a particularly messy book about Hollywood. The lad let go all his repressions. He's a cocky youngster and quite insufferable in conversation—told me to write a review of his book in much the same manner in which one gives an order to a bellboy. We still prefer our small boys with nice manners and good geometers.

Motion picture celebrities are planning other methods of keeping the wolf from the door—knowing how uncertain is the life of fame in their treacherous business. So we find Cecil B. De Mille running a bank, Belle Bennett a roadside restaurant, Lois Wilson a beauty shop where she runs a laundry, Jean Hersholt an art shop, Jutta Goudal an interior decorating business, Hoot Gibson a ranch rodeo, James Hall an apothecary store, Ethel Clayton a beauty shop, Fritzi Ridgeway a hotel at Palm Springs, Noah Beery a trout ranch, Corinne Griffith a drive-in market, Bill Haines an antique shop, Linus Basquette a gown shop, Raymond Griffith a market, Hugh Trevor retaining his insurance business, Kathleen Clifford a florist shop, Vera Gordon an antique shop, Chic Sale writing advertisements, Esther Ralston a beauty shop, Charles Bickford a gas station—and every one knows Charlie Chaplin has an interest in Henry's restaurant. Just as well to be on the safe side against that day when the studios no longer open large gates at their bidding.

There's a gang that calls itself the "Horrable Hemingways," youngsters organized for purely social purpose. One of their dinner-dances at the Town House proved most hilarious, with Fifi Dorsay serving "Oh, but I could eat you" with enormous verve. Fifi is one of the good-natured doas who will occasionally accept invitations from non-professionals and win their everlasting gratitude.

The Four Marx Brothers are duly settled in their California homes. Mr. and Mrs. Zeppo Marx at Beverly Hills, Mr. and Mrs. Groucho Marx at Hollywood, Mr. and Mrs. Chico in Hollywood, and Harpo, the bachelor, in an apartment.

A Written Guarantee assures the permanent removal of unwanted hair

THOUSANDS of women both here and abroad now know the joy of an alluringly smooth and beautiful skin, forever free from the re-growth of ugly feminine hair. Koremlel Cream—the achievement of a noted French scientist—not only removes the hair for all time, but actually is most beneficial to the skin itself.

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The SERVANT PROBLEM in HOLLYWOOD

Would you like to know how the stars keep their cooks and their butlers and their maids—and what those same cooks, butlers and maids think of the stars?

The August Silver Screen tells you. And that's on sale on all newsstands July tenth. The price is ten cents.

Lois Moran opened up her Beverly Hills home again after her New York engagement in "This is New York," after she had persuaded her tenants to find other quarters. Lois has a huge room devoted to dancing, with a big piano in the corner. Here she keeps in trim with all sorts of terpsichorean gymnastics and is also teaching her small niece to grow up and be a svelte modern athletic girl.

Although Ina Claire's contract says she need not appear on the set before 9 a.m. and may leave at 5 p.m., she has been at the studio at 7:30 a.m. every morning since the filming of "Rebound" and cheerfully works as long as the director wishes. It never does one any good to stand on the letter of a contract in small matters in Hollywood.

Because Winnie Lightner is making a circus picture, she had the jolliest excuse to attend the visiting circus in Los Angeles twice last week.

"Yes, and I saw plenty of other movie people there too," grins Winnie, "with no excuse, whatever, John Barrymore, for instance."

Leslie Howard's little daughter visited the set of "Never the Twain Shall Meet" and was shocked to see daddy put his arm around Conchita Montenegro—sulked with him for hours afterwards. Leslie has been explaining ever since.

William de Mille says authors of stories for the screen should be billed above directors! William, by the way, in spite of his talents and his long influence in the game, hasn't worked since before the end of 1930. Oh, the tribulations of Hollywood!

A near Hollywood heartbreak is the case of Wyndham Standing, who hadn't worked for lo, these many moons. Then he gets a corking good role with Pauline Frederick in "Elizabeth the Queen" in the stage version, also to be done on the screen—and the poor chap falls sick right after the play opens. However, he's been promised his part back directly he's out of the hospital.

Whether or not Esther Ralston will stage a permanent come-back remains to be seen, but in the meantime she has opened a smart beauty salon and so will cash in on her name in that way.

Which reminds us, Billy Sunday, of all people in the world, also has opened a beauty shop in Hollywood. But, the erstwhile evangelist is mainly promoting what he calls "Cream of Sheba" so you are to remember that the Queen of Sheba was a dusky Ethiopian queen who fascinated King Solomon, a great colored siren in her day. Hence this cream is to bleach dark skin white, and will be mainly advertised in all the colored newspapers!

William Wallace Reid, Jr., and his little sister Betty, had a mournful experience recently, when, while at a picture show, an old film of their famous father's was run as a filler on the program. It had not been advertised, so the shock was a completely sad surprise. They knew so little of that daddy—and now they see him as a totally different person belonging to someone else altogether in these pictures. A little difficult for these children of dead stars.

Constance Bennett and sister Joan have taken houses next door to each other, so that Connie's adopted boy and Joan's small girl will have each other for playmates. The houses are on Malibu Beach, and they've been rehearsing for Joan's next picture right down there at the beach.

Ona Munson as she appears in "Five Star Final," as a girl reporter. We've never seen a newspaper woman who looked like this, but then that's just our hard luck.
Coudray year. Nurse mar-
Gene her most want sit
salary. poet
Jobyna and she been the
Tukino, of these
Luella
It's train
Arlen and
Aileen
For

Cast of Current Films—Continued from page 93


"YOUNG SINNERS." Fox. From the stage play by Einer Harris. Adapted by William Conselman. Directed by John Boestonen. The cast: Tom Donovan, Richard Dix; Midge Murray, Jackie Condon, Jack Whiting, Myrna Eggers, Willard Morse, Frank Sheridan; Coby Joe, Boris Keilt; Burke, Dick Bush.

CLARK GABLE'S face is undoubtedly his greatest asset.

No, this newest recruit from the New York stage isn't a handsome young leading man, with curly hair and chiseled features.

If he were, you probably wouldn't remember him, because leading men do have a way of looking disconcertingly alike.

Gable, on the contrary, has been the recipient of this sort of comment, from the days of his stage triumph in "The Last Mile," through the first of his talkies: "What a thrillingly homely face!"

"Homely" is a little rough on Gable. He isn't really that. But he isn't "beautiful," to be exact. No sculptor would ever pick his as the handsomest face in all the world. He hasn't that kind of profile.

Gable's face is as strong and irregular as the side of a granite cliff. Its very lack of regularity makes it respond quickly to emotional stimuli. His work in "Dance, Fools, Dance," "The Easiest Way," "The Secret Six," and Norma Shearer's "A Free Soul," his first picture assignments, have "pegged" him with theatre-goers as a young actor well worth watching.

Gable has exceptionally vivid gray eyes. They can sparkle with laughter in a characterization like that of the reporter in "The Secret Six"—(helped decidedly by the suggestion of a dimple which appears in these lighter moods)—or become filled with deadly menace, for the gambler in "A Free Soul."

Clark Gable's eyes are too deep-set for the traditional leading man type of good looks, and his nose is too short for the rest of his face. His mouth, too, is wide. But it is these very discrepancies from the normal, of course, that constitute the reason why this young man is being so much talked about.

Gable's sudden hit with the public has been compared by many to that achieved by Robert Montgomery. Although they are entirely different types, many folk see a parallel in the screen careers of these two young New York stage actors.

As Montgomery flashed out of the nowhere overnight in "So This is College," so did Gable "click" instantaneously in Joan Crawford's "Dance, Fools, Dance." As Montgomery's rise was augmented by his appearances in "The Divorcee" and "Strangers May Kiss," so has Gable forged steadily upwards with his work in "The Secret Six" and "A Free Soul."

The rôle of the young gambler in "A Free Soul" is considered to be a particularly fine test of his abilities for the part calls upon him to build sympathy for himself in the first half of the picture, and destroy it completely in the closing reels. How he does this by slight changes in voice and dictation, but without altering his physical make-up in any way, has been denominated by "critics" as real acting.

In his first talkies Gable conclusively proved that the sensation he created on the stage in "The Last Mile" was no flash in the pan. Readers of contemporary stage reviews, of course, will recall the pangs of praise which broke out in New York when "The Last Mile" opened on Broadway. "Extraordinary" was one of the mildest adjectives used to describe the work of the young man who painted such a vivid, bitter picture of a killer in a death cell, and the last moments before his execution for the crime of murder. There was something in the personality of this compact lad with heavy shoulders and deep-set eyes, that caught on. But there were some skeptics.

"He's a one play star," some said, "he will never be worth anything in any parts except those like the 'killer.'"

Such critics were undoubtedly confounded when they saw the comedy touches of Clark Gable in "The Secret Six," and his verbal duel with John Mack Brown for the love of Jean Harlow.

But, of course, Clark Gable had the sort of dramatic training which would bring versatility.

He was born in Cadiz, Ohio, and had barely graduated from high school when the stage bug hit him, hard. He was just in his teens when he worked with a stock company in Steubenville, Ohio, and then went on the road with a ten, twenty, thirty cent melodrama company. He has played with Jane Cowl in "Romeo and Juliet" and as Sergeant Quirt in "What Price Glory." He was the reporter in "Chicago." He was the young son in "Madame X." He has played old men and young men, with beards and without.
Summer... with old ocean beckoning down the white sands... limpid lakes mirroring forth joy... slim young bodies flashing into cat-cressing waters. Summer... calling you to a thousand activities... whispering of romance in night silence... thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely.

Ah, yes! But there must be no pale cheeks after the swim... no overflushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun's arduous... no shiny nose. You must remain serenely, coolly beautiful under all conditions to fully enjoy summer...

"Summer-Proof" Make-Up.—Princess Pat beauty aids, if used together, give a summer-proof make-up. You can actually go in swimming and come out with color perfect—or dance through the evening secure in the knowledge that one application of make-up is sufficient for lasting beauty.

For make-up that will last under trying conditions you first apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent—just as you would ordinary vanishing cream. Only, you see, Ice Astringent gives the skin lasting coolness, contracts the pores and makes the skin of fine, beautiful texture. After Ice Astringent, apply Princess Pat rouge for color which moisture will not affect. Then use Princess Pat almond base powder—the most clinging powder ever made—and one which gives beautiful, pearly lustre. And, of course, Princess Pat wonderful new lip rouge!

Now in the Brilliant Week End Set.—This is really a sparkling, wonder-value "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for two weeks' use—to last throughout your vacation. Also a perfectly wonderful beauty book of summer make-up secrets and special summer care to keep the skin lovely. In the Week End Set you will receive generous tubes of Ice Astringent, Skin Cleanser (the modern cold cream), Skin Food Cream, almond base Powder, Rouge and Lip Rouge. The charge of 25c pays only for packaging the set in its beautiful box, and for postage. Consequently we desire to sell only one set to a customer. And we respectfully urge your promptness.

Be Your Most Beautiful "Summer Self"! All fragrant and beautiful—all charming—all serenely perfect. That should be your "summer self." The Week End Set will bring this loveliness unfailingly.

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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.
September 25¢

Garbo going legit?

The Girl

Hollywood Fears

Gailullah Bankhead—her life story
POWDER-PROOF, PERFUME-PROOF, GERM-PROOF

Smoke a fresh cigarette

Camels in the new Humidor Pack have been hailed with delight by the ladies.

For that air-sealed wrapping of moisture-proof Cellophane is also powder-proof, perfume-proof and germ-proof.

Then too, the lady-of-the-house can stock up with Camels knowing that the last pack in the carton will be as fresh and mild as the first.

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It is the mark of a considerate hostess, by means of the Humidor Pack, to "Serve a fresh cigarette." Buy Camels by the carton—this cigarette will remain fresh in your home and office.

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NO CIGARETTE AFTER-TASTE

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safe
soft
cool
protection—

MODESS
perfect summer comfort at a special summer price

IF you use Modess, you know how safe and soft it is—how cool and clean it feels. If you haven't tried it, now's your chance. Our summer offer—featured as Modess Vacation Special—is a grand buy. You get a Travel Package of six Modess Compact and two boxes of Modess Regular for 79c. The standard price of these 3 boxes is $1.15.

The two types of Modess featured in the Vacation Special are a perfect combination for summer comfort. Modess Regular is standard thickness. The Compact is Modess Regular, gently compressed. It is designed to supplement the Regular at times when less thickness is desired.

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NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J. U.S.A.
World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

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You save on every purchase during July and August

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When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND,
THIS MONTH'S PROGRAM

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JOAN CRAWFORD
Speaks Her Mind on Modern Marriage

And Joan, most modern of all modern girls in or outside of Hollywood, knows what she is talking about! Her frank views on the problems of love and marriage in our day make interesting reading.

CONSTANCE BENNETT
in "BOUGHT"

A fascinating fictionization of Connie’s sensational new film! You won’t want to miss a word of it. Illustrated with stunning scenes from the picture.

THESE FEATURES, AND MANY OTHERS, IN OCTOBER ISSUE OF SCREENLAND ON SALE SEPTEMBER FIRST!

Printed in the U. S. A.
PARAMOUNT BRINGS YOU ANOTHER MIGHTY MASTERPIECE

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

Based upon the novel by THEODORE DREISER

PHILLIPS HOLMES • SYLVIA SIDNEY • FRANCES DEE

Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

Millions have read the book. Millions await the picture. A story of average human beings. The boy next door. The girl down the street. A drama of love, temptation, courage and folly that might happen to YOU. One of the great motion pictures of any season. Produced by Paramount, leader of the entertainment world. Don't miss it. Ask your theatre manager now when it is coming. "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

Paramount Pictures

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
REVUETTES

In a movie it's entertainment—let these Revuettes be your guide to the cream of the crop.

Class A:
★ A FREE SOUL. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Another hit for Norma Shearer. A modern, adult picture with Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable and Leslie Howard supporting the star.
★ ALEXANDER HAMILTON. Warner Brothers. George Arliss scores again with his remarkable portrayal of Alexander Hamilton. The story is well directed and Doris Kenyon, Dudley Diggs and Jane Collyer are excellent.*
★ CHANCES. First National. An interesting war picture. The theme—two brothers, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Anthony Bushell, in love with the same girl, Rose Hobart. Young Doug does good work.*
★ DADDY LONG LEGS. Fox. A pleasant relief from talkie film is this Cinderella story. Fun for the whole family, Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter play their roles with great sincerity.*
★ FAME. Warner Brothers. Don't miss this nicely acted and directed picture filled with human, homespun people. Lewis Stone and Doris Kenyon are perfectly cast.
★ SKIPPY. Paramount. Grand entertainment for the whole family. Jackie Cooper and Bobby Coogan are delightful. Don't miss this one.
★ SMART MONEY. Warner Brothers. Thrills—action—humor! Edward G. Robinson is grand as usual and Evalyn Knapp is the girl.
★ THE MOOSE HUNT. Columbia. Mickey Mouse, the best actor of the month in the best cartoon of the month. You'll love it!
★ THE SMILING LIEUTENANT. Paramount. You'll hit this but not as well as "The Love Parade." Claudette Colbert and Marlon O'Hara are the sex-appeal and Maurice Chevalier, in a uniform again, is the hero.
★ THE SQUAW MAN. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. You've seen this one in silent form and you'll enjoy it with speech. Lupe Velez, Warner Baxter, Eleanor Boardman and Roland Young acquit themselves admirably.*
★ YOUNG AS YOU FEEL. Fox. Another situation Will Rogers classic. Will is teamed up with Patsy Kelly again. Lucien Littlefield deserves honorable mention.*

Class B:
CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED. Paramount. Collegiate nonsense and an artificial story but a good cast including Sylvia Sidney, Phillips Holmes and Norman Foster.*
DAYBREAK. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Good work by Ramon Novarro and Helen Chandler makes this romantic film a treat.
DER GROSSE TENOR. UFA. An excellent German comedy with Emil Jannings playing an artificial operatic tenor in grand style.
EVERYTHING'S ROSIE. Radio. Robert Woolsey mimes his side-kick, Bert Wheeler, tickles the customers occasionally with this one. Anita Louise and John Darrow are the love interest.
GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE MAN. Syndicate. A good fast moving western with a good plot and Tom Tyler as the hero.
GOLD DUST GERTIE. Warner Brothers. A lightweight farce with Winnie Lightner and Olsen and Johnson receiving just a sprinkling of laughs.

SCREENLAND will help you select the best bets from the current screen offerings. Pay particular attention to our seal of approval films. See Page 93 for complete casts of current films.

HELL TO PAY. Fox. A modern western with many laughs and good acting by George O'Brien and Sally Eilers. Lots of out-door action.
I TAKE THIS WOMAN. Paramount. This is the one about the pampered society debutante who falls in love with the great big man from the west. However, the roles are played nicely by Carole Lombard and Gary Cooper.
JUST A GIGOLO. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A sophisticated picture about a wealthy playboy, William Haines, playing at being a gigolo to get his girl, lovely Irene Purcell. Amusing.*
LAWLESS WOMAN. Chesterfield. A newspaper yarn with a smattering of gangsters, detectives and police-wagons and with Vera Reynolds as the girl.
LOVER COME BACK. Columbia. A trite talkie about a flightless wife,autagious villain, nice sweet-heart and an unsuspecting husband.
MEN CALL IT LOVE. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. An amusing film about love among the married. Adolphe Menjou, Leo Hyams and Norman Foster are present.
NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. An outing made yarn which has been filmed and re-filmed and which is saved by Leslie Howard's good performance. Conchita Montenegro is an interesting heroine.
NIGHT NURSE. Warner Brothers. Barbara Stanwyck, as a nurse, comes through again with a neat piece of acting. Ben Lyon and Claire Gable contribute good work.*
SHE-WOLF. Universal. The convincing performance of May Robson, as a cold-shrewd business woman, makes this film entertaining. Romance by Frances Dade and James Hall.*

* Reviewed in this issue.
★ These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of SCREENLAND's seal of approval.
(Continued on page 102)
Sold!
"Love would have been such an honest reason... But you sold yourself."

WARNER BROS. presents:

Constance Bennett in BOUGHT

A beautiful girl who takes but never gives!... loved but not loving!... engaged but not married!... bought but not paid for!... JACKDAW'S STRUT from which this great production comes has created more talk than any other novel of modern life... And Constance Bennett more gorgeously gowned—more emotionally satisfying—more dramatically supreme—makes it the finest picture play of her career... Directed by ARCHIE MAYO.

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
YOU HAVE A DATE...

...and what a date! A date with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell and the golden world of sweetheart time... a date with Will Rogers and the laughter that sweeps you free of worries like a clean, strong wind. You have a date with a dazzling company of great stars, with the glamorous magic of great stories that will carry you out of a workaday world to a land of enchantment.

You have a date with Fox pictures, a date for night after night of thrills and tears, love and laughter—the biggest date on your calendar for some of the most marvelous hours of your life.
ONLY Fox with its matchless array of stars, directors and writers—only the incredible creative and technical resources of Movietone City—could fill so many hours with such superb delights. To make sure you don't miss a single one of these great Fox pictures, ask your favorite theatre when they will be shown—and the date is on!

Your favorite theatre will soon be showing

Merely Mary Ann, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell... a supreme romance of young love—the best picture this famous team has ever made.

Wicked, with Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen... a terrific drama of a woman born to the underworld and longing for better things.

Skyline, with Hardie Albright, Thomas Meighan and Maureen O'Sullivan... the way of a man of the four hundred with a maid of the four million.

She Wanted a Millionaire, with Joan Bennett, Spencer Tracy and James Kirkwood... lavish drama of a bathing beauty who got what she wanted...!

Young as You Feel, with Will Rogers going places and doing things with Fifi Dorsay.

Bad Girl... Vina Delmar's sensational novel pulses with life itself as Sally Eilers enacts the title role with the newest screen find... James Dunn.

Over the Hill, with Mae Marsh and James Kirkwood... epic of tears and laughter and the heart's deepest passions.

Sob Sister, with Linda Watkins and James Dunn.

Riders of the Purple Sage, Zane Grey's great story with George O'Brien and Virginia Cherrill.

The Yellow Ticket, with Elissa Landi, Charles Farrell and Lionel Barrymore.

The Brat, with Sally O'Neil and Frank Albertson.

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
HERE'S a new red-head! Name, Peggy Shannon. When Clara Bow was forced by a breakdown to leave the cast of "The Secret Call" Peggy was lucky enough to be right on the Paramount lot—and she jumped into Clara's rôle opposite Richard Arlen and made good.

The DISCOVERY of the Month
TAKE A LION WITH YOU ON YOUR VACATION!

WANT to make sure of a roaring good time this summer? Looking for thrills, adventure, romance, fun? Remember Leo, the M-G-M lion! Look him up wherever you may be—at seashore or camp, at home or abroad—you’re seldom more than a few miles away from a theatre where the world’s greatest motion pictures are being shown! Drop in to see Leo. He’ll be delighted to introduce you to the greatest stars on the screen today—acting for you in pictures that represent the world’s best entertainment.

More stars than there are in heaven

A Few M-G-M Hits Coming Soon!
Joan CRAWFORD
in “This Modern Age”
Greta GARBO
in “Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise”
John GILBERT
in “Cheri Bibi”
Buster KEATON
in “The Sidewalks of New York”
Marie DRESSLER
and Polly MORAN in “Politics”
the funniest picture you ever saw
and many, many others!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
Miss Vee Dee will answer your questions about screen plays and players in this department of *SCREENLAND*. But you must be patient and await your turn. Turn to Page 93 for the casts of current films. See Page 96 for stars' addresses. Please consult these services before asking your questions.

*Beverly S.* Where have you been hiding all this time? Yes, Richard Barthelmess has married again. Mrs. Jessica Sergeant, a society matron, is the second Mrs. Barthelmess. For a photograph of Dick write to Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.

*I. Ikeo, Tohio, Japan.* How are you and all the other cherry blossoms? Kay Johnson was born in Mt. Vernon, New York, U. S. A., but she doesn't give the date. She has blonde hair, blue eyes and is 5 feet 4 inches tall. Her husband, John Cromwell, was a stage director and actor, and is now a film director in Hollywood. Some of her notable pictures are "Dynamite" and "Passion Flower" with Charles Bickford, "The Spoilers," "Madam Satan," "The Single Sin" and "The Spy."

*Gay from Ohio.* Your smile comes natural, you say—but do you buy your blouses at the drug store, if I may be so bold as to ask? Gary Cooper and Barry Norton are not married, but many are the feminine hearts that turn hand springs over these handsome lads. Gary was born May 7, 1901. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 175 pounds. Barry Norton was born June 16, 1905. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Barry plays in English, Spanish and French talking pictures.

*Miss F. S. E.* So I'm to tell Gary Cooper to send you a photograph in his full aviator's attire and when you get your pilot's license, you'll take off for Hollywood. Time was the hero of your dreams and what does that make me? One of Gary's latest releases, "City Streets," was with Sylvia Sidney, Wynne Gibson and Paul Lukas.

*Boots T.* You might try to strike up a correspondence with Anita Page but remember she is a very busy little lady and may not have time to strike back. Anita plays with John Gilbert in "Gentleman's Fate," and with Constance Bennett in "The Easiest Way."

*Dimples.* What a grand start for my column this month—Gay Boots Dimples! Just try scrambling those names and we'll have a new game for the kiddies or a bedtime story for the grown-ups. Philippe de Lacy's parents were French. Neil Hamilton, David Rollins and Arthur Lake are Americans. George Lewis and Dorothy Gulliver are not related. Dorothy has been playing in thriller serials for some time.

*Dian M.* Don't bet on an immediate reply in the magazine—sure to lose if you do. You'll have to await your turn. Gustav Von Seyffertitz was Dr. Lindquist in "The Canary Murder Case," and De Nors, the prison master, in "The Red Mark."

*Curious Bertha.* What do I do with my spare time when not thinking up easy an-

swers for the hard questions I get by the hundreds? You'd be surprised if I'd tell you how many door bells I can ring in my free moments. Bert Lytell was born in New York City on Feb. 24, 1883, is 5 feet 10½ inches tall, weighs 155 pounds and has hazel eyes and brown hair. His second wife was Claire Windsor. They were divorced, and on March 16, 1930, he married Grace Menken. Vondell Darr was the little girl in "On Trial" with Bert Lytell, Pauline Frederick and Lois Wilson. John Gilbert was born July 10, 1897. He has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. Ina Claire is his wife. Greta Garbo was born Sept. 18, 1906. Not married.

*Helen V. G.* You wish you were in my shoes, do you? That would be no small matter, let me tell you. Richard Rogers is Buddy's real name. His latest picture is "The Lawyer's Secret" with Clive Brook, Richard Arlen, Fay Wray and Jean Arthur. The Clara Bow idea for a vacation in the mountains hasn't made any picture plans for the near future. Charles Farrell has been 62 years old and was married on Feb. 14, 1931, to Virginia Vee. I couldn't say just how "steady" Buddy Rogers' and Ramon Novarro's are but we'll hope for the best.

*Mrs. A. L.* Mae Murray appears with Lowell Sherman and Irene Dunne in "Bachelor Apartment." David Lee will be 5 years old on his next birthday, Dec. 26, 1931. Clara Bow is 26. Her last release was "Kick In" with Norman Foster and Regis Toomey.

*Ray T. of Cauanao.* Come on and ask me as many questions as you like—I'll promise to answer some of them. Anita Louise, real name Fremault, was born in Alsace-Lorraine, France, about 16 years ago. She is an accomplished pianist, an expert in the graceful art of fencing, plays tennis, swims and rides. Anita played with Eleanor Boardman and John Mack Brown in "The Great Meadow," "The Cowboy Between" with Lily Damita and Lester Vail, and in "Millie" with Helen Twelvetrees. She has a five year contract with Radio Pictures and a letter will find her at that studio. Her latest release is "Everything's Rosie" with Robert Woiolley.

*Violet G.* I'm unable to say if Joan and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will make another picture together. Joan's new release is "This Modern Age." Neil Hamilton plays opposite.

*B. Zelzer.* Ivan Lebedeff was born June 18, 1899, in Lithunia. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 130 pounds and has black hair and eyes. He was educated at the University of St. Petersburg, Russia, Imperial Lyceum of Alexander and Military Academy of St. Petersburg. He received his stage training from the Russian dramatic actor, Vladimir N. Danylovsky. He has been on the screen for seven years, many of them spent in making films in France and Germany. Two of his latest releases are "The Lady Refuses" with Betty Compson, and "Bachelor Apartment" with Irene Dunne and Lowell Sherman.

Elaerde M.* How and where have you been not to see the beautiful full page picture of Greta Nissen in the June issue of your favorite magazine, *SCREENLAND*? She plays with Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen in "Women of all Nations" and will be seen soon in (Continued on page 94)
There's more of it in your movie entertainment now, making every program better.

Progress in better motion picture programs is shown by more short features this year. The better theatres are putting the punch of variety into every show, spicing them more richly than ever with the comedy, thrills, beauty and novelty of Educational's short features. Educational Pictures are the product of the ONE BIG company specializing in short features. And this season they have been planned for the fastest and most diversified entertainment ever shown on the screen.
FIRST PRIZE LETTER

Now that America has a fulsome knowledge of sex appeal, wouldn't stories like George Arliss' "The Millionaire" be better for the blood pressure of movie fans? I have talked with several of my friends who saw this picture and, like myself, they found it a welcome relief to discover S. A. subordinated to the main theme.

To this writer it seems that the several motion picture producers must keep spies on each other's staffs. When one company is about to break out with a novel idea they all make a scramble to do the same type of picture. In that way we got girl and leg shows, war pictures, gangster themes and so on, ad nauseam. The spice of entertainment should be novelty; repetition gives me a pain.

If the spy system is a good guess, I hope that it will have one good effect in bringing out more yarns like "The Millionaire" provided, of course, they are not all about gas stations. No, I mean putting sex in subjugation, for awhile at least, to vary the diet.

Mrs. Beatrice Engbeck,
749 23rd Street,
Ogden, Utah.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

I believe:
That "A Hollywood Theme Song" was one of the funniest comedies ever released.
That Mary Doran would rival the greatest, if given the right break.
That Chester Morris makes the most convincing screen gangster.
That gangster pictures are wearing themselves thin.

That SCREENLAND is right in calling Phillips Holmes "the fastest rising young man in motion pictures."
That Jack Oakie would go over bigger if teamed up with "Skeets" Gallagher again.
That Jean Harlow can't build up a lasting following that way.
That "Skippy" will be hard to equal for pure enjoyment.
That Paramount is importing too many new faces.
That Garbo is incomparable.
That Mickey Mouse is ditto.
That I may be wrong about all the above mentioned opinions, but that's my Motion Picture Credo—and I'll stick to it!

We learn just what to expect of them and that spoils everything! Maybe I'm wrong but I believe that most of us prefer even bologna to—hash!

Franklin Brewer Ayer,
851 Park Avenue,
Springfield, Illinois.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER

Most of us do not like hash—even turkey hash! But the producers are evidently trying to force it down us nevertheless. They insist on capitalizing on their big box-office successes with warmed over encorels thus weakening the star's prestige and leaving us feeling duped.

Because we appreciated Constance Bennett as the unwed mother in "Common Clay" we must see her in that role again in "Born to Love," and because Lew Ayres went over big in "Doorway to Hell," he must linger near that threshold and look tough ever after!

I believe with others that different characterizations are just as necessary to a star's continued success as they are to our entertainment. Types soon become standardized and lose the charm of surprise.

We learn just what to expect of them and that spoils everything! Maybe I'm wrong but I believe that most of us prefer even bologna to—hash!

Hooray! I made the ladies love a mouse!

Mrs. Margaret R. Shipley,
666 Main St.,
San Francisco, Calif.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER

Hurrah! "Skippy" was adorable and has been the children's topic of conversation for many weeks. One little girl's criticism bears consideration. "I liked 'Skippy,' but I wish that they would make a picture with fairy godmothers, princes, and castles where they all dress up pretty and live happy ever after."

Why not a few little girls' pictures? Fairy tales, such as "Beauty and the Beast," "Cinderella," "The Toad and the Princess." And with a children's picture a complete children's program—instead of an accompanying two reel picture of horror—an Our Gang comedy, a newsreel of foreign children including their mode of living, their amusements, games, toys and manners. How educational for the little tots! With such a carefully planned program how many mothers will be eager to take and let their carefully trained children enjoy a pleasure which should be theirs? Mothers that today hold up their hands in horror at the mention of movies for children.

Marjorie A. King,
412 Main Street,
Danbury, Conn.

A BOW RAVE

Oh, give the kid a break! No screen girl has proved herself a better actress than Clara Bow. She is the only genius in Hollywood. All stars put on a big show or act unnatural, except Clara. She is the only real person in Hollywood.

Come on, you Bow fans—root for her and fill Hoots and Hoorays full of letters in appreciation of the gamest kid ever.

Lois Ferguson,
Box 657,
Yreka, Cal.

"RACY," BUT MORAL

Have just seen "Strangers May Kiss." What a picture! Smart! Sophisticated! Racy! Quite the most daring picture produced. What a lesson it teaches the modern girl with her grand ideas of "freedom!" That's the usual story of what happens when a girl dares to use her so-called "freedom"—but without the happy ending.

As Bob Montgomery said, "Men mix many things, but they take their women straight." And many of us have learned how sadly true it is.

(Continued on page 97)
Even Old Meanies
Like Janet in
"Daddy Long Legs"
She wins
SCREENLAND'S Honor Page

You can't look at Janet Gaynor in "Daddy Long Legs" and not like her! The oldest, hardest, most crabbed audience in the world gives in when Janet does her stuff in her current film. You may prefer other more sophisticated types of entertainment; but you can't remain immune to the charm of this Gaynor girl, with her sweetness tinged with spice, her wholesomeness seasoned with humor. She has women saying "I love her!" and men thinking it. Janet Gaynor is an artist—though we are inclined to overlook that fact thanks to her big, wistful eyes, her tender mouth, and the rest of her complete cuteness.

Mary Pickford made "Daddy Long Legs" with Mickey Neilan back in 1921. Janet Gaynor is the 1931 Pickford, with modern sound effects and smart showmanship. Even surrounded by saccharine temptations, she remains real. Her scenes with the orphanage children bring gurgles and coos from delighted audiences. Janet makes it look easy to be the Pollyanna girl of pictures, but it's actually the hardest job in Hollywood.

The orphanage scenes in "Daddy Long Legs" have audiences choking and chuckling. Janet, as the little drudge, chaperones a gang of the naughtiest and nicest youngsters ever assembled on a studio set.
Pretty soft, Connie!

Isn't it just too tough on the little Bennett girl—earning her salary lying down! Don't mind all the gentlemen—they're the sound, lighting and camera men doing their stuff. Notice the glaring lights over at the left. And no, Rollo, that thing hanging over Miss Bennett's head is not a derrick to lift her on and off the Ostermoor; it's a microphone. Turn to page 28 for more details.
HELP, help!

In the July issue of this journal, on this very page, I bragged about the way we pick 'em—how we point to a promising newcomer and say, "There's a future star!" and—presto—it happens. And I asked our readers to speak right out with any suggestions they might have and I'd guarantee to put over the candidate. And now—

Letters, letters, letters!
Here's a sample:
"I want to call your attention to a friend of mine. She dances, plays the banjo, and shows marked ability for handling even difficult dramatic or comic parts. I will appreciate anything you can do to put her over."

And another:
"I am a young man of twenty-two. I have been trying to break in to the movies for a long time, but no luck. Now I feel sure you will help me, as you promise 'Fame and fortune positively guaranteed in two years'. Please let me know what you can do."

I take it all back! I was only kidding. Little did I think when I frivolously penned those words that they would be acted upon in a big way. I can't put people on the screen. I wish I could. Then I'd be a great, big producer giving orders to Norma Shearer and Clara Bow and Clarke Gable—wouldn't I love to give orders to Clarke Gable! No. All I can do is to call the producers' kind attention to the talent that is running around right under their noses in Hollywood. And hope they will give that talent the break it deserves.

It isn't as easy as it looks, boys and girls. Once in Hollywood, once in the studio, once, even, under contract, it still isn't easy. There's Robert Allen, for instance. He's a handsome young man who screens like a million dollars in real, not merely movie money. He was posing for advertisements—you know, one of those dashing lads who is pictured gazing into space and pondering about his Dream Girl, who uses the right kind of rouge, powder, tooth-paste, and chewing gum—when a Warner scout saw and signed him. Allen screens well. He's a college graduate. An athlete. He has a pleasant, well-trained voice. He's in Hollywood. And yet the most you have seen of him on the screen is a glimpse here and there. He's been one of the boys surrounding the beautiful heroine. He's had a line or two to speak. But that's about all. I had a letter from him the other day thanking me for picking him as a possible winner. I hope he won't mind my quoting from it: "Am peering into a cloudy horizon at the present writing—about to perform a graceful hyperbola from this into some more favorable sphere of the nebular system, hoping en route to be transformed from a faint flickering satellite into a nice new bright shiny star."

I hope so, too. Robert Allen seems to have all that it takes. But meanwhile, he has a long pull ahead of him. I hope he makes it. But the "friend who plays the banjo," mentioned above, had better not count on me to help her be a movie star. She'd better not throw away her banjo—yet.

Delight Evans
Garbo Denies It!

But

Will the screen lose Greta Garbo?
Does the Swedish siren yearn for European stage triumphs? Will she leave the screen for an arduous career behind the old-world footlights?

Hollywood wonders.

And, wondering, recalls that Garbo is said to desire above all things a success on the stage as great as—and artistically greater than—that she has won on the screen.

That, in spite of her gold and glory, Greta has never conformed to the Hollywood pattern. The more famous she became, the more aloof she grew. And what of her new picture? Has she been altogether happy making it?

An American story by David Graham Phillips, "Susan Lennox—her Fall and Rise," was adapted for her. King Vidor was assigned to direct. Rehearsals started. And then—a change in plans. Vidor and Garbo couldn't, according to report, agree. And a new director was assigned—Robert Leonard, who has directed some of M-G-M's greatest hits, notably Norma Shearer's "Let Us Be Gay" and "The Divorcee." Hollywood knows that Greta and Clarence Brown, the director of her biggest pictures, agreed to disagree after "Inspiration." A new director—a new kind of story—and then, like a bombshell, the report from Vienna that Max Reinhardt, the German genius of the theatre, had offered Garbo the star rôle in one of his productions.

Reinhardt invited Greta, so the story goes, to play at
The opening performance of his new private open-air theatre in Leopoldskron, his castle home near Salsburg. The rumor grew that Garbo had accepted. That she would leave Hollywood and spend a part of the summer in Leopoldskron, later visiting Vienna and Berlin, and playing as a tragedienne under Reinhardt’s direction.

Austrian newspapers printed the story. The report penetrated to New York. Screenland, checking up, asked Garbo point-blank if it were true. The answer came: “Garbo absolutely denies it.”

We wonder!

She can’t go now—that’s true. Her M-G-M contracts must be fulfilled. It isn’t likely that the Metro Lion would let Greta slip out of his clutches easily. She’s a box-office magnet. And although she is not the tract-
There's a brooding sadness in Garbo's eyes these days. Is Hollywood stardom stilling this daughter of the Vikings? For Greta, movie fame and fortune may not be enough. She must be true to herself and to her ideals as an artist.

How far Garbo has progressed according to Hollywood standards since she first appeared on the screen scene is best shown by this little informal glimpse of her. Not smart, and surely not the glamorous girl of today—but she does look happy, doesn't she?

GARBO'S
DIVINE
DISCONTENT!

able, shy Swedish girl that she was when she first descended upon Culver City—when she smilingly posed for publicity pictures just like any ingénue—she is worth more than her weight in gold no matter how often she says "No!"

She is one of the two stars in Hollywood who can have anything she wants. Connie Bennett is the other.

She refused a request for her autographed photograph from one of the highest executives in her company. She steadfastly refuses to receive interviewers. She poses for photographs only when she is ready. And she gets away with it!

But there is no denying that Garbo, as precious a piece of stage or screen property as ever held audiences spellbound, must be handled with kid gloves. It isn't easy to find screen stories for her that at once express her unusual personality and still have the right exotic flavor without running afoul of the censors. It isn't easy to
find the right leading man. The right director. Garbo must be wrapped in cotton wool before she can be delivered to the public. The responsibility of finding stories, directors, and leading men for the most sensational star in the picture business is no light one. It’s not as easy as it looks.

Robert Montgomery, now a star in his own right, was not a success as a Garbo leading man, if we can believe the letters we received in this office about his part in “Inspiration.” For that matter, not since Garbo teamed with Gilbert has the public really accepted any leading man for their Greta. But now comes Clark Gable—the vital young man whom you saw and liked with Norma Shearer in “A Free Soul”—as the new Garbo support in “Susan Lenox.” Gable’s powerful, almost primitive personality should make him a splendid foil for the languorous, alluring Greta. He is more nearly like John Gilbert than any of the other leading men Garbo has had. His love-making is tempestuous. Perhaps he can break down the Garbo reserve. Oh, only on the screen! There is a Mrs. Gable, you know.

We hope Garbo will be happy in her work. Because if she isn’t, she is quite capable of throwing it all up and going back to Europe. Hollywood has not yet “got” Garbo. She seems immune. Impervious to all the glamour and excitement and scandal that have trapped others—turning them from normal human beings into creatures called “stars,” bound by their own fame and entranced by their own glitter. Garbo, in the hurry-bury of Hollywood, has remained herself. She is not “a Hollywood star”—she is still Greta Gustafsson. She refuses to be typed. She declines to be spoiled. She has her own way—yes. But you don’t hear about her minding other people’s business; or walking away with other girls’ husbands; or meddling in the romantic life of the colony. Her friends, since she has come to Hollywood, have been few. Marion Davies, they say, has tried in vain to get Garbo to her parties—to make her one of that gay glittering group that’s known as the “Davies set.” Garbo, polite but firm, says “No.” Even Mary Pickford found her adamant. She just won’t play!

Someone recalls that when she and John Gilbert were what Mr. Winchell (Continued on page 110)
How to keep

Making a million in movies is easy compared to holding on to it!

By
Ben Maddox

Marion Davies is one of the eight women in motion pictures who have earned more than a million.

S
uppose your luck and looks enabled you to collect a million dollars in pay checks. How long could you keep your fortune?

At least a dozen women have earned a cool, cash million apiece as a result of their acting in pictures. Making so much isn’t impossible if you are extremely personable, have a talent for manipulating the right kind of contracts, and get the well-known breaks in the Battle of Stardom.

Spending money is a snap job for any actress. Connie Bennett can show you how to use your cash if you have a yen for Paris gowns. Those who yearn to live on the grand scale can get pointers from Marion Davies. And trust Clara Bow to tell you about expensive secretaries and love affairs.

But spending and making your million is a cinch compared to keeping the mazuma for solace in your middle and older age. Even a Scotsman’s pittance is apt to be lured away from him by the superior salesmen of Southern California. What chance has a beauteous star to keep her hard-earned pile?

Believe me, she has to be cleverer than she is pretty. Many a lovely lass receives a marvelous weekly salary for a while. But you know the old theorem about easy come, easy go? It still works, and nowhere more effectively than with the ladies of the screen.

No matter how you figure, though, it takes a lot of hard winters and hot summers to amass a real million in your bank. Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Ruth Chatterton, Constance Bennett, Nancy Carroll, Clara Bow, and Dolores Del Rio have the edge on all the aspirants to such a fortune right now.

Some of them may spend all they make. Probably a few will reach the peak upon which eight Hollywood millionaires now sit.

By long-term contracts and judicious investment of their salaries, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Corinne Griffith, Colleen Moore, Marion Davies, Betty Compson, Ruth Roland, and Bebe Daniels have, in the first place, earned more than a million. What is more important, they have hung on to it. Despite the Rolls-Royces, Beverly settings, and Fifth Avenue shopping trips they still are worth a million dollars.

Four other women have had a million pass through their hands. Gloria Swanson has always lived up to her income. Mabel Normand found life a great playground for her fortune. Pola Negri and Mary Miles Minter cultivated regal habits, but they have good fortunes in store even yet.

Who furnishes the brains for the business dealings of these financially successful actresses? Colleen Moore and Norma Talmadge had husbands who harvested wisely. Marion Davies, Betty Compson, and Bebe Daniels have taken much personal interest in their affairs, bankers doing the choosing of securities for them.
$1,000,000 in Hollywood

Three of our beautiful stars have done all their business thinking themselves. I refer to Mary Pickford, Corinne Griffith, and Ruth Roland, who have spent almost as much time at their desks figuring on the relative values of bonds and real estate as they have before the cameras. They have husbands, but the credit for their financial success goes to them alone.

Mary Pickford and Ruth Roland have incorporated themselves, just to handle their money. Ruth's first husband is her manager still, a Hollywood quirk. Corinne's husband does with her earnings what she thinks best, and the orchid lady has never thought wrong. She even got a quarter of a million for relinquishing her First National contract!

You wouldn't think these three women had the brains nor the ambition to attend personally to their investments. But they have—and that's why they are sitting so pretty today.

"Waste in any form irritates me," Mary Pickford told me when I asked for her formula. She has a business manager who follows out her instructions for, needless to say, Doug refuses to sit still and clip coupons on her bonds.

"I have never been extravagant. I buy things within reason but I don't spend money just to satisfy passing fancies. My mother taught me the importance of economy. I guess I have Scotch blood in me. I don't believe anyone can get along in business unless he does have! "The kind of business people I hate," Mary emphasized as we discussed her dealings with them, "are those who think they can put something over on me because I'm an actress. They don't give a movie star credit for common sense. They try to pull the wool over my eyes. But I'm not fooled very easily."

So don't be alarmed at the report that Mary and Doug spend a hundred thousand dollars a year on the upkeep of Pickfair. It is true they entertain a great deal; but there are many estates in Southern California far more elaborate than theirs.

"Corinne has taught me everything I (Continued on page 121)
What happened when one of the six most beautiful girls in Hollywood made a bet with a strange young man

By
Walter Marquiss

WHAT'LL YOU BET?

WALLY LINDSAY ignored the chair which had been pulled out for him, and breezed on to sit down opposite the very pretty girl with the beautiful old-gold hair. There was no excuse for it, either, for the dining-car was almost empty.

The girl looked up with mild indignation. She saw a brown-haired young man with laughing eyes, whose grin gave warning that he was about to get fresh.

"Do you know," he said, "you look an awful lot like Julie Gray, the actress?"

She blinked. There was frost in her blue eyes.

"Am I supposed to be—flattered?"

"Well—" he shrugged—"Julie Gray is one of the six most beautiful girls in Hollywood."

The girl tried to look displeased, but it was not easy to be angry after such a nice compliment.

"I think you're terribly fresh," she remarked, but the frost was out of her eyes.

"No, I'm not," he denied. "I know Julie so well I feel like I really know you too."

She blinked again, and seemed to choke a little on a bite of her dessert. Wally's steak arrived, and he began to emulate a hungry man.

"Mighty nice girl, Julie," he volunteered. "I used to play around with her quite a lot."

She bit her lip, eying him.

"And you really think I look like her?"

"If you looked in the mirror, you'd see her!"

"Really?" Her eyes twinkled.

She paid her check. Anyway, he was not so fresh as to offer to do that!
"I'm awfully thrilled and flattered," she declared. And before Wally could reply, she had gone past him toward the string of Pullmans.

Leisurely finishing his dinner, Wally sauntered back through the train. He found the very pretty girl in the third car, and calmly sat down beside her, disregarding the austere stare she gave him.

"You know, I've got a picture of Julie and me together," he announced, smiling. He took a large black wallet from an inside pocket.

"I suppose you're going to New York purposely to see Julie Gray?" Her tone was a bit sarcastic.

"That's right. She'll probably be at the station—with a kiss for me!"

To be sure, a girl with such a lovely, dainty nose couldn't and wouldn't snort, but the sound which she produced was remarkably like a snort.

"Well, what'll you bet?" Wally demanded.

She bit her lip, eyes twinkling.

"What'll I bet?" She appeared to think. "I'll tell you what: if Julie Gray gives you a kiss, I'll give you another one myself!"

"It's a bet!" Wally said enthusiastically.

She sighed, obviously regarding him as hopeless.

"Next thing," she said, bobbing her head to emphasize the idea, "you'll be telling me you're engaged to Julie Gray!"

"Engaged!" He chuckled. "Why, I'm married to her."

A sort of green spark leaped alive in her eyes.

"That proves what liars some men are!"

"Oh, yeah?"

"Oh, yeah!" she snapped. "Because—it just happens that I am Julie Gray!"

Wally defied her glower with a slow grin.

"Sure! I know it!"

(Continued on page 122)
CAN you imagine Booth Tarkington's Seventeen in a Beverly Hills setting?

Then you will know the real Doug Fairbanks, Jr. He is a romanticist disguised by an almost convincing mask of savoir faire. Firm as an old army mule, yet not at all stubborn if you can change his mind!

Now that he is married and we are grown up and work at different studios, we don't have so much time to pal around together. But we have been best friends ever since I attended his 7-year-old birthday party all decked out in a stiffly starched white sailor suit.

That was in New York City when both our fathers were stage stars there. Later, when our families moved to Hollywood, we went to school together, spent summers at the beach, and double-dated when we took out our girls.

Doug's marriage to Joan Crawford is a great success, and I'm glad that I am able to say I-told-you-so. Three years ago Doug and I were living at the Hollywood Athletic Club. Every night when he would come in from a date with Joan he would wake me up for a midnight discourse on love and the perfect girl. I was for their romance from the very start. Joan is the balance-wheel he needs. They are both idealists who pretend to be sophisticates.

Do you realize that Doug has been in pictures now for seven straight years? A veteran at 23! To me his outstanding characteristic is his determination to be a success, and I think Joan is the one who has crystallized his

childish ambitions into a definite setness of purpose.

An amazingly versatile fellow! Acts as well on the stage as he does in the talkies. The Doug you saw in 'The Dawn Patrol' is the closest to his real self that any of his portrayals have come. In his odd moments he writes, draws, plays the piano, and takes a fling at sculpturing. He has a passion for making speeches, and is an outstanding figure in any crowd.

Not an easy person to know, however. His flair for dramatization makes it hard for mere acquaintances to find out how sincere he really is. But once he recognizes you as a friend—well, you're set with him. Discreet with strangers, he is astonishingly frank when you have gained his confidence.

He likes to appear slightly 'bad' and blasé. Obvious compliments are treated scornfully. This is just his defense, for of all things he hates being thought gullible. Underneath this surface pose is a strong current of (Continued on page 111)

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., when he went to military school. "He was always the fellow who got caught for cutting up," says his pal Phil Holmes. In the stories on these two pages Holmes and Fairbanks are brutally frank—about each other! They have been best friends ever since Phil attended Doug's 7-year-old birthday party all decked out in a white sailor suit.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
PHIL

"American Tragedy" Holmes as seen by his pal, Doug, Jr.

Ben Maddox

He is generally referred to as "that nice Holmes boy!"
But you can't wear wings and he a regular fellow. And Phil is the most lovable idiot you could ever know.

He is a marvelous companion. Ideal just to sit and talk to, as well as to have around when you are in a partying mood.

He is a diplomat par excellence. Correctness, graciousness, tact—your name is Holmes!

Phil always says the right thing at the right time. I always seem to say it at the wrong time. I have often wished I could trail him around and learn how he does it.

He hates to concentrate. His is the true artistic temperament. Although he is serious about his picture work, he prefers to let other details be sidetracked and drift. The fatalists have nothing on him. He's never been on time for an appointment yet. But no one objects to waiting when it's for him they're waiting!

Happy-go-lucky Phil! Calm, rarely blue or upset, he is positive everything always turns out for the best.

He is very extravagant with his money. At college he wanted to go all the places that were worth going to, and he seldom missed the best parties. Friends have always flocked to him, because he's nice enough to please older people, and sophisticated enough to be a leader for the younger set.

Phil is not a good student. At least, not in the accepted sense. His brain is excellent; his mind well stocked with the things he wants to know. But he absorbs rather than memorizes. He has attended Cambridge University in England, Grenoble in France, and Princeton in this country. Abstract philosophy bores him, and exact definitions bore him. So in school his routine work was immaterial to his extra-curricular activities.

He is charmingly modest. One of the best looking men in Hollywood, he has never indicated in any way that he knows it. Much of his appeal lies in this fact that he is cultured, handsome, interesting—and doesn't know it!

There's no chance of his becoming conceited. He's read all the novels on Hollywood's queer people and so takes adulation with a large grain of salt. Not a small-town Merton taking it big, but a cosmopolitan young fellow who has stumbled into a fascinating business. Though he has done things at the places he's been, he is mentally naïve. He personally doesn't know any of the odd souls the novels say abound around him. Or their oddity escapes him.

He does not conserve his energy. Whenever the spirit moves him, the flesh has to be willing. Nothing daunts him. I cannot picture Phil afraid of anything. Courage is an inborn characteristic, and he has more than the average person's share.

He is utterly irresponsible. (To say nothing of being the original for all those absent-minded jokes, but more of this vice later.)

He has a tremendous sense of humor. Just present your jokes in an orderly fashion and he will get a huge kick out of them. Maybe I shouldn't say so—he likes the less refined kind!

Music interests him only when it is a call to arms—I, mean, er— to the dance. He plays no instruments and is, therefore, the ideal guest. Not even the ukulele, thank God! Clever boy to specialize on being a swell dancer and letting the girl (Continued on page 112)
"Two More Years and I'm Through"

"Two more years and I'm through with hard work!" declares Constance Bennett. "I've set myself a definite limit—a goal—a money goal toward which I am working. I'm to make five pictures this year with six weeks' vacation and three pictures next year with four months' vacation, and then I'm going away!"

The other members of the foursome about the table in the players' lunch room at the Warner Studio, where Miss Bennett is now busy with her new picture, "Bought," didn't appear to take her statement seriously.

"You'll be back," said Archie Mayo, her present director.

"Certainly I'll be back if they want me," agreed the blonde and bronze Constance, "but just for a picture or so at a time. My hard-working days will be over."

Lunch hour is no rest period for this busy star this year. She has a delicate but firm hand in every major decision made concerning her picture. And she eats heartily.

There was a decision to be made during this particular noon hour concerning the casting of a minor but important rôle in her picture. The studio casting director was at another table in the corner, not far away. At the nearest table sat Richard Bennett, her father, who plays in a picture with his daughter Constance for the first time in "Bought." She had urged him, unsuccessfully, to make it a table for five but he had refused.

"It's supposed to be an interview," he said, "I would talk too much."

Between the three tables a circular argument developed over the person best fitted for the part. One was too young, one unavailable some not the type.

"With hard work," says Constance Bennett. The only 23-year-old girl in the world earning $30,000 a week tells you how she earns it—and what she'll do when she has made a million.

"Send for your mother," suggested Mr. Bennett gently from his point on the sidelines.

"We need someone tomorrow," Mayo said.

"I give it up," said Miss Bennett, returning to her avocado cocktail, "but it's important. The whole atmosphere of those scenes is governed by that one small part. She just better be good!"

I took this opportunity to ask her about the reasons for her excessive activity this present year. It is commonly known, I suppose, that she sold a half of her vacation from her own studio to Warner Brothers at a very fancy price. Her five weeks of work there will net her some $30,000 per week, and that scatters records in all four directions in Hollywood.

This brought forth the announcement that she will be through in two years—except for certain leisurely and no doubt profitable returns when just the right story and just the right cast is available.

By the time Miss Bennett was half way through a sizeable fruit salad and had sampled a corner of Archie Mayo's omelette there was another pause, long enough to get in another question.

"I am my own manager," she answered. "I make my own bargains. Of course someone handles detail work for me, but I make my own plans"—she grinned—"and prices!"

"And earns them," nodded Mayo.

"Just follow her around the set some day and you'll find out."

"Don't you want to help build up a Bennett tradition on the screen?" I asked.

"Now that your father and your sister are both in pictures? No stage star would ever desert her career so early." (Constance Bennett is twenty-three years old.)

"You can't build a tradition on the screen," she
TIME TO RETIRE?
When she has made a million dollars in the movies, says Connie, she’ll retire. “You'll be back,” said her director. “Certainly I'll be back if they want me,” agreed Constance. “But just for a picture or so at a time. My hard-working days will be over.”

said positively. “The picture public is too vast, too fickle. The camera is too true. It's as much of an accomplishment, I think, to retire gracefully from pictures as to grow old gracefully on the stage.” She paused. Then: “I think I'll have that chocolate eclair.”

“How she keeps her figure is a mystery to me,” groaned Mayo, who tips the scales completely around. “She never seems to worry or diet. Every other woman I know in pictures has lettuce and lemon juice for lunch.”

“Not Constance,” joined in her friend Eileen Percy, “she's one of those who never has to worry.”

Certain it is that Miss Bennett does not have to worry about her figure. She boasts of ninety-nine of the most perfectly distributed pounds in pictures. She is the delight of studio dress designers and the despair of competitors.

“How do you go about earning thirty thousand dollars a week?” I asked her.

“Well, it keeps me very busy,” she said. “I am living at the beach. I'm awake early, six-thirty generally. Breakfast is at seven-thirty. Sometimes I play tennis or swim before breakfast. I'm on the set at nine” — (with a quick glance at Mayo, who swallowed hastily but said nothing) — “well, somewhere near nine; and we generally work until six. Then I see the rushes, attend a story conference or talk cast or costumes, and drive home for a late dinner.

“With such a program it must be evident that I can't go out much. Next year I'll have time to go to Europe. After that I'll spend at least half my time there and in New York. But just now I'm working toward that goal.”

There were no figures mentioned. Her friends say her objective is a million dollars saved from her own earnings to match a trust fund of a like amount received from her former husband, Phil Plant, at the time of their separation.

The motion picture million would build faster if Miss Bennett were content to live a little less luxuriously, and yet in this regard she has obviously been unfortunately publicized. The story that she spends a quarter of a million dollars for clothes yearly still arouses from her a vehement protest.

“I don't even want to talk about that story,” she said with emphasis. “I almost sued the company which permitted it to go out as publicity. It was unfortunate and untrue, and ridiculous. And it broke just as the depression started, which made its exaggeration even worse.”

I had heard stories that Miss Bennett was generally difficult to please with story, cast, and settings. But Mayo denied this.

“She is particular,” he added. (Continued on page 101)
"Maurice and I have been married four years," says Yvonne Vallée, "and we always laugh at the same things. Our romance began with a laugh!" She tells all about that romance in this sparkling story.

MARIED to the screen's great lover! How would it feel? What would it be like?

Yvonne Vallée is that very thing and, to hear her say it, it is a superb adventure, a grand and glorious and exciting frolic. Yvonne Vallée has been married to Maurice Chevalier for four years, and they are still like two kids on a honeymoon. Marriages among movie-stars in general are looked upon by the public with skepticism; they are ephemeral, one hears. They cannot last. There are too many obstacles.

But Monsieur and Madame Chevalier have given the lie to this common belief. On the screen, the inimitable Maurice is gay and promiscuous to the point of abandon; his Gallic naughtiness has captivated two continents of women. Off the set he is a model husband, all his gaiety and glamor extended in the direction of the slim, dark, magnetic woman who is Mrs. Chevalier.

In their charming suite at the St. Moritz in New York, Yvonne Vallée—or Mme. Chevalier—gave me one predominant rule for success in marriage. A sense of humor!

"Maurice and I have been married four years," she said, "and we always laugh at the same things. Maybe that is because we are always laughing. Our romance began with a laugh.

"I was acting at the Bouffe Parisienne in Paris, and one evening, our theatre being closed, I decided to take—what do you call it so charmingly in America?—a

Yvonne and Maurice. She says: "Of course I know Maurice is a great lover. I knew it before anyone else. I knew it from the first moment we met!"
How about it, this job of wife to a great screen lover? You’ll find the answer here

conductor’s holiday. I went to see another show, which featured an obscure singer by the name of Maurice Chevalier, of whom I had never heard. As luck would have it, I sat right in the first row. Well, naturally, I was enchanted by Maurice, but I also felt something deeper, something one cannot easily define. Maurice noticed me from the stage and all during his performance he kept staring at me.

“At first it was embarrassing, because the rest of the audience soon noticed that Maurice kept singing and acting directly at me. But then the humor of it struck both of us, and we began to laugh—I in my first row seat and he on the stage. After the performance, a mutual friend introduced us and we were still laughing. We became friends, and later lovers, and now we are husband and wife—still laughing at the funny things in life.

“There is a funny American song,” she went on, “which Maurice likes to sing when we are together. It goes something like this: ‘I like what you like, you like what I like, everyone we like we like alike!’ It’s charming, n’est ce pas?’

I mentioned something about his being a great lover on the screen and asked whether that created any difficulties.

She laughed that merry tinkle of a laugh, and I could appreciate how Chevalier could have fallen for that laughter. “Bien entendu,” she said, lapsing into French as she does when she speaks with emphasis.

“Of course, I know Maurice is a great lover. I knew it before any one else. I knew it from the first moment we met!”

“Yet, when Maurice and I began seeing each other regularly, my friends used to ask me what I saw in him. I asked them whether they did not love that merry smile of his. But of course I couldn’t tell them of the charming, delightful, funny way he made love to me. You know, Maurice in everyday life is exactly the sort of person he is on the screen—that same sense of humor. Can you blame me for falling in love with him?”

“Well,” I said, “I’ve never, naturally, fallen exactly in love with him myself, but I can see the point.” She laughed and my regard for her sense of humor, of course, increased. No, I couldn’t blame her for falling for Maurice, and, to tell the truth, I rather patted Chevalier on the back himself, for having used such darn good taste on his own account.

Mme. Chevalier is an exceedingly attractive woman. She has the same magnetism that has made her husband the toast of the civilized world. Gloriously dark hair, dark eyes of an appalling depth, a laughing mouth, and a witty nose, give her a magnificent Gallic beauty, as definitely French and as charming as her husband’s renowned accent. She too speaks with an identical accent, in a voice that is nothing if not musical. Mlle. Vallée is her-

Jeff when Maurice makes love to other ladies, as he is doing in the scene below with Miriam Hopkins from “The Smiling Lieutenant.” “No!” laughs Yvonne. “I am just proud of him!” Those mash notes? The Chevaliers read them together!

self an actress well-known in her native France. She appeared opposite her husband in the French version of the moving picture, “The Playboy of Paris.” But since her marriage to Chevalier, acting has only been an avocation and a recreation to her.

“Marriage itself is a career,” she said, thus endorsing the sentiments of many others.

“Don’t you ever get jealous,” I asked, “when you see M. Chevalier cavorting upon the screen, captivating young ladies of various shapes, sizes and shades of hair?”

She laughed again. “Jealous? Mais non! I am just proud of him. I always thought Maurice would be a great success. When I first met him, I went around telling everybody I knew that Maurice would be one of the greatest successes in the theatre some day. Most of the people were very nice about my opinion; they pretended to agree but I knew they just explained my enthusiasm for Maurice’s talents by the fact that I was in love with him. But I knew Maurice had these gifts and that eventually audiences would adore him as much as I do—that is, almost as much!

“And so, now that Maurice has come to the heights he deserves, it makes me proud and happy. Happy in the success of the man I love, and just a little bit conceited myself for having been a good critic.”

“How does it feel to be the wife of Maurice Chevalier?” I asked, getting down to brass tacks with the points up.

(Continued on page 98)
The first picture ever made of Tallulah, with her grandmother, for whom she was named. "Tallulah" means "love-maiden."

Here she is—Tallulah, the Girl Hollywood Fears. Why? Because Tallulah is perhaps the most dangerous rival the Hollywood girls have yet encountered. She has youth and beauty—well, so have they. She's a gifted actress—so are a dozen established stars. But Tallulah has something more. She's an American girl—with continental sophistication. We've had one or the other on the screen—but never both before. It's a devastating combination. Born an Alabama Bankhead, Tallulah became the rage of London at 23. Played in "The Green Hat." Portrait painted by Augustus John. Could have married a count. Remained—Tallulah. She can play any part, because despite her Mayfair successes she still speaks the good old American language. "Tarnished Lady" failed to do her justice, but with the right picture she will be a sensation. Watch her—she's one of our own girls!

Ida Zeitlin, author of this story, whom we're proud to present as our star reporter. It seems to us that she is writing the most fascinating stories about screen stars appearing in any magazine.
The Life Story of Tallulah Bankhead. From Alabama to Mayfair to Movies—with Glamor, Adventure, Excitement All the Way. Read this Great Story!

By Ida Zeitlin

TAKE as a base three fingers of the lazy, lovely, luxuriant South; add a strong dash of Park Avenue at its smartest and most audacious; filter in equal parts of caprice, recklessness and a burning thirst for life; of courage, generosity and basic kindness; mellow with the graciousness of a duchess and spice with the pithy vocabulary of a street gamin; leaven the whole with wit and humor and a lively intelligence; shake the mixture and pour it, all fizzing and sparkling, into a frail, slender, golden goblet and call it Tallulah Bankhead. Take a sip, and you'll turn pleasantly dizzy. Take a long drink and you'll understand why this same Tallulah has stood social and theatrical London on its head and why Robert Sherwood, that restrained critic, has prophesied that if she isn't the year's knockout in the movies, he'll eat his hat and retire into brooding melancholy—or words to that effect.

I suppose that during the eight years of her sovereignty in London there wasn't a newspaper critic who didn't at one time or another try, without marked success, to analyze the secret of her spell. Beauty she had, to be sure, but so did others. Allure she had—the well-known sex appeal—but she hadn't cornered the market. About her acting ability there was hot argument. Some said yes. Some said no. Some said so-so. At any rate, there were others who matched, if they didn't surpass her in the art. Yet who but Tallulah became a legend in London? Who but Tallulah ever passed a miracle? Who but Tallulah ever raised up from the ranks of English girlhood an adoring host, clashing cymbals and shout-
What London thought of Tallulah, in the words of the famous critic, Arnold Bennett:

"The play starts. Not a sound of welcome. Tallulah is not yet, and until she comes the play is reduced to a mere prologue. Tallulah, and nobody and nothing else is the play.... She appears. Ordinary 'stars' get hands. If Tallulah gets a hand it isn't heard. What is heard is a terrific, wild, passionate, hysterical roar and shriek!"

...ing hosannas? The answer is, no one.

In case the story of said miracle hasn't yet reached your ears, it consisted of the following phenomena. In the English theatre the gallery seats are not reserved—early birds get the pickings. At least 36 hours—and in some cases, much longer—before the opening of any play in which Tallulah appeared, a queue of girls, seated on hired campstools, would begin forming outside the theatre to wait their turn at the box-office. They waited, not like persons undergoing a necessary hardship, but like privileged votaries, performing a sacred rite. If they got in, they sang hymns of thanksgiving to heaven; if not, they had at least shared in the joys of the preliminary ceremonies.

Once inside, and safely ensconced in the seats of the blessed, you could hear them, according to one witness. "Cooing at her! Leaning over the rails, with their hands cupped around their mouths, they would call: 'Tal-lu-lah! Tal-lu-lah!'"

And when the curtain went up—well, let Arnold Bennett tell it. "The play starts. Not a sound of welcome. Tallulah is not yet, and until she comes the play is reduced to a mere prologue. Tallulah, and nobody and nothing else is the play. Her entrance is imminent. The next second she will appear. She appears. Ordinary 'stars' get hands. If Tallulah gets a hand, it isn't heard. What is heard is a terrific, wild, passionate, hysterical roar and shriek. Only the phrase of the Psalmist can describe it: 'God is gone up with a shout'!"

Tallulah's fresh-faced, low-voiced maid, Edie, has an explanation to offer that's as good as anyone's. Edie used to be one of Tallulah's "gallery girls," and five minutes' conversation with her will convince you that she is no hysterical adulate, but a person of dignity, humor and common sense. Now, after four years of service and the closest kind of association, she worships her "lady" with a quiet intensity of devotion that is a tribute to them both.

"We loved her," she says, "because she was so different from the English actresses. They all hold themselves in."

(Continued on page 119)
Spontaneity

Marlene Dietrich

Here Are Pictures!

Try to top these portraits, Mr. Beaton!

SCREENLAND has presented many beautiful pictures by Cecil Beaton, celebrated English photographer. Now it takes equal pleasure in boasting about the fine work of the Hollywood photographers—the camera artists of the screen studios, whose work you have admired in these pages in the past, but who surpass their own best efforts in this gallery of grand portraits. Each of the following camera studies is hand-picked, and reveals the outstanding quality of each photographer's work. The pictures were chosen, too, without fear or favor, simply and solely for their pictorial value, regardless of film company or star—and the photographer's credits were covered until after the selection had been made! Therefore, if you find more than one picture by the same photographer, you will know he has earned the distinction. Now enjoy these amazing studies.
Ann Harding

Simplicity

Ann Harding
TECHNICAL EXCELLENCE

Sylvia Sidney
Drama

Lilyan Tashman
NATURALNESS

Jean Hersholt
GENRE

Ona Munson
CHARACTER

George Arliss
Design

Conchita Montenegro
Atmosphere

Anita Page
ART

Dorothy Jordan
REALITY

Warner Baxter
SUBTLETY

Ruth Chatterton
HUMAN INTEREST

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
HOT TAMALE!

And Some Frijoles, Too

Caramba! Señor Carrillo throws a mean barbecue—guests go Hungary at dinner

By Grace Kingsley

Our invitations to Leo Carrillo’s barbecue had read, “Twelve O’Clock,” and we innocently thought they meant what they said, forgetting all about the mañana spirit of these charming Spaniards.

So we arrived with José Crespo—who somehow had managed to be on time himself to call for us—at the hour mentioned, and we drove into Leo’s charming Santa Monica Canyon ranch, shady beneath its ancient sycamores, live oaks and vines, with its rustic seats and bridges and tiny stream, to find ourselves the only arrivals save an embarrassed looking cook who was just cutting up the cow or whatever it was for the barbecue.

“Just indecently early!” exclaimed José, “Let’s go and call on José Mojica, who lives near here.”

We were thrilled at the suggestion, and we found Mr. Mojica in his lovely garden, with its rock-bordered swimming pool, its huge trees, its old-fashioned flowers, surrounded by a group of his friends, including Ramon Novarro. They were to have some friends in and some music in the afternoon, but in the meantime they were in the midst of an Eden of luxurious idleness.

José’s mother is living with him. They have had built some beautiful pictures of the Virgin of Guadalupe into the house, so that she smiles down at you from above the huge fireplace in the living room, and also blesses you from a wall of the house which forms one end of the long, cool verandah. And everywhere in the house are flowers!

We heard Mr. Mojica sing—he is a Fox star in Spanish pictures, you know, and they are talking of putting him into English versions, too, if the musicals come back, and as such as his gorgeous voice, heard in grand opera as well as in pictures, is bound to win him millions of friends—and then we had a little chat with him and Ramon. Ramon, it seems, doesn’t care to go to Europe this year, but is going to take a cottage at the beach during his three months’ vacation. Next year, though, he says he wants to go to Norway and Sweden and Switzerland.

(Continued on page 98)
O
F THE blood royal they may be, but there is nothing even remotely suggestive of the "poor little rich" about the sons and daughters of filmdom's synthetic sovereignty. Rather, they are a lusty, spirited bunch of eager young scamps, soaking up the sunshine, stowing away the orange, the prune and the cod liver oil, and rebelling against a too frequent appearance of "that doggone old spinach" with the same vigor as every other "properly dieted" modern child. Spinach in a bowl of gold, 'twould seem, is just the same old spinach still.

I found all this out when I visited the nurseries of our royal domains, seeking to disclose the millionaire short-cuts to perfect children. Having received a diploma in motherhood from the University of Los Angeles I felt myself quite competent to analyze any such, and privileged to ask all sorts of personal questions. And this is what I found.

Not a spanking in a carload!

Royal CHILDREN

Are they spoiled? Do they ever get spanked? What are these million dollar babies really like, anyway?

Nary a mother secures discipline with the red-hot side of a hair brush. Not because the hair brush has a silver back, either, but because modern child psychology as practised in Hollywood, America, forbids violence.

Neither did I find a single child isolated at home with a private tutor, although private schools of one kind or another are much in evidence. Jackie Coogan, the children of Victor McLaglen and Joe E. Brown, and the son of Doris Kenyon Sills have been enrolled in "progressive" schools, where
The original tenant of the Lloyd nursery, Gloria, with her adopted sister, Peggy. They are waiting for permission to go in and play with their new little brother.

The daughter of a famous director—Miss Judith Niblo. Her father loves this serious expression. Judy is the youngest of the Niblo children.

Meet the Keaton boys—Bob, Buster, and Joe. Mrs. Keaton is Natalie Talmadge. Norma and Connie are the proud aunts.

Read how Ann Harding raises her daughters—what the Barrymores are planning for their baby—and more!

HOLLYWOOD

By

Gail Hall Wright

children are encouraged to express their impulses freely, whether it be with pencils, paints, scissors or bricks.

It has cost Will Rogers, Sydney Franklin, Bill Powell and Conrad Nagel a thousand dollars a year that their offspring might learn ultra stylish A. B. C.'s at the strictly formal Carl Curtis school. Of course at this price the very latest thing in athletics is included.

Urban Military Academy, with its opportunities for riding in California's all-the-year-round-out-of-doors, has had a hand in the training of the sons of Harry Carey, Claire Windsor and Joe E. Brown. Fashionable girls' schools appeal to the Lloyds and to Irene Rich. And I understand that the daughter of Will Rogers is now being finished at Marlborough, the high-powered society school of hereabouts. Stanford may see young Bill Rogers in the Fall.

Then there are a few who can afford to send their children to the public schools. But that takes very obvious wealth indeed. For these young democrats go with a full escort of maids and chauffeurs (private schools send out busses for the whole kaboodle!) The American tradition of democracy must be lived up to, however, even though this shoulder-to-shoulder contact with the outside world only results largely in Gloria (Swanson) Somborn rubbing shoulders with Mary Barthelmes, Leatrice Joy the second hob-nobbing with the Keaton children, or Thomasina Mix exchanging secrets with Loris Niblo. All of these are public schoolers.

These celebrated children (Continued on page 106)
THE picture girls are in a quandary. If you put your ear to the ground you would hear something like this:

Oh mother, take the net away, the swimming togs must go!
Fling my racket in the bay, the golf sticks are de trap;
For I'm to be a siren and charm the millionaires,
And millionaires are irrin' of any girl who dares
Do anything but languish and anguish everywheres.

So I'll get hot and get a man, a million dollars if I can,
And not be energetic or anything athletic—
For languor is my cue and exercise taboo.
I'm going to be like Greta is, and Connie Bennett too!

We sat at the feet of the Oracle—The-Man-Who-Knows-Hollywood. The question at issue was Girls. That's one thing about Hollywood; it is the stock exchange of the girl market.

The oracle spoke:

"The Hot Numbers are Never Athletic."

Does allure require that the charmer retain a secret and precious mystery, or is there just as much charm in a flying Helen Wills? The picture girls have decided against Garbo in action. Swim and play they will. But for all that they do not despair of allure.

It's a subject on which one could burst into song:

"Who says that if the cuties go to golf or swim or tennis
That they'll be out and just about as well be labelled Dennis?"
The dilemma of the talkie debs: Be athletic and get the air, or be an indoor sport and have man-trouble

By Eliot Keen

Walter Pidgeon and Claudia Dell—Whatever it is they're doing it well!

Says Joan Blondell, “I like to play. It drives the gigolos away.”

Edwina Booth showing why They used to chase the Lorelei.

Connie Bennett gets them all—She never saw a basket ball.

Perhaps they haven’t got a show—But how about Miss Clara Bow?

They say if stupor overcomes a maiden in the pictures That her reward will run to sums; she’ll be among the fixtures,

She’ll absolutely get to be a moving picture coryphée.

But I prefer the leaping stars, the shooting stars And loud huzzars I utter in their praises. I love to see them in their cars, in bazaars, hung on spars—And he can go to blazes who vainly tries to say that the Girls on the upholstery are half as fair as those I see Where the sunlight blazes.

The hot numbers may not be athletic but who shall say that the athletic girls are not hotter; true daughters of the sun god, sparkling embers from the eternal fires? It seems likely—it’s Hollywood!
So--Sue Me!

More pen pricks

By

Malcolm H. Oettinger

ANITA PAGE
Check-room girl crashing a Park Lane ball. Reynolds’ "Innocence" by Nell Brinkley.

CONRAD NAGEL

ZASU PITTS
Symphony in hands. Duse mixing a batch of waffles.

JOHN BARRYMORE
Beau Brummel in a stock company, reciting Giunga Din. Profile of an actor’s ghost.

GEORGE BANCROFT
Elbert Hubbard wrestling with Harold Bell Wright. Thor autographing a thunderbolt.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON
Death-mask of a racketeer. Chicago version of Fu Manchu.

WILLIAM POWELL
An actor’s idea of a rooë. Simon Legree with his tongue in his cheek.

JUNE COLLYER
A bisque doll without its lifelike expression.

HEDDA HOPPER
Brittle ice in a cloisonné vase. Laughter from a shower-bath. Park Avenue goes west.

HELEN CHANDLER
Teardrops in a glass vase. Our Nell. Impersonation of Bernhardt by the class valedictorian.

STUART ERWIN
What Ho-Haines!

By Ralph Wheeler

AN ANIMATED Billiken. Ought to have been a medicine show Barker. Or a dance-hall professor. Born New Year's morning. A stone's throw from a lunatic asylum. But doesn't throw stones. Poits when he's mad. Hollywood's most hopeless practical joker. Can dish it out and take it. Never wears suspenders except with full dress and hates that.

Antique dealers thought they had a sucker when he haunted auctions. They buy the stuff back from him now at double prices in his shop. Absolute authority on Georgian period and Colonial architecture. Makes even his best friends pay for what he knows. Loathes parsnips but eats Chinese rice. His socks always sag. Can't stand union suits. Never drives his cars. Doesn't care a hang about dignity.

Never engaged to anyone but Polly Moran and lots of folk still think it's on the level. Favorite exercise is reading in bed. Never has a match and always needs one. How would he look smoking a pipe? Brought all his palsy's to Staunton, Va., when he struck gold in Hollywood. His chauffeur graduated from a Pullman diner. Needs plenty of room when he laughs. He sulks, he sulks. Only two moods. One on top. Other mired in gloom. Always dissatisfied with his own performances. Yearns for drama. And can do it.


Talks with more of a brogue than Ah-reckon dialect. Voice booming. The bane of photographers. Won't stand still and can't manage to sit down long enough. Sour on interviews. Likes to wear old sweaters. His socks always sag. Pouts when he's mad. Never engaged to anyone but Polly Moran. Left, in "Tell It to the Marines," his favorite part.

Then throws envelopes away. Never has the keys to his house or dressing room. Started out as a bond salesman in New York. Worked in munitions factory during war. His rôle with Lon Chaney in "Tell It To the Marines" his favorite. Fond of going to Marion Davies' parties. Started to go to Mexico City last summer but looked at travelogue reels instead. Doesn't crave airplane trips.

Yachts give him mal de mer before they leave the dock. A beach fan. Won't go to sleep without reading a story or several chapters of a book. His bulldog tears up his house slippers. Loves to shock snoopy old ladies. Never goes to Hollywood openings. Delights in poking fun at high-hat colleagues. Goes to every circus that comes to town. Eats peanuts and takes in all the side-shows. Abhors his smart-alec reputation. Juicers and stagehands think he's a great guy. Doesn't have a swimming pool. Never wears bow ties.

Spare Saturday nights are filled in with door-bell ringing expeditions. Introducing divorced husbands and wives his favorite parlor trick. Has enormous library on antiques and period architecture. Also rare collection of porcelains. His wisecracks not always what they are cracked up to be. Mostly infrequent when away from studio. Started in pictures as country boy type but was mistaken for Charley Ray. That's how come the city slicker characterization. A great window shopper. Chews gum. Rocks back and forth on his heels when talking. One hand always in pocket. Uncanny memory for names.

Plunges to depths of despair at every preview. Always walks between dressing room and sound stages. Trims his own fingernails. Can imitate (and does) anybody else in pictures. You ought to see his Greta Garbo!

You know him as Hollywood's official bad boy. But here's the lad himself, who yearns for drama and hates his smart-alec reputation.
Reviews of the

Six Best Films of the Month:
DADDY LONG LEGS    YOUNG AS YOU FEEL
THE MOOSE HUNT    THE SQUAW MAN
CHANCES            ALEXANDER HAMILTON

Turn to page 93 for casts of current films

By Delight Evans

Daddy Long Legs
Fox

This box-office smash of the moment is a picture you can take the children to see. But be big and take the old folks, too. They'll enjoy it even more. Held over at Roxy, New York, for three weeks, "Daddy Long Legs" is great entertainment. It's also clean and centenarian, but thanks to the humor of director Santell its 100 percent purity is mildly spiced. Santell—or the scenarist—saves it again and again from going too Pollyanna, as in the nursery scene when the tough baby says "Boloney!" Janet Gaynor as Judy, the famous Jean Webster orphan adopted by Prince Charming, is, to borrow a phrase from an enraptured lady sitting beside me at the Roxy, "Just too adorable. Warner Baxter, Una Merkle, John Arledge, those kids—all grand.

Chances
First National

Here's Doug, Jr.'s first starring picture, and it's good. Yes, I'll break down right now and confess it is a war story—but it's not just another war story—there's a difference. Not so much nasty booming of great, big guns, but a lot of human interest. The conflict is incidental to a pleasing story in which Junior gives an appealing performance, as a gallant young British officer who loves the ladies lightly until he stumbles on to that hateful little girl who lived next door—now grown into a beautiful woman played by that interesting actress, Rose Hobart. There's a self-sacrificing younger brother, acted, and nicely, by Anthony Bushell. The actors, I'm happy to say, act more like real Englishmen than college sophomores on a spree.

The Moose Hunt
Disney-Columbia Pictures

Mickey Mouse has been in line for the Six Best List for a long time. Now he makes it with "The Moose Hunt." This may not be the best Mickey Mouse cartoon Walt Disney ever drew. I only know that Mickey never seemed so funny to me, and that ridiculous dog nearly knocked me off my seat. This may be a lean month—in fact, I'll be fearless and admit it is a lean month, with movie masterpieces scarcer than Garbo interviews. But Mickey is always fresh, always funny. He watches audiences come and go, pretending to buy tickets to see the latest gangster epic or hot romance—when all the time we're not fooling him; we're coming to see him and he knows it. And why not? Mickey is the greatest trouper on the screen. (Ouch, Mr. Arliss! I mean one of the greatest.)
Best Pictures

Screenland's Critics Select the Most Important Screenplays of the Month

Alexander Hamilton
Warner Brothers

A George Arliss picture never disappoints. And the reason for that is—Mr. Arliss. This fine actor has his own way about his pictures, and his intelligence is so keen and his taste so good that he never goes wrong. Here is no dreary costume drama, but splendid, spirited entertainment, revealing Alexander Hamilton, the man, against a background of political intrigue that is never boring. The flawless art of Mr. Arliss makes the great financial genius of Washington's time a sympathetic, always human figure, who, despite his problems passing a financial bill to relieve his country, manages to have a private life. June Collyer plays the charmer who beguiles the great man. Doris Kenyon is a lovely Mrs Hamilton. Put this on your "Must" list.

Young as You Feel
Fox

Why, Will Rogers! What will the boys back in Claremore, Oklahoma, say? They won't know their Lightning', their Connecticut Yankee in this comedy, Will steps out and into excitement as a middle-aged business man who suddenly wakes up and finds himself feeling younger than his own sons. A little champagne, a lot of Fifi Dorsay, snappy dialogue—and Mr. Rogers comes right up to date—in fact, he is well into 1932 with this show. It's mostly funny, and Will's own lines, since he wrote them himself, are always pat. The effervescent Mile. Dorsay is at her best bedeviling Will. Whoever had the inspiration of teaming these two grand clowns deserves the Academy Medal. Lucien Littlefield earns a large portion of the laughs on his own account.

The Squaw Man
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Yes, it's your old friend, the same "Squaw Man" you've met before; but this time he is directed in the Cecil DeMille manner and wired for sound; and he puts on a pretty good show. Warner Baxter plays the part and does his customary splendid job. He's the noble Englishman who loves the beautiful lady who is married to a cad, the cad! Eleanor Boardman plays Lady Diana and you'll be sorry the role didn't give her greater opportunities. She looks perfectly charming, too. But guess who plays the Indian squaw? None other than Lupe Velez—and Lupe is so subdued and restrained you won't know her. She deserves credit, at that, for submerging her own vivacity in her role. It's good movie and always will be, so watch for the 1941 version!

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:
Evelyn Brent in "The Mad Parade"
Fifi Dorsay in "Young as You Feel"
Una Merkite in "Daddy Long Legs"
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in "Chances"
Janet Gaynor in "Daddy Long Legs"
Will Rogers in "Young as You Feel"
Mickey Mouse in "The Moose Hunt"
Warner Baxter in "Daddy Long Legs"
George Arliss in "Alexander Hamilton"
Charles Rogers in "The Lawyer's Secret"

"Alexander Hamilton" is one of George Arliss' finest pictures. June Collyer plays a pretty charmer.

Will Rogers and Fifi Dorsay are a grand team in Will's latest comedy, "Young as You Feel."

Cecil DeMille directs the revival of "The Squaw Man," with Charles Bickford and Warner Baxter.
The saddest face in all Hollywood belongs to the oddest man.

Mrs. Butterworth's Boy—Charles

By Brian Herbert

The saddest face in all Hollywood belongs to the oddest man. This is as it should be. It wouldn't become him the least bit. To meet Butterworth in private life is a treat. For one thing he smiles, and very often, which is what he does not, ever, do on the screen. For another, he's very funny offstage—a quality attributed to all our comics and possessed by very few. Charles, dear boy, writes his own lines; in fact, Warner Brothers have that much confidence in him that they give him a story and ask him kindly to put in his own character, let alone mere lines.

On the screen Butterworth's age is uncertain, but he's only thirty-one. He is a little over five feet seven, a thin, sad man whose great-great-grandfather undoubtedly was Don Quixote, with sandy hair and blue eyes as ingenuous and misleading as sin. (Continued on page 113)
Siren - with freckles!

She's a dangerous gal, is Myrna Loy—but only on the screen

By

Julia Gwin

MYRNA LOY, epitome of romance, breath of exotic perfume, mystery of all created things; Myrna Loy, symbol of girlhood, indefinite charm of a rain-drenched April garden, simplicity. This is the foremost siren of the screen as the public sees her and as she actually is.

Very few people realize that this girl who creates types of every land and of every clime, who portrays characters vested with a languorous, colorful appeal or daringly sophisticated, is really something quite different.

"I think Myrna will surprise you," a well-known leading man said to me a short week before I met her. "She is just an ingenue, sweet and unassuming to the nth degree."

That sums her up pretty thoroughly. I spent an afternoon with her and we talked about everything under the sun, from the picture on which she is working to our favorite brand of cigarettes. She is entirely unspoiled, absolutely unaffected and completely devoid of mannerisms. A large order—but she fills it.

Myrna's exotic appeal is due to the startling difference between her green, gray, blue—to her complexion (Continued on page 115)

Temptress? Charmer? Not Myrna Loy! Between pictures she's just a natural, unaffected young lady of normal tastes and ideas.

Not clothes nor intrigue, but the sculpturing of her talented nineteen-year-old brother, David, is Myrna's chief interest. David, despite his youth, shows great promise as a chiseler (the better kind). Here he is showing Myrna one of his latest busts. Atta Loy, David!
KEEPING

How to achieve lasting loveliness

By

Anne Van Alstyne

Most of the time beauty articles are written to youth. And yet that is rather silly. For youth itself is beauty, and every girl at sixteen, no matter what her face or her figure, has about her a sort of spring-like loveliness that is completely enchanting.

It was, however, a very wise—and also a very kindly—philosopher who pointed out that no woman had the right to be proud of her beauty before the age of twenty. But for her beauty beyond the age of forty, she deserved respect and worship, since such beauty was a triumph of the mind and the soul.

Now it seems to me that the woman of forty who realizes that her beauty is gone faces a dreadful but not an absolute fact. Beauty is much more than skin deep, as you've often heard told. Lasting beauty comes from good living, good care and good thought—and I don't care what any one else tells you. The woman of forty who wishes to regain her beauty must do one kind of beauty work and the girl of twenty, who wishes to be beautiful at forty, must do another. But both can achieve the same result.

There is one glorious example in the movies of the kind of beauty one can create for oneself—where originally beauty didn't exist. That glorious example is Marie Dressler. I know as great a woman as Marie will not mind my saying she was one of the ugliest young girls imaginable. In fact, Marie herself is the first to bring that up, though she would also be the last to point out that she is beautiful today. Yet she really is beautiful, not in the empty, flawless sense which is prettiness, but in the true sense of a face full of character, emotion and intelligence. Look at her eyes sometime and watch the sparkle in them; watch her smile and see how it warms your heart, and if you could only have the privilege, as I've had it, of knowing her off-screen and seeing how magnificently she can wear smart clothes, you'd even forget that rather too-heavy figure she has!

Xinon d'Enclos, the famous Frenchwoman, had men in love with her until she was eighty. She was a great beauty in her youth but she was a greater one in her old age. But you can be sure that her beauty-of-age was no accident.

What, then, should you do—the young girl who would be beautiful when mature, and the mature woman who must rediscover her lost loveliness?

Well, let's talk about the youngsters first. The older girls will wait more gracefully since they have learned patience.
Your Youthful Beauty

Since youth is the time of the most vitality, it is usually the time when we squander it the most. But just as the wise mother of a baby makes her child sleep hours and hours, not for the immediate present but for strength in the future, so the young girl should guard her rest. I don't mean for her to be fussy about it, but do try to get your eight hours' sleep a night. Don't do things that are going to be continually exhausting. An occasional very late party will not harm you very much but several of them crowded into too short a space of time, will put shadows under your eyes and wrinkles in your face, make your hair lose its gloss and your eyes their lustre, long before such troubles should appear.

Diet next, that all-important diet! Surely you know the rules by now, so I'll list them only briefly. Three meals a day. Does it seem stupid to point out three meals to you daily—three, no more and no less? Well, if it does, stop to think of the girls you know who eat one and a half or two meals a day and those who eat about eight, if you count their in-between meal nibbles. Both factions are wrong. Both of them are undermining their health in a way that will eventually affect their beauty. The one and a half or two meals a day girls may be doing it to retain their slender figures. But they are wrong just the same. Meals should be arranged so that they are eaten five hours apart. The food should be plain and nourishing. Every balanced daily diet should contain butter, milk, green vegetables and meat or a meat substitute. And remember it is not the amount you eat that makes you fat but what you eat. You could eat a whole pantry full of cabbage and get less fat from it than you would from six chocolate creams.

The girls who eat all the time, a bite here and a bite there, can care nothing for their figures and less for their skins. For both under such tactics will be ruined. Such eating is usually nervousness, due either to having too much to do or not enough, and either way shouldn't be encouraged.

Third, exercise. I'd like to write about a dozen times—*keep your body limber. Keep your body limber.* The Greeks, who knew more about living and more about beauty than any people before or since, had one great slogan, "A sane mind in a sane body." Being very sane people themselves they knew one wasn't possible without the other. Lots of very brainy high-brow girls look down more than a little on beauty care and physical culture. But they are misguided just the same. Even the greatest intellect will work less brilliantly if the body is tired or neglected or worn out. And when the body is in fine condition, the most stupid person thinks more clearly, more directly. So exercise for your health's (Continued on page 104)

"Yes—I am 39 years old!" says Irene Rich. But Irene doesn't worry about birthdays—why should she, when she looks so charming and so youthful? Lasting beauty, points out Anne Van Alstyne, comes from good living, good care, and good thought.
The STAGE in REVIEW

By Benjamin De Casseres

Fred and Adele Astaire are never underdone or overdone. Their hoop song is a gem. Frank Morgan bears the burden of the satires, and he, with his cracked Stuart Robson voice and his assumption of mock-idiocy, carries away most of the laughs. Tilly Losch pirouettes like a top and Helen Broderick, a choicy humorist, helps to piece out the high spots.

The Dietz doggerel is at its Dietzean best. If there were Nobel prizes for musical comedies, I say “The Band Wagon” for the forty grand.

"The Third Little Show"

Beatrice Lillie is the First Lady Clown of the world. There are a neatness, a clarity, an insouciance, a hanged-

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN, Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, under the angelic protection of Max Gordon, got together and turned out about the neatest and Ritziest whirligig of satire, music and dancing that has been seen hereabouts for some time.

Here are brains, taste, restraint, Gallic delicacy and a will-o'-the-wisp with that I hope spells an end to those blown-in-the-bottle and dried-in-the-sun concoctions of tawdriness and vulgarity that pass under the name of "revues." And here's a big hand for the settings of Albert R. Johnson, something new in settings.

Some of the merry madwags—Adele and Fred Astaire, Tilly Losch, Frank Morgan and Helen Broderick—who ride "The Band Wagon" to the front rank among current song-and-dance shows.

Making hoopee. The nifty and nimble-toed Adele Astaire in a hoop song, one of the high spots of "The Band Wagon." George S. Kaufman and Howard Dietz wrote the book.

Rolling his own, and evidently liking it, is Brother Fred, the male half of the delightful Astaires, who joins Adele in the hoop song and other numbers.

"The Band Wagon"
Banging a drum for "The Band Wagon"—
Lillie is a lulu in "Third Little Show"—Other entertainment for eye, ear and jocular vein

—I know—what quality about her verbal and physical tumblenails and spoofing that make her what Darwin called sui generis, which is Latin for hors concours, which is French for ne plus ultra.

She is the bright morning and evening star of "The Third Little Show." She has also with her that inimitable and versatile Ernest Truex, and the amusing Walter O'Keefe.

They do things in a Noel Coward sketch called "Cat's Cradle" which made a big dent in my naturally serious mug. Then Lady Lillie spoofs the late-comers in the audience in her own manner, while Truex eggs himself on to more comicalities.

It's a good show, especially, Lillie and Truex. And what a clean looking pair they are!—must bathe and scrub every hour.

"A Modern Virgin"

This sex-cocktail by Elmer Harris—who knows the art of seducing the public to the box office—hits the spot with a minimum splash when you have exhausted all the other sex-angles in town. "A Modern Virgin" is a cook-over of a lot of old sex hokum.

Teddy Simpson is a kind of tomboy. She has stood off the Male Menace until the ripe age of seventeen. She's got a lot of men friends who take a kind of fatherly (see the word appleshme in any dictionary) interest in her. They want to cure her of making engagements over the phone with men she's picked out of the telephone book. (If Teddy were classy, she'd have picked "Who's Who in America.")

Well, anyhow, they frame up a trick on her in a country house, and Teddy gets married. The play is anemic in ideas but strong in libido-appeal.

Margaret Sullivan as Teddy put it over on her audience. She's a new comer, and therefore still brazenly amateurish.

"The Gondoliers"

Gilbert & Sullivan (those syllables never bore us!): aristocratic sophistication, exquisitely pat and perfect English, subtly patting and perfect satire like a blade of sunlight opening the cantaloupe of the brain, an aerial daintiness, music that gurgles, burbles and breaks like baby tidal-waves on the mossy beaches of the cocom—

Well, anyhow that's "The Gondoliers," the third of the revivals by the Civic Light Opera Company. The Duke of Plaza-Toro (whence comes our "throwing the bull" and "it's all bull") was done by Frank Moulan. All was goody-goody when William Danforth came forth, in his black suits, of Don Alhambra del Bolero, the Grand Inquisitor.

Danforth's every gesture is Chesterfieldian, Brumellesque and Beaumarchais. And maybe he doesn't lay it on! But he's the greatest of Gilbert and Sullivaners, and may his strut never shuffle!

"Unexpected Husband"

In this play, "Unexpected Husband," by Barry Conners, there is one tremendous, Gargantuan, cosmical, Brobdingnagian or what-have-you drunk who carries everything in the play before him. When he's not on the stage this play of speakeasy and hotel bedroom leaks, toppers, wabbles and waffles.

The name of the man who plays this drunk is Hugh Cameron. He crashes the dome and puts the pits of our stomachs to shaking with laughter like an earthquake in a tapioca pudding.

It's a funny show—sold out completely on Hugh Cameron's cannonading. A picture? A killing—if Uncle Will will shut one eye and the Moralic Mamas can be chloroformed.

"Patience"

"Patience" is one of the most perfect satires ever written. It will rank in the (Continued on page 122)
Sartorial Strutters

By Alma Whitaker

Boy, our smoked glasses!

drab masculinity when he has to be a big executive in a picture like "The Millionaire" with George Arliss.

Then there's Lawrence Grant, the big Welshman, 6 feet 4 inches of him. Lawrence favors a little Tyrolean hat in greens and dark reds, always with an impudent little highly colored feather in the band. He has them made in Austria especially for him, flaunts them on all social occasions even unto the opera, and wears them at a most distinctive angle. Just once in a way he will vary this with a grey topper—which is Sam Hardy's envy. In this Lawrence is the cynosure of all eyes, and even Sam must stand aside. In fact, when any male gets something particularly startling it is promptly dubbed "Hardy's Envy."

Auguste Tollaire, the little Frenchman who has figured in so many war pictures, flaunts a square-topped derby hat and a braided coat which, with his flowing whiskers, form a compelling outfit. No chance of Auguste sallying forth to his club unnoticed by the masses!

Albert Gran panders to his (Continued on page 100)

Ever since wigs, satins and ruffles went out, the male of the species has been suffering under a grave repressio. How he yearns to strut in sartorial glory, the while he is hedged about with a tyrannical uniformity!

"What the Well-Dressed Man Should Wear" is the dreadful dictum that casts a shadow o'er his life. He longs to defy the edicts and burst forth with splendid glory, but—but could his amour propre survive the ridicule of critical hide-bound confrères?

In Hollywood, however, numerous reckless males are defying the apparel ordinances. They strut. There is a triumphant glint in their eyes. They are free—free—free! Well they know the envy with which their ribald colleagues really regard them!

For instance, see Sam Hardy dashing down Hollywood Boulevard in his loud cream and silver sports car, with his name emblazoned in full on the running board! See him in all the glory of a loud-checked overcoat with huge buttons, and the noisiest tie to be found in all America! Note his giddy shirts, usually with daring stripes, and those utterly dazzling waistcoats that set the girls to blinking! Sam has shed every sartorial repression he ever had, and succumbs only to

Ivan Lebedeff, one of Hollywood's most careful dressers, is said to wear out half a dozen tailors or so in the exacting process of fitting his clothes just right!
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Richard Cromwell and Loretta Sayers in "Fifty Fathoms Deep"

See Next Page for Star Shadow Contest
Stars—and their shadows! Combine them according to the conditions of SCREENLAND'S Star Shadow Contest and you will be eligible to be considered for one of the twenty prizes. Here are the Shadows before you. To whom do they belong? Elsewhere in this issue are photographs of well-known screen actors and actresses which are exactly the same size and shape as the shadows.

Spot the original of each shadow. Arrange it with its shadow, as directed. It's a fascinating way to spend an evening—and the prizes are generous. Now listen carefully so that you will be able to get right to the pleasant task of fitting the stars to their shadows.

After you have studied the four shadows on these two pages, look through this same issue of SCREENLAND and find the heads which are the right matching size and shape. Then put them neatly upon the shadows. The pasted heads with their names underneath must be sent in to this office. Don't rush in your answers until the contest is completed. The entire set of 16 Star Shadows must be sent in at the same time. The July, August, September and October issues of SCREENLAND contain this contest. Back numbers of the July and August issues are available.

In filling in the name of the shadow—that is, the name of the star to whom it belongs, you may type—write the name or you may write it in, but remember—correctness, neatness, and taste will count in the selection of the prize winners.

Read the rules. Consider all the requirements. This Star Shadow Contest is a test not only of your intelligence, but of your skill. The prizes will be won by those possessing accurate vision, and the winners may feel that they are clever as well as keen.

After you have selected each photograph and fitted it to its shadow, filled in the name and prepared your solution for mailing, you will have had to use good sense and skill as well. Your complete collection of the 16 Star Shadows will constitute an exhibit to your accuracy and good taste. In contests of this character it is sometimes interesting to make a tracing of the shadow to use in making the selection of the star whose photograph will fit it. There is no rule against this practice, so spare no effort to secure a place among the fortunate twenty who will receive the prizes.

If a photograph which you decide upon does not fit the shadow, don't give up. Continue your quest until your patience is rewarded. Then comes the test of your skill, which is also important in this competition.

Seek the substance for the shadows—the substance in this case being $2,500.00 in prizes! Be sure to read the rules, then read them again, before you start your search among SCREENLAND'S star-strewn pages. Now go ahead and have your fun!

Find the Stars to fit these shadows.
IN PRIZES!

SCREENLAND'S STAR SHADOW CONTEST

The Rules of the SCREENLAND Star Shadow Contest:

1. Twenty cash prizes will be paid by SCREENLAND Magazine as follows:
   - First Prize: $1,000.00
   - Second Prize: $500.00
   - Third Prize: $250.00
   - Fourth Prize: $100.00
   - Fifth Prize: $75.00
   - Ten prizes of $50.00 each: $500.00
   - Five prizes of $25.00 each: $125.00

2. In four issues—July, August, September and October numbers—SCREENLAND is publishing cut puzzle pictures of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Four complete cut puzzle pictures will appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of a silhouette, or shadow. In the same issue of the magazine with this shadow will be a photograph of some actor or actress which will exactly fit the silhouette or shadow. When the photographs are properly located, and pasted upon the shadows, and the names added, there will be sixteen separate portraits. $2,500.00 in prizes as specified in Rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged sets of sixteen portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures have appeared in the October issue. Assembled pictures on the shadows must be submitted in sets of sixteen only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each complete portrait. At the conclusion of the contest, all solutions should be sent to The Star Shadow Contest Editors, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 44th Street, New York City. Be sure your full name and complete address is written on, or attached to your entry; that your entry is securely packed to guard against damage in transit; and that it carries sufficient postage to avoid delay.

4. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of SCREENLAND Magazine to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in SCREENLAND Magazine, and assemble the copied portrait with the copy of the shadow. Copies of SCREENLAND Magazine may be examined at the New York offices of the Magazine or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. The judges will be members of SCREENLAND Magazine's staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household or anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

6. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying the cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The sixteen cut puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, must be assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below.

7. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered, the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

8. The contest will close at midnight on October 26th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on October 26th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with SCREENLAND Magazine. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the October issue, which will be in sale on the newsstands on or about September 1st. The prize winners will be announced in the February, 1932 issue of SCREENLAND.

9. Because of the time and labor required to re-pack and re-ship thousands of entries, it will be impossible to return any of them.

You're all eligible!
They're New—

Terrence Ray and Rosalie Roy—sounds like a couple of good cheers. 'Ray, 'Ray, Roy!'  

Elda Vokel—her name has that foreign twang but she's good old American home brew.  

Metaxa—he looks like he has that Certain Thing Elinor Glyn made popular.  

Ruth Selwyn was a Broadway star and theatrical producer. (And so young!) Now she's looking for talkie tributes.  

Why so solemn, Bette Davis? You've made the grade in pictures and everyone likes you.  

Susan Fleming—Ziegfeld glorified her and now the movies will monopolize her.
And Good!

Vivienne Osborne already is almost a veteran.

Right, James Todd is still grinning over that Fox contract.

Lucille Browne and Donald Dillaway seem to be on their way.

Tamara Geva—there's a saucy gleam in the little lady's eye.

Sweetly pensive is Sue Conroy. Cheer up, Sue! It's a nifty gown, anyway.

James Dunn, all set to make a lot of screen heroines happy!
New Ones

Lenita Lane. Eyes right? Heck, they're perfect!

Gene Raymond, strong and silent. What, in the talkies?

Fay Pierre is a home product, raised right in Hollywood.

Frances Dean. Is she really so demure?

"Be right over!" is the correct answer to this gesture of Dita Parlo's.

Janet Currie. If she acts as well as she looks she's here to stay.
Watch Them Grow!

Patricia Farr. Well, why not say it? so dear and yet so Farr!

Robert Young has that "Glad-to-see-you-Pal" expression.


Shirley Grey. Demurely devilish; nicely naughty.

Erin O'Brien Moore, lovely and languorous. Not another Garbo—say it's not so!

Ralph Bellamy. Strong but sensitive. A potential he-man lover?
MARION DAVIES gets a chance to do some straight dramatic acting in her picture, "Five and Ten." How do you like her—smiling or serious? It's all up to you!
YOU'D be feeling pretty gay, too, if you had made a comeback in the talkies like Laura La Plante's. And now she's sitting right on top, as you can see for yourself.
WHEN a feller doesn’t need a friend—he has a good one right with him! Young Leon Janney and his pal share their close-ups—no professional jealousy here! Wouldn’t this go great in the "snories?"

HERE’S a newcomer—and as far as we’re concerned, she’s welcome. Loretta Sayers was plucked from Larchmont and placed in the Columbia studios—and she’s making good. Blonde, blue-eyed and petite, she looks something like Vilma Banky. You’ll be seeing her!
The Stars Lend Enchantment

Introducing a new girl, Ethel Kenyon, who introduces the new formal pajamas. The pajamas are of ivory chiffon appliquéd with a flower design. (P. S. The pajamas are lined— with satin!)

Satin is smart or Hedda Hopper wouldn't be wearing it! Note the scarf effect in the back which also forms a cape sleeve effect over the left shoulder. Most effective, Hedda.

Constance Cummings wearing a chic dress which may double as a suit on demand. Trimmed with black caracul and black accessories. Like it?

The red-haired Constance Cummings displaying a new coiffure for long-haired girls. Large, loose waves with a low butterfly knot. The jewelled comb is for formal wear, of course.
to These New Fall Fashions

Black is always smart and so is Constance Cummings, and here's the stunning combination—black chiffon embossed in a metallic design, high waistline and long, full skirt and a cape to match.

Hedda's gown—front view. It is of beige satin with a novel form of the cowl neck and a draped waistline. No fashion layout is ever complete without Hedda Hopper and her gowns.

Mary Duncan's beige suit is designed by Adrian. A trimly buttoned jacket is worn over a bell-flared skirt. The chinchilla collar trim is put on in an interesting manner.

Side view of Miss Cummings' coiffure, which is parted on one side and which reveals the ears. The little ringlets give a piquant expression to Connie's face.
LOW and behold! Is Helen Twelvetrees giving us the cold shoulder? She's one actress who can't complain about her lines!
Too many blondes? Well, here's a dashing brunette for contrast. Pola Negri is back in Hollywood to brave the microphone.
Demand to know
what complexion soaps are made of
Palmolive tells you

Read why these beauty experts—and
20,000 others—advise Palmolive

Palmolive Soap
is made of
olive and palm oils

MADAM—just a moment before you buy
that soap. Is it for your complexion?
Then by all means ask what it is made of.
Use no soap on your face until you know.
Don't let “beauty” claims confuse you.
Many soaps promise to “beautify.” But ana-
lyze their claims. Any of them. Do such
soaps tell you they are made of cosmetic
oils? No.—Olive and palm oils? No.—Vege-
table oils? No.—Few soaps tell you what
they are made of.

Palmolive tells you
Palmolive is made of olive and palm oils.
That is very important in facial care.
Palmolive contains no artificial coloring.
No heavy “masking” perfume. Palmolive has
no secrets.

It is a pure soap—as pure and wholesome
as the complexities it fosters. So pure, in fact,
that more than 20,000 beauty experts the
world over have united in recommending it.

Because these experts—20,000 of them—
know what Palmolive is made of, they
recommend its use. They believe in Palm-
olive Soap. They know it is made of vege-
table oils — no other fats whatever. They
know it is different — in cosmetic effect —
from inferior soaps merely “claimed” to be
beautifiers.

Guard your complexion. When tempted to
use ordinary soaps — remember — ask first
what they are made of.

Retail Price 10c

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion
HOLLYWOOD's favorite indoor pastime is not ping-pong, bridge, or backgammon—but conversation. And almost every conversation runs along in a certain groove. The first thing brought up is gossip—what's happening to everybody else in the colony. Next, talk about new pictures, box-office figures, good notices in newspapers, and how "they" suggested some good bit of dialogue that turned a picture from failure to success. And then the conversation, if the time still permits, drifts into "picking the winners"—that is, the actors who have good chances of becoming stars.

Which is where the heroine of this story enters the picture. Four out of five conversations within the last few months have found a new name, Wynne Gibson, to place among the winners. They all agree. She is a potential star. And they are right.

She is beautiful. She is an actress. She is very well liked. And, most important of all, she has the winning creed which she calls "I seen my duty and done it noble!"

Wynne Gibson's beauty and talent are really side issues because many persons, who will never have success, have those assets. But this new redhead has great strength of determination. She does every role given her—whether the part is big or small, good or bad—to the very best of her ability.

Many stars before her have won success on the same principle. Maybe Wynne has noticed how Paul Lukas and William Powell forced their ways to starring roles by putting everything they have into small parts.

It is an odd fact that Wynne Gibson never thought of being a motion picture actress even after she had appeared in one film production in the East. She saw beautiful pictures of beautiful and talented women in motion picture magazines and thought (Continued on page 117)
Critical Comment

THE LAWYER'S SECRET
Paramount

An absorbing drama, splendidly enacted by a cast composed of most of your Paramount favorites. Especially interesting is Charles Rogers in his first serious role, that of a weakling involved in a murder—unsympathetic, but ex-Buddy puts it over—big. Clive Brook and Richard Arlen are excellent. Fay Wray and Jean Arthur appeal.

WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS
Fox

The boys—Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt—are back again, this time in a comedy Cook's tour, visiting Sweden, Nicaragua, France, and Greta Nissen. But the McLaglen-Lowe adventures in amour are beginning to bore. It's all old stuff now. El Brendel supplies some laughs, Greta the beauty. Too rough for family trade.

UP FOR MURDER
Universal

The talker version of the silent film, "Man, Woman, and Sin," in which the late Jeanne Eagels appeared with John Gilbert, has its big moments, with Lew Ayres as the artless cub reporter and Genevieve Tobin as the worldly society editor whom he idealizes. Mostly good, with Ayres appealing and Miss Tobin exquisite.

NIGHT NURSE
Warner Brothers

Or, behind hospital doors? Not at all. "Night Nurse" is a nice nurse (thrilling Barbara Stanwyck) who stumbles into dark doings in a sinister household, and devotes herself to saving the kiddies and shaming mama and papa. Clark Gable is an exciting menace, Ben Lyon an heroic bootlegger, Joan Blondell the comedy relief—and what a relief!

NIGHT ANGEL
Paramount

The star and director who made that grand "Devil's Holiday" have failed dismally to do it again. Nancy Carroll, in unbecoming moods and costumes and coiffures, can't help being unconvincing in this stagey melodrama, which Edmund Goulding, believe it or not, wrote and directed. Even that good actor, Frederic March, fails to register.

THE SHE-WOLF
Universal

May Robson, grand old lady from the stage, dominates this film and makes it worth-while. She plays a shrewd business woman, hard-boiled even with her children, neglecting their happiness in her great thirst for power, but eventually softening. Crammed with hokum! Lawrence Gray, Frances Dade and James Hall are pleasantly present.
on Current Films

THE VICE SQUAD
Paramount

Paul Lukas—Paramount's new Bill Powell—plays a stool pigeon and makes him appealing! To save an innocent girl who has been "framed" he exposes himself and the crooked cops he worked with. It's a sordid story but Lukas manages to retain sympathy. Here's an actor! Kay Francis is good, too, and Judith Woods is an interesting newcomer.

THE MAD PARADE
Liberty

Here's that all-woman picture you have heard about. It's a human, stirring film of the women's side of the war, and it is crowded with good performances. Evelyn Brent, the star, is more appealing than she has been in several screen seasons. Louise Fazenda has her best comedy chances in months. Pretty June Clyde will surprise you.

JUST A GIGOLO
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Nothing risque, nothing gained. So Billy Haines plays a wild young bachelor chasing Irene Purcell in the guise of a gigolo, trying to find out if she is a yes or a no girl. Some of it is fun, though not, decidedly not, for the young folks. Miss Purcell, from the Broadway stage, is Bill's new leading lady. She's sweet if not hot.

WHITE SHOULders
Radio Pictures

They're Mary Astor's, and very pretty, too. But the story? Well, it's a fable of a poor but not too proud actress who married Jack Holt in a hurry only to repent when Ricardo Cortez appears. Jack's revenge is long-drawn-out but not particularly sweet. The principals do everything possible—but it isn't, alas, enough.

TRANSGRESSION
Radio Pictures

If it's a good story you're after, this isn't it. But if you want modes and emotions displayed by Kay Francis, come right in. The plot? Paul Cavanagh leaves the missus, played by Kay, for a business trip to India—of all places! Meanwhile, Kay interests herself in the handsome Ricardo Cortez—what a boy he turned out to be! All ends well

CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED
Paramount

Sensational? No—just rather dull. Three nice young players—Sylvia Sidney, Phillips Holmes, and Norman Foster—struggle through a three-cornered collegiate romance, involving freshman indiscretions which are never interesting enough to excite you. It's slow in spite of the noble efforts of the talented trio. Holmes is best.
ARBO denies!

There was a rumor emanating from Scandinavia to the effect that Greta Garbo would marry a merchant named Anderson there. It doesn't mean a thing, according to Greta! There are as many Andersons in Sweden as there are Smiths in America, she commented.

Greta's other denial-of-the-month concerned a report that she was going to play at Max Reinhardt's new open-air theatre in Austria. For more dope on Garbo read our story in this issue, beginning on Page 18.

It was a gala night for the good old legitimate stage when Doug Fairbanks, Jr., between pictures, opened in "The Man in Possession" in Los Angeles. That boy proved himself a draw par excellence, with a more glamorous audience than even a grand screen première can command these days. Doug and Mary, Marlene Dietrich and Von Sternberg, Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, William Powell and Carole Lombard, Robert Mont-

gomery, Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, Loretta Young, Mary Brian, Rupert Hughes, Wesley Ruggles, Bill Haines, and, of course Joan Crawford herself all contributed to the glory of the occasion. Joan had to watch her Doug do some very sizzling love-making to this new siren, Nora Gregor, in the course of the play.

Next to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Marlene Dietrich created the greatest excitement upon her arrival. When she appeared in a daring red gown, with flowing sleeves edged with fur, on the arm of little Von Sternberg, the crowd which had gathered for hours beforehand outside the theatre, went wild with ecstasy.

Emphatic pants are again the vogue this year. Joan Crawford appeared as a slim little brownie, and Lilyan Tashman was dark tan, beneath revealing evening gowns.

Very exciting behind the scenes after the show, with Doug, Jr., surrounded by world famous admirers and relatives, and Nora Gregor trembling in an ecstasy of excitement at the personal encomiums accorded her. But just for a few minutes, Nora was in danger of suffering the same fate that Janet Gaynor suffers in "Daddy Long Legs," after her graduation speech triumph. Remember how all the girls have fond relations hustling around them, while the little orphan girl is left alone with her triumph? Well, Nora is so little known here and has so few acquaintances, that for the first ten minutes after the show, while young Doug was swamped in congratulations, she had to be content with the congratulations of a newspaper woman. But, of course, things soon adjusted themselves and Nora came into her own. The first thing she did when she left the theatre was to send a happy cable to her husband in Vienna.

Ronald Colman is just aching to snatch a European vacation before the summer is over. One of the penalties of fame is constant industry in Hollywood and Ronald is feeling quite a martyr. But the general effect on his appearance is as enticing as ever.

Myrna Loy is also preparing to flit to Europe. She will take her brother, David Williams, along to study sculpture in Paris.

Kent Douglass now becomes Guy Douglas professionally. Circumstances have required this young man to change his name so often that he is forever being introduced to himself as it were. When he was on the stage originally his name was Douglas Montgomery. Then when he went into pictures, he used his very own name, Robert Douglass Montgomery; but that proved confusing with the other Robert. His name was then officially changed to Kent Douglass, but now the studio has decided he is to be Guy, so every morning he says, "How do you do, Guy Douglass?" to his mirror, just to get used to answering to the latest moniker.

Query: On the screen in "Rebound"—or off? According to the tongue-waggers, it doesn't make much difference to Ina Claire and Robert Ames, who are thinking of adopting this as a life career!
Sally Phipps, formerly a screen charmer, has married into the plutocracy and is now Mrs. Benedict Gimbel, Jr., the marriage having taken place with full parental blessings at the home of the Gimbel, Srs. Sally was a find of 1926 who rose to stellar roles in "None but the Brave," "Why Sailors go Wrong," and "Joy Street." She left Hollywood to join the stage "Once in a Life Time" company—and there you are.

She's always on time at the set, isn't a bit upstage, never misbehaves off the screen, can sing, dance, play, ride and swim, and combines the simplicity of Mary Brian, the subtlety of Norma Shearer, the fire of Garbo, the sweetness of Joan Bennett and the allure of Dietrich. You'll never guess who! It's Betty, new leading lady for Bimbo in the Fleischer Talkartoons!

Just to show the other side of the picture, the California State Industrial Commission has adopted a new ruling for those thousands of women in motion pictures who "do not act, sing or dance or otherwise perform," i.e., the dressers, film cutters, script writers, office girls, etc., to prevent their being worked overtime unfairly and to see that they receive a minimum wage of $40 a week. They often get much less than $40 a week and work much longer hours than might be supposed. Indeed, $22.50 a week for most kinds of office work is about the average. It sometimes works out at about 40 cents an hour, slightly less than we pay for day housework.

When little blonde Connie Bennett is working, she receives $12 a minute. Yes, sir! If she stops to powder her nose, argue with her papa (who gets a mere $500 a week in the same picture), or to talk to a writer, can't you imagine the studio's tummy-ache? I reckon my last chat cost her about a couple of hundred!

Constance is the highest paid of all movie stars. She gets $5000 a working day, or $30,000 a working week of six days—no Saturday afternoons off. This fabulous salary, however, isn't all from Pathé, where she receives $150,000 a picture—which usually takes about five weeks to make. She told me her contract with Warner Bros. is quite separate, since she was clever enough to take her fate in her own hands!

"It's a swell idea!" seems to be the mutual verdict of a lot of couples after falling in love on the screen. So then they decide to make it permanent. Take Bill Powell and Carole Lombard, for example—but wait! they've just taken each other! And now they're honeymooning in Honolulu—a perfect happy ending for a screen romance!
enough to have her contract written that way. Hence she has a third contract with R.K.O., under which she will draw $7,500 a week on a fifty-two-week basis! Connie, you see, vowed she would make a million in Hollywood to balance the million she received when she divorced Phil Plant. This was, in some queer way, to settle some idea of self-respect by which she could prove she was worth it.

Anyway, she will make much more than a mere million on her present contracts alone, and the rest of starry Hollywood gasps with envy. In times of depression, too, if you please!

But the little girl works very hard and is in a high state of nervous tension all the time. She is likewise inundated with begging letters, sarcastic letters, impudent letters galore. Many suggest that she should forego her salary that the rest of the studio employees may keep their jobs instead of being laid off. “So silly,” says Connie. “I am making it possible for ever so many people to keep jobs who otherwise wouldn’t have one now.”

We sort of tried to get Connie engaged to Jack Gilbert. “Absurd,” said Connie. “I hardly know the man.”

Perhaps it is just as well Ursula Parrott has left for New York for a spell. Saw both Robert Montgomery and Reginald Denny actually kneeling at her feet in the studio restaurant out at M.G.M. One each side of her, gazing up ever so soulfully into her brown eyes.

Ursula is the young woman who hopped into fame with “Ex-Wife” after trying in vain to get a newspaper job. So M.G.M. annexed her for scenarios à la “Strangers May Kiss” for Shearer. She hasn’t got used to her glory yet—still dresses a bit small-townish. She has an 11-year-old boy whose picture we must all admire.

Renewed friendly relations with Pola Negri at her beach cottage at Santa Monica, and found her triumphant in a pirate effect pajama outfit, very piquant. Manservant, maid, secretary, cook and gorgeous car.

She has a three-year contract with R.K.O., and her first picture will be a screenized version of “The Dishonored Lady,” Katherine Cornell’s stage play. Pola acted it out for me and had me all tense. She bristles with ideas for her own stories and acts them for the boss. Marvelous salesmanship!

Leading men? “Oh, a serious problem. The actors are so handsome and so very dumb,” she says, dismissing them with a gesture.

Pola says her two former husbands, Count Dombaski and Prince Serge Mdivani caught her in the rebound from other great loves. Her three greatest loves died, she said—one when she was fifteen, after which the Count caught her. Valentino later, when Serge caught her, and now the aviator who died trying to make a non-stop flight to Africa. “This time, she insists, there will be no rebound. “My career is my all now.”

Pola has acquired a charming singing voice and has just turned down a fancy radio offer, she tells us.

Jimmy Fidler, publicity writer, and Dorothy Lee, who were married last November, have decided to call it
For September 1931

Now the romance too? Polly's after mounting. Signs between working amazed books, own, cause edy of short couple required imagine received a screen R.K.O. studio. And when the girls are American, they are imported from the stage in so many instances. Bona fide American screen actresses must be almost starving!

Rita Le Roy went to the dog pound and got a Russian wolf-hound for $3. Now she is cast for "Strange Women" at R.K.O., and her dogry draws $25 a day as a screen actor.

P. G. Wodehouse, famous English humorist, says he received $104,000 for his year at M.G.M. and cannot imagine what they paid him for. All that has been required of him was to touch up a little dialogue on a couple of finished scenarios and to tick a musical comedy into shape which it has been decided not to use because music is out. Never used a single thing of his own, although he is the author of twenty successful books, twenty-five profitable plays and scores of hilarious short stories. Everything he worked on was done by studio staff writers, as before.

"But they were quite charming to me. I am merely amazed that one can receive so much money without working for it."

We rather suspect that a romance is developing between Johnnie Darrow and Rochelle Hudson. All the signs point that way.

And now Lily Damita comes back to the screen! R.K.O. is having a great time annexing all the former screen stars and promoting them to profitable success. It began when they rescued Bebe Daniels for "Rio Rita" after she had been dropped by Paramount. Since then, except for Irene...
Dunne of "Cimarron" fame, nearly all their stars have been former screen successes, including Richard Dix.

Lupe Velez informed the world that she was not going to marry Gary Cooper, no, siree! Just a nice little friendship. All the same, by the merest coincidence, of course, they just happened to go to New York from Hollywood on the same day.

Dorothy Mackaill has never invested her money in showy houses and other expensive luxuries—although of course, she has a good car and loves frequent trips to Honolulu. But Dorothy is a canny girl, knows screen popularity doesn't last over-long, and so has arranged with great acumen to be nice and rich when retirement comes. In the meantime she announces her latest fiancé as Horace Hough.

Janet Gaynor looked perfectly adorable when she made a personal appearance at the grand opening of "Daddy Long Legs" in Los Angeles, in the self-same party gown she wears in the picture. The applause was almost as thrilling as that on the night of "Seventh Heaven" three years ago, when Janet broke into stardom. She says now that both she and Charlie Farrell are married they can settle down to a comfy friendship without everyone wanting to tie them up with each other.

Yola D'Avril says there won't be any divorce—it was all a terrible mistake. It seems her spouse, Edward Ward, composer, slipped off to the mountains for some needed quiet and when he failed to return Yola took his absence much too seriously. So she filed suit for divorce. When Ed-

ward read the startling news in the papers, he wired promptly. It seems he had left a message for Yola, which she had failed to receive. Allee same movie misunderstandings!

You may have heard about cuts in studio salaries. A naughty wit says it will take this form: Brothers of executives 5%, brothers-in-law 25%; executives one-half of one-half per cent.

Betty Compson says all reports to the contrary notwithstanding, her romance with Hugh Trevor really is dead. We don't believe it even if Grant Withers does like Betty's company a great deal, too. Oh, well! Nothing to do but wait and see!

The breaks are coming Sally O'Neil's way again. This attractive Irish lass, after a long go of screen discouragement, gets the lead with Fox in "The Brat," right after a role with Paramount in "Murder by the Clock." Here's hoping it's permanent!

Sally has been through everything, including bankruptcy, all brought about through her loyalty to her large and exacting family of brothers and sisters. But you can't keep these Irish down.

The courage of her! Louise Fazenda playing golf with Bobby Jones at the country club. Can you imagine what an utterly hilarious game that was? Bobby had a hard time maintaining his form, he laughed so much!

Caught Ruth Chatterton fast asleep on the set between rehearsals. Ruth says, yes, it's her clear conscience, she can fall asleep any old time.

Rudolph Valentino's brother fondly hoped he could fill the vacancy left by his famous kin, and to ensure beauty had his nose re-vamped. But it takes more than a nose. In the meantime Brother Alberto hasn't even paid the doctor his $200, according to a court case.

Russell Gleason is a favored escort these days. Sometimes it's Mary Brian and sometimes it's Lola Lane. And he's quite capable of taking 'em both out to lunch together.

When Groucho Marx was busy planning a party for his little...
daughter's fourth birthday, he inquired archly whether she would let him attend the party.

"Oh, no, you'd scare the children," she replied.

A little red-breasted oriole built its nest in Joe E. Brown's grand new patio lamp at Beverly Hills. So the entire household is watching the progress of the bird family, and the light is never used.

The rumor persists that Charles Chaplin will not only remain to direct a picture in England, but will accept a knighthood from King George into the bargain. Charlie once said he would decline an offer of peerage honors, but the temptation may be too strong. Charlie has never renounced his British citizenship.

John Gilbert's "Cheri-Bibi" may restore the situation. In the meantime, it is said that Jack has been receiving $10,000 a week on his contract right along, pictures or no pictures. So he should worry?

During the interval, Jack has absolutely declined to be interviewed. Said quite enough unfair things had been written about him already, and he won't talk for publication again until he has appeared in a successful talkie.

Aileen Pringle, once a proud and distinguished brunette selected by Elmar Glyn to play the princess in "Three Weeks" because of her patrician bearing, and for which she received $6,000 a week, has not only turned blonde, but will next be seen as a very disreputable person in "Lullaby." She plays the role of former mistress, painfully déclassé, to Lewis Stone, and will receive a mere $600 a week this time as second lead to Helen Hayes.

Which just goes to show the treachery of picture fame. Aileen is as attractive as ever, but stage stars inexperienced in picture work are crowding out the former glorious ones. Aileen is, however, a good sport about it. She says she wanted work and is grateful to have it, since she has a great interest in eating regularly. In the meantime, however, she owns her own very beautiful home in Santa Monica, which, the day I called, the sister of Andrew Mellon was negotiating to rent. Aileen has the sweetest little 92-pound mamma, who insists upon doing all the worrying Aileen herself declines to do.

Which reminds me, Charlie Pringle, Aileen's spouse, whom she has not seen for seven years, has written asking Aileen to divorce him. She says she will be glad to oblige at the close of "Lullaby." And at Reno, too, where his freedom may be hastened.

In the meantime, Aileen is taking airplane trips with Lloyd Pantages, young bachelor theatre-owner of Hollywood. It may not mean a thing, of course.

When the Clarence Browns were divorced a couple of years ago it seemed unbelievable, because Ona, his wife, had been so socially prominent and zealous on his behalf. Ona still holds her social position in Hollywood. But Clarence is often seen in the company of Mona Maris.

"It must have been the lack of that M. in my first name that made me seem inadequate," sighs Ona.

Advice to mothers of soaring young screen actors: learn to make hooked rugs. Mrs. Bernice Jaemy, mother of young Leon, makes whole housefuls of 'em, sitting off in a corner of a set where her young hopeful is working. The height of her ambition is to finish a rug on the same day Leon finishes a picture.

Never a dull moment on a set where Constance Bennett is working. You see, every day Connie brings along her hair-dresser, her maid, and the young woman who "stands in" for her, and these three have evolved an elaborate sign language by means of which they carry on a spirited conversation. Bets fly furiously on what they're talking about. And they'll never tell.

(Continued on page 127)
The Truth About Cosmetics

By Mary Lee

As a cosmetic shopper and experimenter, I’ve always had a weakness for Helena Rubenstein’s preparations. It’s not alone because I think they are unusually good. I know they are unusually fine, and that they live up to the claims made for them. But my personal interest in them goes further than that. I think it is because I believe that Madame is sincerely interested in beauty, not only feminine beauty, but beauty in all its manifold forms.

Everything about this amazing woman proves this. She started her career, as you probably know, just a poor girl in old Russia, with a recipe for making face cream, a good mind and not much else. Today she has millions. She made her face cream. She made herself a personality and power, but she has never stopped there. She has branched out into every angle of beauty. Her shops are little treasures of loveliness. Her home, which I’ve had the privilege of visiting, is glorious with art treasures from the earliest Greeks to the most modern Frenchmen. You get this sense of a woman constantly growing, constantly developing, constantly improving. And you get that very same sense in her products.

So when Madame Rubenstein telephoned me that she had a new line of products ready, I gave a whoop-la and asked to see them.

She had tons of things but those I fell for particularly were the new lipsticks and cream rouges and a new compact. They all seemed just elegant to me.

Of course, I’ve never understood why girls with any sophistication about make-up should want to use powder rouge. First of all, rouge should be under your powder, not on top of it; and, second, it should be blended into the skin in such a way that it can’t blow off in the first reproof that touches your face. So the answer to that is obviously cream rouge, that goes on after the dash of liquid cleanser or cold cream which you use for a make-up base.

Madame’s new Waterproof cream rouge is exactly what its name implies. It comes in shades that are particularly flattering to after-summer tanned skins and it resists sun, surf or perspiration in a way that is little short of miraculous. It comes in a metal box, either in a cool, summery green or a charming rose shade, and the price is one mere dollar.

The compacts come in those color schemes, too, with the great, big dandy advantage of holding loose powder with the softest, thickest puffs I’ve ever spied in mere compacts. Same price on those also—one dollar, unless you want the double powder-and-rouge compact which is one fifty. I think you’ll find these newcomers worth “geev-ing a look.”

Coty, who is never for long without something exquisite and new to give to the beauty market, has advanced with a new beauty kit. It’s a darling! I can think of nothing nicer for the girl going back to school, and who wants to maintain her chic appearance on her train journey! Also it would make a dandy gift for any small occasion.

The box is very handsome, a simulated lizard-calf skin, in a monotone tan. It is very compact and very light and yet it holds everything the skin needs for protection against that cindery grime no one can escape even on the finest Pullman. The cover contains a swell big mirror, large enough to catch your whole face all at one look. There are four compartments, two of which contain jars of Coty’s Liquefying cleansing cream and their tissue cream, and two which hold bottles of skin tonic, which is nice and stimulating, and their skin lotion, which I recommend highly for a make-up base. If you prefer a cream for foundation, you can have that substituted for the skin lotion. Besides this, there is a nice package of cleansing tissues and all this may be had in exchange for two dollars and fifty pennies at your favorite drug or department store.

A firm new to me, the Culver Laboratories, seems to have a bright new idea for home manicuring. In very smart black and gold packages they send you a whole set of things to make your nails beautiful at home. One package contains liquid polish, and that oh-so-necessary polish remover. The two of these cost seventy-five cents. Another little box contains the Culver Nail bath and a bottle of Culver Nail liquid. These cost one dollar. So for one seventy-five you can be all set for some twenty manicures, or if you prefer to (Continued on page 129)
The picture producing companies, each month in SCREENLAND, announce new pictures and stars to be seen in the theatres throughout the country. Watch this announcement. This month they will be found on the following pages: Fox Films, Pages 8 and 9; Paramount, Page 5; Warner Brothers, Page 7; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Page 11; Educational, Page 13.
George Barbier must have caught that genial smile playing with Chevalier.

George S. How do you know you'd be a good actor? I should tell you fairy stories about the grand chance for untrained youths to crash the movie game! Stick to your job, George.

Brooklyn Belle. Will I give you a ring? Sorry but I've outgrown that prank and my favorite amusement now is tripping waiters. Nils Asther is 30 years old, the husband of Vivian Duncan and the proud father of a baby daughter. He has had stage experience in Sweden, his native country, and later made pictures in Germany. You will see him in American-made talkies before very long, so look out for your handsome hero.

Justafair. Richard Arlen will be 32 years old in September. Gary Cooper and Lane Chandler are 30. Joan Crawford was 23 on March 23, 1931. Richard Arlen gave a good performance in "The Lawyer's Secret" with Clive Brook, Charles Rogers, Fay Wray and Jean Arthur. Joan scores another round of applause in "Laughing Sinners" with Clark Gable, Neil Hamilton and Marjorie Rambeau. Thomas Meighan is swell in "Young Sinners," but don't get your sinners mixed.

Curious. You're anxious to know if a letter addressed to a star will fall into their hands—well, that depends upon how unusual or interesting a letter you send them. It is said that Billie Dove personally looks over every letter she receives and often answers them—but many stars do not take that time. If you want to make a hit with your favorite, go ahead and write as you've never written before. If Gary Cooper has a brother, he is not in pictures to my knowledge. Of course Gary uses make-up for the screen but don't hold that against him.

M.M.J. Pelham Manor. Elsewhere in this department I have given the name of the composition Marlene Dietrich plays in "Dishonored" but in case you didn't get Ben J.'s reply, I'll be glad to tell you. It was DonaCLE Waves Waltz, an old Viennese number, published by Carl Fischer, and right well did Marlene play it, too. Gloria Swanson sings Come to Me in her latest release, 'Indiscret.'

Mary G. To be your Sweet Consolation is indeed very flattering but when I tell you I'm not able to give you advice on screenplay writing, I may be put in the discard. Each cinema company has its own scenario writers and even an experienced writer would have a hard time selling them a story. I have no record of a film called "Flower of Paradise."

Anna of Montreal. Are you sure you can pronounce Lupe Velez's real name if I tell you? All right, here goes! Guadeloupe Velez Villalobos. She was born July 18, 1910, in San Luis Potosi, Mexico. Her latest emotion is done in "The Squaw Man" with Warner Baxter. Dorothy Jordan was born in Clarksville, Tenn., Aug. 9, 1910. She has brown hair, blue eyes, weighs 99 pounds and is 5 feet 2 inches tall. Phillips Holmes was born in Grand Rapids, Mich., on July 22, 1909. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 155 pounds and has blue eyes and blond hair. He plays in "Concessions of a Co-Ed" with Sylvia Sidney. Sylvia was born Aug. 8, 1910 in New York City. She replaced Clara Bow in "City Streets" with Gary Cooper. You will see Sidney with Phillips Holmes in "An American Tragedy."

Havasu Admirer. You want me to tell you the truth about Jeanette MacDonald. That's right, but I tell most of. Do I think Jeanette is beautiful? Mark me well, friend, I think she is lovely—what a voice, that red gold hair, such sparkling eyes and dazzling teeth. Whew! I'm not her press agent either. She was born June 18, 1907, in Philadelphia, Pa.; is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and is engaged to Robert Ritchie, who is her business manager. She has two sisters, Elsie and Blossom. I don't know their ages. Blossom dances in musical shows.

Joan K. Donald Cook was Ruth Chatterton's brother Terry in "Unfaithful." He also plays with Dorothy Mackaill in "Party Husband." I'm sorry I haven't any personal information to give you about him except that he is from the New York stage, but if you'll send me a letter I'll do my best to look it up for him and may have his life in my hands in a forthcoming issue of SCREENLAND.

Navarro Fau. No, positively, Ramon Navarro hasn't been fired by M-G-M. He may be fired by enthusiasm though, for his role in his new film, "Son of the Rajah." Have you seen him with Helen Chandler? You'll like him as the dashing young student prince.

Miss A. W. All the fans have gone air minded, judging from the number of in-
queries I have received about the music played and sung in several late releases. Please refer to Ben J. and M.M.J. for music used in "Dishonored." I'd suggest a visit to your local music dealers for copies; they may be able to get what you want. I'm sorry I haven't the words of Marlene Dietrich's Apple Song to send you. Greta Garbo's next picture is "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise."

Fay. In "The Grand Parade" with Helen Twelvetrees, Polly, the vamp or "other woman in the case" was played by Maria Astaire. Helen has made considerable progress since that picture, hasn't she?

Ambitious Fan. So you saw "The First Kiss" made in Talbot County, Maryland, with Gary Cooper, Late сентября Chandler, Leslie Fenton and Fay Wray; no wonder you were thrilled. I do not know who taught Gilda Gray, Lena Basquette and Joan Crawford their first dancing steps—Joan developed a fondness for dancing at an early age and after finishing school, went on the stage as a chorus girl. She was dancing in "The Passing Show" when she was given a screen test. She made her screen debut in 1925 in "Pretty Ladies" as Lucelle LeSeuer, and after a national contest was held to provide her with a screen name, she became Joan Crawford.

Phillip-Fan. Greta Garbo's intimate friends call her G.C., her co-workers call her a sphinx, her mother calls her Greta Gustafsson and you and I would like the chance to call her many times if we dared. In her next release, "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise," Clark Gable will be her leading man—oh, a break for both of them.

Carnalita C. A house-warming to you and all your friends—come as often as you like and may every moment you spend with Screenland be a pleasure. Grant Withers was born about 25 years ago in Pueblo, Colo. He is 6 feet tall and has dark curly hair and blue eyes. Hollywood at one time turned him down flat but what sometimes happens to the movie-struck youth, happened to Grant—his family refused to submit him after he ran away to show the world what a good actor he could be. After trying newspaper reporting, defending the law as a policeman, freight handling and various other work, he succeeded in landing a role in a series of eight pictures. This led to more important parts and that brings Grant up to date.

Doris H. You'll see Mary Brian in "Waiting at the Church" with Johnny Hines and Marie Prevost—Mary won't have to wait long. Jack Oakie is rushing Mary these days. She is 22 years old, is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 105 pounds and has naturally curly brown hair and alluring hazel eyes. She has a nice role in "The Front Page." Adolph Menjou, Pat O'Brien from the stage, Edward Everett Horton, George Stone and Mae Clarke are in the cast with Mary.

Skowies. Don't tell me I have an unusual name after that heading. Conrad Nagel's wife is Ruth Helms, a non-professional. They are one of the happy married couples in Pickerville. In "The Amazing Dr. Claque," screen leading Smokey, in 1929, Nena Quatario appeared with Dolores Costello, Conrad Nagel and Phillip DeLacy. Nena, whose real name is Gladys, was born April 3, 1910, in Kansas City. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 108 pounds and has black hair and eyes.

H. C. You want some one to register a knock about the new faces you see in pictures—tush, tush! The picture public are asking for new faces and new voices but many of the old favorites have made a glorious come-back. Paul Lukas and Paul Cavanagh had the principal roles with Ruth Chatterton in "Unfaithful." Warner Baxter and James Pickford appear in "The Squaw Man" with Eleanor Boardman and Lupe Velez.

Bert. We welcome new readers and how are you? I'll pass along the favorable comment to the staff. Lillian Roth's first screen appearance was in "The Love Parade." She was on the stage in Earl Carroll's "Varieties" before signing for films. Jeanette MacDonald was born June 18, 1907, in Philadelphia, Pa. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 122 pounds, and has red-gold hair and greenish-blue eyes.

Sara from Swasby. Clark Gable is stirring up no end of interest if my last month's mail means much. Clark was born in Ohio about 29 years ago. He has brown hair, grey eyes, is 6 feet 1 inch tall and has a smile that will go over in a big way with the feminine audiences. He has appeared in "Dance, Fools, Dance," with Joan Crawford, and in "The Easiest Way" with Constance Bennett.

E. J. B. Jean Arthur, whose real name is Gladys Green, was born in New York City about 23 years ago. She has light brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 107 pounds. One of her lastest films was "The Gang Buster." William Haines hasn't stopped making pictures; we hope he never will. His latest film was "The Wall," with Dorothy Jordan and "Dancing Partners."

Brooklyn Boy. You want me to help you and who else break into the movie racket? If I knew the proper approach, I'd be a star myself, Jean Harlow's new film is "Iron Man" with Robert Armstrong and Lew Ayres, produced by Universal. She was born March 3, 1911, in Kansas City, Mo. She weighs 110 pounds and is 5 feet 2½ inches tall and is she blonde? Platinum! Jean appears in "The Secret Six" with Wallace Beery, John Mack Brown, Lewis Stone, Marjorie Rambeau and Clark Gable, the interesting recruit from the stage, the girls are raving and sighing about. Watch for a story about Gable in an early issue. He's a comer. Or you might say he has already arrived.

Norman R. What would a home be like without a Garbo fan? Greta is 24 years old, has golden hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 6 inches tall, and weighs 123 pounds. Her first picture was "Gosta Berling" made in Europe. Her first American film was "The Torrent" in which she gained a tremendous following. Constance Bennett is noted for her sophisticated roles. She is 25 years old and has golden hair and deep blue eyes.

Virginia R. It's difficult to get information on the new stage stars who are appearing in pictures. Many have but two or three films to their credit but if I'm a good guesser, and I think I am, you'll see Lester Vail often. Call me names if I'm wrong. He played the American boy, Otis Madison, in "Beau Ideal" with Ralph Forbes.

Judy C. Jeannie Lang was the girl who sang Ragamuffin Romeo in Paul White man's "King of Jazz." Betty Bronson has not made any films lately. Lewis Ayres is 21 years old. Marilyn Miller was born July 22, 1909, in Grand Rapids, Mich. She made her stage debut on May 17, 1911, in Killinley, Ireland. Frances Dee and Geneviere Tobin do not tell their ages. Ann Harrington was born in Ft. Sam Houston, Texas. Her father was Col. George C. Gatley. Elissa Landi, who plays with Charles Farrell in "Body and Soul," was born 24 years ago in Venice. She has had two novels published and has appeared on the London stage for several seasons. There was an amusing and "different" interview with Elissa in the June issue of Screenland.
Write to the Stars as Follows:

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

William Bakewell William Farnum
Lionel Barrymore Warner Baxter
Wallace Beery Robert Ames
Charles Bickford Warner Baxter
Lillian Bond John Mack Brown
Edwina Booth George Blore
Harry Carey Arthur Lake
Jackie Cooper Arthur Lake
Joan Crawford John Boles
Marion Davies Mary Nolan
Reginald Denny John Mack Brown
Kent Douglass John Mack Brown
Marie Dressler Mary Nolan
Cliff Edwards Robert Ames
Julia Faye Robert Ames
Clark Gable Warner Baxter
Greta Garbo Robert Ames
John Gilbert Warner Baxter
Gavin Gordon Robert Ames
William Haines Warner Baxter
Hedda Hopper Robert Ames
Leila Hyams Robert Ames
Dorothy Jordan Robert Ames
Buster Keaton Robert Ames
Roland Young Robert Ames

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Henry Armetta Henry Armetta
Mary Astor John Barrymore
Evelyn Brent Mary Astor
Susie Carol Dorothy Lee
Joseph Cawthorn Jack Mulhall
Betty Compson Edna Mae Oliver
Lily Damita Edna Mae Oliver
Bebe Daniels Roberta Robinson
Dolores Del Rio Lowell Sherman
Richard Dix Ned Sparks
Irene Dunne Len Stengel
Joan Hadow Hugh Trevor
Marie Judge Bert Wheeler
Arthur Lake Robert Woolsey

Warner-First National Studios, Burbank, California.

Robert Allen William Farnum
George Arliss Lucien Littlefield
John Barrymore Lotti Lodi
Richard Barthelmess Ben Lyon
Joan Blondell Dorothy Mackaill
Joe E. Brown David Manners
James Cagney Marilyn Miller
Ruth Chatterton Mae Madison
Bebe Daniels Ona Munson
Claudia Dell Marian Nixon
Irma Delroy Dorothy Peterson
Dough Fairbanks, Jr. Walter Pidgeon
Gladys Ford Willard Powell
James Hall James Rennie
Walter Huston Otis Skinner
Leon Janney Polly Walters
Evaglyn Knapp H. B. Warner
Fred Kohler Edward Woods
Laura Lee Loretta Young

Unusual Birthday Wishes to These Following September Stars:

Send Birthday Wishes to These Following September Stars:

Renee Adoree September 1st.
Richard Arlen September 1st.
John Mack Brown September 1st.
George O'Brien September 1st.
David Rolins September 2nd.
Neil Hamilton September 9th.
Bessie Love September 10th.
Lily Damita September 10th.
Glenn Tryon September 14th.
Fay Way September 16th.
Dolores Costello September 17th.
Esther Ralston September 17th.
Greta Garbo September 18th.
Paul Muni September 22nd.
Antonio Moreno September 26th.
George Bancroft September 30th.

Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Frank Albertson J. M. Kerrigan
Hardie Albright Eliisa Landi
Luana Marenis Marian Lessing
Robert Ames Cecilia Loytu
Warner Baxter Edmund Lowe
Rex Bell Myrna Loy
Joan Bennett Sharon Lynn
Humphrey Bogart Jeanette MacDonald
El Brendel Kenneth MacKenna
Marguerite Churchill Mona Maris
Joyce Compton Victor McLaughlen
Donald Dillaway Thomas Meighan
Fifi Dorsay Conchita Montenegro
Sally Eilers Lois Moran
Charles Farrell Greta Nissen
John Garrick George O'Brien
Janet Gaynor Maureen O'Sullivan
Warren Hymer Will Rogers
Richard Keene David Rolins

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Richard Arlen Wynee Gibson
William Austin Harry Green
George Bancroft Mirza Green
Carmen Barnes Phillips Holmes
Clive Brook Miriam Hopkins
Nancy Carroll Carole Lombard
Maurice Chevalier Paul Lukas
Claudette Colbert Fredric March
Jackie Coogan Georges Metaxa
Robert Coogan Rosita Moreno
Gary Cooper Barry Norton
Frances Dee Warner Oland
Marlene Dietrich Eugene Pallette
Leon Errol Charles Rogers
Stuart Erwin Jackie Searl
Norman Foster Sylvia Sidney
Kay Francis Charles Starrett
Skeets Gallagher Lilyan Tashman
Regis Toomey

RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Robert Armstrong Alan Hale
Constance Bennett Ann Harding
Bill Boyd Eddie Quillan
James Gleason Fred Scott
Russell Gleason Helen Twelvetrees

Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lewis Ayres Dorothy Janis
Rex Bell Myrna Kennedy
John Boles Barbara Kent
John Mack Brown Mary Nolan
Kathryn Crawford Eddie Phillips
Robert Ellis Slim Summerville
Sidney Fox Genevieve Tobin
Jean Hersholt Lupe Velez
Rose Hobart John Wray

United Artists Studios, 1041 North Forbosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Don Alvarado Al Jolson
William Boyd Evelyn Laye
Eddie Cantor Chester Morris
Charlie Chaplin Mary Pickford
Ronald Colman Gilbert Roland
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Gloria Swanson
William Farnum Norma Talmadge

Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Gertrude Astor Lloyd Hughes
Mischa Auer Paul Hurst
Leo Carrillo Ralph Ince
Helene Chadwick Jeannette Loer
Helen Chandler Wallace MacDonald
Dorothy Christy Ken Maynard
June Collyer Blanche Mehaffey
Marion Davies Una Merkel
Robert Edeson Genevieve Mitchell
George Fawcett Charlie Murray
Albert Gran Sally O'Neil
Ralph Graves Jason Robards
Carmelita Geraghty George Sidney
Hale Hamilton Bob Steele
Neil Hamilton Thelma Todd

(Continued on page 129)
Hoots and Hoorays!

Continued from page 14

Let's have more of these good old-fashioned lessons dressed up in smart clothes, sophistication, and the adorable Norma Shearer.

Eleanor Stewart, 327 Commercial Street, East Braintree, Mass.

Hooray for the Oldsters!

There has been a great deal of well-deserved praise lately for our younger stars. Permit me to add some for O. P. Heggie and George Arliss.

I recently saw Heggie in "Too Young to Marry," and his portrayal of the father was so sweet and sincere that somehow all the sympathy you had was sent straight to him. And Arliss—there's an actor for you! When I left the theatre after having seen "Old English," I actually felt that Arliss was "Old English." These dear old men are worth seeing every time.

Evelyn Sample, 600 Emariland Blvd., Knoxville, Tenn.

Two Sweet Boys

Once upon a time a handsome, young, sweet boy came along, and to his gratitude and astonishment, he was given the name of "America's Boy Friend." Now another young, handsome, sweet boy comes along, but he hasn't been given that name yet!

The first boy used to play attractive, appealing parts, but the second plays sad, hard-boiled, baby-faced killer parts. You guessed it—they are Charles "Buddy" Rogers and Lew Ayres. I wish the first one to regain his success, and the second not to lose his.

Daphne Canoutas, 314 E. 41st Street, New York City.

Peaning Greta

O Greta Garbo! O Greta G., You have captivated me. Your pictures are a revelation. You were superb in "Inspiration." Your artistry has blazed a trail. To imitate you there's a waste—but you're the peeress of the screen. No one just like you has been seen. They come, they go, these artists all, but in time they get a fall. Your name shall live, for aye resound— Queen of the movies you'll be crowned. You have reached the topmost rung; Your praises are forever sung; These facts stand out all alone— We know you're on the movie throne.

Oh, Sweden's gift to us is treasured. She gives us joy that can't be measured. All hail to you, Garbo! The movie queen! The glamorous lady of the silver screen! Bertha Patterson, 647 W. 169th Street, New York City.

And Panning Her

The cinema stars interest me greatly, but ye gods! I'm fed up on crude criticisms of Garbo and Dietrich.

Greta, the solitary sphinx with white eyelashes and a voice that sounds like coal scuttling down a chute. Marlene, the vibrant and alluring creature with flawless legs—et cetera.

Why not give them both a recess?

L. R. Mackenzie, Hotel Carlton, Milwaukee, Wis.

"Dignified and stately," but extremely popular withal, is the lordly George Arliss. Especially since he won such wide acclaim in "The Millionaire." You'll like him as "Alexander Hamilton," a role ideally suited to his talents.

"Strong for Jeanette"

Ever since I saw "The Love Parade" the one attraction for me in motion pictures has been Jeanette MacDonald. The success of this picture would have been nil had she not been in it. I know of no other actress who would have looked the part so well or given the dainty touches that helped without vulgarizing the situations.

Perhaps her greatest attraction for the large numbers who appreciate the higher type of comedy is the charm of her voice.

Jane S. Geiser, 14 Woodland Ave., Rutherford, N. J.

A Rich Theme

If all the wistful, fragile young newcomers were as talented and as sincere in films as Irene Rich, there would be fewer evenings wasted in viewing mediocre pictures. Who could refrain from admiring her excellent portrayals, notably in "Father's Son and "On Your Back?" Her graceful, unaffected manner is deserving of more numerous and more prominent roles.

Let's get together, you loyal Rich fans, and make a worthy attempt to restore our goddess to her former glamorous position!

Paul P. Boring.
The Mary Lyon House.
Backland, Mass.

(Continued on page 122)
“Wonderful!” she said. “Naturally, I come in for a great deal of attention. People know they’re writing letters to me, that they send me presents. They even interview me, eh? And that is all very pleasant and lots of fun. After all, I am an actress and the actress who doesn’t know she’s in the center of things?

“And being married to Maurice is so much fun. As I said, he is the same in life as he is on the screen. Always singing and jumping around like a little boy. Always with a joke on his lips. People who know us ask us, ‘What in the world do you always find to laugh at, you two?’ We don’t know. We just laugh, because we are happy, and because life is such a lot of fun. How do you say it in America? We get a kick out of life!

“Of course, we have our little arguments, naturally. But always, before they go too far, our sense of humor returns and we are soon laughing. Maurice, of course, is an irrepressible boy. He is always saying funny things, and finding funny things to laugh at. ‘We both hate’ — she struggled for the word and emerged triumphantly with it — ‘solemnity, and we both hate’ — another struggle and another victory — ‘pretentiousness. But they don’t make us angry. Why should they? We merely laugh some more.

“I think so it is in life with everything. A person, a happening, a place, can make you angry if you are that sort of person. But that is no good. The best thing to do is to laugh at it. In that way, even the things you don’t like give you happiness, for you find them funny. That is the way Maurice is, and that is the way I am. Instead of getting peevish and acting grouchy, we laugh.”

You have only to see M. and Mme. Chevalier together to behold the living proof of what she told me. Several times I have seen them in the Roosevelt Grill, where the Chevaliers like to go because of the quality of Gay Lombardo’s music. Each time they were the very essence of gaiety. Insidiously, contagiously gay, captivating the good spirits of all the occupants of tables in their vicinity. Both Maurice Chevalier and his wife are effervescent, bubbling with good humor, and the unquestioned air of having a good time. A look or a word is enough to send them into gales of laughter. And when the orchestra plays something which appeals to the Chevaliers — which means almost every selection — both of them begin swaying and humming to the music, and sometimes breaking out into an audible duet that can be heard at most of the neighboring tables.

Again, at a prize-fight or wrestling match, which the Chevaliers are fond of attending, both of them are a delight to those who sit near them. They are always so obviously enjoying themselves that their spirit is inevitably caught by those in the vicinity. Often enough a slow and boring boxing match at Madison Square Garden has been made a delightful evening for the ringside seat holders by the flip and amusing "hot mots" — wisecracks to you—of Chevalier and the gay, uninhibited appreciation of Mme. Chevalier.

But now I am back at the St. Moritz, tête-à-tête with Yvonne Vallée. "Go on, Maurice, get jealous and see if I care!"

"Do you have any trouble from aspiring damsels who are on the make for Maurice?" I asked.

"Mais non," she answered, "that, too, is lots of fun. Maurice always likes to meet his audiences face to face, whether male or female. And—oh, yes, the mash notes he gets!"

"Yes," I whispered with anticipatation. (old bloodhound Howlshow keen on the scent.) "Does he show them to me? Why, we always read them together. It is one of our greatest pleasures. Most of the letters are naturally, from women, of course, the greater part of them are just words of appreciation, of the joy that Maurice gives to them, both in the moving pictures and over the radio. But many of them are what might be called mash notes — protestations of love, offers of marriage, and so on. Some of them are very funny.

"Of course, most of those who write to him in that vein do not know that he is married, or else they wouldn't write that way. But some of them do and it doesn't make any difference to them. We even got one letter from a very wealthy lady who was kind enough to offer even to pay for his divorce."

"Don't they ever make you angry?" I inquired.

"Why, no. I suppose if I didn't have a sense of humor, I might get angry. But I have a sense of humor. How could I help having one, married to Maurice?"

It was hard to tear ourselves away, but finally we said our goodbyes, hastened back to the ranch, and found the barbecue well under way, with delightful odors arising to our nostrils. Many guests had already arrived, including a bright array of Spanish entertainers in native costume, who were playing guitars, singing and dancing on the flooring that had been brought in.

Dorothy Burgess, looking as beautifully Spanish as a bright costume and large sombrero, was writing letters to the first people we greeted. John Mack Brown was there, and Tom Patricola, Mr., and Mrs. Clark Gable. Edgar Allan Woolf, Mr., and Mrs. Clarke, Ann Christy, Derek Fairman, Mr., and Mrs. Norman Hall, Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, Mrs., and Mrs. Edward Lienhme, Maude Elsarse, Margaret Livingston, Mr., and Mrs. Norman Taurog, and many others.

Our host was a little late, but presently appeared bearing aloft triumphantly a huge boiler of tamales, while a Spanish orchestra followed, playing lustily.

But everybody had grown hungry by this time, and each had helped himself or herself to a little paper cup full of frijoles and a huge hunk of French bread, and was eating the beans by means of dipping bread into the cup.

"Here," exclaimed Edgar Allan Woolf, in pretended dudgeon, "I expected to find a bunch of sports, and I find a crowd of bean-sniffers!"

But soon Leo, aided by his trusty Chinese valet, Liu, and some other helpers, was seeing to it that all guests were served. The long picnic tables were being helped to the excellent barbecued meat and other delicacies, and we were a jolly crowd.

Derek Fairman, we found, being just in from New York, didn't know how to break into a tamale!

Sue Carol surprised Nick, but he retaliated shortly afterward when Sue wasn't expecting it.

Then we sighted a big olla up in a tree, and just beneath it a stout wooden stool made from a heavy tree branch. The olla, we found, was to be broken, in accordance with Spanish picnic custom, by a blindfolded person, and when broken would disgorge its load of gifts—candy, small presents, etc. We were dancing and playing guitar and singing by the Spanish entertainers, with many old Spanish and Mexican folk dances given.

"How gay these Spanish people are!" Patsy remarked. "We Americans are noisy in our parties and in our fun, but we really have enough of that. They are always gay. They haven't the gift of it as the Spanish people have."

José Crespo found a guitar and played and sang for us, and Tom Patricola played the piano.

Dorothy Burgess it was who finally, blindfolded, and after knocking Tom Patricola and Nick Stuart on the head soundly with the wooden供需, whereby wringing yells from the victims and laughter from the rest of the guests, managed to break the olla, and then what a rush there was for the contents!

Edgar Allan Woolf drew as a prize a little silk handkerchief, and Tom Patricola captured a tamale, which he handed over to one of the girls.

The shadows were creeping over every-
thing, and the sun had gone down behind the blue Pacific in the distance, when we finally said good-by to Leo and his friends, hoping he would be inspired to give many more barbecues.

"Paintings," said Patsy, "do take one out of oneself so completely."

"And then," I said, practically, "there's the Hungarian dinner!"

Vìctor Varconi and his charming wife had invited us to be their guests at a Hungarian supper to be given at the home of Rodolfo Kiss, the artist. Mr. Kiss's studio home is located on a Hollywood hill, and it is here that he paints his portraits.

He and the Varconis greeted us warmly, and we viewed the artist's work. A picture of Mrs. Varconi in particular charmed us, and one of Billie Dove gave equal promise, though still uncompleted.

Billie Dove herself was there, looking pretty in a Paris gown, with a necklace two yards long made of twisted beads and silk, to match the dress, which knick-knick, she declared, was the very latest thing in French styles. Her hair she is wearing in a long, curly bob. It is growing very gray, but Billie isn't doing anything to it.

Both the tip-takers in Paris—how everybody simply must be tipped, even the train conductors! But being Billie, she excused them as underpaid.

Lupita Tovar was there with Paul Kohner, Universal official. The two have been going together Varconi's time, and it begins to look serious. Paul has postponed his European trip; Lupita says she may go later, so who knows what may happen?

Estelle Taylor, beautiful in a black and white, skin-fitting gown, was there, witty and amusing as ever.

She reminded us of the time we were at a luncheon with Theda Bara, when Theda had kept on her gloves through the whole luncheon, and Estelle had wondered what would have happened if the spaghetti had skidded!

Robert Milton was also a guest, he and Miss Taylor being our dinner partners at the table at the table at which we ate, and as both are brilliant and amusing talkers, there was a lot of fun.

The food was wonderful. It had been prepared under the supervision of Mrs. Varconi, who herself is an excellent cook.

After supper there was dancing in a corner of the big living room, to radio music, with Victor Varconi walking and fox-trotting with Estelle Taylor, Billie Dove and Julia Faye in turn.

Julia Faye told us that she had just returned from Mexico City, where her grandmother had been visiting, and how she had brought her grandmother home to live with her.

As Billie Dove and I sat chatting on a sofa, Maria Corda came and joined us. She was going back to Paris to appear in pictures, she said. She has a little son in school here, who is to join his father and mother in Paris when he finishes here. Alexander Korda and his wife have lately been reconciled, you know, after a long separation.

We met Dita Parlo, the German actress, for the first time. She is a beautiful demi-blonde, and is being transferred to English versions, at which she is greatly thrilled.

We had a little chat with Mrs. Varconi before we left, and she said that she and Victor had crossed the ocean so many times that every fish knew her and waved its fin at her!

"What kind of a home do you imagine," Patsy asked me, "Conway Tearle and his wife, Adele Rowland, the concert artist and vaudeville star, will have?"

We were on our way to the party which Miss Rowland and her husband were giving.

"I think," I said, "it will be a bright sort of place, not too large, but reflecting Miss Rowland's taste."

"I think it may be one of these Spanish villa sort of places," suggested Patsy.

But as a matter of fact, we found our host and hostess dwelling in the house they have long occupied—a very old house in Hollywood, a sort of Italian palace, with inlaid floors, and a huge living room set about with pillars. The exterior is as picturesque as the interior, the house being set in spacious grounds filled with fruit trees and flowers.

We decided that the big living room was a very becoming room to everyone, somehow, its furnishings being restful and in quiet taste.

Our host, we found, had just returned from England, where he had been appearing both on the stage and in pictures. He was awfully glad, he said, to come back to his quiet home and his flower garden, but expected shortly to be on his way again, as he has an offer to go on the stage in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason were among the guests, and we had a nice chat with Mrs. Gleason, who tells us that a Show Boat is actually to be established somewhere in Los Angeles, possibly at San Pedro harbor, where there is much still back-water. The old melodramas will be given there.

We asked Mrs. Gleason where Russell was, and she said he had gone over to the home of Zelma O'Neal and Anthony Bushell for dinner, and to hear the new Gilbert and Sullivan suite which Zelma and Anthony have bought for their photographer; bright children that they are!"

"Those three love to sit and sing the scores of the operas, one after the other," she explained, "while the phonograph is playing them."

However, the trio couldn't resist Mr. Tearle's party, for they came in soon afterward.

Zelma said she had been playing golf that afternoon with Bobby Jones, and was so thrilled that she couldn't hit the ball! Edmund Breese and Mrs. Breese were there, Mr. Breese dancing with one lady after another, to the music of the radio. Edward G. Robinson and his lovely wife, Gladys Lloyd, were there, too. The vivacious Gladys said she had been in the dentist's chair nearly all day, but that the proceedings had been brightened by the fact that two gangsters came in to make dates to have their teeth fixed.

"And can you imagine a dentist daring to hurt them?" she asked gaily.

Among the guests, too, were William Beaudine and his beautiful wife.

We asked Mr. Beaudine how he was getting on with the direction of the children in "Penrod and Sam," and he answered, "Swell! I practice on my own children at home!"

Then he told us that two of his own children are playing in the picture.

"But the only member of the original cast," he said, "is a dog!"

Mr. Beaudine directed the silent version of the story, made about five years ago, and then he came to look for a dog for the picture he said that he spent five days trying to locate the original dog, and finally did. And the dog remembered him, and was just as忠實 in the business as he was in the silents!

Leon Errol came in very late. He told a lot of amusing stories. One of the fun-
Sartorial Strutters—continued from page 66

Charles Delaney and his wife, Lenore Coffee and William Cowan, Edgar Allan Woolf, George Bart, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sloane; the noted composers, Herb Fields, Lorenz Hart and Richard Rogers, Tyler Brooke, and others.

There was nice supper and afterward some wonderful entertainment. Adele Rowland sang some songs as only she can sing them—"Love Is Like That." Love for Sale and others.

Zehma O’Neal danced the Varsity Drag, and George Stone and Tyler Brooke improvised a dance, following which Mrs. Beaudine sang, and Crawford Kent played the piano and whistled.

Just one of the nicest evenings ever, as Patsy remarked when we left. "And we really mean all the nice things we said to our host and hostess when we left."
"Two More Years and I'm Through"—Continued from page 29

mitted, "but reasonable. There is always a reason for her demands, and she will not change her mind. She can be convinced she is wrong. That's more unusual than being particular."

"One feels that the story unfolds itself like a story without studying it, even reading it," Miss Bennett said later, when the cast and crew were back on the stage ready to pick up the preparations where they had left it for lunch, "and the results were—unsatisfactory, to say the least. Now I know everything about a picture here I accept it.

The crystal gazers and astrologers—I study those things more seriously than you probably imagine I do—tell me that until 1935 I am going to be the fortune of my work, and that after that I will return periodically to the screen. Just now I am working very hard but that is only for this one year. Next year will be easier, and the year after that—"

The year after that is to see Constance Bennett's partial retirement from the screen. At twenty-five, with a million dollars of her own earnings, which makes two million altogether, Which, with the pin money she can make from one or two pictures a year, will keep the wolf from the Bennett door!

"Your business ability," I ventured, "is that inherited like dramatic talent? Do you get that from your father?"

"Perhaps it's inherited," she said, looking toward Richard Bennett, who with his puffy nose, necessary for his part, was waiting for his daughter to join him to rehearse a scene, "but not from father." She laughed. "Certainly not from father!"

I ventured one more question, about the picture "Bought."

"I like the story, although some of my friends think the character is too unsympathetic. I've suggested some changes which help that. So many young girls face life with mistaken ideas of values, as does Stephanie in this picture. It's a story that could be true."

"And also I'm having a wonderful time. Between Archie and Ben Lyon I have a whole new line of chatter. I'll remember this picture after I—retire!"

Miss Bennett, as I mentioned before, lives at the beach. By six-thirty in the summer the swelling Pacific, just outside her door, is either blue and golden in the sunlight or cold and grey under what is affectionately known to native Californians as a "mock summer." If the sunshine predominates, Miss Bennett takes a half hour for a swim. If the fog is there and not too wet she plays tennis for a like length of time.

Then comes breakfast. According to her friends, Miss Bennett is no hand to yawn over breakfast. Neither is she a food nibbler. She is to be paid for a day's work and needs her strength. She has been known to eat bacon and eggs!

Here it is, eight o'clock already and work to be done. Household problems to solve, letters to answer, bills to approve, dinner plans to settle. The household gets along at full speed. Tell me the success a person has with servants and employees and I'll tell you something about the disposition of the mistress. Constance Bennett has kept the staff of people who help her to live well and to work comfortably, for a long time. That must mean something—but it's after eight-thirty and it's a long way to the studio and the call sheet out there says Miss Bennett is to be ready on the set at nine o'clock.

She'll make it; approximately. She greets the people of her own staff who are there ahead of her, draws "Morning, father" to Richard Bennett, who beat her to the stage by a matter of seconds only; "hello" Archie Mayo, her director, nods to the other members of the cast and crew busy with preparations for the first scene of the day and disappears into her own portable dressing room, closing the door behind her.

A minute later the sound of a phonograph record is heard faintly from the dressing room and the day's work has begun.

Fifteen minutes later she emerges ready for the scene, Mayo escorts her to the set, a tiny unattractive room with faded wall paper, nondescript furniture and an iron bed. Having been up and active for three hours about her own business, Miss Bennett goes back to bed for some hundred dollars an hour. And in very modest surroundings.

Ten more minutes are used up in adjusting the microphone above her head, focusing the lights and cameras, and the scene is rehearsed for another five minutes. Ten o'clock, and all's well at last.

"Let's take it," says Mayo.

"Yes, let's," agrees Miss Bennett without moving her head from the position which it has been decided is the most effective against the yellow of the hard studio pillow. Studio holding is yellow to avoid too much light reflection and hiliations, and studio pillows are hard as a matter of course.

The stage doors close. A bell rings twice. Mayo calls "Quiet." The assistant director calls "quiet" and adds an apologetic "please." There is a moment of deadly silence. A third light joins two already showing on the sound engineer's table and the attendant clicks a clicker.

Constance Bennett is apparently sound asleep. Slowly she opens her eyes wide. The script says she is to "gaze luxuriously and stretch." She does that, just that.

"Cut," says Mayo, "once again, please."

"Test, please," interrupts the cameraman and Miss Bennett goes obediently back to sleep again.

Now almost any actress could do what
Miss Bennett has just done in that scene. It's no trick to sigh luxuriously and to stretch plenty.

And it's the way she sighs and stretches and the way she looks when she sighs and stretches that puts her in a class by herself. The Warner Brothers believe that many more pictures and several thousand dollars in production costs to get Miss Bennett out of that uncomfortable studio bed whereas just a few hours ago she got out of a much nicer one and into the booming Pacific in a matter of minutes only, just for the exercise.

At two minutes to twelve Miss Bennett complains of hunger. No one pays the slightest attention. The fourth angle on the sighing and stretching scene is being filmed. The audiences will want to hear her sigh and see her stretch from all four directions. Such is fame, and beauty and business.

This afternoon Miss Bennett will have a scene with Dorothy Peterson, playing the rôle of Miss Bennett's mother. But Miss Bennett has had something to say about those lines, during pauses and between sighs and stretches during the morning.

The lines are too un sympathetic. The girl who portrays a false sense of values like many young girls, but she needn't be altogether unkind to her mother.

This has created some furore. Executives, writers, supervisors and others have visited the set and talked privately to Miss Bennett. One overhears her say:

"But I have to believe in the part. I can't say it that way if I don't feel it that way. Can I? Now I think she would say—"

That is what she eventually says, too, because winning arguments is part of her job, a part of it which she does very well indeed.

When the morning's shooting is announced Miss Bennett suggests again that she is hungry.

"Lunch," says Mayo.

"Lunch," echoes the assistant director.

"Everybody back at one-thirty." Lunch hour is one of the very busiest hours for Miss Bennett. She is wanted in the wardrobe to approve or disapprove a gown she is to wear in a later sequence. She is wanted by the casting director to look at the screen tests of some bit player who is needed for a small rôle a week from next Wednesday. She is wanted on the telephone by the housekeeper at home who has news of unexpected guests for dinner. And she is hungry.

Back on the set and in bed again, Miss Bennett rehearses once for the scene with Miss Peterson. It is finally made. The screen girl reports that the company now has six minutes of actual recording completed for the day. With luck they will end up with ten or twelve minutes, which, when edited and finally in the finished production, should total at least two minutes.

There are thirty "shooting days" on the schedule to make a picture not more than seventy-five minutes long finished. Two and a half minutes of finished picture a day is enough to complete "Bought" on schedule.

At five-thirty Mayo says: "I think we'll get you out of bed by tomorrow night, Connie," and the company goes home.

But not "Connie." She stays to see rushes and to talk story and to discuss a hundred details of the picture. She has more than a hanger in her productions; she wields a spoon. She earns her money. Such a laborer is worthy of her hire.

Then the long drive home and dinner, perhaps with a guest. But no parties. Miss Bennett is a business woman and making pictures is her business. While she is doing that she does little else. If she could only be content to live a little less luxuriously, to be a little less generous, to be a little more economical that goal of hers would be reached sooner. But she is too good to reach enough. Too soon for the public's liking.

Of course there are Sundays when she doesn't make a dime!

**Revuettes—Continued from page 6**

**Short Features:**

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**CHECK AND RUBBER CHECK.** Columbia. A good comedy skit in which Miss Bennett tries to run faster than his creditors. Good dialogue.

**DIAMOND EXPERTS.** Van Reenen. For the baseball fan. This Greenland Rial Sportlight offers exhibitions by Ty Cobb, Dazzy Vance and Jack Coombs.

**HATS OFF.** Fox. A pictorial education. This one gives the history of the hat. Betsey Ross through Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt, West Point and Annandale. It's a good hat, and a good story.

**I'M TELLING YOU.** Paramount. A crisp, wise-cracking short with Eugene and Wilkie Howard supposedly being interviewed by a newspaper reporter.

**KNIGHTS IN KHAKI.** Falcon. The first of a series of Bow Scott numbers. The story is entertaining. The kiddies will enjoy this.

**LAUGHING GRAVY.** Roach-Metro. Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy are able to change a dog into a doggy-dog rooming house. Very funny.

**MOVIE-TOWN.** Educational. The old maestro, Mack Bennett, directs and acts in this one. It contains a nice mixture of comedy material.

**STOUT HEARTS AND WILLYING HANDS.** RKO-Pathe. A boleureen on the sob demands of women for pot over burdensome by Law Cody, Laura La Flange, Frank Fay, Mary Ryan, and B. Francis. See it.

**THE FIREMAN.** Universal. Oswald, the rabbit, and his wife go to the firemen's picnic. Not up to the usual Oswald standard.

**THE MEAL TICKET.** Vitaphone. This isn't a treat—Jack Pearl and his German dialect do not go over with the microphone. Poor gags.

**THE REAL ESTATERS.** Paramount. This one is a bowl from start to finish with Smith and Dale. Louisville team as partners in real estate.

**THE TEA TASTER.** Educational. A William J. Burns detective mystery, very entertaining.

**TROUBLE FROM A BROAD.** RKO. Ford Sterling and Lucien Littlefield are left to their fates in an attempt to attend a beauty contest by A. E. F. company and meet Fifi! Sure-fire comedy.

**UP AND DOWN NEW YORK.** Central Films. Burton Holmes takes us on a well-made tour of New York from the Battery to Washington Heights.

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**How is your astronomy?**

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Keeping Your Youthful Beauty—Continued from page 63

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young nor too old in the models she choose. Hats should be carefully chosen to avoid any kind of eyestrain that in its turn would make her frown and produce wrinkles. Gowns should suit the figure. Youth can be a little tacky if it like. A hem can dangle or a coat collar can be a little dainty and if the girl is young enough and pretty enough she can get away with it. But the older woman should never run such beauty risks.

Remember, beauty lies in the eye of the beholder, and if the beholder sees, stained dresses, dandry collars, torn buttonholes and such, it won't see your lovely eyes and gentle mouth. Chic—real smartness—is sophistication and the knowledge of what is or isn't correct. By the time you have reached maturity you are supposed to know those things. If you show that you know them, you will be honored accordingly. People will say, "What a stunning woman," when it may be your costume that is really stunning. But you have procured an effect—and that is what you want.

Finally, keep your mind fresh. Don't do the same old dull things. Stay stimulating. Learn to talk well. Puppies and kittens and babies—all very young things—can charm us by the mere fact of being. Yet there is nothing more charming than a fine mind and nothing that holds us more than the clever use of words. If you don't believe that think of all the havoc such simple words as "I love you" have wrought in the world.

So learn to let your inner self shine forth to the world. When you can accomplish that you will be like that lovely description that said: "Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety."

Royal Children of Hollywood

Continued from page 53

are accepted quite matter-of-course by the other school children, most of whom are much accustomed to American Royalty and all its ways. Enid Bennett Niblo visits schools often for conferences with the teachers, so the latter tell me, and recently she took the entire fifth grade to see the Mission Play, as a stimulant to their interest in early California history. Gloria Swanson is on the front row of proud mothers when her children are to be on the program and attends P. T. A. as often as she can.

Her daughter, Gloria, is extraordinarily popular with her teachers, being extremely intelligent and beautifully poised. She has lovely eyes, and is dressed always in simple good taste. It seems that she has very formal ideas on propriety, and was much shocked not long ago when an ambitious tourist-mother "Hello dearied" her in the school offices. "Why did she speak to me so?" she asked a teacher in rightfully offended dignity. "I have never been introduced to her."

Joseph, her nine year old brother, is a "regular guy," so testify his baseball playing companions. The children have recently had their portraits painted, although they never allow themselves to be snapped in school pictures. Gloria is bothered with her tonsils, but her mother has not consented to their removal yet for fear the child will regret any bad effects on her voice.

Leatrice Joy the second is the baby vamp of the first grade, her curly hair and huge eyes standing her in good stead. She picks her own boy friends and isn't above doing battle with any lass who dares dispute her claims. Consequently her popularity with first grade femininity is not great. "I'm not shy, because my mother doesn't want me to be," she announced on entering school. And proceeded to prove her statement.

Ann Harding may be a star of brightest to the rest of the world, but at home she gracefully concedes the center of the stage to Jane Bannister, a flower-faced, happy-hearted cherub, almost three. And Jane, with the assurance possessed of all small and only daughters, complacently accepts such tribute from her "dear public." The same being Ann Harding, actress mother, and Harry Bannister, actor father. The supporting cast consists of a household chosen with efficiency a secondary consideration, a love and understanding of children and an ability to let them alone, paramount.

Ann plans to give her daughter freedom in generous quantities. "People can't think and talk at the same time," explains Ann, "so we let Jane play alone, making up her own games, and she is happy as a lark most of the time."

"Have you had any behavior problems yet? Thumb sucking, for instance?"

"Yes, Jane sucked her thumb at night for awhile. And at first I thought, 'Why, bless her little heart, why not?' Then I noticed it was affecting the shape of her mouth, so we just sewed up her nightgown sleeve and it was cured."

"No negativism yet?"

"Oh dear, yes. We were all dreadfully upset when Jane all of a sudden took it into her head to run to her daddy when I called her, and to me when he called. We consulted a baby specialist right away, and my goodness, the solution was so simple." "Tell me?"

"We were, you see, unwarrantably inter-

Howdy, Buddy! You can call him Harold Lloyd, Jr., if you wish, but he's just "Buddy" to papa Harold and mama Mildred. Little Junior Lloyd hasn't been interviewed so we can't say whether he wants to be a comedian or not; however, his theme song seems to be "Please Go Way And Let Me Sleep."
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ferring with her life by issuing unneccessary command and not giving her young mistress any opportunity to refuse if her coming is imperative. Then, you see, negativism doesn’t have the chance to take root.” (Negativism is called just plain rudeness by those not read in child psychology!)

“Ever spank her?”

“Never! I have placed her on the same level as sister. If she is naughty, my children are as amiable she is left alone. That will be society’s punishment, so why not prepare her?”

“I try to be considerate of her rights,” Ann continued, “I never make her quit what she is doing without giving her time to adjust herself, and I do not grab her up suddenly and put her to a new mood. Consequently I have a very affectionate child.”

Just at this perfect moment, as though taking a cue, little blonde curly-headed Jane toddled into the room, and with happy gurgles of “Mummy” appropriated her mother’s lap, there to nestle in absorbed adoration until the curtain was rung down on the interview. Ann tried hard, but she wasn’t altogether successful in suppressing a loud laugh. And why should she? Not many children are accommodating enough to demonstrate their mother’s pet theories. One envies her luck.

“Is it so hard to be patient when you aren’t tied to the mothering job all day?”

“Of course it isn’t. If I stayed with her all the time I would have to sacrifice my career and be putting away an under too great a debt to me, at least in my mother-mind. It would make me too possessive. When, Heavens above, the child’s will—except my having given her Harry for a father!”

All this time we were pleasantly tea-ing, Jane absorbed in trying on her mother’s beads.

“Now let’s take allowances and careers.”

“Jane can have any career she desires, but I may have will have fun at it, whatever it is. She must earn her allowance.”

“At household tasks?”

“At anything she wants to do. So there will be a lot of freedom in money-earning from the very first.”

Somehow you feel that Jane will never be a child to courtsey, charming affectation though it is. Rather, she will offer a warm, friendly little paw, fearlessly searching your eyes as she does so.

Harold Lloyd, the only comedian ever billed without an aching heart thrown in, doesn’t leave his gorgeous sense of humor behind in the studio file cabinets when he goes home. Matter of truth is, he applies it both happily and practically to such domestic matters as the upbringing of his five and six year olders, Peggy and Gloria.

“We ignore all that we can,” he was referring to any outcropping of naughtiness on their part, “because we go on the theory that if this misbehavior is placed under unobjectionable actions, the quicker forgotten. In more drastic cases, I just jolly them along until their humor brightens.”

“So that’s what the new wood-shed has come to?”

Harold grinned. “Usually ends up with them telling me all about it, and we talk it over better than sending them away resentfully crying? I respect their confidences, too. Only I try to teach them not to take themselves too seriously. That’s why we have decided to retire them a bit from the head-lines. They are reading now, and we don’t want them to get the idea they rate a place in the sun without meritorious effort on their part.”

The twenty minutes Harold had to spare were up, so I hunted up “the Mrs.” and we went into a huddle. How long it was before we discovered that our two daughters were the same age, I will leave you to guess. How far had Gloria read in the first reader? What did I do for crummy cough? How did she get Gloria to share her cherished toys without being crushed when the visitor manifested them? Did I think that expression lessons made them artificial?

And so on. Two mothers the world over. Only, for business reasons, I had really to listen when her child was to the conversational fare. Mildred and Harold are both impressed with the rights of a child to have brothers and sisters. Some one dear to share with, to compete with, to love, protect, and make-believe with. That is why there is now a son, Harold, Jr., as well as the new sister, Peggy.

When I asked Irene Rich in a come-to-judgment voice how she regulated the conduct of Jane, fourteen, and Frances, twenty, her poise melted into laughing, even guilty confession. She hadn’t. She didn’t. That’s all. “Oh, yes,” triumphantly, “once I did.” Then, twinking naughtily, “When Frances was three she refused point blank to say good morning to a woman friend.”

“Say good-morning, Frances,” I insisted. “Silence. (Mothers galore will recognize this.)

“All right, you can’t have breakfast until you do.” More silence. Relieved silence.

Where was there any punishment to that?”

So, the lesson having started, it must continue until mother triumphed. Frances spent the day in her room, while mother—very, very young mother—labored, coaxed, berated. Finally, “Well, write it then.” Frances was willing, since that meant that mother must do most of the work. Victory at last! Irene congratulating herself on her unrelenting firmness! When a still, small voice piped up, “I don’t care, I never said it like you said I must!”

“Ever since then we have just talked things over, and I have tried to point the way, but have not insisted on my advice being taken. After all, who am I to set down certain laws and insist they are right! I make plenty of mistakes yet, and learn thereby, why not let them do the same.”

This system seems to have worked beautifully, for the girls have never assumed that dreaded adolescent superiority, but instead write home to mother twenty-seven page letters several times a week, replete with “I tried to think what you would have done.”

A more conventional upbringing is in store for Dolores Ethel May Barrymore. Of course she is under the usual baby specialist, eating and sleeping on schedule and all that sort of thing, but “We don’t think it fair to a child to make it responsible for its mistakes,” defended Dolores when quizzed on her ideas of freedom in the home, “but of course she will choose her own career.”

“Even if she wants to be a dentist?”

Dolores regarded me with sweet compassion. Of course I couldn’t possibly realize that I was speaking of an offspring of the famous houses of Costello-Barrymore!

She will be given an allowance in order that she will understand how to take care of the money that will some day be hers.

And it’s quite likely that she will be educated in a convent. Such is the protective and conservative program planned by that almost erratically unconventional John Barrymore for his daughter!

Sheila and Andrew McLaglen, children of Victor McLaglen, are being given a particularly thoughtful education. They enjoyed the freer type in their more formative years, and now, when sitting still isn’t such hard work, the more formal sort. The parents are determined not to run the lives of their children by too much dictation. So Sheila may or may not develop her talents for music and art. It’s all up to Sheila.

And Andrew’s education will be directed only to the point of insuring a solid foundation for any life work he may later elect.

Explanations and talks take the place of more severe discipline. They are required to eat what they are served without comment, both for the sake of their health and their manners.

Incidentally, Andrew has won his fourth boxing championship at his school, and is being matched against fifteen-year old boys.

And he’s only ten. Taking after his soldier dad?

Enid Bennett Nibo, of so lovely a mother type that she has recently been induced to return to the screen as the mother of the famous “Skippy,” has many different problems occurring simultaneously in her home, for her children are of widely different ages and varying temperaments.

There is Lorris, ten, dark, artistic, sensitive, who would like to look upon herself as a very grand princess, so, earnest mother.

Director Edgar Selwyn visited his wife, Ruth Selwyn, and Mary Duncan on the “Five and Ten” set where the girls are appearing with Marion Davies in the Fannie Hurst story.
that she is, Enid struggles to keep daughter's feet upon the good old terra firma. And public schools are proving a great help. Peter, aged six, having lived aloof upon a hill-top all his life, prefers his own thoughts to those of his fellow creatures, so he could do without school very nicely, thank you. It is reported that recently school actually made him sick at his stomach, and mother Enid hovered near all morning, afraid to go home for fear he was really sick, and loath to give in to any grand-standing.

Judith is three, a sunny baby, quite the pet of the family. Just now her main interest is in flowers and crayolas.

Mrs. Buster Keaton has plenty of assistance in bringing up her two boys, Bob, aged six, and Dick, eight. For Aunt Norma, Aunt Constance, and Grandmother Talmadge are always ready to do what they can to see that the boys get the most out of life. The most chocolates? The most toys? The most fun? It's a good thing that Buster understands the proper offsets for too much adoration, for he chases them out into the open, bats balls that send their small legs scurrying, and boxes them all over the place.

Johnny Mack Brown hasn't planned ahead much for two-year old Jane Harriet. He is counting on a wholesome diet and plenty of sunshine to give him a happy, healthy daughter, whose mental equipment will naturally measure up.

The Joe E. Browns have an interesting group—Don, Joe, and Mary Elizabeth. The latter is a pink-cheeked, ducky little darling, not yet a year old. Don is sensitive and artistic, hates boys who step on flowers, and adores riding alone in the country. Joe has the high I. Q. of the family. In fact he had the highest one of any three-year old child in Pennsylvania when he was that age. Allowances are "out" in this household, where it is held that definite money for stated purposes is more practical. All the children are to be trained to work, for their own self-respect.

One is apt to find, all in all, that the "Royal Children of Hollywood" are much like other healthy, normal little people whose parents have both the means and the intelligence to afford them the best of modern care and upbringing.

Motion picture actresses and directors long ago discovered that bright and lustrous hair is one of the most important factors in the success of the stars.

Not every woman will become a movie star through the use of Hennafoam Shampoo but every woman, and child as well, can have just as bright hair as the most beautiful star.

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Hennafoam SHAMPOO
Garbo Going Legit?—Continued from page 21

calls "on fire" Garbo became more nearly the Hollywood star than at any other point in her career, even when she opened. She played tennis at John's house. She went swimming in John's pool. Then the Gilbert affair died, and Greta opened up more. She tired to get something to drink with Frances Marion— and the horses and dogs that clattered up the Frances Marion-Fred Thompson estate. Garbo, according to Frances, has a way with animals that few can boast. They love her—she loves them. Among her few intimates are the Jaques Fegers and the young Feyders. Garbo is a kid herself when she romps with these youngsters.

Of course, Garbo is shy. There's no denying that. This writer met her on the occasion of her brief stop in New York several years ago on her return from her vacation in Sweden. And was amazed at her friendliness, her simplicity,—and her beauty. Such a complexion! You'll be pleased to know that Garbo, off screen, looks ten years younger than she is. She does that. That day she was wearing the plainest of tailored suits. Her hair—lovely, pale gold hair—her fine, fair skin—her disarming grace. Real Garbo does not smile slowly, or studiously; she grins! were most endearing. She chose her words with care. She spoke slowly, almost hesitantly. And—there's no getting around it—if she was a little nervous. She didn't pretend to know what magazine I represented. She had consented to see just two press people —the motion picture editor of The New York Times, and myself. And she was not to be quoted. I think now that this refusal to answer questions for publication is a wise one. Because Garbo is not articulate—except for her art. She is not a conversationalist. She seems not to be at ease with words. She feels. She expresses herself in her acting.

"What magazine?" she asked.

"I told her, "SCREENLAND."

"Ah, yes. We think a lot of it out there."

"I sat beside her on the couch and she seemed to get a little kick out of insisting that I share her cigarette—"my own," she added. But when I tried to draw her out to just how she felt about this Garbo business—because I saw her as a nice, shy, quiet girl—she suddenly become rich and successful, while remaining the same, and perhaps a little puzzled by this success—she blushed. I recalled to her the thousands of girls throughout the country going in for Garbo bobs and Garbo necklines. She kept on blushing. And then I asked her which of her own pictures she liked best—and she was so obviously at a loss for an answer that I gave it up, and we just talked. Not Garbo and a reporter. But a nice girl who had just returned from a visit to the home folks in Sweden, and a friend who had dropped in to say hello. Garbo has nice manners. I know little of her family background, but I imagine her mother must have brought her up in the good, old-fashioned way. She said she was glad to be back—that she had missed Hollywood more than she had thought possible—and a flash of humor came when she remarked that when she had been surrounded by crowds in Sweden she had felt like murmuring "I go home!" as she was supposed to have done in Hollywood.

Not a movie queen, Garbo will never be that. She is the most fascinating girl on the screen, but she spurns the trappings of stardom. Essentially simple and real, she must be true to herself.

And that is why I wonder if she will not, in time, tire of being "a big box office attraction." The lure of American gold is plenty powerful, as so many foreign stars have demonstrated. And Garbo is no exception. She likes success. She enjoys her comfortable home and her name in lights and her own portable dressing room. But also, her tastes are far more simple than most of our own native stars. She can't be bothered much about clothes. She doesn't enjoy parties. She seldom entertains. She goes on an occasional shopping spree, but no one has ever seen her wearing jewels off the screen. No—Garbo despises tinsel. She simply can't be annoyed!

So how long will she be satisfied to be a commercial success? As long as her pictures make money she is secure as a Hollywood personality. But is she developing as an actress? Is she happy playing the roles assigned to her? Is she proud of her own pictures?

Only Garbo, herself, can answer these questions. And she won't. But we may venture our opinion. And that is—that Garbo is ambitious for a success that Hollywood cannot give her. An artistic triumph. A great role in a great play, that will approach the highest critical standards that Europe holds to. The artistic success she probably dreamed of when, a girl in her teens, she studied at the Royal Dramatic School in Sweden. Garbo, if we can believe what we read in her deep eyes, is not satisfied. She has received the acclaim of millions, but by her own yardstick—the yardstick by which the real actress must always measure her own portrayals—is she a success? It is in Garbo to prefer the plaudits of a small, select audience to the roars of the crowds.

Can you imagine her—a classic figure in the most beautiful open-air theatre of the modern world—performing under the magic guidance of Max Reinhardt? Remember Stiller, the Svenogli of her career? He inspired her. May she not need another Svenogli-Reinhardt, say—to spur her on to greater artistic heights than she has yet achieved?

In the Reinhardt open-air theatre the players and the audience will be surrounded by beauty. Great trees—statues of mythological figures—and a grotto serving as a recreation and refreshment room between acts. The new Reinhardt theatre will have room for only about 200 persons, and the plays will be performed exclusively for invited audiences. The great of Europe and America will be represented. The finest minds, the most exquisite culture will find their way to Leopoldskron. Though the most expensive theatre in the world, the Reinhardt open-air playhouse could hardly afford to pay Garbo's American salary; but the prestige of appearing would be well enough priceless. A perfect setting for one of the rare women of her time.

Is Garbo a Galatea seeking her Pygmalion? In any event, she is one Hollywood star whose stage may be the world!
Doug—Continued from page 26

appreciation for fine things, a great admiration for the top notchers in any field. I am always intrigued by his exciting, breathless manner. One feels that he is ever on the verge of doing something tremendously important. He has a habit of saying startling things, which may or may not be true. It’s not an attempt to deceive, but a desire to see how much you will "swallow" and how you’ll react.

In business arrangements, studio contracts, and living expenses, he is very careful. Budgets are his meat. He likes everything around him to run on a schedule—but doesn’t want to be clocked himself. He is more inclined towards saving than extravagance. I think when he becomes wealthy he will spend his money on art treasures and invest in some form of show business.

For a person who has so much to do, Doug is alone quite a bit. Yet he would rather have company than solitude, and is most democratic. Away from the studios he is quieter than on the sets, where he is likely to be stirring things up. A great sense of humor. But he prefers gags to subtle jokes. He laughs a lot.

Actually very gullible, except in business matters, he is often depressed and then it takes him a long time to recover. This is because he is particularly sensitive to what people think about him. He loves to talk. When he gets started he won’t drop a subject until it has been given a thorough treatment!

People older than himself interest him more than those his own age, and he has more men than women friends. Yet he invariably notices how women are dressed and wants them to be in the latest mode.

Personally, he used to affect the Barrymore mode of sloppiness, but now he has outgrown that and has gone stylish. Doug is very imitative. He used to go over to John Barrymore’s dressing room and talk by the hour. He has a regular Barrymore complex.

At school he was always the fellow who got caught for cutting up. If anything went amiss it was “Hey, you, Fairbanks,” who got bawled out. We had to furnish our own athletic equipment, and Doug had the finest football uniform in school. He would trot out optimistically every afternoon. But he was too young and too fat to rate with the high school team.

We were going to Harvard School in Los Angeles then. I used to spend my week-ends at his home. Doug’s mother was renting Ethel Clayton’s house which adjoined the Hollywood High School athletic field. Though we were still in the grammar grades, we used to go over and try to play baseball with the older fellows.

When we found that we weren’t much good we formed an exclusive secret-society-for-two and made a clubhouse out of an old store-room in his back yard.

The incident that stands out most from those days is the time he tried to ride his father’s horse. Doug, Sr., was making “The Mark of Zorro” and staged a rodeo for Doug’s benefit. The horse in question was a very spirited one, but Doug thought he could ride it if his father could. After the horse kicked him off, a hospital housed him for a week!

Doug always has admired his father tremendously, and when he was a kid wanted to be as athletic as his dad. When the time came for him to start high school, he went to Europe and studied in Paris under a tutor for several years. So, after he returned at the age of 15, he was no longer the fat little boy I had known. He had grown almost a foot, was slender, and had a peach of a build.

And he had a tuxedo! That was the blow that almost ruined my young life—until I talked my folks into buying me one, too.

Those years abroad had little effect on Doug. He learned to speak French and a little German, and made a warm friend of Maurice Chevalier. Yet he was much the same mentally when he came back to go into pictures. By this time his admiration for Barrymore’s type had lessened his interest in athletic acting. Now he is rather a good athlete, but sports have become incidental to other things.

Doug’s father let us spend several summers at his beach camp at Laguna. It was on a deserted half-mile cove, and we ran around all day in swimming trunks, trying to get as tan and look as tough as possible.

Doug took a very imposing tan, while I blistered—and you can bet that riled me.

We took javelins and a discus and had a place marked off to put the shot. Rod la Rocque came down one summer. Doug’s companion and tutor, Carleton Hoekstra—"Hooky" for short—was the guiding spirit. He had been captain of the football team in a small Eastern university; incidentally, he is now with Charlie Farrell. There
friends do the vocalizing and strumming. A subtle flatterer.

He enjoys being more or less in love.

Nothing serious has ever hit his heart as yet, but plenty of red lips have tempted him to turn the night into day. Blondes, brunettes, and redheads all take their turn in his date book. He varies widely in his feminine choices. One moment he can stand only a demure kind. The next he becomes much interested in a muy caliente lady. Consequently, his girl friends, who are more apt to be society than picture, are kept guessing as to what is the answer to their life when they are still crying for more attention.

Phil is not conciliated enough for his own good. He lacked self-confidence when he was younger, and this is deficient. In shape this has been due to the fact that he was never particularly interested in anything special until this past year when he began doing so well in the talkies.

He prefers to mix, rather than to be alone. His natural diffidence and gentleness make some people consider him slightly snobbish, but he really isn't. Being brought up in a well-bred, dignified home does not usually produce a loud speaker.

Not overly fond of dressing up, he manages to look like a Vanity Fair fashion plate when he decides to fix up. His suits are always from the finest tailors.

He has traveled a lot and is at home in Paris, London, and New York just as naturally as he is at home in Hollywood. French almost as easily as English. When he came back from Cambridge with a swanky accent we kidded the life out of him until he toned it down. He still retains a little of it, giving the impression that he has been on the stage for a long time.

And stage plays are no novelty to him. He has done juvenile leads in several. His father, Taylor Holmes, gives him invaluable advice, but does not try to coach him too intensively. Phil likes to play on the stage very much. He doesn't do so because he realizes that the talkies offer a quicker and easier way. Seeing all the other productions which come to Los Angeles gives him some consolation. He gets satisfaction from attending premieres and being recognized as a celebrity.

He acts pretty much the same all the time—at the studio, at the beach, and at home. He has his own mannerisms for special occasions, just as we all do. And he can adjust himself miraculously to the time, the place, and the persons. This lightning adjustment to any situation is marvelous to me. If he isn't feeling chipper, he can get into a good humor instantaneously. This looks like a gift of the gods!

As a kid Phil was not as interested in acting as I was. Though his father was a famous star on the stage and in pictures, and Phil hung round watching his father perform during vacations, he thought he would rather be a Wall Street broker or something like that than an actor. That was the Princetonian influence.

When we went to military school together we used to try to see which one of us could stir up the most trouble. Phil was my superior officer, being a year older and a year ahead of me. That used to make me jealous of him.

At the end of my year in this particular school I was ten hours ahead of him in the matter of punishment, so I quit.

Growing older, we would go to country club dances and get into arguments over girls whom, sometimes, we hardly knew. Whenever Phil was invited to a party I'd go along, too, and he'd do the same when I was asked. We used to drink beer during our flaming youth age. The funny thing was that when we'd had a bit too much Phil would get pugnastic while I'd get terribly argumentative. Which prevented any serious fights as we never agreed on how to settle anything.

The lad is death on cars. I guess I'd loan him transportation now. Even last year he wrecked himself, though, so I view with alarm any request of his to drive. But at the same time they want a home of their own, free from a crowd, where they can be alone together when they want to be.

For what do I admire Doug most? For his good fellowship. Ours is a friendship based on a perfect understanding of each other. For he never seriously thinks what his reaction will be. And, I suppose, I like him because he's always been my closest pal. Remember this: your friend is the one who knows all about you and still likes you!
Mrs. Butterworth's
Boy—Charles
Continued from page 60

To be frank and shocking about it, "Cholly" is a rounder. "Cholly" is a big time boy, a Broadway stage star famous for his Rotarian speech delivered in "American," his role in "Sweet Adelines," and his ability to sing two songs as half of a duet with Heywood Broun, said songs being The Fire of '88, and Abraham Broun the Sailor, the latter being only a disguised Barnacle Bill. These are said to be sung exclusively in speakeasies.

There is no one quite like Butterworth. His peculiar brand of humor has been traced to his ancestry, his adolescent environment, and a blow on the head received as a child—but none of these could account for all his characteristics.

Butterworth, along with James Whitcomb Riley, George Ade, J. P. McEvoy, and Ring Lardner, is an Indiana boy. When you ask him his birthplace he always mentions that Riley, Ade, etc., were also born there, giving you the impression that his birth there was a tremendous mental feat, for which he deserves sole credit.

The town of South Bend claimed Butterworth's presence until high school graduation, from which he matriculated to Notre Dame, twelve miles away. "Cholly" emerged from Notre Dame bearing a parchment entitling him to practice law, an achievement he belittles by saying he thought he was studying medicine. Realize it! Butterworth, the zany, is a lawyer!

He was a newspaper man once himself, and he explains just how good he was by saying that Lardner, McEvoy and he worked on the South Bend News-Times—and Lardner was fired. Butterworth was fired, too, but was taken back when it was discovered he was courting the daughter of South Bend's biggest advertiser.

It is worth noting that even at nineteen years of age a city editor was so appreciative of Butterworth's dead pan that he was asked to cover the undertaker as his news beat. During the day he attended Notre Dame where he had a scholarship, incidentally, for dramatics, and at night he would go through the pockets of pretty dead strangers to find if, maybe, they were President McKinley or someone equally worthy of two columns of the News-Times. He never found anyone important, although he once made the grave mistake (no pun intended) of reporting the death of one of South Bend's leading live citizens. When that gentleman stormed into the News-Times office to demand justice, an apology, or a duel, Butterworth offered to correct the mistake by the simple gesture of listing the gentleman in the next day's birth list, thus giving him a new start in life and counter-balancing the poor man's alleged demise. That was when he was fired.

Having been admitted to the Indiana bar—"A word with a nice smack to it," to quote Butterworth—he found himself with the necessity of making a living in order to eat. J. C. Nugent, that week, was the headliner at the local vaudeville house. Butterworth, told the doorman he was Nugent's brother and got into the great one's dressing room.

Nugent was about to wind a screen-dressing when Butterworth entered. "Mr. Nugent?" said Butterworth. "Yes," said the actor. "J. C.," asked Butterworth. "Yes," said the voice behind the screen. "I was wondering if you would listen to two monologues I have," said Butterworth, and promptly began his famous A Day at the

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Team work! Buster Keaton tending the Cody mustache while Lew powders the well-known Keaton "deadpan." Just a couple of pals, that's all!

Rotary Club. During the entire recitation Nugent remained behind the screen. At its conclusion the actor came out, bearing an envelope. "Here," he said, "it's a letter to an agent in Chicago." Butworth took it and left for Chicago. And that's how he became an actor.

As a matter of fact, he wasn't really an actor yet. The agent said, "Nugent? who's Nugent?" and threw the letter away, but got him some bookings in what Butworth refers to as "rat traps." This kept on for a while and Charles got tired of playing to a crowded saloon of four persons mooching free lunch, so he went to New York.

New York, it seemed, has rat traps, too, and while he played in what he believes was the best rat trap in the business, no world beat a path to his door. He tried changing his name to fool the agents but they had seen that trick before.

Finally, in desperation, he changed his beloved monologue act to a pianologue, although his piano playing is confined to a repertoire hardly more extensive than Chop Sticks and the first four bars of My Old Kentucky Home. This didn't do so well, either. Butworth says now that he never saw such a collection of dumb agents in all his life.

Butworth, being old-fashioned and addicted to a habit he picked up in youth, eating—went back to newspaper reporting, even getting a job on the conservative New York Times. In his spare time he dabbed at writing some new material for himself and finally sent it to J. P. McEvoy. McEvoy was interested to the extent that he hired Butworth to help him. But this wasn't acting, and he quit a while later to go back to his rat trap investigation.

A few months later he read that McEvoy was putting on his first "Americana," and immediately Charles ran down to recite A Day at the Rotary Club, the one show in all the world where the monologue fitted. No P. S. about it, he got the job. From then on success came pouring in on the defenseless Butworth head, practically swamping him. The show ran ten months, and Butworth collected more notices than the rest of the show together. When it closed he presented himself at the agents' offices and admitted he would accept some refined, genteel work.

"Go away," they said, practically. It developed that by some quirk of an agent's mind, probably the same one that made him an agent, the poor demented people thought that Charles was too stereotyped to go into another show. He had a specialty, didn't he? He did it in one show, didn't he? Now he was through, wasn't he? Goodbye!

But a little persistence and a lot of walking finally got him another rôle, this time in "Allez Oop," which only ran three months, but which convinced the agent boys he was all, all right. "Good Boy" came next, ran a season, and Charlie was a New York hit. After that came "Sweet Ade-line," a still bigger hit, and Charlie was whisked away to Hollywood, where he was put to work in "Life of the Party" and "Illicit." He still had to fill out his stage contract, however, and returned to play in "Sweet Adeline" in Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago, after which he was drafted back to motion pictures with a contract so long it applies to the Butworth grandchildren. So far he has done "Fame," and "The Mad Genius," and his next picture will be a co-sponsored part with Nancy Lightner in "The Side Show." You will see a lot of Butworth now, and something like Cracker Jack, the more you see the more you will want.

Which ends the account of his life except for the inclusion of the important facts that he was once arrested for not returning a library book, he wears a wrist watch with the dial turned in, he parts his hair in the middle, he has a cigarette lighter that doesn't work, he likes breaded veal cutlets about an inch and a half thick, he doesn't want to play "Hamlet" because he says he doesn't look good in a skull, and his hobby, he swears, is watching water go over a dam.

Nugent's name is a meaningless one to the general public. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Nugent, were Irish, and he was born in Chicago in 1893, his father having been a soldier in the Civil War who had been invalided to the State of Illinois. His mother was Miss Margaret Stoinger, also from Chicago.

He began his career as a newsboy at the age of five, and entered the Chicago University when he was 17 years old. He was graduated in 1914, and afterward was engaged in various pursuits, including that of a reporter and a playwright, before entering the motion picture business.
Siren—with freckles
Continued from page 61

which is moderately dark, and her finely moulded, sensitive features. Her nostrils are thin and high arched, like those of a spirited horse, distinguishing marks which give her that "something different" on the screen. Her voice is low and well modulated though not as husky as it registers in the talkies.

We sat in the sunny living room of her home in Beverly Hills, all curled up on opposite ends of a high-backed settle of antique design. The illusion she creates in her screen personality was still further dispelled. Her hair hung loose to her shoulders and her unpowdered face had a profuse sprinkling of freckles! Now who ever heard of a siren with freckles? She was wearing pale green flannel beach trousers and a green sweater open at the throat. Later she was going to the beach. She loves swimming and indulges herself as much as possible when she isn't working—which accounts for the freckles.

Our conversation on this occasion wasn't formal. Myrna was the good comrade rather than the charming temptress. As she regarded the glowing end of her cigarette she talked quietly, with an air of detachment almost as though she was thinking aloud. I learned that her mother was a musician, had studied for the concert stage but that marriage had cut her career short. Perhaps that is why she never hindered Myrna, the child, but helped and guided her in all ways to do the things she most preferred. If Myrna didn't like a school or the things she was being taught she promptly signified her disapproval and was allowed to change to where she could get the desired subjects. Myrna has always loved beautiful things, things that express dancing, music, good books, all the arts, and these were the things she sought for, the things her soul needed for its growth.

But it is difficult to get her to talk about herself; she has a most inadequately developed sense of ego. She is an excellent conversationalist and she can hold your attention for hours without once mentioning herself. Perhaps that is why so few people really know her.

Myrna isn’t a party girl. Hollywood social functions hold almost no interest for her and unless you know her you can meet her on Hollywood Boulevard or buy stockings beside her at Bullock’s hosery counter without once suspecting her identity.

One of the executives in the story department of Warner Brothers is an ardent admirer of Myrna’s and when he found I knew her I had difficulty in getting him to talk about anything else. He tells an amusing story about his first meeting with her.

“Myrna Loy was just a name to me,” he explained. “I don’t recall ever having seen her work. I had just come out from New York and as far as studios were concerned was pretty green. I remember thinking that if I could be the means of discovering someone for Warners who would prove a genuine find it would be a feather in my cap.

“One day during lunch I noticed a girl who seemed to stand out from all the others. ‘What an exquisite type!’ I thought, ‘she would be 100% in ultra smart society roles.’ I made a mental note to find out more about this extra girl and get a test for her. Perhaps I felt a trifle flattered as I realized she had smiled at me.

“We sat at the restaurant almost together. As she was paying her check an assistant director rushed up to her. ‘Oh, Miss Loy,’ he said—I didn’t wait to hear any more but beat a hasty and as graceful a retreat as possible. I cannot explain my feelings but I now knew why this girl’s personality had impressed me. Warners made a great mistake in letting her go. Their loss was Fox’s gain.’

Myrna has one consuming hobby but you would never guess what it is. It isn’t dogs, or horses or swimming, or golf, or any of

And now it’s Tom Thumb elephants! Look out for him, Myrna Loy—he’ll never forget you in those pajamas! Notice the beautiful antique bed on which Myrna takes her shut-eye.

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the things we usually think of as hobbies.

"For," she said, "I cannot understand how people have time enough for pets. I haven't as much time for humans as I need."

Myrna's hobby is David, her nineteen year old brother. Now, David is an artist, a sculptor. Myrna used to do a little sculpturing once but she has decided to keep out since that is David's field.

"I thought he would be a cartoonist when he first left school but he's developing along entirely different lines. Just now he is working at RKO. He came to me and told me he was getting lazy, that he needed to have to get up in the mornings and go to work. He wanted routine, so he went out and got this job. Later he is going to Europe to study."

"Quite recently he has taken up wood carving. And such imagination! I don't know where he gets his ideas but his execution of them is wonderful. I am tremendously keen on David. I feel he is going to do great things."

She talked about David for half an hour and later she brought him in and introduced him with unqualified, affectionate pride. He is the one subject on which she becomes effusive.

Myrna's code is simple, likewise ages old. She wants to get everything possible from life in her own way.

"Most people haven't the courage to live. Yet it is only through living that we come close to the human heart. But one must be valiant about it and one must fight every minute. This isn't an easy life and it takes its toll in more ways than one."

"I have been called mysterious. I'm not.

I was born in Helena, Montana, and there is nothing mysterious or Oriental about me. People used to say I was snobbish because I'd crawl in my shell or sit on the sidelines. It wasn't that I was snobbish, and do you know, I've only recently figured it out, I haven't had the time before. I'm terribly sensitive and I was afraid, not of others but of myself. Because of that I am 'mysterious!'"

In her work Myrna is the true artist, with an understanding that must delight not only her directors but her co-workers. She yields herself to direction with the same susceptibility that a piece of clay shapes itself into something fine under her brother's clever fingers.

And her graciousness extends to all, extra and star. I heard a negro extra say to her one day on a set:

"'Member me, Miss Loy, from down at Grauman's?' Myrna used to dance at Grauman's Chinese not so far back.

"Oh, yes, of course I do," and she smiled sweetly.

"Those were certainly the good old days," he continued, "but these are better."

"Yes, you're right," and she smiled again. And I'm sure that negro is quite convinced that there isn't another woman in pictures like Myrna Loy.

This is the real Myrna Loy, a little girl in whose gray-green eyes slumber dreams; a little girl who talks of the future of a kid brother on whose career she is much more keen than even her own, and that's saying a lot; a girl with courage enough to keep her chin up, her mouth shut and her eyes level when things go wrong. She's a fighter, a visionary with a fixed goal, a Spartan.

That light touch! Sessue Hayakawa is giving Anna May Wong all the dope on the new high-power incandescent studio lamp which has taken the place of the old arc lights. Sessue and Anna May are appearing together in "Daughter of the Dragon."
that she was not up to their caliber. So we can't say that Wynne Gibson grew up with the idea of acting in the back of her brain. Like Nancy Carroll, another Paramount redhead, Wynne Gibson was born in New York City. Incidentally, their lives have much in common. Both attended school in New York and both were students when they started in the choruses of musical productions without their parents' consent. Wynne attended Wadleigh School for Girls in New York and hadn't thought about the stage. One day on her way to school, she met two of her girl friends. They weren't walking toward school. They were headed for Broadway and careers as actresses. It wasn't the first time the little redhead girl had played hookey, so she also turned her steps toward Broadway.

The three girls heard that somebody somewhere was casting chorus girls for "Tangerine." They found the theatre, walked in and waited for a few minutes. Now remember, Wynne had never danced in her life, had never sung to speak of, had never even had a relative on the stage. Robert Milton, now a motion picture director and then casting "Tangerine," approached the girls. He pointed to Wynne. Appraisingly: "Do you want a job?"

Casually: "Yes."

Skeptically: "What can you do?"


Optimistically: "I'll try you out."

He gave her some lines to read. He gave her a song to sing. He had her shown some steps to dance. With her friends astonished in the wings of the theatre and the chorus girls watching for a mistake behind her, Wynne went through the tryout amazingly well. Bob Milton gave her $75 a week, a "bit" as one of the six little vixens, and told her that some day she would be a big star. And so Wynne hurdled the years as a chorus girl in one hour and became a specialty girl in "Tangerine." You can only account for it by saying that Wynne Gibson is a "born actress."

At this time Wynne had a beau, who thought all actresses were the worst women in the world. So she didn't tell him of her good fortune. And she didn't tell her parents until dress rehearsal night when she was at the theatre most of the night. Well, they up and said she should never be an actress. They went to Bob Milton the next morning and he convinced them that she would make good on the stage.

Opening night, Wynne's mother and beau came to see the performance much against their wills. Wynne made her first appearance on the stage as one of the high spots of a dancing number in the first act. She did very well. At the finish, she gave an unusually high kick toward the audience. Her ruffled unmentionables showed. Her mother screamed: "Oh Winifred!" and all but passed out. But Wynne was on the stage and there was an audience that applauded in front of her, and at all costs she was determined to stay.

She went from "Tangerine" to "Jane Love" at $85 a week. One night Ray Raymond came to see the show with the thought of hiring the second leading lady for his act. When he left the theatre, he had a contract signed at the price of $125 a week with the little girl in green with red hair—Wynne Gibson. Lew Fields bought the entire Ray Raymond act a few months later in order to have Wynne Gibson in his revue. Her training was bril and her rise phenomenal. Later, she played the lead in "The Gingham Girl" and "Little Jessie James."

She's had lots of success and also many disappointments. She has been in so many "floph" shows which ended in Boston that she knows the sheriff personally.

The biggest obstacle in Wynne Gibson's career is that producers have always "typed" her. Although she played musical comedy, she had confidence in herself and wanted a chance to do a straight dramatic part. But theatrical producers saw her as a musical comedy girl and never gave her a chance. Finally, she left Broadway for a tour in Europe and when she returned got a dramatic part in "The Clam Diggers." From then on she was "typed" as a dramatic actress and was refused work in musical comedies. One of Miss Gibson's biggest successes in New York was with Richard Bennett in "Jarrean." After she had been rehearsing several weeks with a...
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Hedda Hopper, a connoisseur of clothes, visits the antique shop of William
Haines, who is a connoisseur of art besides being a grand actor. Larry
Sullivan, Bill’s business manager and secretary, shows Hedda a few of the
rare objets d’art.
They're tight. But she gives herself out. No matter what she's doing—if she's only sitting still on a chair—she's giving herself out. She's the one, you can feel it in the air after she's gone—it pulls at you—it makes you feel more alive.

"E-e-die!" A low voice, veiled by a pleasant huskiness, floated out from the bedroom. "E-die!" A voice, unquestionably, that quickened your interest, that made you feel more alive.

Tallulah was in bed. Her thick, fair hair fell in childish clusters about her pale face. Her heavy-lidded grey eyes and stormy mouth formed a strange contrast to the almost virginal purity of her facial contours.

"Do forgive me, my dear. I know it's loathsome of me, but I'm an abominably lazy person, and besides, I didn't get to sleep until 8 this morning. I was reading a perfectly heavenly book, and I simply had to find out whether he married her after he discovered that she wasn't what you might call a lady. Of course he did marry her, the fool—I could have given him some sound advice. Are you going to write something sweet about me? Write whatever you please, darling, only don't say I said anything I didn't say, or I'm likely to put arsenic into your orange juice. I had about as much of that as I could stomach in dear old England. E-e-die! Bring some cigarettes, will you, sweetie, and a coca cola for me. Will you have a coca cola or would you rather have tea? Do have some tea! You must be tired, and now you've got this filthy job ahead of you. I don't know whether I'm sorrier for you or myself. You mustn't mind my nonsense. You see, I'm really shy, believe it or not, and I have to keep talking all the time so people won't notice." She interrupted the easy torrent that flowed from her red, red lips to smile charmingly.

On the dresser stood a photograph of a beautiful child of 17, looking with trustful eyes upon a world that was stuffed with wonders. "That's my mother," said Tallulah. "Isn't she lovely? She died at 23, poor darling—when I was born. It's a strange feeling one has about a mother one's never known. I feel always as if I had to protect her against some awful fate that hung over her. And there it was, all finished and done with almost before I began to live.

She began to live in a great white house in Alabama, the idol of her grandfather, who was a United States Senator, and of the grandmother from whom she inherited her height and rarely appropriate name, which means in the language of the Indians, "love-maiden.

She adored her father, but in those early days it was her grandmother who was the center of her existence. She would crawl into bed at night, and sob in terror at the thought that her grandmother might die.

"I was an unaccountable little brat," she says. "One minute I'd be smothering her in a passion of love, and the next minute I'd be shrieking to the heavens in one of my vile tempers. I had an unhealthy curiosity about grown-ups. I never wanted to go out and play. I much preferred to horn in on the conversation of my elders. I'd knock at the door, and when they'd call it, 'Who is it?' I'd say, 'Tallulah!' in this low, husky voice which amused them so that I always had my own way.

"You know, my dear, I've heard the most arrant tripe talked about this voice of mine. I was lunching at a restaurant in London one day, and I heard a woman behind me say: 'Oh yes, my dear, I have it from someone who knows her well. Tallulah Bankhead has spent thousands, literally thousands, to get her voice into that condition. Such an affectation, don't you think?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, it's not an affection but an affliction. As a child I was laid low every other week by one throat disease or another—laryngitis, croup, whooping cough, tonsilitis and a dozen others whose names I can't pronounce. With the result that I acquired this treasure of mine at an early age and have never got rid of it since. Not that I want to get rid of it now. It's turned into something of an asset. But I didn't buy it. And I didn't manufacture it. It was God's free gift to Tallulah!"

Though they were not Catholics, she and her sister were sent to the Convent of the Sacred Heart to be educated. They had been thoroughly spoiled at home, and were consequently incapable of adapting themselves to the restrictions imposed by school life.

Tallulah hated it at first, and when she felt particularly miserable, she would get back at her family by writing them long, pious letters, assuring them that she was

---

Here is Eudora McCloy, (address on request) and some of her work. The crude pen drawing was made before he had any training and the striking story Illustration (worth $100) was made after he took the Federal Home Study Course.

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begins with a hobby for drawing and the ambition to follow through with the right training. Mr. McCloy was thirty years old when he clipped a coupon like the one at the bottom of this ad, and took up the Federal Course. He progressed rapidly, increasing his earnings each year until at the end of five years he was making around $10,000 a year. Read what he wrote us:

"I was not very talented when I entered this training with you people as you certainly know, and I had not even had high school training and I know any one with a love for the work can accomplish even more than I if they will just let you people, the Federal Schools, help them."

"I suppose you remember I opened my own independent commercial art studio and to make a long story short, my earnings are now at the rate of over $10,000 a year."

Send for "Your Future"

If you like to draw—send for book "Your Future" and find out what amazing progress you can make with the right art training. Use the coupon now, giving your name, address, and occupation.

---

June McCoy, the beautiful tall blonde you saw in "Reaching For The Moon," is now established as a screen comedienne.

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These tragic blue eyes belong to a youthful RKO-Pathé starlet who is rapidly gaining fame as a dramatic actress. She has flaming red hair, is 5 ft., 5 in. tall, and weighs 120 lbs. Name below.

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finding a haven in the Catholic religion and intended to become a nun. This would so alarm her grandmother that she would write back, imploring her "blessed child" to do nothing rash, and promising to speak to Daddy about letting her leave school. These letters would bring a snarl of satisfaction to the "blessed child's" lips, and her sense of outrage would be soothed by the consciousness that she had made some one else as uncomfortable as she was herself.

However, she and Eugenia managed to struggle along, though they were never destined to win the blue ribbon for good behavior. One of her most poignant memories is of the closing day exercises, when all the parents sat on the platform, and all the children marched down the aisle, draped in sweet white veils and bearing a lily in their hands.

Bringing up the rear of the procession, walked two small sobbing criminals, black-veiled and lilyless—Eugenia and Tallulah Rankhead. It wasn't for themselves that they were weeping. They'd been had and they were ready to pay for their sins. But there on the platform sat their beloved Daddy, disgraced by his children, probably shuddering in humiliation at the sight of those two black-veiled heads.

Tallulah couldn't bear to look, and yet she couldn't bear not to look. She had to see how he was taking it. Bravely she raised her tear-drenched face and met her father's eyes. Slowly, solemnly, he winked at her. And do you think," she asks, "I was relieved when I saw that angelic wink? Not a bit of it. If he'd played the stern parent, I could have stood it. I'd have probably gone snotty. But his sweetness broke my heart. I lifted up my voice and howled in agony."

When their father was elected to Congress, the girls were transferred to a school in Washington. Tallulah was already stage-struck. She had never thought of being anything but an actress. But she wasn't encouraged. Not that her family objected on principle. They simply didn't take her seriously. Every girl went through the disease sooner or later. It was just that Tallulah had it, as she had everything, in a more violent form than most.

When Rachel Crothers' play, "39 East," came to Washington, Tallulah's grandmother took her to see it. In the car on the way home, the 14-year-old suddenly burst into hysterical tears.

"Now what's the matter?" asked her exasperated relative. "I've taken you to luncheon. I've taken you to the matinee. I've bought you chocolates. Five minutes ago you couldn't contain your ecstasy. Will you tell me what under the blue canopy of heaven you're weeping for now?"

"I want to go on the stage," wailed Tallulah. "Everyone's against me. Nobody understands me. I know I can act as well as the girl in that play!"

A couple of years later one of the fan magazines ran a beauty contest. The twelve winners were to be given jobs in the films. Encouraged by her young stepmother, Tallulah sent in her photograph. Month by month a few of the photos were published, and month by month Tallulah's heart sank lower as hers failed to appear.

She had given up hope that glory would come by that path when she went into a drug store one afternoon for a glass of her favorite cola cola. Idly she began looking through the fan magazines, and on the cover of the one that had run the beauty contest she saw in big black letters the words: "Announcement of Winners!

"Lucky devils!" she sighed as she opened the book to take a critical look at her more fortunate competitors. She pored over picture after picture, trying to discover what these fascinating females had that she lacked.

Having reached the conclusion that No. 3 squinted, and that No. 8's nose was flat and, as for No. 11, well—she was simply an eyesore—Tallulah turned the page. Next moment a wild shriek rang through the store, bringing its terrified occupants to the side of a white-faced girl whose blazing eyes were riveted on a photograph of herself in a fan magazine, above which ran in startling type the legend: WHO IS SHE?

Next Month: How Tallulah Made a Little Noise in New York and a Big One in London.

At ease! Isn't it nice and restful just to look at her? It's Mae Clarke in an informal moment in "The Good Bad Girl."
How to Keep $1,000,000 in Hollywood

Continued from page 23

know about business," is the tribute Walter Morosco pays to his wife, Corinne, like Mary and Ruth Roland, has from the very beginning of her career saved more than three-fourths of her salary.

Ruth Roland probably devotes the most time to keeping her money. "I have always worked towards a definite financial goal," she says in explaining her business success.

"When I got my first job in pictures my life ambition was to save three hundred dollars. When I got that much in the bank I decided I'd better have six hundred, then a thousand. Our tastes naturally grow as we make more money."

"But remember this: your salary stops as soon as you stop working, but your income from investments goes on forever. There is a decided difference between a weekly salary and a real income. This is what most actresses forget. They think they will go on earning their big salaries forever.

"My advice to picture girls who want to have some money when they retire from contract work in pictures is to economize and learn how to invest their money. Most of Ruth's investments are in real estate. She is called the real estate queen of Los Angeles."

"Above all—avoid high-pressure salesmen, men who insist that unless you buy immediately you will miss a big profit. Anything worth buying is worth investigating and can stand your closest scrutiny. It is better to lose the quick 'fortune' and save your money."

"Don't go into debt unless for an investment in property that is a sure thing. Don't go in debt just to buy a new car if your old one will serve just as well. Don't spend your money on non-essentials."

"Ruth has a lot of bonds, but she says they are the kind that are so solid that if they are hit the country will, too. She never plays the stock market.

"Don't let anyone else handle your money unless you have the most absolute faith in them," she told me when I asked what she thought of so many actresses turning their checks over to managers. "An actress cannot attend to every detail of her investments, but she can develop a knowledge of business. The more she deals with business men the more efficient she will become. I didn't know a thing about finance when I started to save on my forty-dollars-a-week salary. But I grasped every opportunity to talk to men whose judgment I respected. I listened to their advice and tried to profit by their experience.

"Newspaper accounts of Broadway beauties who die in poorhouses had a tremendous effect upon Ruth Roland. She very early determined that no such future awaited her. Like Mary and Corinne she advocates saving a nucleus for investment."

"Most actresses spend everything they make and all they can borrow," Ruth emphasizes. "Personally I mortgage your future. I never have done that. And now, though I have most every material thing I want, I am saving up for something beyond Christmas and the future. Life ceases to be worth living when you have no more thrills or reward ahead. In fact, I'm still not content with my own financial status. I am working for an eight thousand dollar a month steady income from my invested principle."

Incidentally, none of these three business women is a gambler. That is, they don't put much stock in luck. "Even when I go to Agua Caliente," Ruth says, "I definitely limit the amount I will risk and figure what I can afford to lose. I only gamble when I feel I have money to spend without getting any return for it."

"Only eight out of the dozen women who have made a million in Hollywood have kept that much. Without an exception they started with nothing. They were all from families of moderate means."

Louise Fazenda, surprisingly enough, for she has never been one of the highest-paid stars, has one of the nicest bank accounts in town.

"My plan has always been to live so that if I never worked another day I could afford to go on living just as I am now," she explained when telling me about her system of handling money.

"Like Ruth Roland, I never considered my weekly salary a regular income. So I regulate my expenses to give myself a nice home, but one that my investments will guarantee permanent. Most girls cannot realize that the grand salaries are going to stop some day. And then, as is so often the case, a contract is not renewed and they are left high and dry with bills and debts galore."

"It is so easy to buy this and charge that when you are a popular woman star. Erroneous coats, butlers, and gold service plates are thrust into your eager hands. To say nothing of fraudulent stocks and bonds and oil and real estate risks."

"A thousand and one "propositions" beckon to the owner of even a moderate amount of wealth—and most of them are worthless. The great problem that the high-salaried woman star has to face is not how to spend her income, but how not to spend it."

"You'll find all kinds of people to tell you how to spend your Hollywood million—after you've made it! But you'd better make an appointment to talk during their business hours with the eight oh-to-sawits! Brainy beauties—Mary, Corinne, Ruth, Norma, Marion, Colleen, Bebe, and Betty—and learn how to keep it."

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KOREMLU CREAM METHOD of permanent hair removal

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The Stage in Review
Continued from page 65

Hair Magic

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a priceless secret—and it's FREE!

Imagine a discovery that transforms dull, lifeless hair into lovely, radiant hair as only a few lucky girls are born with! Yet so subtle is this new loveliness that it seems only to accent the natural sheen of your hair!

Magic? Yes, the magic of just one Golden Glist Shampooing! For Golden Glist is far more than a cleansing, film-removing shampoo! It imparts just the least touch of a tint—ever so little—but how exquisitely it accentuates the natural beauty of your hair! No other shampoo—anywhere like it! 25¢ at your dealers', or send for free sample.

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Would you BELIEVE it?
3 to 4 inches reduction IMMEDIATELY!

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REDUCING BRASSIERE is so dainty that women often wear it over the foundation underthings. It reduces most quickly when worn next to the skin—gives posture trim, youthful figure that the new styles demand. Send your bust measurements—and IMAGINE—It costs only $2.25

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500 Rooms
Home folks will like this hotel

HOTEL
BRETTON HALL
BROADWAY at 86th St.
NEW YORK

What'll You Bet
Continued from page 25

Oh!” Julie looked wildly about for the porter or some one who could eject the maniac from her section.

“Here, let me show you the picture. It was taken at the wedding!”

As Julie searched again for the porter, he drew from the wallet a snap-shot, postcard size, and laid it on her palm. The girl glanced down at it. Her mouth and eyes got like little circles.

It was a photograph of a boy about ten, in a miniature dress suit; and a girl a year or so younger, wearing a bridal costume of white.

“That's me on this side,” he said, pointing.

Julie looked up at Wally's grinning face. “Why—you can't be—Wally Lindsay!”

“Who says I can’t?”

“But you're—you're so big—and good-looking!” Her features were alight as she glanced at the snapshot again.

“That Tom Thumb wedding!” There was a lovely gurgle of mirth. “My goodness! I'd almost forgotten it!”

Wally grinned. “And—do I win my bet?”

Her cheeks turned quite pink. “I'm—I'm afraid you do!” she murmured. And that, as any mathematician could figure out, required two kisses.

Have you entered the SCREENLAND Star Shadow Contest?
How good is your memory? How well do you know your favorite stars?
See Page 68 in this issue!
Back copies of our July and August issues, each containing a set of Star Shadows, are available.
A COMPLAINT

Clothes may not make the man, but they certainly are a redeeming feature to many of the male actors on the talking screen; in fact, if it were not for the sartorial splendor of many of them, they would otherwise be a flop.

When you consider the galaxy of beautiful women on the stage and their remarkable acting, it is a disappointment that there are so many unattractive men playing opposite them. Many a good picture in recent months has been in a great measure spoiled by the lack of good looks on the part of the hero. In many cases it is not a lack of histrionic ability, but a lover worthy of the beauty of most of the actresses would make the pictures more satisfying.

Let's have more of the "he-man" type. Give us some square-shouldered, smooth-shaven, handsome men like the writers picture in fiction.

Martin Smith
Mount Vernon, Indiana.

COLLEGIATE RELAXATION

Since the perfection of the talkie a marked increase in the interest of the thousands of men and women attending American schools and universities has become evident. Time was when the mention of the word "movie" was synonymous with a form of unintelligent entertainment. Nowadays, the high degree of technical and artistic efficiency has converted even the most exacting. With the general trend toward the talking picture as the most successful medium of enjoyment has gone the student who seeks relaxation after a grind for an exam, oblivion before one, or just an evening of pleasant inactivity. He has the widest imaginable range of choice, from the voice of Tibbett to the hiccough of Chaplin. He finds all kinds of plays and players. Above all, he goes to admire his chosen star. These are just a few of the reasons why the college man prefers the movies!

Ellis Jandron,
20 Randolph,
Harvard College,
Cambridge, Mass.

SHE COMES TO PRAISE

It seems to me too much is said about the faults of the movies and not enough about the good points. It is evident that many directors struggle to do wonders with bad stories and temperamental stars, and sometimes their work is ill-appreciated.

The year 1930 saw many good pictures—some very fine musical talkies and for some reason the public did not take to these and gave the producers such headaches that they started producing old silents into talkies.

Most of the folks who are starring bring Hoots and Hoorays
Continued from page 97

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Most of the folks who are starring bring

Charles Atlas

CHARLES ATLAS

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I've helped thousands of men—young and old—underweight and overweight—weaklings and even "strong men" and other physicial directors who wanted my kind of Muscle Power. Now I'll show you my quick, sure way to rebuild yourself a new body and make a "new man" of yourself.

Spending just a few minutes a day in your own home, doing what I tell you, without tricky apparatus, starving or Goreing, using only my natural methods of Dynamic-Tension—IN ONE WEEK you begin to SEE and FEEL the difference in your body condition and physical appearance.

And my methods will dig down into your system, balancing out ailments as constipation, simple, skin blisters and the others that do you out of the good things and good time of life. Your new health, pep and vigor will show even in your eyes, your hair, and the way you carry yourself. If you're timid and bashful, you lose all that—have a new more fearless personality—you become a NEW MAN!

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Why, Ronnie! But it's all for art. This scene with Estelle Taylor and Ronald Colman is from "The Unholy Garden." Estelle also has one of the most important roles in "Street Scene."

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
us youth and give us much entertainment—the few who get into jams do not concern us. On the whole, we are given a good deal for our money 8 times out of 10 and I can truthfully say, I like all the stars and most of the pictures.

Henrietta M. Saul,
5979-A Park Ave.,
Montreal, Que.

A TRIBUTE TO CLARA

If the producers will give Clara Bow a chance she will come through again. If they put her in a worthwhile picture people will stop slamming her, I'm sure. They'll talk about her no doubt, but it will be about her great performance and not her latest escapade.

Don't think that I am a Clara Bow fan—because I'm not—but I do feel sorry for her and I think she can act, if given the opportunity.

Angela Lang,
209 Bay State Road,
Boston, Mass.

LISTEN, PRODUCERS!

I believe the reason for the failure of many talking pictures with singing in them lies in the fact that the songs introduced are just incidental. In the audience the feeling is: "Well, well! We never thought So-and-So could sing." At that, we weren't far wrong.

Why not more all-music shows, with real stars warbling in their best manner? Seems to me a performance of "Carmen" would be gorgeous on the screen; and wouldn't it be fine to resurrect some Gilbert and Sullivan operas?

I'm sure film versions of these and other old favorites would make good listening, as well as seeing... provided there was not too much we-learned-to-sing-quick work among the stars.

There are millions of us music-lovers. We're all counting more and more on motion picture houses for entertainment. Can't we have some all-music shows, well sung?

Mildred Macmorine,
938 S. Arapahoe St.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

UNTouched SOURCES OF LITERATURE

The amazing fact, relative to the screen industry's labored, ill-adviced endeavors to satisfy the public taste, is that so many rich sources for true intellectual entertainment have been ignored. I am, of course, expressing the viewpoint of that vast reserve audience which the Hollywood pandemoniums must inevitably turn to with deeper concern.

The immortal stories of Dickens, for example, unexcelled in engrossing character portrayal and unique setting; Scott's colorful, romantic tales (Kenilworth and Ivan—
Taking him for a ride! Mrs. Ken Maynard is about to go off on a canter with Ken—and he can’t show her a thing about horsemanship—neigh, neigh!

MEMORIES
I’m all set and ready to go back to Europe after staying in this country for five years. But one thing worries me—how am I going to live in my little village without being able to see the movies?

Of course, they make pictures in my country, too, but my, what pictures! After seeing the wonders of American films, the pioneer work of my own country will be shocking, I know. And even this, I won’t be able to see because there is not a single theatre in that village.

Well, what am I going to do about it? I guess I will take all the pictures of my favorite players with me, so that when I get lonely, I may look at them and remember the good times I had, watching their enchanting figures flashing across the silver screen.

Stella Gutowski, 1600 Tennessee St., Gary, Indiana.

MOVIE MUSINGS
I wonder—
If Will Rogers will continue to be humorous as long as he lives.
Why we all wouldn’t have been born as beautiful as Billie Dove.
Why we can’t see Mary Brian as much as we please.
If Gary Cooper could laugh out loud.
If Clara Bow has been on a recent diet.
If Loretta Young is as sweet and innocent as she appears.

Why we all can’t be in the movies, even to play as maids or butlers.
Mrs. J. S. Hamilton, 709 Algorg Street, Houston, Texas.

WANTS ’EM CLEAN
Doesn’t good, clean comedy (and I mean real comedy) draw crowds just as large as, and larger than, sexy pictures? Doesn’t exciting dramas, doesn’t a mystery picture, doesn’t a kid picture—don’t they all please the public in a big way? Certainly such pictures have a better moral influence on individuals.


OUCH!
I like Gary Cooper and Ronald Colman and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., best of the male actors because they don’t sing.
Mrs. J. A. McCullough, Aida, Nebraska.

DOWN WITH CRIME!
Just keep on making more pictures like “Skippy,” “The Millionaire,” “Daddy Long Legs,” and oh! so many others of the restful pictures. What a relief for us grown-ups after reading all the grief in the newspapers, to go to the movies and not have a “Scandal Sheet” review glare at us from the screen.

We go to the movies to relax and to be amused, and like children enjoy being transported to realms where crude realities of life do not seem to exist. So give us more of the Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, George Arliss and Harold Lloyd type of pictures. Is that asking too much?
Anna H. Prochnow, 4003 Park Avenue, Tacoma, Wash.

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We build, strengthen the vocal organ—not with singing lessons—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct silent exercises—and absolutely guarantee to improve any singing or speaking voice at least 100% ... Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 years unless signed by parent.

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A GENTLEMEN'S HALL OF FAME

For his consistently good performances—Robert Armstrong.
For the most fascinating voice—Paul Lukas.
For genuine acting ability—Richard Barthelmess.
For youthful charm and vitality—Robert Montgomery.
For his humorous characterizations—Wallace Beery.
For his likeable sincerity—Clark Gable.
For My Favorite—Lew Ayres.
Mrs. Leon Willard, Grundy Center, Iowa.

Eddie Cantor is a "swell guy" and I wish he would give us another picture like "Whoopie." "Whoopie" was absolutely the best picture I've ever seen. A picture like that is a sure cure for the blues. In these times of depression when so many people are blue and unhappy the colorful gaiety of "Whoopie" cheers us up. These numerous gangster pictures just remind of the terrible crime wave that is sweeping our country. I'm sure the fans would rather look at Ziegfeld's beautiful glorified girls than the mean, ugly looking men of "The Secret Six."

Ernest Carpenter,
Helena, Missouri.

A WHOOP FOR "WHOOPEN" 

While reading the letters written by the readers of this magazine I find that very few if any are about Eddie Cantor. I think

UNSOOPHISTICATED MARY

I'm not wise in the ways of the world yet, but please let me say a few things con-

The movies seem to agree with little Helen Hayes. She's all set to match her long-standing stage reputation with an equally high one on the screen. You'll see her in "Lullaby."
Screen News

**Continued from page 91**

Winnie Lightner, the lucky girl, went out on the Warner lot recently and found herself the owner of a grand new dressing-room-on-wheels. It's all done in soft brown tones, with wicker furniture, and it has a living room, bedroom and kitchen, frigidaire and all, with even a cook on hand to make up Winnie's favorite lunches. Winnie says she's tempted to go in for recipes now.

 Evalyn Knapp grew a little alarmed recently over a loss in weight that has put her in the 100 pound class. So she decided maybe her fellow-player in "Side Show," Ann Magruder, who weighs a mere 880, could tell her what to do about it. But Ann told her the only way to get fat was to eat plenty of potatoes and refuse work. "Now what kind of advice is that for a lady what's trying to get ahead?" sighs Evalyn disconsolately.

 We hope Evalyn's recovery from the effects of her recent accident is going to continue coming along fast.

 Novarro can brag of being one of the few continual successes in Hollywood for ten years. Many stars have staged come-backs, as Ramon Novarro, but Ramon goes on forever. It was just ten years ago that this young Mexican made his first hit in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Now he has directed and acted in, and is a more successful star than ever. Moreover, he is to burst forth as the author of his next picture which he has been planning for a four months vacation to write. He has decided upon Europe for this literary interval.

 Louise Brooks gave us a flutter by wearing dashing evening pajamas on the dance floor at the Coconut Grove recently. Genevieve Tobin wears them for tennis, and pretty well all the stars wear them now for house dresses or home-dinner parties.

 Marjorie King, until recently of Broadway, seems to be casting very favorable eyes upon Lawrence Gray. Larry being considered highly eligible. He has a gorgeous singing voice.

 Well, that's nice. Dietrich says Garbo is her favorite actress. Garbo says Dietrich is her favorite actress. But still, at this writing, they haven't met.

 Pola Negri likewise insists Garbo is her favorite actress. "I knew her first in Hollywood when she was a nobody, taught her screen make-up, and was her first woman friend here, so I feel she is my protege," says Pola fondly.

 Watch out for Nora Gregor! Nora has just made a stage appearance with Doug Fairbanks, Jr. In spite of her Scotch name, which, she smiles, must have come down through some Scotch ancestor, Nora is Austrian. She made a great hit in Max Reinhardt productions in Germany and Austria, and was also a success in Berlin films. Hollywood brought her here a year ago to appear in German versions of films, and then she went back, still not knowing English.

 M.G.M. fetched Nora Gregor back for more German pictures, but she stopped off for six weeks in Michigan and learned English—lovely, soft, entrancing English in six weeks! Some of us don't achieve it in years. So directly she arrived, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., selected her as his leading lady for the stage play, "The Man in Possession." Her triumph was instantaneous. She's adorable. Tallie is not, exactly pretty, but brimming with a gay sort of radiance that is better than any beauty. She is married to an orchestra leader in Berlin, and has something of the Garbo-Dietrich effect on one, but is less subtle-looking. Her father was an Austrian landowner, who lost it all in the war.

 "So although my father did not approve of the stage for me, I was the only one who could help support the family," she tells gaily, as though that were the best bit of luck. She is a clever musician, singer.

cerning my favorite star. Could anyone be sweeter than Mary Brian? I was never really interested in actresses, but after seeing Mary I wanted to read about her. Please don't make me Mary sophisticado—though I doubt whether anyone could. She is just about the only sweet but very peppery girl in Hollywood! We need her for refreshing our minds after the very sophisticated pictures.

 Lillian Gish, Rt. 28, Salem, Ore.

 STAR-GAZING

 Below are the six great unknowns who will eventually win their way to stardom in the near future on the screen:

 1. Clark Gable. Like the late Valentino, he will some day gain a part like Julio in "The Four Horsemen" and become the screen's leading personality. 2. Sally Elters. Just as potent as the great Mabel Normand, producers do not recognize her true worth. Relegated to small parts, at last Miss Elters shines brilliantly as the gangster's moll in "Quick Millions." 3. Karen Morley. Surprisingly great as the suicide in Garbo's last picture "Inspiration." A younger Chatterton in the making.


 Dick J. Ablate, 630 Mary Street, Utica, N. Y.

 A FOUR-G COMBINATION

 I want to tell you movie managers that you are making a big mistake in not letting Gavin Gordon act with Greta Garbo. Many people are wondering why that wonderful couple aren't acting together again. Here's to Gavin Gordon and Greta Garbo!

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dancer, and is about 24 years of age. Her full name is Leonaora, hence the Nora. "But Duse has made that name so famous I could not use it, could I?" she asked with pretty satiété. Not a bit up-stage—as yet.

Jack Dempsey is reported to be escorting Pauline Garon around a good deal in Reno these days.

Joan Bennett isn't doing so badly. Of course her pay only amounts to about $2 a minute as against the $12, but Richard Bennett's babies are coming along nicely in the business world. Richard himself manages to have daily arguments with temperamental Connie on the Warner Brothers set of "Bought," in which they both play. They rub each other the wrong way most of the time, and both have well-developed egos. I can remember when Richard used to brag he wasn't "training" his girls at all—thought it best to let 'em train themselves. They have!

Billie Dove has bought an airplane and secured a pilot's license from the U. S. Government. It seems the artful Dove has been taking her lessons secretly, and has already made numerous solo flights. I can remember when Billie drove her brother, Billy's old Fokker. Billie has just started in on "The Age for Love" with Charles Starrett for her leading man. Eddie Horton is also in it.

Of course the pet song in Billie's hearing these days is "Oh, Had I the Wings of a Dove!"

Clara Bow, just before leaving for Nevada, told us if she ever married anybody it would be Rex Bell, who "is working so hard to make good in pictures." However, Clara added that she isn't engaged to any one just at present. Her rest did her lots of good. She dyed her hair a pale blonde, and not a soul recognized her when she went shopping on the boulevard. That's all very well—but a blonde Clara just isn't Clara!

While Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck are vacationing in Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. Warner Baxter will rent their jolly cottage on the beach at Malibu.

Can you imagine two lovely sirens in mother roles? Estelle Taylor will be the mother in the picture version of "Street Scene," and Frances Starr is somebody's mother in "Five Star Final." Both girls have no end of fun making all the men on the sets pay them a lot of attention to prove they are as young as they ever were. Estelle says she has become Hays-conscious. Every time she hears a naughty word on the stage, now, it makes her shudder.

Anna May Wong and Susse Hayakawa are having some nice arguments over the Chinese film they are being co-starred in. Yes, see, Susse is Japanese, and so when he appeared in a gorgeous Japanese kimono, Anna said it was very, very beautiful but it wasn't Chinese, and did Susse remember he was supposed to be a Chinaman in the story? Susse doesn't like criticism—nay, nay!

Anna's dad has retired from the Chinese laundry but has no intention of living with any Anna. So when Anna takes a grand new house, mama, two sisters and four brothers will occupy it with Anna, while Dad will remain aloof. Such a successful daughter proves embarrassing to a good Chinaman who has always ruled his family.

While Bebe Daniels is in retirement awaiting the stork, which is due before very long, she and Ben have gone to Hono-

lulu, where Bebe is working on some original stories for the screen which she has had in mind for years. So if pre-natal influences mean anything, the baby Lyon will have a literary rather than a dramatic trend, eh what?

Walter Huston may live at the grand Beverly-Wilshire hotel, but he says he has to get up in the morning long before respectable people think of arising to life's tyrannies. By seven he has breakfasted, fussed with the car, and made the long drive to the First National studios, when his dramatic sorrows begin. Worrying about the picture, posing for stills, arguing over dictation, placating publicity men with visiting foreign dignitaries, gabbing platitudes to people who don't understand English and going home to bed, and then luncheon, with everybody asking him a million questions. Then back on the set, hanging around for lighting adjustments and so on until the he gets off at 6 P. M. he's lucky. Then dinner, and going over the day's letters with his secretary. Then study for the next day's scenes.

"Say, when do people ever have time to make whoopee in Hollywood?" he moans.

Nils Asther has a new job and a new home as well as a new baby, and his mother is visiting him from Sweden. Vivian Duncan and the new baby just arrived to bless the new home.

We all Hailed Columbia when Harry and Jack Cohn, producers, published the statement that they would not reduce salaries or fire employees, but would find other methods of reducing the overhead and fighting the depression.

Anyway, some people are getting salary raises. Six young players who have made good get brand new contracts with Warner Bros. Marian Marsh, James Cagney, Loretta Young, Donald Cook and Polly Walters, having all been extra bright children in recent success stories, get $12,000, $8,000 for burning their old contracts and starting on new rich ones.

By the time this appears in print Bill Powell and Carole Lombard should be honeymooning in France. It is confidently stated that the young couple is sure to be wed, as Bill is doing so nicely now.

Josephine Dunn and her spouse, Clyde (oil) Greathouse are accusing each other of most unpleasant behavior, even unto making rude remarks about each other's religion. And, if you please, Josephine managed to look absurdly like Garbo in court, and many fans mistook her for that famous one!

Some husbands like it. Anyway, Lilyan Tashman bought and furnished a new home before Eddie knew a nickel about it, and he vows it was a delightful surprise.

Norman Taurog, the director, has been telling how he manages all those kids in films like "Skippy." It seems he psyches them and then coaxes or jeers accordingly. But now they know his little tricks. Ibn Searl, Mitzi Green, Brace Line, et al. may start psyching Taurog—and then the beans will be spilled!

Wally Beery has just collected on a note for $10,900, due over two years ago. Can't call that depression. Wally is liable to be touched for some little loan these days.

Ruth Chatterton says she was reduced to her last $8 before she finally secured her
So difficult to believe good old Marie Dressler is 60 years of age! You should see how stunning, and positively dignified, she looks in her fancy pajamas! Of course she only wears these 'round the house, but she looks really graceful in them. Such is the value of stage training in movement.

Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks, Sr., cashed in on some of the symptoms hospitality they have entertained their European friends with in Hollywood. While in England they were the house guests of Lord and Lady Mountbatten at their country place. It was there Mary was able to show off the lovely Rolls-Royce Doug had bought for her in England. These two are planning another trip to Norway and Sweden soon, but Mary says she will make another picture first if she can find a good story.

As no one took any hints, Adolphe Menjou presented himself with a handsome cigarette case on his birthday, inscribed: "To Adolphe on his birthday from his greatest admirer, Adolphe Menjou."

A little girl named Helen Johnson was considered a star discovery by Paramount, after her work in "The Vice Squad." Now "Johnson" has little lure in the bright lights, so she was persuaded to change her name to Judith Woods, under which she has been signed for a long term contract. All the same Judith (Helen) has already had a long career, arriving, on that first upward fight, to the role of Conrad Nagel's wife in "Divorcee." Her new career really began with "It Pays to Advertise" when she was the hogs' respective; but the 'Vice Squad' is the first picture under the new contract terms before the picture was released. Judith is also a clever artist, sculptor and designer. And she once toured with Sessie Hayakawa in "Broken Blossoms" in vaudeville.

Truth about Cosmetics

Continued from page 92

buff your nails, rather than to liquid-polish them, you can have your equipment for $1.35.

The trick of the Culver system is this. After doing the usual shaping of the nails, and removing the old polish, you use the nail liquid to soften the cuticle. It works all by its little self, assisted by any other whitener, softener, or such, and leaves the cuticle so that all the excess can be readily rubbed off and whitens the nail tips. But the big thing is the way you use that Nail Liquid, and here is where the little known

Write to the Stars as follows:

Continued from page 96

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.
William Collier, Jr. * Bert Lytell
Constance Cummings Joan Peers
Richard Cromwell Dorothy Revier
Jack Holt Loretta Sayers
Buck Jones Barbara Stanwyck
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Charley Chase Harry Langdon
Mickey Daniels Stan Laurel
Oliver Hardy Our Gang
Ed Kennedy ZaSu Pitts
Mary Kornman Thelma Todd

Educational Studios, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.
Marjorie Beebe Eleanor Hunt
Ann Christy Patsy O'Leary
Andy Clyde Eddy Dowling
Harry Gibbon Lincoln Stedman
Nick Stuart

Sono Art World Wide, Metropolitan Studios, 1041 Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Cal.
Ruth Roland Edward Everett

Educational Studios, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

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$—ALWAYS HAVE LUCK!$
Baby Veteran

Joan Marsh "comes back"—at eighteen!

By Betty Boone

WHEN you think of "come-backs" you think of middle-aged persons who have surmounted failure to find success in their mature years, don't you? Well, imagine staging a real come-back at the ripe and glorious age of eighteen!

That's what Joan Marsh is doing. Ten years ago she left the screen, a dimpled, golden-curled, chubby little girl. At the advanced age of eight she turned her little back upon a very real success in order to go to school.

Joan's "come-back" doesn't involve the surmounting of failure. She left the screen at the very peak of her little-girl career. But it does mean the surmounting of a forced retirement. The wisdom of a father and a mother, not the fancy of a fickle public, caused Joan's disappearance from pictures when she was in demand in every studio in Hollywood.

"I was getting smart and terribly proud of myself," Joan laughed, remembering the little girl whom she had been, "I liked to show off before other children. Being in pictures went completely to my silly little head. So Dad and Mother decided that it was time for me to quit."

Joan's Dad is Charles Rosher, one of the most famous cameramen in Hollywood. So Joan, born Nancy Ann Rosher, was reared almost literally in the shadow of a camera. The studio was her day nursery.

"I made my first picture when I was nine months old," Joan went on. "Dad was the cameraman for the picture and Mother had brought me to the studio to visit him. The director saw me and insisted that I be the baby they needed in the picture. So Dad gave his consent. Because Dad was turning the camera—in those days they didn't have electric ones—I felt at home, I suppose. They say that I laughed and cooed and held out my arms and did everything they wanted me to do. That was the beginning of my first career."

So Joan went from one picture to another. Looking at her today, it is very easy to imagine what a cuddly baby she must have been. She played in many of the Mary Pickford pictures, sometimes being one of the pathetic little ragamuffins, sometimes all dressed up in tiny fur coats and bonnets.

Joan has wanted to be an actress ever since she has been old enough to want anything.

"When I was little, I used to sit and watch Mary Pickford and the other stars and sigh and hope that some day I would be a big star, too. When the children in the neighborhood asked me over to meet their visiting cousins, pointing me out proudly because I was in pictures, I used to tell myself that some day I would be the famousest actress on the screen!"

Then came the Waterloo of all these childish plans. Down firmly came two parental feet, four in fact, and all requests for Joan's services were refused. Joan was put into school and her picture career, so far as her parents were concerned, was ended, finished, completed!

"But I didn't lose hope, not for one moment," Joan laughed, "I had to obey Mother and Dad and give it up, but I knew that I would come back to it some day."

That chance for which she was waiting came a little more than a year ago, when she had finished high school. Joan faced the issue with her parents, and won. The main reason for her winning was not the force of her arguments but the very important fact that she went out and got herself a job! "After eight years away from it all I was scared to death," she says. "And talking pictures were all new to me. Everything was changed and different. My first real job in my 'come-back' was posing for publicity pictures and posters. While I was doing that, I used to drift around to the various stages and watch the companies working. They gave me a special pass so that I might do it. And, believe me, I learned a lot."

Now Joan has signed a long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Her second career is well started. The first step is finished and she is ready to start on the second. She's Culver City's prize new blonde!
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Now then! All ordinary rouge blots out glow. On the contrary Princess Pat rouge imparts glow—even to palest complexes. The wonderful color you achieve seems actually to come from within the skin. It is sparkling, as youth is sparkling. It is suffused, modulated. It blends as a natural blush blends, without definition, merging with skin tones so subtly that only beauty is seen—"painty" effects never.

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The Smart Screen Magazine

Alma Whitaker, Western Editor
Frank J. Carroll, Art Director

October, 1931

THIS MONTH'S PROGRAM

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- COVER PORTRAIT OF JOAN CRAWFORD
- MARRIED THE MODERN WAY
- MOVIE OPENING NIGHT ON BROADWAY
- CONSTANCE BENNETT IN "BOUGHT!"
- BUDDY IS A BIG BOY NOW
- WHO'S WHOSE IN HOLLYWOOD
- TALLULAH, HERSELF!
- THEIR FAVORITE GHOST STORIES
- PUPS IN BOOTS

PERSONALITIES:
- SEE THE BIG MASK AND MURAL MAN AT WORK!
- DUMB LIKE A FOX!
- POLA IS BACK—TO STAY?
- THE NEW MR. AND MRS.
- TEMPERAMENT?
- HE WAS "RUGGLES OF RED-EYE,"
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- REMEMBER HER?
- SHE'S NEW!

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- GLIMPSES OF MANY LANDS
- PORTRAITS: Joan Bennett, Lewis Stone, Philip Holmes, Betty Lawford, Nola Astor, Gloria Swanson, Marie Dressler

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- Guide to Current Films
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Of course you know The Smart Screen Magazine is noted for its unusual and interesting portraits. You know that every layout is exciting—that, besides giving you Hollywood's latest news, interviews, and reviews, we present the living Beauty of the screen. But you have a treat awaiting you in the next, the November issue of Screenland. We can't give the whole show away now—but we can promise you this: that the next number will be a revelation. Read Screenland for its different editorial content. Enjoy it for its pictorial charm.

Watch for the next—
the November Number!

Printed in the U. S. A.

for October 1931

The MARX BROTHERS

Stars of
"THE COCOANUTS" and
"ANIMAL CRACKERS"

Directed by Norman McLeod

in "MONKEY BUSINESS"

Celebrate Paramount's 20th Birthday Jubilee!

Paramount is celebrating 20 years of leadership with the greatest pictures in its history! Watch for "24 Hours," "A Farewell to Arms," "No One Man," "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," and many stars in Harold Lloyd, George Bancroft, Marlene Dietrich, Ruth Chatterton and others in the greatest pictures of their careers.

L AUGHING days are here again! With that famous frenzied foursome, The Marx Brothers, in a new madhouse of merriment—"MONKEY BUSINESS." It's the first of the great pictures in Paramount Jubilee Month when leading theatres everywhere will feature Paramount for announcements. "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best!"

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REVUETTES

Pick the winners! Read these Revuettles for the best screen bets

Class A:

★ ALEXANDER HAMILTON. Warner Brothers. George Arliss scores again with his remarkable portrayal of Alexander Hamilton. The picture is well directed and Doris Kenyon and June Collyer are excellent.


★ CHANCES. First National. An interesting war picture. Two brothers in love with the same girl—more war. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., turns in a neat performance.

DADDY LONG LEGS. Fox. A pleasant relief from racketeer films, a thin Cinderella story. "A whole family!" Janet Gaynor and Warner Oland in their roles with great sincerity.

RICH. Paramount. Take the kiddies good time with Mitzi Green, Edna Unger, and Louise Fazenda. It's O-Puhit. A sparkling, sophisti-
cated philandering husband and a "and Robert Ames handle the whole cast is good.

O-Puhit. This film force of Constable is makes a charmin-

SON OF INDIA. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. This is something! Ramon Novarro, as an East Indian who loves an American girl. Nice romance with Ramon at his best, and you'll be talking about Madge Evans.*

THE SQUAW MAN. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. You've seen this one in silent form and you'll enjoy it with speech. Lupe Velez, Warner Baxter, Eleanor Boardman and Roland Young acquire themselves admirably.

YOUNG AS YOU FEEL. Fox. Another hilarious Will Rogers classic. Will is teamed with Pits Dorrery again. Lucien Littlefield deserves honorable mention.

Let SCREENLAND help you select the pictures to see or not to see. Give careful attention to our seal of approval films. See Page 96 for complete casts of current films.

Class B:

SON OF THE PLAINS. Syndicate. A Western with a plot, express robbery, fighting, and riding. Bob Custer is the big bad man.

A HOLE TERROR. Fox. A new type of Western with the hero a famous pool player. George O'Brien is good as the hard-riding hero and Sally Eilers is the girl.

ANNABELLE'S AFFAIRS. Fox. Good fare notably because of Jeanette MacDonald's performance. Victor McLaglen, Joyce Compton and Roland Young keep things proped up, too.*

ARE YOU THERE? Fox. A ridiculous face with music and with Beatrice Lillie, of the stage, as the star.

A WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE. RKO-Puhit. The only thing new about this spy drama is the cast. Helen Twelvetrees is appealing as the heroine. William Bakewell, ZaSu Pitts and H. B. Warner contribute interesting performances.*


CALL OF THE ROCKIES. Syndicate Exchange, Inc. A silent film about the pioneer days, with a talking sequence as an introduction. Ben Lyon and Marie Prevost are the love angle.

CHILDREN OF DREAMS. Warner Brothers. This one is from the old theme-sung days and not so good, either. Marion Shilling, Paul Gregory and Marion Byron are the principals.


FIVE AND TEN. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Marion Davies is surprisingly good in a dramatic role. A good cast including Leslie Howard, Mary Duncan, Kent Douglas, Irene Rich and Richard Bennett, and a good story.*

GOLDIE. Fox. Spencer Tracy and Warren Hymer in a rough and rowdy sailor comedy. Jean Harlow is the S. A.*

HUSH MONEY. Fox. A tame gangster yarn with Joan Bennett, Owen Moore, Myrna Loy and Hurdle Hickey doing capable work.*

 Reviewed in this issue.

★ These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of SCREENLAND's seal of approval.

(Continued on page 118)
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Canadian List prices, freight to be added. Custom models 8-98A: 5-pass, 2-door Brougham $1695; Business Man's Coupe $1895; Convertible Cabriole $1975; 4-door Full Sedan $1975; Convertible Phaeton Sedan $2125; 7-pass. Sedan $2325. All Custom Models include Free Wheeling. Standard models 8-98: 5-pass, 2-door Brougham $1405; 4-door Full Sedan $1475; Convertible Cabriole $1545; Convertible Phaeton Sedan $1695; Business Man's Coupe $1875; 7-pass. Sedan $1975. AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA. Prices subject to change without notice.

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FIRST PRIZE LETTER

There is something new and very favorable to be said for talking pictures. A few weeks ago I attended a showing of "Trader Horn." Next to me, having chosen her seat with evident thought, sat a blind girl—totally blind. She enjoyed the performance as much as I. She heard the lion's roar, men's voices, a woman's scream—knew the bush of the audience—knew, indeed, that a lion was attacking a woman in the picture, though her eyes saw nothing.

Certainly no one can deny that talking films have opened a broad and thoroughly enjoyable field to the countless "shut-off" blind people that live somehow in our large and uncaring cities.

Mrs. Chas. Brown,
342 West 58th St.,
New York City.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

I suggest that films for children be shown either at different hours or (in large centers) in a special children's theatre. I agree that adult films are not for youngsters. Yet adults need more realism, not less. We need to de-bunk criminals, gangsters, politicians and "ex-mistresses." We need to be shown the abuses hidden behind the grim walls of orphanages and prisons.

Adults need films like "The Finger Points," "Illicit" and "Paid." Also, we need to look beyond our three-dimensional world in such splendid films as "Outward Bound."

I have long felt that the screen has neglected the whole field of mythology, fairy stories, folk lore, Indian, and anjinal stories, which I'd go to—even if my hair is white.

A. Follett Brown,
58 Colburn Road,
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER

At last someone realizes the dire necessity of more men in Hollywood! But in spite of the fact that SCREENLAND was the first to comprehend and publish the situation, I'm only fifty per cent satisfied. The article, New Men Wanted in Hollywood, has made known the dearth of the male sex in filmland. But that's all it has done! Why hasn't it given a suggestion to remedy the situation? I'm compelled to believe there is none.

Hollywood is over-supplied with women, too many women! The task of enumerating even a portion of the great many female stars is too large a job for me to undertake. Can you explain the over-supply of women actors? The lack of male stars? How do so many girls crash the gate that leads to the screen? There are hundreds of ways that lead a girl before the camera, and the most popular medium is the beauty contest.


Come on, you fans—get your movie impressions off your chests! Let's hear your hoorays for the good and your hoots for the not so good! But write sincerely and constructively, whether praising or blaming. There's a $20 prize for the best letter each month, and additional prizes of $15, $10 and $5. Letters should be no more than 150 words and should reach us by the 10th of each month. Address Hoots and Hoorays, SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., New York City.

Gilbert? Can you tell us? I'm sure your audience would welcome such an article.

That article has started the ball rolling; don't stop it by dropping the subject.

John J. Bates,
582 Public St.,
Providence, R. I.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER

Fellow Bow fans, let's start a world-wide Clara Bow club, to support and defend our great little idol in an organized and systematic way. Then by pressure of concerted action and numbers, we can influence the producers, the public, and otherwise help Clara to solve her problems. Let's give her an organized army, all her own, to fight her battles and do her worrying for her.

But without one cent or one single obligation on Clara's part. Let's be unselfish, as she is, and restore her faith in humanity and stand by her till perdition pops. It will cost us only nominal dues for club expenses, including secretary (secretary NOT to be Daisy Devoe.) Then just let somebody try to snub our Clara.

Who will start it? Editor of SCREENLAND? Sydney Valentine? Clara is loyal to her fans. Let's be loyal to her, and heal her broken heart. All Aboard!

M. B. Butler,
Box 154,
Taft, Calif.

A NEW NORM FOR NORMA!

Chalk up another big hit for Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul." She was superb as she is in everything she does. But the trouble is, she usually does the same thing. She flutters gaily through her many successes (in the newest frocks), playing one free soul after another.

Now I am sure that Norma Shearer fans (and they are legion) agree that her roles are becoming too standardized. "The Divorcee," "A Free Soul," "Strangers May Kiss," "Let Us Be Gay"—in fact all of them bear the same general theme throughout. Believe it or not, Norma is getting a little bit too gay for her own good.

We want to see her in other types of pictures for a change. Interesting stories built around the middle walks of life; pictures of a quiet country-side. Give us adobe Norma in new and different roles.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Joe Miller,
423 N. Pine St.,
Charlotte, N. C.

A BOW GESTE

Clara Gordon Bow—a beautiful, dynamic young woman who, despite the not-to-be-envied handicaps of a childhood filled with squalor and suggestive "mud-slinging" via (Continued on page 92)
Frank! Powerful! Realistic! A heart-stirring cross-section of modern life that fairly hammers on the emotions. A sweeping drama of pathos and passion—betrayal and betrayal—honor and hypocrisy—with lives and loves sacrificed to the Juggernaut of newspaper circulation. Greatest picture of the year—with the outstanding screen actor of the day, and a powerful supporting cast.

Edw. G. Robinson

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
SeVEN years ago, after his picturesque English home in Beverly Hills was completed, Lew Cody issued invitations for his first corned-beef-and-cabbage dinner party.

With the menu in mind, Cody had built in a special cellar dining room, so as not to spoil the effect of the roses in the drawing room.

Since then delivery boys have made a well worn path to the Cody service entrance—carrying Hollywood's plumpest cabbages and choicest portions of corned beef.

Apparently no one ever turns down an invitation to one of the famous dinners. Before departing, each guest leaves his signature on the autographed door. There must be close to a thousand well known names on the door now and Cody is directing handwriting talent to a second door in the interesting cellar room.

Gloria Swanson's prescribed diet (which did not include the items of beef and cabbage) did not keep her away from a recent dinner given by Cody. She arrived with a workman's lunch kit and when the guests were all seated, opened the tin box and put on a gas mask, through which she slowly munched two sprigs of celery and a pared apple.

Red checkered tablecloths and napkins are used for these dinners. The china plates are half an inch thick and the mugs for coffee are large and heavy. Candles are used for lighting. Guests come in full formal attire, in sports clothes, or straight from the studio in make-up.

"We use small brown paper sacks for the menus, written in black crayon," said Cody, who is constantly thinking up new novelties to make his parties more interesting.

The first course is a garlic salad. A thick slice of onion is placed on a leaf of lettuce. Then a thick slice of orange tops the onion and the whole is garnished with garlic dressing.

Early in the morning on the day of one of these dinner parties, Cody's cook starts a huge pan simmering, Twelve heads of cabbage. Ten pounds of corned beef. The mixture is cooked slowly (Continued on page 106)
20 minutes reading will make your whole life more enjoyable

. . . . 384,000 men and women have sent for this free book about baths

Baths can help us in many, many ways. In more ways than most of us ever imagined! One kind of bath, for example, quiets and rests us; another brings new energy and new enthusiasm.

And, because baths can help us so much in everyday living, The Book About Baths is a most valuable booklet. It tells all about baths, what kind to take and when and how to take them.

For instance, the wake-up bath or energizer is described on page 6. It turns dull, tired mornings into bright and cheerful ones. It starts warm and ends with a quick cold splash.

Another popular one is the after-work freshener. It soothes tired nerves, brings new energy; makes evenings more enjoyable.

Then there's a bath to ward off colds, a bath to bring sound sleep, and one for after-exercise. For each one The Book About Baths gives many suggestions (temperature, toweling, soaping).

It's FREE
After you have read this unusual booklet we think you'll appreciate baths as you never have before. You'll depend on them more and more. They will make you feel better, look better—in fact, they will make your whole life more enjoyable. And you will, we are sure, see a new connection between careful cleanliness of body and clothes and your comfort, health, and happiness.

So send for your free copy now. Use coupon below.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE
Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
MEET THE NEW MR. NANCY CARROLL

The titian-haired Nancy's skies are all serene again, now that she's married to the prepossessing Mr. Bolton Mallory, magazine editor. Miss Carroll was recently divorced from Jack Kirkland, newspaper and publicity writer. Those writing fellows are so clever, says Nancy, it's nice to have one around the place.
Here's somebody who knows more about Bob Montgomery than Miss Vee Dee! This little wire-haired terrier is Monty's constant companion, trailing him to the studio every morning and home again at night. And, when he can spare the time from taking care of his master, the cute canine chaperones Bob's baby daughter.

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Montgomery Forever. You're all wrong—Bob Montgomery and his wife are far from being separated. They are Hollywood's most genuinely devoted couple. Don't know how those rumors start, anyway! Their baby daughter has been dreadfully ill and Bob's every thought is of her. Hope by the time you read this the baby will be quite well again.

Anna W. John Mack Brown, known to all followers of football as The Dothan Flash, was born Sept. 1, 1904 in Dothan, Ala. He has black curly hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds and is married and has a daughter Harriet. Johnny has a thick Southern accent and is a real Dixie gentleman, sub—I mean Miss! His next picture is "The Last Flight," with Richard Barthelmess, Elliot Nugent and Helen Chandler.

Virginia C. See, Virginia? John Darrow was Verde in "Avalanche" with Jack Holt. John appeared with Betty Compson in "The Lady Refuses." Nancy Carroll is 24, Joan Crawford is 23, Mary Brian is 22, Richard Dix is 37 and Charles Rogers is 26 years old.

Maryland Fan. Stuart Erwin, Stew for no particular reason to his intimate friends, was born on St. Valentine's Day in Squaw Valley, 30 miles from Fresno, Cal. His desire to be a comic Valentine meets with the approval of his thousands of admirers. He has light brown hair, grey eyes, is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. When you see an announcement of a film with Stuart doing some of his "dumb" stuff, go to see the picture or you'll miss what we're all looking for—a good laugh. And Stew doesn't mind; he gets paid for being the fall guy.

Doris D. As a special, a very special request you'd like to see my picture in Screenland. Can't you see my smiling face between the lines of my department? I never see my readers but I have a wonderful mental picture of each one and I hope you all return the compliment, but I'm not counting on it. Richard Cromwell, the lad who made so many friends with his portrayal of "Tol'able David," was born about 20 years ago in Los Angeles, Cal. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 170 pounds and has light brown hair and blue-green eyes. I haven't his home address but you can reach him through the address we give you in the Stars' Address department. His next picture is "Fifty Fathoms Deep."

Sarah A. G. Going back to 1925 with Corinne Griffith in the silent version of "Classified," you saw Jack Mulhall, Charlie Murray, Carroll Nye and Ward Crane, with Edith Chapman playing the part of Corinne's mother. Ward Crane is the man you refer to but he died some time ago. There is a rumor about that Corinne may stage a comeback. Come on back, Corinne, we've missed you.

Mary M. A thin dime has bought more than one delectable lolly-pop and it might work out in enclosing that amount, (the dime, not the lolly-pop) and mailing your request to the screen players for photographs. No harm in trying but don't blame me if the bait doesn't work. Bob Steele, whose real name is Robert Bradbury, the hero of many a Western picture, is considered one of the best riders, trick gunners, and ropers on the screen and he should be, for he spent his life doing nothing else. Bob is 6 feet tall and has blue eyes and brown hair and was born Jan. 23, 1907. Ken Maynard was born July 21, 1885, at Mission, Texas. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 180 pounds and has steel grey eyes and black hair. Ken has been a star performer with the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus and with Ringling Bros., before going into pictures.

Hazel F. Your birthday, February 18, just missed clicking with several of the popular stars—Ramón Novarro, Ronald Colman, John Barrymore, Chester Morris, William Janney and Joan Bennett all have birthdays in February but not on your date. Sorry but can't be helped.

Jean W. As much as I'd love to help you with your heart problems, it is not in my line. I have other lines out working. Your heaviest heart-beats are for Nils Asther—but tish, tish! what will we do about his devoted wife and brand new baby daughter, Evelyn Rosetta? This interesting baby was born in Bavaria—the United States Embassy says the baby is German, while the Swedish government regards it as Swedish because Nils, the movie star father, is a Swedish subject, so neither government will allow the mother, Vivian Duncan Asther, to bring the baby home on her passport! But that baby will get home if she has to walk.

Sincerely Yours. You find one thing wrong with my department and that is, you're sorry it is not long enough. I'm glad you're sorry but you know, or don't you, that brevity is the soul of wit or something? Now that (Continued on page 94)
Not since the days of "The Sheik" has there been a screen romance with the flavor of "Son of India." Novarro is no tempestuous Valentino, but he is decidedly charming in his role of a turbaned merchant prince who falls in love with a pretty American girl. And Madge Evans, a child actress grown up into a most appealing girl, is his heroine. Their love scenes are tender, touching, poignant. You may call this picture old-fashioned hokum if you like—but you will enjoy Ramon and Madge in spite of yourself!

Screenland's Honor Page

won by

Ramon Novarro and Madge Evans
Here's a New Girl Who May Be a Big Star Some Day! Madge Evans, a Child Actress in Silent Films, Comes Back to the Screen a Lovely, Poised Personality—a Potential Shearer. You'll Like Her!
Dear Norma:

MAY I speak plainly?

You and I have been friends for a long time—as time goes in this business!

We're old friends—you said so yourself. And you were also racy enough to say that you value my personal opinion. Well, here it is!

I like you, Norma. I've been saying for some years that you are the cleverest girl in Hollywood. I still think so. I hand it to you. I think you are the outstanding feminine acting success of motion pictures. And when I say success I include all the things that actual Success means. Not fame alone. Not only money. Or position. But real, satisfying success—that you yourself may be proud of.

I remember a story I heard about you. It dates back to the days when you were an extra girl, struggling for a film foothold in the New York studios. You were called on location one day by a comedy company—you, and five or six other girls. You were all assigned to one room in a hotel to dress in. But you, the little, unknown extra, went to headquarters and asked—very nicely, mind you, and not at all snootily—for a place of your own in which to make up and to change. What's more, you got it! The director was impressed by your very evident sincerity, your obvious breeding. You got what no extra before or since has been able to get—consideration. And you went right on getting it. "The little Shearer girl" struggled ahead—very, very slowly, often painfully.

There were knocks and there were kicks and there were lean and hungry times. And there must always have been the tempting short-cut stretching swiftly before you. You took the long way up—but you also gained so much stamina on the ascent that you stuck up there once you reached the summit.

It hasn't all been easy, even after you signed your first Metro contract. I remember coming to see you one day while you were vacationing in Manhattan—that was in the "He who gets Slapped" period of your career. You had just been buying your first mink coat—and you were getting a very real, honest kick out of it. You admitted it. I noted you were still eager, still earnest, still glowing. You had met Dorothy Gish at a party and when Dorothy had impulsively told you how lovely she thought you, you were so overcome you couldn't answer—and you reproached yourself for that then. And then you told me something I'll always remember. You said:

"Have you seen Greta Garbo?"

I had. In her first American movie, "The Temptress." You wanted to know what I thought about her. Because it seemed that when Greta first stepped on the M-G-M lot, Louis B. Mayer had said: "Norma, here is your rival!"

(Naturally, Norma was watching Garbo! Norma was by way of being the white hope of the Metro lot. She was emerging from her ingénue prettiness into dramatic promise. And then—Garbo came along. We all know how Garbo swept all before her. Her vogue was as sudden, as sensational as Valentino's. The world went Garbo. And Norma Shearer?)

Once more you showed your amazing ability to stick. You were not by any means neglected in the Garbo rush. Your pictures made more and more money. You won new admirers with each new release. Quietly, surely, serenely you went on making good movies. And as your career developed, your romance with Irving Thalberg progressed. You became Mrs. Thalberg. And went to Europe on your honeymoon.

I saw you when you returned—you showed me your grand Paris clothes, crowded into big trunks. And you were still getting a kick out of things. I was glad of that. Because there had come the usual rumors—that Norma Shearer had gone high hat since she married the boy boss of the lot. That she was refusing to see reporters and representatives of the screen papers. I asked you point-blank about those reports.
The Editor's Page

You gave me one of your straight, candid looks. "No—I'm not seeing interviewers," you admitted. "I wanted to see you because we're old friends. Not for a story. The reason? I don't feel that right now I have anything to tell them. I haven't been doing anything unusual on the screen—I've been falling in love and getting married."

And right here I want to report something that up until now I have kept to myself. And I want to tell it because it may give the lie to some of those catty stories. You know—the stories that if Irving Thalberg had really been an office boy, as you thought he was when you first saw him in the studio, you would never have married him. That it might not have been all sheer coincidence that you married him just as the talkies came along, just as you needed every break to keep your career going. You said, when I asked you frankly "How about it?"—

"Delight—I don't care if I never make another picture!"

I think you mean it. I think you came darned near doing it. I think you were on the verge of settling down as Mrs. Irving Thalberg and leaving the screen. If I ever saw a bride in love with her husband, you were that bride.

You see, I do believe in you. In your charm and your talent, certainly—but also in your sincerity. There are many who won't agree with me. One actress said about you: "I like her sister Athole so much better than Norma. Norma is always on the defensive." Well, the girl who said that is not a success in pictures. You are.

And what a success! An unbroken string of marvelous box-office hits beginning with "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," in which you—an actress of the old silent technique—came through with a dazzling performance that would have done credit to Ruth Chatterton or Ina Claire, stage veterans. Ability again—grit—intelligence—and sincerity.

"The Divorcee"—another smash. Then the arrival of Irving Thalberg, Jr. Again a swell job! "Strangers May Kiss," which you made not long after Junior's advent, was another great hit. But how about "A Free Soul?"

It's a good, workmanlike picture. I suppose it's making money. But I'm hearing the first rumbles of discontent. Norma, you've been playing free souls long enough! I hope it's not been too long. You're too good an actress to stick to one story. "The Divorcee" was a sensation because it dared to show, for the first time on the screen, a "nice girl" who was also naughty. But she's no longer a novelty. Audiences can tire so easily. And why not? It's time for you to put on another act.

I hear your company is considering "Smilin' Through" for you. At first it seems a little silly—too lavender and old lace for audiences accustomed to camellias. But don't forget that "Daddy Long Legs" is the new smash. Super-sophistication is palling. People are crying for mush and milk. Besides, the girl in "Smilin' Through" is a great acting part. She will win back for you some of the spectators who like your screen ladies sweet.

I hope you'll do it, Norma. You've never made a mistake yet. You know, once you gave me a picture of yourself, and wrote on it: "Don't change your mind, please!"

I haven't! I hope I never will.

Sincerely,

Norma and her husband, Irving Thalberg, as they returned from their recent European vacation. Irving, Jr., their baby son, accompanied them—Norma insisted upon it.
Married the Modern Way

A MODERN WIFE'S Declaration of Interdependence!

I love Doug!
We study together—
We work together—
Pray together—
Play together—
Love together!

She's married—
she's modern—
she's happy! How does she do it? Joan tells you
for October 1931

Joan Crawford on the Love and Marriage Problems of the Modern Girl

By Sydney Valentine

JOAN CRAWFORD sat in her dressing room and talked. She was an amazing girl, sitting in an amazing room. Joan was in a talkative mood. She had things to say and she wanted to say them. She drifted from love to marriage to careers to the problems which the world presents to the modern girl today.

As she talked, now laughing, now deadly serious, her white teeth flashing startlingly against the bright scarlet of her mouth and the chocolate brown of her tanned face, she seemed all modern girls rolled into one slim body.

The dressing room itself was new and shining and very, very grand. It was as different from the old dull blue and glazed chintz room as the girl was different from the quiet, subdued Joan, who once spent all her leisure hours between scenes making hooked rugs or kitchen curtains.

Only Joan could have belonged to these three rooms. They were as vivid and as vital as she. The woodwork was a brilliant white, not a dull or creamy or ivory white, but a smooth snowiness which sparkled in the afternoon sunshine. The furniture was a medley of rare, satiny cherrywood, antique pieces, and low royal blue divans and chairs.

"Don't you love it?" Joan asked, waving one bare, brown arm in the general direction of the gay, flower-splattered walls, the odd lamps with their bright shades, the wall cabinets filled with rare china figurines, the ruffled white gauze curtains with their enameled tie-backs, the glittering whiteness of the tiny piano. "It's the same old place, dressed up. Bill Haines decorated it and planned the whole thing."

The friendship of Bill and Joan dates back to the days when a half-scared but determined girl, named Lucille LeSueur, arrived in Hollywood with a six months' contract and the inner knowledge that she would conquer the game.

Joan curled up against the cushions of a low divan and relaxed with the complete and perfect relaxation of the trained dancer. She was wearing some kind of a sports pajama outfit in her favorite color of vivid blue. Her slender ankles were stockingless and her feet were protected only by blue and white sandals. Her hair was a pale corn yellow, almost ash blonde against the deep brown

Here she is at the door of the dressing room—bungalow that young Doug gave her for her birthday. Joan's views on modern marriage are advanced. Read them!
"Having known the joys of freedom, the modern girl won't try to put chains around the man she loves!"

of her skin. The blue beret which had been pulled jauntily on the long, waved bob, was reposing beside a pair of dark sun glasses on the top of the piano.

"I don't care much for the color of my hair," Joan rambled on, running one tanned hand, with its long, oval, blood-red nails, carelessly through her hair. "It was sort of an experiment and is better photographically than brown hair. I thought that I'd try it for one or two pictures."

Which reminded me of the girl who had put her hair through every known shade from blonde to auburn to test its camera possibilities!

"But talking about changes and things," Joan went on, "do you realize all that has happened to me in the last three years? Sometimes I can't believe it, myself."

A great deal, certainly, had happened. Joan Crawford had become engaged to the man she loved, had been given stardom, had been married, had thrown herself heart and soul into making a success of that marriage and of domesticity, had watched her professional career survive the crisis of the talking pictures and grow stronger, had signed a new contract which gave her practically everything she wanted and had just celebrated her second wedding anniversary.

"I believe that the success or failure of marriage depends almost entirely upon the girl," Joan stated simply, looking back on the two years since she and Doug had returned from that hurried wedding journey to New York. "Girls of today have so much to give and so much to gain from marriage. If they make a mess of it, it's their own fault.

"In the first place, marriage is no longer the end and aim of a girl's life. She doesn't have to grab the first man who comes along merely to get a meal ticket and security for herself. She can take care of herself comfortably and successfully until she is sure that the right man has come along.

"Heavens, we modern girls don't realize the possibilities of the age in which we're living!" Joan sat up in her intensity. "In our grandmother's and mother's day, it was a sort of disgrace to be able to do anything efficiently except catch a man and keep house. Now it's a disgrace to be unable to do almost anything efficiently.

"And that goes for the business of marriage, too. Since girls don't have to marry for economic reasons, it is plain common sense to realize that they marry because they want it more than anything else in the world. Then it's up to them to work as hard at the job of

"Women demand too much of marriage and men. The husband thinks he is marrying a girl who is a person and finds he is tied to someone who thinks she owns a mortgage on his every thought and action."

Joan watches her husband making love to Loretta Young. How many wives could watch a scene like this and not feel jealousy? But Joan helps Doug rehearse his love scenes!
"Girls of today have so much to give and to gain from marriage. If they make a mess of it, it's their own fault."

On the other hand, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is compelled to watch his wife in the arms of another man—on the screen. What primal emotions must he fight when he sees Monroe Owsley, Joan's leading man, in a scene like this?

marriage as they would at any other kind of business. "That's where so many women fail. They think that the job's done when they've walked to the altar. You can't make any rules for success. No two people are alike. And you can't bend two human beings to fit marriage. You must bend marriage to fit them."

With that restless energy which is so much a part of her charm, Joan jumped up and went across the room to change the position of a framed photograph on her desk. Her pajamas were cut almost to the waist in the back, and the perfect Crawford back was as brown as her face.

"Marriage doesn't change people—inside, I mean," she went on, having returned to the divan. "It demands a lot of adjustments, but the real person remains the same. You can't make a man into a different human being just because you happen to carry his name on your calling cards.

"Women demand too much of marriage and men. The husband thinks he is marrying a girl who is capable of being a person and of standing on her own feet, and finds after a while that he is tied to someone who thinks she owns a mortgage on his every thought and action. No wonder men get tired of it!"

"You know," Joan confessed, leaning forward so that the sunlight coming through the opened screen door made little dark brown patches of the freckles which scattered the clear tan of her nose and cheeks. "I was sort of that way, myself, at first! I didn't want Doug to think a thought or do a thing which I did not share. But I pulled myself out of that.

"All our world knows I love Doug. We study together, we work together; pray together, play together, and love together. We admire and respect each other's ability and are proud of each other's success. Doug has developed such charm! He is so versatile in his talents. Oh, no—we shall never be divorced. We understand each other too well.

"One of the greatest secrets of happiness in marriage is to keep your own individuality. It's a lot more fun to find a few mysterious closed pages than to have such an open book that he who runs may read."

Joan wasn't relaxing now. She was tense, nervous, vital. She was throwing into her eagerness to explain her own thoughts the same energy which leaves her completely unstrung after a dramatic scene on the sound stage.

"It's the same principle which makes the girl today so much more interesting than her sister of three years ago. That other girl gloried in a blatant frankness. She wore dresses above her knees and carried her emotions on her sleeve. Now she has discovered the lure of mystery and restraint. She is just as free, just as frank, perhaps even freer and franker, but she doesn't shout the news to the world at large.

"That's why I have so much faith in the modern girl's ability to deal with modern marriage. She'll continue to make herself a charming individual, even after she has put on the wedding ring. Having known the joy of freedom, she won't try to put chains around the man she loves. And she'll realize that marriage hasn't made her into a new person, that she is the same old girl with a world full of interesting things around her. She will make marriage the beginning instead of the end of her career."

There it is, the something which has happened to Joan Crawford. She was right when she said that she hadn't changed. She has (Continued on page 115)

"At first I didn't want Doug to think a thought or do a thing which I did not share. But I pulled myself out of that. It's a lot more fun to find a few mysterious closed pages than to have an open book that he who runs may read!"
Our talkie "Tol’able David" has a sideline. Or maybe acting is his sideline; anyway, he keeps busy at the Columbia studio making "Fifty Fathoms Deep" and then he comes home and works at his masks and murals. Samples herewith!

Kid Cromwell was a struggling Los Angeles artist two years ago. Now he's a struggling screen star, but still devoted to Art. (Big "A", printer!)

Dick with two of his masks. Recognize the one on the right? You’d better—it’s Greta Garbo. The other is of Katherine Cornell, noted stage actress.

See the Big Mask and Mural Man at Work!
Dumb like a Fox!

In other words, not dumb at all—that's why Sidney is Hollywood's new crush.

"I WANT to fall in love!"
"What's that?" said I, pressing the receiver tight to my ear.
"I said I want to fall in love!" a liquid voice repeated. "And I can't say your surprise is the height of good form."
"Miss Sidney Fox," I exclaimed, "do you mean to sit there or stand there or whatever you're doing on the other end of the line, and tell me you want to fall in love?"
"I do that," was the emphatic reply. And when I told her I thought she was kidding, she insisted that never before had she been so sincere. "I want most desperately to fall in love, to find a love all-enduring, a love that means more to me than anything else in the world—for only through love can I ever become a——" "Stop!" I thundered. "That's no subject to discuss over the 'phone! And besides that I get an inferiority complex when I hear your voice but don't see your face. I'll just——" "All right, kid," was her breezy interruption. "Drop around for tea—sort of five-ish."
Which is just what I did, and she told what she wanted to become. But before I pass the news along to you let me gloss over a few facts of life, at least in so far as Universal's doll-like star is concerned.

Sidney (La Petite Poupee) Fox was born in New York City to wealthy and socially prominent parents. On December tenth she will be twenty-one. Her youthful education was that of a prospective society leader—that is, up to the age of thirteen, at which time her family fell into financial difficulties, making it imperative for Sid to go out and dig her own potatoes. She followed stenography with dress designing and then wrote letters to the lovelorn for a newspaper syndicate. While occupied with this last pursuit she also studied law, working in a law office during her daylight hours. Said her friends one day: "Child, your beauty is not for the law—it's hard enough as it is to get any justice in court—what you had better do is go on the stage."
"All right," said Sid, and she went on the stage. It was, in fact, just like that. She makes up her mind to do a thing and she does it. No one ever is quite sure just how she manages, but she invariably succeeds. Perhaps the answer lies in the fact that she not only possesses beauty, talent, and the courage to work like the very deuce, but also, brains. While in New York playing the lead in "Lost Sheep," she caught and held Junior Laemmle's eye; and she was most firm. (Continued on page 110)
THE BIG STREET!

Lights — lights — lights! Glare — glitter — glamour! Big—bigger—biggest! A new motion picture is making its bow, and every bulb on Broadway is winking a welcome. This marvellous photographic impression gives you some idea of the excitement of a big picture premiere. Great scene, isn’t it?

MOVIE OPENING

Photographs by
THE BIG CROWD!

Mobs of men and women milling in front of the theatre, waiting for the stars to show up. Shiny cars disgorge their costly freight. Out of one steps Chaplin, perhaps—or Chevalier: or Mary-and-Doug. The crowd presses forward—flashlights boom—women and children first—Opening Night!
**Pola is Back—To Stay?**

Will the quondam queen of emotional pictures repeat her silent triumphs?

**By Alma Whitaker**

POLA NEGRI returns in triumph to Hollywood, with a brand new singing voice, a grander manner, a large and all-encompassing philosophy, and unusual daring clothes, exquisite diction, and, I vow it, more beautiful than ever!

Pola once told me she was born in 1898, which would make her 33 now. But the woman of thirty has come into her own in films, almost completely supplanting the baby-blue-eyed cuties.

I shall always remember that Pola of seven years ago, who arrived in Hollywood with long dresses at a time that the rest of us were wearing knee-length, and who stretched yearning arms toward Charlie Chaplin, as, in the most provocative broken English, she said:

"Sharlie, Sharlie, I have coom across the world to see you!"

"Sharlie," you see, had met the lady in Paris previously. But as "Sharlie" was not working on the Paramount lot, and as Paramount had invested quite a bit in bringing Pola out here, they did not properly appreciate the publicity this particular incident occasioned. But "Sharlie" was to provide Pola's first grande passion in Hollywood. And he stands forth as the one man who really managed to disconcert this potent Pola. Because, you see, "Sharlie" would make love sumptuously on, say, Saturday evening, and then fail to show up or communicate with the lady in any way for days, weeks, afterwards. So she became nervous and fussy on the set and this, together with the disappo"
The New Mr. and Mrs.

“Oh, you wed, wed you?” people asked. Well, they certainly wed!

By Gary Gray

HOLLYWOOD’s prize-package bachelor, the catch of this season and a lot of other seasons, the man whose name headed the guest lists of more cinema colony hostesses than any other—and who avoided social crowding with an earnestness of effort that amounted to a phobia—has gone the way of all masculine flesh.

Bill Powell is on a Hawaiian honeymoon, the culmination of one of the most rapid, torrid and unexpected romances in the memory of the studios.

The girl whose net brought in the haul is—was—Carole Lombard, née Jane Peters. She is the envy of every single girl in town. Her cap, of all the rest, was set at the most jaunty angle.

Let’s see how she conducted her campaign.

Hollywood got its first intimation that the Powell-Lombard fires of love were burning when the former Sennett girl, blonde, blue-eyed and outspoken, returned to the Pacific coast after having appeared in an eastern-made picture—a concoction of the poor little rich girl falling in love with the family chauffeur who made her realize that the truest hearts beat, not under ermine coats, but under denim jackets.

Carole played in that picture and played her part well. So well that the production company saw her as a potential star and sent her to its studios in Hollywood. There, at the time, William Powell was under contract, pursuing his suave, indifferent, lifted eyebrow way through a series of silk-hatted Philo Vance-ish pictures of which, to use his own phrase, he was “getting d—good and tired!”

He yearned for a change. Note that fact particularly. William Powell wanted relief from the humdrum business of making several thousand dollars every week by playing a bored and polished gentleman.

He got his change. His next picture was to be “Ladies’ Man.” That, certainly enough, offered no variety. But the casting office did. Powell drew Carole Lombard for his chief feminine interest, and that she immediately became.

“Ladies’ Man” went into production shortly before Christmas week. On Christmas morning a Cadillac coupe was driven up in front of the Lombard home. From that time on Hollywood held out no hope for William Powell. He was altar-bound in spite of everything his friends could do.

Haste must be made here to correct a possible wrong impression. It would be unfair and much in error to intimate that calculation entered into their respective campaigns. The regard and love of each for the other was as spontaneous as love always is.

The spark that fired it, according to the purely personal opinion of this single observer, was that Carole Lombard had no greater interest in William Powell during their first few weeks of business contact than he in her. They met on the set for their day’s work. That done, each went a separate way to matters concerned solely with the advancement of their professional careers.

Powell has confided to intimate friends that his first interest in Carole Lombard was aroused by her almost complete indifference to him; that and to the fact that not once did she take him seriously. And Powell was not the man accustomed to having his screen work taken any other way.

It must have been a shock to Powell when she first called him “Junior,” her favorite pet name for him. It started as a gag. Now it has become a term of personal endearment. He loves it. He loved it even at the start. Imagine the jolt that must have given him—one of the biggest stars of the screen—to have a brand new leading woman suddenly call him “Junior”!

Nothing is more revealing of the temperament of the new Mrs. William Powell. She, to use the terminology of the studios, is a real trouper, a grand gal, a thorough-going sport, a great scout, a regular fellow. Her sense of humor is delightful. She’s as natural at all times as a streak of sun.

It took a girl like that to win William Powell. He admits it. He leaves it unsaid, but it is true nevertheless, that in her he met the first girl in several years who didn’t make a play for him from the outset. Most girls have a failing for wealthy, clever, unattached gentlemen, you know.

(Continued on page 116)
STEPHANY DALE was not the sort of a girl who could stand poverty. Always she had loved the pretty things she could not have—and admired the people she could not meet. There was Natalie Ransome, for instance, whom the papers called "the most promising débutante of the season." Stephany read about her avidly—how she spent the week-end—who her friends were. These people were brought strangely close to her at times. Mrs. Chauncey, a neighbor, who had been Natalie Ransome's nurse, was able to tell Stephany those things she was so curious to know: what kind of underwear the deb wore—what kind of books she read—what brand of cigarettes she smoked.

Perhaps because Mrs. Dale had always been rather vague about the father whom Stephany had never seen, Stephany thought of him as an aristocrat in a family of aristocrats, mostly to satisfy herself that with the proper surroundings and opportunities she could be—well, another Natalie Ransome!

Before her mother's death, however, Stephany succeeded in learning the truth. Mrs. Dale had never married Stephany's father. She thought she was in love with him at first. But he was crude, and careless in his appearance. She grew to hate him—and finally ran away with little Stephany.

Stephany, suddenly confronted with the necessity of earning her own living, considered carefully the kind of work she was best suited for—and applied for the position of model in a large wholesale dress house. She saw in this type of work a chance to wear beautiful things and meet the right kind of people. But after her first invitation to luncheon from Meyer, one of the buyers, she was not so sure that she was going to meet the right kind of people. She refused him perfunctorily. The next day he sent her a splendid selection of books. Nothing more appropriate could have been chosen for Stephany, who loved good books as well as she did clothes and society.

They lunched together and discussed the books he had sent her. She thought him a strange combination indeed—an intellectual who had neglected every other quality that bespoke the gentleman—clothes, speech, and even manners—all the things that were so important to her.

With the money she earned she was soon able to move into a better neighborhood. Nicky Amory was the first person she met in her new surroundings. For weeks they had passed each other on her street, until one rainy day he asked her to share his umbrella. She invited him in.

"I think this place reflects you," he told her.

"Do you? What does that make me?"

"Well-groomed—inside and out," he said definitely.

Stephany smiled and thanked him.

"You're welcome—so far as it goes," he added.

"Oh—it's qualified, then?"

"I'm afraid I'm what you call a serenely serious young man." He
sank down comfortably into an easy chair as though he were quite accustomed to coming there.

"I see—" Stephany was amused. "Busy with fundamentals and things?"

"Yes, I come from Boston. You see, mother married again—an old stuffed shirt that thinks of nothing but his family tree."

"Not a bad thing to have—the family tree," she said half to herself.

"I couldn't stand the codger, so I cleared out. He's the kind that thinks lineage means more than learning. He knows all about caviar—nothing about character."

"So you don't think family trees and knowledge of caviar important?"

"Not very."

"I do."

"It depends upon what you're after," he said thoughtfully.

"It fits what I'm after. I want life well-groomed. I haven't had the things you turned down, the things money can buy, and I want them!"

They talk-

ed for a long time. She learned that Nicky was a writer—so far unsuccessful. Somehow she couldn't pretend with him. She would have told him the usual story—

"You see, my father was a General in the Indian army. After he died—"

But she understood his ideals of life and his estimation of values, and knew it was best to say nothing.

She allowed Meyer to take her to dinner and the opera, even though she was a little ashamed of him. Besides he wasn't even young. She was miserable when Nicky showed up just before he came, and still more miserable when he stayed after Meyer was announced. She had to introduce them. It seemed to Stephany that Meyer was trying to make an impression when he insisted that Amory come to see his collection of first editions.

In spite of Meyer, Stephany enjoyed the opera.

"I never dreamed an audience could be so brilliant," she said when the curtain fell.

"Don't you see enough clothes in the shop?"

"They're different on the right people."

"Who are the right people?" Meyer asked to know.

"These—" she nodded toward the crowd.

"So they're the kind you want to meet?" he said quietly. "Perhaps I can help you. I know a specialist here who has all the smartest patients. Perhaps he needs a new secretary."

In Stephany's apartment, Meyer, sitting down at the desk to write the note of introduction to the specialist, noticed a picture of Stephany's mother.

"This is your mother," he said.

"How do you know?"

Meyer started and answered quickly:

"You look like her."

"It was when Mother first came to this country—you see Father was an army officer in India—"

A queer expression came over Meyer's face.
Connie's Greatest Rôle!

She was one of the most delightful young women he had ever met. He took his sister aside and insisted that she invite her to the party she was giving that night.

Stephany hurried home to tell Nicky the good news. "But we were going to the theatre," he reminded her. "Your birthday, you know."

"Oh, Nicky! I was so excited that I forgot. What shall I do now?"

"Go, of course. I wanted you to wear this tonight." She opened a box with a single orchid. Attached to it was a stunning pin of chipped diamonds. "Nicky!" She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. "Come back at eleven and we'll talk."

But how could she remember Nicky when she was so drunk with the excitement of her new friendships? Charles Carter hardly looked at anybody else — or danced with anybody else all evening. As soon as they were in the car together on the way home, he drew her to him.

"One kiss," he begged. She let him kiss her once — then again and again. "You're delicious," he whispered.

From Stephany's window upstairs Nicky looked down disconsolately as Carter helped her out. It was fortunate he could not see them in the hall below.

"I just can't let you go, Stephany," Carter said, passionately. He held her so tightly that she could scarcely breathe.

"That will be all tonight," she said, drawing away.

"One more, dearest."

At last she was able to tear herself away from his arms. She had forgotten about Nicky until she was in her rooms.

"Nicky!" she exclaimed — "How ever — of course! I gave you the key, so we could chat after I got home."

"You flatter me by remembering. How was the party?"

"Remember him?"

"He died before I was born. Mother said he knew Kipling."

"That must have been in England. Kipling hasn't visited India in forty years."

"Mother was so vague about things —"

When he left, Stephany picked up the note carelessly. Attached to it was a check for $100. She ran to the door, her face flushed with excitement and anger, and called his name frantically. But from the landing above she could see Meyer's cab driving away. Nicky appeared as she was about to go back to her rooms.

"What's the trouble?" he demanded.

"That insolent man!" She explained what had happened and showed him the check.

"I'll return it when I thank him for the job," she added. Nicky looked at her quizzically.

"I suppose you're thinking that I shouldn't even take the job," she said, reading his thoughts. "Do you think we'll ever meet on anything, Nicky?"

"I hope so." Nicky took her in his arms. "I love you, Stephany. But you're so wrong about things."

They sat down on the divan together and she snuggled willingly into his arms. He loved the feel of her soft hair against his face. He held her close to him and pressed his lips to hers. After a while he said:

"If you could only realize that happiness is all that counts."

"Poverty wears down happiness," she answered.

A STROKE of luck had given Stephany the entrée into society for which she had longed. It is true that her new position caused her to meet the right kind of people, but it was sheer good fortune that gave her the real opportunity to become one of them. She had been asked to deliver some pills to the home of Mrs. Archibald Barry. At tea — for Mrs. Barry insisted that she stay — her hostess' brother, Charles Carter, decided

Stephany loved good books as well as she loved clothes and society. Nicky was a writer, so far unsuccessful. Stephany knew she couldn't pretend — with him.

Confronted with the necessity of earning her own living, the girl applied for the position of model in a wholesale dress house. She could wear beautiful things — meet the right kind of people. Then came — Meyer!
I had a glimpse of heaven.
Nicky sat down on the sofa beside her.
"What's heaven like, Stephany?"
"Luxury—perfect servants—smart clothes—amusing people—clever talk—"
"What was said that was clever?" Nicky asked dearly.
"Many things. Not all fashionable people are dull, you know."
"What about him?" Nicky lit a cigarette calmly.
"Is he your ideal?"
"He's—wonderful!"
"It's no use, Steph. You're tuned to one string—l to another," said Nicky.
"Are you going?"
"Yes—back to my writing. Good night."
Stephany did not even move.

WHAT Stephany called heaven continued for another month. Charles took her to dinners, theatres, and dances. One night they came back to her apartment. It was hours before he was ready to leave. Once more he took her in his arms and tried to kiss her.
"Please, darling!" she begged.
"But why not?" he said reproachfully.
"I don't feel like it. The champagne has worn off," she added. "Besides, it's ridiculous."
"Ridiculous?" He kissed her hand affectionately. "It means that you're the most fascinating little thing I've ever known. I'm wild when I kiss you."

Stephany walked toward the window and looked out. She felt there was something empty about the whole thing—she could hardly explain it even to herself.
"Kissing is for moon and star time," she said languidly.
"What's this?" Carter demanded.
"Lamplight."
He drew her back to the couch and placed her head against his shoulder.
"I want you in my arms, darling."
Stephany struggled away from him and said curtly: "Charles—you've got to go. It was three last night—four the night before. I've got to work tomorrow."
"Then kiss me."
"I've kissed you enough."
"Not enough for me, Stephany. I love you."
"When you say love, you mean like," Stephany assured him.
"I mean love as you mean love."
Stephany laughed lightly.
"Real love, Stephany. I want you to marry me!"

This seemed to be the realization of all her hopes—her life's ambition. Yet Stephany hesitated.

There was Nicky. But no, Nicky would always be poor, waiting for something to happen.
"You're sure you want me?" she said at last.
"I'm crazy about you. Steph. Will you marry me?"
"Yes," softly.
He drew her to
him again, but Stephany pushed him gently away.

"There's plenty of time for that, Charles. Go now, dear."

"It's heaven, darling. I'll see you tomorrow."

STEPHANY gave up her job because Charles insisted. She was so busy going everywhere with Charles that she never saw Nicky any more. As for Meyer—he came again just once and displayed so much curiosity about Stephany's sweetheart, that she had to be brutally frank.

"I would thank you to leave me and my friends alone," she told him.

She was sorry afterwards when she looked at his face and saw how hurt he was. She made a weak attempt to smooth everything over, but Meyer understood too well—and didn't.

One evening when she was staying at home to rest, Nicky came in. She was genuinely glad to talk to him again.

"It's months since I've seen you, Nicky. Sit down and tell me everything."

"Steph, there's something I want to tell you. I've had a raise. And my book is going beautifully. I'm almost sure to sell it."

"Wonderful—"

"Will you take a chance and marry me, Steph?"

Stephany turned her left hand—enough so that he should see the diamond.

"That chap—Carter?" he asked, certain that it was.

"Yes."

"And now you have everything you want. Money and position. You're happy?"

"Yes," quietly.

"I think I'll go now, Steph. I feel as if the bottom had tumbled out of everything."

"Kiss me, Nicky," Stephany said quickly. "A sort of good-bye kiss. After this we're only casual playfellows."

Nicky put his hands lightly on her shoulders and placed his lips on her forehead. Suddenly she threw her head back and sank into his arms. His lips touched hers and clung to them for long sweet seconds.

"Good-bye, Steph."

She tried to answer him, but her voice caught and she could only hold up her hand in farewell. Nicky hurried away.

A DELIGHTFUL week at Mrs. Barry's. It was almost over now, but soon her whole life would be just like that.

Stephany and Charles were sitting under the oak a short distance from the house.

"Away from the crowd at last—" Charles breathed. "I want to be with you alone—and hold this sweet hand of yours."

"It is nice here. It makes you feel that everybody in the world is thousands of miles away. And down there the water. Isn't it lovely, Charles?"

"You are lovelier. His lips brushed the back of her neck. "Where for our honeymoon, darling?"

"Florida?"

"Bermuda! That's it," Charles seemed suddenly inspired. "Think how wonderful it will be there!"

"Delicious."

"It's something like Bermuda here tonight, dearest. I can almost imagine we're there now."

Stephany was still looking out at the water when she answered.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if we were?"

He took her quickly in his arms and said low: "Suppose we pretend we're in Bermuda. Kiss me!" His lips sought hers hungrily.

"There's your ring, Charles," said Stephany. "You'd be crazy to ditch me," he answered. "Think of all I can do for you!"

"Sweet!" he whispered.

"I do love you," she said.

"I can imagine we're there now in the garden of a little hotel I know overlooking the sea. In a little while you'll leave me alone, and I'll wait here and drink a night cap and smoke a cigarette. Then I'll follow you. Shall I?"

Stephany moved away, a rather frightened look in her face. She felt strangely hurt—baffled.
“No, Charles.”
“Why not? You will a month from now.”
“It will be different then. Please, dear.”
“Because a man no better than you or I mumbles some stereotyped words over two people in a church?” Charles insisted.
“Those words would be a public acclamation of our private love.”
“Our love doesn’t need that. Darling!” He kissed her again—first tenderly, then passionately.

He released her when he saw his sister coming down the lawn toward them, and then gave Stephany a sly squeeze of the hand as the two girls went toward the house together.

STEPHANY
stood at the window of her room looking into the blackness below. Suddenly she heard her door open—and close—ever so softly. She wheeled around quickly.
“Charles! You shouldn’t have come.”
He switched off the light, came toward her.
“I told you we were going to pretend to be in Bermuda. You love me—then why not?”
They kissed.
“Please go.” She dared not raise her voice. She could not say much because she was soon in his arms again, feeling his kisses on her mouth.

The next morning Stephany made an effort to throw off the depressing mood she had fallen into. Charles made matters worse by offering her a drink.

“I’m through with that stuff. Come for a walk, Charles. Look at those divine clouds over the hills. We could almost climb them. Will you, dear?”
“No. Who wants to live in the clouds?”
“I do,” Stephany answered softly.
“It wouldn’t be very exciting. Hallo! Charles had looked out and seen a car drive up to the house. "Why, it’s Natalie Ransome. I’ll just run out for a minute.”

So that was the girl! For the first time Stephany was able to see her ideal in person. Natalie Ransome, whom she had envied since she was (Continued on page 108)
Temperament? Bunk! Says Leila Hyams

By Ralph Wheeler

Add sage sayings: “I have a temper of my own but I don’t waste it around the studio.” —Leila Hyams.


With this in mind, it was something of a shock to behold her, elbow-deep in a briny pile of fish, industriously scraping scales and performing other vital post-mortem rites over the denizens of the sea.

“Shake later,” she suggested, laughing and bronzed with seafar "Had a swell day. Got sixty pounds of barracuda, bonita and halibut. Gosh, what sport!”

Now it takes real beauty, genuine elegance, supreme poise to pass inspection washing fish. Leila’s taffy hair, wind-blown and fragrant with the tang of salt air, was damped at the temples by honest toil. Not the slightest suggestion of make-up on her face. Her eyes seemed strikingly violet against the copper hue of her tan, and white teeth flashed all the whiter. Oh yes, she wore blue overalls with a red bathing suit peeking over the edges. On her feet were wet canvas shoes.

“You may guess we’re going to have fish for dinner,” she laughed. “But you don’t have to eat any if you don’t want to. We can always open a can of salmon. Or do you prefer sardines?”

This fishing business, we learned, is one of Leila’s pet diversions. At least once a week she gathers up some kindred soul at Malibu, hires a broad-bellied launch and sets out for the kelp beds where they bite fast and furious.

Leila is not the hot-house type of beauty. Hers is a world of the Great Outdoors.

“How about the diet question?” Leila pondered.

“Well, I suppose they are good things for some people. But I’m not one of those people. I love to eat. I must confess a weakness for pigs’ knuckles and sauerkraut.

And I’m not German. Out here at Malibu we swim and play on the beach a great deal. What it does to your appetite it compensates in exercise that keeps the weight down. I love to drive, golf, and do almost anything else that keeps me out in the sunshine and air. That’s one reason why I don’t harbor any great ambition to go back upon the stage.

“Of course I was a flop on the stage, to be perfectly frank about it. My greatest success in the theatre was my debut at the age of three or four weeks. My parents took me on soon after I was born and introduced me to the audience at the old Hammerstein Theatre in New York. I was reared in the theatre and it holds pleasant memories for me. But it terrified me after I was grown and cut loose from my father and mother to try my own wings.

“Every actress, in or out of pictures, dreams of triumphs on the stage. I would like that, of course. But all the glamor of it wouldn’t be worth the surrendering of the happiness I have found out here. For some years I struggled in Broadway’s shadows for a living. My pride was cut too deeply for me to want to go back and try it again. Perhaps it would be different, now that I have some little screen name to go on. But it couldn’t be the same as success then would have been.

“Most important of all, however, is my complete satisfaction with my life today. I can find anything to be discontented with, with the possible exception of an occasional role I don’t like. But it doesn’t always follow that parts I don’t want to play turn out to be bad for me. Nor is it at all true that every characterization I enjoy playing proves to be entirely acceptable on the screen.

“I am lazy by nature, I suppose, but I do (Continued on page 117)

It's only bad temper, anyway, scoffs the good little sport of the M-G-M studios
Maurice Chevalier’s celebrated “Ver-ee Hap-pee” expression.

Now that the world’s skies are brighter, just take a look at these warm, spontaneous, informal grins! They’re genuine—they’re real! And why shouldn’t better days be reflected in the smiling façades of our best movie people? Study the faces in this section—and smile yourself!

A Gallery of Grins
FRANCES DEE is already fulfilling the high predictions that have been made for her. You'll see her soon in "Rich Man's Folly."

ALL'S right with Eleanor Boardman's world, judging by the looks of things. Eleanor was seen recently in "Women Love Once."
WALTER HUSTON is apt to get hard-boiled on the screen, but his laughing countenance off the lot is more like his real self.
MARIAN MARSH makes a demure Nineteenth Century lass in her old-fashioned riding habit. And don't you love those ringlets?
MADGE EVANS is one girl who has lots to smile about. After an early career as a child actress, she staged a successful comeback in talkies. Watch for her in "Sporting Blood."
CLARK GABLE, enthusiastic lover of horses and veteran equestrian, is all agog at the prospect of making "Horse-flesh," a racing picture. Even the prancing steed looks pleased!
YOU'VE s-s-seen and l-l-laughed at Roscoe Ates' stuttering in various pictures—or if you haven’t, it’s been your loss. Is it a view of one of his films that’s causing that wide grin?
AFTER taking Europe by storm, Anna May Wong makes a triumphant return to American pictures in "Daughter of the Dragon." You can't go Wong on Anna May!
EVEN the horrors of a murder mystery can't rob Regis Toomey of his genial smile. Regis has an important rôle in "Murder by the Clock."
CLAIRE DODD has her troubles in "The Secret Call"—but she, too, keeps right on smiling. And who wouldn't, with those dimples?
There are Smiles~

Mr. and Mrs. Zelma O'Neal. He's Anthony Bushell, prominently cast in "Expensive Women."

Mary Astor ought to feel at home in "Smart Women," her current starring picture.

The smiling captain. Warren Williams plays with Bebe Daniels in "Honor of the Family."

John Breeden is one of the newcomers. Looks like a nice lad—keep your eye on him!

June Clyde is prominent in "The Mad Parade," the much-discussed all-feminine talkie.
"Devil may care," Norma Shearer's smile seems to say. But suppose he doesn't?

And here (below) is the owner of one of the world's most famous noses. Right you are—it's Jimmy Durante.

Rather Gaynor-esque is little Roberta Gale, whom you'll meet before long in "Are These Our Children?"

This is how Helen Hayes must have looked on being awarded the feminine lead in "Arrowsmith."

He's just joined Our Gang, and his name is "Spud"—except in school, where it's Sherwood Bailey, Jr.

Lenita Lane (right), adorns that timely picture—"Murder by the Clock."
JUDITH WOOD is on "The Road to Reno"—in the picture of course, you zany! Wonder if they'll use one of those wide screens for that hat?
HO! HO! Must have been an awfully funny one that somebody told Neil Hamilton. Or is he just trying to laugh off an earache?
DORIS KENYON has her own individual type of blonde beauty. She's another girl who came back in the talkies, via "Co-respondent," with William Powell.
He was "Ruggles of Red-Eye"

But now, "Stew good to be true," says Charlie, scoring in sober rôles

By Hazel Hairston

DOES the screen public want its favorites to be versatile?

Charlie Ruggles is going to find out. For the past two years he has played nothing but "drunk" rôles. Now, in his first starring picture, "Girl Habit," he doesn't take a single drink.

He played so many souses that he had a perpetual hangover!

"Playing such parts is no easy matter, either," he said to me the other day. "It's hard enough to distinguish one character part from another without having them all scrambled together as 'just drunks.' Getting the various rôles lubricated with hooch in various ways is no simple parlor trick."

If you inquire how he manages to enact the parts so realistically, he'll tell you, "'playing 'drunks' is just like anything else in acting—it's 70 per cent intelligence and 30 per cent imagination."


In each picture he was highly praised by fans and critics alike for the veracity with which he put into his impressions.

And strange to say, not one of his admirers has written and asked that he "sober up!" They like him drunk. Maybe it's because he never gets sloppy and falls down, or lies in the gutter. He is always the amiable "drunk" whether he is society Beau Brummel or newspaper reporter. And his (Continued on page 113)
IT WAS one of those gorgeous, glittering, garish movie premieres. The reserves had been turned out to keep the frantic film fans in line—and within bounds. A great mob of movie-mad hero-worshippers milled around and 'round for a block on either side of the theatre entrance.

One by one, some of the most brilliant stars of the screen made their appearance, including the celebrities featured in the "super-special" that had just been shown for the first time. Each of them received a share of homage, and passed into the luxurious equipage tool to the door by a liveried chauffeur.

But suddenly, police lines were broken. The crowd closed in on a tall, modest youngster, whose curly black hair clung to his brow in a perspiration of embarrassment. It wasn't his premiere—it wasn't his party—and he wanted the stars of the picture to get all the breaks.

No use. The cops were all King Canutes futilely commanding the waves of admirers to cease. There was a frantic struggle to see this idol. To touch him. To seize a button for a souvenir. To get an autograph. And long, loud cheers grew in volume until the whole street echoed with the cries.

"Buddy! Buddy! Buddy!!"

For the boy was "Buddy" Rogers, whom film-fans won't call "Charles," and he'd returned to his people like a king from exile. A very popular king, of course, and not one of those who recently has been abdicating by request of his "loyal" subjects.

Most girls like Buddy. But we didn't want a sob-sister's lament—we wanted the real low-down on him. So we sent a he-man on this interview, and the result is a swell, honest story you'll want to read!

By
Herbert Cruikshank

The best part of it was that right behind "America's Boy Friend," taking in the full significance of the enormous demonstration, was Jesse L. Lasky, himself. Mr. Lasky, you know, is Mr. Paramount—and Buddy's big boss. The executive grinned contentedly. Right then and there our Mr. Rogers was a star again.

Again?

I hear you asking. Yes, again. For, believe it or not, the Bud was once demoted from the high eminence of stardom to the somewhat common ground of mere featured player. And that as much as anything is responsible for the fact that the boy has grown up. Of course, a year or two or three has winged away since the lad from Olathe, Kansas, won his spurs as the Lone Eagle of Paramount's school of acting. But the passage of time is not sufficient to account for the change. Buddy's still a boy at heart. But his head is a man's, stuck squarely on the level shoulders of a man.

I asked him about it. For Buddy and I are friends. Despite the fact he thought I made him appear "sappy" in a story written two years ago. Maybe I did. Maybe he was. But, he that as it may, I'm for the kid in a big way. We're friends. And I'm tickled that he's regained consciousness.

"It was pretty much of a kick in the trousers." he told me. "But it was just what the doctor ordered. All
that stuff and nonsense about 'the darling of the debs' had me pretty nearly stopped. Here's what happened.

"I left Hollywood for New York thinking I was aces. In the big town I continued to think so. Why not? There was certainly every evidence of popularity. I was besieged for interviews. I received every consideration. The fans seemed to like me. In fact, they liked me so much that when I went to luncheon at Sardi's, Mr. Sardi had to call the police to handle the crowds.

"All right, I went to Europe with my mother for what I thought was a well-earned vacation. When I returned, what happened? Phew! what a chill I got! Believe me, for months I never read a decent word printed about me. At the studio no one noticed me. Not even a 'good morning,' where before I'd been 'Mr. Rogers ed' all over the lot.

"Well, sir," that's one of Buddy's favorite expressions, "well, sir, I just couldn't understand it. I'd worked hard. I was never temperamental or anything. I have always been ambitious to get ahead. And I thought I had succeeded moderately well. I'll tell you the truth, I was ready to quit it all and get a job in a clothing store or something, like my kid brother has done."

I didn't know, so Buddy digressed for an instant to tell me about the kid brother—"Bh," as he is called by the folks.

"They signed him to a movie contract," the Man of the Family continued, "and kept him sitting around without a single break for months. His screen test was a darn sight better than mine. But he didn't get a tumble. And when option day arrived, he was let out. The kid was broken-hearted, and right now he's working in a Los Angeles store. I was going to do the same thing.

"But first I sat back and took stock of the situation. I saw where I had been wrong. By trying to be a decent guy I'd somehow earned an undeserved reputation of being some sort of freak—a regular 'sissy.' I didn't smoke. I didn't drink. I didn't make much whoopie. I objected to snacking girls around in my pictures. So I must be something out of a sideshow.

"No, the fact is, I don't care much about cigarettes or booze or late hours. Remember the time I asked you not to print that I had taken a cigarette and a cocktail at a party, because I didn't want my father to know I smoked even one cigarette? Well, sir, I haven't smoked in his presence yet. And I don't think he'd believe it if anyone told him I had.

"Once in a while I smoke. But if all the cigarettes and liquor in the world were done away with it wouldn't affect me any. After all, fellows like Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney don't do those things to excess, and are praised for it. But I—well I got a razzing. It doesn't seem fair. But I guess it was my fault. I haven't changed in regard to those things, though—I simply try to keep 'em out of print. Apparently they are detrimental rather than helpful.

"Well, sir, that was one thing I discovered. Another was that I'd been playing a lot of sappy parts in musical pictures and getting out there trying to sing a song and dancing around. Anything to oblige. But it darn near killed my career. And, of course, there was no one to share the blame. There never is for a flop. But oh boy, it's a little different with a hit!

"No, sir, I didn't ask whether my rôle in 'The Lawyer's Secret' was a starring part or not. I don't care. All I wanted was a bit—anything at all in the nature of a dramatic rôle such as I played in 'Wings.' You tell me I steal the picture. I don't think so. It's just because I have a chance to be something on the screen besides a song-and-dance man. The difference in the parts gives me a break.

"But, anyway, after the picture—I was too scared and sick to even see the rushes—folks began speaking to me again. The atmosphere around the studio thawed at least a little above freezing point. Then I was surprised again. But, anyway, I'm glad I didn't take that clothing store job. 'Cause maybe there's hope for me yet in the movies. I mean it. I don't know (Continued on page 108)
Who's Whose
in Hollywood?

It's a poor week that does not find at least one ardent, tempestuous, passionately romantic picture celebrity in the throes of love, to keep the public in a pleasant state of shocked palpitation. In fact, we can hardly recover from our sentimental tremors over their marriages, before we are thrown into tortuous sympathy over their divorces!

Of course, there is such a thing as permanent marriages in Hollywood, as the Will Hays organization hopefully points out, but all the same, burying one grande passion while actually in the birth pangs of a new one does not stand out as anything remarkably unusual.

Perhaps we should first review those which best emulate the idea of eternal love so often portrayed in film stories. Mr. Hays will approve of that. He likes writers to concentrate on Darby-and-Joans like the George Arliss, the Will Rogerses, the Joseph Cawthorns, the James Gleasons, the Fred Niblos, the Joe E. Browns, the Harry Careys, the Jack Gardiners (Louise Dresser), the Harry Bannisters (Ann Harding), the Conrad Xagels, the Harold Lloyds, the Jack Mulhalls, the Victor McAg lens, the Fredric Marches (Florence Eldridge), the Richard Arlens (Jobyna Ralston), the Ernest Torrences, the Warner Baxters, the Irving Thalbergs (Norma Shearer), the H. B. Warners, about whom there has been no divorce evidence to date—which forms the best talking point.

Even those formerly divorced but now seemingly content with their current life partners, help the situation. The John Barrymores, we are reminded, have been married only a trifle over two years, but there's the baby. Even if John was twice unsuccessful, first with Katherine Harris, second with Michael Strange, ere Dolores proved the one girl in the world for him! King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman come in this category. The Boardman-Vidors have two children. While the first Mrs. Vidor—Florence—is now happily wed to Jascha Heifetz, noted violinist, and the mother of his little daughter.

The same may be said of Dolores Del Rio and her Cedric Gibbons, Jaime Del Rio having passed away after the divorce proceedings had been instituted. Then, too, the Douglas Fairbanks, Srs. (Mary Pickford) in spite of Beth Sully and

Marlene Dietrich and Maria were recently joined by Maria's pa, Rudolph Sieber, who arrived from Germany.

Behold the bridegroom—and his bride! Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli, principals in a celebrated romance.
The marriage circle has even the natives dizzy—so we don't blame you for wanting the latest lowdown on the screen marriages and divorces. Here it is!

By

Alma Whitaker

Owen Moore as former respective partners, have managed to weather all reported rifts within the lute of their marital happiness. Corinne Griffith, reported coming back to films, was formerly Mrs. Webster Campbell, but seems happy as Mrs. Walter Morosco. Adolphe Menjou exchanged a Katherine Tinsley for a Kathryn Carver three years ago, and appears content. Natalie Moorhead, in spite of her "ex," Raymond H. Phillips, a year back, appears to be making a go of it with Alan Crossland, the director.

And Mae Murray certainly gives an impression of beatific satisfaction with Prince David Mdivani, in spite of two previous matrimonial disasters with Jay O'Brien and Robert Leonard, respectively. The Antonio Morenos remain married after nigh ten years, although Daisy was originally Mrs. Danziger. Ruth Roland and Ben Bard keep up the good news, after Ruth had previously tried and found wanting Lionel Kent. Irene Rich gives every evidence of happiness with David Blankenhorn, although Irene had formerly been Mrs. Elvo Deffenbaugh and Mrs. Major Charles Rich.

Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, both frivolous dears, have remained married to, these many years now, and neither has been divorced before. This couple, about whom the gossips wag occasionally, al-

Our star young couple for romantic happiness are Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Joan Crawford. These two seem to enjoy a perfect love and understanding. Bebe Daniels, too, after two years with her Ben Lyon, radiates content, and is soon to present Ben with an heir.

Now that Marlene Dietrich's spouse, Herr Rudolph Sieber, has come over from Germany to join Marlene and their little daughter, Maria, the reunited Dietrich-Sieber family presents one of the most idyllic pictures of wedded happiness in Hollywood.

Nils Asther and Vivian Duncan (no previous divorces) have been favored with a lamblike and all seems to be well there. Lionel Barrymore, now back acting, seems to remain very faithful to his Irene Fenwick (his first wife was Doris Rankin). Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers have given us no heartaches (Continued on page 99)
Tallulah, Herself!
By Ida Zeitlin

The Exciting Life Story of the Alabama Blonde Who Captivated Staid Old London and Wise Manhattan—and Now is Bringing a New Brand of Glamor to the Screen

Tallulah's Velvet Fascinations!

"Miss Bankhead and her grave-and-gay drama 'Tarnished Lady,' came as a fresh, hot whiff of Life as it is lived by the butterflies of New York. Miss Bankhead flits neurotically from luxurious penthouse to squalid dive. Now she is drunk and wanton in the arms of an ugly racketeer; then she is the patrician wife of a stiff-shirt financier; and again a shopgirl and the mother of the homeliest infant in Hollywood. Miss Bankhead achieves these abrupt transferences magically and with incantations that defy analysis. I revel in Miss Bankhead’s smooth veneers and varnishes and agree with her managers in their pronouncement that she is as mysterious and as potent an influence on motion picture civilization as Will Hays or any of the Warner Bros."


Tallulah at ten! The neighbors never dreamed that this chubby little girl would grow up to be a slim, glamorous figure, the toast of London, the rage of New York, and the star of a motion picture called "My Sin." (That—honestly—is the title of Tallulah’s new movie.)
PART II

Only for a moment did Tallulah stand, staring wide-eyed at her photograph in the magazine. The next moment a small cyclone might have been observed, tearing madly down the Washington streets and over the crossings, heedless of gaping bystanders, heedless of angry motorists, heedless of the fact that she hadn't paid for the magazine clutched fiercely against her breast. Into the Bankhead home she burst, shrieking: "Daddy! Where are you? Daddy! Grandmother! Where are you?"

Pallid with terror, they rushed toward her, prepared for disaster.

"I've won! I've won! I've won!" she gasped. "Glory hallelujah, I've won!" and collapsed, a shaking huddle in her father's arms.

After she had been restored to some measure of sanity, she explained what had happened. She had sent her picture in without her name, and she had also written a letter to say that she was sending the picture. But the picture and the letter—naturally, among the thousands received—had never found each other.

A family conclave was held on the spot.

"You can't get out of it now," cried Tallulah, half pleading, half commanding, wholly triumphant. "You've got to let me be an actress now!"

"Better let the child go," advised her grandmother. "It'll always rankle in her heart if you don't, and you'll have her turning sour on your hands."

"No," Tallulah contradicted, "it won't rankle, and I shan't turn sour. Because if you don't let me go, I'm going anyway."

And since he could find no answer to that argument, her father wrote for her a letter to the fan magazine, telling them that the fair unknown was his daughter. And received a courteous reply, suggesting that since they had already heard the same story from five hundred other claimants, they would be pleased to have Congressman Bankhead send them a duplicate of his daughter's photograph. Which, a little amused and a little annoyed, Congressman Bankhead did.

The immediate result of all this excitement was that Tallulah, chaperoned by her aunt, went to New York and was given a small part in a film. Her first week's salary was $25, and when they gave her the check, she tore it up in a fury. Not because she thought it was too little. Far from it. But because, reared in the grand tradition, she felt herself humiliated by the notion of accepting cash in return for the sacred privilege of practising her art.

"Silly as it may sound," she says, "the money end of it had never occurred to me. I was so grateful for the chance to act that the idea of taking money for it came as a horrible shock. It was like being tipped. I might add," she continues dryly, "that the shock wore off. I might also add that that particular check was cashed. My wily aunt Louise picked it up from the floor, and pasted it together again."

As such things have a way of doing, Tallulah's skyrocket start fizzled and died. She found herself in a blind alley. The films had nothing to offer her, and the stage not much more. She would get an occasional part that led nowhere. She lived in mortal terror of being called back home. Her family was indulgent, but there was a limit. Aunt Louise couldn't stay with her forever, and they didn't relish the notion of their little white lamb wandering afield unprotected. An independent lamb was of course another story. A lamb with a job who could support herself was in a far better strategic position than one who had to write ignominiously home for funds at the end of each week.

"I thought," she said, "I should die of the agony of suspense each time I was called to read a part. I used to go to St. Patrick's and burn candles to the saints and pray desperately to God to let me have the part. I wasn't a Catholic but, as you see, my (Continued on page 104)
Does John yearn to play “Hamlet” on the screen? Guess again! He wants—but go ahead and read the story.

Barrymore's
Real Ambition

By John O'Hara

IF ARTHUR BRISBANE had not been an art critic, John Barrymore might not have become an actor.

A second point: Barrymore was more impressed by Brisbane’s devastating and effective criticism of his art than he was by the more friendly attitude of the late Andrew Carnegie.

And a third point: Ella Wheeler Wilcox was, after a fashion, Barrymore’s first art patron.

It all came about because of the young Barrymore’s innate rebelliousness. He early determined that the family tradition of acting was not the course he preferred to follow. He wanted to be an artist. In fact, his family was unwittingly responsible for John’s artistic leanings.

As a punishment for childhood peccadillos he was ordered to learn passages from the Bible and lengthy verses of Milton. In the books given him were grotesque drawings by Gustave Doré, and their eerie hideousness attracted the boy. He would pass his time covertly copying the drawings. He decided he had talent, and to bring it out he went to Paris to study—well, mostly art.

When he grew to young manhood he got a newspaper job. It was his duty each day to illustrate the verse of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. One day she sent word to the managing editor that she would like to see the illustrator of her poems. In fact, she demanded to see him. Suspecting unpleasantness, the young artist prepared. He knew full well that the interview was bound to get around to the subject of feet.

It seems that Barrymore was fairly skillful in his sketches of face and figure, but when it came to feet he was not so good. As a matter of fact, when he came to feet he halted. He hid feet in the grass, water, or snow. Barrymore couldn’t draw a foot to save his neck!

So he was ready for the interview. He rushed into Mrs. Wilcox’s office and before she was able to say a word, Barrymore burst out: “I know it’s about feet, Mrs. Wilcox, but I’m sorry. I can’t seem to put them on paper. Please don’t have me discharged.”

The poetess was bowled over by young Barrymore’s personality. The result of the interview which the lad
Drawings on these pages reproduced by courtesy of Mr. John Barrymore.

had feared and trembled about was that she decided that so long as she worked for the paper, Barrymore was to illustrate her poems. Not unlike others of the newspaper craft—you meet so many interesting people—Barrymore soon wanted a change of scene. He switched jobs. For all of twenty minutes he worked on The Morning Telegraph in New York. Then he got another job, which lasted until the managing editor took more than casual interest in the Barrymore drawings. Somewhat like Zuleika Dobson of Max Beerbohm's novel, the editorial chief did not profess to know much about Art, but he knew what he didn't like, and at that moment he did not like what Barrymore was drawing. It is not a matter of record just what he said, but his decision certainly is stage and screen history, for he gave back a Barrymore to the stage. He didn't put it quite so kindly, to be sure. He fired that Barrymore kid. And that was one of Arthur Brisbane's few ventures into art criticism. He sold Barrymore short.

Thus John found himself without a job, bounced out of journalistic art, and unwilling to go on the stage. He had forgotten for the time being that he had turned a picture over for exhibition, but he was pleasantly reminded of it when his agent informed him that the picture had been purchased by none other than Andrew Carnegie. For the munificent sum of ten dollars! The title of this Barrymore original was "the Hangman."

Of course ten dollars meant a lot more in those days than it does today. But it wasn't quite enough to convince John the Artist that charcoal and paint and brush were his forte. Even with the approval of the great steel man, Barrymore was not so sure that he was on the road to success in that field. He had a few weeks of beating the pavement on his uppers, and two or three unsuccessful jousts with his landlady. But the flesh was weak. Maybe the young man was an art critic himself. In any case, he capitulated. He was taken back to the ample bosom of his family and he became a real Barrymore. That is to say, he became an actor.

Now it is not the province of this journalist to divulge fancy facts about the Barrymore career as a thespian. We are more concerned with the artist Barrymore.

Thus we find him at his early struggles on the stage, learning how to read lines, taking abuse from directors and stage managers, receiving helpful hints from his uncle, John Drew, and his brother and sister, a Miss Ethel and a Mr. Lionel Barrymore, who are not unknown to lovers of good acting. He learned how to show the famous profile to advantage, how to walk on the stage and how to walk off; he acquired the little tricks of memory and a stage presence, and the all-important ability to "ad lib" when another player forgot his lines.

It was more rigorous and a harder life than the life of a newspaper artist, and young Barrymore had only two outlets for his suppressed temper: he would swear great and large oaths, and he would draw. Naturally enough he could not swear his great and large oaths in front of the director who had chided him, nor could he take to pen and pencil during a rehearsal, so both means of expression of the inner rebellion had to take place in the privacy of the young actor's room.

Nights after the theatre he would pass long hours drawing outrageous caricatures of people who annoyed him, and he would sit at his drawing board and enliven his sketching with hearty trooper talk. In that way he kept up with his drawing and with his swearing, in both of which he is today highly proficient.

Both talents come in handy, the latter on almost any occasion, and the former when Barrymore wants to tell the world—(Continued on page 116)
Six Best Pictures of the Month:

REBOUND          AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY
SON OF INDIA     THE COMMON LAW
THE MAN IN POSSESSION   NEWLY RICH

Turn to page 96 for casts of current films

Newly Rich
Paramount

In your town this picture may be billed as “Forbidden Adventure.” See it anyway! It’s too good to miss no matter what they call it. Directed by Taurog of “Skippy,” it’s great family entertainment. Concerns two kid screen stars whose Hollywood mamas yank them off to Europe, where they meet a boy king who, like them, is fed up with his job—and the three run away together. Their adventures are just as much fun for you. The acting of the three youngsters is irresistible. You may have been feeling that you had been seeing just a teeny, weeny bit too much of Mitzi Green. Well, she wins you again here. Jackie Searl is obnoxious and appealing at one and the same time. Bruce Lane, new, is an endearing lad. Edna Mae Oliver and Louise Fazenda are the mamas. Don’t skip it.

Son of India
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

The screen, which was getting so swanky and sophisticated there for a while, is now allowing a little sentiment to creep in. I am in favor of it. Pictures like “Son of India” bring back some of that dear dead hokum and tinsel and glamour that used to thrill us when we first went to theatres. Novarro’s new one is frankly romantic but it is also mysteriously charming. Ramon was never so grand, girls, as in this part of a gallant son of the east who falls in love with nice lil’ American gal. Moon-drenched nights and marble halls and diamond vaults and jungle thrills and renunciation—all that business; but Ramon, and the exquisite Madge Evans, his new leading lady, have you going for it in a big, big way. See our Honor Page for further details about these new screen lovers.

The Common Law
RKO-Pathé

The latest chapter in the screen serial, “The Confessions of Connie Bennett.” Miss Bennett’s film love life becomes more and more hectic. The lovely, romantic Constance is seen this time as the long-suffering and sinning heroine of Robert W. Chambers’ good old reliable sex drama, and if you find it listed as one of our Six Best—and you will, I just put it there—blame Miss Bennett. This girl has so much charm that it’s almost impossible to shove any picture of hers into second rating. Here she appears, always alluringly, as the girl friend of—first, the bibulous Lew Cody; second, the handsome Joel McCrea—Joel in the rôle of an artist. Eventually the plot makes Connie an honest woman. If you like Bennett as we like Bennett, you’ll like this. Robert Williams is swell.
The Man in Possession
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Robert Montgomery not only has full possession of the picture, but of the audience, too. Bob is the "black sheep" of a very proper English family, and papa—or hadn't we better say "the pater"—wants to send him to Australia so that his sappy brother may wed Irene Purcell whom he believes to have money, because if she heard of Bob's escapades—well! But Bob refuses to go, and what's more, he marries his brother's fiancée. Irene Purcell, as a slightly shady lady, makes an interesting heroine. Charlotte Greenwood hands out the laughs and Montgomery is—gr-and! I defy you not to like him! Mr. Hays must have lost his scissors because some spicy dialogue and situations have crept in, much to everyone's enjoyment. You'll want to see this "Man in Possession."

An American Tragedy
Paramount

This picture has caused more talk than any in years. It will cause still more. You will like it or hate it—no half-way measures. It's powerful, heavy stuff. Whether it is Mr. Dreiser's "American Tragedy" or not is a little problem I'm glad to leave to Mr. Dreiser, Mr. von Sternberg, Mr. Lasky, Mr. Zukor, Mr. Hays, and Mickey Mouse. It doesn't really matter, matter, matter. You and I are concerned with one question—is it worth seeing? It is. Strong, stiff drama—not pleasant or pretty; some terrific scenes, not for weak stomachs. It's problematical what his rôle of Clyde Griffiths will do for Phil Holmes' future with the fans. He gives a great performance, though. Sylvia Sidney is splendid, too. And all the rest of the cast. A directorial triumph. See it.

Rebound
RKO-Pathé

See this and start a family battle. All the way home wives and husbands will argue, "Should Ina Claire have taken back Bob Ames after the way he behaved with Myrna Loy?" Vamp versus wife, 1931 version is "Rebound," with the newest, smartest cast and décor. Donald Ogden Stewart's play, with its gay dialogue, has made a splendid picture, thanks to director E. H. Griffith and his players. Ina Claire really comes into her own as the wife—she's spirited, stunning. You'll like Ames, too—and Robert Williams. Of course Myrna Loy is decorative—and as one who has been screaming and stomping for her for three years, I'm glad to see I was right. Hedda Hopper is charming. Altogether, a concourse for Claire—satisfaction for the author—contented audiences!

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:
Ina Claire in "Rebound"
Jackie Searl in "Newly Rich"
Bruce Line in "Newly Rich"
Mitzi Green in "Newly Rich"
Madge Evans in "Son of India"
Ramon Novarro in "Son of India"
Sylvia Sidney in "An American Tragedy"
Constance Bennett in "The Common Law"
Phillips Holmes in "An American Tragedy"
Robert Montgomery in "The Man in Possession"
Their Favorite Ghost Stories

Spookeasy tales of Hollywood—read 'em and creep

By Ruth Tildesley

TELLING hair-raising tales around the Hallow-e'en hearth is a grand way to amuse the party.

And Hollywood, being, as you have often heard, "just like a small town," has its own thrillers with which to lift hirsute equipment to unwonted angles.

If, for instance, you invited Pola Negri to your Hallowe'en party, she'd tell this tale of the weirdest thing that ever happened to her:

"While I was in Paris, I was entertained at the home of a friend much interested in spiritism. During the evening, a discussion began between our host and a young woman who didn't believe in materialization. Our host suggested a seance to prove his point.

"'Whom would you like to see?' he asked, when conditions were right and we were all sitting in a circle in the dim room.

"'Oh—anybody dead!' she laughed.

"Presently a faint light appeared above our host, in which a face was vaguely outlined. It meant nothing to me, but the young woman screamed and fell from her chair unconscious. The lights were turned on.

"'When they had brought the woman to, she explained that the face in the light had been that of her father and that he was not dead but safe at home. Just then the telephone bell rang. Our host took a message for the woman. Her father, it seems, had died nearly an hour before!'"

Elissa Landi declares that no spooky thing ever happened to her, but her favorite ghost story concerns a girl who swears it actually occurred.

"And I believe it," she adds, with a wicked little grin.

"Gwen was a chorus girl who had managed to get herself engaged to a young Englishman of an excellent family. Naturally, they were not overpleased at the match, and when the young man suddenly died the only explanation they gave Gwen was that he had succumbed..."
to a severe attack of influenza.

"One day, shortly after his death, Gwen was introduced to a famous psychic.

"Why don't you stand up straight?" he demanded, and with his words Gwen realized that she had been stooping for several days.

"There's a man from the other world leaning on you," continued the psychic.

"It's Ronny!" thought Gwen, trying not to be alarmed.

"He has two bullet holes in his head," the man elaborated.

"Oh, then it can't be Ronny!" thought Gwen, relieved.

"You are thinking you don't know him, but you do. You think he didn't kill himself, but he did and he's sorry. He realizes now that he cared too much for you to let you go, so he is trying to get you to come to him."

"Gwen got away as swiftly as possible, convinced that the man was mad, but a few days later it developed that her fiancé had really shot himself and his family had tried to cover up the fact.

"Next morning. Gwen, who lived in a small flat with a girl friend, was wakened by a ring at the bell. Half asleep she rose to go to the door. To reach it, she had to walk down a long very dark hall that had a high ceiling.

"'Pull on the light!' called a voice that Gwen took for that of her friend. The chandelier had an inverted dome and in order to reach the chain the girls had tied a long piece of ribbon to it. Without pausing in her progress along the hall, Gwen seized the ribbon and pulled it. At once came a noise like an earthquake, down tumbled the dome, in the crash Gwen heard a man's voice and cried out: 'Don't, Ronny!' . . . And the next thing she remembered was standing just clear of the heavy glass, with her roommate waking up to wonder what (Cont. on page 100)
Meet Margery Wilson! Perhaps you already know her. She won fame as a screen star, then turned to writing. Her book called "Charm" is already something of a classic, having attained the dignity of being used as a textbook on the most fascinating subject in the world—feminine loveliness.

We are glad to present Miss Wilson as our brand new Beauty Editor.

W e don't have to wait until the end of the world for Judgment Day. Every day is Judgment Day! And especially these autumn days when we must face the debris of summer. Time to get busy! Sh! But not too busy.

Let's be intelligent about it—and human! Let's not get in a strain about acquiring our fall and winter complexions and weights after a summer of carelessness and indulgence. What good is a lovely skin if the eyes have that worried and grasping look that is death to charm?

It's usually just a little mistake that keeps us from being effective, beautiful and charming. These small mistakes of omission and commission constitute the difference between success and failure in the impression we make on others. And it's my job to help you find yours and correct it. And I'm never happier than when I'm doing it!

Sometimes we over-emphasize our faces or bodies—again we under-emphasize them—but one sin is as great as another if it spoils the whole.

A great impresario was going over a list of singers for an important engagement, where beauty and personality would be as necessary as a fine voice. He hesitated over a well-known name, then shook his head. "No, no, no, no! That woman is like a glass of good wine with a drop of kerosene in it." "Why," his assistant demanded—weary with the search. "She has beauty—a great voice—social position—she's perfect for the part."

"Yes," the great man answered, "that's just it—she's too perfect—and the audience resents it."

This comes as something of a shock to those of us who struggle daily for a uniform perfection impossible to attain. Beauty that brings popularity, both private and public, often includes a fault that marks its owner as individual. We often hear that a certain actress has succeeded "in spite of" her imperfections. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say she got there "because of" a fault that set her apart from the crowd. If you are one of those fortunate people who have a distinguishing fault you are blessed of the gods!

For beauty is something more than a good skin of fashionable color, bright eyes and cupid's-bow lips. I should enjoy murdering the man or woman who first said, "Beauty is only skin-deep."

Don't misunderstand me, please! Fine cosmetics and their proper and regular use have eliminated the ugly woman from the landscape. Entirely. And we pay any amount for this gratefully, eagerly. By the way, right now is the wisest time to use plenty of nourishing cream and ice or cooling astringents to waken pores that are lax from over-heating, and to feed a starved skin, parched by sun and wind.
Presenting a new and novel department dedicated to Charm—edited by a real beauty. Don't miss it!

But now—listen—when you get your face all made up in the accepted manner, just like Mary Brown and Sally Jones, is it a face that continues to please the eye after the first approving glance? Will it hold attention? Or is it just one of the many little pretty peeks in the popular pod that you can't tell from the one next to it? We treat our faces as if they were portraits we were painting and fix them up to suit ourselves. Fine! So far! But if we are going to do that, let's make a good job of it and paint them with desirable qualities from within as well as without. If you don't—well, the goblins'll git you if you don't watch out—you'll have just an empty shell, or mask, for a face. Unfortunately, that's what most of us have.

Literally millions of words have been written this year, telling us how carefully we must apply our make-up—and they are all words of wisdom. Don't look made-up! And to make-up without looking made-up requires a professional skill. So we try and try and try. We take lessons and devote much thought to the proper shade over the eyes, the best position for the tiny bit of cheek rouge allowed. No wonder that by the time we have mastered this art (and that is what it is) we are too exhausted to think much about our appearance. And just when we're wanting a little appreciation if not actual sympathy, the fashion dictators give us another demand.

Attention! To be truly smart, your face must have "character." The busiest débutantes are after it. There must be a light of zeal in your eye, a purpose in the set of your chin, and—don't miss this!—you must have a cause. It is smart to take an interest in your fellow man.

So, if your swain seems less interested than he used to be, try this. Rush out in your garden and pick a large bouquet of zinnias, or whatever you have left, and take them to—say, the Children's Hospital. Then, that evening before you start off with your cool young man just drop a casual remark about your "cause." Something like this: "Just as I left the Children's Hospital this afternoon, I ran into John Smith driving his new roadster. He seemed surprised to see me there and drove me home." Perhaps it's the novelty that is proving so attractive to young men of today—but whatever it is, the fact remains that all the smart young things have a "cause."

Read up on your "subject" and appear to know about it—but not too much. Let the men tell you helpful things about it. Having gotten a cause for yourself, don't be too serious and muffled about it. Treat it as a stimulating thing and talk about it very little—just enough.

It is not only ultra-smart to be interested in unfortunate humanity this year, but it puts a light in your eyes and a warmth in your heart that will glow in your face as softly and becomingly as candle-light.

Womanly figures are all the rage these days—so, too, are womanly faces. And the girls are going to any length to get them—even pretending they're interested in somebody besides themselves! Well, go on and pretend. It's a start, anyway—and it'll get you in the end. Men love sympathetic women. (If they don't get sappy about it.) So do other women and I may add—so do children and dogs!

You see, we have been so concentrated on improving ourselves that our thoughts have automatically formed the habit of selfishness and that shows in some of our faces—makes them hard. We don't mean to be selfish. We've just gotten that way without realizing it. But do you know, selfish thoughts actually cause the muscles of the face to droop!

Take for example the woe-be-gone expression of the woman who enjoys poor health. "Poor me!" her sagging cheeks seem to say. Consider our very language on the subject. "His face fell when he learned of his loss." "The baby was so disappointed she pulled the longest face." But when a real interest outside ourselves comes along and sweeps our thoughts out into the big stream of life—up goes the chin, up go the eyes, up goes the body, and up goes the beauty thermometer!

One is the ME expression which is unlovely. The other is the YOU expression which is the first step toward beauty and charm.

There are hundreds of tiny muscles in the face and they are so sensitive that they respond instantly to every condition imposed upon them from within and without. And so long as I am conducting this department for SCREENLAND we will study them both with equal emphasis. They are inseparable in the final effect. Next month I want to talk about Facing the Future, for we want to build a dependable beauty for the future as well as to make-up skilfully at the present.

Yours for Beauty and Charm!
The Successful
Mr. Menjou

Poise will be poise—and it's been a great asset in Adolphe's career

By
Hale Horton

AFTER several adequate portrayals, Adolphe Menjou finally rode to fame on "A Woman of Paris," directed by the genius who took three years to make "City Lights."

Up to this time his career had been somewhat speckled. And his initial entrance into pictures was the result of an idea put into his head by Major Carlisle Mason, bon vivant and star customer of a high class French restaurant owned by Albert, father of Adolphe, which at the time, 1912, was located in New York at 93rd and Broadway. Here it was that Adolphe, himself, worked as a waiter; and I gather he was the suavest waiter that ever juggled a soup tureen.

"Menjou's mannerisms," the Major recalls, his face glowing with good health and things, "are precisely the same on the screen as they were in the days he waited table; suave and impeccably polite—" Which leads one to suspect that the Major missed "The Front Page."

However and nevertheless, Menjou's career started off on a gallop on that certain evening when the Major dropped around for a gourmet's banquet. "The escargots might be nice tonight, Adolphe," he confided, "and some of that delicious onion soup, and filet mignon with—by the way, there's a fortune in pictures for a good-looking young man like you. In fact, I've spoken to my little friend, Dorothy Phillips, whom I sup-

pose you've seen in pictures and—"

"Mais oui!" Menjou agreed, in one of his five languages. "You mean the cinema star—"

"That's right," the Major nodded. "She's over at Vitagraph; and if you're around tomorrow and ask for her, she'll introduce you to a director who will give you a part in one of his pictures."

And I say, Adolphe, upon further considering the matter I think you'd better turn my filet mignon into a file deveau with vinaigrette sauce."

One imagines that when Menjou scammed back to the kitchen he was giving considerably more attention to Dorothy Phillips and the picture business than to the Major's succulent escargots. He reflected no doubt that up to that moment his career seemed to have misfired. Of course his father had sent him to Culver Military Academy—and you may take it from me that's no school for a sissy—and Cornell. During his vacations he had worked in his father's Cleveland restaurant. (Cleveland having been the home of the Menjous for many years before they finally moved to New York.) And while living in the same city he had spent a couple of years in stock. Perhaps this last experience had so whetted his histrionic appetite that the mere allusion to theatricals thrilled him to the toes. At any rate, after turning the Major's proposal over in his mind and viewing it from all of its various angles, he found that it rather appealed to him, especially the fortune part of it.

So on the next day he located Dorothy Phillips, met the director, and caught a part. Two weeks later he taxied back to his father's restaurant and sought out the Major who as usual was dining well, wisely, and with much (Continued on page 102)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

GRETA GARBO in "SUSAN LENOX. HER FALL AND RISE"

Photographed by Milton Brown, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Here they are—the fourth and final set of shadows and stars in Screenland’s Star Shadow Contest. Match them up—and then send them in together with your solutions of the three other sets.

Hitch the shadows to the stars! But be sure that you have the complete set of sixteen Star Shadows—four each from our July, August, September and October issues. Entries will be eligible to be judged for prizes only if the complete set of sixteen Star Shadows is received at once. In case you missed any of the earlier ones, back copies of the July, August and September issues are available.

This fascinating game really isn’t difficult—and the generous prizes make it well worthwhile! Just take a good look at the shadows of famous screen stars which you see reproduced on these pages. Then turn slowly through this issue of Screenland and if you are careful and observant you will find, somewhere in its pages, photographs of these stars that fit the shadows exactly, both in size and in shape. Take them up one at a time, and when you have spotted one, then go on to the next. Then, after you have located them all, fit them to their corresponding shadows; then write the name of each star in the space below.

Remember—neatness and taste will count just as much as accuracy in the judging of entries. You may fill in the names of the stars either on the typewriter or in ink—you may use your own judgment as to the best way in which to mount and arrange them—but make your completed entries look just as neat and attractive as you know how.

It isn’t only an investment of leisure time with possibilities of handsome returns—it’s a delightful game as well! What more pleasant way to spend an evening than by testing your skill and accuracy in a pastime involving your favorite screen stars? Make it a family event—get pa and ma and the rest of the folks to sit in and help you. And don’t get discouraged if you fail to match up the Star Shadows at the first attempt—because you just know they’re right there in the magazine, and if you try hard enough, and are mentally on your toes, you can’t help but find them!

Here’s a tip—in comparing Stars and Shadows, notice such details as the shape of an ear, the arrangement of the hair, the position of the head and shoulders, and so on. It’s things like those that tell you whether the picture you’ve decided on is the right one, or one that’s just a little bit different. It will help you, too, to decide first whether each shadow is that of a man or of a woman—then the problem of matching it up will be that much simpler for you.

And don’t forget that, in matching the pictures with their shadows, it is necessary to match the amount of bust to go with the head as well. The picture must be pasted over the shadow so that none of the black will show. Get the idea?
IN PRIZES!

SCREENLAND'S

STAR SHADOW

CONTEST

The Rules of the SCREENLAND Star Shadow Contest:

1. Twenty cash prizes will be paid by SCREENLAND Magazine as follows:

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<th>Prize Number</th>
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<tr>
<td>First Prize</td>
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<td>Second Prize</td>
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<td>Fifth Prize</td>
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<td>Ten prizes of $50.00 each</td>
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2. In four issues—July, August, September and October numbers—SCREENLAND is publishing cut puzzle pictures of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Four complete cut puzzle pictures will appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of a silhouette, or shadow. In the same issue of the magazine with this shadow there will be a photograph of some actor or actress which will exactly fit the silhouette or shadow. When the photographs are properly located, and pasted upon the shadows, and the names added, there will be sixteen separate portraits, $2,500.00 in prizes as specified in Rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged sets of sixteen portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures have appeared in the October issue. Assembled pictures on the shadows must be submitted in sets of sixteen only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each complete portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all solutions should be sent to The Star Shadow Contest Editors, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Be sure your full name and complete address is written on, or attached to your entry; that your entry is securely packed to guard against damage in transit; and that it carries sufficient postage to avoid delay.

4. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of SCREENLAND Magazine to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in SCREENLAND Magazine, and assemble the copied portrait with the copy of the shadow. Copies of SCREENLAND Magazine may be examined at the New York offices of the Magazine or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying the cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The sixteen cut puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, must be assembled and pinned or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of SCREENLAND Magazine's staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

7. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered, the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

8. The contest will close at midnight on October 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the midnight of October 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with SCREENLAND Magazine. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the October issue, which will be on sale on the newsstands on or about September 1st. The prize winners will be announced in the February, 1932 issue of SCREENLAND.

9. Because of the time and labor required to re-pack and re-ship thousands of entries, it will be impossible to return any of them.

When hunting the stars to fit the shadows, don't confine yourself to pictures that stand out on the pages by themselves, without backgrounds. The picture you are looking for may have a background—it may even be part of a group. But one thing is certain: It is in here somewhere, and it matches the shadow perfectly, both in size and in shape.

Read the rules carefully before you begin—they'll help you. Take your time, both in finding the stars and in preparing your entries after you've found them. Patience, thought and care may reward you richly. And even if your efforts do not bring you a prize, there's a lot of fun in it, and a personal satisfaction to be found in few puzzle games.

All set now? Go to it—hitch the shadows to the stars!
ANOTHER good girl gone naughty on the screen! Joan, the baby of the Bennetts, and once so naive, so innocent, will soon reveal how "She Wanted a Millionaire."
WHETHER as hard-boiled gentleman crook or sentimental bachelor, crisp and handsome Lewis Stone keeps unchanged his position as one of the most convincing players on the screen.
Young Doug makes a stage début, and the stars come out to twinkle at him.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., faced the audience in "The Man in Possession" at a Los Angeles theatre.

Left, below—Doug, Sr. and Mary applauded vigorously from front-row seats.

The leading man scored the biggest hit of all with Joan Crawford, his wife. Joan didn't lack an escort that night—Bill Haines was the lucky man.

Bob Montgomery (above) and Dita Parlo (left) made dazzlingly correct first-nighters.

The Lowes were there, too—Lilyan Tashman and Edmund (sometimes known as Sweet and Lowe).
Sally Blane in her first-night regalia wasn’t a bad supplement to the main show.

Harry and Ann Harding Bannister broadcast their greetings—Harry via the mike, Ann with her all-embracing smile.

“It’s a big night!” Jack Whiting is confiding to the vast radio audience.

Sid Grauman liked it, but Ramon Novarro just loved it, if we’re to judge by this study in degrees of delight.

The dashing Damita paused for a moment to smile a chummy “Hello.”

Richard Bennett wasn’t nearly so stern after he’d witnessed the ingratiating performances given by Doug and Nora Gregor.
PHILLIPS HOLMES made his commanding position among the younger stars secure with his gripping performance in "An American Tragedy." The pup was good, too.
IT ISN'T merely as the daughter of a noted stage actor, Ernest Lawford, that Betty is known, for she's made her own success in many screen hits.
It's Fall Fashion Time!

Ruth Chatterton's frock is of black satin. Ruth's onyx costume jewelry—bracelet, earrings, and shoulder straps—is smart and not too heavy.

Adrienne Ames harkens to a new fashion note that requires the application of big, bold flowers on dainty net.

Wait a minute, Alice Joyce—we want to know what the well-dressed lady is wearing. Black suit—note the long skirt—white blouse—and black and white tricorne hat.

Karen Morley's smart fall-model black hat resembles a sleek headdress with a coronet braid outlining the crown. A ribbon bow of velvet trims one side.
Tailored pajamas of luscious peach satin are worn by Madge Evans. The knee-length coat is of brown satin and has a wide collar and turn-back cuffs of the peach color, with initials on the lapel of the coat.

Constance Bennett's gown is of gold Chantilly lace encrusted with sequins, in extreme silhouette mode with a flounce of sable. And that isn't a handkerchief in Connie's hand—it's a jacket. A gold link bracelet is the only jewelry she wears with this.

The Hawaiian influence! A "Lei" scarf of silver fox accents the jade green velvet wrap worn by Adrienne Ames. Her gown is of crêpe in shades of chartreuse. (Above.)

More black and white! Marian Marsh, left, is smart in a black flat crêpe fall frock with a fitted jacket of white lapin. Marian's hat sports snappy black and white feathers. Skirts are longer than ever for fall. Girls who would be smart, please note!
Nils Asther believes in fortifying himself against the brisk autumn breezes. Just now his baby daughter holds the center of the stage in the Asther family.
"GLAMOROUS GLORIA" Swanson, once the pet of the silent films, has gained a new and impressive eminence in the Age of Sound. "To night or Never" will be her next.
Glimpses of many Landis—
Elissa in some casual moments

Out for a canter. Miss Landi is one of the few really expert equestriennes in Hollywood.

And now trouble's brewing! The expression of startled terror brings out the remarkable poignancy of the English girl's features.

Up on the sun-deck, Elissa seldom fails to get her daily quota of health rays—genuine, no imitation!

(Above) That's just too bad! If this is the way Elissa studies a part, it looks like all play and no work for her.
You can tell that Miss Landi, thoroughly at home in this study of domestic tranquillity, is happily married.

Getting on friendly terms with the out-of-doors—and letting those nice clean, white pajamas take care of themselves.

Pensive. Millions of pennies for her thoughts—she’s an accomplished authoress as well as an actress.

"Artist" is a sadly misused word—but where more fittingly applied than to the owner of this sensitive, living face?
WE DON'T know what's going to happen but Marie Dressler is cooking up something. Marie is a great little cook, too, as you found if you read her life story in SCREENLAND not long ago.
Remember Her?

Anna May Wong, surely the most talented and lovely daughter a Chinese laundryman ever produced, returned to Hollywood to do "The Daughter of the Dragon," with Sessue Hayakawa, at Paramount. This, of course, after Europe had dubbed her exquisite, starred her on both stage and screen in Chinese, Malay, Eurasian and other characters, and generally placed its superior o.k. upon her.

After her starring vehicle, "The Circle in Chalk," in London, a famous English producer wanted to star Anna in Shakespearean roles, beginning with Ophelia in "Hamlet." They predicted she would be the sensation of the screen in this guise. But the Paramount people were negotiating at the same time, so Shakespeare heroines must be postponed until next year.

Anna has returned with a mastery of foreign languages, very Oxford English, German, French, and some Spanish, in addition to American and Chinese! Anna also made a great hit in a Viennese operetta in Austria, besides starring in several silent pictures in Germany. But she does wish they wouldn't always want her to be a villainess!

In the meantime, Anna is buying a house, where her mother, four brothers and two sisters will live with her. Dad is proud of her, but declines to live on her. Thank you. One little sister is very pretty and has already played some small bits in films. Another sister is proving a first class secretary. The boys have a big room at the top of the house for their very own. Dad raised them all with a laundry in Los Angeles.

She's New!

Viennese, vivacious, and bristling with charm and piquancy, is Nora Gregor, who burst upon Los Angeles as an intriguing stage actress with young Mr. Fairbanks in "The Man in Possession." It was a fascinating début.

You see, Nora has already proved a joyous success in German versions of "The Trial of Mary Dugan" and "Olympia" last year, when she was brought out from Vienna, after her huge triumphs with Max Reinhardt in both Berlin and Vienna on the stage, and also in films.

"But I did not know English then, only a few little words, so it seemed my ambition to play in American pictures could not be realized. But when they sent for me again this year, I determined to learn English, and bid away in Michigan for six weeks. When I arrived here, it was all so exciting. Mr. Fairbanks wanted me for the play."

We may add that Nora's English is completely charming. She comes of an aristocratic Austrian family, whose estates were confiscated by the Italians after the war. For a while Nora's stage talents filled the family larder. Like Dietrich, she is married.

Nora is not really beautiful, but she is so sparkling, so very charming, that she seems entirely beautiful. Like Garbo and Dietrich, too, she is slightly above the regulation height for petite Hollywood charmers. Her hair is a light golden brown and she knows how to wear clothes. So, after this stage success, you will now see a new beauty in American film plays. They are hunting stories for her now.
Critical Comment

LAUGHING SINNERS
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Joan Crawford gets a chance to display her acting ability and she revels in it. Joan starts out as a night-club entertainer but finishes as a Salvation Army worker. The reason for her joining the Army is Neil Hamilton, who jilted her, and the reason for staying is Clark Gable; and they're good reasons for seeing the picture.

FIVE AND TEN
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
After heading our list as a grand comedienne, Marion Davies goes dramatic on us—but with great success. (All's forgiven, Marion.) She plays a poor, little rich girl who fights to get "her man" from a society girl. Leslie Howard is the man and he's splendid. Richard Bennett and Irene Rich are good—so's the picture.

THE BLACK CAMEL
Fox
Charlie Chan is still carrying on! You'll be glad to meet him again in this highly satisfactory mystery drama, involving the murder of a movie star and the mysterious killing of a great director. Warner Oland is again the agreeable Chinese sleuth, uttering epigrams as he tracks down the killer. Sally Eilers is the very pretty ingenue.

ANNABELLE'S AFFAIRS
Fox
Here's a thoroughly enjoyable farce—as light, flighty, and frivolous as its lovely heroine, who marries a man with a beard and leaves him eleven hours later! It's a personal triumph for pretty Jeanette MacDonald, who proves herself a comedienne second to none. Victor McLaglen plays the husband—a new rôle for Vic. With Roland Young.

MURDER BY THE CLOCK
Paramount
Here's your mystery of the month. Guaranteed to give you some spooky moments, even if it never really takes you in. Although the characters are too obvious to be altogether convincing, the sinister atmosphere and sound effects keep you chilly. Lilyan Tashman plays the evil lady of the plot. William Boyd is a good detective.

THE GIRL HABIT
Paramount
Charlie Ruggles bears the weight of a very, very light comedy—and if you don't think that's hard work, you're all wrong. "The Girl Habit" would have made a corking short feature, but as it is the situations are too long drawn out. However, Charlie is really funny. Sue Conroy and Tamara Geva are beautiful support.
A WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE

RKO-Pathé

Or a woman of “sexperience.” Nothing new about this spy drama except the cast. Helen Twelvetrees is beautiful and appealing but this film won’t add to her laurels. Lew Cody, ZaSu Pitts, William Bakewell and H. B. Warner make up a capable cast. This hackneyed plot should receive the same treatment spies do—shot at sunrise.

HUSH MONEY

Fox

A tame gangster film about a girl, Joan Bennett, who took the wrong road. A kindly detective shows her the “error of her ways.” She marries Hardie Albright and is happy until her ex-crook partner, Owen Moore, tries to blackmail her. Nice performances by the entire cast but a special tribute to Douglas Cosgrove, the detective.

SWEEPSTAKES

RKO-Pathé

This is Jim Gleason’s picture. When he is on, as a wisecracking race track trainer, “Sweepstakes” is swell entertainment. Eddie Quillan is the boy jockey—the “whoop de do kid” whose first false step leads him from the big tracks to a Tia Juana saloon. But he comes back. Exciting horse race. Marian Nixon is the girl.

A HOLY TERROR

Fox

The best Western since the talkies came in. Action, action, action—against backgrounds of remarkable beauty. Thank Director Irving Cummings for some splendid shots, and hero George O’Brien for his thrilling riding. Wholesome, clean plot, involving an air smash and other excitements. The kids will love it.

THE SECRET CALL

Paramount

Politics is the theme of this film which centers around a telephone girl, played by Peggy Shannon. You’ll like Peggy. She looks like a good picture bet even if she does go coy occasionally—blame it on the dialogue. Miss Shannon, Richard Arlen, William Davidson and Ned Sparks lift this picture to entertaining heights.

GOLDIE

Fox

Just gobs of fun—if you go for rowdy sailor stuff. Spencer Tracy and Warren Hymer quarrel and wink and drink their way from port to port with femme complications. Jean Harlow is a carnival high-diver, blonder and shapelier, if possible, than ever. Lina Basquette, Maria Alba, and Eleanor Hunt are also decorative.
The Stage in Review

Hail the "Great Glorifier" once again!—Clearing decks for the new season with revelant remarks on the old

By Benjamin De Casseres

Curtain!

A NOther season approaches—with all the paraphernalia of one of the oldest amusements in the world: I mean the theatre.

The stage is older than books, ping-pong, divorce, drinking, gang warfare, elections, Henry E. Dixey, De Wolf Hopper, jazz, Aeschylus, or almost anything else you can think of.

For the theatre is play, make-believe, a representation imaginatively of something that did or didn’t happen. It is implicit in life itself. It was born with the first liar.

Anyhow, Broadway’s looking up.

I have been a dramatic critic off and on since my nineteenth year. And I cannot remember when I did not hear that old wheeze, "The theatre is decaying." In my memory it was neck-and-neck with three other famous calamity wheezes: "France is decaying," "England’s on her last legs" and "This is Tammany’s last battle." Der Apfelmaus!

Why, there was old Willie Winter thirty years ago, who frotted at the mouth over Ibsen, Strindberg, D’Annunzio. Police! Police! The stage was sinking into an irredeemable state of salacity even then. Willie pronounced "The Old Homestead" the greatest play of the age! Now, of course, we have Mr. Channing Pollock and a whole raft of lesser Jeremials yowling about "the condition of the stage." Der Apfelmaus!

But facts are facts. The plays that made the hits in the season just closing were, in the main, sound pieces of work and, in most instances, were what are known as "decent" plays. Some of them were even mushmolly like "Mrs. Moonlight."

Pick out these corkers: "Once in a Lifetime," "Grand Hotel," "On the Spot," "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "As Husbands Go," "Give Me Yesterday," "The Silent Witness," "As You Desire Me," "Overture," "Brass Ankle" (these last two were too fine for the public), "Mr. Gilhooley," "A Farewell to Arms," "Five-Star Final." These have varying degrees of merit—but all of them were worth while, and as far superior to most of the things that Winter approved of as gaiety is superior to smugmug morality. Many of them will be seen on the screen ere long.

It is yet too early to give you a line on the coming season, however. Neither the Lord, John Golden nor Morris Gest knows at this writing. But the high spot this winter will be O’Neill (Gene). Keep that name in your hat.

"Follies of 1931"

Florenzo the Magnificent put on his twenty-third edition of the Follies. He dragnetted almost everybody into the production, the Trumpet of Fame blowing loudest
the names of Bobby Connolly, Gene Buck, Mark Helinger, Dave Stamper, Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld, Albertina Rasch, Joseph Urban, John Daly Murphy, Helen Morgan, Hal Le Roy, Harry Richman, the Colette Sisters, Albert Carroll, Ruth Etting and Oscar Bradley.

Sounds like a Professional Evening at Reuben’s Pickle Parlor, doesn’t it?

Mr. Ziegfeld still keeps glorifying Our Girls. And he has some believe-me-boys! this year all right.

The show is long, and everybody gets in something good. There’s that sensational kid dancer, the Jackie Coogan of the feet—I mean Hal Le Roy. I told you about him in “The Gang’s All Here.” Well, he’s made. And bow!

Helen Morgan goes dreamy and funny by turns. Sings a song that Noel Coward made for her, “Half-Caste Woman,” and then, with some others, takes a smack at the talkies. Helen is so beautiful that in her presence my critical faculties go electric.

Full of plums and peaches, the 1931 vintage of the Great Glorifier is worth the jack.

“The Pirates” and “Iolanthe”

The gaiety, the joy abounding and the wild, thumping applause continued through the summer at the Erlanger Theatre, where the Civic Light Opera Company added “The Pirates of Penzance” and “Iolanthe” to its Gilbert & Sullivan revivals. And they were both well done.

In “The Pirates” Herbert Waterous roared his “For I Am a Pirate Chief,” Frank Moulan made the very model of a modern Major-General Stanley, and Vivian Hart was a cute and delicious Mabel. She is a singing doll.

“Iolanthe” is unique in all the annals of the stage. There has been nothing like it in whimsical fancy, clear-cut dauntless and chorlting satire since Will Shakespeare did his “Midsummer Night’s Dream.” The idea of the House of Lords being run by the fairies!

Vera Ross looked marvellous as the Queen of the Fairies—one of the most beautiful women on our stage. Joseph Macauley was a perfect Strephon and Herbert Waterous was a comic Private Willis.

What a relief from the sewer shows!

Confessions of 1931

The Little Picture House on East 50th Street has been responsible for converting what was once known as a high-brow dramatic critic (i.e. and to wit, myself) into a talkie fan of the most fervent kind.

I see all the Broadway screen successes in this neighborhood theatre, which I first attended with the “hokum” on my lips: but my well-known love of the truth finally compelled me to admit that in many of these screen talkies the acting was far better than it was on the legitimate stage, the stories often better told, and the whole entertainment value of the performance more biting, vivid and attention-pulling.

I was surprised to find how well the synchronization problem is being solved. To me, the illusion is now almost perfect, and I often get a bigger kick out of the phantoms than I do out of the live human beings; although, in my opinion, there is nothing that will ever take the place of the living human being, just as the radio or the phonograph will never be a substitute for the living Paderewski, Chaliapin or Toscanini. The drama is safe—and so are the talkies.

Extra!—a doubter has been converted. Carry the news to our Uncle Will Hays!

Our “Music” and “Dancing”

I wish these foreign light-opera pictures could have (Cont. on p. 115)
RUDY VALLEE isn't Of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer under another no Her sympathetic But couple contribute philanthropic New one everyone will Erwin Stuart She did Santa of Rudolf The Collyer as a who murmurs at Hollywood to join his wife and little daughter, "Heedede."

Constance Bennett has gone to Europe for a vacation and it so happens that the Marquis de la Falaise is over there, too!

The new Mary Pickford Sunshine Club, formed for philanthropic purposes, will be supported entirely by a tea room at which famous actresses and society girls will act as waitresses. One source of income is that everyone who murmurs one unkind word must promptly contribute a nickel to a box for the purpose.

One or two naughty girls have decided to invest a couple of dollars every day and get it off their chests.

Playing bridge at Santa Barbara, Marie Dressler drew one of those incredible hands with 13 spades. But she did not risk bidding no trumps! Her partner swooned.

Mervyn LeRoy and Ginger Rogers have been seen lots of places together lately.

Joan Crawford lunching with Dietrich and showing off the nice new stockings Doug bought her!

Walter Huston is sure of a sympathetic scenario writer. His son, John, will do the continuity for "Heart in Hand" for Universal. John is under contract to United Artists, but was loaned for Dad's picture.

Jetta Goudal, who has finished "The Plutocrat" with Will Rogers, is to do three more pictures for Fox. But she is asking for time off for a trip to Europe with new hubby, Harold Gieves.

Adolphe Menjou has two immense closets, one forty feet long, in which to preserve his sartorial glory—over 250 suits and top coats, socks, shirts, shoes by the hundred, etc. Awful to have a voguish reputation to maintain. Curious, too, that although Adolphe has played scores of fashionable-clubman rôles, he has never belonged to a club in his life.

When he's off duty, nothing Adolphe so enjoys as wearing old clothes and failing to shave.

When Alfred Lunt, Theatre Guild star, arrived in Hollywood he started taking lessons in Russian from Lt. Col. Alex Davidoff, who served through the world war. It seems Lunt has to have Russian pronunciation for "The Guardsman."

Marie Dressler was enchanted with her political speech when she previewed "Politics," in which she campaigns for mayor. "Well, I'd have got my vote," she grinned.

Time was when fearful producers forbade contract stars to enter airplanes. Wally Beery once had to do it all on the sly. But now, Wally just hops in his six-passenger plane when the company must go on location and is all settled comfortably in his hotel by the time the rest of the party arrives.
Along the talkie trail with pad and pencil. Read about those Hollywood private lives and public events!

He took Leila Hyams, her spouse Phil Berg, and other friends to his Mountain Lake island and was covered with glory when he found the State Highway Commission had honored him by erecting a sign, "To the Beery Aviation Field, one mile."

Neil Hamilton has a wrestling ring in the front yard of his Malibu Beach home, where he makes his men friends perspire in physical work-outs. He keeps a trainer, just like a professional, and keeps himself fit with daily bouts in this strenuous manner.

Lionel Barrymore is a mystery novel addict, has a vast collection of them, and adores solving fiction crimes. That and his etching form his main recreation.

Marjorie Rambeau drives a shiny black and cream flivver. "Every morning the gardener has to back his seven-passenger sedan out of the driveway so I can get my flivver out of the garage," she grins.

By which you will gather Marjorie has not gone Hollywood.

Clark Gable is becoming aviation-minded, too. Between scenes for "Hell Divers," a naval aviation picture, Clark promotes free rides with navy aviators, just for fun.

When George Arliss went to England without his pet walking cane, he cabled for it. Couldn't enjoy his vacation without it.

Dorothy Lee is wearing a Sigma Chi fraternity pin these days. She won't tell whose it is.

Roberta Gale and Eric Linden, chosen for "Are These Our Children?" cast, seem enormously interested in each other already. Now by the time the picture is completed?

Evalyn Knapp is progressing nicely after her accident. She will be able to leave the hospital for her home by the time you read this.

Rose Hobart has a duck of a Scotch pup named Alcibiades, from which she cannot bear to be separated.

Rose likes a lot of loneliness, along with Alcibiades, reads, trumps over the hills, and lives alone in an old comfty house. She prefers little parties. Her mamma is Swiss, so Rose speaks perfect French. Her first picture for Universal was "The Lady Surrenders," after which she returned to New York and we were told she was "too temperamental." Now the trouble seems to have been mended for keeps, as Rose has half a dozen pictures to her credit since then. She often calls herself "Hobart," just as Jetta Goudal calls herself "Goudal."

"The Smiling Lieutenant" with Chevalier is Miriam Hopkins' second picture. But, since her remarkable hit in that, she is being interviewed on all sides. Now we learn she hies from Georgia, was educated at private schools, meant to become a dancer, broke her ankle at a critical period in her career, went on the New York stage instead, and is now enjoying her very first visit to Hollywood. She says she likes the stage better than pictures, but Hollywood expects to change all that.

A check-up on what magazines the stars prefer has revealed some interesting side-lights. Garbo, for instance, goes out unrecognized and buys all the fan magazines! Harold Lloyd buys garden journals, and Chester Morris has been investing heavily in the house beautiful variety. Fairbanks, Jr., reads lots of English magazines.

The news that Charlie Chaplin is to buy a $300,000 estate on the Riviera and make pictures over there, and that he also intends to put Mary Reeves, who is said to be Czecho-Slovakian, with the real name of Maria Muller, into pictures, and maybe marry her into the bargain, has started another flutter on Charlie's account in Hollywood. How that boy does keep us guessing! None of us really believe he intends to desert Hollywood.

Mary Pickford says she believes she would make a good story expert for pictures. She has come to believe a good story is the most important of all, no matter how great the stars selected to play in a picture. Wherever one goes, she says, one hears the old plaint, "I am hunting for a suitable story."

But Mary says there is no dearth of good stories—it
Don't crowd! Baby Pauline Stevens is in a strategic position, and she's just about to hit the bottle while the baby whippets await their turns. The pups are appearing with Pauline in shorts—the other kind.

is merely that producers don’t recognize them when they see them. Anyway, pictures are suffering from a bad case of “story trouble.”

Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson airplaning over the Canadian Rockies for their vacation.

Marlene Dietrich the cynosure of all eyes in a white crêpe gown and silver jacket at the premiere of “The Smiling Lieutenant.” Joan Crawford received the next big hand, in shining white satin. Chiffon frocks with sequin jackets are all the rage—so Ann Harding appears in soft filmy blacks and remains “different.”

Viola Dana, once a starry name at the old Metro, is married to a golf pro. Jimmy Thomson, lives in an apartment, does her own housework and cooking, and vows she has never been happier. Hubby won’t let her spend a penny of her own money, hence the fond sacrifice.

Watched Adrian passing on Joan Crawford’s dresses for her next picture. It was a scorching hot day and one evening gown had to be worn for at least six days’ work.

“I absolutely melt.” moaned Joan. “Better have some duplicates made. I’ll ruin that dress the first day if this heat keeps up.”

Joan has a grand new dressing suite out at M-G-M for which Bill Haines did the interior decorating. Just three tiny rooms leading from a narrow wooden balcony of an old frame building. But inside, oh, boy! Bill has put paper with huge flowers on the wall—who but Bill would have dared do that in a small room? But the effect is good. Lovely lamps in pink silk are trimmed in real mohair. A tiny white piano, big enough for a nursery, stands in pride of place. Carpets, chairs, vases all form a delightful scheme of color.

So far those arch rumors about a possible little Doug or baby Joan, remain unverified. But we must remember that Norma Shearer managed to disguise her prospective motherhood for much longer than most of us can ever hope to.

Utterly thrilling for the Zeta Phi Eta sorority on the day that Louise Dresser entertained the national convention at the Fox Hills Studio. About fifty of them, a speech and dramatic sorority. Ann Harding, Thomas Meighan, Lucille Gleason lunched with them. Then presently Louise rose and called “Wille, Willie, come here.” It was Will Rogers passing through the café. Like a good boy Willie came and Louise made him make a speech. And this is what he said: “What is this gang, anyway? All these beautiful girls look like Charlie Chaplin would be interested in another marriage. Oh, I’m glad you’re a sorority, I thought maybe you was here on business? God bless you. I got a girl the age of some of youse. I was going to put her to work in the movies but she went society on me. I saw her off to Honolulu yesterday, because she’s wore out all the orchestras here. Louise and me has known each other a long whiles.”

At this point Will paused to call out, “Hie, Phil, come here. See that curly headed handsome boy, that’s Phil Neil, the Stanford end. Come on, meet ‘em, Phil.” But Phil was too shy and slunk out of the door.

“He ain’t scared of me like I am of Louise,” he sighed.

After that they were all allowed to watch Will’s set, the Sahara scene of “The Plutocrat.” It was a sweltering day, so the atmosphere was very correct. Those dear girls just cooked in ecstasy. Later they were driven through a perfect replica of 49th street and Seventh Avenue, New York. And they had a chance to see a director get into an argument with a sound engineer . . . and the latter won. Sound engineers always win.

Louise proved an adorable hostess. Ann Harding beamed graciously and the girls marvelled at her very light platinum blonde hair.

When Marian Newbern, a Beverly society girl, “eloped” to marry Milton H. Bren, a screen agent, at Ventura, they were careful to take a few stylish friends along. So Arthur Lake and Virginia Cherrill duly assisted at the great event.
Which reminds us, another romance might well be budding between Arthur and Virginia.

Ukulele Edwards won his divorce from his wife but the lady received the court’s blessing on a nice property settlement arranged before the incompatibilities began. Under this Mrs. Edwards receives $100,000 and a third of Edwards’ income . . . in spite of the fact that “extreme cruelty” was the charge upheld by the court against the lady.

Pauline Starke finally secured her divorce from Jack White. The trouble was, she says, that Jack “disparaged her mental ability.” On that basis, few wives could keep their husbands for long.

It’s all a matter of taste. Will Hays decided that title “Gold-Diggers” wasn’t quite nice, so he had it changed to “Gay Girls.” So we must presume Mr. Hays thinks Gay Girls quite nice.

Lois Moran and her mamma are off to Belgium to visit little sister, who is being educated in a convent over there. Lois’ mamma is a first class business man—almost the only person in Hollywood who knew when to sell her stocks before the slump. It’s quite the thing to ask Mrs. Moran about investments these days.

Mildred Davis Lloyd’s young brother, Jack, has covered himself with glory. Won a gold medal for all-round superiority in athletics.

Funny how a change of studio will often win a star success. Ina Claire was regarded as a flop by Pathé . . . so much so that they bought in her unfinished contract. The picture was “The Awful Truth” and Ina still thinks it was a reasonably good picture. Yet on the stage, producers had been competing for the talents of Ina. But now, under new management, and in “Rebound” she is again rated a starry name in pictures. Now she begins her Goldwyn contract with “The Greeks Had a Word for it” and success bubbles all around her. Ina’s flippant nonsense-covering-a-heart-of-gold idea is catching on.

Now that John Gilbert and Ina Claire have finally achieved the parting of the ways, it almost seems as if every one is breathing more freely. Some of us held out hope almost until the last—but it seems to have been just one of those things. Jack and Ina were quite gallant about it all; and here’s hoping both will have better luck in the future.

Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, wife of the Little Caesar fellow, is becoming a trifle alarmed since they began giving Edward “love interest” roles and blondes galore. She says she is a brunette and she doesn’t think it fair they should make him cultivate a taste for blondes like that.

No wonder stage actors adore a chance to play in Southern California. Take a young man named Wallace Ford, who went to Los Angeles with a stage play called “Bad Girl.” After the very first performance, the fellow was offered a picture role in “Queer People.”

Aileen Pringle has gone vegetarian, so when Ramon Novarro accepted a dinner invitation she warned him he’d have to bring his own if he wanted meat. Ramon duly turned up with a huge roast of beef. And Ramon looks so ethereal, too!

Southern California is breaking out into fiesta carni-
vals these days, and, of course, the movie charmers are being roped in. Marguerite Churchill, being a good horsewoman, was roped in for the Santa Barbara parade, leading it with fond distinction.

A whole year ago a young lady named Yvonne Peller tier was put under contract by Fox, but nothing happened about it. Now she is wildly excited, for they have given her a part in "Riders of the Purple Sage," her very first picture, and at last she will be allowed to earn her money.

The men are striking against make-up. George Arliss will be guiltless of make-up in most of his pictures, since the effect was so satisfactory in "The Millionaire." Lionel Barrymore has declared he will only play roles in pictures when he can do so without make-up. Eddie Lowe and Victor McLaglen are both trying to convince directors make-up isn't necessary. Will Rogers never uses make-up.

But the girls still favor the grease paint.

When Howard Hughes took nearly two years to make "Hell's Angels" it was Hollywood's pet joke—in a city where "epics" are turned out in six weeks. But Hughes, who spent $4,000,000 on that venture, will ultimately make at least $7,000,000 out of it. Of course, that's a trifle less than 100%. But even Hollywood doesn't consider a picture a flop if it makes more than 50%.

In spite of the fact that there was supposed to be a summer slump, numerous stars were fetched home from vacations in a hurry for new roles. Bob Montgomery was about to enjoy his first holiday in two years in New York when they fetched him back. And the short time he was in New York he spent in bed with the flu. Wally Beery was recalled from a flying trip east in his plane. Polly Moran was fetched up from the beach to start a new picture. Mary Duncan was called for all the way to Paris, to return for a role in "The Age of Love." Garbo didn't get a holiday at all. Neither did Joan Crawford.

Tom Patten, formerly with Will Hays as film duenna, speaks some harsh criticisms of the movies. He says they make around 800 pictures a year and less than 2% of them are worth while. Pictures, he thinks, are made too hurriedly, too many relatives are given jobs in the studios, a too low mental age is catered to, and the flaunting of wealth only induces envy and a desire for reprisals.

As remedies, Patten suggests several of the present picture magnates should be pensioned off. Fewer and better pictures should be made. Unprofitable theatres should be closed down. Fantastical salaries should be cut. And a lot of hooey should be taken out of pictures, both on the lots and on the screen.

When Mary Pickford, Doug Senior, John Monk Saunders and Harry Carr lunched together recently, Doug told about his tiger hunting in India, and the maharajahs he had met. He said the elephants loved hunting. When a leopard attacked Doug's elephant, he shook Doug off and tried to trample the leopard to death. Doug was also fascinated with China and has come home well primed in Chinese politics.

Mary said she guessed she was a mid-Victorian young lady, doesn't smoke or go to prize fights, and dislikes dirty plays and off-color stories. So from now on, she says, she will only make pictures which she herself likes.

When the studio recently was reckless enough to announce that they were looking for exotic stories for Pola

"Who's it supposed to be?" asks Constance Bennett innocently of young Doug Fairbanks on viewing his caricature of her. The drawing is supposed to portray her inner spirit or something.
Negri, about half a ton were delivered within a week. It would seem that the entire unemployed ranks must have offered contributions.

Fifi Dorsay assures us she may not marry for 20 years, although she expects to become engaged several more times before that.

Mae Clarke, who didn’t marry Colleen Moore’s ex-spouse, John McCormick, is now basking in a budding romance with Henry Freulich, the clever French photographer. That’s good business, too—no more poor photographs for clever Mae.

That pleasant romance between Dorothy Jordan and Donald Dillaway also seems to be going strong. They met, you know, when they were both in “Young Sinners.” We have given the affair our blessing.

We’ve done our best to foster the romance between Elsie Janis and Gilbert Wilson but the dears persist in denying that it is anything serious. Which reminds us—at different periods we tried to marry Ramon Novarro off, first to Dorothy Jordan and then to Elsie Janis!

When Carl Laemmle, Jr., the boy who runs Universal studio and makes it pay, had a go of hay fever, it was as vital a matter to Hollywood as the King’s indispositions are to Great Britain. Bulletins of the progress of Carl’s sniffs were whispered in sepulchral voices over dinner tables. Such a relief when Carl turned up at the studio sniffless one day!

The come-back of Ricardo Cortez dazzles Hollywood. For a while no one seemed to want him, but since “Her Man” with Helen Twelvetrees a year ago, Cortez has been in vogue. At this writing he appears in three pictures at downtown theatres. Like so many other stars forsaken by other studios when talkies came in, Cortez is with RKO the great salvager.

But, he says, he is getting tired of gangster roles and pretty soon it is his ambition to become a director. This, ever since Tay Garnett let him direct a few scenes for “The Mad Marriage.” Directing, he thinks, is a much better job to grow old in.

Tom Mix is coming back to Universal, for the good old Western dramas that won him the love of thousands of children. This is all in line with the anxiety to get the children back into the theatres, so many mamas disapprove of their darlings seeing gangster and sophisticated films.

Richard Dix said recently, “Actors are all punch-drunk from banging their heads with powder puffs.”

Dorothy Mackaill couldn’t resist another romantic flutter on that Hawaiian trip, so she came back “engaged” to one Neil Miller. But nobody takes Dorothy’s engagements seriously any more. We just grin and say “Oh, yeah—for how long?”

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon returned on the same boat. Bebe looking well and happy as a prospective mama. Carole Lombard and Bill Powell were honeymooning in Honolulu at the same time, and are reported as looking “meditatively pensive.” The Warner Baxters were likewise over there and found themselves regarded as the Darby and Joan of the crowd. Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland were likewise in that merry throng.

M-G-M has capitalized on the likeness between Joan Crawford and Pauline Frederick, and Pauline will be Joan’s mother in “This Modern Age.” Such mixed emotions when these famous stars come to play mother roles. Once a mother-role in pictures, there is generally some sort of writing on the wall. It takes a gallant spirit to accept the situation gallantly.

They are going to let Joan Crawford go back to her sophisticated roles, which she vows she pioneered in with “Dancing Daughters,” for her next picture. It will be “Mirage,” which, as a stage play, made a hit a few years ago.

Marjorie Rambeau was to have played that mother-role at first. Both (Continued on page 125)
we have that item well in hand, let's have a word or two about the fascinating Ronald Colman. His latest picture is "The Unholy Garden" with Estelle Taylor and Fay Wray. It is said that Ronald's next will be "Arrowsmith," from the novel by Sinclair Lewis.

Howard McC, Jr. Of course I like my job—I wouldn't exchange it for li Duce or your Aunt Sophia. You'd like to see Screenland published every week—that would be fine for you but what of this poor working girl? Barbara Leonard plays with John Barrymore in his new release, "The Mad Genius." Donald Cook is in the cast. Don has been stirring up no end of favorable comment from fans and can you blame us? Barbara Leonard was born Jan. 9, 1908, in San Francisco, Cal. She is 5 feet 2½ inches tall, weighs 107 pounds and has reddish blonde hair and hazel eyes and a Metro-Goldwyn contract—practically everything!

Mrs. Anna K. Another Corinne Griffith fan! Corinne's real name is Scott but Walter Morosco persuaded her to change it for better or for worse several years ago and they are still happily married. Corinne hasn't made a film for some time. She was born Nov. 25, 1897, in Texarkana, Texas. She has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Her first starring film, made in 1918, was "What's Your Reputation Worth?"

Anna R. There were two well-known screen players in "The Blue Danube" with Lestrice Joy—Joseph Schildkraut and Nils Asther, but you perhaps refer to Nils. He is 30 years old and happily married to Vivian Duncan. His first screen appearance in America was with the Duncan Sisters in "Topsy and Eva" from their famous stage success, Nils later played in "Sorrell and Son" with H. B. Warner.

Jeannine Des L. You think my department is as welcome as the flowers in May and as fresh, do you? Let's not call attention to that feature. We are informed that Thelma Todd, the ex-school-teacher screen player who has been an excellent foil for many a Charlie Chase comedy is to be teamed with ZaSu Pitts. Wouldn't that just delight your soul? Then listen to this—Thelma is to play opposite Chester Morris in his next picture, "Corsair," not using her own name but a brand new one, Alison Lloyd. How's that for a surprise? Dolores Costello's latest release is "Expensive Women" with a new leading man, Warren Williams, who somewhat resembles her famous husband, John Barrymore.

Miss Alice J. Gloria Swanson sings Come to Me in "Indiscreet." Barbara Kent, Ben Lyon and Arthur Lake give her fine support in a very entertaining picture. Gloria was born March 29, 1896, in Chicago, Ill. She is 5 feet ½ inches tall, weighs 112 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her first husband was Wallace Beery, whom she married at the age of 16. She is now divorced from her third husband. She has a young daughter and an adopted son. John Boles is 30 years old, is married and has two children. He had a fine role in "Seed" with Lois Wilson and Genevieve Tobin.

A. C. C. You ask why Stan Laurel doesn't have big parts like Charlie Chaplin, for he is your favorite comedian; and why isn't your favorite answer lady in big feature pictures like Ann Harding or Jackie Cooper? Whew! The smelling salts and the pale ale, very pale, Fanchette! To answer your last question first, the big shots haven't offered me enough money to lure me away from my regular job. As for Stan, what would he do without his little pal, Oliver Hardy, to boot him about? For particulars, see their comedy, "Be Big." Estelle Taylor has been making films right along and drawing the neat little pay check every month, week or day, just as you prefer. Didn't you see her in "Cimarron," another big event of the past year?

Sunset of Feoria, Walter Huston played the title role in "Abraham Lincoln." A silent version of the picture was released by First National in 1924 with George A. Billings as Lincoln. Sally O'Neil comes back to the screen again in "The Brat." If you like screen fights, you'll see one of the best fights of the year between Sally and Virginia Cherrill in that picture. Sally was born Oct. 25, 1910, in Bayonne, N. J. She has dark brown hair, dark blue eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 102 pounds. Her real name is Virginia Louise Noman. Not married.

B. T. S. Your favorite, Harry Carey, is on the M-G-M roll. He set the whole screen world talking after his appearance in "Trader Horn," one of the outstanding films of the past few years. Harry was born in New York City but doesn't say when. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 180 pounds and has blond hair and blue eyes. There is a Mrs. Carey, too.

Le Duke, How's the Duchess? Karl Dane was Barney in "The Duke Steps Out" with William Haines and Joan Crawford, which was produced in 1929. Joan was born March 23, 1908, in San Antonio, Texas, and was married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. on June 3, 1928, in San Francisco. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Joan's latest releases are "This Modern Age" and "Laughing Sinners." William Haines has never been an honest-to-goodness prize fighter though he did a good job in "The Duke Steps Out."

Helen D. Dolores Costello was born about 26 years ago in Pittsburgh, Pa. She has golden hair, blue eyes and is 5 feet 4 inches tall. Her young daughter's name is Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore, and is John...
providing his daughter? Just ask him! Conrad Nagel was 34 years old on March 16, 1931. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 180 pounds, and has bright brown eyes. He plays with Ramon Novarro in “Son of India.”


Lorraine H. For grand entertainment, go to see “Skippy” with the adorable Jackie Cooper and that goes for Bobbie Coogan and Jackie Searl too. Sorry I’m not able to give you Colleen Moore’s home address. She hasn’t made any definite picture plans since her road tour in “On the Loose” but don’t be surprised to hear of her coming back on the screen any time now. We can’t let Colleen do a fade-out on us, can we?

Virginia Mcd. I don’t like to be all kinds of a wet blanket but my advice on “how can I get in the movies?”—don’t try. I’ve seen all kinds of many stranded, hopeful youths in Hollywood, waiting for the good breaks that never come. Charles Rogers is neither married nor engaged but Conrad Nagel is married and has a young daughter. Charles’ latest picture is “The Lawyer’s Secret,” with Clive Brook, Richard Arlen, Fay Wray and Jean Arthur. Charles (ex-Buddy) does the best work of his screen career in this film—if I’m wrong, don’t stop me. Richard Dix is one of Hollywood’s most interesting bachelors.

V. M., Ry. N. Y. That’s the time I fooled you—I’m not an old answer man but a young answer lady. Gary Cooper’s birthday is on May 7 and not on March 7, as you wrote to me. Gary did not play with Clara Bow in “It” but Antonio Moreno was the heavy date. However, Gary did play with Clara in “Children of Divorce,” also Esther Ralston, Hedda Hopper and the late Norman Trevor.

Phyllis. Back issues of Screenland may be obtained—that is, if we have the issues you desire. Delight Evans reviewed “No Place to Go.” with Mary Astor featured, in the January 1928 issue, but February 1928 is not available. She also reviewed Flesh and the Devil with John Gilbert and Greta Garbo in the April 1927 issue. That may be obtained if you wish.

Catherine, Brynside. L. 1. You wish the producers would give us more pictures like “Daddy Long Legs,” “Skippy,” “Gimcrack and Grance,” “Amabelle’s Affairs” and forget all about the gangster stuff. Good girl, Catherine, you tell ’em and I’ll echo! William Haines is in “Just a Gigolo,” with Irene Hervey. Anita Page appears with John Gilbert and the late Louis Wolheim in “Gentlemen’s Fate.” Greta Garbo’s leading man in her next picture, “Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise,” is Clark Gable, the young man from Cadiz, Ohio, who has made good in Hollywood and how good!

Mary from Houston. Your letter to me, isn’t it? Not hard to get in the limelight if you write a nice letter to me—whisk, whisk, away goes your letter and here you are in a famous column. Gwen Lee and Jack Oakie were born on Nov. 12, Jacqueline Logan on Nov. 13, Etha Murphy on Nov. 12 and Nancy Carroll on Nov. 19. Your birthday, Nov. 15, seems to be the off-day for stars. Lupe Velez is 22, Greta Garbo was 25 on Sept. 18, and John Barrymore is 49.

Charles M. W. Col. Tim McCoy is one of the most interesting figures in screen history. He was born April 10, 1891, in Saginaw, Mich., the son of an army officer, and was educated at Ignatius College, Chicago. He went to Wyoming when young and became the protege of Gen. Hugh L. Scott, the world’s greatest Indian authority. Tim learned the ways of the tribes, knows their songs and language and is the author of several articles on their folk-lore. He travelled with a troupe of Indians through Europe, lecturing on their history and manners, and was a theatrical sensation. In this country, McCoy has the reputation of being able to do more with the Indians than any other white man. He holds the title of Colonel in the regular army.

Annelia M. I have never heard that Earle Foxe was an Austrian Baron or even a near relative of the nobility. He is an American, born in Oxford, Ohio. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 190 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. In recent pictures he has had the misfortune to be put on the spot and been the victim of many a stray bullet but always recovers to be put in the next bad man rôle.

Eleanor R. “One Exciting Night” was released in 1923—too far back to give the entire cast. In “Show People,” the principal players were Marion Davies, William Haines, Del Henderson and Paul Ralli. Jack Stone was “The Infant” in “Lilac Time” with Colleen Moore and Gary Cooper.

Sonia D. Charles Morton has gone back to the stage after failing to get the breaks in films. He is married to Lola Medona. Walter Byron is not married. He was born in Leicester, England, on June 11, 1902. His father is George Butler, the English comedian, and his mother, Dulcie Lawrence, was a prominent leading woman until her retirement from the stage a few years ago. Walter was a private in the English army at the age of 14, though he passed for 18. He came out after the armistice as a sergeant major with two wound stripes and a citation. He was on the stage in London as leading man in musical comedy, played in numerous screen productions and was finally discovered by Samuel Goldwyn and hustled off to the U. S. A.

Frances B. W. I believe the silent picture, “Surrender,” made in 1927 with Mary Philbin, was not published in book form but was made for the screen by Alexander Brody: scenario by Charles Kenyon and directed by Edward Sisman. And as the blonde twins say, introducing the Hal Roach comedies—“We thank you.” “Surrender” was the story of a Rabbi’s daughter who sacrifices herself to save her people.

Henry L. Sorry I haven’t Samuel Goldwyn’s home address. You’ll find he is as busy as a picture star—what with fitting about here and there, looking for star dust, “Homesick” with Sammy Cohen, Marjorie Beebe and Henry Armetta was from an original story by John Stone and directed by him also. You might be able to reach him by addressing him, John Stone, Director and Screen Writer, Hollywood, Cal.

Mrs. A. G. Molly O’Day hasn’t made a picture for a long time. She has been taking a fling on the stage but her sister Sally O’Neil is soon to be seen in “The Brat” with Frank Albertson, Leslie Howard, June Collyer, Virginia Cherrill and other featured players. Leslie Howard is the young Broadway actor who played with Norma Shearer, Lionel Barrymore and Clark Gable in “A Free Soul.” Margaret Mann, who played so wonderfully in “Four Sons,” plays the role of the housekeeper in “The Brat.”
To cameo in Hollywood: Rudolph Sieber, equally well-known as a director of German films and as Marlene Dietrich's husband, spends a happy vacation with his wife and their daughter Maria at Hollywood.


"ALEXANDER HAMILTON." Warner Bros. Based on the play by George Arlitt and Mary Arlitt. Directed by John Adolphi. The cast: Alexander Hamilton, George Arlitt; Mrs. Hamilton, Dolores Keener; Senator Roberts, Dudley Digges; George Washington, Alan Mowbray; Mr. Reynolds, Edwin Collony; Mr. Repulse, Ralf Harwood; Chief Justice John Jay, Charles Middleton; Thomas Jefferson, Montgomerie Love; General Philip Schuyler, Lionel Belmore; James Monroe, Marion Wallace; Count Tailfynard, John T. Murray; Martha Washington, Gwendoline Logan.


"A WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE." RKO-Pathè. From the story by John Farrow. Directed by Harry Joe Brown. The cast: Elsa, Helen Twelveveets, Karl, William Bakeall, Captain Otto von Lockstein, Lew Cody, Katrina, Sally Pitts, Major Hugh Schmidt, Hr. B. Warter, Captain Marks, Henry Gordon, Hans, Franklin Pangborn; Countess Roux, Nance O'Neil; A General, George Pauwett; A Red Cross Nurse, Bertha Mann; A Colonel, William Toolery; A Colonel, Alfred Hackman; Captain Karl von Haussen, Edward Earle; Branch, Max Warman.


"CHANCES." First National. From the story by A. Hamilton Giblin, Adapted by Waldemar Young. Directed by Allen Dwan. The cast: Jack Innerdale, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Tom Hingley, Anthony Bushell, Molly Ponsen, Rose Hobart; Mrs. Innerdale, Mary Forbes, Major Bradford, Holmes Herbert; J. Arch, William Austin; The General, Edmond Brown; Private Jones, Harry Allen; Lieutenant Wickham, Edward Morgan; Rack, Mac Madison.

"DADDY LONG LEGS." Fox. From the novel and play by Jean Webster. Directed by Anna Leoni. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: Judy Abbott, Janet Gaynor; Jerzy Peddt, Warnor Baxter; Sally, Una Merkel; Jimmy, John Arledge; Gus, Claude Gillingwater, Sr.; Phyllis, Edwin Maxwell; Mrs. Swinn, Effie Elliker; Freddie Perkins, Kendall MacCusco; Mrs. Peddt, Kathlyn Williams; Mrs. Lippow, Elizabeth Patterson; Miss Prichard, Louise Kenney; Kate, Martha Lee Spork; Gloria, Sheila Manners.


The picture producing companies, each month in Screenland announce new pictures and stars to be seen in the theatres throughout the country. Watch this announcement this month which will be found on the following pages: United Artists, Page 3; Paramount, Page 5, First National, Page 9; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Page 131.
THE plaudits pour in for Janet Gaynor, whom everyone loved in "Daddy Long Legs."

The press, still reveals, as witness her performance in "Kick In," that promise of the magnificent, "earthy" acting talent that was so evident when she first burst upon us as the hoyden in the now ancient "Down To The Sea In Ships" some years ago.

Newspaper notoriety to the contrary, producers still believe inwardly (or ought to!), that Clara Bow is the biggest "bet" in pictures since pictures were. Not even Norma Talmadge, in her heyday, possessed the genuine ability, the driving force, the appeal of Clara Bow.

To misquote an old Victorian phrase, the producers ought to "catch Clara's ART on the rebound!" Which they will, if they are wise!

Maurice Jacobs,
4119 Westminster Ave.,

INDIA SPEAKS

Why should the cinema-going public care whether a film star is a "Saint" or a "Sinner," so long as he or she can act? To act to the best of their abilities is all we should ask of them. Their private lives should not affect our appreciation of their screen work—we should be more tolerant and broad-minded, and not try to force film favorites to live according to our own ideas of right and wrong. Their job is to entertain us, not to set examples of virtue to the world! Isn't it more sensible to pay money to see perfect acting by a star, even though some scandal be attached to his or her name, than to see interior acting by stars with unblemished reputations? Decidedly!

We should stand by our favorites, whether "saint" or "sinner," and so ensure their continued appearance on the screen, to our own personal enjoyment!

Kathleen Eltham, 10 Mosque Road, Fraser Town, Bangalore, South India.

MORE AND MORE BARRYMORE

The two Barrymores, John and Lionel, appear on the silver sheet once in too great a while.

John, after an absence of about a year, returned with a smashing portrayal of DuMaurier's greatest fictional character, Stregali. That portrayal, in my mind, is the climax of his wonderful career.

Then along comes brother Lionel in Norma Shearer's latest vehicle, "A Free Soul," and literally steals it from her. Now, anyone capable of stealing a picture from such a sincere and hard-working actress as Miss Shearer, should appear more often on the screen and give the motion picture audiences the fine type of acting that they are always clamoring for.

I should like to make two wishes—first, that John would appear more in pictures, and, second, that Lionel would give up directing and devote all his time to acting.

Frank S. Stacy,
742 Bittersweet Pl.,
Chicago, Illinois.

BULLY FOR BILLY!

Dear Editor,

I haven't seen a story about Billy Haines in your magazine in a long time, and that's too much! For as I look over my precious scrap book of Billy, I find very charming interviews from your previous issues, and I miss more like them. Do give us Haines fans more of Billy, more large portraits and snapshots or scenes from his pictures, and we will be more than content.

"Just a Gigolo" was a swell picture! And Billy is excellent in it. A most delightful beginning to a new characterization—and I hope he will continue to play in pictures worthy of his dramatic ability. We all know he can play a dramatic part marvelously. He has done it before. Well, let us hope he will do it again—soon!

Though I am saying goodbye to his smart-alec roles, it is with a little regret, for no one has ever made a greater success as a "wise-guy" comedian than Billy Haines.

Ann Stern,
537 E. 52nd St.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Continued on page 120)

Norma Shearer's gay insouciance still wins multitudes of hearts among the fans. We hear she's going demure and innocent in her next picture.
WRITE
to the
STARS
as follows:

Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Gertrude Astor
Lloyd Hughes

Mischas Auer
Paul Hurst

Leo Carrillo
Ralph Race

Helene Chadwick
Jeanette Loff

Robert Chandleir
Wallace McDonald

Dorothy Christy
Ken Maynard

June Collyer
Blanche Mehaffey

Marion Douglas
Una Merkell

George Fawcett
Geneva Mitchell

Carnelita Geraghty
Charlie Murray

Albert Gran
Jason Robards

Ralph Graves
George Sidney

Hale Hamilton
Bob Steele

Neil Hamilton
Thelma Todd

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

William Collier, Jr. Bert Lytell
Constance Cummings Joan Peers
Richard Cromwell Dorothy Revier
Jack Holt Loretta Sayers
Buck Jones Barbara Stanwyck

Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Charley Chase Harry Langdon
Mickey Daniels Stan Laurel
Oliver Hardy Our Gang
Ed Kennedy ZaSu Pitts
Mary Korman Thelma Todd

Educational Studios, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Marjorie Beebe Eleanor Hunt
Ann Chevry Patsy O'Leary
Andy Clyde Daphne Pollard
Harry Gribbon Lincoln Stedman

RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
James Gleason
Russel Gleason

Alan Hale
Ann Harding
Eddie Quillan
Lilyan Tashman

Regis Toomey

Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lewis Ayres
Alphonse

Mae Clarke

Regis Toomey

Universal City, Cal.

Leslie Howard
Mae Clarke

Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Dorothy Janis
Myrna Kennedy
Barbara Kent

Mary Nolan
Eddie Phillips
Shin Summervile

Genevieve Tobin
Lupe Velez

Helen Twelvetrees

United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Don Alvarado
Al Jolson

William Boyd
Evelyn Laye

Charlie Chaplin
Pat O'Brien

Ronald Colman
Mary Pickford

Douglas Fairbanks Gilbert Roland

William Farnum Gloria Swanson

Norma Talmadge

Send Birthday Wishes to These Following October Stars:

Buster Keaton October 4th

Kathryn Crawford October 5th

Janet Gaynor October 6th

Carole Lombard October 6th

Jack Mulhall October 7th

Irene Rich October 13th

Lillian Gish October 14th

Joa Chaire October 15th

Jean Arthur October 17th

John Boles October 18th

Marian Nixon October 20th

Lloyd Hughes October 21st

Mitzi Green October 22nd

Cecelia Loftus October 22nd

Looks like a nice, old-fashioned girl. Margaret Adams furnishes extremely personable support for La Bankhead in "My Sin."

Sono Art-World Wide, Metropolitan Studios, 1041 Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Ruth Roland Edward Everett

Eddie Dowling Horton

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Astrid Allwyn
Buster Keaton

William Bakewell
Gwen Lee

Lionel Barrymore
Barbara Leonard

Wallace Beery
Alfred Lunt

Charles Bickford
Joan Marsh

Lillian Bond
Adolphe Menjou

Edwina Booth
John Miljan

Harry Carey
Ray Milland

Jackie Cooper
Grace Moore

Joan Crawford
Polly Moran

Marion Davies
Karen Morley

Reginald Denny
Conrad Nagel

Kent Douglass
Ramon Novarro

Marie Dressler
Ivor Novello

Cliff Edwards
Edward Nugent

Midge Evans
Anita Page

Julia Faye
Marie Prevost

Lynne Fontanne
Esther Ralston

Clark Gable
Duncan Renaldo

Greta Garbo
Norma Shearer

John Gilbert
Gus Shy

Gavin Gordon
Lawrence Tibbett

William Haines
Leeds Stone

Neil Hamilton
Ernest Torrence

Hedda Hopper
Raquel Torres

Leila Hyams
Lester Vail

Dorothy Jordan
Roland Young

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Henry Armetta
Ivan Lebedeff

Mary Astor
Dorothy Lee

Evelyn Brent
Everett Marshall

Sue Carol
Joel McCrea

Joseph Cawthorn
Jack Mulhall

Betty Compson
Pola Negri

Lily Damita
Edna Mae Oliver

Bebe Daniels
Robert Robinson

Dolores Del Rio
Lowell Sherman

Richard Dix
Ned Sparks

Irene Dunne
Leni Stengel

Johyna Howland
Hugh Trevor

Airline Judge
Bert Wheeler

Arthur Lake
Robert Woolsey

(Continued on page 120)
Who's Whose in Hollywood?

Continued from page 55

Louise Fazenda and Hal Wallis are in a fair way to join the Darby-and-Joans of Hollywood. They have been married for some time and besides he's her boss at the Warner Brothers studio.

Lambert is no longer his. He is rushing Ina Claire. Lina Basquette, widow of Sam Warner, married and parted from J. Pevrell Marley within a year.

William Powell was a divorce of 1930 and now has taken Carole Lombard for better or worse. Lewis Stone, for so long the husband of Florence Oakley, married Hazel Woof in 1930 and so far all seems well.

Pola Negri's marriage to Prince Serge Mdivani was dissolved in Paris this year. Pola's first was a Count Domski of Poland. She says both husbands caught her love on the rebound after the tragic death of great loves (meaning Valentino in the last case). Pola told us she was going to marry a grand American businessman when she first returned to Hollywood, but later said she was never, never going to marry ever any more. Serge, on the other hand, married Mary McCormick, the opera singer, right away.

It was a Hollywood tragedy when Colleen Moore and John McCormick separated: everyone knew how deeply Colleen had loved her John. That gentleman hastened to be reported engaged to half a dozen damsel, including Mae Clark and Dorothy Mackaill, but finally married a society woman, Mrs. Gattis. A short month later they had parted, and John was telling the world he still loved Colleen. Colleen's attitude was discreet, but implied, "Oh, you are just a silly boy."

Jocelyn Lee's marriage to Luther Reed did not last a year. At this writing Dorothy Lee and Jimmy Fidler, regarded as still honeymooners and, last month, talking about adopting a baby, are talking divorce. Noah Beery separated from Marguerite Abbott. Cliff Edwards won his case against his Irene after a hard fought battle. Theodore Von Eltz finally won out in his argument with Mrs. Von Eltz, winning custody of the child.

Dorothy Mackaill has been nearly taking a third husband all the year. She was one of the suggested new spouses for Colleen's John McCormick after her divorce from Lothar Mendes. Cannot keep track of all the chaps Dorothy nearly married but it got so the city editors kept her name in type. And as for Lothar, it is pretty well settled that when Lady Inverclyde finally

yet. And Jetta Goudal, making a comeback, has weathered a year of matrimony with Harold Grieve, and they both seem content.

Jane Gaynor, in spite of some gossip, remains with Lydell Peck. ZaSu Pitts and her Tom Gallery give an impression of real happiness. Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky, neither before divorced, likewise remain united and content. Kay Francis and Kenneth McKenna give the gossips no scope whatever. And Carmel Myers and Ralph Blum have far avoided dangerous divorce waters. Let the gossips tongue wag as they may, Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schenck remain Mr. and Mrs. Schenck.

All of which sounds like a pretty imposing list to justify Dan Cupid, but the sad fact remains that 1931 already has a painful record of bungles.

Ina Claire was divorced from Jack Gilbert (whose former spouse was Lorraine Joy), but things haven't gone so well. Loretta Young, who had such a romantic elopement via airplane with Grant Withers, trembles on the brink of divorce. Fred Beeston, high priest to Will Hays himself, gets into some New York court. Evelyn Laye, directly she arrived from England, went Hollywood enough to divorce her English spouse, Sonny Hale Monroe. Jean Harlow, much sought-after belle, shed Charles McGrew, because, she said, he was ungentlemanly and pushed her against a mantelpiece and said naughty words. But a $20,000 settlement and an automobile soothed Jean's sorrows.

Kathlyn Williams, after years of matrimony with Charles Eyton (in 1916 we showered rice upon them), secured a divorce in Reno. Kathlyn was a serial queen that day. But, thank goodness, she only accused Charles of refined offenses!

Pauline Frederick, who had previously shed (1) Frank Andrews, (2) Willard Mack, (3) Dr. M. C. Rutherford, this time was the defendant when Hugh Chisholm Leighton, complainant, declared he was a kissless spouse. Polly is again eligible.

Then there was Billie Dove, who won her final decree from Ivon Willat and who is confidently expected to become Mrs. Howard Hughes. Gloria Swanson's divorce from her third spouse, the Marquis Henri de la Couray de la Falaise, likewise became final, her previous ventures being Wally Beery and Herbert Somborn. So far, while Gloria never lacks an escort, we have failed to scent another matrimonial venture.

But the Marquis did, for a while, seem to be about to make a Marquise of Constance Bennett. This divorce from Phil Plante, millionaire playboy, had provided her with a $1,000,000 settlement. He seems to have been supplanted by Joel McCrea but Connie says she is going to match Phil Plante's million with one of her own before she ventures matrimony again.

John Bennett, her sister, divorced from John Fox, seemed to be about to marry John Considine, ex-fiancé of Carmen Panages. Not so sure. Joan did make an airplane flight to a desert resort where John was renewing an interest in Miss Panages, that was never really explained.

Other divorces maturing this year were those of the Tom Mixes, Robert Ames, and Jean Harlow. Marley and Lambert's was his second marriage, Victoria Forde—his first having been Olive Stokes. Robert Ames had been through the divorce mill at least four times before—and now Helen
Their Favorite Ghost Stories

Continued from page 63

Gwen was doing out of bed at that hour.”

“Wait till you hear me!” cries Lylain Tashman.

“A friend bought a duplex in a lonely stretch of country near San Francisco, and sent an SOS to me to stay with her while her husband was away on business. No one was occupying the other half of the house and her maid went to bed at night, so she felt nervous at being alone.

“The house was set on the edge of a ravine and was surrounded by tropical shrubbery, very dense. I didn’t like the look of the place at all, and I wasn’t reassured when, after the maid had left us, the fire had burned low, I noticed that Mary was listening for something.

“Presently a muffled moan came from the ravine. Mary started up.

“There it is! Every night that moan isn’t made for her, but when I heard strange scuffling footsteps in the house next door, I stopped. The sounds continued—first the moaning in the ravine, then the footsteps going through the house—all night. Needless to say we sat up, me with a small revolver, until the maid came back in the morning.

“The minister’s daughter’s been about!” she cried, when she saw the two disheveled wrecks that greeted her. Then she explained that the other half of the house had been occupied by a minister who believed he must kill the thing he loved in order to prove his devotion to God. Quite insomniac the girl had crept into the daughter’s room, strangled her and thrown her into the ravine. All night she moaned, but the neighbors thought it just the wind. In the dawn, he was discovered a raging maniac and she was dead.”

Lily Dunia’s favorite ghost story concerns an old French castle that lies in ruins by the Seine.

“It was said to be haunted by the shades of those who had been butchered during the revolution, and only tourists would enter. By day, nothing ever happened, but by night during half a century seven tourists jumped from a high window and dashed themselves on the rocks below.

“A band of practical people who went through the place one night claimed to have discovered the solution to the suicides, but no local residents accept it. They said that in a high room there is cut into the wall a plaque of a monk’s face; by some action of age and damp, the paint on the face has become phosphorescent and so in the dark it looks like a skull. Directly opposite the face is what looks like a doorway into a dimly lit room. But it isn’t. It is a window that has served as a porter’s heaven or hell for the seven frightened tourists. The rocks are more than a hundred feet below.”

“No uncomfortable things to have about the house,” is Louise Fazenda’s pronouncement on warnings. She had one herself.

“I bought a lithograph of Lola Montez. Some friend, I forget, who had been fascinated by it and read everything I could get hold of about her—how she had dozens of European men at her feet, had the mad Russian Tsar with her, and how she and the Kaiser fell in love, etc., before she came to western mining camps. One day I was resting alone at home, perhaps half asleep, when I seemed to feel that there was someone else in the room. I opened my eyes. There by the bookcase was a woman with sad eyes. Somehow I recognized her as Lola Montez, although she was older than her picture and seemed wiser and more unhappy.

“I screamed and vanished. Then I shook myself and tried to believe I’d dreamt it, but three days later a relative I loved died.

“Again I dreamt (if that is what happened) of Lola and again some disaster befell. Then I decided not to put up with her, gave away her picture, stopped reading of her—and have never seen her since.”

When Russell Gleason was a little boy, the family lived for a short time at Pielmont, California. The store room on the top floor seemed to have some unnamable fear for the child and he could not be induced to go near it.

“Once a day, when his mother had had guests, Russell was naughty and his mother decided to lock him up for half an hour. The only room available was the store room, and there Russell was conducted, trembling. Scarcely had he heard the key turn in the lock than he went into violent hysterics and a doctor was summoned. It was discovered that Mrs. Gleason learned that the house had been the scene of a brutal murder and the body had lain in the storeroom for a week before it was discovered.

June Collyer confesses that she used to believe in ghosts until she was old.

“We lived in a house in a pine grove, where the trees moaned during storms, and I was always hearing something, much to my brother’s disgust. One moonlit night, the pines wakened me with their moaning and I saw a beam glaring at me from the hearth—no real light, just a beam. I thought of Dickens’ story of the vile man...
peering through the door, sending a beam into the eye of the man whom he intended to kill.

"Next night, the same thing happened. I was expecting that something might happen. There was a loud bang and a crash—something fell into the fireplace and lay shattered, but I heard it from my bed—a broken mirror—another evil sign!"

"When I told the story at breakfast, my brother grinned. At length he confessed that as a child he had been afraid that the moon's rays reflected down the chimney into my fireplace. The wind tumbled the mirror down and it fell into the room. And now I don't believe in ghosts!"

Carmel Myers says her ghost was a joke. She was playing a vaudeville engagement in November, and between shows she would peep through the dressing room when she heard her brother's voice. She ran to the door, but saw no one. Zion Myers was in California. She heard it again, and ran to the window. There was no mistake. It was Zion's voice.

One of the dog comedies was being run off at a talkie theatre next door, and she recognized Zion's voice speaking for one of the dogs in the picture!

Irving Pichel tells how he was captain of a Mississippi steamboat so it's not strange that her favorite ghost story concerns a steamboat.

A ship had an evil reputation. Once a cargo of slaves had been roasted to death on it during a fire; several duels had been fought on deck, and murder and murder, and the ship's pugnacious crew had taken their toll of life on it. Then it was bought by a river-going Bluebeard, who was said to have killed several wives in its cabins, throwing their bodies overboard and claiming they had drowned themselves in terror of the haunted craft. He was tried but never convicted.

"But a girl of New Orleans won his love and utterly dominated him until she tired of him and took a rich man in his place. This rich man bought the boat, erected the captain and arranged for a honeymoon on the vessel, inviting women and gamblers of New Orleans.

"The boat steamed up the river, but never came back and now on black nights people say they hear a ghostly whistle when dark deeds are under way. But others say that the captain stole aboard and piloted the boat back to sea where she was lost."

The favorite Halloween tale of Irving Pichel deals with a miserly man who deserted his wife and small son when he came into a fortune. Twenty years later, the wealthy old man married a gold-digging actress who insisted that he build a mansion on Long Island.

"A young architect was employed to design the place and a year was devoted to its building before the couple moved in with their servants. But when night came, there arrived simultaneously strange sounds of scraping chains, moans and sighs. When a wall slid open, sent forth a shaft of light and closed a split second, the servants left in a mass. On the second night the actress deserted the house in hysterics and refused to return."

"The old man would not leave a place on which he had spent so much money so he remained, with one attendant, for seven years—sleeping no one. No one knew whether he was frightened or not, but after his death the house was dismantled and the ghostly goings-on were found to be matters of architecture. The mansion that had built the mansion was his long-forgotten son, who had thus avenged his mother's sorrow."

DeWitt Jennings rode the range in Wyoming, when he was a lad, and there heard the story that introduced him to his ghost. Cattle rustlers were working in that territory in the early days, and one night the marauder was caught by a group of cowboys. The rustler broke away from them, leaped to his horse and shot at Joe, a young cow puncher, whose return shot went through the rustler's sombrero.

With blood streaming from his wound, Joe rode after the fleeing rustler, crying: "My curse on you and may you ride till doomsday!" fired another bullet that went to the rustler's heart, instantly killing him, and fell back dead himself.

"Ever after that, the rustler's ghost rode the range in chaps and sombrero, his horse all lathered and fiery-eyed, the bullet hole still in his hat."

The first time DeWitt heard the story, he had a long hard ride to make alone after leaving the campfire. On his way home, his horse shied, and looking to what was going on, he saw a white horse and rider with a sombrero that seemed to gallop through the air, the horse all lathered under the spurs, the rider wearing chaps and sombrero, an old-fashioned revolver and having a white, featureless face. As he looked, the two of them vanished.

"Did he imagine it, or did he really see them? He never knew."

"A tale that always thrills Ann Harding, when told in proper dusk, is that of a house in Hollywood. A girl named Judy spent a week-end there and swears that this is so."

A glassed-in sun porch led off the dining room, next to the butler's pantry. At noon, on the day of Judy's arrival, as she passed through the dining room she heard the clink of glasses and the sound of water being poured. Being thirsty, she ran to the porch, but found no one there.

"The next day, the same thing happened and Judy stood bewildered, trying to locate the sound."

"Hearing our daily ghost?" asked another guest. "The water is on the ice box in the butler's pantry. I asked the maid about it and she told me her orders were to leave it there at noon each day, but she has never seen anyone drink from it."

Judy sought explanation from her hostess who said that the water was so placed to placate an active ghost. It seems that a cousin had committed suicide on the sun porch, dying in agony while she begged for water. For some reason the water had been turned off, temporarily, and water could not be brought in time. Shortly after her death, serious disturbances began in the sun porch and pantry, the maids left and no one could live in the house until a spiritualist suggested that a pitcher of ice water be left on the ice box at noon—the time the cousin had died—each day. After which, except for the sound of pouring water and the clink of ice, there was no disturbance.

Marguerite Churchill believes that the Phantom Drummer of Hurstmonceux Castle in Sussex, England, is her favorite ghost. The Phantom Drummer, she declares, took it upon himself to keep an eye on love affairs of beautiful damoels. If a girl in the castle even thought of doing something indiscreet, he would bring out his drum; everyone knew what the sound of the drum meant, and gossip began.

If the girl still persisted, she was invariably found dead. No one ever saw anything but the drum and the drummer's forearm, shining with pale-blue radiance!

And Maureen O'Sullivan can't make up her mind which ghost she likes best, since
so many intrigue her Irish fancy.

There's Jane Seymour, who died after the birth of Edward VI, who moans as she walks through the Silver Stick Gallery at Hampton Court Palace; there's Catherine Howard, another wife of Henry VIII, who goes shrieking along the Haunted Gallery in the same palace, just as she did at her arrest when her husband paid no attention to her shrieks.

Now he's at the top of the page, and the next line says:

There's another ghost at this palace—Mrs. Penn, foster mother of the orphaned prince, Jane's son. She was a favorite of the prince's father and on his death was given apartments in the palace. After she died, a monument was erected to her memory, but later on when they pulled down the church her ghost floated about and she has haunted the palace ever since.

"Don't you love that?" says Maureen O'Dell.

The Successful Mr. Menjou

Continued from page 66

The Successful Mr. Menjou

Gustlo. "I've been working for a solid week and a half," he answered with, we imagine, a bit of a swagger, "and I wouldn't be surprised if the Vitagraph people gave me a steady job. And although at the time Menjou missed a contract, he worked more or less steadily for the next nineteen years, only seven months of this period being spent on the stage, vaudeville.

Now he rates as an outstanding success, both artistically and financially, as well as mentally. And, furthermore, he could have been successful in any other line of endeavor that he might have chosen. For he possesses a vitality, a persistency, personality and ability that rarely can't be overlooked. He is more than a competent artist, being a first class businessman as well: a sane, intelligent, provident fellow who sorts de- cisions, even one inquires about his early struggles.

"Any stories about the hardships I'm sup- posed to have experienced are vastly exagger- ated; for I have never had any. Father had provided handsomely when I went to school. In fact, he assisted until I started to click in pictures. Of course I've worked and worked hard, but that's not exactly a hard- ship. I can recall but one time in my life that I was actually short of cash, and that was one night in New York when I took a thirty-cent room at the Mills Hotel. But even then I wasn't particularly worried about finances. I admit that I had a ra- ther lovely night of it, but anyone will tell you that under certain conditions New York can be the loneliest spot in the world.

You see, I've always endeavored to save a certain percent of my salary, thereby fore- stalling any financial crisis, and I've suc- ceeded in saving considerable.

When he had made pictures simply because of the money, he at first complained that my question wasn't fair, but finally he admitted that he was: most definitely.

"But naturally," his words raced on—this fellow's thoughts travel like lightning and he talks just twice as fast—I enjoy my work. A man's a fool to do anything he doesn't enjoy—if he can avoid it. Just for example, take the case of an artist who is passionately fond of painting. Now if he's經濟entailed with a certain amount of luck, he'll make money; and if he isn't a good artist imbued with luck, he'll starve. Passion for struggle. Which is pretty good advice for anyone. You can't miss being a success, according to Menjou, if you work hard and intelli- genently, and happen to be shot with luck.

Insofar as he, himself, is concerned, he'd leave pictures if he had an independent income. "And then I suppose I'd travel," he supposes rather vaguely, "and go sight- seeing—and meet people, and things like that."

But personally I think Menjou would be lost without a job of some sort. There is a vital, sensitive driving force in the man that prohibits prolonged idleness. It is this force that kept boosting him on toward suc- cess, after his début in 1912. Every year he made more money, and acquired better parts, until finally just be- fore the war he was given a contract by Paramount in New York. After joining the Ambulance Corps and going to Europe as a private and returning a Captain, he tried producing for a while only to give it up in favor of "A Woman of Paris," fol- lowing the release of which he was defi- nitely established and starred in eleven successful Paramount pictures.

It seemed as though Menjou had won his fight to success: waiter to movie star—and rumor has it that for the first and only time in his life, his head became about three sizes too big for an elephant; which was unfortunate, especially since the public sud- denly tired, not of Menjou himself, but of the Menjou story.

"You've no idea how happy I am now that I'm only being featured," he exclaimed last January when I first made his ac- quaintance. "The responsibilities of star- dom are something I shall hereafter avoid desperately. Just picking stories alone is enough to drive a star wild. And besides that, a featured player stays in the money longer, the reason being that since the pub- lic sees so little of him it forgets to grow tired. And furthermore I have no desire to direct—why," he inquired most reason- ably. "Should a well-paid featured player take on the responsibilities of directing un- til he has to?" Why, indeed?

But to sneak back to the final days of his stardom: as though to deliberately mul- tiply his troubles, the talkies came in; and with a flip of his heels and no kiss for Zukor, Menjou went out. After spending a year or so in Paris, he returned to Holly- wood where he made his first talkie for Pathé, a Frenchman called "Moi Gousse de Pere." and according to Horton this adds up to "My Kid of a Papa" although after perusing the translation it seems a bit on the free edge.

After this picture he was given an M-G-M contract for featured roles, as ad- vertised. Now, however, it looks as though he were to be starred again. And from what I could gather a few weeks ago, he's rather looking forward to it. An argu- ment being that the public has again be- come star-minded, and that the talking pic- ture gives him more latitude for enacting a variety of roles. He's even scared up the idea toward insuring his continued popularity. And after taking a breath, I must say that I think he's dead right.

Once again Menjou is scooping in the large gold. Naturally he's delighted about it. And he'll be in the money for years to come, on his life, his bank account, and thoroughly knows his job. He makes it his business to study every angle of the motion picture industry, both here and abroad. He's never learned, fancifully. Magnificently. And furiously fast. And watching him the other evening out at the Garden of Allah as he searched precariously on the edge of the swimming pool and balanced a plate of salad on a knee, a cup of coffee in one hand and a cigarette in the other, all the while talking like lighting to Lila Lee—up to "I only strengthened my suspicion that he was some- thing of a juggler.

And while a young, unmarried, happily married to the gorgeous Kathyrn Carver, he insists that marriage is the most dangerous venture left to mankind. "The marriage laws nowadays don't give you a chance, es- pecially from alimony hunters. You either gamble or remain single. How do you know, you're going to be able to live with a woman who's been married twice? There'll either be radical changes in our divorce laws or Free Love will come in with being just as big a menace to our reformers as their troubles because they're married to each other people should get away for three months every year no matter where they lived—but he points out that true happiness does.
"I don't mind your knowing it... I am 37"

says Marjorie Rambeau

Famous Screen Star declares years need not rob you of Youth...

"I really am 37 years old," says Marjorie Rambeau, M. G. M. star. "And I don't mind admitting it because nowadays it isn't birthdays that count.

"The woman who knows how to keep the freshness of youth can be charming at most any age. Stage and screen stars must keep their youthful charm.

"Above everything else they guard complexion beauty. They know that a lovely skin is always appealing. I've discovered that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap does wonders for my skin. I've used it for years."

* * *

Marjorie Rambeau's complexion secret is shared by countless other beautiful stars of the stage and screen!

In Hollywood of the 613 leading actresses, including all stars, actually 605 use this fragrant white soap. It is official in all the film studios.

Your skin should have this gentle, luxurious care! You will want to keep it youthfully smooth and fresh just as the famous stars do.

Marjorie Rambeau. A recent photograph of this lovely stage favorite, who has become a popular screen star. She is appearing currently in The Secret Six.

Lux Toilet Soap - 10¢

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schooling had left its mark on me. Besides, I was terribly superstitious—still am. I still pray instinctively when I find myself in a tight place, and it comforts me.

"It's an absolute curse to be intelligent," he told me one noon, startling me with his whiplike delivery. "And the more intelligent you are, the less chance you have for any sort of happiness at all. Life's so futile! If you're lucky you may make a magnificent success, but there's nothing lasting about it. About the only thing for man to achieve is an adequate philosophy, and that's almost impossible. And even though you should find a bit of happiness, sooner or later you definitely pay for it with sorrow. You pay for every solitary thing you get. Ignorant people, of course, don't know when they're paying—and since what you don't know doesn't hurt you, only the ignorant are happy. Which is the beauty of being dumb.

And which Menjou most certainly isn't."

David Manners is telling his most enthusiastic admirer how much he enjoyed his rôle in "The Last Flight." Read all about the Manners lad on page 130.

"You work and grow old," the suave Mr. Menjou continued, but I caught a glint in his eye. "Here I'm going on forty—ten years more and I'll be fifty—then sixty—then—Ah, yes, life's a very futile thing at best. And as I say, I don't know what you're supposed to get out of it—but God help you if you don't get money!"

True enough—yet Adolphe, despite his handicapping intelligence, hasn't done badly.

Tallulah, Herself!

Continued from page 57
This seal answers the question:

"what toothpaste should I use?"

What is this seal?
It is the seal of acceptance of the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics.

What is the Council on Dental Therapeutics?
This Council is composed of 13 prominent men of science, appointed by the American Dental Association, and chosen for their outstanding ability in various branches of modern dentistry. Its purpose is to analyze the composition of dental products, such as toothpastes, and pass upon the claims that are made for them. The Council has no interest whatsoever in the sale of any product. Its only interest is to serve the dental profession and the public—to act as a guide.

What is the meaning of this seal?
This seal identifies products which have been passed on by the Council. When found on a toothpaste, it means that the composition of this toothpaste has been submitted to the Council, and that its claims have been found acceptable.

Colgate's bears this seal
Climaxing 30 years of leadership, Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics.

Colgate's has been more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other toothpaste ever made.
This famous dentifrice stands alone. It has healthfully and completely cleansed more people's teeth than any other dentifrice in the world.
Colgate's sells for a low price—but only because it is sold in overwhelming volume. It is the quality of Colgate's—and quality alone—that has held its leadership for years and years.
Be guided by the seal of acceptance. Use Colgate's to keep your teeth healthfully and completely clean.

Colgate's costs only 25c

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Lew Cody’s Corned-Beef and Cabbage Dinners

Continued from page 10

for hours. Potatoes, carrots and turnips are added.

For the dessert course there are cheeses of every variety, with crackers. Half a dozen mustard pots, with contents of varying degrees, are placed on the table for these dinners. Coffee is served with the cheeses.

Each place is marked with a small pill box filled with bicarbonate of soda!

There is never any planned entertainment for these occasions. But before the evening is over there is usually an impromptu vaudeville show going on.

Nick Lucas is a frequent guest, the melodies from his guitar silencing the chatter in the cellar room.

The voice of the late Ernest Ball singing his “Mother Machree” many times stopped every bridge, pool and checker game in the room.

George MacMamus has been there and left behind as a souvenir a can of Dinty Moore’s Corned Beef and Cabbage, a product which his cartoon’s made famous.

O. O. McIntyre has teetered a chair on the cement floor in a corner and reminisced on the tour of Paris he made with Cody.

Valentino was once a frequent guest at the corned beef dinners. Pola Negri was another.

Buster Keaton, Norman Kerry and Marshall Neilan are there for every C.B.C. dinner, with daily visits on the side.

Roscoe Arbuckle is another long-time friend of Lew’s usually to be found on the corned-beef-and-cabbage dinner guest list.

“Quite a few of these people know that corned-beef-and-cabbage for dinner on Saturday night means corned beef hash for breakfast the following morning,” said Cody. “So they just ‘drop in’ around breakfast time.”

Just as much thought is put into the background and incidental highlights accompanying these festivities. There was the time when a visiting magazine publisher, the most of honor at one of these odiferous feeds.

Shortly before the arrival of the chief guest, Cody and his butler spread a continuous line of magazines from the drive-way to the front door. Every magazine but the guest’s particular one was represented in the layout.

“This man looked pretty forlorn by the time he got inside the front door!” laughed Cody.

Another special and individual feature further added to the publisher’s bewildernent after the dinner party was under way. A radio announcer cut into a program with the important news item that Mr. So-and-So was wanted by the Hollywood police for grand larceny.

The guest of honor, dismayed almost to the point of being speechless, hurried to the telephone and called his wife, visiting relatives in a nearby suburb, telling her to put all the attention to the radio broadcast about him—that there must be some mistake.

It was a very sheepish guest of honor who learned afterward that one of Cody’s servants was doing “special broadcasting” from a microphone located upstairs.

There is another individual, popular if not highly important, who attends every corned beef party that Lew Cody gives. Invitation, or no invitation, “Traffic” is always on the spot, waiting for a few licks to compensate the long wait; and he never fails to get them.

“Traffic” is the fox terrier that stopped Cody’s car in the midst of Beverly Hills traffic several years ago. The dog, then a pup, climbed right up into Lew’s automobile and into his heart. And has remained there ever since, at the present time educating a new puppy that no wait is too long when there are corned beef fragments as a reward.

The new pup has been called “Odd”—after O. O. McIntyre, whose friends call him that. There may be no connection, but there was that time McIntyre published Lew Cody’s telephone number in his column, suggesting that Cody enjoyed telephone conversation after 4 o’clock in the morning. The phone rang constantly for a whole day. Then Cody had his number changed, keeping the new number secret from all newspaper columnists, both friends and enemies!
The boyish figure belongs to yesterday. Curves have come back in fashion... Not too pronounced, not too slight... but delicate, subtle, captivating.

Never was a good figure more important than for these modern feminine costumes.

And a good figure is not so difficult... if you diet and exercise wisely. But be sure you protect youth and beauty by avoiding the dangers of most starvation menus... dietary anemia... and improper elimination.

There is a safe, pleasant way. Just eat two tablespoonsfuls daily of Kellogg's All-Bran. This delicious ready-to-eat cereal provides the "bulk" needed for regular habits. How much better this is than taking pills or drugs—so often harmful.

You can enjoy Kellogg's All-Bran day in and day out and not lose your appetite for it. Serve with milk or in fruit juices, clear soups, etc. Use it for making fluffy bran muffins, breads, omelets, etc. Recipes on the package. Kellogg's All-Bran is not fattening. And it supplies iron, which colors cheeks healthfully. Recommended by dietitians.

Remember, there's only one All-Bran, and that's Kellogg's—by far the largest-selling all-bran cereal on the market. In the red-and-green package. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
"THE MODERN FIGURE"
Leading motion-picture actresses are shown to you in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Everything from sports-togs to evening gowns. In addition, the booklet is full of valuable information on how to reduce wisely. Free upon request.

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Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "The Modern Figure."

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Buddy is a Big Boy Now
Continued from page 53

just where I stand. But I'm trying. And we'll see what happens."

That's the way Buddy tells his come-back story. He's as utterly sincere as he always has been. He's the soul of honesty.

And he's frankness personified. After all, why not? He has nothing to hide. He's a clean kid, doing clean things. The biggest scandal in his life occurred several years ago—and I hope you'll pardon me if I spill it now, Buddy. I've kept your dark, dark secret confidence for years. I'm sure now that the sins of your youth won't follow you. And let's both be gentlemen and not mention her name.

Well, anyhow, here it is! There's a star in Hollywood who rolls her own and picks her own. If she sees a lad she likes, she'll phone a self-introduction. She's only a kid, and it's all okay the way she figures. But anyway, she has the reputation of being—say—lighty.

One evening Buddy's phone rang, and the lissome blonde in question asked our Mr. Rogers if he'd escort her to a party. And—uhh—any one listening?—Buddy did so! No, nothing happened—so maybe you're fooled. But the kid just got to thinking it over afterwards and decided it wasn't the thing to do. He was a little ashamed of it—like he is about cigarettes and cocktails. He hasn't done it again now that's the worst I know about Buddy. Why should a kid like that be penalized? Just because he's on the square? Just because the scent of new-mown hay still clings a little to him? Would you have him travel the road of Wally Reid? Or drink himself out of opportunity like that likeable chump Jimmy Murray? Must he be a philanderer? A stay-out-all-night? Well, then!

"Who're you going with now?" I asked Rogers.

"Well, sir, just about the same bunch."

I haven't seen Charlie Farrell much since he got married to Virginia—but then, we've been passing one another on the sea. I see Richard Arlen, and then I have that same crowd of friends—fraternity brothers—that I've always had."

No rest! Charlie Ruggles was looking about his country home when he was called to the Coast for another picture. Oh, well! Half a loaf, etc.

Bought—Continued from page 33

W HAT happened was just what Stephanie needed to make her realize that the few friends she had before she met Carter were now terribly important to her. She tried to reach Meyer by telephone, but he was in Europe. She succeeded in seeing Nicky after a few days, however. She had to tell him what happened between her and Charles. She had hoped Nicky would understand. All he could say was: You said you didn't love him. Love would at least have been an excuse. You sold yourself for money—position! He was bitter about it. And it hurt her more because what he said had some truth in it; "I think you'd better go, then, Nicky," she told him.

Stephanie moved to cheaper quarters and found a job in a book store. It did not pay as much money, but she had lost all interest in clothes, somehow. And she wanted more than anything else to be quiet. Well, sir. She only wished she could see Meyer. He had been a real friend.

Months dragged by. In a way she was happy. She had put the other life behind her. There were a few friends she could still see—and there were always books to read. When she had given up all hope of ever seeing Meyer again, she received a package of books from him. She called his house at once and
"Congratulations!

You've truly captured youth's own color tints in this new Two-Tone Powder . . . Seventeen!"

Says DOROTHY MACKAILL

A powder to imitate the actual complexion tints of youth? Yes! . . . that is the marvelous principle on which Seventeen Two-Tone Powder was created!

For the purpose of a powder is not to coat the skin as with a mask. Powders which dull the natural skin tints are really ageing in their effects.

The ideal seventeen-year-old complexion is alive. The exquisite colors come and go. The skin seems actually transparent. The color tints are fresh, radiant, subtle.

And so should be the color tints in your complexion powder! Then you will have naturalness, not artificiality . . . youthful delicacy, not mature dullness.

Seventeen found a way to imitate the natural color tints of youth. This principle, we call Two-Tone.

Ingredients of different weights are blended: light and heavy. The heavier powder clings closely to your skin. The lighter weight powder, on the surface, seems to take on another, lighter color tone . . . which creates a subtle overtone . . . and lends your skin the delicate transparency of youth.

There are various shades, of course, in Seventeen. Select your own, as in any other powder. But compare this shade with the shade you now are using! Take a little in your hand. Note the life, the radiance, of Seventeen. Then, a fluff of Seventeen on your skin. What a glorious difference! You will congratulate yourself on having found this Two-Tone, Youth-Tone Powder.
learned that he was at home ill. Stephanie lost no time in going to him. She felt that she could never apologize enough for the way she had treated him.

He was sitting in a chair, wrapped up in blankets. His face looked ill and haggard.

She sat near him and said all the things she had wanted to say to him for months.

"Aren't you going to marry that Carter fellow?" Meyer asked her.

"No."

"Why?"

"He doesn't want me."

"That most hurt, Stephanie."

"Only for a minute. It didn't last. It never could have lasted."

"What was it all about then?"

"Peacock feathers, I thought I could wear them. I can't."

She picked up a book from the table.

"You have Nicky's new book."

"You've never seen my collection of first editions," he said proudly. "Go into that room there—you'll enjoy them."

When she closed the door behind her, she saw Nicky before her.

"Steph, darling!" He rushed over to her and took her hands. "I've walked my legs off trying to find you."

"Nicky."

"The thought of you has been tormenting the soul out of me, Steph."

"I'm sorry."

"Not as sorry as I am—for what I said. Please forgive me."

"Don't say any more please, Nicky," Stephanie put her arms around his neck. "I love you, Nicky. Wasn't Meyer a dear—"

"He's terribly fond of you—thinks of, talks of nobody else—Steph—can't you suspect why? He told me not to tell—try to think!"

Stephanie remembered the things he had done for her—the money he had wanted to give her—then her mother's lecture which he had recognized.

"Nicky—not—my father!"

"The same. You lucky girl, Steph."

And for some reason Stephanie felt that Meyer and Nicky were really a realization of her childhood dreams.

"Let's go to him, dear," she said. "I want to kiss my father and ask him if I may marry the dearest boy in the world!"

For some reason Stephanie felt that Meyer and Nicky were really the realization of her childhood dreams. She knew she could count on them now that she needed them most.

Dumb Like a Fox!

Continued from page 23

in refusing to return it until he had signed her on a long-term starring contract. Instead of rushing right off to Hollywood she was smart enough to spend a few months studying dancing and voice—then with her customary efficiency she arrived in Hollywood one Sunday morning three hours ahead of time; and she phoned poor Junior, waking him out of a sound sleep.

"Hello!" she announced. "Here I am—and there wasn't a soul at the train!"

"But you can't have arrived!" Junior wailed. "Half the studio, and most of the press, not to mention myself, are all set to meet the 'Chief'!" But Sid had arrived all right! And before very long the studio lost any doubts they might have had in the matter.

It was on Monday morning, at the crack of dawn—well, say two P.M.—that I squinted gloomily from my bedroom window only to discover great clouds of dust out Universal way. "What's the matter?"

I barked over the phone. "Is a Santa Ana ravaging the place or has a gag-man told Junior Laemmle that 'Resurrection' filled a theatre somewhere?"

"Sidney Fox,' someone gurgled, "has arrived! Would you like to meet her?"

"Well," thought I, "yes and no."

However, after the dust had settled a bit I ambled out and was ushered into the Presence. And I give you my word I shall never forget my first sight of La Petite Fille! Her Oh-sh! but diminutive body—fifty-nine inches over all—was stretched out on a chaise longue in maddening comfort. Large, solemn brown eyes peered innocently from a pale, oval face that was framed by a mass of jet black hair. One maid was manicuring her nails, another fiddling with her hair. With an amiable smile Sid dubbed me "Chief Portable Photograph Winder" and amazingly enough at that very same moment I resolved to make a deep and exhaustive study of the girl, purely for the benefit of the public.

Now stop champing at the bit; I'll tell you in due time what she wants to become! For the moment let's just give her a look: All Gaul may be divided in three parts, but Hollywood is divided in two—Pro-Fox and otherwise, for Sid is the most gossiped-about star in town. And her friends greatly outnumber her enemies. One hears wild stories about her fiery uncontrollable temperament—a temperament that would make Negri, Ina Claire, or Goudal go green with envy. And if she hadn't stopped worrying about it all, she might very well have had a nervous breakdown.

Rumors to the contrary, Sid is not temperamentally in the accepted sense of the word: she never goes into a tantrum and makes unreasonable demands. Being an infinitely sensitive artist, she is somewhat high-strung. When rehearsing a part her nerves climb to the very edge, and if crowded during those periods she's apt to get jumpy, a bit halter-shy, as it were. But once the actual shooting has commenced she reverts to her own sweet self: one of the most tender-hearted, amiable and charmingly cultured young stars in Hollywood. But when it comes to emulating a "good sport" she is nothing but an unmitigated flop, her inherent breeding and dignity forbidding. She loves to play practical jokes on friends, and rumor has it that she's liable to catch herself a good spectator if she does watch out.

When dining in, she usually appears at table in jade-green dinner pajamas; and she would make a full meal on chicken liver and love it. She bewails the fact that guests at a dinner don't have screens placed around their plates so the mechanical business of eating could be hidden.

Her best friends are Cissie Loftus and Bridget Price, a charming Englishwoman who also acts as her companion, charwoman and guide. So far as Sid is concerned there are only three actresses in Hollywood: Joan Crawford, Sylvia Sidney and Elisa Landi.

"Landi's not good," she exclaims. "She's swell—and Jackie Cooper's the greatest actor on the screen." That, briefly, is that. She frequently entertains at her home, but seldom if ever goes to night clubs. She has leased Montagu Love's hill-top house, a miniature castle, for which she keeps but two servants, a woman and a Filipino house boy.

"Joe doubles in brass," is her explanation. "When he wears that high white hat, he's the chef. When he's in a dark suit he's the house boy; and when he puts on that black uniform cap, he's the chauffeur."

This is by wit and a cycle built for a lordly couple which Joe drives while Bridget and Sid squat primly in the rumble seat.

She starts one with her swift wit, and sheoo ooo a most various array of impressions among her various acquaintances and friends. Some think her an out-and-out sophisticate, but Sid insists she is not sophisticated, simply intelligent. Some-
How to Make Up
...Your Complexion...Your Eyes...Your Lips
...to Emphasize Each Feature of Beauty
Like the Screen Stars Do

Hollywood's Make-Up Genius...Max Factor...
explains how you may actually double your beauty with a new kind of make-up
As Told To Florence Vondelle

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"Every girl, every woman may now benefit by what we have learned...and thus accentuate her own natural charms; yes, actually double her beauty, for she has never really learned how to be more beautiful than she is.

"And this is the art of make-up...to be more beautiful than you actually are.

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Now you may share, with the screen stars, this wealth of beauty magic. For you personally, Max Factor will create your own individual color harmony in Society Make-Up...powder, rouge, lipstick and other requisites for every day, in a color harmony ensemble to effect a transformation in you, to bring out every bit of beauty, of charm, of magnetic attraction...and you will receive this book, forty-eight pages on the art and technique of make-up. The coupon below offers you this courtesy...mail it today.

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Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"...personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose to cover cost of postage and handling.

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When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
sider her nothing but a derisory child, others did. But I'll never call her that again, and I got myself in the dog-house when I accused her of changing her mind every other second.

"That's just like something you'd say," she pointed out equably. "Even though you know perfectly well I only change my mind every other second, and not just because it's in my mind, but my entire awareness of life—the very essence of my being changes completely. And each change is preceded by great emotional upheaval, and each change is absolutely sincere. I always know what I want. At one time I was positive that dress-designing would be my life work, then I definitely set my mind on a newspaper career only to discard that in favor of becoming a great lawyer. Then I came the stage and pictures; I would become the greatest living actress! And while up to date I have shown no great promise, I heard seriously—so Sid is her own least charitable critic—"I feel I have the talent, and if only I can develop it I might achieve even that!" She has the determination, courage and talent. Nothing should stop her. And in spite of the variety of impressions, she has but one real fault: she throws away her love and affection.

"Perhaps that's true," she admits. "But it's just because I like to give instead of take. Oh, yes, I know I overdo it as far as my love is concerned! And it never seems to be appreciated except in a pitifully few cases. As a result I always get hurt. But I'll never learn limits. I don't even want to learn them!—even though I've spent many, many crushed, miserable and lonely nights. With an actress there is no such thing as inhumanity—only in greatest sorrow we are living life, tinging with existence.

"And only by existing to the utmost may I achieve that end for which I have finally decided to shape my life—I want to become a great woman! By that I mean a complete woman, a woman who gives something to the world, something everlasting. And since an actress gives to her public, I can be both a great actress and a great woman. True joy." Sid added as though in a dream. "Comes only through giving. Now perhaps you know why I want to fall in love, for without love a woman is absolutely incomplete." And who was I, after all, to argue with her about it?

Betty Bronson, the little ingenue of yesteryear, went baby-vamp in "Lover Come Back." Why, Peter Pan! We'd hardly know you!

"And there are no specifications for this man of mine, except that he be intelligent and sympathetic—not necessarily sympathetically toward me, but rather, toward humanity! Of course it must be the real kind of love, a love which once in my life I thought I had found; but I guess it must have been a sort of half-way love," she continued, as though there's nothing left of it at all! And even that disappeared when I became an adult."

"May I ask how long you've been an adult?" I inquired.

"Figure it out for yourself," was her startling reply. "I'm beginning to feel we should all live without any rubs! And I like to curl up on the couch with an apple and forget everything, including myself."

So while Sid nibbles that apple, let's just "figure it out for ourselves." It's really absurdly simple. She has been an adult for exactly eight months. Last fall she was rushed around with a personal young director. Obviously they were infatuated with each other, and equally as obviously this infatuation would never last.

On New Year's Eve she entertained with a party of seven. A few seconds before midnight I noticed she was standing on a raised brick step in front of the fireplace, the mantel looming over her head. She was gowned in a loose, flowing, white robe that was gathered to the youthful curves of her body by a belt of gold. Never have I seen her hair so lustrous and black, her face so frightfully pale, nor her large eyes so dark and unseeing. As though in a trance she stared at the semi-circle formed by her guests. Then I noticed that someone was missing. Suddenly from down in Hollywood there rose a terrific din. Clanging bells intermingled with the screaming of sirens. The New Year had come in!

And Sidley's guests wished her all the happiness and luck in the world—but Sidney was watching a ghost. Fully a half minute must have elapsed before she appeared to understand just what had happened. Then with a rather considered smile, a smile, however, which seemed imbued with a new and becoming dignity, she wished each and every one of them a Happy New Year. At that moment La Petite Poupee had become a woman, and the ghost of her half-love had passed away.

Now she wants most desperately to find the real sort of love, a love all-enduring, with a sympathetic and intelligent man. Come early and avoid the rush!

Pola is Back—to Stay?

Continued from page 26

was wearing a most entrancing pirate beach costume in blue to set off her eyes, when she made this statement, and there was the most provocative little quiver to her lips, so it's just as well no eligible gentleman was around to prove too consoling.

And Sidney is once a very poor girl. Difficult to believe! She gives an impression of having been born to great wealth, but she doesn't have homes, but establishments. She gives orders magnificently. She entertains rarely but when she does it is on a superlative scale. People surrounding her become "subjects" and grovel, or else hate her and rebel. One suspects her of acting all the time—Carmen, du Barry, Cleopatra, Helen of Troy, and the rest of the sufferings. But I think this is unconscious; her dramatic instinct dominates her life. Any young man from her friends who is a little too familiar with Pola must, perforce, add enormously to his experience. She must be equal to a dozen lesser women.

Just now, she is in an ecstasy of ambition. Her time in Europe has been spent in developing her talents in all directions.

So that, what she once did on instinct, she will now do with efficient, studied preparation. If the studio thinks it will be hard to find stories for Pola, she has a dozen ideas in her own capable head. She knows exactly the type of person she wishes to portray—wild, dramatic, turbulent and dangerous women.

But that doesn't prevent her shining as an intellectual at dinner parties. One of Pola's greatest charms is that she is interested in so many things besides pictures. She can discuss world problems with the most masculine brains and comfortably settle the affairs of nations with a few crisp comments. She can be most illuminating on the subject of French politics. She knows all about the future of America, and she is extraordinarily well informed on military matters, economics, or any other subject any brilliant gentleman would like to discuss.

Of course we know that brilliant gentlemen are supposed to prefer stupid women. Pola disproves it. She dazzles them with her intellectuality and makes 'em like it. But then, of course, she knows all the superlative little feminine tricks on the side—the treacle that disguises the castor oil! While making clever contracts at the most acceptable figures, she unexpectedly remark that it is a mistake to worship money, that bad times will lead us to a new ideal in which money, wealth, will play but little part. Sidney was once a girl who disdained all Hollywood "a humble person." She is credited with much philanthropy; indeed, she holds documents from Poland blessing her for her bounty to orphans. Still one can imagine her remembering them as "my poor" like a reigning princess.

One simply cannot imagine Pola having mere relatives. She doesn't fit into any picture of domesticity whatever. Still it is on record that she not only had a mother but lived with that mother in a cellar when the Germans were bombarding Warsaw. She appeared on the stage there before hostile German officers and made them adore her. No doubt about it, this Pola has sumptuous courage. There is no such word as "defeat" in her philosophy!
He was "Ruggles of Red-Eye"
Continued from page 51

audience is always for him rather than against him.

Ruggles enjoys character work thoroughly. He thinks it is the nicest kind. He played juvenile roles on the stage for eight years—then someone spotted him as a character man. They stuck whiskers on him, and for several years he played old men. It wasn't until he was quite grown up that he was again given youthful roles.

And in the meantime he was on the road to becoming a "funny man." He discovered that it was easy for him to make people laugh. He can't explain the evolution from character man to clown. It has caused him a lot of worry.

"Because I always make 'em laugh on the stage or screen I am supposed to be funny all the time," he lamented. "It gets monotonous. After all, I have my serious moments."

"I haven't been to see a doctor for more than twenty years—I'm afraid! If I went into his office about to die, I could never convince him of the fact. He'd take one look at me and say: 'Why, if it isn't Charlie Ruggles!' and burst out laughing."

Ruggles looks much the same off the screen as on. His shoulders are very broad and muscular. His hair is light brown, almost sandy. His eyes are very blue, though he would probably tell you they were gray. As for height, he stands five feet seven inches, an adequate height for his 150 pounds. His mustache is scarcely noticeable. He worries because it grows so sparsely and because it remains very light. He darkens it for stage and screen work. He has finely chiseled features and a charming voice.

Most of the year he spends on a farm on Long Island. He hates the city and comes in only when business necessitates it. He says he lived on the same farm for sixteen years (discounting the time he spent on the West Coast or on the road) and the neighbors didn't know him until he began screen work. He does his own gardening and owns the two-acre place at which he spends so much of his time. There are no cows or chickens there. Instead, there are canary birds and dogs by the score.

He calls each by name. There are Boofy, Tufftoo, Wickie, Lambie, Sasparilla and a great many more whose names the writer cannot recall. It's evident, however, that Flip, the wire-haired terrier, Oner, the favorite canary, Oxso, the police dog, and Coxy, the parrot, get the actor's main attention.

But these names—how did they originate? Ruggles can't explain it. He says he "just calls 'em."

This "amiable drunk" describes himself as a "ham-and-eggs-for-breakfast-lamb-stew-for-dinner" kind of person. No frills for him. Milk and cookies are his favorite repast. Often at night he drinks a quart of milk before retiring.

"It keeps my cheeks rosy," is his excuse for it.

Sherry wine is his favorite drink, next to milk. Strawberry ice-cream, or vanilla with chocolate sauce, is his choice of desserts. He likes to read modern fiction—but never in bed. He has to be fully dressed and shaved before becoming involved in any activity. One of his pet peeves is the comic strips—any of them.

He goes wild when someone asks him if he has the slightest idea what is going to happen to Joe Doaks or Billy Cliff in a particular comic strip. Inherently no swearing man, he swears at that. Yet some of the most famous of comic strip artists have been his close friends.

Though always suitably dressed for all occasions, he doesn't go for clothes in a big way. He says they are merely "something to cover the fair body."

He is by nature sympathetic. Because of this, he feels that he would have made a successful physician. He gets a kick out of sympatheticizing with people for any reason. His friends take advantage of it and tell him "All."

 Says he hasn't had a battle of any kind for years and years. Has scores of friends. His return to the studios after a few weeks' absence is a regular homecoming celebration.

His silliest moment happened not long ago, while he was acting in "Girl Habit." One scene had to be filmed on Fifth Avenue in the Fifties. Ruggles was required to wear dark glasses, walk with a stick, and carry a tin cup. He was panicky while doing it—afraid that someone he knew would recognize him.

He was disappointed that he didn't get even one coin in the cup. So he doesn't think he'll pursue it as a career.

He dislikes being stared at. He abhors

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You'll enjoy chewing Beech-Nut Gum between smokes. Its clear, cool flavor refreshes your taste sense—makes every smoke taste better—as good as the first smoke of the day. Motorists find that chewing gum relieves the tension of driving. Remember always, there is no gum so flavorful as Beech-Nut.

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tactless people. He'd rather be tactful than President. And he boasts that he is willing to try anything once. That probably accounts for the varied roles that have been assigned to him.

Al Woods, the producer, called him into his office years ago and inquired if he could sing.

"I'll try," Ruggles told him.

"All right; let's have a sample," was the response.

He sang part of the chorus of Oh, What a Pal Was Mary, but was soon interrupted.

"Don't!" the producer pleaded. "Please!"

Later Ruggles was called in and given a part in the play Woods was producing.

"But you didn't like my singing," he began.


He hasn't attempted vocal renditions since.

But he points out that by attempting anything, you might "hit" once in awhile. Often what an actor thinks is bad, a director likes.

Undershirts are taboo in his wardrobe. It started back in Leadville, Colorado. It was during his days, and nights, of "one night stands." He was learning "David Garrick" and "East Lynne" while playing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Camille." And his laundry failed to come back in time. Out he went in search of fresh linen. All the stores were closed, except one. Unfortunately this store carried only long red flannels. In despair Ruggles decided to purchase a suit.

"But the smallest we have is size 44," the clerk told him. And he wore size 32.

He bought a size 44. By employing a pair of scissors and innumerable safety pins he thought he had altered the garment successfully. But after one matinee performance he cast it aside in disgust. He has never worn an undershirt since.

Being a horse fancier, he once purchased some race horses. This venture ended with the sudden illness of one of his prize mares, Goldbar, through bad treatment by a drunken trainer. Days and nights between performances he spent at the animal's stall. Finally he sent her back to the pastures. Charlie denies, however, that they gave him all those drunken roles because he has "yet" ideas.

Naturally Ruggles likes the theatre, but he attends purely from an educational angle, he explained. "Later he will purchase my favorite play of the past year—and the Pulitzer Prize judges have agreed with him.

All kinds of sports appeal to him, though handball is the most fascinating. He is recognized as one of the outstanding handball players in the country. For several years he held the championship of the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Boxing and swimming come second with him.

He is the only actor in his family; his brother Wesley Ruggles is well known as a director. Wondering where his liking of the theatre originated, Charlie decided once to investigate the family tree. The only Ruggles he could locate momentarily was a man who lived during the Stuart reign. He wrote a play and had it chopped off because of it. Charles decided to stick to acting.

Aviation appeals to him. The first time he flew any distance—from New York to the West Coast—he was tried to the limit. But until the nonchalance of a woman passenger put him to shame.

Superstition is unknown to his nature. "Horroscopes," palmistry, and handwriting analyses bore him.

He'll confess rather shyly that he is "terrifically grateful for just being alive." He expects you to think him silly for saying it. But he claims that he held the same attitude even when the breaks were not on his side.

Ruggles almost had the career of a pharmacist. That was the choice of his family. At fifteen years of age he was working in his father's wholesale drug house, when a friend began to sing to him of the glories of the footlights. He joined a stock company in Los Angeles; played there and in San Francisco. Later he joined the Oliver Morosco forces and acted split bills in Long Beach, California; El Paso, Texas, and spots in between.

His first New York appearance was in "Help Wanted." Then came "Rolling Stones," which established him with New York audiences. He played in "Canary Cottage" for two years, supported by Trixie Friganza, Eddie Cantor, and Thomas Meighan at various times. The Morosco Company, you'll recall, was the training school also for Bert Lytell, Lewis Stone, and others who later achieved film fame. After a fling on the road in "Hawthorne of the U. S. A.," the play that Douglas Fairbanks made famous, Ruggles came to New York to open at the Morosco Theatre in "Canary Cottage." Then he went to the Messrs. Shubert and played in the "Passing Show of 1918," and then in "Tumble Inn." He had the lead in Edgar Selwyn's "Rolling Stones," and also played for a long time in "The Tick Tock Man of Oz." With A. H. Woods he went in for a career of bedroom farces, including "The Girl in the Low, Low Night," "The Semi-Virgin," and "Lonely Wives." At one time he was leading man for Agnes Ayres in motion pictures, long before talkies came around.

If you ever have the good luck to have luncheon with Charlie, ask him to tell you about the rabbit venture he undertook. To hear his detailed version of it is to provide yourself with enough laughs to last you a week. Briefly, he had always liked rabbits. Offering an imported pair of Belgian hares from Wyoming, he decided to raise a few. In a few months the farm threatened to be overrun with rabbits of every color, shape and size. Ruggles, amazed at the productivity of the one pair, discontinued the experiment when the offspring totaled 167.

"I never cared for mob scenes," he explains.
The Stage in Review
Continued from page 87

some influence on the “music” (so-called) of our musical comedies. Also on the
dancing and general ballet bunk (how that
beautiful word “ballet” has been degraded
in meaning on the Broadway stage!).
Two of the best pieces of entertainment
I have seen of their kind either on screen
or stage is “Two Hearts in Waltz-Time”
and “The Merry Wives of Vienna.” Here
are bouncy, lyric quality, good dancing and
a real, spontaneous, effervescing spirit of
joyousness, which are plainly faked and
standardized and clock-watched in the
musical comedies on the stage.
The dances, songs and “ballets” in our
musical comedies have not evolved one iota
from the days when the Bowery at Coney
Island was in its prime. In fact, Broadway
is, with a little more tinsel and show-window
dressing in the matter of some of our
musical comedies, lower today than in the
day of “Floradora,” “Erminie” and Henry
E. Dixey in “Adonis.”
What am I going to do about it? Nothing.
But I want to record the fact, as a chronicler of the drama and musical comedies,
that the singing pictures from abroad have
got us licked in popular music, dancing
and fun.

Marvelous Mickey Mouse
In the Little Picture House I fell into a
reverie over why Mickey Mouse so
eronomously entertains me—not only Mickey, but
all those animated cartoons.
The success of these grotesque and
absurd pictures is to be found in what Sig
Freud and his crowd call “dream-release.”
These animals do all that we do in dreams
—the feats of the impossible that we’d like
to do when awake.
There are no limitations of matter, space
or time in these pictures. And that is the
secret dream of all of us—to transcend our
limitations.
We take a great delight in watching these mannikins do it.
Then there is the caricatural element.

Married the Modern Way—Continued from page 21

merely discovered herself!
You have only to look at and listen to
the radiant girl who is Joan to realize the
vast amount of intense energy which she
throws into everything she does: work or
play, career or domesticity. She is made
that way. That’s why she stayed in the
back row of a revue chorus in a Chicago
night club long enough to learn the
routine of the songs and dances. Then she
was put into the first line. That’s why she
was selected from a whole chorus in a
musical show to be offered a screen test
and a motion picture contract. That’s why
she stepped from bits and glorified ex-
tra roles into featured parts and stardom in a
miraculously short time.
And that’s why she threw herself so
feverishly into making a success of her
marriage. She gloried and reveled in domes-
ticity, in hooked rugs and dimity curtains.
“Not extreme is good,” Joan explained.
The women of other generations who
made marriage the end of all individuality
were just as wrong as the women who take
the business of marriage lightly and care-
lessly. You’ve got to strike a happy me-
dium. You can make marriage the most

These beasts and birds caricature human
nature. We are really looking at our-
selves, our antics and our amorous monkey-
slimes from the dimension of laughter.
The grotesque and the absurd are inde-
structible elements in our make-up. We
have a craving for nonsense. They are
releases for the heavy Saturnian rings that
weigh on our brains and on our hearts.
Mickey Mouse and his pals are among
the greatest of human satires. Long may
Mickey and his playmates reign!
Barrymore's Real Ambition—Continued from page 59

The Powell-Lombard marriage should prove to be ideally happy. Each has been married before. Each knows the pitfalls to avoid. Neither is a poseur, which among the Hollywood professionals is a somewhat extraordinary thing.

And then again the matter of money—wrecker of many homes—need never bother them. Miss Lombard has a comfortable income, inherited and earned. Powell, influenced most of his life by the fear of poverty, has a well-invested fortune. And both are earning plenty every week.

Powell's fear of penury lays him wide open for Freudian analysis. Often he has said: "The one great horror of my life is the thought of an impoverished old age." Perhaps there's another reason for his marriage. Perhaps but not quite likely.

Powell's wedding day was typical of his temperament and of hers, his wife's. Neither likes ostentation. Both despise sham and show. Those few who knew when and where the ceremony was to take place were pledged to secrecy—and they kept their secret. The few newspaper men who found out about it did so by the simple process of putting related facts together. They observed that the bride-to-be did not leave her home in Beverly Hills all day. Watching the house they also observed that a florist's truck backed up to the door in the late afternoon. The omnipresent press, then, was the only uninvited element at the ceremony. A small roomful of friends and relatives stood by.

Miss Lombard's wedding dress was a simple blue chiffon. A shoulder-piece of orchids was the only bit of bridal finery. Powell wore a business suit. Short and simple was the keynote of the rite.

And so it was that Hollywood's prize bachelor took the dive.

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And so it was that Hollywood's prize bachelor took the dive.
Temperament? Bunk! says Leila Hyams
Continued from page 34
not believe in keeping yourself and your employees in a constant turmoil about this, that, and the other thing. After all, producers are spending the money to make pictures and any time a player is cast in a role they must believe in it or they wouldn't pay you to do it. Why be temperamental? Life is too short for arguments and petty indulgences in a bad disposition!

"I have a temper of my own but I don't waste it around a motion picture studio. Perhaps that's why I've been on the same lot for three years now. Jealousies are something else I have put down on my list of futile efforts. If another actress gets a part you wanted, why work yourself up into a peeve against her? It isn't her fault and may be your own.

"For my part, all I want is an opportunity to play a character endowed with sincerity. I despise artificiality in people. Posing is hateful. That is one reason why I prefer to get away from the ingenuous type of part. There never was a girl of the old school of ingénues who looked as if she had the slightest idea of what life was all about. A girl doesn't have to lose her femininity to be sophisticated these days. I don't mean the hard-boiled, worldly type that passes so often for sophistication nowadays, but the kind of a girl who can be a man's pal or sweetheart. Or both. The day of blushes is extinct. A woman knows just as much as a man her own age—maybe more. But let's not get on that subject—aren't you hungry?" We were!

Leila Hyams likes fishing next to acting. Here she is outside of her beach house after catching 60 pounds of fish. This isn't a fish story, either.
Revuettes
Continued from page 6

LAUGHING SINNERS. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Joan Crawford triumphs in this story of love and regeneration. Clark Gable and Neil Hamilton are splendid male supports.

MURDER BY THE CLOCK. Paramount. A mystery thriller with Lilian Tashman. William Boyd carries off the acting honors.*

SALVATION NELL. Tiffany. This is an old-time but you'll enjoy it thoroughly. Helen Chandler and Ralph Graves vie for acting honors.

SWEETHEARTS. A mild tale of the race-tracks. Although Eddie Quillan is the hero it's James Gleason's picture. Gleason grabs all the laughs. Marian Nixon is the heroine.*

THE BLACK CAMEL. Fox. Interesting mystery picture with a movie background and Warner Oland, Sally Eilers, Bella Lugosi and Dorothy Revier.*

THE DRUMS OF JEOPARDY. Tiffany. Heavy murder mystery drama with Warner Oland as the bad hombre. June Collyer and Lloyd Hughes supply the romance. This is for railed mystery friends.

THE GIRL HABIT. Paramount. Charles Ruggles bears the weight of this very, very light comedy and manages to shake out some laughs. Sue Conroy and Tamara Geva are beautiful support.*

THE SECRET CALL. Paramount. Crooked politics is the theme and Peggy Shannon is the interesting new feminine lead. Richard Arlen and William Davidson add greatly to the entertainment.*

SHERLOCK HOLMES' FATAL HOUR. Warner Brothers. One of the best English films we've ever seen. An engrossing thriller without obvious blood-and-thunder. Arthur Wontner is excellent as the great detective.

WOMEN LOVE ONCE. Paramount. Eleanor Boardman and Paul Lukas do their best with a weak dramatic story about a wandering husband.

WOMEN MEN MARRY. Hal Roach. Picture, Ho-hum! All about neglected wives and two-time husbands. The cast includes Natalie Moorhead, Kenneth Harlan, Sally Blane and Crawford Kent.

THE LAND ARE. Columbia. A comedy sketch featuring Primo Carnera. The large lad is worth seeing; and hearing.

THE SECRET OF VITAPHONE. Columbia. A comedy-sketch cartoon. The series, by the way, are sizzling. And they're made by the firm that once was Paramount.

THE戀LOVE AGAIN. Columbia. An even funnier comedy than the former cartoon. The cast includes Jean Parker, Charles Halton and Jackie Moran.

OUR WIFE. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Laurel and Hardy succeed in making a rather hackneyed plot funny, and Ben Turpin makes it still funnier.

SAX APPEAL. Vitaphone. An ambitious young junkman boosts his inventory by saxophoning around town. Fun!

THE BAND MASTER. Universal. Oswald the Rabbit is only mildly funny in this cartoon. Little action and a few laughs.

THE BIGGER THEY ARE. Vitaphone. A comedy-sketch featuring Primo Carnera. The large lad is worth seeing; and hearing.

THE CHINA PLATE. Columbia. Dinner cartoon with synchronization. Not particularly new, but funny.

THE LION HUNT. Vitaphone. A well-made and absorbing African picture, with better-than-average talking accompaniment.

TODAY AND YESTERDAY. Epics. Newsreel of the present and the past. Worthy, but a bit dull and slowly moving.

YOUNGER YEARS. Eko-Parky. Wonderful natural comedy, with the help of kids makes this Grandland Rice Spotlight well worth seeing. Interesting and amusing throughout.


HATS OFF. Fox. One of the Movietone school series, linking the evolution of Old Glory with America's history. Patriotic rather than realistic.

Havana Casino Orchestra. Paramount. The settings are indifferent, but Don Ameche and his orchestra are good—which is the main thing.

Hello, Napoleon. Universal. An inferior comedy wherein Lloyd Hamilton works his gags until they almost scream.


One of the Smiths. Hal Roach. An imaginative, different comedy, with Charlie Chase funnier than ever—and that's absolutely screaming!
for October 1931

Pups in Boots

Bebe Daniels takes over job of directing this cute doglet for a scene in her new picture, "The Honor of the Family." Cheer up, pup—isn't this better than being sandwiched in a couple of rolls?

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SICK

HEADACHE

It is not necessary to give-in to that headache. It's a bit old-fashioned! The modern woman who feels a headache coming on at any time takes some tablets of Bayer Aspirin and heads it off.

Keep Bayer Aspirin handy, and keep your engagements. Headaches, systemic pains, come at inconvenient times. So do colds. You can end them before they're fairly started if you'll only remember this handy, harmless form of relief. Carry it in your purse and insure your comfort shopping: your evening's pleasure at the theatre. Those annoying, nagging aches that bring a case of "nerves" by day are ended in a jiffy. Pains that once kept people home are forgotten half an hour after you have taken two or three tablets of Bayer Aspirin!

The more serious your suffering, the more these tablets will help. If you get real aspirin, you'll get real relief. In every package of genuine Bayer tablets are proven directions which cover headaches, colds, sore throat, toothache, neuralgia, neuritis, lumbago, rheumatism, sciatica and similar suffering.

The tablets stamped Bayer won't fail you, and can't harm you. They don't depress the heart. They don't upset the stomach. So take enough to end the pain.
YOU CAN BE BEAUTIFUL!
I do two things. I correct every defect, I develop hidden beauty. My startling results with more than 100,000 women prove that you can be beautiful—no matter what your appearance may be. No matter how you feel about yourself, we help you feel better. No matter how hopeless, write me. My way of making women over completely is scientifically proved. These results were not problems and results are almost beyond belief. Yet every lady/Yonne has beauty aid to scientific—known

AMAZINGLY QUICK

I am so happy your fast results achieved, that I often get calls and letters suggesting ideas and ingredients. As a result, these are now available in a complete line of new products that will make your hair and skin look and feel better.

FREE TRIAL

You can try all of my beauty aids—just the ones you need most—absolutely without risking a penny. I want you to prove it for yourself. We will send you any or all our aids—without obligation—so that you can just read this and save your money. You can read this and save your money.

Send Coupon For Free Trial Offer

LUCILLE YOUNG, 55-A Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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Avoid the embarrassment of gray, faded, untanned or streaked hair. It's easy! Just use Black Velvet! It's quick and easy to natural color, from blackest black to deepest brown. Just comb through hair, shampoo, wash and go. Guaranteed results. Does not penetrate hair and will not cause hair damage. It's permanent, lasts for months, works for all hair types. So send for our trial bottle.

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Tints Gray Hair Any Shade

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Your name and address hand-printed in dark blue on 250 sheets and 100 envelopes of clear white linen paper. Fills monogram if you prefer. An ideal gift with your friend's name. Promotions and satisfaction guaranteed.

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Hoots and Hoorays

From page 97

Warner-First National Studios,
Burbank, California.

Robert Allen
George Arliss
John Barrymore
Richard Barthelmess
Ben Lyon
Joan Blondell
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Ruth Chatterton
Ebea Daniels
Clydia Dell
Irene Delroy
Doug Fairbanks, Jr.
Gladys Ford
James Haggard
Walter Huston
Leon Jaume
Evelyn Knapp
Fred Kohler
Laura Lee
Winnie Lightner
Lucien Littlefield
Lotti Loth
Ben Lyon
Dorothy Mackaill
David Manners
Marvin Mclloryn
Mae Madison
Ona Munson
Marian Nixon
Dorothy Peterson
Robert Pidgeon
William Powell
James Reinecke
Otis Skinner
Polly Walker
H. B. Warner
Edward Woods
Loretta Young

Fox Studios, 1401 North Western
Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Frank Albertson
Hardie Albright
Ludia Alcaniz
Robert Ames
Warner Baxter
Rex Bell
Joan Bennett
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
Marguerite Churchill
Joyce Compton
Dough Dillaway
Fido Dory
Sarah Edlers
Charles Farrell
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor
Warren Hymer
Richard Keene
J. M. Kerrigan
Elissa Landi
Marion Lessing

Cecelia Loftus
Edmund Lowe
Myrna Loy
Sharon Lynn
James Macdonald
Kenneth MacKenna
Mona Maris
Victor Mclaglen
Thomas Meighan
Conchita Montenegro
Loris Moran
Greta Nissen
George O'Brien
Sally O'Neil
Maureen O'Sullivan
Waldo Rogers
David Rollins
Rosalie Roy
Lee Tracy
Sarah Tracy
John Wayne
Majorie White

Write to the Stars as follows:
Continued from page 98

Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Frank Albertson
Hardie Albright
Ludia Alcaniz
Robert Ames
Warner Baxter
Rex Bell
Joan Bennett
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
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Richard Keene
J. M. Kerrigan
Elissa Landi
Marion Lessing

Cecelia Loftus
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Loris Moran
Greta Nissen
George O'Brien
Sally O'Neil
Maureen O'Sullivan
Waldo Rogers
David Rollins
Rosalie Roy
Lee Tracy
Sarah Tracy
John Wayne
Majorie White

Write to the Stars as follows:
Continued from page 98

Mr. Robert Montgomery

Robert Montgomery, 821 E. 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

MRS. R. B. SMITH
322 E. 9th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Write to the Stars as follows:

Mr. Robert Montgomery

Robert Montgomery, 821 E. 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

MRS. R. B. SMITH
322 E. 9th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

THE PARTS THE THING

Appreciably great a deal the harsh criticism of various stars' performances is due to mis-casting rather than lack of ability. Witness Robert Montgomery's failure to register satisfactorily in the last pictures. Perhaps it's not that Mr. Montgomery's talent lies not in romantic roles, but in character studies. Behold his very excellent performance as the coward in "The Big House."

An example of perfect casting is Janet Gaynor's portrayal of Judy Abbott in "Daddy-Long-Legs." It is fairly obvious that nearly all the stars have marked acting ability; it behooves the producers, the directors and the fans to co-operate

with them, so that they may receive the proper vehicle to best display their talents.

Jean Titus.

150 Park Avenue, Washington, Pa.

'RAY FOR "CIGARFACE"!

This is a tribute to that superb artist, Edward G. Robinson, for his gift of artistry in at least three characteristics: Tony in "A Lady to Love," Rico in "Little Caesar" and Nick in "Smart Money." Not a single gesture or mannerism is repeated in another character. Each is perfect—and who can criticize perfection? In case the fans are interested, I have seen Mr. Robinson many times in person—always with his cigar. He wouldn't look natural on the screen without it.

Grace Shaver.

1756 Wilcox Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

STOP! 'TWOULD BE TOO TERRIBLE!

I wonder what would happen if:

Charlie Chaplin should make an all-talking picture:

Anita Page should ditch the old folks:

Little Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore shouldn't prove to possess theatrical talent:

Joan Crawford should gain ten pounds:

Mme. Dressler should stop "stealing" pictures:

Lilyan Tashman and Connie Bennett should ever look down:

Mrs. C. R. Curtis, 430 West High St.,

Lexington, Ky.

A BIG HAND ACROSS THE SEA

Talalies have accomplished much in bringing into prominence the character actor, and I believe that SCREENLAND has been instrumental, by constantly fostering interest in lesser known players, in very considerably raising the standard of public approval of the finest acting. When one thinks of all that character ac- tors have created, without benefit of special
lighting, close-ups, the opportunity to dominate the scenes—the symbols of stardom—our recognition of their brilliant support seems tardy enough.

Those who have spent their lives struggling to retain courage and humor under desperately serious conditions are surely specially qualified to pass on a creed by which we can all make life rather more comfortable for everyone, including ourselves. The humane, tolerant outlook that characterized Marie Dressler's Life Story should benefit all who read it. Her philosophy holds good for any walk of life.

Jean Webster-Brough,
38 Woodstock Road,
Bedford Park,

PLEASING THE BOOKWORMS

I have just seen a good picture, "Daddy Long Legs." As usual when the picture is based on a well-known book, the house was packed. Having lived in many towns, large and small, I have made this observation: Pictures made from popular books draw well.

Why not make more such pictures? There are many works of fiction admirably suited to this purpose that are still un-exploited. For instance, "The Cloister and the Hearth." And there are many others. There is a class of people who rarely attend movies because the subjects do not appeal. This class responds to such pictures as I have mentioned. I realize that there are many types of people to whom the producers must appeal. Some like Chatterton, others Bow, and so on. Still, turn about is fair.

I consider SCREENLAND the cleanest and most wholesome of picture magazines.

Mrs. M. G. Burger,
327 Olive St.,
Washington, Mo.

NO MORE GUESSING GAMES?

The old dictum, "A rose by any name smells just as sweet." is rather hampering in my case. For weeks I've been looking forward to seeing Joan Crawford's "Complete Surrender." I noticed, too, that she was making "Torch Song" and "Laughing Sinners," and wondered why none of them had appeared in town. After seeing "Laughing Sinners" I had an inkling of the truth: I learned that it originally was "Torch Song," and Joan's light tresses and leading men have almost convinced

Women who've tried all sorts of medicines, tedious exercises and diet fads to lose fat without success are overjoyed at the marvelous, literally breath-taking results they're obtaining by taking a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast. Kruschen actually strikes at what usually CAUSES fat—

It's a superb combination of 6 precious, health-giving minerals which help the blood, nerves, glands and body organs to function properly and eliminate poisons and wastes which generally turn into fat.

Soon burdensome fat disappears and what ravishing new beauty and vivaciousness is yours! Clear skin, bright eyes, stronger nerves, keener intellect, wonderful energy and new activity which emphatically speak your perfect functioning system and super-health within!

Mrs. C. L. of Sherpardsville, Ky., lost 24 lbs. in 31 days. Mrs. B. L. of Dayton, Ohio, lost 10 lbs. in 2 weeks. And you can even double hasten the reducing action of Kruschen by eating moderately and going light on potatoes and pastry.

Don't postpone the charm of a slim, graceful figure another day—get Kruschen right away! The SAFE and HEALTHY way to lose fat. An 85c bottle (lasts 4 weeks) is obtainable at any live drugstore throughout the world.

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"It's the little daily dose that does it"

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
...and here's another thing YOUR BEST FRIENDS WON'T TELL YOU!

In order not to hurt your feelings, they say your gray hair is "distinguished." What a mockery! Gray hair is the symbol of heartbreak age, the secret sorrow of every woman foolish enough to ignore NOTOX. Here is the scientifically correct tinting method for gray hair. NOTOX re-colors your hair a decidedly new way. Instead of crusting the hair with a surface plate of dye, as do old-fashioned "clear white restorers," NOTOX penetrates the hair and colors it inside the shaft. No "dyed," "artificial look. And your hair remains as fine, lustrous and supple as ever. You can wash, wave and sun NOTOX hair without affecting its permanence and naturalness. The finest hairdressers and beauty shops apply NOTOX. Recent a substitute—a like product does not exist. Buy it for home use at smart shops everywhere.

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GRATEFUL FOR ROMANCE

I live in a little town, set in a tiny valley in the hills of the extreme West—within a few miles of the Pacific Ocean. Our livings are laboriously wrested from the lumbering and dairying industries in the winter, and in the summer tourists bring a little money and excitement into our village. Our night life, when there is any, is quite ordinary and unpretentious. Our lives would indeed be dull and sor- did were it not for the romance and glitter that the movies bring to us. We learn from the newsreels, with Graham McNamee's witty commentaries, of the doings of the world. We laugh at Marie Dressler's mishaps, and at Micky Mouse's antics. But how we thrilled at seeing Norma Shearer in "Strangers May Kiss!" And we loved Greta Garbo in "Inspiration"—while Robert Montgomery was priceless in both these pictures. Give us romance!—Marge Sinclair, Tillamook, Ore

"A GRAND LADY"

For months I had been losing interest in the movies. I purchased film magazines less often and read them half-heartedly. Today I bought my copy of SCREENLAND almost despairingly, but upon looking it over, I found that again I was an ardent movie fan! All this, because a grand lady again grace its pages. Thanks to you, good old SCREENLAND, the glamour of the silver screen news has returned. Thanks for the wonderful pictures of Dolores Del Rio. Let us hope that the troubles of "the sad one" are at an end! Heaven knows that she has not deserved the weird stories and bad breaks she has been getting. With careful handling, she could be one of the greatest stars of all time. We Del Rio fans look forward to more portraits.
and stories about lovely Dolores in future issues. Please don't disappoint us.
Charles Fletcher, 7616 Clyde Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

SWEET MARIE
Greater than great is Marie Dressler. Talent unequalled by any, in my estimation. Her beauty lies in her talent. Where there is laughter there is sunshine. Where there is production featuring Marie Dressler there is laughter. Therefore, she is not only the Queen of the Movie Colony; she is the Queen of Sunshine.
We laugh with her, we cry with her; in fact wherever we see her we live with her, for she portrays the actual, everyday existence of the human race of today. Greta Garbo is great, I like her acting. Constance Bennett exhibited great talent in "Common Clay." Many others are excellent, but being a movie fan, reviewing many productions, I can say honestly and truly that I believe in my heart that Marie Dressier is rightfully entitled to the title, "Queen of Sunshine." Reis Kuldare, Lorton, Va.

BACK TO FAIRYLAND
It isn't surprising that the vogue for gangster pictures continues, as long as the only alternative is the cocktail-drinking, drawing-room comedy. Like the war pictures, the gang films have action—and nothing is more important in a good motion picture. Their great drawback from the producers' point of view is that they do not, or at least should not, attract children.
Now that several theatre circuits are banning them, my nomination for their successor is the fairy tales. They have action, they have romantic appeal, and they please children. The screen is in much better condition to handle the technical problems than ever before.
"People still remember the fairies in "Peter Pan." Why not bring them back?" Marchette Chute, 1720 Rand Tower, Minneapolis, Minn.

A FOUR-G COMBINATION?
I want to tell you movie managers that you are making a big mistake in not letting Gavin Gordon act with Greta Garbo. Many people are wondering why that wonderful couple aren't acting together again. Here's to Gavin Gordon and Greta Garbo!
V. Fic, 261 Kurtz Ave., York, Pa.

BRAVE MR. BARTHELMES!
To my way of thinking, the actor who deserves the greatest amount of praise is Richard Barthelmess. Mr. Barthelmess is a star because he is not afraid to tackle any role, no matter how difficult, with a supporting cast that is far superior than most casts of other stars.
Directors in casting pictures will secure a weak cast to surround the star, thus trying to make the stars' name carry the picture. This is impossible. In every picture Mr. Barthelmess has played in he has demanded a strong supporting cast, sacrificing his own personal welfare for the sake of the picture and of the public.
I always go to see a Barthelmess picture, knowing beforehand that it will be worthwhile.
Spencer Bloxham, 1539 N. Broadway, Baltimore, Md.

THUMBS UP—AND DOWN
Claudette Colbert is undoubtedly the most natural actress of all those on the screen, including Ruth Chatterton.
Philippe Foze, Princeton, Ind.

Heroes may come and heroes may go, but I toss my bouquet at the feet of Robert Montgomery! His appeal as a hero is based, I believe, on the fortunate combination of the boyish and the virile.
Lolly Williams, Crystal Springs, Miss.

Have just returned from seeing two decidedly boring and poor pictures—"June Moon" and "Strangers May Kiss." It is too bad to waste such very good actors and actresses in such poor pictures.

I am an ardent Garbo fan yet I will not see her pictures. I am afraid that the Garbo world I have built up around me will fall in ruins. I have my opinions of Garbo and my opinions are what count with me.
Floyd Miller, Harnarville, Pa.

I want to confess that for years my favorite screen star has been not a woman, but the polished, suave Lewis Stone.
M. M. Turlington, Jr., Seminole, Okla.

I always look forward to the newsreels and am always disappointed. Why can't we have real news events? I believe that even local newsreels would pay. Every city, town and hamlet has its daily and weekly news that is intensely interesting to the theatre-goers.
Hortense Kirsley, Los Angeles, Calif.

I came of a long line of Thespians. Years of attendance at moving picture theatres, however, has taught me to love the art, the romance, the glorious possibilities of the screen. To me the screen runs the gamut of human emotions quite as legitimately and portrays life quite as truly as does the stage.
Eve Forrester, 2435 Geneva Terrace, Chicago, III.

Why don't we see more of Winnie Lightner? She sure is a cure for blues. She wows 'em and how! I hope we see more of Winnie in the future.
George Wissing, 2701 N. Mansfield Ave., Chicago, III.

A couple of years ago we had all war stories, then musicals showed in pictures, then gang pictures, and now a period of sophistication—and what next? Can't they manage to make a happy medium and let us have some variety?
Ruth Miller, 2630 N. Moreland Blvd., Chicago, III.
REMEMBER THESE EYES?

First a hit on the stage, this blonde comedienne now is winning new laurels in Warner Bros. Pictures. She is 5 ft., 9 in., tall, weighs 115 lbs., and has sparkling gray eyes. Name below.*

eyes win love of most men

"Out of every 1,000 lovers," says the New York Times, "more men fall in love with women's eyes than with any other feature."

Keep your eyes always clear, bright and alluring by applying a few drops of harmless Murine each day. It enhances their sparkle and quickly clears up any bloodshot condition resulting from late hours or outdoor exposure. 60¢ at drug and dept. stores.

*Joan Blondell

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DANCEOGRAPH DANCE ART, Inc.
555 Sutter St., San Francisco, California

When East is Wet

Mother, may I go out to swim? Yes, my darling "Daughter of the Dragon." Anna May Wong really does swim, too! She's the talented little Chinese girl, as you'll find by turning to page 83, who set all of Europe agog by her performances in stage and screen roles all over the Continent. And now she's back in Hollywood, starring in the above-named picture, with Sessue Hayakawa, veteran Japanese picture star, lending added Oriental flavor. Ambitious Anna May hopes to round out her versatile career by playing Shakesperian roles on the stage.
**CASTS OF CURRENT FILMS**

**Continued from page 96**

*THE COMMON LAW.* RKO-Pathe. From the story by Robert W. Chambers. Adapted by John Parroy. Directed by Paul L. Stein. The cast: Valerie, Constance Bennett; Neville, Joel McCrea; Carden, Lew Cody; Sam, Robert Williams; Mrs. Clare Collins, Hedda Hopper; Stephanie, Marion Shilling; Querido, Paul Elin; John Neville, Sr., Walter Walker.*

*THE DRUMS OF JEOPARDY.* Tiffany. From the story by Harold McGrath. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: Beryl, Kay Kuter, Warner Oland, Ruby Couper, June Collyer; Nicholas, Patric Knowles, Lloyd Hughes; Aunt Abbey, Clara Blandick; Martin Keal, Hal Hamilton; Gregor, Patric Knowles, Wallace MacDonald; General Gregor, George Pavezci; Anya, Florence Lake; Peter, Mischa Auer; Prince Ian, Ernest Hilliard.*

*THE GIRL HABIT.* Paramount. From the stage play by A. E. Thomas and Clayton Hamilton. Directed by Edward Clune. The cast: Charles Chadwick, Fredric March; Rosalee, Joan Blondell; Paul, Donald Meek; Lucy Leiby, Sue Conway; Mrs. Leiby, Margaret Dumont; Tony Melady, Allen Jenkins; Sonny, His Wife, Teresa Gemski; Hanley Palmer, Douglas Gilmore; Warden, Jerome Daley; Warden’s Wife, Betty Garde.*

*THE MAN IN POSSESSION.* Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the play by H. M. Harwood. Adapted by Sarah Y. Mason. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: Raymond Dabney, Robert Montgomery; Clara, Charlotte Greenwood; Cissy Wedderby, Irene Purcell; Mr. Dabney, C. Aubrey Smith; Mrs. Dabney, Beryl Mercer; Claude Dabney, Reginald Owen; Sir Charles Castleyright, Alan Mowbray; Edwina, Maude George; A Fashy, Forrester Harvey; A Butcher, Yorke Sherwood.*

*THE SECRET CALL.* Paramount. From the play, “The Womans.” By William C. de Mille. Adapted by Arthur Koester. Directed by Stuart Walker. The cast: Tom Blake, Richard Arlen; Wanda Kelly, Peggy Shannon; Trudy Mann, Eleanor Pallett; Bertha Bennett, Ned Sparks; Jim Blake, William B. Davidson; Phillips Roberts, Charles Townes; Frank Kelly, Harry Beresford; Gwen, Frances Mollett; Marie, Claire Dodd.*

*THE SMILING LIEUTENANT.* Paramount. Screen story by Ernst Vajda and Saroyan Raphaelson. Based upon “Waltz Dream” by Leo Jacobson and Felix Doorman and the novel “Nux Der Prangfarhans” by Hans Muller. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. The cast: Nita, Maurice Chevalier; Fransis, Claudette Colbert; Varsi, Norman Hopkins; King, George Barbier; Oberly, Hugh O’Connelly; Max, Charles Ruggles; Adjutant Von Rokoff, Robert Steiner; Lily, Janet Reed; Emperor, Con Mercado.*

*THE SQUAW MAN.* Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the play by Edwin Milton Royle. Directed by Cecil B. De Mille. The cast: Captain James Wadsworth, Jr., James Cagney, Warner Baxter; Nathaniel, Lugo, Veleria; Diana, Eleanor Boardman; Cash Hawkins, Charles Bickford; Sir John Applegate, Roland Young; Henry, Paul Cavanagh; Sherry, Raymond Hatton; Sherlock, DeWitt Jennings; Big Bill, J. F. Deverald McDonald; Hal, Dickie Moore; Fabian, Mitchell Lewis.*

*WOMEN LOVE ONCE.* Paramount. From an original story by Zona Akana. Directed by Edward Goodman. The cast: Julien Fields, Paul Lukas; Helen Fields, Eleanor Boardman; Hester Dahlgren, Juliette Compton; Allen Greenough, Geoffrey Kerr; Oka, Helen Johnson; Janet Fields, Marilyn Knowl- den; Theodore Steward, Claude King; Oscar, Mischa Auer.*

*YOU’RE AS YOUNG AS YOU FEEL.* Fox. Based on the play “Father and the Boys” by George Ade. Adapted by Edwin Burke. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: Lusia Horakowski, Will Rogers; Ernest, Pit Dorsey; Mr. Murphy, Lucien Littlefield; Billy Monroe, Donald Dillaway; Foskow, Monroe Taylor; Rany Ray, Dorothy Gracen; Luigio Brown; Rose Gregson, Rosalie Rove Logan; C. Henry Gordon; Colonel Stanhope, John T. Murray; Robbins, Brandon Hurst; Mrs. Denison, Maree Harris; Secretary, Otto Hoffman.*

**SCREEN NEWS**

Continued from page 95

Marjorie and Pauline are ex-wives of Willard Mack, who likewise works on the M-G-M lot.

Mrs. Charlie Farrell has lost no time in getting back to pictures. Remember she told us that marrying Charlie Farrell did not mean retirement? So Virginia Valli will appear in “Night Life in Reno,” her first picture since “Mister Antonio.” Charlie Farrell have brought her luck.

Clark Gable, who is now sailing pretty in films, tells us he tried to crash the gates but was not successful.

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I know how— for I have become utterly discouraged with a heavy growth that has been sprouting on my face, lips, arms, etc., Tried depilatories, waxing, postfix, liquids, electricity—even my hair. Then I discovered a simple, painless, harmless, inexpensive method. It succeeded with me and thousands of others. My name. 'Hair Removal of Every Ugly, Superfluous Hair.' Explains theories and tells actual success. Mailed in plain sealed envelopes. No trial offer. No obligation. Address MILLE, 100 W. Austin Ave., Dept. 507 Chicago.

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The latest news is that Gloria will come
men. This is not at all the moment she is settled back in her Beverly Hills home, after all this travelling. When it comes to Gloria. In spite of the
muddle about stories, she is still the charming, suave, capable woman that won our hearts in the De Mille days. And oh, she is wearing some intriguing clothes just now.

Wesley Ruggles has gladened the hearts of those who love "A Story of Modern Life" he is casting for type rather than names and all sorts of neglected tal-
ent round the studios is to be utilized. Outside of Deryl Mercer, who is to play the mother, there will scarcely be a name known to the fans. Imagine the excited hopes that are being aroused.

During the economy spasms in screen-land, stars galore are renting their houses and moving into apartments. Dolores Del Rio, Aileen Pringle, Eddie Lowe and Lylah Tashman all have tenants now. Ed-
die money, a gal in a new light. She is taking up housecleaning, a new and grand new beach houses while they were away and declared the rents helped a lot towards the expenses.

Of course Max Baer, the prize-fighter, had to marry a movie actress, Dorothy Dwan, and he just shed her like an American millionaire, Jaime de Garson, after her two years of married life, since her first husband, Jack Wells, died in 1927. The story goes that Max, contemplating a picture career with Dorothy, took care to protect his face in the fight with Uzcu-
dun—and that's why he got licked.

A handsome new-comer, to the screen from the New York stage is Warren Wil-
liams. The tall, distinguished type, you know. They fetched him out to Hollywood by long distance telephone right in the midst of "The Vinegar Tree" in New York. Arrived by air and started work next morning in "Expensive Women" with Dolores Costello. He is the nice sap who stands by the lady through her little peccadillos in that. Then they dropped him into the hard-boiled reckless soldier of fortune rôle in "The Honor of the Fam-
illy" with Esther Skinner, and next he is to be a brilliant criminal lawyer in "The Mouth Piece." Never saw a microphonic character before this covered a va-
riety of rôles to the envy of hungry picture actors.

He's American but oozes European pol-
ish, that distinguishes him on many subjects besides his profession. Married. Served two years in the war. Father, a newspaper publisher in Minnesota, died the day before he left for Hollywood.

Warren says divorced men make better husbands than bachelors!

In spite of the amount of money invested in "Queer People" Howard Hughes has "canceled" production. All the same, the wise-acres said when he bought it that it was just a clever ruse to keep it off the screen and protect Hollywood's reput-
ation. No one really believed he ever meant to produce it.

They say Lilyan Tashman will wear a wedding gown in "The Road to Reno," because otherwise she looks too young to play Peggy Shannon's mother! No, it's no use, can't imagine Lilyan looking like anybody's mother, ever.

The first year of talking pictures was ter-
rible for the animals. The poor dogs couldn't see where their next biscuit was to come from. But now they are in vogue

again, both wild and tame animals being in great demand. Many trained animals get as much as $60 a day and put on any amount of swank when business is good. Cats get $35 a day. Parrots that can swear in several languages are priceless.

Josephine Whitel is divorced from Rob-
ert Warwick, but that didn't prevent her appearing to him for money to care for some little girls her mother had adopted, when they were taken ill. Robert came through the divorce easily. Divorces are often like that in Hollywood.

Ernst Lubitsch goes right along introdu-
cing music into his pictures. He says the theme song stunt was overworked but that doesn't mean the public doesn't like music. The amateurs singing about the picture, which Marlene answered tenderly holding the lambkin's hand the while.

Did you know Elissa Landi had written two novels and is busy on a third? All published, too. Elissa says writing rests her, and there's always a chance one will sell for pictures presently. David Manners is also working on a novel—yes, really.

John Boles having an unromantic ses-
sion with the dentist. Had to resign from "Strictly Dishonorable" because of badly heaving tooth. Convenance called for a trip to the Rockies with his mama, while Mrs. Boles went off to visit her people.

Well, getting publicized with Clara Bow has helped Rex Bell into a western lead with Universal. Clara, in the meantime, remains up on the Nevada ranch and is rapidly recovering her health.

When "Waterloo Bridge" reaches the screen, Mae Clark is liable to rise to pro-
fessional glory. Carl Laemmle, junior, is personally boosting for her ever since he saw the rushes.

This Tala Birell, Universal's four-lan-
guage foreign charmer, was formerly un-
derstudy to Marlene Dietrich in Berlin. After "The Boudoir Diplomat" (German version) Tala went back to fill a stage engagement in Vienna, but at present she, like Nora Gregor, to make American talk-
ing pictures. It's a poor studio that cannot boast at least one foreign siren with a gift of tongues. Tala speaks German, French, Russian, Austrian, and English, in a delightfully musical voice.

Think of it, gardenias and white came-
lias, usually almost as expensive as orchids, have been so prolific in Southern California this year, that Russell Gleason bought twenty for a girl he was taking to lunch, for seventy cents! They have been giving them away as favors at premiere open-
ings of pictures and plays.

An unhappy cat annoyed them while Garbo was playing "In a Silent Lan-
ox" scene. So presently Garbo picked it up in her arms, soothed it fondly and an-
ounced, "I take him home." She did. So there's a new cat on Hollywood that will survive the depression.

Marion Davies' portable dressing room was already quite grand, but now it has been enlarged and fitted with all sorts of

Compare these Drawings

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What? Tashman going platinum? Not a bit of it—Lilyan has just donned a wig to enhance her portrayal of a mother in "The Road to Reno."

Kay Francis, who has been called the "best dressed girl in Hollywood," gave us some pointers on the subject. She says that "any time attention is attracted to a girl's clothes, she is over-dressed, not well-dressed." Kay says, "It is the woman whose clothes are not noticed who is well dressed, since then they have obviously merged into her personality."

When the Hawaiian princesses were in Hollywood, John Gilbert made himself most agreeable to them, and to one in particular. That was evidently one time when hospitality did not prove irksome.

Can you imagine the calamity had Clive Brook not recovered his voice after he was shell-shocked in the war? An American who was a private on leave in London tells how he was standing in front of a theatre wondering if he could afford to go in, when a British officer tapped him on the shoulder and wrote on a pad that he had lost his voice but would the private like to see the show. He bought him two of the best seats in the house. "And that officer was Clive Brook," he tells. "I've never seen him since, but attend every picture he's in, with a thanksgiving that he recovered his voice."

Quite a little flutter about the arrival of Lynn Fontaine and Alfred Lunt, the famous pair who helped make the New York Theatre Guild a success, and regarded as the super-highbrows of the profession.

Their first picture will be "The Guardsman" under the M-G-M banner. They should, of course, feel superior, and snippy about pictures, but instead they are like a couple of kids having a spree. They adore the grand homes, the swimming pools, the gorgeous beaches and the jolly home in Beverly prepared for them. Oh, yes, and movie salaries. They are a distinguished-looking couple, but Lynn has none of the piquant prettiness we have been trained to regard as essential to pictures. She's class, but not beauty. Lunt is a big fellow, much heavier than our usual movie heroes.

Ernest Schoedsack and his wife, he of "Rango" and "Chang" fame, have just left for India where they will film "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," one of the books of the year.

Schoedsack was so impatient to get away that he went to the boat at San Francisco ahead of time and paced up and down the dock. He's always dreadfully touchy while back amongst us in what we are pleased to call "civilization."

Buddy Rogers feeling sentimentally domesticated when he met brother Bruce and his new bride, Maragen Stevick, Texas heiress, at the train when they arrived in Los Angeles after the wedding. We rather gathered Buddy likes weddings—by proxy.

Never can make up our minds about these stars who, after a success with a studio that gave them a second chance to come back, fight about money.

For instance, Richard Dix, we hear, received $30,000 a picture for four pictures a year on his former contract with RKO, the same to be advanced to 12½% of the gross up to $600,000. The new offer of $50,000 a picture for five pictures a year and 13½% of the net profits, doesn't sound enough to fight about, when one considers Dix had been dropped by Paramount and was able to make a new career through RKO and "Cimarron." However, the latest news is that the quarrel may be patched up.
That platinum wave! Jean Harlow is a storm centre in her own right—the fans either like her or don't, but they're pretty sure to feel violently about her. Personally, we think the kid is there!

Rita La Roy has a fancy little Austin car, driven by a uniformed colored chauffeur, which creates no end of fun down the boulevard.

Greta Nissen confesses she sometimes cuts her own hair—barbers so seldom achieve just the right rumple which Greta feels best suits her type.

Two chums often seen together on shopping expeditions are Thelma Todd and Zsa Zsa Pitts.

Two girls once rivals for the attentions of Wesley Ruggles—Kathryn Crawford and Patricia Karen—are now occupying an apartment together. In future they will endeavor to secure separate beaux.

Jimmie Dunn, recently come to Hollywood to play in "Sweet Adeline," is escorting Molly O'Day around a lot.

Colleen Moore will probably return to the screen in John Gilbert's next picture, "West of Broadway," if present plans hold good. Colleen will be the nice girl, with Joan Blondell the party girl who gets married for spite.

Let's hope it's a rôle worthy of our Colleen's powers.

Poor little Mitzie Green—darned shame she should be bothered with school. She has to attend summer school all summer and has been reproved for leaving the "k" out of hemorrhage. Just as though it wasn't clever enough for any kid to remember the two "r's."

Which reminds us. Since the success of the kid pictures, Hollywood swarms with fond mammas lugging children around trying to get them noticed by casting directors. The studios are swamped with letters containing pictures of youngsters whose parents just know they are twice as bright as Mitzie or Jackie or Bobbie.

Little Jackie Cooper lunched with the board of directors of his studio recently—to discuss the economic situation. Jackie feels that we are about to "turn the corner" of the depression.

Lionel Barrymore is likewise pleased with the economic situation. He says he has lost so much money that he didn't have to pay any income tax this year. Things are looking up.

Several fortunate friends have discovered that Nils Asther's mama is a very superior Swedish cook. Nils will start getting fat if he doesn't watch out.

Dick Barthelmess returns with little Mary Hay—it is his turn to have the little girl for six months. She adores Dick's beach cottage when they can spend most of the time, even in the fall, in California.
A Leading Manners

David Manners, he emphasizes, and not David Mannerisms!

This tall, husky young leading man has had one of the most interesting careers a modern young man could have. His life, he will tell you, has been, in recent years, a matter of constantly adapting himself to circumstances and people, far more so than the average young man of today; but he's glad of it, for after all an actor's chief job is to adapt himself to a character, whatever character he happens to be playing. And long before he went on the stage, David Manners was acting.

He was, first of all, a Canadian kid who came to New York with his parents in 1909, when he was seven years old, and had to make new friends at what is one of the most difficult ages to make new friends. Then a few years later he went back to Toronto, to prep school and the university, and had to adapt himself to the manners and customs, prejudices and beliefs, of his native land! He'd been away so long that he was New Yorkized, or at least he was afraid his old friends in Canada would think he was. So he acted. He stifled his New York manner.

At college he had to adapt himself to a course that he wasn't any too fond of: civil engineering. It was his father's choice of a career, although David wanted to be an actor, in the tradition of his kinswoman, Lady Diana Cooper, or a writer, after the manner of his kinsman, the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

But when he had finished the distasteful course what did he do? Did he follow the bent of Lady Cooper or Sir Arthur (he had written in college, and played in the Toronto Little Theatre)? He did not. He adapted himself again! He worked for Durlacher Brothers, dealers in objets d'art, and he went about in society, making contacts that would result in the sale of antiques and paintings. He wore his tailcoat and white tie on Park Avenue and in London's Mayfair. And hated both.

A serious illness came almost as a relief: he was whisked off to Arizona to recuperate, and remained at a dude ranch. Again it was a case of adaptation, for at that particular season there were few younger persons at the ranch, except among the cowpunchers, so David, as an effete Easterner, had to adapt himself to the cowpunchers' way of living and thinking—or else lead a pretty lonely life of it.

That he adapted himself once again was proven by the fact that the foreman of the ranch gave David, always a good horseman since childhood, a job as a dude wrangler, which is dude ranch slang for one of those cowboys who answer the guests' foolish questions and keep them from doing foolish things like mounting a nervous cayuse from the right—which is the wrong—side.

In all this time he had had only a short theatre experience, that with the Toronto Little Theatre group, and a much shorter time with the Theatre Guild. He knew he had small chance of getting a job in New York, so he asked an influential friend to get him a job on a South Sea island for a fruit company. He was on his way to that job, passing a few days in Los Angeles, and some discerning casting director met him and suggested his taking a screen test, with the part of Raleigh, in "Journey's End," in view. So the cowboy of a few weeks before became the English officer of the Sherriff play. Again he was adapting himself.

Since then—well, life has been a series of even more rapid and diverse adaptations: in "The Millionaire" he is the young architect who is the pal of George Arliss, the automobile magnate incognito. In his current picture, "The Last Flight," he is the pal of Dick Barthelmess as one of the group of rollicking young aviators in post-war Europe.

Carrying on: There's an acting tradition in the family of David Manners, who is related to Lady Diana Manners Cooper—so he side-stepped civil engineering and went into the movies.

David is one of the best. Read about him here
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