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FROM a shabby shop on the East Side she fought her way to power and luxury as the greatest modiste on Fifth Avenue. Calculating and crafty, she was never beaten till she opposed her son's love for a penniless girl. IRENE RICH in the great role of her career; H. B. WARNER magnificent as the suave financier who tries to buy the son's sweetheart; RAYMOND HACKETT as the boy. Directed by Guthrie McClintic.

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Your favorite entertainment FOX MOVIE TONE PICTURES
NOVEMBER, 1930

THE MONTH'S PROGRAM

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Painted by Rolf Armstrong

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Ask Me. By Miss Vee Dee

An Announcement. By the Publishers

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HAPPY days are here again! Here comes Harold with a brand new bag of tricks that will make your sides ache with laughter! Fun no end, thrills galore, action every second. "Harold Lloyd's All-Talking picture "Feet First." Your eyes will be glued to the screen and you'll hang on every word! More than a motion picture—an event the whole family looks forward to with keen anticipation. Get set now for the great gloom destroyer of 1930! Get set and go! Your Theatre Manager will gladly tell you when "Feet First" is coming to your town. Produced by Harold Lloyd Corporation. A Paramount Release. "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

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PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK
TABLOID REVIEWS

Screenland's Guide to the Current Pictures

Class A:

**Abraham Lincoln. Universal.** A fine picture directed by Griffith, with Huston's great Lincoln.*

**Old English. Warner Brothers.** George Arliss in a fascinating characterization. Don't miss it.*

**The Bad Man. First National.** Walter Huston scores again, this time as a colorful bandit. Amusing.*

**Monte Carlo. Paramount.** Lubitsch's latest musical romance with Jeanette MacDonald. Charming.*

**Moby Dick. Warner Brothers.** John Barrymore in strong drama, sound version of "The Sea Beast."*

**Hell's Angels.** Caddy, 'multi-million' spectacle with stirring air scenes—and Jean Harlow and Ben Lyon.*

**The Dawn Patrol. First National.** Barthelme's biggest hit, which you should not miss. Great air stuff.

**Romance. Metro.** Garbo gorgeous in her second talker, a lavish costume drama.


**The Big House. Metro.** Jail-break melodrama with plenty of thrills and Wally Berry for fun.

**The Silent Enemy. Paramount.** Engrossing and worth-while adventure film. Indians and animals!

**With Byrd at the South Pole. Paramount.** Splendid and human record of Byrd's expedition.

**Let Us Be Gay. Metro.** Norma Shearer and Marie Dressler grand in gay drawing-room comedy.

*Reviewed in this issue.

Class B:

**Our Blushing Brides. Metro.** Entertaining and lavish, is hokum account of three girl friends—Joan Crawford, Anita Page, Dorothy Sebastian, with Bob Montgomery heroing.*

**Queen High. Paramount.** Charles Ruggles scores in comedy with music, with Ginger Rogers and Stanley Smith.*

**Eyes of the World. United Artists.** Talker of Harold Bell Wright's old bestseller, with Una Merkel and John Holland.*

**Top Speed. First National.** Bernice Claire, Joe Brown, Jack Whiting musical show. A good show.

*Reviewed in this issue.

The Little Accident. Universal. Farce with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Anita Page, and new find, Joan Marsh.*

Animal Crackers. Paramount. The Four Marx Brothers in fast and hilarious comedy. One of the funniest.*


Rain or Shine. Columbia. Joe Cook, great little clown from the stage, in nice little comedy.*


Grumpy. Paramount. Cyril Maude in intelligent picturization of his popular stage vehicle.*

Too Young to Marry. First National. Loretta Young and Grant Withers in screen version of "Broken Dishes."


*Reviewed in this issue.

Tangee

A thousand magic shades!

A thousand hues in one magic lipstick—Tangee! A lipstick color which is yours and yours alone...which blends perfect with your natural coloring, no matter what your complexion. Apply Tangee and the color changes to the one individual shade you need!

Tangee is entirely unlike any other lipstick. It contains no pigment. Magically it takes on color after you apply it. It leaves no greasy smear. It is permanent. And because of its unique solidified cream base, it soothes and protects.

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Tangee Lipstick, $1. The same marvelous color principle in Rouge Compact, 75¢. . . . Cream Rouge, $1. Face Powder, blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. Night Cream, both cleanses and nourishes, $1. Day Cream, protects the skin, $1. Camette, a new "mascara," will not smudge, $1.

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Address
From a Broadway music store to the swankiest hotel in Havana ... Winnie Lightner and Irene Delroy as amateur gold diggers ... leaving a trail of roaring laughs behind them.

With the most gorgeous gowns ever seen in one picture, the funniest horse race ever run on any turf, and FULL COLOR to add zest and sparkle to this greatest of all laugh pictures, THE LIFE OF THE PARTY hits the high spot record for all time entertainment.

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"THE LIFE of the PARTY"

WITZER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE
FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$20.00

"High Society Blues" with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell did a wonderful bit of work in changing a mean, selfish, domineering woman into one with a heart. Ungrammatically speaking, that's me! While seeing this picture it dawned on me that I was rather like Janet's mother in the picture! I went back the second time and studied this character and compared her with myself. While I've always considered myself above those who have less of the world's goods than I have, I did not for one moment think I appeared to others and to my daughter as the actress who portrayed that role appeared. So I went a third time to see the picture and came away convinced that I was exactly like her! I've turned over a new leaf and am trying to make friends with the kind-hearted folks all around me. And how much happier I am, thanks to "High Society Blues."

Mrs. B. Palmer,
Englewood, N. Dak.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$15.00

Movies have made rapid strides. Yet it seems that fat women eating candy, and children, are annoying to others during the showing of a talking picture. I'm not ashamed to say that I'm fat and I eat candy, and I have a younger three years old and every one knows that youngsters are a problem when it comes to keeping them quiet. I don't believe in unnecessary noises but hasn't a mother a right to enjoy the movies? Why can't there be special matinées each week, just for mothers with small children, where we could all be noisy together and not feel that we were annoying others? After all, mothers are just as interested in romance as any one else, maybe a few of us more so!
Helen Berkshire,
1328 N. Third Street,
Logansport, Ind.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

Sound pictures lend a cosmopolitan air to small communities. Some city folks came visiting, and it wasn't long before small town canny broke out all over them. I've heard a label, "Schubert," "Bach," "Beethoven," "Applesauce," "Mozart," "Prunes," etc. The article asks if we, the public, prefer canned music to live orchestras and organists in the theater. It seems to me that it is not a matter of preference, but of progress. Sound pictures are not eliminating music from the theater. Most up-to-date theaters include live orchestras and organists. Yet how many of us would be willing to go back to silent pictures: and we couldn't have the talks before the music that is part of the theater.

What to do! I mentioned that our local theater was wired for sound. Eyes brightened. Spirits quickened. That week we saw "Flight" and "Caught Short," just the inspiration needed to start a series of spirited discussions on two of the most important subjects of the day, aviation and the stock market! Gone was ennui. Town-and-city barriers vanished. The landscape brightened as the horizon of understanding grew closer.

Mrs. R. E. Johnson,
524 West Oak Street,
Ludlow, Ky.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

"Acting is an illusion and the actor should be an illusion, too," said Mr. Ronald Colman in an interview. Webster says that an illusion is something deceptive or hallucinating. That's a disheartening statement for some of us to swallow, particularly where it concerns Kay Francis and William Powell. To us, they represent vitality—geniality, grace, and spirituality. We learn things from them. We don't want to feel they are put before us for fifty-five or so minutes and then we are to forget. We can't. Their performance in "For the Defense" was, to us, the prettiest piece of work we have seen yet. To William Powell should go the honors for the year.
We go into a theater with a 'down in the dumps' feeling—just for a place to stay for awhile, but what a feeling we come away with! Gay, lifting—just that something we needed to go on!

And yet, we are to take it as an illusion! Well, it's reality to me!

E. R. Middletome,
1812 Sible Ave.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Defending Canned Music
Glancing through a popular magazine, I noticed an article profusely decorated with dancing, bowing cads. Each can bore a label, "Schubert," "Bach," "Beethoven," "Applesauce," "Mozart," "Prunes," etc. The article asks if we, the public, prefer canned music to live orchestras and organists. Yet how many of us would be willing to go back to silent pictures: and we couldn't have the talks before the music that is part of the theater.

Do we get a thrill hearing our favorite stars talk and sing? Do we get a thrill seeing and hearing Paul Whiteman's orchestra on the screen? Do we like to see and hear Rudy Vallee? Nick Lucas? Vincent Lopez? How about John McCormack? Talks do not interfere with musical appreciation, they add to it. I am speaking for the common crowd. For the average Mr. and Mrs. Brown or Smith or Jones, the every-day, lovable people who pay fifty or seventy-five cents to see beauty, music and laughter. And so, long live the music from the screen!

Mrs. Florence McMahon,
4219 Maryland Ave.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Congratulations, Joan!

I want to congratulate Joan Crawford for her excellent portrayal of Jerry in "Our Blushing Brides." By her sincere performance she made the part very convincing and strengthened my belief that there is no better actress on the screen than Miss Crawford.
A better picture could not have been
The ONE story that held millions breathless.... The ONE girl who could bring it to vivid life .

Belasco's epic story of the strangest gamble a woman ever made. Strangest stakes ever left to the fate of cards. Strangest climax in show history as the 'golden girl' gambles the one time in her life—for love—And cheats to win!

Twelve stirring situations all brought to you with the artistry, charm and compelling beauty of—

ANN HARDING as
The GIRL of the GOLDEN WEST

JAMES RENNIE • HARRY BANNISTER
Based on the play by DAVID BELASCO
A JOHN FRANCIS DILLON Production.
A FIRST NATIONAL AND VITAPHONE PRODUCTION

*Vitaphone* is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation
William Powell, one-half of the latest and currently most popular he-and-she team on the screen. Now look over to the right and see—

picked for her at this time. After playing the pampered daughter so many times she has proven that she can play other parts quite as successfully. She handles the dramatic role of Jerry with skilled understanding. Due to the fact that she is a gown model, she is given the opportunity to wear the exquisite clothes that suit her so well, and the lavish scenes provide just the right background for this capable actress.

Miss Betty Turner, 43 Lilley Road, West Hartford, Conn.

Consider the Director!

D. W. Griffith was the man at the megaphone who helped many a player to stellar heights. At present, Edmund Goulding is one who is helping to bring stars out of oblivion and establish them as artists of the first rank. Consider the case of Gloria Swanson, when along came Mr. Goulding and lifted her to supremacy in “The Trespasser.” Even more miraculous, this directorial gentleman banished forever from Nancy Carroll’s countenance that song-and-dance look and made her an emotional actress of intense power. In “The Devil’s Holiday” Nancy Carroll almost equalled Miss Swanson’s come-back. Now, if Mr. Goulding would be so kind as to bring Beatrice Joy back where she rightfully belongs!

George A. Abbott, 630 Mary Street, Utica, N. Y.

Bravissimo! For Commander Byrd

To me, pictures mean entertainment and a source of knowledge within my means which I could have in no other way. I have just seen the picture of Commander Byrd’s expedition for the third time. No book or lecture could possibly give the same values and last-

ing impressions. To see the actual picturization of the bottom of the world embodies with such supreme endurance, undaunted courage, pathos and humor, merged with gentle but firm command, filled me with thrilling pride. It was like glimpsing a bit of God’s unfinished work left for some one to complete, and it made me leave the theater with a kindlier feeling toward mankind. Nothing registers for us so quickly or so permanently as our eyes; and to them, this picture brings a beautiful example of “The meek and the mighty” in its fullest sense.

Jeanette Louise Soreto, 205 West 89th Street, New York City.

She Seems to Like Clara Bow!

So much excellence and beauty have been given to the screen that it seems the ultimate has been surpassed and the greatest has already been accomplished.

Yet the world moves ever onward and carries with it the people who have given us their interpretations of many roles. The king is dead—long live the king. That is the spirit of the public, who sees its stars arrive with a flourish, and depart into the land of the forgotten, without acclaim.

There is one, however, who holds her popularity and lives in the hearts of all who follow her work. Like a breath of mountain air she comes with the gay spirit of womanhood. She smiles, and the world of troubles vanish and the kingdom of dreams is very real. She sings, and we have heard the melody of love poured out from a vessel of rarest purity. She speaks, and we listen to the magic which is her voice.

To one constantly confronted with life’s realities she is the embodiment of refreshing youth and beauty. She is Clara Bow!

Miss Lois Ferguson, Yreka, Calif., Box 637.

Lauding “Journey’s End”

“Journey’s End,” I think, is one of the greatest sensations of the films. Shakespeare’s line reads “Journey’s end in lovers’ meeting,” but in the screen version of R. C. Sherriff’s breath-taking dramatization of the World War it is the Grim Reaper waiting at the end of the road for many of the brave group of English soldiers. These officers face danger and even death, with a calm fearlessness that cannot fail to grip you. Yet there is a beauty and a fineness that make one remember this, rather than the tragedy.

We are fortunate in having the opportunity of seeing Colin Clive, the creator of the part of Stanhope, in the London stage version, is an impressive one. Nothing quite like “Journey’s End” has ever been put upon the screen and, as it becomes the sensation of the stage, so it is also a sensation of the films.

Jermarne Haefner, 238 W. 8th St., Erie, Pa.

A Study in Contrasts

Wisely, has some one said, “The study of Man is the life work of Man.” To me, moving pictures offer a revealing study in human nature.

Consider observing psychologically and emotionally such a splendid variety. Such study is essential to successful salesmen, teachers, ministers, to every walk in life, exalted or lowly.

Kay Francis, Powell’s leading woman in his best pictures. May Paramount never part these two highly agreeable screen sophisticates!

How interesting to note that Garbo is not smooch, indifferent, but really disinterested in things trivial. How broadening to observe Norma Shearer’s wise philosophy. How easy to understand and forgive naughty Junior after laughing with “Our Gang.” “The Shopworn Angel” was a pictorial lesson in courage.

Barthelmess in his characterization of two widely varied Chinese roles was outstanding. In “Dance Hall,” Arthur Lake was an amusing study in the true reactions of adolescent youth.

Catherine Crupi, 111 Maple Avenue, Hamilton, Ont., Canada.

From Over There

Just a word of thanks to America from an appreciative Briton for “All Quiet on the Western Front” and for Lewis Ayres. I trembled when I learned that Universal were making a picture from Remarque’s classic for I dreaded the Hollywood interpolations which have spoiled other great themes in the hands of the celluloid kings. It was an immense relief, therefore, to find that we were offered a sincere, poignant and faithful version of what must have been one of the most difficult of all works to adapt. The picture was shown simultaneously at two West-end theaters, itself an unprecedented event.

It is impossible to imagine a more suitable cast. Lewis Ayres has proved himself great in almost every direction, whether as a typical German schoolboy, as a boy attaining a sudden and premature manhood in the hell of the trenches, or as a heartbroken friend at the deathbed of Karl racked with a sorrow too big for tears. Send us more epics like “All Quiet” and a few less back-stage-oh-yeah-tap-dancers!

S. Ferguson Fundy, 44 Hampstead Road, London, England.

(Continued on page 12)
Directed by W. S. Van Dyck who made "WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS."

PLAYED against a background of tropical danger and primitive passion, the great book that thrilled the world has come to life with all its adventure and all its romance. The ivory coast of Africa, the jungle, a ruby worth a king's ransom, a white orphan girl worshipped as a goddess, love's awakening for this girl and her English lover, their thrilling escape from the natives and the terrors of the jungle! An all-talking production ... the greatest thrill picture ever shown!

From the famous novel by Trader Horn and Ethelreda Lewis

with
Harry Carey
Duncan Renaldo
Edwina Booth

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"
LON CHANEY
A Tribute

He will never make another motion picture—but the pictures he made in his long and honorable film career will live after him. Lon Chaney, the screen's greatest character actor, never had a "flop"—every picture was a box-office success! Truly a glorious record.

He was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado, April 1, 1883, the second of four children, all normal, born to deaf-mutes. He left school at thirteen and acted as a Pike's Peak guide. His first work in the theater was as a stage-hand. Later he became a comedy dancer, then a producer of vaudeville acts. He played in burlesque—in opera—he was a troupier!

In 1914 he entered pictures—first as a comedian, then as a 'heavy' in "Hell Morgan's Girl." Past master in the art of make-up, he became a character actor, scoring his first great hit in "The Miracle Man." After "The Phantom of the Opera" and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" he became famous as 'The Man of a Thousand Faces.' Refusing at first, like Chaplin, to make talking pictures because he believed that pantomime was the only true method of screen expression, he finally yielded and made a successful sound version of "The Unholy Three." It was his last picture. Lon Chaney passed on August 26, 1930.
Columbia Has The Best Directors—
Assuring You The
Best Pictures!

FRANK CAPRA for
DIRIGIBLE
With JACK HOLT and RALPH GRAVES
From Lieut. Commander Frank Wead’s great story, Mr. Capra directed “Rain or Shine,” “Flight,” “Submarine,” “Ladies of Leisure,” etc.

HOWARD HAWKS for
THE CRIMINAL CODE
From the sensational New York Stage hit by Martin Flavin . . . and winner of the Theatre Club Trophy as the best play of the year. Mr. Hawks directed “The Dawn Patrol,” “The Air Circus” and others.

JOHN BLYSTONE for
TOL’ABLE DAVID
Your demands bring Joseph Hergesheimer’s immortal screen classic to the motion picture theatre as a talking picture. Mr. Blystone is the director of “So This is London” and many other hits.

VICTOR FLEMING for
ARIZONA
Written for the screen by Jules Furthman from Augustus Thomas’ greatest outdoor play. To be produced on an epic scale. Mr. Fleming directed “The Virginian,” “Common Clay” and others.

JOHN ROBERTSON for
MADONNA OF THE STREETS
With EVELYN BRENT
An adaptation of W. B. Maxwell’s wonderful novel, “The Ragged Messenger.” Mr. Robertson directed Mary Pickford and Richard Barthelmess in many of their outstanding successes.

LIONEL BARRYMORE for
A GREAT PICTURE
With BARBARA STANWYCK
(Watch for announcement of title.) The greatest star find of years in a smashing drama made from a tremendous story. Mr. Barrymore directed “The Rogue Song,” “Madame X” and many others.

LESLEY BETH STOREY
of Brooklyn, N.Y., winner in Columbia’s great nation-wide search for Miss Columbia. She has been awarded a week’s contract at $250.00 and a free trip to Hollywood. She was the selection of the New Movie and allied magazines.

Runners up for honors as Miss Columbia, all of whom have been awarded Majestic Radios, were: Dorothy Dawes, Brooklyn, N.Y., nominated by Film Fun; Dorothy Brown, Des Moines, Iowa, Screen Romances; Jean Eckler, West Palm Beach, Fla., Motion Picture Magazine; Donna Barton, Tulsa, Okla., Motion Picture Classic; Vera Martin, New York, N.Y., Motion Picture Stories; Meta Diane Newburg, Tuckahoe, N.Y., Photoplay; Mercedes Janet Rice, Banning, Ga., Screenland.

COLUMBIA PICTURES
Ask your favorite theatre when these pictures will be shown.
Walter Huston, a mighty actor from the New York stage, combines the finest qualities of stage and screen acting in his talker performances.

Walter Huston as Pancho Lopez, picturesque ‘Bad Man’ of First National’s screen version of the stage play in which the late Holbrook Blinn scored.

A colorful, bold, fiery yet humorous character, Huston’s “Bad Man” provides a pleasantly piquant touch to the film fare of the new season.
Our Honor Page has been dedicated to many fine actors. But seldom has it been so richly deserved as this month’s, which passes the palm to Walter Huston with a low, deep, graceful bow! Huston has given us a great Lincoln—splendidly submerging Broadway manners in a complete realization of the Emancipator which is never maudlin or self-conscious. The amazing part of it is that Huston had never thought of playing Lincoln until Griffith assigned him the rôle. Then as a skilled craftsman approaching a new job he accepted the part; and how he played it! Huston is an example of the new order of things in Celluloidia. Acting is his business—and he knows his business!
Won by an Eyelash

Nancy Carroll helps Miriam Hopkins to make a dazzling screen debut

Left, Miriam Hopkins, one of the prettiest and most popular girls on the Broadway stage, makes her screen bow in “The Best People.”

Nancy Carroll showed Miriam how to make up her eyes for the movies so that her blonde beauty would show up to the best advantage.

Below, Miriam Hopkins in a scene from her first talker, with Henry Wadsworth. Miriam is a blue-eyed silver blonde from Bainbridge, Georgia.

It looked for a while there as though Miriam Hopkins’ screen success might hang by a hair—by an eyelash, in fact.

You see, Miriam, a New York stage favorite, is one of those rare silver-blondes. Her thistle-down hair flies all about, and even her eyebrows and lashes are light. She was very much worried about those eyelashes during her first few days at the Paramount Long Island studios where she was invited to be the leading lady in her first film, “The Best People.” Nancy Carroll was working at the studio at the same time.

Miriam thought: “Maybe she’ll help me.” Finally, she asked her. Nancy, too, has very light eyelashes, and Miriam wanted to know how she doctored them to make them photograph. “My eyes are kind of ‘Chinky,’” mourned Miriam.

“Never mind,” said Nancy. “You can have any kind of lashes and eyebrows you want. Leave it to me.”

To illustrate, Nancy called for a make-up kit and drew a different type on each Hopkins eye.

“That one’s too fancy,” commented Miriam. “The folks down home in Georgia would never know me. I think I’ll take the modest one on the left eye!”

So, thanks to Nancy, Miriam Hopkins makes her screen debut as a perfectly ravishing blonde with dazzling eyelashes and eyebrows! Such a promising debut that she is all set for a career in the films. She gave up her role in the stage play, “Lysistrata,” to devote all of her time to pictures.
I had this page practically written. It was going to be all about the new trend in picture making.

I began by saying: "No longer are you—the public—interested solely in emotionalism on the screen. Now, it's acting. Once, you went to see a pretty girl or a handsome man, or an all-star cast; or a sob drama; or a girl-and-music revue. But these days you're demanding more.

"Look," I went on, "at the big 'new stars' of talking pictures. George Arliss, William Powell, Richard Barthelmess, Clive Brook, Otis Skinner, Walter Huston. Men who know their craft. Actors who subordinate their personal charm to the story. The women, too—Ruth Chatterton, Kay Francis, Ann Harding—beautiful women, but actresses first. There are exceptions, surely. But the stars of today's and tomorrow's screen are character stars, not personality stars, in pictures which appeal more to the mind than to the emotions."

There was more like that. And I believed it. George Arliss in "Old English," John Barrymore in "Moby Dick," Walter Huston in "Abraham Lincoln" were running on Broadway—actors worthy of the name in screen-plays that give your brain a little gentle exercise and your emotions a brief rest—a unique experience in a movie theater. Oh, yes—it was all settled!

And then—the Roxy Theater announced that "Common Clay," the screen version of the good old stage play that served Cowl so ably in the palmy days of the 'legitimate' stage, would be held over in the 'Cathedral of Motion Pictures' for a fourth week.

It upset everything, that announcement! Now, "Common Clay" is a well directed, well acted picture. It is good entertainment. It features Constance Bennett, one of the loveliest ladies on the screen, with Lew Ayres, the boy who has made such a swift flight to film fame in the past few months. But "Common Clay" is also a tear-jerker of the old school. It's the story of the 'wronged girl' with trimmings, for all its modern sets and acting and tempo.

When the heroine's little old mother takes the witness stand in defense of her erring daughter; when the girl, her baby in her arms, turns on her tormentors; when the boy tells his father he will stick to his sweetheart through thick and thin—well, then the audience, between snifflies, cheered! Judging from audience reaction at the Roxy, "Common Clay" is one of the greatest pictures ever produced. It's an emotional feast. It sends its audiences out red-eyed but happy. What's the answer?

It seems to me the answer is that it came at the right time. The smart film producer is the man who anticipates. While the theaters are flooded with war dramas, he peers around the corner and sees or senses or smells that a crook picture would be a welcome change. He produces one and it's a smash. And then there's a flood of gangland films. But this same smart producer stops short and looks in another direction—in fact, he looks straight up—and orders an aviation spectacle. And when the imitations begin to appear, he makes a nice, sophisticated little drawing-room comedy—and packs them in again.

As an example of that, I give you Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the company that made "Anna Christie." Before audiences had time to digest Garbo's accent, M-G-M confronted them with the vision of Norma Shearer in "The Divorcée," a 'dressy'—and daring—film. Then came "Caught Short" and "Let Us Be Gay" and "Romance"—all highly successful, all different.

Fox is smart, too. It offers "Common Clay" to audiences who have been watching the war fought in the air and in the trenches and in gangsters' row. And the next 'smash hit' at the box-office will be as different from "Common Clay" as "Peter Pan" from "The Cock-eyed World."

D. E.
Garbo as Miss Whitaker sees her—a girl of 23 who uses no make-up off the set; who is freckled and shy, and who once appeared at a party wearing felt bedroom slippers because her feet hurt!

Is the real Greta a timid, plain, lonely creature, as revealed in this article?

By Alma Whitaker

WHICH is the

GRETA GARBO, Hollywood's premiere screen actress, has not given an interview to anyone for 18 months. Nor will she allow anyone on her set whom she does not know. If such a one is present, she promptly shuts herself in her dressing room and declines to appear until she is assured that any intruder is banished.

This brilliant, elusive Garbo, so startlingly lonely! One who knows her well declares that she has never experienced a sex thrill in her life—that even Jack Gilbert, her one romantic interest, had no such attraction for her.

"I am very alone, for I make few friends," she once murmured to an acquaintance. "I don't want them. I am self-sufficient, and I have no social ambitions at all. I loathe pretense. I hate public functions. I don't like to talk. I want a strictly private life that isn't open to criticism."

So that those few who do know Greta realize that she is genuinely timid, and actually really afraid of interviewers. Yet once, when she had refused audience to a Swedish newspaper man, he wrote of her in his column as high-hatting her former countrymen, as abominably upstage. Whereupon Greta hastened to invite every Swedish correspondent in town to a luncheon, on the strict understanding that there should be no questions, no interviewing.

Now, at the height of fame, this Greta is but 23 years old. She was famous in her own country before 20. She is not beautiful, far (Continued on page 118)
Is this the real Garbo? Rolf Armstrong’s SCREENLAND cover portrait is a glorified girl, with the fascinating beauty praised by Oppenheim.

Or is she the goddess of grace, great courage, and subtle beauty analyzed here?

By James Oppenheim

REAL GARBO?

DELIGHT EVANS asks me what I think of Alma Whitaker on Greta Garbo. I think that Alma Whitaker is absolutely right—and utterly wrong!

Dowdy.
Afraid.
Colorless.
Gifted of the gods, with the wrong face, the wrong clothes, the wrong disposition.
Not beautiful.

True, Miss Whitaker admits that Greta Garbo "conveys a quiet appealing 'something' that makes her strangely magnetic close at hand." But otherwise, the great Garbo is a rather "frightened, weary, badly dressed and unbeautiful child," sometimes appearing "strangely 'washed out.' A timid, almost unattractive creature."

Now I put it to you, ladies and gentlemen of the SCREENLAND audience, are we to believe that the camera that focuses on Greta Garbo has a little magician in it that transforms an ugly duckling into a swan, an overgrown Swede into a graceful and almost flame-like beauty? If so, why aren't there magicians in some of the other cameras, so that all the director would have to do would be to hire a flock of frumps in order to rival this unrivaled actress?

The plain fact of the matter is that there are two kinds of beauty, the external kind which you can measure with a tape-line, and which usually wins in a Beauty Contest, and the kind that is subtle, hidden, and that glows from within. The (Continued on page 112)
An Actor-Artist's

Left, the guilty man! A portrait of Roland Young posed, apparently, just after he had perpetrated these crimes in caricature. He's a genial soul, really, whose hobby, besides Max-Beerbohm-ing, is collecting penguins, not live ones, but in effigy.

Left, Jeanie MacPherson, author of the story, sketched by Mr. Young. The subject as well as the artist of caricature requires a sense of humor in working order!

Left, the guilty man! A portrait of Roland Young posed, apparently, just after he had perpetrated these crimes in caricature. He's a genial soul, really, whose hobby, besides Max-Beerbohm-ing, is collecting penguins, not live ones, but in effigy.

Below, dance director Leroy Prinz rehearsing a number for "Madame Satan"—which, being a Cecil DeMille picture, has drama, comedy, music, and dancing, and everything.

Below, dance director Leroy Prinz rehearsing a number for "Madame Satan"—which, being a Cecil DeMille picture, has drama, comedy, music, and dancing, and everything.

A rear-view impression of Lillian Roth practicing her dance steps for her role of Trixie in "Madame Satan." Miss Roth is the brunette feminine interest in the DeMille extravaganza, while Kay Johnson upholds the dignity and prestige of the blonde.

A gay member of the 'kitten ballet'—one of that vast army of clever, hard-working Hollywood chorus girls who remain, alas, forever anonymous to their admiring audiences.
ROLAND YOUNG, distinguished stage star, went the way of all actors—Hollywood! But he kept his sense of humor intact, as these sketches testify. One of the leading players in Cecil DeMille's drama, "Madame Satan," Mr. Young improved his time between scenes scribbling caricatures of his director and his fellow players. Yes, he is still working in pictures. They like his acting!

Right, an impression of Elsie Janis, who collaborated on the dialogue and wrote some of the lyrics for Mr. DeMille's screen show.

The 'mixer' in his booth—aloof, aloft, alone.

Left, portrait of the artist as an old man, or, Roland Young when his fellow players had finished with him. No, really—this is how he looked to himself after the parachute jump and the lion's den scenes in "Madame Satan."
The HEART of HOLLYWOOD

Yes, Hollywood has a heart!
Read about the screen stars' shop, and you'll believe it

"Who'd ever think that I would go into the second-hand clothing business?" Mary Pickford giggled.

Fundamentally that is what it is. But there's a difference. Mary is going into the second-hand clothing business for the profit of other people, not for her own. The idea is the second step toward a long-cherished and determined dream, the first step being the Motion Picture Relief Fund of which she was founder and President for several years. The presidency has now passed into the hands of Jack Warner and is supported faithfully by some of the biggest names in pictures.

The function of the Relief Fund is to provide medical care and attention for players who have been in the film business for three years or longer. If the illness is severe enough to require hospital aid all expenses are paid.

The Screen Stars' Shop is designed to turn more money into the coffers of the Fund. Mary's ultimate dream is to build and maintain a comfortable home for the aged in the film business who have done their bit in the world, have contributed their share of joy and laughter and now have been cast aside and forgotten. The place will be run like a well managed hotel, not like a boarding house, and it will have a homey atmosphere.

"That's my dream," said Mary. "It may never be a reality, but personally I think it would be terrible for me to pass on and not leave something toward establishing comfort for members of my profession who have not been as fortunate as I have been. And I think that many of the more responsible of our profession feel as I do."

"The thing that will put the shop over is the very real interest Mary takes in it. It is an easy thing for a wealthy man or woman to sign a check for a charity. But money can't do everything. It can't buy one spark of real interest. That has to be kindled by the spirit that is put in the foundation stone. Mary feels that a shop of this sort is so much better and goes so much further than a monthly check to the Fund would do. It meets two needs. It provides beginners in the profession or people down on their luck with a fine wardrobe for a very small sum. A wardrobe that has been donated to the shop by the stars. Anyone can buy, but preference is always given the actor, because, after all, that is what the

Shop is for, the benefit of the actor. The proceeds of these sales go to the maintenance of the unfortunate actor during illness. Cases are investigated, however, for it is amazing what certain types of mind will try to 'put over.' The expenses of the Shop are small—three modest salaries and the rent.

The working out of the plan hasn't been all honey and pie. Mary and two or three of her loyal supporters found the spirit willing but the flesh pretty wobbly, and giving out in the most unexpected places. Others re-
These stars are helping to make the Shop a success. Standing, Mae Murray, Mary Pickford, and June Collyer, with Dolores Del Rio and Ruth Roland exhibiting one of the lovely dresses sold at the Shop for a small sum.

sponded so eagerly and so generously that hope for the success of the idea soared to seventh heaven.

The first thing, after interest in the plan was assured, was to get a central location, and a spacious airy place was taken over at 1614 North Cahuenga Avenue, which is midway between Hollywood and Sunset Boulevards in Hollywood. It has been provided with commodious show cases and hanging closets and two mirrored dressing rooms. Back of the show-rooms is a very large receiving room where the packages are opened and assorted. This is always an exciting moment in the Shop, the opening of packages. It's like Christmas every day.

The second thing was to find people to put in charge who had the right spirit for the job and interest in the plan at heart. Mary found this spirit in Florence Turner, a friend of many years standing, and Mrs. Helen Wood. The third salary is paid to Charles Garton who donated his car to the service of the Shop, does all the fetching and carrying and a million and one other things.

Veteran movie goers will remember Florence Turner who was the biggest star of her day. "When I was starting," Mary told me, "Florence was on the top wave. She is a splendid actress." Miss Turner is given charge of the Shop, Mrs. Wood is the manager. It is all fun—outside of a few annoying things that happen, but nothing is perfect in this world. Miuads, it would seem, are unaccountable. Imagine sending for sale a pair of half-worn out overalls, soiled or torn clothing, battered or broken bits of pottery. Those things are immediately re-packed and a call put in to the Helping Hand Society or the Salvation Army who have a resale market for everything from wornout automobile tires to old newspapers. For this sort of Shop such a gift is a burden.

But listen to the partial list of beautiful things that did come in and are still coming in, and from whom they came. Mary should head the list because it was her idea and because she gave so generously. Between thirty and forty exquisite gowns came from her, for sports, afternoon and evening wear, with hats, slippers and quantities of odds and ends such as chiffon evening handkerchiefs, lace and embroidered doilies, costume jewelry. Most of these came from Paris and have hardly been worn, a few of them not at all. She had put them away for alteration but when the needs of the Shop stared her in the face she decided to turn the whole bundle over to it. One is very distinctive: a flame-colored chiffon velvet gown trimmed with heavy gold lace. It was presented to her by a member of the Chinese nobility as a gesture of welcome and is made to suggest the Chinese style for women. It is very beautiful and is selling for fifteen dollars, about one thirtieth of its original value.

Mae Murray sent a handsome caracul coat which sold for sixty-five dollars. She also sent a very handsome white velvet evening gown, several brand new French hats, many pairs of slippers and pieces of jewelry. One particularly handsome bit was from the collection of her husband's family. It is beautifully carved out of silver to represent two sprays from a rose bush with a bud, a half-blown and full-blown rose peeping from the leaves. The clasp is a heavy semi-precious jeweled one and may be used for a brooch. (Continued on page 116)
STYLES in SEX
Screen Siren's Progress, from Bara to Bennett. How styles have changed!

By Rosa Reilly

It looks like it's ex-IT Girls!
It looks like the good old days are gone when all
that was necessary to go over in a big way with
the boys was a flock of short hair, a half-yard of
short skirt, and twin hips which could be depended upon
to wriggle gracefully at the proper moment.

It's not enough now to be cute. The film-going world
is playing taps for girls who depend upon It alone. And
that goes, too, even for such Queens of Cuteness as Clara
Bow and Alice White, who carried the masculine con-
tingent of the world in their pockets for many seasons.
For at this stage, unless Clara and Alice keep up with
the times and change their styles in sex, they are going
to be just a pair of girls that men forget. And what is
ture of them is doubly true of the average woman.

But now, before we go into this question, don't be
disturbed by my use of the words 'sex style.' For that's
exactly what it is. The new style can't be confined to
eyes or hair or figure or clothes alone. It's the tout en-
semble of the woman. And since Funk and Wagnall's
Practical Standard Dictionary defines sex in its number
three definition as 'women in general,' I feel that I am
justified in my use of this term—'sex style.'

Right here, I know you are going to say that woman's
life—if she is to keep up the current mode—is bound to
be a continual struggle, that's true. For the men are de-
manding variety all the time. But don't blame me be-
cause you've got to make yourself over ever so often.
Blame Mr. Lasky and Mr. Zukor, Mr. Mayer and Mr.
Sheehan. It's their fault! These intervals of our men
demanding something new have been coming closer and
closer together during the last twenty cinema years. For
the movie producers keep introducing more and more
breath-takingly attractive heroines to the men every few
months. The men get accustomed to novelty in feminin-
ity. And if we girls don't keep ourselves up to the
moment's mode in sex styles, we're going to find our boy
friends looking in other directions.

There was a day when life rolled along like a song.
When every man's idea of the perfect girl was somebody
like Mary Pickford, with long golden curls and a win-
ning smile. But America's sweetheart has grown up
now, cut off the tresses and developed sophistication. So
if the perennial Mary finds a change necessary, how about
you and me?

It's interesting to look back and see just how many
milestones have been passed in the good old cinema sex
parade. Mary Pickford certainly set the first styles. She
Right: Evelyn Brent, with her underworld portraits as the gun- 
mans' moll, started a new style in sirens. A bold baby—but interesting.

Far easier to go flapper in the Clara Bow manner—wear revealing 
sweaters, pleated skirts, fluffy hair, and wicked wink. The flapper!

A long, rangy girl came out of the North. And the whole 
world went Garbo! Women copied her gowns and her bob—but they couldn't con- 
quер her technique.

was just a sweet kid—with not a sophisticated thought 
in her head. And for years, we had Detroit, Duluth, 
Denver, Boston, Baltimore and Beaver City flooded with 
first-rate imitations of Mary.

But after a while, the boys got tired of sweet cider and 
began demanding a thicker, more potent liquor. And 
here's where the real old time vamps crept in: Theda Bara, Nita 
Naldi and others.

Over-night America went vamp. And a man could scarcely enter 
his home or his sweetheart's home 
that he didn't slip over a tiger rug 
or develop a fit of coughing from 
the heavy incense that hung over 
the parlor like a blight. The Smith 
Brothers sold a lot more cough drops 
until this sex style went out because the vamps got too plump and a little 
fresh air was called for.

And here Bebe Daniels and Colleen 
Moore got their chance, and began 
doing a land-office business. Bebe as 
the nice outdoors comedienne, and 
Colleen as a pretty little girl with a 
great big sense of humor, began pil- 
ing boys into the theaters. And the 
boys in the sitting rooms of America's woman- 
hood began to be filled with long black jet earrings, eye-
brow pencils, slinky velvet negligees, and brand-new, 
unopened pasteboard boxes of sandalwood incense. 

While all the girls started out to copy Bebe and Colleen. 
Perhaps this style of femininity lasted longer than any 
other. Men have always been true 
to women who can make them 
laugh. And certainly Colleen and 
Bebe have created more laughter 
to the square inch of film than any 
of our other feminine screen fav- 
orites.

But nothing is perpetual. And 
scarcely had we been able to give 
fair imita- (Continued on page 109)

Left: still another style—the clever 
song and dance girl, Lillian Roth.

And the silken siren, represented 
by Constance Bennett (center).

And now, the last word in screen 
sirens—the smart Kay Francis! 

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song and dance girl, Lillian Roth.

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And now, the last word in screen 
sirens—the smart Kay Francis!
Meet the NEW BLONDE!

She's Jean Harlow, the heroine-hit of "Hell's Angels." Some say she has more pulchritude-appeal than any girl in pictures. How about it?

By Thomas Talbott

H ER mother calls her 'Baby.' The men call her a darling. I would call her a woman of character. But the world calls her wicked!

The world says she must be wild. They say no nice, modest girl could play the rôle of Helen in "Hell's Angels"—the only one hundred percent 'bad girl' I can recall portrayed on the screen—and not know something of wickedness herself, from first-hand experience.

Yes, the whole town's talking about Jean Harlow. They say all sorts of things about this society girl, divorcée, and millionaire's grand-daughter, who recently burst into pictorial blossom on the Broadway Belt when Howard Hughes' film of 'multi-million' cost had its New York opening—in two theaters on the same night, if you please—the Gaiety and the Criterion, both on Broadway. And 'packing them in' at both.

As I watched "Hell's Angels" I followed every move of Helen, the young girl whose chief business in life apparently was loving aviators—and leaving them. Then and there, I decided that here was one of the hottest portrayals I had ever seen in films. And I was pretty sure that the girl who enacted this sophisticated rôle knew her emotional oysters. A day or so later, I went up to the Chatham Hotel to have lunch with Miss Harlow—and to find out, if possible, just how wild a wild woman of the screen can be when she sets her mind to it.

When I reached the drawing room of the Harlow suite at the Chatham, which is one of those hotels where only discriminating people stay—Jean was not quite ready, so I just had time for a quick glance around. What struck me in this otherwise conventional drawing room were the books. There was Wassermann’s "World’s Illusion"—much thumbed and dog-eared; Dekobra’s "Serenade to the Hungarian," something of Dreiser’s, and on top of all, sprawled apart—"The Return of Tarzan." While I was pondering on this...

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Here is Jean in a scene with Ben Lyon from "Hell's Angels." Miss Harlow is wearing the much-disputed evening dress which makes audiences rub their eyes and wonder if a new Garbo—from Kansas City!—has burst upon them.
unique taste in literature, the bedroom door opened, and Miss Harlow stepped into the room.

There's absolutely nobody like her—on or off the screen. Unless you count those old engravings of Madame Recamier. Jean Harlow's hair is white. I mean it. It's so blonde, it's white. Has to be washed every three days. Her eyes are blue, shockingly, electrically blue—but soft. Her figure is slim—but soft. But it's none of these things that make Miss Harlow what she is. It's the shape, the character, the piquante contour of her face. Her chin is cleft, strong—but soft. Her cheekbones are high, strong—but soft. Her nose is straight, forceful—but intensely feminine. Her forehead is high, broad—but tender. It's not the loveliness of her face and figure, nor the fineness of her intellect, nor that blind-white dazzling quality of seduction that makes her what she is. She is a cinema sensation because she is at the same time voluptuous and—innocent. Like the peak of one of these snow-covered mountains whose fiery, volcanic heart erupts at unaccountable moments, covering the world with flame!

Miss Harlow was dressed in black, with white collars and cuffs. No jewelry, of course. And charming little blunted shoes with old French paste buckles. She wears nothing but black and blue for the day time. And white for evening. She never even had a colored evening dress until the night of the opening of "Hell's Angels" when she wore pink. She's a lady born. Unmistakably. Her voice, bearing, conversation, all bespeak a background of culture and refinement. Nothing synthetic there.

After I talked with her five minutes, I shook myself. Remembering her portrayal in "Hell's Angels," I decided I must be dreaming. The girl must be a good actress off the stage as well as on. She must be putting something over on me. Surely no girl who wore as few clothes as Helen—you remember that one evening dress with no back and less front, that left her exposed almost in her torso—integrity—surely no girl could be modest, innocent, and permit herself to be dressed like that.

"How did you feel when you had to wear those clothes?" I asked, determined to get to the bottom of the question in one jump.

"I didn't feel at all!" Miss Harlow answered. "From the time I got that script I was crazy about Helen. I read it at least eight times without stopping. I figured Helen was bad— bad clear through. But a thoroughbred, like a highly-strung race horse. She had gone haywire with the hysteria of war. But she had the courage of her convictions. She did what she wanted to do. I didn't even think of myself during the filming of the (Continued on page 128)
A singing lesson, or a lesson in love? Either way, it's a pretty picture! John Boles is one of the few screen stars who is romantic as well as vocal. This is a scene from "Lilli," and the lovely lady is Evelyn Laye, the British girl who made such a hit on the New York stage last season in Noel Coward's "Bitter Sweet." Boles is her leading man in her first picture, having been borrowed by Samuel Goldwyn from his home company, Universal. By the way, be sure to pronounce Miss Laye's first name with a hard 'E': 'E-e-v'-lyn.'
A Singing Lesson
by John Boles

Perhaps I won't be as comforting to all ambitious singers as those who say everybody should sing and that anyone who has the great urge can become a singer. I do not believe this is true. I do think that everybody should try to sing, for singing is a part of cultural education and a great outlet for human emotions; but I believe that very few have the vocal organs and the physical requisites which are essential for the making of a singer.

I do not believe, however, that a natural voice, divine though it may be, without imagination and the desire would be of any value to a person. Summing it up—it is all important first to have the natural voice, then the desire to sing; and, in addition, to have first-class training. Then when the technique of singing had been mastered, the coloring and finishing work is something that comes directly from within!

There is no medium in the world for recording the voice like the singing screen; in it one can see the 'color of one's soul.' Anyone with a quick insight into human nature may read the character of a person from the singing voice in life, but even keener is this tone photograph on the screen. I have to be very careful when singing a love song to be utterly unconscious of the 'mike' and everything about me. I have to visualize and feel every word of love from the heart. If I forget and become conscious of things about me, I can see it so plainly when the picture is run off! Every sound picture I see imprints this fact upon me more clearly: that sincerity must be the keynote of acting and singing.

There is great danger that the singers of the screen will be judged by hearing them in one picture, run off in one theater for naturally most people see a picture only once. Now this is really a very unfair way to judge a voice, for there are still many theaters, some small and some large, in which the recording is frightful.

I have heard 'The King of Jazz' several times. In one theater in a large metropolis it sounded so terrible that had I not heard the picture before in other theaters and in our own recording room at the studio, I would have risen from my seat and said "John Boles, do you call that singing?"

Now this is something that will be corrected in time, for the recording should be perfection in all theaters; but it isn't yet, and in the interim, hundreds of people are turning away from the sound pictures saying, "He can't sing" or "She hasn't any voice!" If these same people had heard the picture in a theater where the recording was one hundred percent, they would have had an entirely different impression.

People ask me how I became a singer. I sang as far back as I can remember. When I was a lad of five or six I was always being made to sing at Sunday school parties and for all the visitors (Continued on page 119)

John Boles has written a sympathetic article of advice and inspiration to all singers, and of interest to everybody. His favorite exercises are given above. Go ahead and try them!
I HAVE left Hollywood! My beautiful home of eleven rooms and five baths; my Pierce-Arrow limousine and my faithful sports car; my wonderful little steeple-chaser and hunter, Pinto; my polo, and beyond all, my marvelous friends. I have left it all to settle in a little country town on Long Island, where I know scarcely anyone, where we live in a ramshackle old house with dubious plumbing and drive a 1924 Studebaker coach. I have left Hollywood for this; and I have never been so happy in my life!

Certainly Hollywood was wonderful to me. Money enough to give me every comfort and substantial savings besides; excitement, gaiety—I don’t see how anyone could have had better times anywhere.

As I look back, it isn’t the big parties I remember, Mayfair, Ambassador dances, or somebody’s big Sunday afternoon ‘crush.’ Those things are rather dim to me already. But certain isolated hours stand out as clearly and joyously as the day after they happened.

King Vidor, Jack Gilbert, Aileen Pringle and one or two others, staying after a dinner party until four o’clock in the morning, picking the bones of a turkey and talking, talking, talking, about everything and nothing with an utter frankness, inspired by after-party exhaustion!

The day Will Rogers invited the girls to play on his grass polo field and joined the sport himself with his two sons, singled me out by my crimson jersey and shouted, “Come on, Red!” when I managed to make two hits in succession!

Frank Borzage’s handling of an open speed-boat in a tumultuous sea!

Charlie Chaplin and Beatrice Lillie, at a Sunday supper party, vying with each other in extemporaneous mimicry and then joining forces in singing the Sextette from Lucia with what I am quite sure was the sublimest burlesque that ever made an audience roll on the floor with laughter!

Marion Davies’ remarks to a horse she was afraid might be as reluctant to be ridden as she was reluctant to ride it.

Doris Kenyon and Leatrice Joy and Irene Rich and myself, lying on the hot sand at the Beach Club, all talking about our children!

Buddy Rogers frying waffles at a Hunt Breakfast before a steeplechase I was about to ride in and making me forget how afraid I was by his good-natured flattery!

And work, too! For all people say and for all I have said about scenario-writing, there have been moments—yes, years—that were rarely stimulating. The “Forbidden Paradise” script with Ernst Lubitsch, who was only able to speak a little English at that time, but who didn’t need language to reveal the brilliance of his mind. “Beverly of Graustark,” which marked my first association with Marion Davies and the thrill of seeing every comedy point put over by her inspired sense of humor and finally watching it being welded into a charming whole by that nervous genius, Sidney Franklin.

Working with the lovely Corinne Griffith on “The Divine Lady,” with Frank Lloyd unfolding the whole so that it was a symphony of beauty!

Heated, but stimulating and good-natured wrangles with King Vidor over “The Patsy” and “Show People.”
No, there may have been grief—plenty of it—but I question if the average playwright or novelist has as many highlights of inspiration in an equal number of years.

Everyone thinks I am mad to leave all this. Why, just a few days ago at a tea in New York, given by the Lawrence Tibbetts, I met four of my Hollywood friends, who were visiting in New York. No, I won’t tell their names, but I will say that, one by one, they took me aside and told me I was crazy, wild, to leave Hollywood!

Perhaps I am. Sometimes I think so myself! But I’m happy here. So it’s not crazy to stay where I’m happy, is it?

But why am I happy? Getting such a kick out of everything, being thrilled by economizing, riding in subways, sitting in balcony seats at the theater, putting lengthening flounces on last year’s dresses, going to speak-easies, instead of night clubs (no deprivation). Why am I so happy? Because it’s different, something new, a change. Writers, all creative artists have to have a change ever so often.

“That’s the only thing I have against the executives of the picture business. They don’t seem to understand. Once they have a director, writer or star make a success for them, they demand a continuation of the same type of work. When you try to break away, they seem to think it’s because of some personal grievance.

Wonderful Tom Ince was the only employer I have ever left, who did not seem—well, not resentful exactly—but acting, somehow, as though I hadn’t appreciated what he had done for me. When I left Ince, he only grinned. He knew the reason I was deserting him was to go on a honeymoon!

There’s not much opportunity for change in Holly-wood now-a-days. Years ago, before mergers reigned supreme in the land, and the companies were competing fiercely against each other, it gave you a great kick to be stolen by a company from under the very nose of a rival producer. It was a sort of moral contract to make good—to give the utmost that was in you, so that the firm that had gone to such lengths to get you should excel its rival.

I’ve always done my best work with new companies—companies just starting out, where everyone was fresh and enthusiastic. “Daddy-Long-Legs,” Mary Pickford’s initial picture for First National, “Rich Men’s Wives,” Ben Schuberg’s first, when he was starting as an independent, “Twenty-three and a Half Hours’ Leave,” and my Charles Ray series in the great days of Ince. Then finally those thrilling years when Irving Thalberg was welding together the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization into the great producing machine it has become. What a joy it was to watch great picture after picture unroll in the projection room, to stay at the studio from nine in the morning until midnight, in order to accomplish the rush of work that was given you, to get a smile from Irving when you made a good suggestion, or to be kidded by him unmercifully when your idea was bad!

But now-a-days, with only four really big companies, all of them understanding each other—not much thrill seeking a new job! Right or wrong, one has the feeling that the producers won’t cut each other’s throats to get you, rather they’ll get together in an effort to—well, keep you from thinking too much of yourself.

Good business for business men—not so good for artists. Artists have to feel free—wanted! It’s not so much the money that counts. My happiest job was with the old Vitagraph company when I was getting twenty-five dollars a week. It’s the (Continued on page 129).
A close-up of Maybelle Manning, who gives Screenland's readers the benefit of her talents and experience in a series of articles, of which this is the second, forecasting the new mode, expressing exclusive fashions.

DEBUTANTES are learning economy.
Junior Leaguers are discovering budgets.
Smart young matrons are window shopping with precious little in their pocket-books.
Nobody has much money to spend but the business girl. She is top dog now!
Scarcey ever before, in the history of the style world, has it been so necessary for women to make a real study of clothes as it is at the present time. For, owing to the financial depression which has covered the country, nearly every woman has to economize—the wealthy more so than the business or professional woman, who is almost the only one assured of certain remuneration at the end of each business week.
The Parisian designers are quick to feel this lowering in purchasing pressure. They are extremely canny in sensing the needs and states of mind of their American customers. I noticed when I was in Paris a few weeks ago how the new autumn ensembles lend themselves to economy. For instance, last year and the years before, every well-to-do girl had at least two or three ensembles in her fall wardrobe. Sometimes six or seven. But this year of 1930, even the moving picture stars are buying but one ensemble coat, and owing to the combinations introduced by Chanel and others, are clever enough to make this one garment serve for half a dozen dresses.
That is the way it can be accomplished. The ensemble consists usually, as you

Maybelle Manning designed this evening gown of quaint charm made of black Lyons velvet, which gives a crisp line to the skirt silhouette, which is ankle length in front and just touches the floor in the back. The youthful jacket is of pink silk lace.
by Maybelle Manning

about the new clothes!

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Maybelle Manning is Screenland's stylist and fashion advisor. Noted New York couturiere, Miss Manning will tell you the very last word in the advance fashions—not only what the smartest women are wearing right now, but what they will wear tomorrow! There is no designer in America more cleverly equipped to turn your clothes-sense in the right direction.

know, of a long coat and dress. This season there are three decided varieties of coat worn, but we are concerned only with the first at this time. This in the cheviot coat. These cheviots always come in mixtures. Green and yellow-chartreuse. Russet and beige. And so on. And because of this mixture, we can make one coat serve for two and sometimes three dresses.

First, let's decide how we will make the coat. It can be fitted at the waist and trimmed with fur, say Canadian marten, which closely resembles sable, and combines well with green. Or we can have red-fox trimming, which is extremely popular this year with red-brown or terra-cotta material. That is the first style. The other cut is quite different—for this modern day. It is made along mid-Victorian lines, with a little cape which looks exactly like an old-fashioned tippet, and with it one carries a pocket-book muff.

I suggest the first cut, since this coat must be worn frequently. However, the second goes decidedly well with the piquant personality. But this is a matter which only you, yourself, can decide. And with either style, we can have two or three dresses.

If you have chosen a red-brown cheviot coat, you can have a red dress, a brown one, and a brick-tan one. With the exception of leg of mutton or some other form of exaggerated sleeves, the dress must be absolutely simple. And here lies the difficulty. It must be cut by a master hand. The belt will rest on the hip and no ornamentation is permissible except cuffs and collars of pique, and two or three buttonholes and buttons of real stones. No imitations allowed. Real topaz or real amber buttons on the brown or brick tan, and old ivory buttons on the red.

You can see how interesting and intricate these combinations may become. Suppose you decide on a green and gray cheviot coat, trimmed with the Canadian marten I spoke about. With this, you could have a green dress with real jade buttons, a gray dress, and a gray and black dress, both of the latter trimmed with real old turquoise buttons.

In case you wish more than three dresses, since all the coats are lined with brilliant linings, many times you can vary your scheme by choosing dresses to match the linings and contrast with the color of the coat. You are only circumscribed by the limits of good taste and by the depths of your imagination.

However, we don’t have to pin our faith to cheviot coats alone. The other styles are intriguing and original. One is ex- (Continued on page 106)
Johnny the Kid

The nice boy from Alabama walks away with one of the prize rôles of the season—“Billy the Kid”

COME a' shootin'!

That's the motto of Billy the Kid and of the six Brown brothers, the second of whom is John Mack.

Billy went gunning for men. Johnny and his five brothers are shooting at success. And the seven of them seem to get the things they want.

Playing the part of Billy the Kid has been the secret ambition of Johnny Mack Brown for several years. When he was given the rôle, Johnny threw into it all the enthusiasm and eagerness of the average American boy who satisfies his thirst for adventure and daring by devouring the stories of bandits and Indian hunters and highwaymen.

John and his quintet of brothers are just ordinary American boys, brought up in a small town, living an average, normal life. Johnny's home town, Dothan, Alabama, boasts of a population of about fifteen thousand people. Father Brown owned Dothan's shoe store and took care of his merry, scrambling brood of youngsters in a big, white frame house on one of the quiet southern streets.

There are ten young Browns, four sisters having slipped in here and there between the six brothers. Harry, Estelle, John Mack, Henry Tolbert, William Wallace, Charles Frederick, David, Mary Louise, Elsa and Doris are the good, old down-South names which the elder Browns bestowed on their children.

The saga of Billy the Kid is the story of an abnormal American youth, a chap who, at the age of twenty-one, had killed twenty-one men. The saga of the six Brown Brothers is the story of a half dozen normal American boys who have worked, and are working, their ways through high school and college and into a real success in their early twenties.

“We had a nice, comfortable home,” Johnny drewled, his Billy the Kid boots swinging against the side of the big box on which he was sitting, “but it takes plenty of jack to feed and clothe ten children. Dad wanted us to go to college, every one of us, but we knew that it would be up to us to help out with the expenses.

“Harry is the only one who was faithless to old Alabam'. He went to Georgia Tech and was graduated there. That boy earned every penny of his way through school and was given the highest honors in his class. Now he has his own bond company in Atlanta. We all are sure mighty proud of (Continued on page 122)
PREVIEWS
OF THE NEW PICTURES

Advance glimpses of the stars in forthcoming films

Marilyn Miller
as "SUNNY"

Although the title of her latest musical romance may be changed before it is released to you in the theaters, Marilyn Miller's dancing and singing and smile and curls will still be—"Sunny."
"MOROCCO"

GARY COOPER'S latest, the debut of Marlene Dietrich in American films, and Adolphe Menjou's return to Hollywood—"Morocco" is an event to await with pardonable palpitation. Gary plays a Legionnaire, and Menjou, man of the world, his rival for the affections of Marlene as a café beauty. Color—romance—adventure—and the excitement of determining whether or not Paramount has 'a German Garbo' in Miss Dietrich!
David Rollins and Marguerite Churchill play brother and sister in "The Big Trail," drama of Covered Wagon days.

"THE BIG TRAIL"

Fox Films
Raoul Walsh has directed an 'epic' that is an epic—he remakes American history of one hundred years ago when the first pioneer wagon train left Missouri for the Oregon country—a journey which resulted in the winning of the West. Beauty—both of the pioneer spirit and of the land through which they fought—shines through this motion picture, the first mighty outdoor drama of the sound era. The cast includes John Wayne—a Fox discovery, Marguerite Churchill, El Brendel, David Rollins, and many others.
In a version of the life of Jenny Lind, 'the Swedish Nightingale,' Grace Moore of the Metropolitan Opera makes her bow to screen audiences, with every opportunity to win her new public with her blonde beauty in the quaint costumes of the period, and her altogether charming voice. Reginald Denny is her leading man.
JOHN GILBERT'S NEW TALKER

Jack comes back! You'll like him, and his voice, in his forthcoming film called "Way for a Sailor." Gilbert achieves a real characterization as a hearty, human young salt who laughs and loves his way from port to port. Leila Hyams plays his girl; and the cast is further enlivened by Wallace Beery, Polly Moran, and Jim Tully.
Joan Bennett is the bright particular feminine interest of "Maybe It's Love." She plays a sweet portion of very modern girlhood as persuasively as she plays John Barrymore's old-fashioned sweetheart in "Moby Dick." Opposite her is the lucky Mr. James Hall.

Joe as a football hero will make your fall film-going more fun! But if you take your football seriously you will be relieved to learn that "Maybe It's Love" boasts the presence of Coach Howard Jones and the All-American Football Team.

Football, football! Fall days are upon us —tag in the air, heroes on the gridiron, pretty girls in the grand-stand—and "Maybe It's Love" in your favorite theater! Warner Brothers offer a Vitaphone comedy of college excitement with Joe E. Brown providing the comedy, and the Game and Joan Bennett the excitement.
IT'S LOVE"

Speaking of touch-downs—Joan Bennett scores with smiles and the All-American football team responds to a man.
Eddie Cantor repeats his stage success, "Whoopee," on the screen. The Florenz Ziegfeld musical comedy has been produced by Samuel Goldwyn with all the Ziegfeld flavor and the Goldwyn film technique. And Eddie—well, just look at this picture; just look at it!

You'll expect to see Ziegfeld beauties in "Whoopee" and you won't be disappointed. There's Muriel Finley, above, whom Ziegfeld calls "the most beautiful show-girl in America." And Marilyn Morgan, right, lends her charm. As for comedy—glance to the left and observe Miss Ethel Shutta and Mr. Cantor in a representative scene.

"Whoopee" has its love scenes, with Eleanor Hunt as the fair heroine and Paul Gregory, one of Broadway's handsomest leading men, as the menace.
There are three different 'love interests' in "Leathernecking." Above, Lilyan Tashman and Fred Santley. Right, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Irene Dunne. That makes two!

**Leathernecking**

It's a musical show—adapted from the original stage play by Herbert Fields, Richard Rogers, and Lorenz Hart. And the romance is told with, by, and to the Marines.

The third romance is supplied by Louise Fazenda and Benny Rubin (above). And—right—still more romance by Ken Murray, Miss Irene Dunne, and Eddie Foy, Jr.
William Boyd, who heads the cast of Pathé's special production of the war, confronts a girl he left behind him, played by Dorothy Burgess.

Buddies — played by Lew Cody, Russell Gleason, James Gleason, and Fred Scott — before they go into the battle that is to exact the supreme penalty from three of them. "Beyond Victory" is directed by John S. Robertson.

June Collyer plays the wife of Bill Thatcher (Bill Boyd) in the war drama, "Beyond Victory."
OTIS SKINNER in "KISMET"

Skinner is supported by a splendid cast, including Loretta Young as Mar- sinah (with the star in circle above); and Mary Duncan as Zuleikha (left).

Right: Sidney Blackmer in the act of convincing Loretta Young of the advantages of being the favorite wife of his harem, from Otis Skinner's "Kismet."

First National has filmed the great stage star, Otis Skinner, in his most impressive rôle—the crafty beggar of 8th century Bagdad, in Knoblock's "Kismet."
“East is West”

Lupe Velez plays Ming Toy, the lovely little Chinese heroine of “East is West,” Universal’s picturization of the popular stage play by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer. The cast includes Lewis Ayres, as Billy Benson, and Jean Hersholt.

“Reno”

Ruth Roland returns to the screen in “Reno,” a story of America’s national dance of divorce by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. This Sono Art-World Wide production is Ruth’s first talker. The scene at the right is a glimpse of Ruth in her new role, with Kenneth Thompson.
"THE LAST OF THE LONE WOLF"

The latest adventures of the romantic crook called The Lone Wolf, enacted again, and quite as agreeably as ever, by Bert Lytell. The popular crook continues his escapades in handsome settings, directed by Richard Boleslavsky and assisted by Patsy Ruth Miller.

"EXTRAVAGANCE"

We don't mind how extravagant June Collyer is in her rôle of Alice Kendall in Tiffany-Stahl's "Extravagance" if she wears gowns as becoming as the creation in the scene at left. Lloyd Hughes plays her wondering husband. Owen Moore is in the supporting cast.

Columbia Pictures
Johnny Hines is back! After a long absence the comedian returns to the fold and makes his first talking comedy, "Johnny's Week-End." At the left you see him in a scene with Adrienne Dore. Mr. Hines always picks pretty girls—remember Dorothy Mackaill, Mary Brian, and Leila Hyams used to play opposite him.

Educational Comedies
THE LUCKIEST BOY
in HOLLYWOOD

Leading man for Garbo, Constance Bennett, Lupe Velez—Lew Ayres admits he's lucky!

By

Marie House

He's the luckiest boy in Hollywood.

In a few short months he has been leading man for Garbo, Constance Bennett, and Lupe Velez; and he has played the lead in one of the really important pictures, the war epic, "All Quiet on the Western Front."


Several days later. We run him to earth. Aha! Hiding out on us, we accuse him.

"I did run away from the studio," he confessed with a twinkle in his dark blue eyes. Yes, you would be surprised. They are blue, and his hair is just a nice ordinary brown. "I've been working so steadily for seven months jumping from picture to picture without a let-up," he explains. "I got so fed up I had to get away. I won't start my new picture for a week or so. I went to Camp Baldy. I had a little cottage with a stream running in back of it, full of rocks and rills and fish. Nice trout. I tried fishing from my back porch."

We trusted he found the fish responsive.

"They were pretty good sports," Lew admitted. "I'd get so I could talk to them confidentially. I'd say 'Come on, old pals, let's have a little cooperation.' Why, some of them were so eager to comply they'd jump up on the bank without waiting for the hook."

We'll spare the details of how large the fish were. Besides, who cares about fish?

- We talked of wine, women and song—that is, without the wine.

Lew says he hasn't time for love—that is, not now—so dry your tears. He's still young, being just twenty-one. And he still has his way to make in the world. What's more, he says he's never been in love—so far!

But here's a tip. All of us girls who have a yen for young Mr. Ayres, must start right in on our music lessons. He avers that he would demand above all in a girl a love of music. Other- (Continued on page 108)
It was Fifi Dorsay's outspoken disgust with Hollywood as a marriage market that started the discussion. Now the argument as to whether one can or cannot annex a husband in the city of stars rages all over town.

You see, Fifi has a little sister she would like to see married. She brought her to Hollywood, thinking to shop around for a good husband and settle the girl happily and safely. But now Fifi is sending the little sister back to New York, where men are matrimonially inclined.

"Hollywood is not a city of romance," declares Fifi, "it is a city of struggle for fame. Actors are engaged in fighting for a place among the stars or in warfare to keep that place. They make love for a living. There is no interest in Cupid off the screen.

"To get a husband, you must go to a small town or to New York or Chicago, or anywhere that men are natural, human creatures. Not to Hollywood. Here men do not court girls. Girls must court men. If a girl is to go out, she must buy the tickets and invite the man. For men are in Hollywood to become famous or rich, not to be married!"

Mary Brian, who has more beaux than she knows what to do with, can't imagine having to court a man, but she is inclined to agree with Fifi that this is no marriage market.

"Hollywood hasn't done much for me when it comes to getting married," she dimpled. "All the girls I went to school with in Texas are married. You get quicker results there, if you're looking for a husband. Boys marry younger. As soon as they leave school, they seem to want mates. Doesn't seem much else to do!

"I don't think it's the men's fault here. It is just that both men and women are so busy working, they haven't time to marry."

The trouble isn't with the men, it's with the girls, asserts that modern Adam, young Bruce (brother of Buddy) Rogers.

"Hollywood girls are too sophisticated. I'm going back to Kansas for a wife when the time comes. Gosh, a fellow would be afraid to ask one..."
By Ruth Tildesley

"Hollywood is no place to find real romance," said Fifi Dorsay—and that started it. Now let the stars settle the future of husband-hunting in cinema city—to say nothing of wife-hunting!

of these Hollywood femmes to shake a duster! Not that one of them would have me. But all they care about is their careers. Buddy says he's not going to marry until he's 32. Maybe I won't, either. So why worry for the next ten years?"

"I don't want my wife to wave a duster," declares Buddy. "I expect to have the drudgery of keeping a home taken care of for her. I want a sweetheart and a pal.

"Hollywood hasn't been so good for me as a marriage market. I've been here four years and am still minus a Mrs. But I don't think New York men take matrimony more seriously than we do. Give 'em time to get around to it, Hollywood men all hope to marry—but New Yorkers are interested only in running around to night clubs, and that's no place to find a wife nor take one!

"Hollywood girls aren't serious about marriage. They are wrapped up in their careers."

A charge to which Anita Page pleads guilty.

I want to marry some day, but only after I've succeeded on the screen," she confesses. "All the younger set here seem to feel that way, so I should think any other place would be a more favorable spot to look for a mate."

Gary Cooper thinks that no one who wants to marry should come to Hollywood. "Male and female—they're all spoiled here. Nobody's normal," is his verdict.

"Hollywood is no different from any other place," insists Lillian Roth. "People everywhere marry later than they used to do.

"In the marriage market, it must be fifty-fifty. It's no more a man's place to run after a girl than it is hers to run after him. I don't believe a girl should have to court a man, but she should let him know she's interested and help him out a bit.

"I don't think I'd like to marry an actor. A business man's life would be more stable. If an actor is not working, he's under your feet all day, and if he is working, he's at it night and day and you never see him."

June Clyde thinks men aren't so eager to marry here as they are in New York (Continued on page 123)
OUR COSMETIC URGE

Tracing the matter of make-up from the days when ladies made their own to the present Hollywood perfection

By Virginia Vincent

The real flesh pots of Egypt, if the truth be known, probably contained home-brewing beauty lotions. Beauty used to be a distinctly domestic affair with as many formulas for rouge and cream as there were households.

Modern cosmeticians have made make-up safe for democracy. Fifty-seven varieties of rouge, twenty-one kinds of powder, and a different kind of cream for every

Nero may have been an indifferent fiddler but he was an indulgent husband in the matter of his wife's beauty bills. Here's Madame Nero in her daily tub of asses' milk.

Clara Bow displays a make-up kit used by a Roman lady 2,000 years ago. The three cosmetic bowls of glazed terra cotta were used for mixing pomades; the bottles for perfumes and oils.

Drawings by Quinneath Summers

Beautiful complexions in the old days rested entirely upon the success of the homemade, hand-stirred formula which required 'the gall of an ox' as the strong ingredient. There were those who felt that 'frog-spawn water to clear the complexion' was absolutely essential!

The rise of Kay Francis, a charming person who does not fit the 'girly girl' formula, is leading the screen into an appreciation of be - yourself and act-your-age.
square inch of your face may be found on the dressing table for a fraction of the cost of the toiletry of one of the so-called historic beauties.

Beauty at all costs has been a rule since the world began.

Who could afford to take a daily tub in asses' milk in which lettuce leaves had been soaked? No one but Poppaea, who had an entire stable of white she-asses maintained for this express purpose. Nero may have been an indifferent fiddler but he was an indulgent husband in the matter of his wife's beauty bills.

Baths de luxe were an extravaganza throughout several centuries.

Strawberry juice, pressed from freshly plucked wild strawberries with the dew still on them, was a favorite of Isabeau of Bavaria, consort of Charles, the sixth.

Raspberry juice provided Madame Tallien with her beauty bath, and believing in its efficacy strongly she set her hand maidens the task of making a supply to last 365 days!

Spanish wine was another favorite used by the belle-ame of Alexander, the first.

There were lilac baths, spinach baths, 'flesh' baths in which veal had been soaked, and some simple formulas of wild thyme, marjory, and linseed.

Praises be for bath salts! They have a perfume that puts to shame strawberries, raspberries, alcoholic, and bovine mixtures altogether. In one single hand-throw anyone, without being a millionaire, may feel restored in body and spirit. Today, this is one of the simple pleasures of the poor!

More important, perhaps, is the fact that cosmetics have been made safe for dermatology. Beautiful complexions in the old days rested entirely upon the success of the home-made, hand-stirred formula which required the 'gall of an ox' as the strong ingredient. There were those who felt that 'frog-spawn water to clear the complexion' was absolutely essential.

Modern make-up has become more art than artful. Forget if you can, the figures of the Hollywood stars and take them at their face value. Consider lovely Constance Bennett.

Modern make-up has become more art than artful. For if you can, the figures of the Hollywood stars and take them at their face value. Consider lovely Constance Bennett.
Famous scenarist tells the secrets of successful screen writing

By Frances Marion

How to write a scenario? Well, it's something like the recipe for cooking a fish in "Alice in Wonderland":—"First catch your fish." In other words, first get an idea!

There are certain tricks in writing a screen play, of course; certain formulae for stories, certain dramatic rules. Anybody can learn these. But they are just tools to work with, and often we alter them into special tools. They're useless without the idea.

Still, there are ideas everywhere. You can find them in newspapers, in real life; you can imagine a situation and build on it. Of course, you have to apply the right idea at the right time. I pigeon-hole mine when I think the time's not ripe to use them, and wait for a psychological moment.

As an example, about five years ago I heard that Lon Chaney's parents were deaf mutes, and it suggested an idea playing him as one. But in silent pictures that would not have been effective, for in silent drama everybody acted in pantomime and it seemed hard to get just the right contrast. So I filed the idea in a pigeon-hole, waiting for something to come up that would make it valuable. And sure enough—along came the talkies, in which you can make a deaf mute stand out because everybody else talks. So now I'm preparing to write the story.

Take "The Big House," in which I'm especially interested because George Hill, my husband, directed it. It came straight out of the newspapers. Here were prison riots and the obvious suggestion was to seek the underlying causes for the epidemic of revolt. We looked into these causes, analyzed them, and found a mighty drama hidden in the maze of facts we unearthed.

Newspaper editorials give many ideas for stories—in fact, an editorial is often more suggestive than a straight news item.

I like to look for ideas in the newspapers, perhaps because I was a newspaper woman before I wrote plays. That's why I always work like a newspaper woman and enjoy the hard grind of so many hours a day writing, rewriting, and editing. Inspiration, so called, is mostly poppycock. Recognizing an idea for a story when one sees it, and being able to do a workmanlike job of putting it on paper—these are much more important to the writer of scenarios and plays, than anything else. And common sense, of course!

I was fourteen when I started writing—and Anita Loos the same age. I sold a page of verses to Sunset Magazine and she sold a movie story to a studio. I got five dollars for the verses and she got twice that much for the movie story. That's how I came to essay them—she told me what to do, and I sold one.

A group of us, who used to pal around in San Francisco in my newspaper reporting days, met again last year in New York. Sophie Treadwell was one. She has won her success in stage plays, notably "Machinal." Genevieve Parkhurst is another of our youthful gang of writers who used to pal around on Russian Hill. She is now a famous writer.

We all used to have lean years—we went hungry together and worked frantically. And out of that coterie look what hard work did for them: Will and Wallace Irwin are famous authors today; Robert Welles Ritchie, then a newspaper man, now a novelist, and so on. George Sterling was another of the gang. His poetry will live forever.

Looking back over the years, I see that I rather grew up with the movies. That first little story for Biograph led to others, and I pounded out yarns for Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, the Talmadges, Richard Barthelmess and others in those primitive days. How different those stories were from "The Rogue Song," or "Anna Christie," or "The Big House."

As pictures progressed, we who were in early progressed with them. That's why today, in spite of the influx from the stage, the trained workers of the silent pictures still accomplish the outstanding things, in writing, directing, and acting. More of that later.

Working on just a couple of stories a year isn't good practice, according to my idea, for a scenarist. I like six or seven, so that I can keep busy all the time and
Screen Theater

By Gray Strider

Cape to be driven swiftly in their foreign cars in order to be present at this opening night. Bankers, lawyers, doctors, actors, artists, poets, shopkeepers, fishermen—everybody who amounted to anything and many who hoped to amount to something, from as far north as New Bedford and as far south as Province-town, had motored or walked to see Raymond Moore's new Cape Cinema. And they are still coming. It is the thing to do!

It is well worth a hundred-mile drive to see what an unknown painter with two hundred dollars has done in five years. The building itself is sheer, chiselled beauty. Sometimes it seems to me a Greek temple, so classic is its dignity. And then again, I like to imagine it is the first church built by the Pilgrims.

I can even imagine John Alden and Priscilla entering the exquisite simple doorway to send up a prayer for their new happiness in a wild bleak land. So well as this has Raymond Moore carried out the keynote of early Pilgrim tradition in his cinema setting.

But before you hear about what is not only considered the most beautiful small house in America but is also looked on by critics as the last word to date in the experimental cinema theater, wouldn't you like to know how Moore accomplished this task of bringing beauty, brightness, amusement, true art to an isolated spot on the Cape?

Going back to that day five years ago, as Moore stood before his canvas realizing that "drama is the lighted torch which silhouettes human emotions against a background of common understanding," the painter was puzzled as to how he, personally, a southerner in a northern land, with but two hundred dollars in his pocket, could bring about this understanding.

But he did do it! Moore found an old barn at Dennis. It was for sale for four hundred dollars. He put up his two hundred. All he had. And borrowed two hundred more from his fellow painters, as poor as he. His friends gave not only their money but their labor. Cleon Throckmorton, who recently, (Conti

The entrance foyer—as modern as the exterior is old-fashioned in design. Some of Rockwell Kent's best work—museum pieces—dignify the walls.
PUTTING your best FOOT FORWARD

The feet may be trained in the way they should go if care is taken for their beauty

By Anne Van Alstyne

"BEAUTY is only skin deep," our mothers taught us when we were very young. "Beauty is as deep as the mind and heart and consciousness of the one who desires it," we were told as we grew older. A noble sentiment, and true, we suppose. But have you, I want to know, ever been crippled by weary, suffering feet, and at such times did you catch a glimpse of yourself in the mirror and note the ugly lines in your face and its haggard expression? If so, you will agree with me when I say that beauty is not skin deep but foot deep!

Ask any good beauty specialist and she will tell you frankly that one of the reasons her business grows and flourishes is because women, in their quest for beauty, neglect to give their feet proper attention. In the matter of wrinkle production, wrong posture, faulty shoes and attendant foot troubles have time and worry backed right off the boards. The feet should have as definite a course of care as the hands. Feet can not be beautiful, nor can they give good service with a minimum of wear and tear on nerve and muscle, if they are not given care and consideration.

The feet are marvelously built, and if well treated will render marvelous service. There are twenty-six bones in the foot, connected by more than four times as many muscles and nerves. There are four arches in the feet; the long arch at the inside of the foot, from heel to great toe; the front arch extending across the ball of the foot; the third arch at the outside of the foot from the heel to the base of the small toe; and the fourth arch across the middle of the foot under the instep.

The perfect foot is lovely in color, texture and line. It lies on the floor with the toes free from each other, pointing straight ahead, the inner arch lifting itself gracefully from any contact with the floor, heel lightly touching the floor, and—this is important—the added weight of the body on the outer arch. Almost everything the matter with the feet, foot specialists tell us, comes from swinging the weight to the inner arch.

Through misuse of the feet, lack of exercise of the leg muscles, incorrect standing and walking, or the wearing of badly designed, ill-fitting shoes, the arches may begin to sag and the bones slip out of place. Then distress is bound to follow. If the distress were limited to the feet it would be bad enough; but it also effects the back and causes pain at the back of the neck because the whole body is out of line. Stubborn cases of headache, backache, continued fatigue, unruly nerves and pain often mistaken for neuritis or rheumatism—each may have its origin in the feet. Nothing is so upsetting to nerves; nothing can cause such exruciating misery, and nothing is so devastating to beauty as hurting feet.

Just as a high building rests upon its foundation, your body rests upon your feet. Your feet represent the foundation of health. If a stone slips out of place in the foundation of the building, a crack may appear in the topmost ceiling. If your feet become flattened and weakened you are likely to feel the effects clear to the top of your head. How important then, to health and beauty, is a sound support.

The majority of foot troubles come from an-improper use of the feet in standing or walking. Sometimes an
incorrect posture is taken because of the pressure of uncomfortable shoes, often because of carelessness or ignorance of correct posture. Perhaps you were taught to turn your toes out. For years, that method was taught the men of our army and navy and in the schools. Yet, standing or walking in that way is unnatural and often seriously harmful.

Place a mirror on the floor against the wall so that you can see your feet. Then practice standing and walking correctly. In standing, point the toes straight ahead and place the feet two to four inches apart. Keep the ankles straight and support the weight on the outside of the feet. Keep in mind this position and when you have a chance, practice it while standing by gripping the floor with all the toes. This exercise lifts the long arch and places the toes and outside of the feet in a correct position. You will find this position quite comfortable, and the task of standing for a long time will be less wearisome than when the feet are turned out or the ankles allowed to bend in. In sitting, too, the feet should point straight to the front, or be slightly turned in.

In walking, it is important to jar the body as little as possible. Learn to walk without pounding your heel. First, place the outer side of the heel on the ground following along to the small toe so that the weight rolls from the heel around the outer ball at the base of the great toe. This toe joint then plays the important part of giving the body its push forward for its next step. When you walk, be sure to toe in enough to make the foot perfectly straight in its step. Toeing out takes from the trimness of ankle, from the perfect alignment of the body and from a free rhythmic carriage. Toeing out is one of the causes of fallen arches and is a symptom rather than a disease, meaning that it's time to watch your step, to toe in, consciously to throw your weight on that outer arch that is ready and waiting to take it.

Whenever you have time, do a few simple foot exercises either barefoot or in soft slippers. Assume a correct posture and practice walking slowly around your room. Feel the (Continued on page 104)
In a Thousand Years

Suppose we could see talkies taken a thousand years ago! Then we would appreciate that modern miracle, the talking picture.

Just set your alarm clock for six A. M. a thousand years from this morning and then you will understand better what a miracle the movie is!

If you are a sound sleeper—a sound sleeper is one who snores—it may be that Gabriel's trumpet can be purloined for the occasion.

We are too close to the movie to catch its miraculous qualities. But when Aladdin rubbed his magic lamp and called forth gold or goblins, he did nothing more marvelous than the daily doings of the talkie-movie.

The other night at the movies, I saw-heard a cartoon rat play Rachmaninoff's Prelude on a cartoon piano. And it was real music, too. The masters of the keyboard could have done no better. And then the rat and the piano and the stool all came out and bowed their appreciation of the applause. I laughed till I was buttonless. Let Aladdin beat that!

We might imagine the movie thrills a thousand years from now if we could witness a talkie taken a thousand years ago. Not only scenario fiction but news reels. Imagine seeing Vesuvius in a state of eruption and the lava flowing down and burying the cities of Herculanum and Pompeii. And suppose we should catch a glimpse of Nydia, the blind girl of Pompeii! Such a sight we would behold today had the talkie been invented by a genius of the olden days.

Just think of the Bible done in news reels! Moses found in the bulrushes by an Egyptian flapper! Noah and the ark and the big rain and the animals going in two by two, the elephant and the kangaroo! Samson killing the lion and then landing a million-dollar scenario contract! David with his sling shot making the giant Goliath go down and take the count. The whale swallowing the indigestible Jonah! Well, I'll wager rotten apples to rubies that such a reel would have a forty-year run on Broadway!

Imagine a student reading history a thousand years from now. He comes to the twentieth century and it is called the Age of Edison. And he says, "I guess I'll have a look at that genius who said, let there be light and there was light." He touches an electric button and sees Edison walking about his garden or working miracles in his laboratory or talking to the reporters on his century birthday!

Why not? Reels taken today may be seen when New York is as old as Thebes or Rome. Suppose today you could see Pericles walking the streets of Athens with his sweetheart Aspasia as he did twenty-five hundred years ago.

If the talkie-movie had gotten itself entered at the
Dr. Cairns says: "I saw—heard a cartoon rat play Rachmaninoff's Prelude on a cartoon piano, and it was real music, too. I laughed till I was buttonless!"

A captivating scene from "Hot Turkey," one of Paul Terry's "Terry-Toons" presented by Educational Pictures.

The cartoon animals are popular with children of all ages. These appear in Fleischer's animated cartoons.

patent office at Washington about the time Cain and Abel were taking a dive into Riley's Old Swimmin' Hole, then today all the thrills of history might pass before us as we sit enraptured in a movie house. There go Antony and Cleopatra down the Nile in a galley boat propelled by husky Numidian slaves. There she plays her last act with the asp in her bosom.

Think of seeing Rome burn to the accompaniment of Nero's Strad! Or Spartacus and his fellow gladiators fighting beasts in the arena! Or the Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, throwing Christians to the lions! Or Louis XVI and his Queen, Marie Antoinette, beheaded at the guillotine! Or Ridley and Latimer burned at the stake! Or Joan of Arc dying in the flames! Or Captain Kidd and his pirates looting a merchant vessel and making the skipper walk the plank!

Think of the school children studying American history by the talkie! Suppose they could see Daniel Boone and David Crockett and Kit Carson and Buffalo Bill matching wits and weapons with the Indians! And there is Washington and his father telling him "I would rather you would tell ten thousand lies than cut down a cherry tree," or words to that effect! And Lincoln at Gettysburg! Teach history that way and hookey will be a lost art and grandmother will stop celebrating her funeral.

So it will seem when the alarm clock goes off a thousand years from this morning. For today few events of world interest go unrecorded by the movie. If you are matching miracles, mine is the movie.
Ex-Follies Girl!

Claudia Dell graduates from Ziegfeld glorification to screen stardom

By David Arnold

There is always irony in the story of the young man or woman who comes to Hollywood without any particular ambition for fame in the movies and succeeds in them. So many who come imbued with hope and determination to make their name and fortune, depart failures, disillusioned and discouraged, that the success of one who arrives with utter indifference to the glamour has a romantic fascination about it.

That is the story of Claudia Dell, who abandoned two attractive stage roles in New York, because she couldn't overcome homesickness for her family. Consequently, she departed for Los Angeles where her father and mother had taken up their residence. During her stage career and as a feature of Ziegfeld productions in New York and London, she had never been intrigued by motion pictures. Today, scarcely three months after her arrival in Hollywood, she has been entrusted with three of the most important feminine roles that Warner Brothers studios had on their schedule.

Claudia Dell was born in San Antonio, Texas, and her blonde southern beauty with her soft, musical voice, characteristic of the South, is one of her chief charms. Her family was well-to-do and when her father was obliged to take up his residence in Mexico City while Claudia was a child, she received considerable of her early education in an English school there. And it was to be her lot that foreign cities were to give her much of the culture and cosmopolitan poise that is one of her notable characteristics.

Fortune found her at various times during her youth in Nice, Monte Carlo, Paris and London where she absorbed the language, the education and cultural background that these places can bestow.

Even as a child she was remarkably accomplished and her first appearances as an entertainer were at Kelly Field, where her childish songs and dances were an attraction to the soldiers there during the war. These experiences delighted her and she can not remember when she was not eager to go on the stage.

When her parents released her from her school work she visited relatives in New York, and had the good fortune to attract the attention of Flo Ziegfeld, who immediately gave her a place in his Follies; and at his suggestion she continued her voice training and dancing.

Her enthusiasm and ambition quickly brought her the first big chance, to play the lead in Ziegfeld's London production of "Merry Mary." And then followed a succession of important roles, chiefly under the sponsorship of Mr. Ziegfeld. It was upon the threshold of new success in New York that Miss Dell found the desire to see her mother and father stronger than her ambition and summarily departed for Hollywood.

Now the ordeal of waiting in casting offices, haunting the studios in wait for interviews that is the lot of nearly every neophyte in Hollywood, never plagued Claudia Dell. Attracted by her personality, an acquaintance obtained her an audience with a Warner Brothers executive and within an hour after her tests were completed, she was signed for the leading feminine rôle in "Sweet Kitty Belfairs."

(Continued on page 111)

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

From "TOM SAWYER"

WITH Jackie Coogan as Tom,
Mitzi Green as Becky Thatcher,
Junior Durkin as Huck Finn.
PORTRAIT of a popular screen star who also manages to be a sane, poised, and happy young woman—Joan Crawford. Since her marriage to Doug Junior, Joan has prospered in her career and assumed her place as one of Hollywood's smartest young matrons.
HE'S grinning, too. And why not? First National has just patted him on the head for his fine work in "The Dawn Patrol"—a pat in the convincing form of a starring contract. Doug Jr. is not only a splendid actor, but a poet, an artist, and a happy husband!
The return to screen prominence of lovely Mary Astor is one of the most gratifying events that Screenland has been privileged to chronicle in a long, long time. Mary shines in "Holiday" and "Adios," with a voice to match her arresting beauty. Watch her!
THE new acting sensation of Hollywood, Barbara Stanwyck. In "Ladies of Leisure" Barbara gave one of those rare performances that precipitates the player into deserved popularity. And now she is keeping up the good work in "Bless You, Sister."
THE grandest grin in the history of the motion picture industry, contributed by your good friend, George Bancroft. George is about to present you with another hearty characterization in his latest rousing talker drama, robustly titled "Typhoon Bill."
HERE'S a picture of the real Irene Rich—not the regal actress you'll be seeing in "On Your Back," but the frank and humorous and altogether appealing person who is Mrs. David Blankenhorn. Right now she is busy as the heart interest in "Boy of Mine."
YOU may not recognize in this demure young thing the effervescent ingenue of Radio Pictures, Dorothy Lee. But Dorothy posed like this to convince you that she has her serious moments, and need not confine her versatile talents to song-and-dance films.
"THE DAWN PATROL," that air epic that cemented Dick Barthelmess' popularity and hastened the state of stardom for Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is also responsible for presenting Neil Hamilton in his most effective rôle in months. His latest? "Ladies Must Play."

Preston Duncan
A LADY who needs no introduction but who is going to get it just the same: Ruth Chatterton. She's being called First Lady of the Cinema, and it is no idle title, for Miss Chatterton brought dignity and intelligence to the talkers. She pioneered!
A LAD with a voice, Fred Scott. He sang his way into favor in "Swing High." But he can check his trusty tenor in his dressing-room and score without it, as he is proving in Pathé’s war drama, “Beyond Victory.” He’s a most unassuming actor.
SCREEN juvenile, new style. Frank Albertson plays fresh young men with so much honest enthusiasm and humor that he is almost a valid reason for those films that profess to portray the antics of the 'younger generation.' His latest is "Just Imagine."
JOAN BENNETT is on the threshold of stardom. She will soon start work in her first starring picture, "Smiling Through"—an audible version of Norma Talmadge's great silent success. The story is quaint and sweet—entirely fitting for the littlest Bennett!
IT'S always fun to say "I told you so!" Screenland can point to Helen Twelve-trees—and say it now—only it isn't polite to point. We ballyhoed Helen from her very first film. And when you see her in "Her Man" you'll understand our enthusiasm.
CHESTER MORRIS is featured alone for the first time in "The Bat Whispers" and about time, too. For since his brilliant work in "Alibi," Chester has become one of our leading young actors. The best vehicles are none too good for Mr. Morris.
An interview with Marguerite Hoare, of London on the relation of soap to beauty

Why soap is essential—and which soap to choose... answered by adviser to women of exclusive social and diplomatic circles.

WHEN women of importance choose a beauty expert in a strange city, they make their choice with some care. During the Naval Conference in London, the wives of the delegates consulted women in diplomatic circles. Who took care of the wives of ambassadors and ladies of distinguished British families... they asked, "Marguerite Hoare, of Mayfair," was the answer.

Miss Hoare's salon at 19 South Wolton Street is one of the world's important beauty shops. Here, Miss Hoare recently gave an interview on home beauty methods that will be of genuine interest to every woman.

"WHEN not enough soap and water is used," said this prominent expert, "one risks oiliness, blackheads and similar disfigurements. When the wrong soap is used, one suffers dryness, roughness, irritation, injured skin texture.

"My solution to the problem of cleansing without irritation is—Palmolive Soap. Palmolive is a delightful soap to use—bland, soothing and gentle. Yet its soft lather has wonderful cleansing properties. It softens and carries away all impurities from the pores.

"I feel especially safe in using and recommending Palmolive, because I know that no oils are used in it except vegetable oils."

The Palmolive method of home cleansing is so easy to follow. Here it is, as outlined by the leading beauty specialists all over the world:

First, massage a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water tenderly into the skin.

Now, rinse off the soap with plenty of warm water, then colder and colder, until your skin actually tingles.

This Palmolive cleansing is the method advised by Marguerite Hoare of London, who advocates and uses Palmolive Soap in all her beauty treatments. The same method is recommended today by 23,723 beauty experts all over the world, who in all their experience have found no better, safer method.
POWELL—Practically in Person

By John Godfrey

For seven years the world knew one Bill Powell—a sly villain.
And for the same seven years, Hollywood knew a totally different Bill Powell—the most charming man in the film colony.

Women of the outside world adored the 'shells,' but to the women who knew Bill Powell, he was their favorite actor.

With one talking performance in "Interference," the Bill Powell of Hollywood became known to the world. After seven years of dirty work, Bill suddenly found that he was a hero. Women of the world joined the ranks of the women in Hollywood.

And all his treachery had abruptly turned to charm! Bill had arrived.

This is the story of the real Bill Powell.

He lives in Hollywood with his mother and father.

He has great power of concentration—a habit which he has had all his life. When Bill was a little boy he spent several summers in a small New England town at the home of an aunt. One of his daily jobs was to go to the town store and buy the daily newspaper. Immediately upon purchase, he would spread out the paper on the store’s floor, open to the funny page, lie flat on his stomach and read the page while customers walked over him and business was done above him. He never paid the slightest attention to anyone but just kept reading until he was finished.

And now, during the production of a picture, he gives up all outside diversions until the production is completed. Upon delivery of the script, he begins reading it the first night. After his dinner, he spreads himself on his bed and works until the early hours of the morning memorizing the lines and checking the dialogue.

He studies his characterization long before he attempts to play it. Therefore, he knows what his character would do under any circumstance.

When he works, nothing is too difficult for him. No hours are too long. But when he plays, he sees that he is absolutely free from his studio contacts. He rests, reads, plays tennis and travels during his vacations.

He never talks about his screen career or studio work at home. He is never quite satisfied with his acting, a screen production or a story. He always thinks it could be better. And each succeeding production he tries industriously to make better than the last.

He reads trade magazines and determines (Continued on page 112)

Above, William Powell in the days when it was easier to call him Bill than now. He was a good leading man on the stage, but it remained for films to make him famous.

The picturesque and Paramount Powell of today—one of the really significant male personalities on the screen.

Powell has starred in some of the most important talking pictures. His latest is "New Morals."
THANKSGIVING DINNER

with the GLEASONs

By Emily Kirk

That last Thursday in November! Visions of crisp brown turkey with lots of dressing and cranberry sauce. A long table invitingly spread with gleaming silver, colorful glass and china. In the center a low bowl of late asters flanked on either side by tall candles matching the flowers in color. Small dishes of nuts and candy. Big bowls heaped high with fruit. Over all, the aroma of a delicious dinner undergoing its last stages of cooking. Anticipation!

Even in this fast-moving modern day, Thanksgiving still means the gathering of the clans—and the best and biggest feast of the season. And the Gleasons, in their celebration of this national holiday, may be counted on to have a Thanksgiving dinner just a little bit different from the rest of Hollywood—and the rest of the world.

"The Thanksgiving menu theme started in to be turkey when the first Thanksgiving was inaugurated," observed James Gleason. "The Pilgrims, as many as were left of them, got together and partook of a dinner of wild turkey, corn bread and very little else, and gave fervent thanks. But look at the modern Thanksgiving bill of fare! There seems to be a kind of unwritten law compelling one to wade through four or five entrees and finally, when the edge is off the appetite, you come to the turkey. Now as for me, I like to get right to the main issue which is turkey!"

Mrs. Gleason and Russell agree absolutely with Jim. The result is that their Thanksgiving dinners are comparatively simple. But they're the kind of feasts that make family and guests get up from the table agreeing, "My, but that was a good dinner!"

To give a good dinner is the supreme accomplishment of a hostess. Good cooking has a great deal to do with it but even with good cooking, meals can be disappointing. Lucile Gleason is a perfect hostess because she knows that not only culinary skill, but good planning, perfection of furnishing, of service, and a talent for assembling the right people are essential in making any dinner a success. And when it comes to serving a gala meal like a Thanksgiving dinner she does it to perfection, yet she saves her guests from that uncomfortable, oh-I-wish-I-hadn't-eaten-so-much-feeling. All due, we suspect, to good planning.

Cranberry sauce and turkey represent the real spirit of the Thanksgiving dinner, contend the Gleasons. So why serve salads and desserts that can be eaten any time of year? Why spoil the big act with a lot of little program stunts that really don't mean anything?
"Boiled onions!" said Mrs. Gleason firmly, when I timidly asked if another vegetable should not be added to her menu. "That is absolutely the only vegetable we serve for Thanksgiving dinner. No string beans. No artichokes. No avocados. No corn on the cob. No greens of any kind. Not even a salad. Just boiled onions! We have done the same every since Jim and I ate our first Thanksgiving dinner together, twenty-three years ago. These last few years have brought us special cause for thanksgiving because for the first time in our married lives we have been able to settle down in a real home.

"When I look back over all the years when we spent our holidays in hotels or on trains," said Jim Gleason, "and when I remember how hard it was to get a waiter to serve you a simple little dish of boiled onions when he was intent on giving you everything else but!"

The dining room in the Gleason home is one of the homiest rooms imaginable. It is panelled in walnut and carpeted in taupe colored flooring. The hangings are of cherry red brocade. The corner cabinets are filled with colorful glassware. The furniture of carved walnut is in keeping with the simple dignity of the other furnishings.

Lucile Gleason's
Thanksgiving Dinner Menu

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<th>Hors d'oeuvres</th>
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<tr>
<td>Tomato Juice Cocktail</td>
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<td>Hearts of Celery</td>
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<td>Roast Turkey with Giblet Sauce</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cranberry Sauce</td>
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<td>Mashed Potatoes</td>
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<td>Boiled Onions</td>
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<td>Spiced Peaches</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pumpkin and Mincie Pie</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cream Cheese with Apple Jelly on Crackers</td>
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<td>Cider</td>
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Spacious windows lead to the lawn and gardens. It is a room that literally welcomes you within.

Simplicity marks the table decorations for this Thanksgiving dinner. Red glass from Switzerland and silver plate are used. Mrs. Gleason prefers plate doilies instead of the large dinner cloth. Lace edged and made in Switzerland, the doilies are matched in design by the serviettes. Instead of elaborate arrangements of flowers or fruit, a bowl of silver filled with red apples forms the center piece. The carefully laid silver, smart, modern, with its exquisite finish is the Noblesse pattern, a new design in Community Plate. Four silver candlesticks hold tall red candles which are lighted for the four o'clock dinner.

Places at the dinner table are laid for Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason and their son, Russell; Mrs. Alice Webster, mother of Mrs. Gleason, and Mrs. Mina Crolius Gleason, mother of James Gleason; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Armstrong, who usually dine with the family on holidays, and Hugh Webster from San Francisco, brother of Mrs. Gleason.

The menu that makes one's mouth water just to look at—was planned by Lucile Gleason. In giving it, she remarked, with tears in her kindly eyes, (occasioned, no doubt, by the thought of all those onions to prepare) that she wished everyone in the world had as much to be thankful for this year as she has.

"And," adds James Gleason, "after you have tried one Thanksgiving dinner à la Gleason, the 1931 and 1932 and on down through the decades will be just like that."

And now, about the recipes. It is assumed that everyone knows how to roast a turkey. But good dressing is a work of art. Mrs. Gleason prepares her own, regardless of how many servants there are in the kitchen. The bread is dried for hours in a very slow oven so that it may be rolled into brittle crumbs. Celery, parsley, sage, thyme, hard-boiled eggs and onions are chopped fine and mixed with the bread crumbs. The entire mixture is moistened with (Continued on page 108)
Old English

WHAT a grand old sinner he was! That's the tag line of the John Galsworthy play, and there is no dissenting voice. Old English was a grand old sinner; and George Arliss is a grand actor—the combination is a rare treat. Arliss, in fact, has done it again. He is now the First Actor of the Sound Screen, having topped "Disraeli" with this "Old English." His latest performance is rich, racy. It is a one-man show, for in spite of the excellent surrounding actors, Arliss is so fascinating and so consummate an artist that the interest in his characterization never lags for an instant. And remember that he is playing a man of eighty—a crochety old man who has had his day and lived it to the full, but who still loves life and youth and laughter. One scene in "Old English" is sheer perfection. It's Old English's little dinner party—all by himself; but it conjures up visions of all the Lucullan feasts of all time. But then every scene is satisfying, thanks to George Arliss.

Moby Dick

THIS is the very best Barrymore! John, the graceful, the temperamental, the debonair roars and rolicks through his rôle of Ahab in this speaking version of his silent success. It was "The Sea Beast" then, with Dolores Costello in the leading lady's rôle. It's "Moby Dick," its original title, now, with robust dialogue in which the star obviously delights, a new heroine in Joan Bennett, and all the sound effects you could ask—sailors' shouts, masts creaking, wind whistling through the rigging, and, over and above all, the Barrymore—in his entire vocal repertoire of groans and curses and chuckles. It's a great part and the most sympathetic, somehow, that the star has played for the screen. Pictorially, too, "Moby Dick" is well worth your trouble. Joan Bennett and Barrymore in a lovely old New England garden by the sea make a picture you will remember a while. Lloyd Hughes is present, too. All in all, you'll come out of the theater feeling very, very nautical.

Hell's Angels

PRODUCER HOWARD HUGHES must have said to himself when he began making "Hell's Angels": "Millions for air scenes, but not one cent for a scenario!" The most amazing and exciting cloud battles ever fought in the skies over Hollywood make the young millionaire's first motion picture venture an experience you must not miss. They say Hughes spent three or four millions on his picture and you'll have no trouble believing that when you see his planes swooping through the clouds or his giant Zeppelin riding the air waves. But when you consider the story upon which these air scenes are hung—the aimless and airy wanderings of the 'plot,' the incongruities, the inconsistencies—you'll wish Mr. Hughes had come down to earth occasionally. Everybody's talking about it—its magnificent flying feats; the new girl, Jean Harlow; the scarlet scenes of Ben Lyon with a French flame; the self-sacrifices of James Hall—yes, you should see it! Running on Broadway in two theaters!
At last, a talking motion picture I can recommend to you and to your sisters and your cousins and your aunts and everybody else with absolutely no reservations! Go, and take the family with you. And you'll enjoy an evening at the movies with a clear conscience. Enjoy, I said—for David Wark Griffith's picturization of the life of Lincoln is not only 'worth-while' and all those other usually dull things, it's human, engrossing entertainment. You'll be amused and interested and thrilled and touched—and you can't demand more of your motion pictures than that, can you? Griffith has done it—the Old Master of the movies has come back. He has made a talker so intensely interesting and vivid and charming that it will live as long as his "Birth of a Nation." And longer—for there is a commendable absence of false heroics in "Abraham Lincoln." Thanks in part to Walter Huston's great Lincoln. There has never been a finer performance. Una Merkel is a lovely Ann Rutledge.

Monte Carlo

You have heard of "Singing in the rain." Now you'll hear "Singing on the train." Jeanette MacDonald does it in the opening scenes of Ernst Lubitsch's new picture, a musical romance called "Monte Carlo." Jeanette sings—in the compartment of a train speeding to the Riviera—and her accompaniment is the humming of the wheels and the whistles and the chugging of the engine—a novel and promising beginning to a picture all about a countess and a prince masquerading as a hair-dresser and all. It's all very Continental, as you might expect with the genial genius Lubitsch directing—except, that is, for Miss MacDonald's American verve and the very English accents of Jack Buchanan, the leading man, and Claude Allister, the chief comedian. The music is charming—and fragile; but as Miss MacDonald sings it, managing to look very pretty at the same time, "Monte Carlo" becomes a pleasant and persuasive occasion. You'll enjoy it.

The Bad Man

Here is an amazing portrayal to follow so closely on the heels of Walter Huston's remarkable conception of Abraham Lincoln—an utterly different Huston as Pancho Lopez, the Mexican bandit who carries on the Robin Hood tradition along the Rio Grande with slightly more ruthlessness than Master Hood ever dared to exhibit. For Pancho Lopez—he "make love, person-ell!" Like a centaur he rides with his followers to the ranch where he learns he will find a beautiful blonde, only to become involved in a series of highly exciting and amusing events. Instead of carrying off the girl he shoots her husband—the screen's nastiest—so that she can marry the man she really loves. A handy man to have around, this Pancho Lopez! You'll meet James Rennie, a charming new personality to the talkers, who plays the young American with proper heroism. Dorothy Revier is the girl and Sidney Blackmer the husband. But it's Huston who'll make you throw your new fall hat high in the air.

Walter Huston's dignified portrayal in D. W. Griffith's "Abraham Lincoln" is deeply moving.

Ernst Lubitsch's latest comedy is "Monte Carlo," with Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan.

Walter Huston in still another splendid characterization—"The Bad Man," with Dorothy Revier.
Our Blushing Brides
Three beauties—Joan Crawford, Anita Page, and Dorothy Sebastian, appear here as poor little shop girls pursued by idle rich boys. All three girls are perfectly charming; gowns and sets are lavish; Robert Montgomery plays around—it's all incredible, but always amusing.

Common Clay
The 1930-31 edition of the little heroine more-sinned-against-than-sinning, Constance Bennett, though miscast, gives a good performance. Lew Ayres' charm carries him through. Good, dependable melodrama. Matty Kemp and Beryl Mercer contribute convincing characterizations.

Anybody's Woman
An unexpected picture! Ruth Chatterton as a hard-boiled chorus girl reminiscent of her rôle in her first film with Jannings, and Clive Brook as the inebriated lawyer whom she marries, depart from their usual suave sophistication and do some brilliant acting. You'll enjoy it.

Way Out West
At last—a much-needed change for Bill Haines. They sent him out to the wild open spaces which he makes even wilder, and the fun is infectious and practically continuous. Love interest with Leila Hyams as the girl. Tenderfoot Haines turns hero in time and all's swell.

Grumpy
Who says Hollywood can't turn out a quietly intelligent film of a famous stage play and please even the devotees of the original? Cyril Maude gives a delightful performance of his popular rôle. Phillips Holmes repeats the favorable impression he has made in other pictures. See it.

Rain or Shine
You'll like Joe Cook. His first film feature is all about circus life with Joe playing a 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh' rôle. William Collier, Jr., gets the girl, played by Joan Peers. But Joe is a one-man circus; the picture belongs to him. You'll want more Joe Cook comedies.
on Current Films

Queen High
Charles Ruggles scores again. In a prohibition part, Mr. Ruggles still manages to be vastly amusing. Ginger Rogers and Stanley Smith are the nice young lovers. Frank Morgan is funny. But like every film in which he appears, it's a Ruggles show, words and music.

Top Speed
The musical comedy success makes an entertaining soundie. No wonder, with Joe E. Brown supplying the comedy, assisted by Frank McHugh; Bernice Claire for beauty and ballads, and Jack Whiting, new Broadway import and Doug Jr.'s step-daddy, playing opposite Bernice.

Animal Crackers
Yes, it's another musical comedy, but the Four Marx Brothers are in it, and what a difference their antics make. Groucho, Harpo, Zeppo, and—the other one turn a screen 'society' house-party upside down with generally side-splitting results. Go if you like the Marx brand of fooling.

Eyes of the World
Harold Bell Wright's good old best-seller comes to the screen under the direction of Henry King. If you're a Wright reader you may like it, for it's a faithful translation of the book; but if you're not you'll find it just old-fashioned 'meller.' Una Merkel is always interesting.

The Storm
Lupe Velez gets the stellar billing but the real star of "The Storm" is Mother Nature. She lets loose snow, wind, and what-not in this melodrama of the Northwest, in which Lupe is besieged by the elements and two leading gentlemen, William Boyd and Paul Cavanaugh.

The Little Accident
The stage farce makes a pretty good comedy, although the fun is heavy-handed in spots. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Anita Page, and Sally Blane are an engaging trio, but topped by lots of babies and a somewhat bigger baby named Joan Marsh, a new girl with that old charm.
Hollywood Hosts

Some of the smartest parties in the film colony are given by the mere males!

By Grace Kingsley

"They're a regular David and Jonathan pair—Charlie Ruggles and his brother Wesley, the director," remarked Patsy, the Party Hound. "And they're so happy at being together again after years, while Charlie was playing in New York, that Wesley is giving a big party at his Malibu house in celebration. We're going down with Robert Chisholm, who came from New York to play in pictures, and with Toots Pounds, of London Palladium fame."

"Sounds exciting in every way," I answered. "Especially if Wesley is giving the party."

We had to wait for Bob Chisholm to finish some scenes in a picture, and found that the lights had been so hot that his Alaskan fur suit had caught fire! "But they put out the fire before it really did any good!" grined Bob. "I could have done with a little less fur on this hot day."

Bob had been wearing whiskers, too, and was shedding them all the way to Malibu, so that when he arrived he had to dash upstairs and give his face a final going over with a razor to remove the vestiges of crepe whiskers which still adhered to his speaking countenance.

Our host greeted us at the charming garden gate of his house—all gardens at Malibu are at the back because of the beach in front—but told us he was awfully mad at us for being so late. And, of course, nobody minds one's host being mad on that account.

Charlie dashed up close behind his brother, so that we were greeted in most heart-warming fashion.

"Wesley," confided Patsy, "never lets the servants open the door for his guests."

Kathryn Crawford was wearing a boy's sailor suit, and looking very pretty. Indeed everybody at Malibu, among the feminine contingent, wears pajamas or sailor suits.

We met Richard Dix, wearing his hair very long for his role in "Cimarron," and complaining about it because of the hot weather, and saying he wished they'd never film another costume picture!

"Imagine how your barber would have a chance to kill you with conversation in those old days of long locks!" he exclaimed.

Wesley Ruggles is the ideal host. He lets his guests do as they please! And he isn't really as bored with the Torres sisters' vocalizing as he looks. Left, Renee Torres; center, sister Raquel.
We went with him out into the beachy front yard of the house, where we found many of the guests loitering on the sands in the shade of gay umbrellas, or playing games, including ping-pong and handball.

Eddie Cantor and Jack Dempsey were playing ping-pong, and Wesley Ruggles began taking movies of them with his pee-pee camera, whereupon Eddie exclaimed, "What, no money for all this work before the camera?"

But Charlie Ruggles proved himself champ ping-pong player, and insisted that brother Wes take movies to prove it.

Hopping about playing handball were Walter Catlett, Edna Murphy and Bob Leonard.

"Beach lounging should always be done, I'm convinced, in fancy silk pajamas," confided Patsy, as she noted the lovely ones worn by Edna Murphy and others.

Supper was served at tete-a-tete tables in the living room, sun porch, veranda, and everywhere about the place, and we sat down with Jack Dempsey, Edna Murphy, Ralph Inc. and others, and spoke of what fine condition Jack appeared to be in.

Somebody kiddingly inquired of Jack if he played tennis.

"No, as a matter of fact, it's too strenuous," Jack answered. It appears he wasn't joking at all—that tennis isn't good exercise for a prize fighter, since it overtrains the wrong muscles.

Everybody was battling for himself, as the food was served au buffet, and Jack gallantly handed the plate he had just garnered to Patsy, so that that sweet little Edna Murphy insisted on trotting out to the dining room and bringing him more. When Jack demurred, Edna exclaimed, "Oh, I have influence with the cook!" And Jack made up for it by serving us all with coffee after supper.

Estelle Taylor arrived after supper. She had been working in the final scenes of "Lilom," and had been signed for "Cimarron," which Ruggles is to direct. She said that Wesley had frightened her to death about the part.

"Be wholesome and sweet," Mr. Ruggles told me," she laughed. "But I told him that the hardest thing I have to do is to hold down my wholesomeness!"

Estelle is looking beautiful and slim these days, and has a fresh radiance that is very arresting. We know she is happy in her growing success.

Mary Lawlor, pretty as a pink, arrived with the handsome young Phillips Holmes, and Mary's brother, Anderson Lawler, was there, too.

Harold Lloyd was among the guests, but Mildred, his wife, had stayed at home with little Gloria, who was suffering from a cold.

Harold told us about his trip to Hawaii, and how the lepers had pleaded that he speak to them over the radio; so he broke his rule, which he had made when he left home, not to make any public speeches while on the trip, and talked to the unfortunates on Molokai.

Mervyn Le Roy came along just then. He had been playing tennis in a tournament, he said, and had won a cup.

"Have you the cup with you?" Estelle Taylor rallied him. "That's good evidence!"

Bob Leonard happened along, and was talking about some actor who had a fine education, and Estelle said there was something the matter with a man who had a fine education and yet turned actor!

Ralph Forbes was on hand with Ruth Chatterton, his wife, and Fay Bainter; and there were the two Colliers, Senior and Junior, who were among the most popular guests, as they both have a charming savior faire that is most winning.

That cute Ann Pennington was among the guests, and there were Marie Prevost, charming in a boy's sailor suit, William Seiter and Laura La Plante, Sidney Lanfield and Shirley Mason, Al Hall, Millard Webb and his beautiful wife, Mary (Continued on page 110)
"Ladies All" is a smart new comedy by Prince Bibesco adapted by Elmer Harris, well constructed and capably acted. Walter Woolf and beautiful Violet Heming are the principals, aided by May Collins, David James and others.

The STAGE in REVIEW

By Benjamin De Casseres

I'm jumping away ahead of the curtain. I've been snoopin' around. And these are some of the shows that ought to be going strong around the beginning of October (I'll tell you what I think of them later—if they are still breathing. Many that pass away in infancy will reincarnate later in the talkies. No play, like the worst vamp or gun guy, is wholly lost these days. There's always the soul of a plot to be saved):

More Barrymores! Ethel's daughter is going to carry on the old saga of the Booth-Barrymores. The daughter of Ethel Barrymore will appear with Ma Ethel in "Scarlet Sister Mary." Ma Ethel will take the part of a negress, it is said. Will she croon or buck-and-wing?

I'm wondering now how Ivor Novello's "Symphony in Two Flats," which ought to be running when you read this, went over. Novello is a sort of Noel Coward, they tell me—writres, acts, yodels, and all but paints the scenery. He's not only versatile but clever.

They tell me, also, that Bayard Veiller has got something even bigger than "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Another court-room play. It's got to hit thirteen o'clock to be better than "Mary Dugan." They wouldn't tell me the name of it; but you probably know by this time. Good or bad, however, the picture rights will be worth its weight in speak-easies.

"Symphony and Jazz," by Dr. Anspacher, will bring Julia Hoyt and Louis Calhern together under the mantle of Friar George Cohan. I'll bet Miss Hoyt smokes a cigarette a minute in this show and shows her back to Spiney Ridge.

Eva LeGallienne, who now says pooh-pooh to George Jean Nathan and the ancient tribe of malacca-cane critics, is going to give us some novelties this season. She has a well-drilled company of exotics under her baton.
Piquant comments on current plays that may be seen later in screen versions

She spurns the talkies with a frigid "Applesauce, monsieurs!" I’ve seen some corking shows down at her place on Fourteenth Street.

"Ladies All"

Westport has been discovered at last! That Principality of Art, Literature and Libido, where the sons and daughters of the Musae raise chickens,turnips and ruddy glands, broke into Broadway in a smart, mildly humorous comedy by Prince Bibesco done over by Elmer Harris. "Ladies All" is the title. It came at us smack in full midsummer, and made a hit.

Nancy has a barn-studio in the Athens of Connecticut. Staying with her is Ann, her gland-frozen husband, James, a French maid, and a chauffeur. Into this place blows Bob, a mixture of Don Juan, John Gilbert, Bluebeard and Lou Tellegen. He is irresistible to Nancy, Ann and the maid. Especially does he stir up Ann’s electrons.

Night comes on—well, anyhow, who was it that came into Bob’s dark bedroom, and—naughty! naughty! For three acts you keep guessing along with Bob. He’s in love with the bold gal—and—would you believe it?—it was that beautiful, charming, enchanting blonde, Nancy, Violet Heming!

Walter Woolf as Bob carried a delightfully civilized It. May Collins as Ann (who lied, like the maid, when she confessed to Bob ‘twas she) is not to be fired out of any room: she’s a beauty. William David as James, the human ice-box, was good.

The play is well constructed and the characters are really alive. Yes, and they are all ladies—Westport Model 1930.

"Dancing Partner"

He, Lord Robert Brummel, sex-playboy of Paris, Biarritz and all points east, tried to super-neck Roxy, the daughter of Lady Hartley, in a smart Belasco-looking airplane between Biarritz and San Sebastian—when—schlemazel!—Brummel discovered that Roxy was the same kind of girl as the Southern speak-easy visitor in "Strictly Dishonorable." In a word, Roxy, even at 1,000 feet above the gossips of southern France, was intact, all there, just as she came from her mother.

Brummel ties up with her in the regular way after ordering the airplane to giddap and turn around. For this Little Brummel was a very good boy, after all. And he took the revelation of Roxy on the chin like a real Englishman. Egad!—also huile de banane!

This is the high spot in a perfectless, witless and yawny piece of shoddy called "Dancing Partner," the first Belasco offering of the season. The play was done into English by those hardy annuals, the Hattons, from a German play, which I imagine was quite Continental in the original. It tells in an utterly lifeless way the story of how a fellow—this same Brummel—courted his girl as a gigolo on a bet, and, got his uncle to pay all his debts and shoo away the cuties. The principals, Lynn Overman, Henry Stephenson, Irene PURcell and Charlotte Granville, did their best to confuse snap into a play that has infantile paralysis from beginning to end.

But "Dancing Partner" will make a whiz-bang talkie in the hands of snappy dialogue and good song-song boys.

"Suspense"

"Suspense," a new war play, by Patrick McGill from London, may get into the talkies; but neither as a stage play nor as a possible noisy will it buck or otherwise demand "What Price Glory?" or "Journey’s End." There is a law, which applies to the drama as it does to everything else in life, which says each thing can be done well just once. After that, comes the army of mazuma bag-pipers. McGill’s play is laid in a British dugout. Well, here is the old grumbling gang of Our Heroes all gone goofy on the nerves because they can hear the steady drilling under them of German sappers planting a mine. Eugene O’Neill’s "In the Zone" is much more effective—and so would "Suspense" be if it were boiled down to one act. The breath of real life has not been blown into these soldiers. I had the idea, even in the final battle act, that it was all happening at Luna Park.

Charles Dalton and others are in the play, one of the thinnest imitations of the real thing I have ever seen. Only the screen can make it sit up.

A scene from "Dancing Partners" in which Lynn Overman and Irene Purcell are the main attractions. A German play adapted by the clever Hattons and produced by David Belasco.
Marilyn Miller arriving in New York, 'Hot From Hollywood,' accompanied by her favorite magazine. She has just completed "Sunny" and will appear on Broadway in "Smiles," a Ziegfeld production. And speaking of "Smiles," Marilyn's is very "Sunny."

DISCUSSING a certain Hollywood celebrity whose rapid rise has gone to her head rather conspicuously, Eddie Quillan said to his director, Russell Mack: "Yeah, she's so swell-headed she needs Grandeur film for her close-ups."

Norma Shearer is now a mama! An eight-pound Irving Thalberg, Jr., was born on August 25th. However, the famous mother will continue with her picture career—Norma is going to sign a new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Her first picture under the new contract will probably be "The Rise and Fall of Susan Lennox."

Mary Pickford will not appear in a Broadway play this fall. She is making plans to film "Kiki." The background of this film will be laid in New York instead of Paris; but the heroine will remain a Parisienne. Mary is learning the accent of Kiki, the little French gamine, from Maurice Chevalier. Now we can look forward to an authentic and charming accent. Thank you, Mary—thank you, Maurice!

When Eddie Cantor heard of Paramount's plans to bill Buddy Rogers as 'Charles' he decided to go formal,

Amos 'n' Andy's 'slang' has taken such a hold on Hollywood that even the 'yes men' are now saying "Sho—sho!"

Another movie romance with a happy ending—it is whispered and rumored that Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper are going to be 'United Artists'—we mean, are going to be married in a few months.

Charlie Chaplin has always expressed a desire to do Shakespeare, but Georgia Hale, his leading woman in "The Gold Rush" and one of Charlie's good friends, is a jump ahead of him. Georgia is appearing on the stage in California as Desdemona in "Othello."

There will be a screen star on Broadway, this fall,

Clara Bow having her hair dressed for "Her Wedding Night"—her next picture, of course! Is the famous red-head 'going blonde'? Well, it's all right with us.
HOLLYWOOD

for every stage star that left. Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque will appear together in a play called "Cherries are Ripe" adapted from the Hungarian, by Anita Loos and her husband, John Emerson.

If you like musical comedies, Buddy Rogers may be on hand. Buddy is taking a flyer on the legitimate stage for the experience.

It is rumored that Gloria Swanson and Basil Rathbone will play together in a French play called "To Please a Lady."

Colleen Moore is slated to do a play titled "On the Loose."

Among the other possibilities are Ronald Colman, Alice White, Walter Huston, Jack Oakie, and Virginia Valli.

Two surprise weddings! That of Vivian Duncan to Nils Asther, and of Dolores Del Rio to Cedric Gibbons. The Duncan-Asther nuptials have been threatening for a good many months but Dolores Del Rio's marriage was a complete surprise to everyone. In fact, it seems to have been a case of love at first sight for the couple had apparently known each other only a month. Dolores chose the old Santa Barbara Mission where thousands of Spanish brides preceded her, as the most fitting place to plight her troth. The city was decorated for the annual fiesta and the wedding ceremony took place on the first day of the colorful festivities.

Vivian and Nils just slipped off to Reno and were married so quietly that even her brother Harold and her sister Rosetta, who was in New York, were not present. Just how much this marriage will affect the famous Duncan Sister team remains to be seen. Rosetta had gone to New York on business and had signed a contract for the girls to appear in Chicago. After her marriage Vivian wanted to postpone the engagement so that she and Nils and Rosetta could go to Sweden for Christmas. This she was unable to do, though they may finish in time to make the trip after all. Nils is anxious to show off his bride to the home folks. Vivian and Nils have been in love ever since the "Topsy and Eva" days, and in spite of opposition from family and friends who thought their temperaments unsuited, Vivian remained loyal, gradually breaking down the opposition in her family and convincing them that Nils was the only man for her.

On the first anniversary of their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Nick Stuart invited several couples, all of whom had been married within that year, to a banquet at the Hotel Roosevelt. Nick told the assembled guests just how long each couple had been married to the minute, which must have taken a very sizable amount of calculation. The guests included Hoot and Sally Eilers.
Apparantly John Gilbert is whispering things to Leila Hyams that are not in the script of "Way For A Sailor," because director Sam Wood is trying to listen in.

Gibson, Anthony and Zelma O'Neal Bushell, Edward and Marian Nixon Hillman, Millard and Mary Eaton Webb.

Recently Everett Marshall, grand opera baritone and lead in "Dixiana" opposite Bebe Daniels, paid a visit to his home town, Worcester, Mass. After the Sunday services in the Wesley Methodist-Episcopal church he was astounded to hear the minister announce that there was a gentleman present who, although distinguished and a visitor, was none other than little Everett Marshall who used to sing in the choir! And Marshall, after he had taken his bow, was not allowed out of the church until he had sung one of the old hymns which brought back so many memories of boyhood dreams and ambitions.

You want to watch for this gal Marlene Dietrich. We saw some stills of her the other day and watched her in a scene or two and if she isn't a prize for the American dramatic screen it will be a surprise to us. We would say that she is Garbo-esque, except that comparisons, in this instance, would be rather bad taste. Each has a decided personality of her own, and probably the only way in which they really resemble each other is a certain similarity of temperament and appearance which is merely a racial inheritance. The Swedish Garbo and the German Dietrich are both very Continental.

Hollywood is awaiting the opening of "Morocco," the first picture in which la Dietrich will appear, with an unusual amount of interest; and with Gary Cooper as the star, Adolph Menjou in the cast, and von Sternberg at the megaphone, it is safe to predict fine entertainment.

And whom do you suppose is Marlene's favorite actress? Greta Garbo! She says Europe is crazy about Garbo both as an actress and as a personality. But these two who may be destined to become artistic rivals have never met. "Better we do not!" said Miss Dietrich. "I know I would act like an imbecile. I admire her so I would be tongue-tied. It is better not to meet people for whom you have hero-worship. Both appear at a disadvantage through self-consciousness—oh, she is marvelous!" she finished impulsively.

Marlene has taken America to her heart. She is very happy here. But there is one thing about her career that bothers her. She said, "If I am a success and they want me to stay here and ask me, for publicity, to talk of things one doesn't even discuss with friends—never could I do it!" she finished, with a defiant light in her eyes. "I think I would just go away."

Max Factor, the celebrated make-up man, is running a popularity contest, as you may know. It has covered
five or six cities in middle-western states already, and Mr. Factor's plan is to give one girl in every state a chance to see Hollywood. Miss Oklahoma was the last to arrive.

She was taken through two or three studios and introduced to, and photographed with, several stars. Miss Oklahoma's real name is Nell Allen. She is very young, and very pretty. She had never before seen the ocean, so her first sight of the broad Pacific thrilled her as much as meeting Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon. Another thing that gave her a thrill was Gay's Lion Farm and holding a baby lion in her arms. The lion didn't get as much of a kick out of that as Nell did. He fussed and squalled and was just too ungallant for anything.

Nell went back home with a very different impression of Hollywood than the one she brought out with her. "I thought the stars would be a little stand-offish to an outsider. But they weren't at all. They were so kind and friendly I felt we really were pals!"

Evelyn Brent enjoyed her trip to Alaska very much. "We worked like dogs, though, and got some wonderful stuff. The scenery is gorgeous up there." Doing the interiors in Hollywood wasn't so funny. Evelyn and Joel McCrea came into the RKO commissary on one of the torrid days of the year in Klondike clothes! "Betty" had on high suede boots and a heavy woolen dress. Joel had on fur trousers and fur boots!

We walked back to the set with Evelyn, and noticed she had quite a stunt for preserving her make-up. It was refreshing, too, on so warm a day. A bowl filled with ice water stood on her stage dressing table. In it floated a chamois skin. She squeezed this out and pressed the icy chamois to her face. That treatment absorbs the perspiration and keep's one's make-up from cracking. A useful thing for almost any girl to know in this day and age.

We discovered that Marlene Dietrich never uses perfume except on her hair!

It is always a pleasure to find that the gossips aren't right. It is an accepted theory that all actresses, and particularly established actresses are supposed to be jealous of newcomers in the field. Sometimes it is true, but it was quite thrilling to hear Mary Pickford remark enthusiastically about the charm of Evelyn Laye, who has already begun to work on "Lilli" under the Samuel Goldwyn banner. "She has everyone on this lot standing on their ear," Mary told us. "If she is as charming on the screen as she is in real life and on the stage, she will have a sensational success."

Which, coming unsolicited from America's Sweetheart, is warm praise indeed. Mary may have had
Getting in on a talker conference—Edgar Selwyn (center) going over the script of "War Nurse" with his cast which includes Robert Montgomery, June Walker, Hedda Hopper, Anita Page, Lenore Bushman, Marie Prevost.

he thinks nothing could put it off balance. It would be terrible extravagance to shelve it entirely, yet if it hasn’t the elements for great success there is no use throwing good money after bad. I’m going to get opinions from several other people before I decide.”

In the meantime, Mary has practically decided to appear in a picture produced by Mr. Schenck, as Douglas is appearing in "Reaching for the Moon." “It may do me a world of good to be disciplined again,” Mary said, laughing. “I’m afraid I’m spoiled because I’ve had a say about the production of my pictures ever since I was eighteen. Maybe I won’t like it, but it will be interesting to try it, anyway.”

There is a director wielding the megaphone on "Social Errors" who is new to Paramount and to Hollywood. His name is Cyril Gardner. He was an actor and started at Paramount as an assistant director. We were interested because of his quick and pleasant way of making decisions and his thoughtfulness of the actor’s comfort. An amusing scene was in progress. Leon Errol, one of Broadway’s big-time funny men, was trying to divert the attention of Mary Brian from something going on in another room. He was concocting some sort of a dish into which he put practically everything but the kitchen stove; eggs, flour, tobacco, chili sauce and a lot of other uncongenial ingredients while Mary laughed heartily over the nonsense he was talking.

Watching this performance was an older man whose name I don’t know. They called him ‘Pop.’ He was to sit on a meat block and hand this and that to Errol. To keep in the scene he was balancing himself on the ragged edge of the block at an angle of forty-five degrees. It was both an unnatural as well as an uncomfortable position.

“Sit back, Pop, and make yourself comfortable,” said Mr. Gardner.

“I can’t. They tell me I’ll be out of the scene,” Pop told him.

Gardner looked at the chopper. "Well, that's easily fixed. Lend a hand, boys." Half a dozen grips ran to his rescue and the meat block was moved three inches toward the table. It was good to find a director who challenged studio complexes and thought for the comfort of a person not a star.

Stepping from the coolness of the "Morocco" set we plunged into the 'snow' scene where "The Virtuous Sin" was being filmed. Poor Kay Francis with a mink coat to her feet and close-fitting toque of the same fur walked into a restaurant with hundreds of lights blazing full on her and some contraption blowing a kind of steam over the room to represent tobacco smoke. Off the set, Kay's eyes looked as though another minute of the discomfort she was going through would cause an explosion of some sort. Outside, the mercury registered one hundred and inside it was about the same, with the lights and close air sapping the vitality from a crowded stage heavy with real and artificial tobacco smoke. Remaining for ten minutes made our throats feel uncomfortable. What must it have been for people there all day? "You gave a swell performance in 'Raffles' if that is any consolation to you," we sympathized. Kay flashed a quick smile but sobered instantly. "That's good of you to say, but I don't think anything in the world would console me for this day's work!"

Janet Gaynor has settled her differences with Fox—the team of Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell is on again! They have started work on "The Man Who Came Back."

Charles Francis Coe, the Saturday Evening Post writer who gained fame through his gangster stories, was recently put under contract to a motion picture company and brought to Hollywood. It has come to our ears that his first talk with the chief executive somewhat puzzled him. "Write anything you want," he was told. "Any angle, on any subject. Only lay off gangster stories. They're out!"

Do you recognize Mickey Daniels and Mary Kornman (lower row)—ex-Gangsters? They appear in 'The Boy Friends' series with David Sharp and Dorothy Granger (center), and Grady Sutton and Gertrude Messinger (top row). "Bigger and Better" is their next picture for Hal Roach.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo are on their way to New York to take in all the plays, or at least all the good ones. They may go on to Europe.
Bubbles, Oregon. If you had given me a more detailed description of the picture in which Louise Fazenda appeared as one of the aunts with Doris Kenyon and Lloyd Hughes, I might be able to tell you the names of the other aunts but as it is, I'm sunk. "The Gorilla" was released in 1927 with the following players, Charlie Murray, Frank Kelsey, Alice Day, Tully Marshall, Claude Gillingwater, Walter Pidgeon and Aggie Herring. Dorothy Sebastian is 25 years old, is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes.

Elinore, Cincinnati. Am I the world's best answer lady? I'm all there is—there isn't any more! The late Rudolph Schildkraut, Joseph Schildkraut, his son in real life, Bessie Love and Bryant Washburn appeared in "Young April." Bebe Daniels, Josephine Dunn, James Hall, Gertrude Ederle and William Austin played in "Swim, Girl, Swim." Conrad Nagel is 33 years old and that's his real name. His wife is Ruth Helma, a non-professional. Address Conrad, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

B. M. W., Oshkosh, Wis. We do not publish a directory of motion picture stars, including the company by which each is employed and the photoplays in which each has starred. That would run into several volumes! "The Dawn Patrol" is from the story, "The Flight Commander" by John Monk Saunders. The principals in the cast are Richard Barthelmess, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Neil Hamilton, William Janney, Clyde Cook, Gardner James and James Finlayson. There's a grand bunch of actors and not a woman in the cast!

A Proper Bostonian. So I remind you of a chick-a-dee, do? That has all the ear marks of a compliment but can I depend on that? James Hall plays with Jeanette MacDonald, Kay Francis, Jack Oakie, Skeet Gallagher and David Newell in "Let's Go Native," a Paramount production. You can write James Hall and William Collier, Jr., at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. James was born Oct. 22, 1900, in Dallas, Texas. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 158 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes.

Richard Barthelmess Fan from Charlevaux. Do I like your favorite? Who wouldn't, may I ask you? Richard's latest releases are "Son of the Gods" with Constance Bennett, "The Dawn Patrol" with an all-male cast, and "Adios." Loretta Young is one of First National's popular stars. Her most recent films are "Too Young to Marry," with Grant Withers; and "Kismet," with Otis Skinner. Buddy Rogers will be seen in "Heads Up" with Margaret Breen from the stage and with Helen Kane, the girl with the famous pout and 'boop-a-doop.'

Inquisitive Ann. Belle Bennett is not related to the three beautiful Bennett girls, Barbara, Constance and Joan. Belle was born near Dublin, Ireland, but she doesn't give the date. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has Roman-gold hair and grey eyes. Eleanor Boardman is 32 years old, Sue Carol is 21 and Nancy Carroll is 23. Madge Bellamy is Margaret Philpotts in real life. Marion Davies is the youngest of four daughters of Bernard Douras. She was born Jan. 3, 1900, in Brooklyn, N.Y. Monte Blue was born in Indianapolis, Ind., on Jan. 11, 1890. His wife, Tové, is the daughter of that charming actress and screen player, Bodil Rosing. The Monte Blues have two children, Barbara Ann, aged four, and Monte Jr., two years old. Monte's latest picture is "Those Who Dance," with Lila Lee, Betty Compson, William Janney and Cornelius Keefe.
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And in Europe, too—in France, in England, in Germany—the screen stars have borrowed this beauty secret of the envied American stars.

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ANITA PAGE (left) adorable M. G. M. star, says: "I'm devoted to Lux Toilet Soap." OLIVE BORDEN (right) Radio Pictures, says: "It's a wonderful soap!"

98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen and the radiant skin of lovely girls everywhere are kept exquisite with LUX Toilet Soap 10c.
Graves was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on Jan. 23, 1900. He is one of the most ver- satile young men in pictures; he writes, directs and is an actor of no mean ability. When his present contract with Columbia Pictures expires, he will go over to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as a writer, I hear.

Jane E. G. You don't believe all you hear about the girls and boys in pictures, do you? They're a nice bunch of hard-working folks, trying to get along, so when you hear that Miss So-and-so is the snippest (whatever that means) girl in Hollywood, take it with the usual grain of salt. The picture was "The Little Accident" with Sally Blane, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Zasu Pitts and Joan Marsh. Anita is 20 years old, 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 118 pounds.

Hazel D. No wonder you didn't recognize Edmund Lowe in "What Price Glory?" with the hair-cut he wears as Sergeant Quidt. That was handsome Ed- die, all right. He has appeared in many successful films since director Raoul Walsh gave us that pulse-stirring war picture. Edmund's latest pictures are "The Cock Eyed World," "Thru Different Eyes," "Hail to the Bad One" and "Good Intentions."

B. S. of Virginia. Will I answer all your questions? Well, just try to keep me from it. The villain, and what a villain, in "Beau Geste" was Noah Beery. William Powell was a bad, bad man in the picture but Noah carried off the honors as about the deepest-dyed bad man of 1926. Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico. His latest picture is "The Singer of Sewille" with Dorothy Jordan, Renee Adorée and Ernest Torrence. Janet Gaynor's latest release is, "High Society Blues" with Charles Farrell. She uses her own name in pictures but in private life she is Mrs. Lydell Peck. John Barrymore was born Feb. 15, 1882, in Philadelphia, Pa. Dolores Costello is his third wife.

Mary, N. Y. Another one of my ardent followers, are you? Such is the road to fame and may I never get caught napping by the roadside. I haven't Gary Cooper's home address but you can reach him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Gary's new pictures are, "The Man from Wyoming" with June Collyer and Regis Toomey and "Morocco."

Flo, Hamilton, Ontario. I never get all upset and bothered over the questions you ask so don't hold anything out on me. Sally O'Neil's real name is Virginia Louise Noonan and Molly O'Day's is Suzanne Dolson Noonan. Mary Brian is 5 feet 2 inches tall. Greta Garbo is 5 feet 6 inches and weighs 125 pounds. Richard Bar- thelmess has brown hair and eyes. Write him at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Mary Morris at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Fay H., Memphis. Do I think I'm busy? You don't know the half of it—there should be two of me, I'm that busy. Alice Terry and the late Barbara La Marr played with Ramon Novarro in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Alice played opposite him in "The Arab" and "Where the Pavement Ends." Ramon had planned to desert the screen entirely but the event of turning pictures made it possible for him to blend his musical and acting ambitions. His first talkie picture was "The Pagan" in which he sang "The Pagan Love Song." Ah-hh-h!

Tillie A. You're afraid you'll have eye strain, looking for your answer in my de- Anata Page will give us the feminine angle of the World War when she portrays a nurse in "Wages of War," her next talker.

partment—thsh, thsh! Business of putting tongue in cheek. But aren't you lucky to be in this column at all when there are hundreds waiting for the same privilege? Anita Page wasn't really under the influ- ence of liquor when she fell down the stairs in one of the scenes in "Our Danc- ing Daughters." Anita is a blonde, that's all. She was born Aug. 4, 1910, in Flushing, L. I., N. Y. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 118 pounds and has golden blonde hair and purplish-blue eyes. She is not married and lives with her family in a Beverly Hills bungalow.

Robin Hood, Cleveland. "Mademoiselle from Armentieres" was made by an English company but released in the U. S. through Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Estelle Brody and John Stuart are English players but I haven't their life history to give you. Now, you saw scenes showing the grounds of your old home, Brentwood Hall in Durham, England, during the making of "Mademoiselle from Armentieres." Among your countrymen in the film colony in Hollywood are, Ronald Colman, Ralph Forbes, John Loder, Clive Brook, William Austin, Walter Byron, John Garrick and Reginald Denny.

Da-Da, Baltimore. All the world loves a lover and a good laugh so don't be downhearted but smile until someone else has caught or other. Francis Bushman, Jr., is a free- lance player. His latest release is with Herbert Haines, "Dolores" with Morgan and Cliff Edwards in "Way Out West" from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Address Doug- las Fairbanks, Jr., First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

An Inquisitive Canadian. So you've been following me for a long time and haven't caught up with me yet; but do you think you will? You may address Allene Ray at 6900 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Barry Norton gets his mail at 855 West 34th St., Los Angeles, Cal. Barry was born June 16, 1905, in Buenos Aires, South America. His real name is Alfredo de Biraben. He has dark brown hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 168 pounds. He has a charming person- ality and is very popular. Not married. Walter Miller was born March 9, 1893, in Dayton, Ohio. He has brown hair and eyes, 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 170 pounds. His wife is Eileen Schofield, a dancer. Thomas Edwin Mix was born Jan. 6, 1887, in El Paso, Texas. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. Wallace MacDonald was born in Mulgrave, N. S., Canada, but he doesn't give the date. He has dark brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds.

Lee, Decatur, Ill. Will I intercede for you with Joan Crawford for a personally autographed photograph? But who am I to have such a drag with the irresistible Joan? But write her one of your soul-stirring letters and perhaps you may get just what you deserve. Address her at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1501 Brin- er City, Cal. Her latest release is "Our Blushing Brides" with Anita Page, Doro- thy Sebastian, Robert Montgomery and Raymond Hackett. She's making "Great Day" now.

Gertrude, Tuckahoe, N. Y. Your first letter to me, isn't it? Now that you are in the spotlight, come again. My 'Welcome' sign is given an extra high polish for every newcomer and special pains given to all. Greta Garbo has golden hair and blue eyes, with very long lashes and all her own, too. She was born in 1906 in Stockholm, Sweden. Real name, Gosta Sjöberg. Write her at M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal. (Continued on page 26)
Costume Jewelry

One way to spend that $3 you save

Costume jewelry is merely one suggestion for spending that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of tooth pastes in the 50c class.

---

Women, sternest judges of tooth paste acclaim this modern one at 25c

Listerine Tooth Paste has passed the greatest test that can be put to a dentifrice. Tried by more than 2,000,000 American women, the most critical buyers in the world, when beauty and health are involved, it has won their enthusiastic acceptance. Old favorites at a high price have been discarded in favor of the new one at 25c.

In order to win such approval, Listerine Tooth Paste had to establish gentleness and absolute safety in actual use. It did so—on millions of teeth of varying degrees of hardness—and never was precious enamel harmed.

It had to show quick and thorough cleansing. Not merely front and back of the teeth, but between them. It had to disclose ability to remove stains, discoloration, and unsightly tartar, quickly, certainly. And show power to preserve the lovely natural lustre of sound beautiful teeth. Millions now comment on how ably it performs these tasks.

The fact that Listerine Tooth Paste sells for 25c the large tube, effecting an average saving of $3 per year per person over tooth pastes in the 50c class, is another point worth remembering.

Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today. Use it a month. Judge it by results only. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.
weight roll around the outer arch to the toes which are pointed out straight ahead as though they were hurrying up to a very special morning, if possible. Even though your feet are quite normal this is good exercise for them.

Then try a stretching exercise: Up on your toes as far as you can go, stretching the whole body as high as you can. Walk around on them that way. Be sure you keep the toes point in a bit. This is a splendid exercise for strengthening the arches, and also helps to slenderize the ankles.

Another strengthening exercise is walking on the toes and touching the heels to the floor at each step, a lifting, springing kind of walk. It is said that people of all ages may be taught to step out freely, comfortably, with renewed youth and vigor just by teaching them to walk on the outer arch and to do the tip-toe toe-and-heel exercise to strengthen the inner arch.

'Toe-sitting' is a simple but effective exercise for keeping the hips, thighs and ankles supple, and in straightening the tendons that hold up the inner arch. All people who give their feet prolonged strain and those who take violent exercise once or twice a week and are sedentary the rest of the week--those people who wear their feet prolonged or sudden strain--must guard against arch trouble.

Have you noticed how many people there are who walk freely and beautifully, as if they really enjoyed it? Some there are who swing easily and gracefully along, toes straight ahead, heads high, and with springtime in their step. Women wise in the ways of beauty know that there is no better exercise than walking. It's the one form of exercise that can be indulged in every day from January to December. But no woman can walk comfortably, with grace and ease of mind, unless she has on shoes that are large enough to allow the foot to function in a free and normal manner.

When short skirts were in vogue shoes were popularly supposed to be one of the important parts of the costume because one of the most conspicuous manufacturers of shoes was Louis Vuitton. He adorned his factory buildings with what seemed to be an endless supply of women's shoes. The same was true of many other manufacturers of shoes, and the shoes were not only worn on the feet but were also used for various decorative purposes.

The World War changed many things and it did much toward bringing about this change of heart and mind. Feet that never before had been used vigorously sent up distress signals when their owners walked around on them eight or ten hours a day. Women who had turned a cold eye on anything but a narrow shoe found they could not endure the discomfort of tight footwear. Moreover, they found it was their work that their discomfort that was causing facial distortion and grey hair. So they adopted sensible, well-fitting shoes and most of them have stuck to it. Sensible footwear has become the vogue among women of good taste because they know that beauty must be fundamentally true. And there's a great truth about heels that are too high, toes that are too narrow, lines that do not conform to the shape of the foot.

Faulty shoes cause faulty posture and this leads to trouble. Nature has a way of retaliating when she is abused. If you squeeze your foot, she will make them bigger. If you wear shoes which are tight, stiff or too short limit the action of the muscles, especially the muscles of the toes, and cause them to lose their elasticity and tone.

How can you tell whether your shoes are the right shape or not? First of all, by considering what the shape of the room should be. Stand with your bare heels together. If the feet do not come together although their whole length they have been turned from their true direction by badly designed shoes. If you wear shoes of proper design you can bring your bare feet together however long your toes are. Certain makes of shoes meet these requirements in their heels.

Shoes should not be too thin-soled or too flexible. If we could walk as Indians did, on soft, springy earth, shod in soft-soled beccacins, we would have no trouble. But we are not Indians! We live active lives. We walk on hard pavements and our feet should be cushioned against the shock of each step. One of the most effective forms of shock absorber and many of them have a complete and permanent protection. Most shoes should have fairly heavy soles and they should be long enough and wide enough for the toes to lie straight and slightly separated. The perfect shoe fits snugly around the heel and over the instep and is roomy over the toes. When buying shoes, take plenty of time. Try on both shoes and stand on one foot, then on the other. Should they seem to be comfortable when you stand with the weight distributed upon both feet, but not when you throw all the weight upon one foot the shoe may feel quite differently. Have your feet measured for shoes when you are standing, not seated with your feet on a rest. Do not overlook the fact that when carrying the body's weight the feet are longer than when they are relaxed. If your feet are of normal proportions they should have room for movement. But there is as much danger in a shoe that is too loose as in one that is too tight. See to it, therefore, that your shoes fit snugly, and that they are neither too large nor too small.

If possible, have several pairs of shoes as the same pair of shoes is likely to change them often. The shoes will last longer and the feet will fare better. Stockings, likewise, should be changed daily and washed after each wearing with boiling soap or soap flakes and, Luke warm water. Buy hose of a reputable make and see that it is well-fitting; not only over the limbs but over the toes and heels. If the stockings are too loose they wrinkle up and cause undue pressure, thus bruising the delicate, nervous, blood vessel-bearing tissue. The hose should match the shoes or some note of the ensemble. One manufacturer goes so far as to turn all the stockings to complexion. The new dull-weave hose is popular for many reasons. Two in particular. It looks twice as sheer as it really is and is actually slenderizing in appearance. Much has been said and written about high heels. Some women say they must wear high heels in order to be comfortable. Others say they must wear them to give added height.

There's a time and a place for everything and this applies as truly to shoes as to anything else. Wear them, if you must, for your hours of leisure, but don't wear them for walking, and don't wear them all the time and for all occasions. High heels throw the weight forward upon the front por-

(Continued on page 113)
“A Perfume... taught me the secret of Youth”...

says

Lila Lee

"YOUTH—what is it? An age?... a number of years? No—I thought that once... before I knew... about Seventeen. Seventeen—you’ve seen it? Worn it? Oh, you must! A glorious fragrance, like nothing else... except perhaps... those rose-colored dreams, those gossamer fancies... one has at Seventeen! It took Seventeen to teach me that Youth’s a mood... to be re-captured... triumphantly worn... forever, if I like!"

Eight Toiletries bear the fragrance of Seventeen

The Perfume... in a French-cut flacon, so smart... A Compact (single or double) which may be changed into a loose-powder compact. A Face Powder in subtle youthful shades. A Dusting Powder... that makes your bath luxurious. A Talcum. A Toilet Water... so refreshing. Two Brilliants... solid or liquid. A Sachet... the correct way to scent one’s clothing and lingerie.

Pictured at the left are Seventeen Perfume, Seventeen Sachet, and Seventeen Face Powder.
ACTLY LIKE A SAILOR'S REEFER, MADE DOUBLE-BREASTED AND TRIMMED ONLY WITH SIX SPLEN-
DID BUTTONS. THREE ON EACH SIDE. THIS SHOULD BE CREATED ONLY IN BLACK, BLUE, OR OX-AC
GRAY, PINK, OR ONE OF THE OTHER COLORED DRESSES. THE THIRD, AND MOST SOPHISTICATED
AND DELIGHTFUL COAT OF ALL, IS À LA RUSS. IT IS LONG, FLARED AT THE BOTTOM, FITTED AT
THE WAIST, WITH A HIGH RUSSIAN COLLAR OF FUR, ALMOST LIKE A HORSE COLLAR.
AND HERE IS WHERE WE NEED CAUTION AND DISCRIMINATION. FOR WITH A BELL-SHAPED
COAT, ONLY A DRESS OF LYONS OR SOME SIMILAR VELVET CAN BE WORN. THIS MUST BE OF
HARMONIOUS COLOR, CUT IN PRINCESS STYLE, LONG-SKIRTED, EVEN-HEMMED. NEITHER BLACK
CHIFFON NOR BLACK SATIN IS PERMITTED WITH SUCH A COAT, OR WITH ANYTHING, IN FACT.
FOR NOTHING SOFT, SLINKEY, OR VAMPISH IS ALLOWED THIS SEASON. EVERYTHING MUST BE
CRISP—EVEN TO VELVETS. WHICH, OF COURSE, ELIMINATES PAME VELVET ENTIRELY.
THERE IS STILL A FOURTH STYLE OF COAT FOR THOSE WHO THINK IT WISE TO INVEST A
DEAL OF MONEY. THAT IS THE SHORT ERmine COAT. AN EXCEPTIONAL AMOUNT OF ERmine
WILL BE WORN FOR THE STREET, AS WELL AS FOR THIS YEAR. BUT ONLY THE ERmine TURNED
YELLOW WILL BE USED FOR THE DAY TIME. THIS WILL BE DIED A LOVELY GOLDEN BROWN.
WITH SUCH A COAT, IT WILL BE DE RIGUEUR TO WEAR UNDERNEATH A TWO-PIECE SUIT OF
HALBARRIQU VELVETEEN, WITH A HIP-LENGTH COAT AND CIRCULAR SKIRT. THIS IS A CRISP
VELVETEEN, INTRODUCED BY CHANEL. IT DOES NOT CRUSH, IS MADE OF WOOL AND SILK, AND
IS SO DURABLE YOU CAN WASH IT. THAT SOUNDS ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE BUT I CAN ASSURE
YOU IT IS TRUE.
NOW AS TO HAIR. WITH ALL YOUR EM-
TERMENTS, YOU MUST HAVE TURBANS OR TURBANS MADE TO MATCH. THE TURBANS MUST BE
WOUND DIFFERENTLY FOR EACH PERSONALITY. FOR INSTANCE, IF THE FACE IS THAT OF
ROSSETT, THE TURBAN MUST BE DRAPPED ROUND AND ROUND. IF, HOWEVER, YOUR FACE IS
PLUMP, THE TURBAN MUST BE DRAPED TO FORM AN UP-SIDE-DOWN "V" OVER YOUR FOREHEAD
—THAT HELPS TO GIVE AN ALLURINGLY THIN OUTLINE EVEN TO THE PLUMPET OF COUNT-
ENANCES.
AND HERE, ALTHOUGH I HAD NOT INTENDED TO DO SO SINCE MY TIME IS LIMITED, LET US
TOUCH ON EVENING DRESSES AGAIN. JUST FOR A LITTLE. FOR THE NEW STYLES ARE SO DIFFERENT
THAT USING ANYTHING LEFT OVER THIS YEAR WILL DATE YOU IMMEDIATELY AS HOPE-
LESSLY OUT-MODED.
THREE STYLES I SUGGEST FOR THE OPENING
OF THE SOCIAL SEASON. FIRST, NET IS GOING TO BE EVERYTHING. NOT THE OLD NET WHICH
CAUGHT ON EVERY CHAIR AND TABLE, AND FADING AWAY AT THE FIRST HINT OF DAMNERS. BUT
STARCHED NET WHICH DAMPNESS DOES NOT
SPOIL, NOR DOES THIS SORT SNARE ON ANYTHING. THIS TYPE OF BOBBINETTE OR TULLE MESH IS
EXTREMELY SMART, BUT A SECOND AND SMARTER MATERIAL IS CRYSTAL LACE.
THE EDGE OF THIS IS BEAUTIFULLY POINTED
LIKE OLD-FASHIONED RICK-RACK. THE MESH IS A SORT OF NET WITH CRYSTALS APPLIED TO IT.
BUT IT IS SO LIGHT, SO BEAUTIFUL THAT IT
APPROXIMATES OUR CHILDHOOD DREAM OF A
CIRCUS RIDER'S SKIRT. ALL THESE NET DRESSES
FOLLOW PRINCESS LINES WITH A BROCADE
WAIST. MANY OF THEM HAVE LITTLE BOLERO
JACKETS WHICH ARE ABSOLUTELY FASCINATING.
AND HERE, OF COURSE, WE MUST MENION THE
VELVET EVENING DRESS. THIS FOLLOWS THE
PRINCESS LINE, HAS A SQUARE NECK EDGE WITH
REAL LACE, AND A LONG, FLOWING, FLARED SKIRT.
PERHAPS THE MOST IMPORTANT DETAIL
OF A WOMAN'S WARDROBE IS HER DINNER DRESS.
WHEN WE ARE NOT GOING ON TO THE OPERA OR
A FORMAL DINNER, AND WISH TO HAVE A QUIET,
INTIMATE DINNER AT THE ST. REGIS OR THE
Ritz, a metal brocade is the thing. IT IS STRIKING, DOES NOT MUS, AND IT LASTS.
THESE DRESSES HAVE NO SLEEVES, THE SKIRTS ARE FLARED, AND WITH THEM IS WORN A LITTLE
JACKET. TOPPED OFF BY A METAL TURBAN, THIS TYPE OF DINNER DRESS IS TERRIFICALLY EFFECTIVE.
PERHAPS ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING DE-
VELOPMENTS OF THE SEASON ARE GLOVES. WITH BLACK EVENING GOWNS, MOST OF THE PARISIAN
DESIGNERS ARE SHOWING PINK KID GLOVES, BUT SUSANNE TABLOT HAS INTRODUCED PINK
VELVET GLOVES AND THESE ARE BEAUTIFUL. FOR WITH A BLACK COAT, ONLY A DRESS OF LYONS OR SIMILAR VELVET CAN BE WORN. THIS MUST BE OF HARMONIOUS COLOR, CUT IN PRINCESS STYLE, LONG-SKIRTED, EVEN-HEMMED. NEITHER BLACK CHIFFON NOR BLACK SATIN IS PERMITTED WITH SUCH A COAT, OR WITH ANYTHING, IN FACT. FOR NOTHING SOFT, SLINKEY, OR VAMPISH IS ALLOWED THIS SEASON. EVERYTHING MUST BE CRISP—EVEN TO VELVETS. WHICH, OF COURSE, ELIMINATES PAME VELVET ENTIRELY. THERE IS STILL A FOURTH STYLE OF COAT FOR THOSE WHO THINK IT WISE TO INVEST A DEAL OF MONEY. THAT IS THE SHORT ERmine COAT. AN EXCEPTIONAL AMOUNT OF ERmine WILL BE WORN FOR THE STREET, AS WELL AS FOR THIS YEAR. BUT ONLY THE ERmine TURNED YELLOW WILL BE USED FOR THE DAY TIME. THIS WILL BE DIED A LOVELY GOLDEN BROWN. WITH SUCH A COAT, IT WILL BE DE RIGUEUR TO WEAR UNDERNEATH A TWO-PIECE SUIT OF HALBARRIQU VELVETEEN, WITH A HIP-LENGTH COAT AND CIRCULAR SKIRT. THIS IS A CRISP VELVETEEN, INTRODUCED BY CHANEL. IT DOES NOT CRUSH, IS MADE OF WOOL AND SILK, AND IS SO DURABLE YOU CAN WASH IT. THAT SOUNDS ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE BUT I CAN ASSURE YOU IT IS TRUE. NOW AS TO HAIR. WITH ALL YOUR UN-
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AND HERE, ALTHOUGH I HAD NOT INTENDED TO DO SO SINCE MY TIME IS LIMITED, LET US TOUCH ON EVENING DRESSES AGAIN. JUST FOR A LITTLE. FOR THE NEW STYLES ARE SO DIFFERENT THAT USING ANYTHING LEFT OVER THIS YEAR WILL DATE YOU IMMEDIATELY AS HOPELESSLY OUT-MODED.
THREE STYLES I SUGGEST FOR THE OPENING OF THE SOCIAL SEASON. FIRST, NET IS GOING TO BE EVERYTHING. NOT THE OLD NET WHICH CAUGHT ON EVERY CHAIR AND TABLE, AND FADING AWAY AT THE FIRST HINT OF DAMNERS. BUT STARCHED NET WHICH DAMPNESS DOES NOT SPOIL, NOR DOES THIS SORT SNARE ON ANYTHING. THIS TYPE OF BOBBINETTE OR TULLE MESH IS EXTREMELY SMART, BUT A SECOND AND SMARTER MATERIAL IS CRYSTAL LACE. THE EDGE OF THIS IS BEAUTIFULLY POINTED LIKE OLD-FASHIONED RICK-RACK. THE MESH IS A SORT OF NET WITH CRYSTALS APPLIED TO IT. BUT IT IS SO LIGHT, SO BEAUTIFUL THAT IT APPROXIMATES OUR CHILDHOOD DREAM OF A CIRCUS RIDER'S SKIRT. ALL THESE NET DRESSES FOLLOW PRINCESS LINES WITH A BROCADE WAIST. MANY OF THEM HAVE LITTLE BOLERO JACKETS WHICH ARE ABSOLUTELY FASCINATING. AND HERE, OF COURSE, WE MUST MENION THE VELVET EVENING DRESS. THIS FOLLOWS THE PRINCESS LINE, HAS A SQUARE NECK EDGE WITH REAL LACE, AND A LONG, FLOWING, FLARED SKIRT. PERHAPS THE MOST IMPORTANT DETAIL OF A WOMAN'S WARDROBE IS HER DINNER DRESS. WHEN WE ARE NOT GOING ON TO THE OPERA OR A FORMAL DINNER, AND WISH TO HAVE A QUIET, INTIMATE DINNER AT THE ST. REGIS OR THE
Gifts...to Inspire Pride...

What would she like? What would he appreciate? Perplexing problems indeed, especially at holiday time...yet made simple by the pride-inspiring leather creations of Meeker. Wonderful new designs of beautiful leathers, color-toned, and smart, durable billfolds, key cases, cigarette cases and lighters for men now await the discriminating buyer at Meeker dealers in your city or town.

There is something more than just quality and smartness of design in Meeker-Made fine leather products...a definite individuality easily recognized. In Meeker handbags and underarms this individuality has come to be known as "Purse Personality". That's why Meeker products are quickly accepted as Gifts to Inspire Pride.

The new winter designs in gifts both for men and women are now on display at your jeweler's, at better department and drug stores and at the leather gift shop.

THE MEEKER COMPANY, INC., JOPLIN, MO.
Largest Manufacturer of Steerhide Products in the United States
THE LUCKIEST BOY IN HOLLYWOOD—Continued from page 51

wise she just wouldn’t ‘click.’ Lew has a small organ in his apartment which he plays when he isn’t working and his highest ambition—next to flying—is to have a large enough to contain a pipe organ!

And another tip. Start right in on Ravel and omit the parts of "Leda". Ravel doesn’t like jazz any more. That is, unless it’s especially good. "Like Paul Whiteman or George Gershwin, but the others..." And never make a mistake, either, because that’s something Lew always listens for and if he hears one well, you’d just have to get another one, that’s all.

Perhaps Constance Bennett is our most bitter rival. But that’s because she knows so much about music. "She’s an interesting person," Lew admits, "and knows so many things about art and music. But then she’s been every place!" (Lew played in her "Common Clay").

Such competition! Such luck! Lew admits he has been lucky, "I got some good breaks," he will tell you. "You can’t explain it any other way. I happened to come along at the right moment and wore the right clothes or the right expression and when fate pointed her finger there I was, in the way!"

Lew had a six-month’s contract with Pathé at first and did extra work and bits, and then was let out because he wasn’t any good! Then M.G.M. needed someone for the part of the boy in "The Kiss" with Garbo. It was at the time of the Equity strike and there were no available boys. Someone saw Lew’s test and he got the part. "But it was just a break," said Lew.

You can see Lew is charmingly modest as well as handsome.

That must have been a thrill, working with Garbo, we hint.

"Oh, Garbo!" Lew was enthusiastic. "Of course, I didn’t know her very well. She’s older than I am. I was eight or ten years not in years but in experience and feeling. She’s marvelous. But I think she’d drive a mad mad. She’s really mysterious. To me she was the same miss appeared on the screen and she looked the same. Too, I think it is true that she cares nothing for clothes—only that of that! Sometimes when she was in certain moods she would sit with her chin on her hand and look off into the distance for minutes, for hours, almost. And I never knew what she was thinking about. At first I worried and wondered if it was because she thought I was missing the picture. But it was different after I had worked with her for a few weeks. Then she would talk with me and kid me and I never noticed when she got into one of her distant moods.

"She and Constance Bennett have something in common, I think. In that they both seem to have a feeling, a kind of a feeling that we have a feeling of wealth. You know that they have depths of power, of emotion, that they can appeal."

"Now I am about to do a picture with Lupe Velez, who is certainly a different type. It seems to me she is just the opposite of the other two."

Lucky, lucky Lew to work with so many sirens!

But his last picture contained nary a siren. Lew’s next one, "Starred in "A Handful of Clouds.,"

"There’s a picture and a part!" said Lew. "I was a baby-faced bandit and perhaps I’d be sitting at a table and see someone I didn’t like—or perhaps I’d been paid to do it—but I’d take out my gun, nonchalantly, smiling all the time—and go bang!" Lew demonstrated just how he did this, with his thumb and forefinger. Then he’d see he enjoyed it. He is only twenty-two.

"All Quiet on the Western Front" is another picture. Lew enjoyed doing and critics enjoyed seeing. A picture entirely without women, but Lew, you see, didn’t mind that! What a lucky Lew this Ayres boy has been. Born in 1908 in Minnesota, he’ll be twenty-two next December. He attended San Diego High School and the University of Arizona in due time. He followed his bent for music and learned to play the piano, guitar, and banjo. What more natural than that he should gravitate to a jazz orchestra? He played at The Plantation, The Cocoanut Grove, and the famous Beverly Wilshire in Los Angeles; and even, it is said, sang in a café in the colorful border town of Tia Juana. One afternoon at a tea dance at the Roosevelt Hotel, he was engaged in conversation to a manager who got him the six months’ contract with Pathé.

"That was great experience," said Lew. "I needed it. But I would never have done any real extra work, I don’t believe. I just couldn’t. But there will never be any extra work now for Lew. He likes drama, he says, and isn’t ready for comedy yet, if ever. He admired Valentino as the ultimate of many things. He was anybody’s wish to follow in the cinematic footsteps of Richard Barthelmess.

So lately, in a short year and half of talkies he has made progress. Watch for him with Lupe Velez in "East is West" and decide if it is all luck with Lew!

THANKSGIVING DINNER WITH THE GLEASONs—Continued from page 85

melted butter to hold it together. Salt and pepper are added to taste. The mixture is spread out thickly and baked securely as far as the last step before the turkey is slid into the oven. When it comes out, it is brown, savory. It can be made carefully on a huge platter that has been in the family for generations.

If you want to serve mashed potatoes that have the delicate fluffiness of whipped cream, Mrs. Gleason suggests that you discard your potato masher after a very few 'mashes' and use a silver fork. Add plenty of milk and when the potatoes are a mound of white fluff, pile in a baking dish and place in the oven to brown.

And now, having completed the main part of this meal—(don’t forget the onions)—you say you have only to boil them until tender, add lots of butter, a little cream, salt and pepper, and they’ll be perfect!—we’ll go back to the beginning. The tomato juice cocktail is made of canned tomato juice, seasoned to taste with salt and pepper and tabasco sauce. It is a fine, crisp, cool drink. An item of interest to the feminine guests of the party is that this cocktail is both appetizing and non-fattening.

The caviar and egg hors d'oeuvres are very simple to make. Boil eggs hard, cool, and chop the whites fine. Mash the yolk and arrange a portion of caviar in the center of the biscuit. Then add a row of the yellow of the egg. Finish off with the white at the outer edge.

Sprinkle the entire biscuit with paprika.

To prepare the goose-liver appetizer, boil the livers and unmold them crisply, then add a pinch of salt and pepper, Worcestershire sauce and mayonnaise and spread on the crackers. Add a small fork of caviar to each.

To serve with the other hors d'oeuvres roll cream cheese in chipped beef and slice through. Sprinkle the circles with paprika to make them look more attractive. Chopped onion, celery and paprika may be mixed in the cream cheese before it is used, if desired.

To prepare the cheese dessert, mix equal parts of cream cheese and whipped cream together. Serve on crackers with currant or apple jelly.

Spiced peaches are prepared during the fruit season and are served with fowl on many occasions in the Gleason home. Following is Mrs. Gleason’s recipe, also her recipes for mince and pumpkin pies without which no Thanksgiving dinner is complete.

SPICED PEACHES

Remove skins from several pounds of peaches. Have ready a syrup of five pounds of sugar, one pint vinegar and one cup water. Add two-thirds cup stick cinnamon and one-third cup cloves. Add a few of the peaches at a time, with one or two cloves pressed into each. Turn the fruit over in the syrup, then let it sit in the syrup for a while. When cooked, place peaches in fruit jar. Reduce the syrup and fill the jars, sealing them.

MOUTH MINCE PIE

Seed and chop one cup raisins. Add four cups crackers, one cup red currants, one cup melasses, one and one-half cups sugar, onehalf cup vinegar from a sweet pickle jar or the same amount of pickles. Add a half cup melted butter, two eggs beaten light, salt and spice to flavor. Mix all well together and bake between two crusts.

PIE CRUST

To three cups of sifted flour add level teaspoon of salt and one teaspoon of sugar. Add one half pound of butter, cutting it into bits and quickly covering each with flour. Add two-thirds cup ice water between there over and over, being careful not to pour twice in the same place. When the mixture is moistened sufficiently so that it holds together turn out on rolling board and roll quickly. Place on ice until needed. One secret of good pie crust is to leave the dough on ice over night, if possible. Better success is had with butter instead of lard.

CUSTARD FOR PUMPKIN PIE

Stew or steam enough pumpkin to make one pint when mashed. Put through strainer and add one tablespoon butter. Stir in two eggs, well beaten, and one-half cup of sugar. Add 1½ cups pureed fruit with a little spice, melted milk. Turn into pie-pan lined with crust dough and bake in a modern oven one hour.
for November 1930

STYLES IN SEX
Continued from page 25

tions of Bebe and Colleen than a most
languidly personality turned every stand-
ard coo-eyed.

A long, rangy girl came out of the North.
Very shy, more than a little frightened,
and not at all beautiful according to the
then-standards, this young woman stepped
off a boat docked in New York harbor.
She was supposed to be a big find. But
when the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials
got her out to Hollywood, they began to
scratch their heads and caress their droop-
ing jaws. For what Mauritz Stiller con-
sidered big business in Sweden looked
like a big bust in Hollywood.

Of course, it's Greta Garbo I meant. Her
clothes looked funny. Her coiffure was
strange. She was too tall, they thought.
But she developed into the one woman in
screen history. She embodied forgotten
dreams.

Immediately we began to try to copy her.
We let our bobs grow long. We wore
high heels to be as tall as we could. We
began to wear different clothes. We read
different books. We endeavored to put
the spice of romance into our every-day
speech. We tried to do everything that
we humanly could so that the man of our
choice could see in us some tiny vestige of
the Great Garbo.

But vainly. For the great Garbo, alas,
is inimitable. She is the one and only—im-
possible to imitate by professional and
home women alike. It was much easier,
therefore, to go along the lines of least
resistance and be flapper-wise, like Clara
and Alice. A pleated skirt, a revealing
sweater, a smart hair-cut and a smarter air
were the only ingredients necessary.

After a while, though, even that began
to pall. It was too easy. Too obvious. So
when Evelyn Brent began her series of
underworld portraits as the gummin's moll,
we began to follow that sex style.

How hard-boiled we thought we were.
How many cigarettes we let droop from
the corner of our mouths. But then the del-
gue descended. Husbands and lovers rose
in revolt. To say nothing of fathers. It
was all right for them to admire movie
heroes a little rough and ready on the
screen, but it was something else again
when wives and sweethearts began to turn
an off-color tinge in real life.

After a flood of tears on the part of
the girls, and some slight profanity on the
part of the men, we promised to reform.

It wasn't hard. For quite conveniently,
just then, those dressing little kids, Dorothy
Lee and Lillian Roth, and others of their
kind, began to set an entirely new sexy
style. This became the era of the song
and dance girls. And we all went down-
town, bought practice rompers and began
going in for tap dancing. It became a
real vogue. Nobody was anybody unless
she had a half-dozen lessons in tap. Hips
got slimmer, cheeks got pinker. And a
good lusty tune was had by all. Until an-
other bout, this time the Ile de France,
docked in New York. And we poor be-
ighted ones of the western world learned
that it was all wrong. Quite, quite wrong.

For Miss Constance Bennett, Nee Plant,
the silken siren, arrived in America, to
take up again her work on the screen. And
with her came a whirlwind of exoticism.

How really lovely she is! What a
wealth of old-world beauty and tradition
she brought back with her. The style in
sex veered as sharply as a schooner in
the wind. The Alice and Clara school be-
came as quaintly old-fashioned as a Model T
Ford. And even Lillian and Dorothy, with
all their pretty verve, became as innocuous
as last Sunday's sashert.

We were glad enough to follow Con-
stance's style, so far as we could. For she
is the veritable grande dame, 1930 model.
She combines beauty, intelligence, good
taste and art, with youth, modernity, vir-
cacity. And it was she who acted as a pre-
lude to Kay Francis, who is the present-
day exponent of the last word in sex
styles.

When you first see Kay, you think she
isn't beautiful. But she has some quality,
difficult to describe, but more important
than beauty. The nearest I can come to it

is distinction, character, superb sophisti-
cation. Most sophisticated screen women, hither-
to, have been a little hard. Their eyelids
had looked too long upon the world and
consequently became a little 'weary.' But
not Kay. When you observe her, you im-
nediately think of England—I don't know
why. You think of emerald green terraces,
with stately peacocks, and a no less stately
butler bringing out an old Sheffield plate
tray covered with a Georgian service for
tea under the elms.

Kay Francis embodies what almost every
man hopes for in his mate. She combines
sophistication, amusement, humor, with a
background of character, loyalty and
charm. In fact, she combines the best
features of mistress and wife. I can im-
agine her all in one evening, first in
beautiful lounging pajamas, lying in her
dressing room on a chin-zoned divan,
smoking and throwing off amusing epi-
grams to her husband—if she had one—
who sits in a chair beside her. And then
an hour later, I can just as well imagine
her, gowned in simple white satin of a
cut so subtle it makes you despair, enter-
taining the Prince of Wales at a perfect
dinner, followed by a smart little dance.

It seems to me an indication that we
Americans have extremely good taste since
we have crowned Kay Francis the woman
of the moment. She is not, of course, as
beautiful as Nancy Carroll, nor as witty as
Marion Davies. But she is not only the
last word in modern manners and modern
sex styles—she has even won honorable
mention from that most critical and elusive
of men, Ronald Colman—who has never
before condescended to admire a mere
screen female. Which, of course, confers
a hallmark on femininity very comparable
to that which sterling bestows on silver.

Joe Frisco imitating a movie butler. Beg
pardon, Mr. Frisco, but even a movie but-
ler doesn't buttle with a cigar in his mouth!

THIRD PRIZE IN MARLBORO AMATEUR COPY CONTEST

Mr. Albert Millet
of New York
won 3rd Prize
with this advertisement

"Why does that man make such funny faces, Mamma?"

"He isn't making faces, Frankie. He is
moistening his cigarette to keep it from
sticking to his lips."

"But why does he cough, Mamma? And spit?"

"Be quiet dear. He got the end of his
 cigarette wet. And he doesn't like to chew
tobacco."

"Look Mamma, do gentlemen use rouge?"

"No, Frankie, that red spot is blood! The
poor man tore his lip when he moved
his cigarette. It's too bad somebody doesn't
tell him about Marlboro's Ivory Tips!"

For other prize winners watch magazines
and newspapers.

MARLBORO
Plain or Ivory Tipped: No Difference in Price
HOLLYWOOD HOSTS—Continued from page 91

Eaten, Bert Wheeler and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woolsey, Neil Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton, Ilka Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Warner Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. Tod Browning, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Dwan, Skeet Gallagher, Rube Goldberg, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur William Green, Inez Court-ney, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Henry Harron and Olive and Anna Toll Gourne Osmstead, George Olsen and Ethel Shutta, Louis Serecky, Harry Tierney and his wife; Lina Basquete, Paul Schofheld, Sam Shepherd; Rona Carroll, Virginia Valli, and a score of others.

John Boles was there with his nice wife, and we heard from someone present that there is a possibility of Boles appearing in a musical version of "The Sheik," which made Rudy Valentlyo famous.

Thelma Todd, looking very smart in a sports suit with a cloak, was there with Harvey Priester. Bill Haines was on hand, kidding everybody as usual, and looking very handsome.

Mervyn LeRoy, the director, who is about five feet tall, declared that he was going to be Jack Dempsey's trainer, and that he, Mervyn, was the only man in the world afraid of him.

Which we knew was the beginning of some kidding. Whenever there's a crowd, Mervyn always puts up some job on Jack, and Jack was apprehensive. So when somebody called out that a man wanted to see the ex-champ in the garden, Jack grinned and said "All right," as he went out. So far as we knew there were Buster Colli-er and Bill Haines ambushed, waiting to wrestle with him, and he had to win a match with both of them before he could return, but it took him just about a minute to finish them.

After dinner, there were several games of bridge for those who cared to play, and we found William Collier, Sr., a great addict, as is also Ruth Chatterton.

Our party split to go home, as Bob and Toots were to go with one crowd and Patsy and I accepted the offer of Thelma Todd and Harvey Priester to go in Har-vey's big open Cadillac, Harvey driving his usual sober pace or so around the still curves leading to Malibu. "Anyway," remarked Patsy, "if I'm killed and go to Heaven, those angels can't tell me a thing about the sensation of flying! I'm getting it right now!"

"A GARDEN party! Doesn't that sound lovely and Continental!" exclaimed Patsy, "and especially as it is to be given by Oscar Straus!"

The weather behaved beautifully that evening, and so did the moon. Not Mr. Belasco himself ever furnished a more charming full moon than that which cast its rays on the Straus lawn and gardens at the rear of their beautiful Beverly Hills home.

"Mr. Straus really should play The Blue Danube Waltzes tonight," remarked Patsy, as, having been let in by the butler, we went upstairs to "rest our wraps. But one has such a time getting him to play," she went on, "he's such a retiring person."

"Mrs. Straus is one of those severely beautiful German women who have a fac-ulty, with their radiant kindness, of mak-ing you feel that the whole world is all right."

She and Mr. Straus greeted us in their warm, cordial way, and we found places in the drawing room, where already we discovered some guests had arrived.

Mrs. Lubitsch, lately divorced from Ernst Lubitsch, was there. She had come with the writer, Hans Kraly. Also, she was wearing a big, new diamond ring on her engagement finger. She said she was happy, but she wouldn't tell us just why!

Paul Kohner, of Universal officia-land, brought the lovely Lupita Tovar. Miss Tovar told us how she had, as a school girl in Mexico, won a beauty prize, and said she was much surprised. Maybe she was, but we aren't.

Oscar Straus, who wrote "The Chocolate Soldier," you know, as I said, is a very modest man. He bothers about his guests, in a bashful sort of way, quite as if he were a timid guest, instead of a great musician, and he bestows kindly, tentative little attentions on people.

The garden was so inviting that we didn't stay in the house long. It was so warm that we found it delightful out there even in our evening dresses with no wraps, and we walked about, looking at the roses and the lily ponds, fragrantly ghostly in the moonlight, while we chatted.

Out there we found the two Strauss sons, Irvin and Walter, handsome and interesting looking boys both, rather reserved, but gallant and with just a touch of sophisti-caction despite their youth.

"But a different sophisticaion than that of our native youth," remarked Patsy. "It's a gentler sort of sophistication. It takes itself for granted, isn't so self-conscious."

Irvin, though only nineteen, has already written a successful operetta called "Think of Me," which is running in Vienna. He is a vibrant sort of person, nervously ac-tive. He is already at work on an oper-etta here.

"And I love jazz," he explained. "In fact," he went on, "I have written a so-nata, which I played in Paris, and which is almost entirely jazz. My father has to keep on writing in his old vein. The pub-lic wouldn't have anything else from him. But do you know, sometimes I think he'd love to go modern?"

Walter, the other son, is a painter, and finds delight in California brightness, he says.

Supper was served on tête-à-tête tables on the lawn and veranda, and we sat with Mrs. Lubitsch, Hans Kraly, Lupita Tovar and Paul Kohner.

The dishes at supper were largely Euro-pean, and Mrs. Straus proudly explained to us that she had made all the strudels herself! There were delicious raisin and apple ones, as well as other kinds.

After supper, we strolled in the garden with Paul Kohner, and Paul, who used to be engaged to Mary Philbin, remarked dreamily, feeling the spell of the time and place, that this was Mary's birthday. And he wondered if she would think he would remember!

The Straus boys joined us, and we said how young their mother looked. Then Mrs. Lubitsch's two school-boy sons came with us, and they told us how their mother was often mistaken for their sister.

Lupita Tovar surprised us by letting us in on the fact that she is part Irish! There was dancing on the tennis court to the music of the radio, and Lupita did the fox trot with Paul Kohner.

We went then with Irvin Strauss out into the music room in the garden, and there he played his sonata for us—an odd, fascinating thing.

Presently, everybody withdrew into the drawing room, and there we listened to some charming music on the piano—but our host wouldn't play!
Now...
try Kleenex for Handkerchiefs

It is softer, more hygienic.
Ideal for colds, hay fever.

YOU know what Kleenex Tissues are... those soft, dainty tissues that smart and beautiful women are using to remove cold cream.

But did you know that Kleenex is rapidly replacing handkerchiefs among progressive people?

Kleenex is so much more sanitary. You use it just once, then discard it. Cold germs are discarded too, instead of being carried about in an unsanitary handkerchief, to infect the user and infect others.

And Kleenex is infinitely more comfortable. Every tissue that touches your face is soft, dry, gentle and absorbent.

Kleenex is the size of a handkerchief. It's very soft. Each tissue comes from the box immaculately clean and fresh.

You can buy Kleenex in a large or small size package at any drug, dry goods or department store.

The coupon below will bring you a generous sample, absolutely free.


EX-FOLLIES GIRL!
Continued from page 66

Before she had completed this assignment, Al Jolson, in a search for the right woman to play opposite him in "Big Boy," saw some of her scenes in the projection room.

"Get me her!" shouted Jolson, and a new gate to opportunity was opened to this "lucky" girl. Jolson had interviewed more than fifty actresses without finding one with the requirements he had in mind, when Miss Dell came, as he declared, "as an answer to prayer."

When it came time to cast the James Oliver Curwood story, "River's End," there was not much debate about the feminine lead. Nearly everyone concerned with the production agreed that Claudia Dell should play it. And so came her third big part within three months after she had entered a picture studio for the first time in her life.

Yes, Claudia was lucky when she came to Hollywood. But no one who has seen her work before the camera, or heard her voice in "Sweet Kitty Belfairs" will agree that luck is the answer to the unparalleled flight of Claudia Dell from obscurity to fame in motion pictures.

Madge Evans and Jean Shelby as they appear in a Vitaphone two-reeler. Madge Evans was a child actress in the movies before they could talk.

One of the outstanding charms of this girl now makes itself known. She does not take herself too seriously. She likes her work, but she enjoys other things as well and takes time out frequently to enjoy them. She is a swimmer of real athletic propensities and has accumulated a variety of medals won in diving and swimming competitions. But she is proudest of having once saved a life by means of her prowess in the water.

She has endeared herself to her associates at the studio by reason of her geniality and her keen sense of humor. But chiefly because of her habit of punctuality.

The attractive woman companion with whom she is customarily found, and whom many people mistake for an elder sister, is her mother. She describes her mother, when talking to others about her, as a "knockout." And she's her mother's daughter!

OFFICE WORKERS find Kleenex invaluable for handkerchiefs, for applying make-up, for towells, and for removing creams after the daytime cleansing treatment which every complexion should have.

MOTHERS have discovered that Kleenex makes perfect handkerchiefs for children. What if it's lost... the cost is not worth figuring. And think—no more washing of grimy little handkerchiefs.

FOR COLDS AND HAY FEVER. Other people appreciate your use of Kleenex during colds instead of the germ-filled handkerchief, which is a menace to those about you.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE


Please send me a trial supply of Kleenex free of charge.

Name........................................
Street........................................
City...........................................
State.........................................

Kleenex comes in white, and in three lovely tints. Colors are guaranteed safe and pure.
latter kind of beauty is rare, and it is also great. It is usually possessed by women who are governed by moods; moods that are painful and suck them in themselves so that they are lost to the world, moods that are active and full of fire that transforms them from head to foot.

Often the painful mood not only withdraws them into themselves, but seems to drain the blood away from the surface, and leaving a look of plainness. This undoubtedly accounts for the fact that at times Greta Garbo seems plain. If she is also careless of appearances, it is because such natures are stripped from within by such strong feelings as to make the outer world uninteresting and even unnecessary.

It is hard for Americans to believe that anyone who has the chance for it will actually shun publicity, interviews, making speeches and otherwise 'selling' herself all over the lot. Yet such natures exist. There are some people who actually put their work above their personalities, and who don't give a tinker's damn how they appear outside of work. There are actually those, too, who feel that they arecheapening themselves if they allow themselves to be popular. Miss Whitaker seems to think that Greta Garbo shrinks from interviews, parties and the like because of fear. And yet this is the same Greta Garbo who faces the eye of the camera and the ear of the microphone—something admitted that takes great courage, indeed, especially if

POWELL—PRACTICALLY IN PERSON—Continued from page 63

mines whether or not a picture is good by its status at the box-office.

He finds it more difficult to learn lines now for the screen than he did when he was on the stage. He is usually in Hollywood during the summer, when he stays in a hotel in a great house. Once in a great house, he was attending high school. He always sings when taking a shower. His aunt, whom he stayed with in the summer time, said she always liked to have Willard around because he created such a cheery atmosphere with his happy singing voice echoing up and down the town's street.

Bill is very thorough in whatever he attempts. But generally, he attempts only what appeals to him. Usually, he evades things he does not like to do. He lets them slide as long as possible and then suddenly gets a severe conscience lecture and does all his disagreeable things in one day. He hates to write letters. He only sends them to a few of his personal friends. These are written long after they should have been sent. Once in a while, while he thinks of some of these 'must-be-an-answered' letters early in the morning. He-jumps up and answers them before he has eaten or dressed. When writing letters, his mind runs far in advance of his pen. He dislikes taking still pictures. He puts off the ordeal as long as possible and then every four or five months he comes into the portrait gallery with numerous changes of clothes. He will stay from 11 o'clock in the morning until 8 o'clock at night and goes for several hundred pictures. Bill Powell is very generous. He is sympathetic. He has lost much money through loans to people who were down and out. But his days of money loaning to would-be friends are now over. The last straw was pulled when Bill and a friend exchanged their $600 checks with each other for the underwear and each was not able to cash his for two weeks. When he went to the bank, the friend had never had a checking account in the bank. He dislikes crowds of people. He keeps away from theater openings, personal appearances and the downtown sections of Hollywood and Los Angeles.

He is very practical but hates to be associated with figures or anything commercial. He is in motion pictures first for the remuneration and second because he likes to act. Although he never talks about himself, he has confidence in himself. He likes comfort but has no flare for luxury. He dislikes 'show.' He is a very easy person to know if one has the opportunity. He has very few personal enemies. Fewer, perhaps, than any other person in Hollywood—except Garbo.

When he meets people, he looks at their eyes and can read their personality. He has an ability to analyze motives of the people he meets. He treats everyone just the way they treat him.

More women like Bill Powell than men. He is amused by the fact that women are entertained by men who are witty conversationalists, yet they prefer to prefer strong silent men. He likes to dress well on the screen, but he is not very much interested in his clothes for private life. He likes to wear comfortable, old suits when he is by himself.

He never takes routine exercises but keeps fit by playing tennis.

He is a good cook. He has his lunches served in his dressing room at the studio because he likes to eat in his dressing gown.

He is usually late for appointments although he does show up sooner or later with a very good, logical excuse.

He doesn't want to work on pictures for a very long time. He wants to be able to take excellent care of his family and himself for the rest of their lives and then travel. He wants to return to Hollywood for one picture every year or so. He loves to rest and be lazy but he could not stand an incessant life of ease.

When he is in a talkative mood, he is the most interesting and amusing man in Hollywood. He never loses his sense of humor. He loves good-no mean food. He has his lunches served in his dressing room at the studio because he likes to eat in his dressing gown.

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room checking over the new donations. After the shopper had overheard everything in the place and bargained for her purchases, Mrs. Wood asked my advice. I've come down on everything else but I'll be jiggled if I'll come down on the striped trousers. They are priced at two-fifty and she wants them for two!"

"I advised Mrs. Wood to stick to her price and she did. Followed terrific argument, finishing at a deadlock. In three days' time the stout lady was back. Disappearing into the cabinets she came out triumphant and smiling. 'Well, I see you still have the pents! Wouldn't it be better to sell to me for two dollars than to sell at all for fifty cents?'"

"I could hardly keep from laughing but stuck to my price. This comedy went on for days. Then a man appeared, declaring right off the bat that he was an actor in desperate need, a thing no actor would do. A flash of intuition told me that this was the husband of the stout second-hand dealer. He didn't miss a thing in the Shop and finally selected a very worn one for my vile. He explained, 'C'm, I murmured. Later he selected another dress, a very small one, one of Mary's, in fact. For your daughter I asked. He started, 'No—no—for my wife, you know.' 'She must be an amazingly elastic woman,' I thought. He came out of the striped trousers. Two dollars and fifty cents,' I said firmly. 'I give you two dollars,' he replied. 'That's what your wife wanted them for,' I explained. My bomb. 'What, my who?' he asked, stunned, and then I let him have it. 'Do you know that your husband is the husband of that stout woman who came in here so many times?' The argument was at an end. He staggered out under an armload of clothes. He drew out a huge roll of bills and paid for the things with the first two or three. 'For a staring actor you're doing pretty well,' was my parting shot. But that wasn't the last of him. In a few days he came back and went directly to where he fully expected to find me. 'Told you he came out of the Shop.' He hung broadly. He continued to come in and snoop around for bargains, declaring to all his fellow good friends and understand each other!"

Other things are not so amusing. A well-dressed man unostentatiously an actor entered the Shop and asked if there were any shoes. He was shown the selection. Neither Miss Turner nor Mrs. Wood knew. He asked questions, thinking they would rather look over the things at their leisure and when they want advice they will ask for it. The man selected a pair of shoes and looked at them with embarrassment. Miss Turner asked whether he would like to try them on in the dressing room. He brightened visibly. She noticed that each time he came out to get another pair hoping he would find one that fit him, he had on his own shoes. The door didn't close after one of these trips and Miss Turner saw that almost the whole foot of his sock was out. It was practically an open door. He probably had just enough for shoes so that he would look presentable when he went his rounds of the studios for work. Yes, it's as bad as that.

How to get back to "Do you have any shoes?"

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You'll never know what real fun and good times are until you've learned to play some musical instrument. For music is a joy-building tonic—a sure cure for the "blues." If you can play, many invitations come to you. Amateur orchestras offer you wonderful afternoons and evenings. Never before have you had such a chance as this to become a musician—a really good player on your favorite instrument—without the deadly drudgery and prohibitive expense that were such drawbacks before.

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Catalog describing all Courses from the Secretary

Room 253-K  CARNEGIE HALL, New York
Miss Turner and Mrs. Wood had to fight fear of a bare cupboard. On each of these occasions, she re-marked the stuff, opened the doors and even fanned for it. It worked each time. Trade became even more active and donations poured in.

An amusing thing happened recently. A lady admired a gown of Mary Pickford's. She was slender but very tall. She put on the dress and said strange things up and down models, and said, "That's a lovely blouse. I'll take it!"

Another lady wrote that she heard the Shop had furs to sell. She would like three on approval and if they were cheap enough she would buy one. Her preference was for silver fox for which she didn't expect to pay more than twenty five or fifty dollars. And there was the disappointed one because there was not an ermine coat for sale. "Oh, I did so want an ermine coat, and I thought surely I could get one here for about fifty dollars."

Mae Murray did give a caracal but it is a little too much to expect even of a screen star to turn round and spend excesses and expensive jewelry. They make a lot of money but they have to spend a lot, too.

To offer rather infrequent rebuts there is the graciousness of those who give so willingly. When the driver called for Miss Banky, things there were so many that it necessitated several trips from the house to the car. "My servants are out," Miss Banky explained.

"But I will do anything for you." The driver never got over that.

Ruth Stonehouse called up in a terrible dither because she had not received a letter asking for donations and only just heard of the existence of the Shop. "Why has she not been asking for funds? Do you know I can always find something for items of this sort." "Woman, I'll be darned in twenty minutes!" promised Miss Turner.

Miss Stonehouse, or Mrs. Felix Hughes as she is now, went through all her things. "We'd like to give a little," she said. "And do you think that would be useful?"

As much as they two could stuff, it was sent out to the car. When the store first opened the prices were higher for very expensive things. A dress worn once by Vilma Banky, the latest style, sold for fifty dollars. It probably cost near to three hundred.

The foundation spirit of the Shop is truth. When the tag says the article belonged to Elsie Janis, Bessie Love, Billie Dove, Ronald Colman or anyone else, you may bank on it that it's true. There are some donations from people who are in the profession but not players and some not in the profession at all. This doesn't mean things to boys and girls, but pictures who are looking for a good wardrobe at nominal cost, but it does mean a great deal to the outsiders who buy them. And because they make it a favorite thing. Nothing donated from these sources is marked with players' names.

Miss Turner and Mrs. Wood see a great future success and Mary Pickford feels that with average cooperation the Shop could go on for another thirty thousand dollars a year for the Relief Fund.

WHICH IS THE REAL GARBO?

From page 18

The answer to your question is Garbo, the woman. Yet thus is Garbo the actress labelled.

"I could not live without acting," says Greta. "You know, when talking pictures came in, I said, 'I learned I was to play 'Anna Christie,' I wouldn't take a voice test, but just studied the lines. When they told me that I had to walk on to the set and said, 'Gimme a drink of whiskey, and gingerale on the side. And don't be stingy, baby!' I talked out on the set and they slipped on the scene. When we heard the playback, and I heard that 'Gimme a drink of whiskey' and everyone seemed so relieved. I didn't smile. I just said, ' Gee, that doesn't sound like me, does it?'"

And then: "That night I went to see it in the projection room. I was too nervous to stay, so I never saw the picture until it opened down-town. I wanted to get the shock over at all once."

And that is about the longest speech Greta has made to anyone. She was caught in a rare moment of loneliness when she would walk, just for something, but soon she ceased abruptly, her mouth hardened a wee bit, and she looked desperately tired, hardened.

In her new picture, "Romance," she is a very naughty, tempestuous opera singer. She wears some gorgeous old costumes, five shoes, with extraordinary funny little hats with feathers. Garbo loves these. She is childishly delighted with her costumes. The going to be significant, this girl the most difficult Venus. She may be Viking, but she isn't Venus. But she is gifted of the good fortune, the wrong clothes, the wrong disposition. Thus, perhaps, does Destiny hold her a thing apart with her Art, in a world that worships beauty and social graces.
who came to see the family. When in school and high school I led the singing, and at college I sang in the Glee Club. But the twist of fate that really led me to taking up vocal work as a career was one of those hunches one sometimes get! I really believe that a sincere hunch is a sort of 'nudge from God'—and a mighty fine thing to follow.

I was very ill with tonsillitis, and under ordinary circumstances I would not have thought of getting up, much less of singing; but I happened to read in the local paper that the famous singing teacher, Oscar Seagle, was to be in my home town for two days, and that he would listen to voices, and give his advice to the ambitious young singers of the town. So up I got and went down to sing for him. In spite of the bad throat and much nervousness, his advice to me was to go to New York and work hard, with a career in view.

I owe a great deal to Oscar Seagle. I have followed his advice in all things regarding my voice. When I cannot study with him, I work with one of his assistants. Here in California I coach with Harold Kellogg.

It is good to go to Europe, France, Germany or Italy, whenever it is possible. I spent a year studying at the de Reszke school studying, but always under the guidance of Mr. Seagle, with whom I went to Europe. I would advise anyone who can to spend some time in Europe; it is a splendid background and an inspiring memory, but it is not at all necessary to become a singer.

There is only one method of right singing—the Italians of the old school had it and today many singers of all nations hold closely to the fundamentals of this great method; and though some may wander from the path occasionally, anyone who has his foundation will never entirely get away from right singing.

To all who feel that they have the urge and talent to enter pictures, I would say the most necessary requisite to have is a photographic personality. By that I mean for you to look at yourself in the mirror and ask openly and honestly, "Have I good features and do I photograph well?" This does not mean that you must necessarily be an exquisitely beautiful girl or an unusually good-looking man. Many, many picture stars are not; but, if you take most of them apart, you will find that ninety-nine percent of the men and women who have made good in pictures have even, well-formed features and a very definite photographic personality.

I can almost hear many of my readers reminding me of this or that one who has had, or is having, a great film flare, whom they consider neither good-looking nor talented. I grant you all that, but the biggest percent of the stars who have appeared in the cinema sky and still twinkle there, are in the class I mention. Now-a-days, if you have this photographic personality and a good singing voice besides, there will surely be a place for you in pictures, for though the ranks are full to overflowing there is always room for one more with real talent and strong ambition.

Many may learn to sing, but without intelligence nobody can become an artist. Now if you have this photographic personality, a good voice, and intelligence—try your luck at pictures, but do not be so misguided as to think that the path of the picture stars is strewn with roses, for the heartaches and the disappointments are deep to anyone who sincerely tries to perfect his or her work at every turn.

There has never been a picture that I have made, that I have not realized I might have done many things better. Don't think for a minute that we can sit back and rest on the laurels of one or two good pictures. Everyone in pictures must think of weight, health, appearance, reputation—and to all this has now been added a good speaking and singing voice. It is no small job to keep in voice all the time. I am often asked how I manage it. I think keeping in good shape physically has much to do with one's voice, but I'm sure the native son of Texas to say I feel better and sing better in real, genuine hot weather like we have in my native state!

If you are singing at the screening, work sincerely and slowly, and remember that it is this sincerity and love that will photograph as plainly as your eyes. For after all is said and done, the voice on the screen is a tone picture of your soul.
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LOOK FOR THIS COVER

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ART IN THE SCREEN THEATER Continued from page 61

with Christopher Morley, had such success in the Hoboken theater venture, turned the old church into a theater. All during the winter of 1926-27, while the deep snow lay on the ground and the harsh wind blew through the unheated building, Moore and his friends worked unceasingly. By the spring of 1927, his legitimate theater, the Cape Cod Playhouse, was in order. And he persuaded a group of Broadway actors to come up to him and help him organize a Playhouse Company, which would stage the best of Broadway successes and occasionally something in the experimental line.

The actors responded nobly. Broadway's best came that first year—and since. Peggy Wood, Basil Rathbone, Violet Kemble Cooper, Janet Beecher, Laura Hope Crews, Minor Watson, Romney Brent, and others were among the first. And the initial success was not only a striking artistic success, but it paid its own way and there was a little money left over besides.

But it wasn't because of this legitimate theater that the dramatic eyes of the world became focused on the little town of Dennis. It was the Talking Picture which finally touched off the flame!

When talking films reached the country by storm, Moore determined to build at Dennis the most beautiful small film theater in existence. He realized then what a lot of money just realizing non— that talking pictures have called on through all countries a more intelligent class of production and a more intelligent class of audience. And he realized that it would be this intelligent audience which would demand not only beauty of production but beauty in the playhouse itself. And so it turned out to be.

Once again Moore received the help of his friends. Rockwell Kent, the artist, Jo Mielziner, the scenic designer, and Alfred Easton Poor, the now famous but then comparatively unknown young architect, and others. And within two years the Cape Cinema, Raymond Moore's second successful theatrical venture—a film theater—came into existence.

As you drive down Cape Cod through West Barnstable and old Yarmouthport, you slow down. At the old town of Dennis, you make a left turn. And there, through a pasture drive-way, with flickering oil lamps set high on old posts, you reach the Cape Cinema.

There it stands, in the middle of a farm of twenty-seven acres, with the deep blue sea one side and the deep green pine forest at the other—a dream of beauty come true! Surrounded by rock gardens, old-fashioned flowers, deep pools filled with gold fish, and various actors' cottages and the general boarding-house where Georgie Mason, a famous Cape Cod cook, dished up the best food on the Cape, it is a monument to amusement, to progress, to art.

At its left stands the Cape Playhouse. On a summer evening you can see Alice Brady driving up in a leveried car to the stage door. Or Chrystie Herne sitting on a bench under the trees, discussing her costumes with her colored maid, or perhaps a group of Russians, in their brilliant blouses, members of the Russian Ballets orchestra who play in the stage box, will be scattered on the fragrant grass. In the door of the scene shop, Eugene Pitsch, theater carpenter, smokes while he thinks over the stage settings he has just completed.

As we leave the Playhouse and come towards the Cinema, we see Raymond Moore standing in the lobby, conversing with the passer by. He is tall, slim, handsome, but prematurely gray at 31. He is discussing some important point with Rockwell Kent, the artist, who agrees with him good-naturedly. Behind them stand Jo Mielziner and Miss Cora Fitzgerald, the business manager.

The building is painted white and was designed by Alfred Easton Poor before he became famous after winning the government award for the Wright memorial at Kittichawk, North Carolina. Mr. Poor was himself at one time a Provincetown painter. He has always been a lover of Cape Cod and he determined he would conform the new theater to the best of Cape Cod architecture. At Centerville, he found an old church as his main plan. And he allowed for the latest improvements in acoustics, ventilation, projection and individual comfort.

As you enter the playhouse proper you are struck at the contrast between the inside and the outside. From a simple Cape exterior, you walk into an absolutely modernistic interior.

The most beautiful feature is the mural by Rockwell Kent, which vaults the ceiling, coming down on each side of the wall to the top of the gray slate-tile wainscotting.

This mural, said to be the largest in the world, covers 6,400 square feet. It represents heaven. A heaven of love, of strength, of beauty. It is a tremendous splash of inimitable coloring. Deep blues, rich yellows, with symbolic figures of the Dog Star and the Bull. In it we see the marvelous figures of gigantic lovers. We feel the pulse beat of a primitive world, the space and rhythm of an entire universe.

Rockwell Kent, assisted by the scenic designer, Joe Mielziner—Kenneth McKenna's brother—created this mural and gave it to the cinema. It took him five months to design it, and it took ten workmen five months to perform the mechanical work alone. The labor cost $22,000, and this expense was defrayed by the widow of a millionaire who maintains her summer home near Dennis.

The mural was painted all in one piece at the New York Triangle studios where many world-famous painters do their work. But the unusual part about this one is that it is the only mural Kent ever did, and the only thing he ever painted or designed for the theater. He never had done anything for the stage before. But now he is mad on the subject of talking pictures and talking picture theaters.

When the time came to transport the mural, it could not be done all in one piece. It was, therefore, cut into five strips and carried by trucks to Dennis where it was transferred to the ceiling, being affixed to this lofty spot by a mixture of molasses and white lead.

The theater, which seats 359 people, contains individual lounge chairs, of black
for November 1930

lacquer, upholstered in tangerine suedine. They were especially designed by the Frankl Galleries. They are spaced so that latecomers have plenty of room to find their seats without falling over the early comers’ knees! A great thing for the cash customers, but hard on the designer of the building, since massing of people in theaters is one of the best ways to get good sound reproduction.

The electric curtain is the last word in movie curtains. It looks like an enormous Japanese fan, folds back in layers at the slightest touch of the operating push button, and has painted on it a modernistic sun with rays extending to all sides. This was Kent’s idea. It was also his suggestion to have the moon represented by the rays of the projection machine.

The foyer of the theater is as lovely as the cinema itself. Again the blue ceiling represents the sky with the most beautiful modernistic chandelier—like some brilliant, brittle comet of silver ice—penetrating from it.

The enormous floor rug is light gray, the walls a slightly darker gray, and set in silver panels at intervals along the wall are many of Mr. Kent’s choicest black and white works, several of which have been exhibited in the leading art galleries of the world. And all of them carry out the central idea of the mural—love, beauty, strength.

This cinema confines itself almost entirely to giving world releases of famous pictures, even before Broadway and Hollywood see them. Here was first shown “With Byrd at the South Pole,” “Man-slaughter,” and D. W. Griffith’s splendid “Abraham Lincoln.” Twice a week, in the afternoon, it is pleasant to visit the theater for we hear the laughter of children at their special matinées, as they watch Bobby Fulton stage his weekly puppet shows, or as they see an old Pickford or Chaplin or Fairbanks film again. For, it must be known, the children are almost the only ones in the world, today, entirely loyal to silent pictures.

Perhaps the most extraordinary feature of the whole business, even more astonishing than the blue and patent-leathered ladies’ lounging room which looks like the inside of a colossal pocket-book, is the refreshing frankness of Raymond Moore in his advertising bills.

He tells his patrons: “We shall endeavor not to waste your time or insult your intelligence by offering mediocre films. If films do not meet our standards in all respects, we shall say so in our preliminary advertising.”

Moore has always looked on the legitimate theater as his first love. He started out as a student actor with Stuart Walker’s Cincinnati Company. He is also a playwright. But he had the foresight to accept the talking picture as an artistic addition to the legitimate stage. And he has used it, as George Arliss says talking films will inevitably be used, as a brother, a friend, to the legitimate drama. Instead of deriding or despising talking pictures as some stage producers might have done, he has bent them to his own ends, using this, his second love, as an adjunct to his first. And it is through these two theaters, the Cape Playhouse and the Cape Cinema, that Moore has brought common understanding to many people, hundreds of miles away from Broadway, on a dirt road, lit by oil lamps.

Moore’s idea is rapidly spreading. There is such a film theater in the smart section of Detroit. Several in Paris. Three in Germany. And one in Shanghai. And although the legitimate drama was Raymond Moore’s first idea in the Cape Cod development, it is now the Talking Picture which carries the torch for her statelier sister.

Norma Shearer has a nice, new baby boy and she also has a nice new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer so her retirement from the screen will be temporary.
JOHNNY THE KID—Continued from page 34

Harry said Johnny Mack.

Harry is the oldest of the six brothers. He is the only one of the sextette who did not play football.

Harry, John and Tobert were the leaders of the Dohan gang. The trio stuck together through thick and thin, fought each other's battles, led the raids on the neighboring watermelon patches, read "The Three Musketeers," and decided to go away to college and to be 'big guys.'

When John wanted to play football on the high school team, civil war raged within the Brown household. His mother, like all mothers, dreaded the thought of injuries to her son. The other brothers stood by Johnny and helped him to win his parents' consent.

The second Brown brother earned his way through high school. He helped his father in the store, did all sorts of odd jobs and still found time for football practice and games.

Then, in his senior year, the scouts from the southern, and some northern universities camped on John's trail, extolling to him the virtues of their respective schools, trying to persuade him to bring his football genius to their gridirons.

It was Johnny's mother who decided that he should go to the University of Alabama. She was very ill at the time and she asked Johnny to stay as near home as possible. So Georgia Tech lost the second Brown and Johnny joined the team which later came to Los Angeles and opened the door to screen fame for Johnny.

Two years later Tolbert joined Johnny at Alabama, playing football and following in his All-American brother's footsteps. He is now in the automobile business in Detroit, striving rapidly toward success. The fourth brother, Billy, is a senior at Alabama. Fred is in high school and Dave is still struggling through the mazes of grammar school. But just ask them what they are going to do and they will chorus without a moment's hesitation, "Go to Alabama and play football."

The five brothers are proud of John, but deep in their hearts they feel that a darned good football coach was lost when Johnny decided to become a motion picture actor. The elder Browns are sort of bewildered by the flights of their breed.

"But Mother and Dad never tried to tell us that they wanted us to do," Johnny was fingering the gun which had belonged to the real Billy the Kid, "they didn't care what we decided to do so long as we did it well and made a success of it."

Hollywood and screen success have failed to change Johnny Mack. He might still be living in Dothan, Alabama. He throws the same enthusiasm into making pictures that he would have thrown into making football teams if he had become the coach which he had intended to be before Fate and George Fawcett and the movies stepped into his life. After all, Harry is the best bond salesman in Atlanta and Tobert is a crackjack automobile man, so it's up to Johnny to make a success of the motion picture game if he wants to live up to the standards of his six brothers.

And that is the boy who is playing one of the most cold-blooded, yet soft-hearted, bad men in the history of American banditry.

"Every boy who ever lived played bandit at some time in his life, and every boy who ever lived read all the adventure stories he could find," Johnny remarked as he put Billy the Kid's gun back in his holster. "It's just human nature, I reckon, for us to like to hear about folks who do the things we wouldn't dare to do or wouldn't really want to do."

That's why I was so tickled when they gave me the part of Billy. He's sort of a mixture of all the two-gun guys Harry and Tobert and I used to read about. And best of all, he's a real person, not an imaginary one. It was the biggest kick of my life to go into the country where he actually lived, making scenes for the picture, and to listen to the old settlers who really knew Billy. I felt as if I were living in a paper-backed thriller!"

Billy the Kid left a trail of death and bloodshed.

The six Brown brothers are making a history of youthful success and accomplishment.
and way points, but you have more fun with them.

"In New York a man hates to be conspicuous, but here they don’t care—they’ll go on roller-coasters with you, unself-consciously! I like their good fellowship. I think I prefer the writers and directors to the actors, because I enjoy brassy, intellectual men, but I’m not thinking of marrying one!"

"Any market to be good must be well-balanced," explains Mary Doran, "the supply must equal the demand. That’s why Hollywood isn’t a good marriage market. There are many more girls, beautiful, clever and accomplished, than there are marriageable men.

"Beauty is a drug on the market. The prettiest girls in the world are here. Cleverness and intelligence aren’t appreciated, for Hollywood is surfeited with both. When the supply exceeds the demand, the market drops. Any girl who wants to find a sound, sane, successful marriage, should seek another spot."

"Oh, I don’t know!" puts in Leila Hyams, "wherever men and women meet and work together, a marriage market develops automatically. There’s as much opportunity for meeting the right man in Hollywood as any place—and just as much chance of meeting the wrong one someplace else. I just the same, Leila was married in Manhattan!"

"Give Hollywood boys a break! Every real man has his mind made up to find a nice wife and settle down! When I’m 25 or 30, I’ll be married—watch me!" threatens Arthur Lake, "and no girl need chase her legs off trying to catch me. I’ll do the pursuing, thank’s!"

All young girls looking for husbands should pack up and start out for Hollywood at once," cries Dorothy Lee, "sooner or later, all good-looking men come here, test. This is a materialistic age and men all over the world are reluctant to assume the responsibility of matrimony unless the future is secure. And whose future is that way?

Walter Pidgeon whimsically averts that eligibility and susceptibility are not geographic. "Girls are brought into contact with men more than in any other business. Day after day, working on sets with the same group of boys, girls, and maids, that great aid to Cupid! My husband, Hal Wallis, and I became interested in one another through close contact when he was director of publicity at Warners and I was a contract player."

"It’s too bad to give an adverse impression of Hollywood as a marriage place," declares Richard Dix.

"I think Southern California is the ideal place for a girl to do her husband-hunting. Men who have missed millions come out here to play—ambitious men come out to make fortunes—the pick of American and European men come out to serve the film industry."

"Girls intent on marrying rich men should take golf, for this is the world’s playground and the wealthy indulge in this game. When a man is playing, he is in a mood for romance. Therefore, learn to "Fore!" and you’ll find yourself in the center of the marriage market!"

"Chances for successful marriages are greater away from Hollywood," is Charles Bickford’s suggestion. "People here live on their emotions. They dramatize themselves and they dramatize marriage. Everything is seen, felt, and unreal. They can’t help it—they wouldn’t be actors, if this weren’t true. But it is."

"It’s a gambler’s market—sometimes good, sometimes bad," declares John Mack Brown, "the population isn’t stable. People have no common background, not even the same standards. I think marriage in any other place is likely to prove more lasting, for the parties to it are fairly sure of what they are doing when they marry—the man with his background, tell each other’s language. In Hollywood, they gamble on marriage. The result may be good or bad.

"I’m glad I married Mrs. Brown in Alabama. We know each other.”

"A marriage market is what each individual makes it. If you are in the market for matrimony, Hollywood is as good a place as any other," retorts Robert Montgomery.

Irene Rich widens her eyes in amazement at the idea of girls courting men.

"I never heard of such a thing!" And then, I don’t understand why Hollywood men well. My friends have always been from outside the movie circle. Still, I can’t imagine my daughters buying tickets for boys to take them out! I think they’d stay home forever... If it’s true, I can’t help feeling the girls must be to blame. They should wait to be sought."

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The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows actually grow. If you want long, curling natural lashes, and the eyebrows made intense, strong silken lines! Read what a few of them say, I have made such a bold a nostrum public that these letters are voluntary and genuine. From Miss Heffinger, 240 W., "I B. C., Carlsbad, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted... I notice the greatest difference... people come in contact with remark how long and silky my eyebrows appear."

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From Miss Flora J. Corriveau, 8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.: "I am most pleased with your Method. My eyelashes are growing long and luxurious!"

Results Noticeable in a Week

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and iridescent—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime know that you can have your eyelashes and eyebrows as beautiful as any you ever saw.

Remember... In 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If you are not absolutely and entirely satisfied, your money will be refunded promptly, without that troublesome nicety, no strings. Introductory price $1.95. After the price will be regularly $3.00.

Lucille Young

Grewer will be send C. O. D. or you can send money with order. If money accompanies order post-age will be prepaid.

Lucille Young, 484 Leslie Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

GROW EYELASHES and BROW 8een

and money, a combination you seldom find elsewhere. I am engaged since I got here, and I didn’t court my man, or anything."

"That two can live as cheaply as one is a great theory," says William Collier, Jr., cynically, "but it falls under practical
Oh! Oh!

This is just a plea from one lone picture-goer, though I know others will agree with me on this subject. Please, Messrs. Producers, give us more real life stories and less musical comedy. We do much too much! Like the proverbial turkey before Thanksgiving we have been fed-up; but unlike that august bird we would welcome the ax if it would be the means of escape from witnessing another singing and dancing show. Yet it seems that more than half the picture output is made up of these films.

Take a tip from me, Messrs., Producers, and give us plays with real stories before you have the whole movie paced on your hands with that dread disease "Musical Show-downs." The symptoms are many, including a violent pain in the neck followed by a queer but familiar sensation in the pit of the stomach when the above is mentioned.

George May Hana, 434 South Street, North Long Beach, Cal. is looking for her Princess Charming and when she finds him, regards her love for him and his love for her as the most precious and holiest thing. Her knowledge of such pictures as "Seventh Heaven" and "The Street Angel" with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, such pictures are soul inspiring and helpful to all humanity.

Helen Schmidt, Kissimmee, Florida.

She 'Knows Her Movies'

I am a teacher of literature and history to high school girls and boys. I am also an ardent movie goer. A strange hobby for a teacher? No, a most natural one. I urge my pupils to take advantage of the marvelous opportunities motion pictures offer in the way of authentic historical facts and literature of all ages. Movies bring out the elements of human interest far better than the printed page. Real people, real places, and real events colored with some appealing angle for human interest and sympathy.

Also, these modern high-school students are sufficiently well-informed to be selective in their choice of films or to respond readily to the guidance of a teacher who proves that she 'knows her movies.' An infrequent poor choice, even, provides helpful contrasts, or creates more balanced views of life.

We are to prepare them for life. Then let's show them life as they will find it. Show them beautiful, inspire them through portrayals of exemplary manhood and womanhood, arm them with pictured facts, and lastly, aid them in applying these facts.

Elizabeth Cunningham, 2286 Fourteenth Street, Detroit, Mich. Apt. 217

Heroes Made Real

Young or old, we're all seeking thrills and romance! We all love heroes. From the cave man of the stone age to the blues-crooning daddies of 1936, they all parade before us in colorful array on the silver screen.

Motion pictures are the answer to many a prayer, a pleasant change from the humdrum of everyday life. We live through the pictures as though we ourselves were the characters, realizing our dreams come true. They are a tonic for those who have to be 'shown'!

Never were the trials and adventures of our pioneer forefathers better portrayed than in "The Covered Wagon." The beautiful character of Lincoln unfolded so realistically that everyone felt him a personal friend.

The horror and terror of the World War was unbelievable until all phases of the great struggle were brought to light in pictures such as "The Big Parade," "Hell's Angels," "All Quiet on the Western Front," and "Journey's End." People who doze in class the day "King of Kings," "Naah's Ark," or "Ben Hur," Napoleon, Washington, Disraeli, Robin Hood—heroes all, historical or mythical, are astonishingly real.

All this we owe to a beloved colony of artists, producers, directors, cameramen and technicians whose combined efforts have given us our motion pictures.

Helen F. Fletcher, 1639 North Avenue 54, Los Angeles, Cal.
This New Generation

When the Lord said "Each generation shall be wiser," He surely meant the pictures and their artists as a means to this end. For I have learned more since modern pictures were introduced than in forty years of practical experience. If I thought my Johnny was a smart boy, sure 'tis Johnny's little ones that can sharpen my wits with their 'picture education,' telling me about the foreign countries and their customs and languages, singing the new and old songs, dancing my steps and the new steps and noticing we must speak quietly and pronounce our words like Navarro and Barrymore. And the wit of them! They never will need the Blarney stone! I look to see the next generation discard books and learn from the pictures.

Mrs. C. Riordan, 4650 Kennerly Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Movie Magic

Movies! Have you ever wondered what they really are? Ask some people and they'll say, "Why, movies are stories acted by people." Or they may say, "Well, let's see." Movies are a high art—they're—good! I don't know! Or they may use a lot of long words and not say anything. Do you really want to know what they are?

Movies are magic, that lifts you up out of the drab land of mere existence into the fairyland of dreams. They take you out of your home with the kitchen sink full of dishes, the baby crying, the telephone and the door-bell ringing all at once, into glamour, thrills and adventure. Movies mean springtime in the bleakest winter, cool summer resorts in the hottest part of summer. Movies mean places never before dreamed of—foreign and lovely lands for those who cannot go. This is what movies are—and all this magic and beauty for a few cents!

May Jean Maxwell, 3534—81st Street, Jackson Heights, L. I.

Wants 'Everyday' Stories

I believe that talkers as a whole would be improved if they dealt more with everyday people of the American middle-class today. It is this class of people who are most interested in the movies and they like to see and hear on the screen romantic tales of people like themselves and like the people with whom they come in contact daily.

There are, in my opinion, too many tales laid in foreign countries, too many stories of the very rich. The best thing the movies do is to put glamour into seemingly prosaic lives. They can best do this when they deal with the real, human, middle-class Americans that many of us are and that we see every day.

Julius Mims, Fort Benning, Ga., Box 1956.

Honor Where Honor is Due

The talkies are a constant surprise. Several weeks ago I saw and heard Greta Garbo in "Anna Christie." In this production, she brought us the fine art of the talkies and the technique of fine drama.

Ruth Chatterton has honors due her in "Sarah and Son" when she made one forget and live with her, through the picture. I believe that she and Ann Harding are the best dramatic actresses on the screen.

When choosing something with a bit of spice and a bit of lure I turn to William Powell. Never have I heard or seen anything to equal him in "Street of Chance." It was a relief to find an actor who takes his work so seriously as does Mr. Powell. Kay Francis also deserves much credit in this fine production.

Mrs. Vere Allender, 4322 Jacob Street, Wheeling, W. Va.

Speaking of Girls—

Doug. Fairbanks, Jr., celebrated motion picture star, whose latest production is the First National picture, "Loose Ankle," says:

"All the girls that reach the top in movieland, seem to have one quality in common — and that's sparkling, lustrous hair. Somehow, producers appear to consider it an absolute necessity."

Lustrous hair! Men who are continually surrounded by beautiful women can tell you how important it is. And lustrous hair can be yours — easily, pleasantly, economically — through Hennafoam. This shampoo contains just a pinch of henna to light the fires in your hair. It never affects color. But what a difference it does make. Ask your druggist, or send 10c for generous sample to the Hennafoam Corporation, Department 115L, 311 West 42nd Street, New York City.

Reduce Hips

often 2 to 4 inches in 10 days

YOU can do it — easily — with the wonderful new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle. Makes you look slimmer the instant you put it on. Exerts a constant, gentle massage that breaks down the fat cells, moulds away flabby flesh and reduces waist and hips—often from 2 to 4 inches in 10 days. Made of finest quality, fresh, live, pure Plantation Rubber by the famous Goodrich Rubber Co. Cool, comfortable. Right—some models weigh as little as 9½ ounces (garters in included)—full of tiny bals of quick acting fibre that work on every inch of you.

Write today for FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET with full details about the remarkable Perfolastic Girdle. Also particulars of our 3-day trial offer and money-back guarantee. No obligation. Just fill out and mail coupon below to Perfolastic, Inc., Dept. 311, 41 East 42nd Street, New York City.

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A scene from "Captain Thunder" with Victor Varconi, Fay Wray and Don Alvarado. This picture marks the return of Victor Varconi whose screen career was temporarily halted by the talkers.
ASK ME—Continued from page 102

Clara, West Medford, Mass. Roland Drew's real name is Walter Goss. He is 26 years old and has black hair and dark grey eyes. You can be sure that he is not the boy seen at the Tace Art Studios, Edwin Carewe Productions, Hollywood, Cal. Donald Reed was born July 23, 1902, in Mexico City. His real name is Ernesto Avila Guillen. He played with Gary Cooper and Fay Wray in the "Texan." Fay Wray was born Sept. 15, 1907, in Alberta, Canada. She is the wife of John Monk Saunders, the screen writer.

Irma from Baltimore. What new contest is this? Who has the largest eyes, the most shapely shape and is the best dancer in Hollywood? What am I offered for the correct solution? Joan Crawford was born March 23, 1908, in San Antonio, Texas. She has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Nils Asther is not married. He plays in "The Sea Bat" with Charles Bickford and Raquel Torres.

Julia, San Francisco. You want me to ask some questions for you. No—you ask them—I insist. Clara Bow, Gary Cooper and James Hall are not married, though James has been on the stage in musical comedy before the pictures got him. He started the fan uproar when he appeared with Bebe Daniels in The Campus Flirt." Clara Bow's latest picture is "Love Among the Millionaires," a Paramount release.

R. D., Astoria, L. I. Alice Joyce and Warner Baxter played the leads in "Mannequin," a Paramount release of 1926. Gwen Lee's real name is Gwendolyn Le Pinski. She was born Nov. 12, 1906, in Hastings, Neb. Anna Q. Nilsson was born in Ysted, Sweden, but she doesn't give the date. Colleen Moore's birthday was Aug. 19, 1902; and Billie Dove's was May 14, 1904. Billie's latest picture is "The Lady Who Dared." A fan from Urbana, Ill. Do I ever meet any V. D. admirers on Broadway? I'm practically mobbed when I appear in public. Charles Farrell was born Aug. 9, 1902, in Walpole, Mass. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 178 pounds and has wavy brown hair and brown eyes. His first screen work was as an extra in a mob scene; then followed parts in Mack Sennett comedies. "Old Ironsides" and "The Rough Riders" helped to bring him before the public but his big chance came in "Seventh Heaven" with Janet Gaynor. He has a long-term contract with Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. George O'Brien was born Sept. 1, 1900, in San Francisco, Cal. His first leading role was in "The Iron Horse." He is unmarried and devotes most of his spare time to athletics and can be reached at the Fox Studio.

Eskiao, Irasqui Falls, Ontario. Viola Dana was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on June 7, 1898. She was educated in the Brooklyn public schools and, when very young, was on the stage in a dancing act. Her first screen appearance was at the age of ten, when she was cast as one of the children in "The Christmas Carol," a Vitagraph release. She is 4 feet 11½ inches tall, weighs 101 pounds and has brown hair and green eyes.

V. D. Admire, Hartford, Conn. Nils Asther is coming into his own in this department for the fans are eager to see him in new pictures. Nils was born Jan. 17, 1902, in Malmo, Sweden. He has dark brown hair, hazel eyes, is 6 feet ½ inch tall and weighs 170 pounds. He appeared in pictures in Germany, later coming to the United States where he played with H. B. Warner in "Sorrel and Son" in 1927. Marion Davies' real name is Marion Douras. She was born Jan. 3, 1908, in Brooklyn, N. Y. She has golden hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Lawrence Gray plays with Marion in her latest film, "The Gay Nineties." Barry Norton was the boy who impressed you so favorably in "The Legion of the Condemned." You can write him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.


Eddie Foy, Jr., is versatile. He makes two reel Vitaphone shorts and features, too.
of the stars of Hollywood and take them as their cosmeticians. Sara Swanson, who shadows her eyelids and 'does things' to her eyelashes. She keeps a neatly plucked eyebrow and a curler, so she looks as if she has been having birthday parties. Ponce de Leon said, 'Of course, one never should have gone to Florida for a fountain of eternal youth; for it is at Hollywood—in the very life that makes exercise, dieting and make-up of the first importance. Despite the fact that long hair is said to add years, many in Hollywood are growing it. Eves' crowning glory was ably imitated by the seven Sutherland sisters who, you will remember, swept the floor with their tresses. Whether you are balding or short on hair fashion you must agree that having it glossy and delicately—ever so delicately—is an advantage. Don't put on any make-up on it for that's said to gray it, but a drop of scent in the rinse-water at shampoo time will give it a lingering evasive aroma that makes strong men stronger in your favor.

As for superfluous hair. Suppose you had to make your own decorative array of ants' eggs? Suppose you had to stew and brew and perhaps burn this recipe before it was ready to use in order to be properly groomed for your evening gowns? Imagine Delilah pouring over this potion that she made to take off Samson's hair because she lacked scissors? It's due to the cosmetic urge that these depilatories have been perfected.

The French court developed cosmeticians who had mysterious formulas, excessive prices and a clientele of both men and women. Boudoirs of the court were elaborate saloons where entertainment was held while the cosmetics were being applied. Not even Hollywood has thought of simulating a French boudoir with a forty-foot-long glossy target of mirrors, a thousand lights, and you may be sure that some one has been using henna very skillfully.

Sometimes, some one does have a new idea about cosmetics. There was Ethrelda. Ethrelda started patches. Not that she meant that they should be used for the pomp and vanity of this world. On the contrary, Ethrelda, after the death of her worthy second husband, entered a convent and renounced the sins of disintegrated lives along with soap and water, which were considered a frivolity. The result ruined her face! Her complexion looked like a school-board look. In her life of self-abnegation black patches on her face covering the blemishes seemed a disfigurement entirely fitting to her contemplative penance performance. When Ethrelda died she was canonized. Her followers wore the black patch to show their devotion to her. This was in the seventh century and history, in its repetitious mode, has been mentioning patches ever since right through the Victorian era. They have been used since Ethrelda's day not to call attention to religion, but rather to the rare texture, the superb curve and the beauty of the skin upon which it rests.

Cosmetics have long been used to cover up. Covering up year-arrows is the way. They date back to the most ancient civilization, the oldest, asserts Madame Ségvigné. In Hollywood, few care to admit their age, but all of them are conscious of it. Superfluous hair must be removed from the upper arm before an evening dress can be put on; from the legs before chiffon stockings can be worn. A deep decolletage makes necessary massaging and powdering of the breasts. Permanent waves help to make the hair fluffy, yet it must be restrained by a carefully set wave water. Teeth must be cared for regularly. Eye-brows must be shaped. Eyes must be shadowed. Lashes mascara-ed. Cheeks rouged. Lips rouged. Ears pinned just a shade if they are to wear ear rings. Neck and arms creamed and powdered for evening.

All these things come in the beauty routine yet so handily are they arranged that they require thought if any, and with all this care, your beauty budget mounts to far less than that of Poopaea for the Du Barry. Face the cosmetic urge—and follow this.
MEET THE NEW BLONDE
Continued from page 27

In Philadelphia, there is no law that forces you to detour from the din and discord of the down town streets. If you really want to, you can go to bed with ear muff naps and shut out the clang and clamor of the city's bedlam. But the really sensible thing to do is to park yourself... and your car if you motor... 10 minutes from the city center but 10,000 miles from the noise... at the Hotel Pennsylvania. Here you can rest and relax in the cordial comfort of a room that was built for sleep.

Daniel Crawford, Jr., Manager
Room with Bath $3.00

39th and Chestnut St., Philadelphia

The next issue of SCREENLAND will be on sale Nov. 1

Screenland

The winner of the Anita Page bathing ensemble which she offered in the August issue of Screenland has been awarded to:
Miss Gladys Edwina Lawson,
Marion, Maryland.
A New Perfume! The most exquisite perfume in the world! Sells at 25c a bottle only. Catalogue quotations under 25c. Riegel's Flower Drops are the most refined ever made. Made from the essence of flowers, without alcohol.

ROMANZA (The aristocrat of perfumes) A splash of lavender—vividly expensive. Make them feel you are very ex- nominal. Never anything like this before!

Send for SAMPLE Send only 20c (silver or stamps) for a trial bottle.

PAUL RIEGER & Co. (Since '82) 151 First Street, San Francisco, Calif.

The Choice of HOLLYWOOD'S STARS

KATHERINE MACDONALDS LASH COSMETIC

GOOD-BYE, HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 31

thief that matters. The sound mechan- ics, the song composers are getting it now. Something new! They're doing mar- velous work. But in two years—they may sink into the grind, too.

Those at the head of the industry dimly realize the problem. Always talking about wanting 'new faces,' 'new brains.' Why not use the trained brains, the proven faces; the people who have given their all to pictures? Give them a chance to get a kick out of it and they'll be fresh enough. Let everyone change around. Different directors, different stars, different stars, different studios, even. Send them all on RKO vaudeville tours, like Lettiee Joy. Have a crack director direct a New York window a couple of years ago. And what he accomplished has made gla- morous picture history.

As a final cock-eyed suggestion, which will probably get me in wrong for the rest of my life, why not give the executives themselves a chance to ride on the merry- go-round? Irving Thalberg head of Warn- er productions; Winnie Sheehan at Par- mount; Ben Schulberg at Metro-Goldwyn- Mayer; the Warners presiding over Fox? Wouldn't they all have the swellest kind of a time, perhaps make better films?

1916, when I wrote my first big hit, "God's Country and the Woman"—1930, fourteen years and a long time, isn't it? Not many of the 1916 Big Names left. Those who bore the Big Names are left, all right. One sees them every day in Poverty Row on percentage. Yes, they're mostly still in Hollywood, but they aren't Big Names any longer.

I have known so many of those who have stayed in the game too long, forced their brains too hard, squeezed and2 squeezed out the last drop of freshness, until there was nothing left. Not even enough to make a new break for another field. Cruel, but true! Those anxious, bitter faces! I don't want to be like that.

I want to get out while I'm still fresh!

In three months, since coming to New York, I've finished my first novel. Don't know whether it's any good. Got a won- derful thrill writing it. After that comes a musical comedy idea, that's been buzzing in my head for years. Lots of encour- age- ment already from a famous musical comedy star. But what if she doesn't take it? It'll be something different, to sharpen, stimulate my brain. Something new!

I don't expect to make my mark in my new work in three months or three years, perhaps. No great hurry. Money saved from pictures will take care of that. Per- haps I'll never do what I've set out to do. Even then I'll have had a grand time!

But if I do put it over! If I ever get to the position of being offered to the picture producers, "I know pictures, I love pictures—let me come out for one produc- tion—two perhaps—then make me seek change. Kick me and stomp me, but I'm ready to return with renewed freshness!" If I ever get to where I can obtain an understand- ing like that, it won't be a question of "Good-bye, Hollywood" but "Hello, Hollywood, here I come!"

Men ask: "Who Is She?" (Would You Care to Know Her Secret?)

Watch her when she enters the room. Men's eyes seem to follow her. You hear her described as 'a thrill- ing girl!' What is her charm? Why does she invari- ably attract, when other girls go unnoticed?

Look at her hair! Do you not find the answer there? See how her best features—adds vivacity to her eyes—tends a touch of romance?

You, too, can have lovely hair—this very evening. Just one Golden Glint Shampoo® will show you the way! Only 25c at your dealers', or send for a free sample.

*Note: Do not confound with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Besides cleaning, Golden Glint Shampoos give your hair—"like a—no we little bit—hardly perceptible. But how it brings out the true beauty of your hair!"

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Name ___________________________
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City _____________________________
State ________________

Color of my hair: ___________________________

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Send us your photographs or snapshot pictures, 2 x 2 or 3 x 3 in size. Send us your pictures and we will enlarge them at a very low cost. Why not send us your pictures today and get your enlargements in a few days? You can use them for Christmas gifts, birthday presents, or any other purpose. We guarantee satisfaction.

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We will send free with any order a hand-tinted extra large picture of the famous Ford Winter Classic, a picture which was the talk of the town and is widely prized. We pay the freight and handling in sending this extra large picture. It's a real find for the photograph and picture enthusiast.

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Send us a Special Money Order for $0.98 and we will send you 2 hand-tinted extra large pictures of the famous Ford Winter Classic. The money order must be made payable to "UNITED PORTRAT COMPANY." Your choice of our complete line of 2 hand-tinted extra large pictures for $0.98. We guarantee satisfaction.

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Freckles

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while keeping them free from the dry, rough, cracked skin that comes from bleaching. Freckle Cream is used on the face, hands, arms, and any other part of the skin. It is applied every morning and evening, and is continued until the desired result is obtained. Freckle Cream is a natural remedy for freckles. The first jar proves its magic worth. If you use it, Bleach Cream you need no other product than Stillman's Freckle Cream. The most wonderful Bleach science can produce. At all drug stores, 50c.

Write for free booklet. Tells, "Why you have freckles. How to get rid of them." Box 5, STILLMAN CO., Aurora, Ill.
Announcing—

Silver Screen

Ruth Waterbury,
Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.,
and much more

We can’t tell it all in the headlines but we herewith announce what we believe to be a big publishing idea of interest to every SCREENLAND Reader.

SCREENLAND is going to have a companion magazine. It’s called SILVER SCREEN and its first appearance will be on October tenth. It will be out on the tenth of every month thereafter and will sell for ten cents, the first ten cent motion picture magazine to be sold on the newsstands throughout America. And it is SCREENLAND’s phenomenal growth that has made the publishing of SILVER SCREEN possible.

SCREENLAND is now established as “America’s Smart Screen Magazine.” SILVER SCREEN will be its snappy little sister. A quick flash of the contents of the first issue will give you a picture of what it will be like.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., in the first issue, discusses Hollywood Society. Many social upstarts have written about Hollywood parties but here’s the real answer from the scion of New York’s most aristocratic family.

Charlie Chaplin talks about why he won’t talk on the screen—and his reasons will cause much thought in movieland.

Buddy Rogers goes into a long discussion about his ideal girl. This is Buddy’s ideal—not his mother’s or some writer’s, but Buddy’s own description. And who’s the lucky girl who will be just like her?

There’s the life story of Claire Luce, one of the most amazing Cinderella stories of all time, and one that could only come true in America.

There are interviews with Claudette Colbert, with Jackie Coogan, with Robert Montgomery, with Stanley Smith. There are snappy previews, current reviews and fashions from Hollywood. There is a beauty page by the famous beauty advisor, Mary Lee. There are beautiful new portrait studies of your favorite stars, much hot news and gossip, more gossip and finally a true love story of Hollywood. There will be one of these true love stories every month, written by the Hollywood Insider, and if you’re smart you’ll be able to identify the stars he is writing about.

Frankly, we believe it’s the biggest ten cents worth ever offered the reading public. Buy the first issue and see for yourself.

SILVER SCREEN will be edited by Ruth Waterbury, former star writer on Photoplay and Smart Set and we expect her following of hundreds of thousands will become part of SCREENLAND’s and SILVER SCREEN’s eventual circulation of a million readers.

SCREENLAND on the first of the month and SILVER SCREEN on the tenth, a combination of screen magazines that completely dominates the motion picture publication field.

THE PUBLISHERS.
This life color makes a lovelier "you"...

Of all the tints and shades in which make-up color might be presented, there is but one true life color. Soft, illusive, yet real as life—a color that breathes charm and loveliness... a color that beauty chemists long sought and at last discovered—Phantom Red.

In any light, on any skin, with any costume, this phantom-like color holds its fresh bloom. To the white skin of fairest blondes, it brings the tint of primroses; to skin of ivory tone, it brings a golden blush; to brunettes of sun-tanned shades, it gives that brilliance and depth that only such complexions may use. For Phantom Red accents with color while it reveals your own complexion tone, blending perfectly, giving individual beauty.

This marvelous life-color may now be yours, in Phantom Red Lipstick and Rouge Compact—and with the equally smart Phantom Eye Shadow and Phantom Brow, your make-up necessities are complete. They are sold at leading toilet goods counters, at the following prices: Phantom Red Lipstick in smart red and black swivel case, $1.00. Junior size, 50c. Phantom Red Rouge Compact, 75c. Phantom Eye Shadow, paste in enamel case, blue-gray or brown, $1.00. Stick form in enamel case, 50c. Phantom Brow, liquid, brown or black, 75c. Phantom Brow mascara cake, in smart container with brush and mirror, brown or black, 75c.

Clip and mail the coupon below. For 10c, the vanity size Phantom Red Lipstick and Make-up Book will be mailed to you. Dainty models of Phantom Red Rouge Compact, Phantom Eye Shadow, and Phantom Brow, are 10c each additional. Address Carlyle Laboratories, Inc., 67 Fifth Avenue, New York.

To realize your ideal mail this coupon today
In the long run, favorites are favorites because they’re a better horse, or a better cigarette. You can’t win purses with plow-horses ... nor experienced smokers with anything short of the best. That’s why Camels are made of the choicest, mellowest tobaccos money can buy.... That’s why, wherever you go, Camels are odds-on favorites.
Her charm made a vital, stimulating presence

No longer do screen limitations restrict this vital Jeanette MacDonald to shadowy motions in black and gray.

In The Lottery Bride she walks before you a living presence—her color and charm richly expressed in the color and charm of Technicolor.

Only in Technicolor can the true sweep of life actually pass before you on the screen. You hear, and now you see, people and things actually as they are. The true image, the very living presence, is yours to command—through the magic of Technicolor.

Technicolor
Here are the Winners
in the
JO-CUR’ Contest
for Beautiful Hair

Thousands of women from all over the country submitted their photographs in the Jo-Cur’ Beautiful Hair Contest which closed September 30th. From these photographs the judges impartially selected the winners whose names appear on this page. The task of selection was unusually difficult — for practically every photograph showed hair beautifully finger-waved and becomingly arranged. And the almost invariable comment of these thousands of entrants was, “I never knew how lovely I could make my own hair look, until I tried Jo-Cur’ Beauty Aids.” For shampooing, for finger-waving, for making the hair truly beautiful, there is nothing like them—at any price. You, too, can prove this. Just try Jo-Cur’ Beauty Aids. They come in 10c, 25c and 50c sizes—at your favorite 10c Chain Store or your Druggist.

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Dorothy Langenbard
New York City
Betty Franklin
Pasadena, California
Eleanor Burkhatz
North Platte, Nebraska
Mary Louise Robinson
Greenfield, Mo.
Mrs. Myrtle Rosewater
Cleveland, Ohio
Evada Motherer
Galena, Kansas
Blanche Knox
Fort Worth, Tex.
Viola Bodini
So. Orange, N. J.
Kathryn Wiedershein
Chicago, Illinois
Dorothy Musser
Wauson, Ohio
Edna Bolender
New York City
Atha Pedersen
Salt Lake City, Utah
Mrs. Jane A. Moschel
Denver, Colorado
Mrs. E. E. Siemens
Little Falls, Minn.
Vera Pusch
Mr. Morris’ Stch.
Oveta Garfield
Sylville, Ga.
Ena Jochica
Aberdeen, S. Dak.
Lilie Long
Birmingham, Ala.
Adeline Necker
Charleston, W. Va.
Mari Ware
Feasterville, Pa.
Jennie Quinn
Margate City, N. J.
Lucille V. Strouse
London, Ohio
Bertha Shimsaitis
Chicago, Ill.
Harriet Coddell
New Rochelle, N. Y.
Mrs. R. M. Henry
Washington, D. C.
Violette Whitehair
Trenton, N. J.
Mrs. C. M. James
Flaga, Texas
Mrs. V. Buckley
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. Jack Lowe
Winn, Ill.
Lydia Hartman
Lyndale, Minn.
Virginia R. Willey
Quincy, Ill.
Lois Stutz
St. Paul, Minn.
Martha Murphy
Cincinnati, Ohio
Dorothy Sneed
Salem, Oregon
Madeleine F. Coffer
Providence, R. I.
Jean Faimington
Youngs, N. Y.
Clara L. Hubler
Westwood City, Calif.
Gladys R. Piske
Attoea L. L., N. Y.
Lucille Hearn
Lansing, Mich.
Dorothy Z. Egerding
Indianapolis, Ind.
Virginia Woolley
New York City
Dorothy Phelps
Jefferson City, Mo.
Margaret Nagg
Canonsburg, Pa.

2nd Prize, $100.00

Mrs. L. McMahon
135 West Street, Danbury, Conn.
"When I tell you it cost me over $3.00 every time I had my hair finger-waved at Missus’ you can realize how delighted I was to find your lovely Shampoo and Wave-Set."
—says Mrs. McMahon

1st Prize, $250.00
and Portrait by Charles B. Ross
Miss J. Claire Squier
530 West 6th Street, Plainfield, New Jersey
Miss Squier says: "Of all the beauty aids I have tried for my hair, and I have tried most of them, I think Jo-Cur’ preparations unarguably are the finest I have ever used."

$50.00 Prizes

Miss Marion Pierce
2092 Everett, Kansas City, Kansas
Miss Fred Kuether, Jr.
13 Second Avenue, Cedarburg, Wis.

$25.00 Prizes

Miss Alice Yendrek
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Miss Harriett McDermott
458 West 42nd Street, New York City
Miss Esther Jacobs
Exchange Building, Winona, Minn.
Miss Esther A. Higgins
21 Parker Terrace, Newton Centre, Mass.

$10.00 Prizes

Mildred Johnson
6935 Third Ave., South
Minneapolis, Minn.
Stella M. Hagen
2823 27th Ave., So.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Mary Knetter
Edgar, Wis.
Fay E. Kerr
23 W. 6th St.
New York City
Thelma Myrum
1471 39th Ave., So.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Peggy Hillberry
Houlton, W. Virginia
Muriel Applegate
232 E. Lemon Ave.
Monrovia, Calif.
Laura Evans
719 7th Ave., N.
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Mrs. Bertha Chodera
109 Stannage Ave.
Champlain, Ill.
Helen Young
51 N. Arborport St.
Dayton, Ohio

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Beauty Aids for the Hair
Curran Laboratories, Inc., 485 East 133rd St., New York
THIS MONTH'S PROGRAM

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Painted by Jay Weaver

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Fun for everyone from 6 to 60!

You enjoyed Tom Sawyer and his gang when you read of them as a kid—you laugh even more uproariously when you read about them now. But when you actually meet them on the Paramount screen you’ll love them more than ever before—you’ll laugh as you’ve never laughed yet!

You enjoyied Tom Sawyer and his gang when you read of them as a kid—you laugh even more uproariously when you read about them now. But when you actually meet them on the Paramount screen you’ll love them more than ever before—you’ll laugh as you’ve never laughed yet!

See and hear them pay Tom to let them whitewash the fence! Follow Huck, Tom and Joe to the island where they played pirate while the town thought they’d been drowned—and then see them attend their own funeral! Listen to Tom “get engaged” to Becky Thatcher. Played by America’s most famous juvenile actors—real kids, all of them—and produced by the greatest picture organization in the world, "Tom Sawyer" is a picture everybody should see. It will be a treat for children—and for you too! If it’s a Paramount Picture it’s the best show in town!

Mitzi Green
The lovable, laughable imp of the screen as Becky Thatcher

Mark Twain, whose stories of adventurous kids made his fame immortal.

Tune in! Paramount Publix Radio Hour, each Tuesday evening, 10:15 to 11 P.M. Eastern Time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.
Screenland's Tabloid Guide to the Current Pictures

Class A:


Her Man. Pathé. Helen Twelvetrees comes through with a noteworthy performance. Phillips Holmes and Ricardo Cortez fine male support.*

What a Widow. United Artists. Gorgeous Gloria in a corking comedy and smart clothes. You'll like Gloria, the comedienne.*

Lilium. Fox. Mohr's play well acted by Charles Farrell, Estelle Taylor and Rose Hobart and directed by Frank Borzage.*


Whoopie. United Artists. Lavish production, beautiful girls and Eddie Cantor wise-cracking. A good show.*

Abraham Lincoln. United Artists. The life of Lincoln portrayed splendidly by Walter Huston and very well directed by D. W. Griffith.

Old English. Warner Brothers. Another George Arliss classic. Add this to your must list.

Hell's Angels. Caddo. Aviation epic. Magnificent flying feats and Ben Lyon, Jean Harlow and James Hall.


Moby Dick. Warner Brothers. John Barrymore's best talker, this sound version of "The Sea Beast."

Monte Carlo. Paramount. Charming musical romance with Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan, directed by Lubitsch.


Class B:


The Sea God. Paramount. Pearl diving adventures in the South Seas with Richard Arlen and Fay Wray.

Her Wedding Night. Paramount. Clara Bow in a hilarious farce, her best talker so far, with Charlie Ruggles a riot, as usual.

Road to Paradise. First National. Lorett Young plays a dual role in a mystery drama. Fair entertainment.

Dough Boys. Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer. Buster Keaton wins the World War, the girl, Sally Eilers, and a lot of laughs with this one.

Way of All Men. Warner Brothers. You'll recognize this as "The Deluge," a former silent film. It's dull even though Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is the hero.

A Lady Surrenders. Universal. Good entertainment and good acting by Conrad Nagel, Genevieve Tobin, Rose Hobart and Basil Rathbone. Don't miss this.

Big Boy. Warner Brothers. If you like All Told don't pass this by. Nice comedy and musical numbers put over with the Jolson technique.

Man Trouble. Fox. Another rackets story worthwhile because of capable performances by Dorothy Mackaill and Milton Sills.

Last of the Dames. Fox. A typical Zane Grey western, with the stalwart George O'Brien as the hero.

Outside the Law. Universal. Underworld melodrama with plenty of action supplied by Mary Nolan, Owen Moore and Rockcliffe Fellows.

The Office Wife. Warner Brothers. The poor working girl gets a break. A pleasing picture with Dorothy Mackaill and Lewis Stone.*

The Squawker. Columbia. Heavy drama done well with Jack Holt, Dorothy Revier, Matt Moore, Zasu Pitts and little Davey Lee.*

Leathernecking. RKO. Light comedy with music and marines. Benny Rubin, Louise Fazenda and Ned Sparks hand out the laughs.*

Sweet Kitty Belairs. Warner Brothers. Nice, old-fashioned film but it has been in moth-balls too long. Claudia Dell is charming.*

Follow Thru. Paramount. Fun on the golf links. Charles 'Buddy' Rogers and Nancy Carroll share the romance; Zelma O'Neal and Eugene Pallette the comedy honors.*

The Spoilers. Paramount. If only for the 'big fight' scene between Gary Cooper and William Boyd this picture is worth seeing.*

Dixiana. RKO. Elaborate settings and Bebe Daniels, Everett Marshall, Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler can't overcome the poor plot.*

*Reviewed in this issue.
A Touchdown! featuring the ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM

What is behind the success of a great football team? Men? Teamwork? Coaching? Watch Joan Bennett vamp the whole All-American team into playing for her and you'll agree that sometimes —"Maybe it's Love!"

featuring

JOE E. BROWN   JOAN BENNETT   JAMES HALL

Otto Pommerening
Michigan
Kenneth Haycraft
Minnesota
Russell Saunders
Univ. of So. Cal.
Howard Harpster
Carnegie Tech.
Paul Seull
Univ. of Penn.
William Banker
Tulane

Directed by
WILLIAM WELLMAN
Director of "Wings"

WARNER BROS. present

Maybe It's Love

A WARNER BROS. AND VITAPHONE PICTURE
LETTERS
from the AUDIENCE

This is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions of pictures and players, in the cleverest and most constructive letters, not exceeding 200 words in length, we offer our prizes. First prize, $20.00; second prize, $15.00; third prize, $10.00; fourth prize, $5.00. Next best letters will also be printed. Contest closes December 10, 1930. Letters in praise of SCREENLAND are not eligible in this contest and should be addressed directly to the Editor. Send "best" letters to Letters from the Audience, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

The EDITOR

Robert Montgomery's audiences like him because he plays his roles with a sincerity that demonstrates the difference between real acting and just action.

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$20.00

Mrs. Pose intentionally loses interest whenever I speak of the screen. Should I ask if she has seen any especially good picture, she replies: "No, I see so few movies. Really, I don't care for them—such a waste of time, don't you think?"

"Yes, I think! I think her pose is decidedly misplaced. Intelligent women everywhere realize and appreciate the big part the screen is playing in progress. It is not only entertainment, but edification for both the brilliant and the bourgeoisie. Mrs. Pose enjoys cards and chitchat—no quarrel with these, understand—but she declares it wasted time to see and hear the latest, most important news of today. To be instructed entertainingly through educational films: to enjoy the best dramatic stars of this and other countries, also the highest acclaimed beauty and keenest wit.

Naturally, one exercises choice in movies as in other things. Seeing shows as in eating garlic is a matter of taste. But good shows—clearer slants on some angles of life, tense emotions liberated and eased, mind and body delightfully relaxed, absorbing entertainment with no distasteful come-back as some pastimes have—even Mrs. Pose should appreciate this!

Chloe B. Ayer, 851 Park Avenue, Springfield, Ill.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$15.00

What with miniature golf and business depression, some persons, we hear, are growing panicky and are even predicting that the talking pictures, like other 'fads,' will soon die out.

Die out, indeed! Why, ever since the ancient Greeks put on six-day tragedies and comedies that have survived unto this day the human race has loved and clung to the theater. Even under the stern Puritanism of Oliver Cromwell, the theater flourished surreptitiously. Even when, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it was invaded by risque' plays, it struggled on until it came to its present glory.

What, you ask, has all this to do with the talkies? Much, for they are a part of the theater and as such, will never be relinquished by their patrons. And certainly, the adorning audience will never desert their stars! It is the miniature golf course that is a fad, and the business depression will die out while the movies go on forever.

Charlotte Dubin, 1757 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

It may seem strange that a young girl just entering college isn't simply wild about all the men stars who happen to be good-looking. Well, here's one who isn't! There are two men on the screen whom I really like; one is George Arliss, the other is Robert Montgomery. My reason for this is that I like people to do what they try to do. If a person is an actor, he should be able to act. George Arliss can act, there's no doubt of that. And so can Robert Montgomery. For the type of roles he plays there is no one who can outdo or even equal him. He's a real actor.

On the other side, there are only two women on the screen whom I really like. They are Norma Shearer and Dorothy Mackaill. Dorothy is the most different blonde on the screen and puts her real self into her work. And since I saw "The Trial of Mary Dugan," my parents have forbidden me to see one of Norma Shearer's pictures more than four times!

Esmerelda Mayes, 4483 McPherson Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

Once it was said, "Trade follows the flag." Today it might be said, "Trade follows films."

There can be no doubt that commercial interest is stirred by the presentation in motion pictures of various marketable commodities. It is said that business places in America, England and Sweden were lighted with demands for reproductions of a bracelet worn by Gloria Swanson in a picture made in Paris.

In China, a certain commercial group made gestures and gave them to the theaters free. There was no direct advertising in these films; the company's one advantage was that during the picture their product was used by the various players.

The growth in tea drinking over the world is credited in part to the constant delineation of pleasurable afternoon tea parties shown in hundreds of films.

Far back in Tibet a Llama is said to have asked for a lamp to light his quarters. Scenes of the local butter-fat contraband
HELP yourself to the best time you’ve had in years!

“Where the H---- is Mulligan?”

Out go the lights! On go the thrills! Into the mystery-mansion stalks the “Gorilla”, a mind of a master-criminal—lust-cravings of a beast. In walk Mulligan and Garrity, the two dumb detectives, and then the fun begins. It shouldn’t be missed.

Mulligan and Garrity (Joe Frisco and Harry Gribbon) the two blundering detectives who see all, hear all and know nothing. They’re a riot!

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, INC.

presents with

LILA LEE

JOE FRISCO

Harry Gribbon . Walter Pidgeon

Story by Ralph Spence
Directed by Bryan Foy

Mysterious! Hilarious! Stupendous! “The Gorilla” Will Give You The Thrill Of Your LAFFtime!

Vitaphone is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation designating its products.

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE
The gorgeous Garbo. Audiences agree that in "Romance" Greta gives the greatest performance of her career.

were shown him, but he insisted upon a kerosene lamp such as he had seen in a moving picture while on a visit to India!

In Memoriam

By the passing of Lon Chaney the screen has truly lost one of its greatest artist, and unquestionably the greatest master of make-up. The loss to the picture loving world is greater than that occasioned by any other motion picture player, not even excepting the beloved Wally Reid or the great Valentino. While the latter two held a high place in the hearts of the fans, they were more or less 'class' players. Both were handsome and accomplished in their line, but they did not appeal to the masses—male and female, young and old—to the same degree as Chaney. They were both the delight of the female of the species.

Furthermore, the niche occupied by Wallace Reid and Rudolph Valentino has been filled by other handsome and accomplished players. But there is no one to fill Lon Chaney's shoes. He was not copied, he had no imitators. He filled so unique a place in the picture world that his loss cannot really be approximated. He played a type of picture that is extremely difficult to put over convincingly. All honor to this fallen star.

Frank G. Davis, P. O. Box 428, Springfield, Ohio.

Garbo Again!

At last, Edward Sheldon's great stage success "Romance" has reached the talking screen; and in this film, Greta Garbo in the rôle of Rita Cavallini has surpassed even her portrayal of Anna Christie.

Mr. Sheldon must be very proud of his Cavallini, the exotic opera star, for Garbo makes her live again. Such a glamorous Rita! This is Garbo's very finest characterization. It makes no difference whether you are a Garbo fan or not, you will come away from the theater realizing that never has she displayed greater artistry, and never has she been more exquisite to look at than she is in the long, full skirts, tiny hats and curls of Cavallini.

Miss Garbo's voice is as individual as her acting. Low-pitched, unforgottably expressive—surely the most distinguished voice of the screen today.

Mrs. Clifford E. Rounds, 127 North Louise Street, Glendale, Cal.

Better Rôles for Brook!

I would like to ask, humbly, why a brilliant, personality-plus actor like Clive Brook must be wasted on rôles unworthy of his fine talents. For instance, "Sweethearts and Wives"—even if his finesse couldn't save it. Why can't we have this sterling player in something worthy of his metal, leaving the frothy stuff to those it fits better? What saving grace there was, he gave. Clive Brook is worth the price of admission at any time; but we don't like to sit through anything burning up with indignation at the rôles he has to play. He is a cultured gentleman and we like to see him in worthy rôles.

I am making a 'play' for Clive Brook as Stagner, that gentleman of the road whom in spite of his profession we all loved, and who remained a gentleman through all his misdemeanors.

Ida G. Billings, Alberta Lea, Minn.

Egypt Speaking

In Cairo, we are all marveling over that magical thing that has come to us, the talking picture. We saw first, Al Jolson in his sensitive "Jazz Singer," "Sonny Boy" also, was one of the best shows ever seen here. Our favorites, aside from Mr. Charles Chaplin, are Greta Garbo, Bessee Love, Ramon Navarro, and the most joyful and enchanting boy in the world, Maurice Chevalier.

We understand here English and French, Spanish and Italian also have no secrets from us. We are anxiously awaiting "Hallelujah," "All Quiet on the Western Front," "The Love Parade." Also Mr. Chaplin's "City Lights."

We Egyptians love America. Egypt is not only the land of deserts, the Pyramids and Sphinx, Cairo and Alexandria, for example, while not resembling New York, Paris or Berlin, can rival them in factation, amusements, education and sciences. A. J. Cori, Gresham House, Shariar Soliman Pasha, Cairo, Egypt.

Clive Brook, gentleman, and personality-plus trouper, adds distinction to every picture in which he appears.

War Pictures Lead to Peace

Sitting spellbound during that wonderful picture "The Dawn Patrol," I was both dumbfounded and dismayed to hear a comment from a woman behind me to the effect that she could not understand why, after all these years of peace, we must still see and hear such horribly exaggerated pictures of war.

Horrible, yes! Exaggerated, no! Years of peace? For the ones who stayed at home, perhaps, but not for those who fought for peace and now lie in hospitals, disabled and jobless, dependent on the 'yes' or 'no' of their government. We could not understand the horror of war if pictures like "What Price Glory," "Wings," "The Big Parade," "Journey's End" and "The Dawn Patrol" were not brought before us on the screen. And these very pictures may be leaders towards international peace.

Another strong argument for war pictures is the fact that they help to keep employed many otherwise unemployed veterans; for many of the uniformed actors we see in 'real' war are the boys who fought in the 'real' war.

Miss Marion Skinner, Westville, N. J.

No More 'Back Stage,' Please

Having seen an indefinite number of movies dealing with back-stage life, I know how the chorus girls fight, just how the leading man feels towards his partner who steals his wife's love, and how little Bessee Bunker from Brattleboro steps into the shoes of the leading lady indisposed by a fit of temperament, and saves the show for the dear old producer.

I also ask you, is life like this? The hero sees his heart's desire home and is coldly refused. Does he become nonchalant and light a Murad? No, he bursts into song.

Yes, there's one who can do that. Who is it? Maurice Chevalier, of course. Hats off to Ronald Colman, Clive Brook, Maurice Chevalier, Ann Harding and Ruth Chatterton, the aristocracy of filmland who don't need back-stage pictures or mushy songs to prove that they are artists!

Mildred E. Miner, 15 Clifton Place, Newtonville, Mass.
Many of the stage's most popular stars join veteran screen comics to make this a greater year of laughs through...

Educational's Talking Comedies

CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD...TOM PATRICOLA...
BUSTER and JOHN WEST...stage favorites who have made millions laugh...these and many more are now bringing their fun to the screen for you to enjoy. For now that the talking screen makes the spoken word as well as action a source of fun, Educational is picking from the best stageland has to offer.

And these stars, added to Educational's famous company of veteran screen comics such as LLOYD HAMILTON, ANDY CLYDE, JOHNNY HINES and DAPHNE POLLARD, are making picture programs funnier and more amusing wherever Educational's Talking Comedies are shown—and that includes most of the country's leading theatres.

For the best laughs you have had in months see

Charlotte Greenwood in

"LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR"
A TUXEDO COMEDY

Buster West and John West in

"DON'T GIVE UP"
A VANITY COMEDY

Tom Patricola in

"SI, SI, SENOR"
AN IDEAL COMEDY
ASK ME

By Miss Vee Dee

An Answer Department of Information about Screen Plays and Players

Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures and picture people. If you wish an answer in the Magazine, please be patient and await your turn; but if you prefer a personal reply, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

Clara Bow, sitting pretty as usual.

Junior: Don't let anyone fool you; there is just one of me. Suppose you thought it was a Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee act, didn't you? Edythe Chapman was born in Rochester, N.Y. She had 20 years' stage experience as leading woman and about 15 years on the screen in character roles. She has blue eyes and grey hair. She played with Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall in "Man Crazy" and with Colleen Moore in "Naughty but Nice." Gertrude Short was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1901.

A. B., Water town, S. Dak. Audrey, where are you? Here's a fan rooting for you. Audrey Ferris was born Aug. 30, 1909, in Detroit, Mich. She has brown eyes and auburn hair. Some of her films were "Slightly Used," "The Broadway Kid," "Sailor Izy Murphy," and "The Jazz Singer."

Marina G. Nancy Carroll has beautiful red hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall, and weighs 119 pounds. She is the seventh child of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas LaHiff and was born Nov. 19, 1906, in New York City. Her latest pictures are "The Devil's Holiday" with Phillips Holmes, "Follow Thru," with Charles Rogers, and "Laughter." You can reach her at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.


Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Her latest release is "Scarlet Pages" with Elsie Ferguson from the stage, and Grant Withers.

Bertha G. You are going to hand it to me for snappy answers, aren't you? Thanks for the kind words and the glad hand. Charles Delaney played with Sally O'Neal and Robert Elliott in "Kathleen Mavourneen," a Tiffany production; and in "Show Girl," a First National release, with Alice White and Donald Reed. Charles was born Aug. 4, 1897, in New York City. He has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 10½ inches tall, and weighs 162 pounds. His wife is Mary Meek, a professional.

William W. Why should I end your suffering when some wise guy said, "suffer and be strong?" But to relieve the agony, please note the information wanted. Joan Crawford can be reached at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. She plays in "Our Blushing Brides" with Anita Page, Dorothy Sebastian, Robert Montgomery, and Raymond Hackett. Nick Stuart is playing in short comedies for Mack Sennett, but one of his latest features was "Happy Days" from the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Marjorie T. from Franklin, N. H. Sorry I haven't space to give you the addresses of all the picture people—it would take the whole page and pages, with never a place to sign off, and if there's anything I like to do, it is to sign off. Jack Mulhall's wife is Evelyn Wanns. Jack has a young son, Jack Jr., by a former marriage, who gives promise of becoming a fine pianist. His latest release is "The Road to Paradise" with Loretta Young.

Hazel, Edinburgh, Scotland. Does it take so much courage to write me? I'm the so-and-so of good nature and letters like yours make me cheerful with joy so don't hold out on me. Eddie Phillips was (Continued on page 101)
WANTED!
by the
American Public

BILLY THE KID

WANTED!
by the
American Public

BILLY THE KID

KING VIDOR'S
Great Epic of
the Lawless West

With
John Mack Brown
Wallace Beery
Kay Johnson
Karl Dane

A FIGHTER TO THE END—A LOVER UNAFRAID!

A great motion picture has come to the theatres of the world. A drama of love, power, revenge, greed! King Vidor, who created "The Big Parade," has brought to the talking screen this amazing story based on the life of that notorious "bad man" of the lawless West—Billy the Kid. In this picture M-G-M has produced for you the most thrilling frontier drama ever filmed! You'll want to see the mighty Wallace Beery give one of the greatest performances of his career—equal to his masterful triumph in "The Big House." Never before have you felt the power, the might and majesty of the Great West as you will experience it in "Billy the Kid."
Helen Twelvetrees has very blonde hair and very wistful eyes and a bee-stung mouth—so she must be an ingénue. But she doesn't always act like one. In "Her Man" she definitely establishes herself as a unique young actress—a Griffith heroine of the old school, say, gone deliciously, daintily wrong!
The girl with the funny name, Helen Twelvetrees, is going to make that name count for a lot in pictures. She's begun already in "Her Man," in which she plays a café cutie with charm and some conviction. Her close-ups on this page prove her appeal. But the most refreshing scenes of her in "Her Man" are those in which, as Frankie, she flounces fliply down the sordid streets in the wake of Johnny (Ricardo Cortez). Her walk says plainly: "I'm somebody's sweetie, I am." And somehow she contrives to lend a touch of pathos to that commonplace picture.

These close-ups from "Her Man" are mirrors of moods, rather than stark horror or mad joy in the old-fashioned ingénue manner.

He's "Her Man" and she's his woman! Helen Twelvetrees and Phillips Holmes in a scene from the new picture which makes Helen a big star bet. Phillips is good, too.
Janet Gaynor is in screen circulation again. "The Man Who Came Back" is her new picture.

Al Jolson's first picture for United Artists will be "Sons o' Guns" with Lily Damita, who played in the stage production, supplying the feminine pulchritude.

Billie Dove will make pictures for Howard Hughes, producer of "Hell's Angels," to whom she is reported engaged.

Not content with his last European jaunt, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., is now "Reaching for the Moon" for United Artists.

Maurice Chevalier is in France, for a visit, and fifty million Frenchmen are paying 1,000,000 francs a week to see him.

If you're in New York City this fall drop around and see Colleen Moore in "On the Loose," her first Broadway play.

Cupid's Bow, Clara, having acquired a new coiffure and discarded a few odd pounds, will be seen in "Her Wedding Night."

Celebrities in Caricature

Wynn presents Hollywood stars as he sees them
THE EDITOR'S PAGE

SCREENLAND

IF Hollywood is taking itself too seriously all it has to do is stop and consider "Once in a Lifetime." It's a new Broadway play, a terrific satire on motion pictures. It lambasts producers, directors, writers and actors. It makes merciless fun of everything movie. And it is so hilariously funny that all New York is pushing and shoving to see it.

It knocks the high hat right off Hollywood's head. I recommend it to every producer, director, and star—everybody, in fact, connected with this grand little industry o' yours. "Once in a Lifetime" may hurt in places; it's cruel, caustic, not always strictly truthful; and if you have ever had anything to do with making, marring, or reviewing a motion picture you'll crawl out on your hands and knees. But it will make you laugh so hard you won't be able to carry a grudge away with you. And any producer or star whose self-esteem it punctures should have seen Jesse Lasky and Adolph Zukor, two of the Big Men of the movies, laughing at the lecture, at the first night. These gentlemen are good sports.

But then, they have never gone completely Hollywood. They make good pictures out there; but they have clung to the fantastic notion that good pictures may also be made elsewhere—in Astoria, Long Island, of all places, for instance. Zukor and Lasky, the bosses of Paramount, have believed in keeping a perspective on Hollywood—getting a little away from it once in a while and looking back at it through half-closed eyes. Now they have definitely committed their company to a producing program at their Eastern studios. "The Royal Family" is under way there now. Ruth Chatterton, Clive Brook, Nancy Carroll, Fredric March, Mary Brian, Buddy (sorry) Charles Rogers, Claudette Colbert and other important players will work in the big bare film factory half an hour from Manhattan by Rolls Royce—a little less, maybe, by Ford or Austin. What do the stars think about this change in locale? They're wild about it. Ask any film performer his personal idea of Heaven and he'll answer ecstatically: "A trip to New York!" Now they're getting it, with all expenses paid.

Credit Viña Delmar for this one: "Beverly Hills is the place all good movie stars go when they buy."

Chevalier, as you know, is in France just now on one of his semi-annual vacations. He took the opportunity to renew his long-standing love affair with the Parisian theater audience. But that isn't all he is doing in that dear Paris of his. Mais non! The canny Maurice is also renewing his accent. M. Chevalier without the accent would be as tame as Clara Bow without a new boy-friend.

Ina Claire, in the screen version of "The Royal Family," that play supposed to be all about the Barrymores, is playing Mary Brian's mother. And, they say, Ina is creating a little color on the set. She wants close-ups and plenty of 'em; and she's going to get them or know the reason why. Well, Mother Knows Best.

—Delight Evans.
"No happiness is comparable to motherhood!" said Norma Shearer, who temporarily deserted the screen to become the mother of Irving Thalberg, Jr. Norma has refused to allow her son to be photographed. He is more precious than publicity!

"No happiness which I have ever before experienced is comparable to the joy I feel now that I hold our son in my arms," are the words Norma Shearer said a few weeks ago when a child was born to her and her husband, Irving Thalberg, motion picture executive.

How times—and styles—have changed in movie circles!

Perhaps you can recall a day several years ago when Prince Divani, husband of Mae Murray, was seen by newspaper reporters wheeling a baby down the streets in Hollywood.

Immediately they pounced on him and asked if the baby were his and Mae's child. Too proud in his first fatherhood to deny it, he answered in the affirmative, despite the solemn instructions Mae had left him not to let the news leak out, when she left for a prolonged vaudeville trip.

Mae, away in New York, promptly and a little hysterically denied the child was hers. Of course not. Motherhood for a golden-haired movie star? Who ever heard of such a thing? It just wasn't done.

But the prince stubbornly repeated that it was their child. And a little later, despite her fear that her career would be ruined if the fans discovered she was a mother, Mae was forced to admit the awful truth!

But that was before the movies had grown up. Before film players allowed themselves to be real women, real artists, and were content merely with capering as pretty little ingenues across the glittering silent screen.

But styles change. And the latest movie mode is certainly all towards motherhood. It's the smart thing now in the best cinema circles, just as it is in the best social circles.

Just which star started this recent trend towards motherhood is a question. But I should say it was Eleanor Boardman. She came right out in church shortly after her marriage to King Vidor and said frankly that she wanted children. And she has had them. Two of them. And at a time when it took great courage. For it wasn't the style at the time Eleanor's first baby was born for a film star to permit herself to enjoy that greatest of human impulses—motherhood!

Of course, previous to this time, there had been children born to movie star mothers, but they were relegated to the background. Gloria Swanson, who has been a mother for years, kept her child strictly out of the limelight, allowing no publicity about her, not even a photograph. But now that Gloria second, aged twelve, has made her debut as a harpist, I hope Gloria will change her mind and we shall be seeing the piquant features of this little starlet of the second generation in the pictorials.

Irene Rich, of course, has two daughters, nearly grown now. But the public didn't mind that. Irene has always been unique, set apart in a niche of her own. The fans didn't mind her having children because the thought of her as a mother suited the characterizations

Irene Rich is the chum and confidante of her two daughters before she is an actress. Her career has prospered!
she gave on the screen, since she has usually played wife and mother rôles with a sweetness and a dignity rarely found within movie circles—or without!

Alice Joyce, also, has taken time out twice to become a mother. But Alice is in the same class as Irene—sweet, dignified, absolutely the type of woman you would expect to see rearing a family and living a dignified, gracious life. And in this same class is Leatrice Joy, who was the mother of John Gilbert's child. Miss Joy, poised and serene, manages to maintain a stately manner of living even though she makes her living as an actress!

But for Eleanor Boardman, the madcap Eleanor—Eleanor the outspoken, Eleanor the unconventional—for her to become a mother was assuredly creating a new chapter in screen history. And this was, of course, before the beautiful languorous Dolores Costello bore her husband, John Barrymore, a daughter. Dolores put the seal of approval on movie motherhood, for she and John constitute movie royalty, just as Norma Shearer, the artist, and Irving Thalberg, the young film executive genius, constitute cinema aristocracy.

And the Thalberg princeling certainly picked a fine time to be born, as he has splendid royal company. Irving Thalberg Junior, I'll have you know, came into the world the same fortnight as the little daughter born to the Duke and Duchess of York, at the gloomy old castle of Glamis in Scotland, where Macbeth's ghost is said to roam; and also in the same fortnight as the son born to pretty Princess Astrid and Crown Prince Leopold of Belgium.

But Norma always does the right thing! At the right time! Hard work and unquestioned talent have brought her to the top. But mixed with these, there has certainly been added the gentle lumination of a lucky star which enabled her to be born a gentle woman, to become a famous screen actress, to fall in love with an executive genius, to marry him, to find happiness in that marriage, and finally to bear him a son—at a time when the box-office results of her pictures show that she is grossing a greater profit—even than Garbo. Nobody's development in talking pictures has equalled that of Norma Shearer.

She is in the (Continued on page 125)
Lost

By Otis Skinner

Otis Skinner, the most beloved star on the American stage today, writes for SCREENLAND an account of his adventures in Hollywood where he filmed "Kismet." The only other magazine, incidentally, to persuade Mr. Skinner to write about Hollywood and the screen is The Saturday Evening Post.

It is an amazing city, this Hollywood: a spot put on the map entirely by the motion picture.

To the Easterer, like myself, who comes within the charm of its appeal, it is a town of youth and gaiety. It seems to be living in a continual state of Mardi-Gras. Moving picture premieres are matters of real civic importance.

On the evening of my arrival from across the continent I discovered the city en fête, quite bursting with excitement. Illuminated airplanes swept the sky, crowds surged through the streets, and hundreds of searchlights shot their shafts to the stars. Vehicular traffic was almost at a standstill.

It seemed to me that the Pope, Mussolini, King George, the Prince of Wales, and Queen Marie must have arrived, and that President Hoover and Lindberg were here to welcome them. Upon making some timid queries I learned that it was all because "The Dawn Patrol" was having its premiere!

I have ceased to marvel at these exhibitions. It is but natural that Hollywood, where entertainment is born and reared for the recreation of the universe, should be a town of joy and festivity. Hollywood has a lurking twinkle in its eye. Even in the stress of the intensive work at the studios you're never quite sure when a laugh is going to break forth. Or at whose expense.

It was in the silent picture version of my old play, "Kismet," in 1920, that I made my initial acquaintance with the films and the intricacies of the studio.

In those days I received whispered warnings from my initiated friends and from studio officials. I was informed that I must forget the theater.

We of the regular stage were looked upon somewhat askance by the old line silent-film folk. We referred to them rather tolerantly as the 'Movies.' They retorted by calling us the 'speakies.' I felt myself wholly persona non grata. Everybody seemed to look to me to be decidedly 'high-hat.'

But I approached my task with due humility. I had much to learn and I knew it. I asked questions right and left and I profited by my instructions. I had been told that it was in the power of the cameraman to make you or mar you. If he didn't take a fancy to you he could throw your features into repellent shadows and make you look like the very devil!

I confided my fears to Tony Gaudio, who has since that day achieved a brilliant success in the camera field. I invited him to lunch at the little studio cafe.

"Tony," I said, "I'm told that if the cameraman doesn't like me he is going to ruin me. Well, there's only one way out of it. You've got to like me! Whenever I am doing the wrong thing you tell me. I am in your hands."

When I saw the rushes I felt that Tony had thrown me a life-line and my fears abated. He must have liked me. Anyway, he produced some beautiful photography.

But really, I needn't have been so apprehensive. I was an actor and actors should know how to act. This was my old play, "Kismet," and I had presented it for three long seasons in the theater.

It was a strange new art, this cinema, but not so unapproachable if only you did your work quietly and slowly in the close-ups.

That was ten years ago. We are all 'speakies' now. Hollywood has become the Great White Way of Manhattan, and where formerly only the motion picture actors were to be seen, the personnel of the stage has merged with that of these silent people.

But with the newer order has entered a new tidiness; and, perhaps, a new inspiration—the microphone. If it isn't an encouragement, at least it's a terror, and terror moves us to desperate deeds.

No longer do we hear the studio orchestra—a piano, a violin and a saxophone dreading out sad ditties for emotional scenes, and melodramatic 'hurries' for the dramatic episodes; the music that caused the heroine's
eyes to overflow, the hero to swell to a perfect inflation of heroism, and the comedian to outdo his mugging and his back falls.

I recall that our orchestra was a single instrument—an accordion. I think it was the biggest one in captivity, and its owner, McNeil, poured his soul into it from morn to dewy eve. It moved us all to tears.

One morning our little ingénue found her lacrimal flow somewhat obstructed. She was playing a scene of great sadness and was hopelessly dry-eyed. McNeil wailed out the most sentimental of melodies, the assistant director hovered over her telling her how terribly sad everything was. How she had been greatly abused, how her father had cursed her, and how she would never see her lover again. Tony Gaudio was awaiting the moment when his cameramen could record her sorrow by spilling tear drops on the film.

She buried her face in her hands and strove to plumb the depths of her emotion. There were no depths!

The strains of Oriental, the appealing minor of eastern music leaked from the accordion keys. We became filled with breathless expectancy. Of course, we could resort to the glycerine tear drops, but that device was becoming musty. Presently a slight spasm shook her shapely shoulders. She murmured to the orchestra:

"Play Kiss Me Again!"

The orchestra obeyed and in a moment she uncovered her eyes and the cameras recorded a perfect Niagara of sorrow.

Today, the orchestra has no place in the studio. Where the soulful bulldog was once the font of all feeling, now the stern eye of the 'mike' is the only thing that stings us to madness.

“Kismet” was filmed for the silent screen in 1920. Skinner survived the ordeal only to be coaxed to do it again in sound, with that ‘disc of doom, the mike,’ hanging over his head!

The art of the cinema has progressed. We are becoming grown-up. Cameras are growing more and more perfect. The recording disc is surer and the new art of sound mixing has come to the rescue of voice records that sounded as if the speaker was talking into a hogshead. Detail has been pursued into its very lair in the matter of direction, and it is its persistence that makes plays like “Kismet,” full of the flavor of old romance, possible.

There has been a distinct reluctance on the part of motion picture producers to present plays of pure romanticism. The talking film has removed the difficulty by the Open Sesame of the spoken word.

In its most perfect form, the filmed play is but the play of the regular theater reduced in time. The “Kismet” of the dramatic stage ran in its evening performance from eight o’clock to eleven. (Continued on page 128)
Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor, together again in “The Man Who Came Back.” “Oh, how hard Charlie and I have tried to fall in love!” says Janet in the story on the opposite page. “We knew everybody expected it. We have spent hours alone in the moonlight hoping the divine spark would touch us, but it hasn’t!”
The GIRL who came back

The real story of Janet Gaynor's revolt and return, by one of her best friends

By Bio De Casseres

All of Janet Gaynor's admirers will be glad to hear that she has settled her affairs with the Fox Studio amicably, for that means we will soon see her wistful loneliness on the screen again!

There may be screen stars who have greater beauty and others who have operatic voices, but there is no one in movieland who has that under-the-skin appeal that Janet has. She has that other-world attraction—there is something of Wendy, Peter Pan, Mary Rose, and Dickens' Little Nell in everything she does.

Her smile is like moonlight seen through tears. Her eyes are like moats where elves come to play. Her voice could summon Mother Goose and all her band, for it hasn't lost a single note of glamour.

Now, Janet is about the size of an elf but she has the will and decisiveness of mind of an Amazon when she comes to the point of making it up. She has a lot of courage when it comes to the important matters in her life. She has always had to stand pretty much alone because in so many ways she is unique. The things that pleased others did not please her. She has a different sense of values.

In the recent difficulty with the Fox company she may have been at fault as far as rote and rule were concerned; but there are inner conditions that the artist who is in any way creative must take cognizance of. In this case it was Janet's love of her work, her wish to give the best that she had in her to give, and thus her demand for better stories, which were the real causes of it all.

She stood out valiantly for a principle that she believed in, and I believe she has won.

"High Society Blues" was the picture that caused Janet's rebellion. There wasn't anything in that picture for her to do but to smile and look pretty, and before the end came I could see that that famous smile of Janet's was a pretty wilted one. I knew what was going through her mind and could sympathize with her.

On receiving my unflattering comments about the picture, Janet answered, "Now that you have seen 'High Society Blues' I am sure I don't have to explain why I sailed to Honolulu and felt that I never would come back. Rather than ever make another picture like that, I'll quit right now, and I mean it sincerely."

This is quite a stand for any one to take in this money-loving, hard-boiled age. (Continued on page 131)
What Trend

The producers attack the problems of the new year's films

By Doris Denbo

Jesse L. Lasky, Paramount:
"This next year will be a year of comedies. Even in drama we are going to have to insert comedy characters and scenes. Color will probably be universally used by the end of next year."

Jack Warner, Warner Bros:
"There must be a reason and a logical one, for music and dancing on the screen from now on. There will be new faces. We need youth—new blood not only on the screen, but behind it!"

Joseph Schenck, United Artists:
"The star system will gain momentum this next year. Individual stars who have kept pace with screen progress will be greater than ever. But perhaps the greatest strides will come through color and its general use."

Harry Cohn, Columbia:
"Musical extravaganzas, revues and operettas are not wanted. The wide screen will not make great progress this next year. The public wants entertaining pictures regardless of story, type, star, or studio."

PITY the poor producer with a new year of talking pictures bearing down upon him!

What's to be done in 1931? What trend will talking pictures take? The producers are the men who have to face this problem.

One by one, I visited these producers in their sanctums in Hollywood and asked them how they were going to answer the problems of pictures in 1931.

When you have read their answers perhaps your ire and caustic comments about 'these producers and the trash they are forcing down the throats of the public!' will be tempered with pity and a sympathetic understanding of the almost insurmountable problems they have been, and are, facing!

Samuel Goldwyn, because he is so colorful, because he never fails to make interesting, artistic entertainment in spite of weak stories and the various pitfalls so common to production, was the first person I sought in my quest.

I found him sitting at his desk in his luxurious offices at the United Artists studio, surrounded by papers, scripts, telegrams, all the atmosphere surrounding the business of making pictures. A private switchboard for inside calls at his elbow buzzed almost constantly as we talked.

George Fitzmaurice, directing John Boles and Evelyn Laye in "Lilli," called from the set where they were working and asked questions. Joseph Schenck, head of the United Artists Corporation, called on production problems. Hank Arnold, publicity director, called on a publicity stunt. And so it went, incessantly.

Goldwyn tersely advised, directed, commanded, and then dismissed these hundred little details over the wire as a general would direct the attack from behind the lines. All the while he carried on a direct, to-the-point talk with me, never once losing the thread of his conversation. Such is the life of every producer! Each visit was a repetition of this activity and condensed executive labors—all in the day's work to these men!

"This year is going to be a year of great picture sensations—or great flops!" said Goldwyn, positively.

"There will be no half way. The appeal of talking pictures as a novelty is no longer present. The public have been shown every trick and possibility of talking pictures at present, and it has taken them scarcely a year to become very wise. They will not accept
bad dialogue, unnatural situations and bad diction. They will no longer go to a picture simply because it is talking!

"Yet, there are but five really clever, dependable dialogue writers in the country! There are but a handful of clever, trained personalities who know how to put over their stuff on the talking screen. There are few directors and fewer writers who have learned to combine screen technique or story treatment with the stage formulae. They are learning—but not fast enough for the tremendous demand all over the country.

"Producers are going to be up against making fewer pictures, taking more time in preparation and more care in the selection of personalities. The program picture is out! Story and handling will be the thing!

"New York has had a great season if they have twelve or fifteen stage hits in a year," he went on. "Pictures are expected to have hundreds of hits in a year! Thousands of pictures must be ground out of the studios to meet the demand of theaters all over the world.

"It is easy to see that with the lack of material and talent available it is impossible to meet this demand with perfect results in every case. In spite of all odds, thousands of theaters must be supplied with entertainment each week, it stands to reason there must be a certain percentage of flops!

"Every producer wants to make every picture a hit, but this is utterly impossible—and so he does the best he can, and sometimes he knows it is a very poor best through no fault of his own. He knows he cannot break faith with his exhibitors and the public and fail to supply them with pictures to show and to see—good or bad—and there you are!"

That sort of lets us peep over the other side of the fence a bit, doesn’t it?

Joseph M. Schenck, at the same studio, was the next civilian I stormed. He was most cheerful in his predictions for the next year of talking pictures.

"Great minds from all over the world have been attracted and brought into the motion picture business through the advent of talking pictures and its new demands. World-famous writers, playwrights, composers, impresarios and players have migrated to Hollywood to contribute their talents," he said.

"Color is daily becoming more perfected. Perhaps the greatest strides (Continued on page 112)
LOCATION WIDOWS

You have heard of golf widows. Now meet the Hollywood wives whose husbands are called away on location business!

By Hale Horton

To a certain extent Hollywood has always been threatened with the Location Widow menace, and while the situation never became acute, the danger was there, hanging over the town like a faint, sinister cloud, waiting for the most puissant moment at which to swoop down and blot out the sweet, trusting happiness in a considerable number of homes!

Since the revitalization of the Outdoor Romance, the menace has come to a crisis, and the crisis, parenthetically, is causing the gravest concern: not only to the lonely husbands, so ruthlessly dragged from their firesides, but also to the young debutantes of the screen who rather fear the location widows intend subtly to monopolize their boy friends—especially since holding a boy-friend in Hollywood, even without this added competition, calls for tireless and efficient cultivation.

"While up to now I have noticed no appreciable diminution in the number of my dates," June Collyer complains, "sooner or later this overflight of attractive women is bound to have its effect."

And so it is. Unless, perchance, the widows' activities are adequately accounted for; which leads to all manner of surmises—and, frankly, I was quite unprepared for the one all-consuming passion enjoyed by most of the horde. But more of this later on.

Now lest the term 'location widow' cause a flutter of apprehension, let me hasten to explain that it refers in no way to women whose husbands live in town but are located in different houses or apartments. For example: the mere fact that Ina Claire lived for a while in a home located some six blocks from that of her husband's did not necessarily place her in a category with the location widow, especially since one presumes that her temporary widowhood engendered not so much from location as from back-fire of temperament. However, I have no intentions of probing the subject, for at the moment I am solely concerned with the wives whose husbands are located at a distance of at least ten miles away and for periods extending from two weeks to a year. Their reason for departure being an Outdoor Romance.

All manner of questions have been put forth relative to the situation. Some people seem chiefly worried as to whether or not these repeated absences are conducive to matrimonial bliss, and I would say that the answer is obviously "Yes and no."

Lilyan Tashman, whose husband, Eddie Lowe, is away for some four months of the year, believes that a little vacation never hurts anyone. "When Eddie's away I change my mode of living not an iota. I go out no more nor less." She trots around with a small clique of friends which includes Ilka Chase and the entire Barrymore tribe, and apparently makes efficient use of her time.

There are those who say that if Jim Cruze had scampered off on a few more location trips, Betty Compson would not have insisted that "Jim is around the house so much and drags in so many friends that I have absolutely no time for my work!" and caught a little divorce. But Cruze was around the house, and Betty complained, and the kindly judge intimated that Cruze could have himself a location trip, with or without Outdoor Romance, and notable for its permanency. But on the other hand, what about the case of the young actor who, upon returning from a year's location trip in Africa, found himself quite thoroughly divorced?

But, of course, the most important question relative to the problem concerns the status of the entertainment enjoyed by the widows while their husbands are busily occupied with an Outdoor Romance. With what do they fill their lonely hours? I've often wondered myself! From a purely casual observation one becomes rather confused. Could it be possible that all of them simply 'continued a quiet round of feminine activity' as did Evelyn Brent? Or perhaps they pull the nearest trick of the week by emulating Vera Reynolds and 'just stay home and be peppy.'
And at least one location widow will never again play pinochle rummy while her husband's away. While the incident lacks the element of tragedy it is not without a certain shading of pathos; for the full extent of this young girl's crime was that of losing a considerable sum at the aforementioned game, unfortunate but pardonable. However, her husband of two weeks, on returning from a brief location trip, took one good squint at the guilt in her eye and cried: "Don't tell me, dear. There's no use of both of us suffering."
From then on relations were strained. The divorce was inevitable.
"But in spite of these rather extreme examples," you may wish to inquire, "is the location widow problem actually developing into a menace, or is the gravity of the situation greatly exaggerated, like Mark Twain's death and the importance of Clara Bow's love affairs?"
Personally, I felt the condition was pretty acute; and in tackling the problem, with my customary vigor, I admit to a number of false moves such as asking Lupe Velez if she were a location widow, and inquiring into the activities of the Domino Club which has been joined by a number of the more prominent widows among whom is Mrs. Edward Robinson—but nevertheless, I completed my research work without receiving even a scratch!
Eventually I discovered that several of the more consistent location widows had revolted. Apparently they had come to the conclusion that no good would engender from their being left behind while their husbands were working on Outdoor Romances. Ken Maynard now definitely knows that to get away from his wife he would have to imitate Puss In Boots and go mouse with a quick squeak. "Ken has an airplane which he often takes on location," Mrs. Maynard explained. "And you've no idea how much territory he can cover! But from now on, I'll have you know, I'm going, too."
"And I don't blame you at all!" her best friend, Mrs. Robert Armstrong agreed. "Personally, I don't mind two or three weeks, once in a long while, but now Bob's going to Montana for ten weeks and maybe more, and this time I'm going along—I never did trust small town girls, anyway."
And while touching on the subject of rebellion, one simply must bring up the case of Olive Carey; although there exists some difference of opinion as to just why she followed her husband, Harry, down to Africa during the "Trader Horn" location.
"I didn't want any dames around," Harry insisted with an expressive shrug. "I wanted the kids, and they (Continued on page 120)
Hollywood Goes

It pays to lead a dog's life in pictures

DOG STARS. Movie actors. W-oo-oo-fffff!
That's what Zep in our back yard says. That's what Ace down the street whimpers about. That's what Dane and Zora pour out their hearts to the moon about—as they howl through the night!

Well, have you seen the new barkies, the talking dog comedies? That will tell you. "Hot Dogs," "College Dogs," "Who Killed Rover," "Dogville Melody," "All Quiet On The K9 Front." Every dog in town is barking about it yet. It's the talk of the kennels, the gossip of all the bone-fights. The way these dogs have broken into the movies, and the bones they've made! My dogs! It's a howling shame. The airs they give themselves. Stars. Movie actors. Can you yelp it?

You've heard rumors of going to the bow-wows, the well-known dogs. You know actors accused of putting on the dog, getting Ritzy, going Hollywood—but here are actors who can't go to the bow-wows, they're already there. And do they put on the dog! Just ask Jiggs. Or Oscar.

You don't know Jiggs? Well, for barking out loud! Nor Oscar either, I'll wager. Nor Buster, nor Pepper. Brownie, Billie or little Lena? I suppose the only dogs you know are Rover and Filo and Beauty. They would be. You're not up to the times, that's all. Still in 1929. Don't know your dogs. We sneer at you. We snap our find-
praising young Hollywoodmen, Jules White and Zion Myers, Carmel's brother, believed there must be something in the saying, "Love me, love my dog," and they combed the studios for canine talent, getting all of the paws on the dotted line; and then they started to work.

"Hot Dogs!" That was the first result! Now they have a troupe of canine actors working. And how they work! Dressed like people. Acting like people. Nicer than—some people!

Let's step over to the dog set on the Metro lot, with Zep from our back yard, and see the stars that glow in the canine heavens.

Look! There's Oscar just coming off the set now. Yes, it is Oscar. Of course, Oscar is no lady, silly! He's a famous female impersonator. You'd never dream he wasn't a dog flapper, with those soulful brown eyes, that injured innocent expression, would you? Oscar came up from the extra ranks, discovered by his directors. Hired first to do a bit, he was such an instant success he was put on contract, and now romps home with all of the honors as leading lady for the troupe.

No, Oscar isn't usurping a director's chair. There's Director Meyers sitting in his own. This one is Oscar's. See his name in gilt letters? Oscar is resting now, cooling off, shedding his pants—that is, when he gets hot he pants; he has to have ice and electric fans. No, it isn't pampering them, feeble. They're hard working movie actors!

Hello, Oscar, old fellow: How's tricks?

Oscar yawns, pink tongue hanging out (that is quite all right in dog etiquette). What's he saying, Zep? "Oh, it's a dog's life," he barks, "but I'm burying lots of bones and it won't be many years before I can retire to a little kennel of my own and get away from it all!" (Continued on page 122)
I NA CLAIRE seemed to be an ideal person to quiz about marriage.

In the first place, Ina has been married to a smart newspaperman, whom she divorced in due time. In the second place, Ina has been successfully allied to John Gilbert of the films for a year and a half. (The half is important. In Hollywood every four months is celebrated. Life is short and matrimony treacherous.) And in the third place, Miss Claire has sparkled on Broadway in so many brilliant comedies bristling with epigrams, insults and divorcées that she has unquestionably absorbed some of the Lonsdale ideas on love and marriage, men and morals, scotch and soda. Who can say that being "Polly with a Past," Mrs. Cheyney and the heroine of "Grounds for Divorce" wouldn't be a liberal education?

So I went to Ina Claire to find out about the inside story of this thing called marriage. Why was it considered an institution, and who, as the beloved Raymond Hitchcock was wont to inquire, wanted to live in an institution? It would all be answered by the blonde Miss Claire.

Although she was living at the Savoy Plaza messages brought no response. Telegrams, footmen, and carrier pigeons were disregarded, one and all alike. So it was necessary to charter a camel and cross the hot sands of Long Island to the Paramount studios, where Ina was alleged to be making "The Royal Family" for pos-

"When you read in the papers that you and your husband have separated it has a terrifying effect," says Mrs. John Gilbert.

"I look incongruous in aprons!" says Ina Claire Gilbert—one reason she will never retire from a star dressing-room to love in a 12-room cottage

Ina Claire is making her second picture, "The Royal Family," in New York, and she may also do a stage play here—Jack is working in Hollywood.
terity and the talkies. Ahunting we must go!

Again she was elusive. She was in her dressing-room but she had just quitted it for Stage 4; she had stopped at Stage 4 long enough to leave her script and might be found in the commissary. A tour to that center of provisions disclosing nothing better than Harry Richman, carrying his latest photograph, ebony walking-stick, and humming something that sounded like I’m Just Wild About Harry, but after all anyone is liable to err. He may have been cooing I’m Just a Vagabond Lover.

At any rate, Ina Claire was finally discovered on a balcony in “The Royal Family” set, a very pretentious affair duplicating three of the original stage sets and leaving room for a miniature golf-course.

It seemed that Miss Claire was an off-stage voice in the opening sequence. She had to remain on the balcony, out of camera range, but on the balcony nevertheless.

Taking the director’s chair when he wasn’t looking I hurried back of the set with it, and placing a ladder on it I climbed to the balcony.

“Miss Claire,” I said, “here we are, and you might as well bow to the inevitable.”

Miss Claire stifled a yawn and bowed.

“If a supervisor should find you on this balcony your name is abracadabra,” she said, pleasantly.

She is a smartly turned out woman with a distinctly intelligent face that is attractive without being beautiful. She is the epitome of style, it should be unnecessary to add, and moves in an aura of sophistication.

Regarding matrimony she was rather positive and had very definite ideas.

“Matrimony is overrated and overwritten,” she said.

“Matrimony is not a state; it is simply a state of mind. If two people decide to marry with the prefixed notion of long vacations out of one another’s sight, more marriages would be successful.

“I have never been disillusioned by the ceremony. On both occasions I have enjoyed the companionship of interesting men. My first husband, you know, once reviewed my play with some such phrase as ‘Miss Claire is the worst actress I have ever been married to,’ and yet we got along well. A sense of humor is indispensible. But that is obvious.

“Gilbert has a sense of humor. He’s a charming fellow. Temperamental, of course, but aren’t we all?”

That was a Lonsdale play, too, I remembered.

“Oscar, darling, I’ll be down in a minute,” said Miss Claire. It was startling until (Continued on page 132)
I thought that bad actor was through!” remarked Lew Carroll, ace publicity man. He was standing at the window of the Motion Picture Club, studying the giant electric sign that announced Tommy Gray in his latest super-feature. The Broadway theater crowds surged toward the lobby like black moths toward a flame. “There was a star I thought was due for the greased plank—”

“His not as bad an actor as you think,” drawled Hy Howard. Hy was one of the freaks of a freakish industry—a motion picture press agent who seldom talked. But Lew was his buddy. “What I’m going to tell you, Lew, is strictly confidential. The public must never know a single word of this. You promise me that, don’t you?”

“I promise, I know we’ve got to keep some things under cover.”

“This is one of them, Lew,” and Hy lounged back in the deep red leather chair, blinking out at the giant electric sign as if he himself could scarcely believe the strange story he was about to tell. “Well, last year, I was out on the Coast to do some special publicity for Tommy Gray. He was as hard to see as a wart on your back. Success had gone to his head and he wore it like a high hat. Only two years before that, he’d been an unknown extra. A wandering camera caught him full in the face, and he went up among the high-priced stars like a sky-rocket.

“The only reason the gang still liked Tommy was because he was a good spender. Some of the gay times he staged at his thirty-room Beverly Hills bungalow would have made old man Nero jealous. Tommy was traveling so fast that he used to meet himself coming home at dawn, and he was generally so party-eyed that he thought the sunrise was a klieg-light.

“Well, when I arrived, his picture was five weeks behind schedule and the director was afraid to take close-ups because that angel face of his looked like the very devil. Dissipation was written all over it thicker than the grill-work on a speakeasy door. Even his voice, which used to sound like an amen to a maiden’s prayer, had begun to crack. Sometimes he would show up on the set at noon-time, sour as last week’s milk, and sometimes he wouldn’t show up at all while the whole company waited for the bad actor and the payroll went right on clicking without waiting.

“At first the Big Boss was patient. He tried coaxing. Tommy didn’t realize he was not only sliding down the rope but nearing the end. Nobody dared to advise him to tie a knot and hold on. And he got to the end of the rope one night after a wild party. Then came the dawn, as the title writers say. Tommy was driving one of the girls home in his speedy red, and it wasn’t
visits him in Hollywood—and fiction story by Beth Brown, "Applause," and "Ballyhoo"

Dolly Duane, the girl he was engaged to, either. Tommy’s car couldn’t keep to the straight and narrow any more than Tommy could, and he hit something he didn’t know existed—a milk wagon. The police hauled him off to jail.

"Of course, he sent for Dolly to bail him out. He must have made a pretty picture sitting behind the bars in his evening clothes. Dolly had followed her boy friend’s straying so often that her heels were all run down. She was tired of his fast pace, passed her engagement ring through the bars and told him to bail himself out with that, and when he got out to keep away from her.

"By this time even the Big Boss had had enough. He decided that there would be no renewal of contract for Tommy. This last picture of his would be finished and shelved, then down the slippery plank he’d slide, make a couple of quickies and end up in the street. It looked hopeless for Tommy. The bad actor had played bad for the last time. Then what do you think happened?” demanded Hy.

"I never think after office hours,” from Lew. “You tell me.”

"Well, a telegram came to the studio from Tommy’s mother, saying that she was coming out to Hollywood—"

“That’s enough,” interrupted Lew, “I know the rest of the story. Mother-love triumphs and all that bunk. I’ve heard that story before—"

“But that’s not this story,” retorted Hy, "There are no salt tears in this story. It’s got a surprise finish that’ll surprise even you. Listen. Tommy showed that telegram all around the studio as worried as if it were a summons to court. He sobered up over night and sense moved back into his head just as if it had never broken its lease. Everybody saw right off how much the little white-haired mother from Boston, whom he had not seen in years meant to him. She must never know what a bad actor he had been. He went around to all his friends begging them to help him carry out a plan—while his mother was in Hollywood he would pretend to be just as good as she thought he was, and his friends must pretend along with him.

All agreed to play their part. Even the Big Boss reluctantly promised to say that Tommy was the most law-abiding actor that ever mugged a klég-light. Yes, he would help fool the old lady. It looked to me like hoping for the impossible. Any mother would have to be pretty dumb not to see through all the pretense. But the gang was sure that the plan would succeed because, after all, it required only some good acting, and acting was
As the east-bound train pulled out, there she was on the observation platform, waving goodbye to the Hollywood gang.

their business, and didn’t they know their business?

“From the moment Tommy’s mother stepped off that train from the East, the acting started. The mother was a nice old lady—white hair, and white collars and cuffs to match. She measured up to Hollywood’s idea of what an old-fashioned mother should be. Everybody fell for her because she was so simple and so trusting. She didn’t doubt a thing the gang told her about Tommy, and in exchange, she confided what a model son he was. She was so wrapped up in her yarns about her boy that she never noticed the winks the gang passed round. I tell you this straight acting had some of the girls and boys pretty tired. They hoped she’d go back home for they couldn’t hold out much longer. They were worried that somebody would let the cat out of the sack before the old lady left.

“And sure enough, one of the girls who had just got in from location and didn’t know what was going on, met Tommy’s mother. Before anybody could stop her, she had given the old lady a bird’s eye view of the ground the model boy had covered while leaving his fling. The old lady merely smiled and told the girl that it was useless to make her believe that Tommy kept pace with the fast life out in Hollywood because she knew that he wasn’t that kind of a son.

“Gee, the old lady must have been simple!” interrupted Lew. “It must have been a lot of fun kidding her along. I bet the gang enjoyed it.”

“Yeah, you would have enjoyed it. A smart guy like you would have put a lot over on the old lady. But let me tell you, it was no fun for Tommy. Of course, he gave some parties but you’d think they were Sunday school picnics. The company left for home at the time they’d been accustomed to arrive. In the mornings, his mother would wake him promptly at eight and send him off to work. The only time that Tommy was ever up that early since he became a star was when he was up all night before. The first time the gang saw him arriving on the set at eight o’clock, they thought he was walking in his sleep. “Afternoons, his mother would come to the studio to watch him work. They seated her right up front, beside the director, and she belonged there for it was she who directed Tommy with those bright, encouraging smiles of hers. And let me tell you, he worked! He threw aside his high-hat, said ‘yes sir’ to the director, ‘pardon me’ to the script girl, and ‘please’ to the second assistant camera-man. The Big Boss himself heard about it and came around to see what had come over Tommy. “When the little mother was introduced to him, she spent half an hour telling him what a model young man Tommy was. The Big Boss blew in the rest of the hour agreeing with her. The old lady swallowed every word, including the punctuation. It was the best bit of acting the Big Boss had ever done, and he felt so good about fooling her that he jocosily offered her a bit in the picture so that she could tell the folks back home she’d been in the movies.

“But all she said was: ‘Oh, I’m no actress. I’m just an old lady that retired long ago!’ and, there was the strangest twinkle in her eye. (Continued on page 124)

Meet the clever young man who made the remarkable portrait studies of the stars in the special exclusive art section beginning on the opposite page. This photograph of Mortimer Offner, portraitist, was taken by Josef von Sternberg, the noted film director, during Offner’s recent visit to Hollywood—just to show the young camera artist how it feels to look at the birdie himself!
All the portraits in this sixteen-page gallery were photographed exclusively for Screenland by Mortimer Offner.
Montgomery Scored!

By

Myrene Wentworth

Now they’re calling him ‘Box-office Bob’

EVER since Robert Montgomery has been on his own his motto has been ‘keep working.’ Born in Beacon, New York, and educated at Pawling School, Pawling, with trips abroad every vacation, he began life surrounded by wealth and culture. In his middle teens the sudden news of the death of his father, who was vice-president of the New York Rubber Company, revealed the fact that the family fortune had reached the vanishing point. Faced with the necessity of earning a living he and his brother went to work on a railroad and then shipped on a coastal steamer as deck hands. He met a struggling playwright on this job and became interested in the theater as a profession. There was money to be wrung from the stage and money was what Bob needed.

The fact that people discouraged him affected him not at all. People always told you the thing you wanted to do was the last thing you should do. Bob knew that he could learn to act because he liked it, so when, after his second performance in a very minor part he had a disgruntled note from the star, Mr. William Faversham, he remained unruffled in spirit. The note was to the effect that there were plenty of good jobs open to young men who could qualify as bond salesmen and that Bob had best look up one of these, since the stage was not at all in his line.

“After all,” Bob said to himself, “the best of us make mistakes.” He remembered having heard that Maurice Barrymore expressed himself very forcibly on the subject of his son John. “The boy has no talent for the stage at all,” was the pith of the great actor’s remark. Now Mr. Barrymore made a big mistake; and Bob remembered something, too, about an editor, well-known at the time, who told Penhryn Stanlaws he’d never make a dollar on his Phoebe Snow idea and style of art. “Stick to your line,” the editor advised. “And,” he laughed at the joke on himself years afterwards, “if Pen had taken my advice he would never have been heard of to this day.”

So, taking stock of the too positive statements of friends and relatives that didn’t always work out, Bob went serenely on his way of learning how to act. He never held out for good parts, parts he thought his growing experience entitled him to, nor did he hold out for salary. He took any and every job he could get. His idea was that if he was on the stage only two hours in a week, at least he had two hours in which to study stage technique. He played a leading part with Grace George one season and the next season did extra work in her company. It was a court-room scene and all during the act he was able to watch the work of this fine artiste and her supporting cast.

He lived in Greenwich Village, that mecca for yearning, struggling artists of every sort and description.

“I wouldn’t have missed that experience for a good deal,” Bob said, laughing over some of the good times they had. They found a restaurant, French or Italian, I’ve forgotten which, where they all ate. They met there every night, told their day’s experiences, chattered, laughed, sang songs and made great plans for the future, like a happy family. Can’t you just see it? Red-checked table cloths, candle light, smoke, and all that sort of thing. When newcomers entered everyone in the restaurant stared at them, embarrassing the strangers so by the wholesale focus of eyes, that they turned and went away. Then ‘the regulars’ would laugh. They didn’t want newcomers, they only wanted themselves and their friends. That was all right with the proprietor, too. He liked his family.

No one ever thought of paying even when he had money. Once a month the proprietor came to each person. “How much money have you?” he would ask.

(Continued on page 127)
A NEW

HOLLYWOOD

WIVES’ TALE

What the wives of the screen colony are doing for sweet charity's sake

By

Helen Ludlam

HOLLYWOOD wives have gone to work!
These women who have everything—beautiful homes, cars, jewels, staffs of servants—have turned from their easy luxury to follow an ideal of service.

These wives of Hollywood directors and executives and stars are working girls now—all for sweet charity's sake.

Not that they are bragging about it. Why, they don't even want to talk about it! They didn't want to be photographed. They didn't seek publicity. Only by calling their attention to the fact that their modesty might stand in the light of the very people they wanted to help, was SCREENLAND able to get the story!

It isn't a film charity, either. It is a civic charity, for the day nursery—children of workers who have no place to leave their offspring while they earn a living. And thus—the Assistance League Tea Room. You'll find it on the southeast corner of De Longpre at St. Andrew's Place—number 5604 De Longpre Avenue. It isn't a new thing in Hollywood but this is the first time it has been a success. It was just an accident that Mrs. Abraham Lehr, the wife of the general manager of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, took it over. She had been interested in other charitable work and because of the way she pitched in and saved the day on one occasion her associates thought she should run the tea room.

The manager then presiding had run it $700 in the hole, which wasn't so good, and when she gave up, the members voted for Mrs. Lehr. She consented, glad to have a real excuse for passing up the bridge parties that were getting on her nerves.

The place didn't have to be redecorated, for Madame Helene who had taken it over for a time with no success had redecorated it the most attractively. Butter-yellow walls, graceful nooks and crannies, a real fireplace, windows on four sides so that there is enough light and air.

"Now if we can make one thousand dollars a month—" Mrs. Lehr began, and was laughed to silence. "One thousand a month! If you make one thousand in four months you'll be working a miracle."

And it might as well be said right here that after six months of her clever management Mrs. Lehr takes in for the fund anywhere from one thousand to twelve
hundred dollars a week! Almost unbelievable, but true.

Her first move was to ask her friends, the wives of the directors and executives, if they would rally around.

Mrs. Lehr thought if she traded on the good old moving picture lure she’d soon have a crowd attracted to the place in the certainty of seeing screen celebrities, and that once attracted the good food would hold them. And the food is good.

Mrs. Lehr asked such women as Mrs. Clive Brook, Mrs. David Butler, Mrs. John Ford, Mrs. Hunt Stromberg, Mrs. Fred Niblo, Mrs. Owen Moore, Mrs. W. K. Howard and Mrs. Harry Langdon to serve as waitresses. She was sure they would all draw their own crowd on the days they served and that gradually the public would hear of it. She asked them to pledge themselves to one day a week, and they all did.

Mrs. Jack Warner is one of the waitresses on Tuesdays. Everyone from Warner Brothers Studio makes a point of trouping over to the League for lunch on that day, from Jack Warner down. They go other days, too, but on Tuesdays they are represented en masse.

On Thursdays Mrs. William K. Howard serves, and the Fox Studio turns out. Mr. Howard is one of Fox’s star directors, you know. As a matter of fact, every day sees a heavy Fox turn-out, for the restaurant is just around the corner from the studio.

The Tea Room is as much of a rendezvous for film folk as any place in town. Elsie Ferguson rented the whole place for

Right: Mrs. Lehr asks Barbara Weeks what she’ll have for lunch. Claudia Dell, center, and Evelyn Knapp are her companions.

Below: Some of the children who are taken care of at the Assistance League Day Nursery, Claire Luce has dropped in to say hello.

From lower left to right: Mrs. Frank Tours, Mrs. Abraham Lehr, Mrs. Barney Glazer; second row: Kathryn Perry (Mrs. Owen Moore), Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Mrs. W. K. Howard—all willing workers!

Claudia Dell buys necklaces and bracelets at the League shop, Peg Ducommun, Pasadena society girl, serves behind the counter.

a big dinner one evening, and maybe that didn’t look like a list of Who’s Who! At luncheon one regularly sees most of the following stars: Sally Eilers, Ina Claire, Kay Francis, the Bennett girls, Constance and Joan; Edmund Lowe, Kenneth McKenna, Bebe Daniels, Helen Hayes, Robert Ames, Claire Luce, Phyllis Haver, Lilyan Tashman, Claudia Dell, Katherine Cornell—who is the current Los Angeles rave in the stage play, “The Dishonored Lady”—and her husband, Guthrie McClintic, a New York producer now a Fox director. Mr. McClintic eats there almost every day; so does Robert Ames. It’s getting to be like a family. Everyone has a grand time.

The loyalty of the volunteer workers has made it possible for Mrs. Lehr to write ‘success’ under the first six months of her rule. She tells me that they have been splendid, never letting her down once, never cancelling their day except in case of illness, and then always notifying her in time to get a substitute. As an example, Owen Moore had a day off and wanted his wife to spend it with him at the beach. It happened to be her day at the League. Against a good deal of persuasion Mrs. Moore held firm. Mrs. Lehr was very sympathetic and wondered why she didn’t humor him. “I should say not,” laughed Mrs. Moore. “When I think of you down here every day for the last six months I wouldn’t have the nerve to go back on my one”  (Continued on page 114)
Is Arliss the greatest actor on the screen—and the only star of sheer intelligence? Greater than Chaplin, than Jannings? Read this article before you answer!

THERE are classes of screen stars. There are sex stars, sob stars, laughing stars, grim he-male stars.

They, variously, influence the libido, water the eyes, tickle the laughing-bone and cause spinal goose-flesh.

But I see only one brain-star: George Arliss. Arliss is sheer intelligence; but he is neither cold nor wintry. His intelligence—his brain—is in every member of his body; I should almost say in every organ. Every muscle, every fibre, every motion of Arliss, either on the stage or on the screen, is under the dominion of a brain—a brain that laughs and weeps, a brain that can be grim or soft, a brain that spurts murder-electrons out of the eyes or shoots rays of tenderest love.

He is, to my mind, the greatest English-speaking actor of the age, and certainly the Brain-King of the Screen. In sheer acting—or the art of extroverting with the conscious and directive mind every shade of emotion and thought that may lurk in the brain and emotional networks—he is the superior of Irving, Mansfield, Booth, Jannings, Chaplin or any one else that I can recall.

Jannings and Chaplin are both superb creative actors; but Arliss tops them because he has all they have plus
a subtle spiritual quality and a magical power of blending the spiritual and the physical, of putting the tongue of his profoundest and most hidden thought and feeling in his eyes, his walk, his fingers—and beyond all, in his voice.

When he is in a scene on the speaking stage, although there may be half a dozen other persons present, there is, to me, no one on the stage except Arliss. The others are blotted out. There is no scenery when he is there—he blots that out. He is an authentic Horla of his art: he absorbs into his personality all that is around him.

And so it is on the speaking screen. He is the one man who—in "Disraeli," "The Green Goddess" and now in "Old English"—has made the talkies an intellectual tool.

He is the only actor whose work I wait for in the talkies. And this is the reason: it does not make any difference whether Arliss is talking canned English or remains silent—whether he pantomimes or talks into a cowbell hanging from a ceiling—he is an artist who by some curious thaumaturgy infuses his genius even into his high-hat, his monocle, his walking-stick and the chair he sits in.

He surges out of the screen, a more vital, vivid, living presence than who are look from a ceiling—he is greater than the mechanized medium in which he works. He completely destroys for the spectator—and this can only be said of Arliss—screen-consciousness, picture-consciousness, actor-consciousness, talkie-consciousness.

Thus again the Horla on the screen, as he is on the stage, he absorbs the whole "works." He needs no director. "I directed George Arliss" would sound as ridiculous as saying, "I sold Charlie Chaplin a story."

One of my intellectual interests since I have been a boy has been the drama. Sometimes it has helped to butter my bread and pay the bootlegger. So my judgment of the work of George Arliss (whom I have never met personally and have never even seen off the stage or the screen) is not snap or suddenly formed. It is the slowly matured opinion of twenty-nine years during which time (and before) I have seen every great actor in the English-speaking world and every play of any importance.

In 1901 Arliss came to New York supporting Mrs. Patrick Campbell. He was totally unknown. The morning after the first performance he was famous. James Gibbons Huneker wrote in The Sun, "The man Arliss is a great actor!" This was also at that time my own opinion.

I was still of the same opinion (now mounting to profound admiration—my highest emotion) when I saw him in "The Darling of the Gods," as the Marquis of Steyne in "Vanity" (continued on page 121)
Mary Brian speaks longingly about going to Alaska for Christmas, but she is busy consulting her shopping list and hanging up holly wreaths just the same.

THE ideal, unconventional Christmas is a secret dream of more than one star.

Ronald Colman thinks the Byrd expedition must have spent a glorious day. Making history on the edge of the universe, with danger and the unknown at either elbow, would create an unforgettable memory.

"I'd like to be in Rome in time to hear the midnight mass sung in St. Peter's!" cries John Boles. "Hundreds of gorgeous voices will sing Adeste Fidelis, the most glorious of all Christmas songs."

"While I was studying in Italy I used to spend hours at St. Peter's, just walking about. It wasn't the works of art that held me, but just something in the atmosphere.

Louise Fazenda will spend her holiday at her Malibu cottage. She'll fish for her dinner—no turkey, no trimmings—just fish!

A frost-bitten Santa is longed for by Anita Page, condemned to sunny California! But she may go up to the mountains, anyway.
STARS would like to SPEND CHRISTMAS

Santa Claus is sneaking up on the screen colony, and the stars plan their ideal holidays

of the place. It seems to me that this feeling, so hard to attain in a workaday world, would be intensified at Christmas. I can shut my eyes and see crowds winding slowly into the cathedral, the procession of choir boys, the altar ablaze with candles, and hear the music pouring out over all.

"That's how I'd like to begin the twenty-fifth day of December!"

Three of our prettiest maidens vote for St. Moritz, Switzerland. The two-weeks festival season of winter sports appeals to Clara Bow, who has it from Phillips Holmes that the real Christmas spirit is rampant. Barbara Kent, who hails from Canada, chooses the spot because she can ski well, never suffers from chilblains, and has not yet had her fill of snow sports.

And Irene Delroy would add to her order that she must be head over heels in love, share the sports with the Man, and look and feel like an Ideal Girl all the time!

Mary Brian speaks longingly of going to Alaska, but she was looking at a Christmas list at the time.

The high seas as a holiday location strikes Charles Bickford as about right. He owns a whaling fleet.

Richard Arlen dreams of taking Mrs. Arlen (Jobyna Ralston) and maybe friend Walter Huston, on their boat for a cruise along the coast of Lower California. "It's like the South Seas," he explains, "we'd sail slowly, stop at old towns that attracted us, just loaf and live."

Louise Fazenda whispers that she has actually enjoyed the ideal and unconventional Christmas. For four years now, Louise and husband Hal Wallis have spent their holiday at their beach cottage. (Continued on page 123)
The most popular GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD

She is the friend of the stars—goes to all their parties, knows their joys and their sorrows. Read about her here

By Aimee Torriani

To find the heart of Hollywood may sometimes require almost a surgical operation to penetrate the adipose tissue that seems to grow about this little hamlet’s warm breast. For many have come and gone and will continue to come and go and still see nothing but the cold, calculating self-centered stars, sitting smugly in their luxurious cars, in their pretentious homes, walking along the boulevards and strolling the golf courses and the sands of Malibu Beach—always, always ‘putting on the caviar.’

Now had I not been invited to this particular party the second week I was in Hollywood, I might have come and gone with just the same reaction. I’ve been to a dozen parties since and, had the memory of that first one not echoed in my mind, I might have thought quite differently of the whole show.

It was to be a birthday party. Billie Dove, Laura La Plante, Alice and Marceline Day, Belle Bennett, the Duncan sisters, Betty Compson, many other stars and directors’ wives were to be there.

The party was given at the home of Mrs. Felix Hughes, Ruth Stonehouse of early picture fame, Jackie Saunders and Ruth were the hostesses that day and both of these girls are as pretty and as youthful as they were some years ago when the fans of the early picture days worshipped at their shrines.

It was Ella Wickersham’s birthday. I was introduced to Ella immediately upon entering. Ella is a fair, radiant person, looking far more like an angel than a human being. Her face is like one of Botticelli’s cherubs, although her straight and dainty little form is always clad in dresses that are the last word in fashion. She wears skirts right to her shoes and displays two motionless well-shod feet on the step of her wheel chair; for this little Ella has not walked since she was a girl in her early teens.

She reigns in her wheel chair like a queen on a touring throne. Ella goes everywhere; she is invited to practically every party given in Hollywood, and is notified of every love affair, marriage, birth, or death in the film industry. No star is too busy to talk to Ella on the telephone or at parties; no one considers the evening complete without sitting out a dance with her.

Every year this little group of girl stars assemble a houseful to give Ella her birthday feast. They bestow upon her presents such as you would not see at the betrothal of a Princess. No perfume is too rare, nor is any gown, pillow, or lace too beautiful to give to this little girl, who, in spite of her courage and energy, must spend three fourths of her time in bed. Nothing seems too beautiful or extravagant for these oft-called ‘heartless stars’ to express their love for Ella. They do not preach to her, or give her what might be warm and serviceable; they give from their generous hearts what they would consider beautiful for themselves if fate had designated that they spend their lives in a wheel chair instead of in the radiant glow of fame and fortune.

Granted Ella is a remarkable character, and her brother Bill an equally unusual personality. Bill takes
her everywhere, in a manner that is so efficient that it almost seems perfunctory. He lifts her into the car,straights the wheel chair on the spare tire, and away they go, Hollywoodward and pleasure bent!

Theirs is a companionship that passes human analysis. Bill says, "Ella is like Cicero. He had a very marked impediment in his speech. Consequently, oratory held such a great fascination for him that he eventually became the world's greatest orator. Going places and doing things has a similar fascination for Ella, and her handicap has only served to give her such a keen consciousness of activity that it adds zest to every event."

Perhaps therein lies the secret of her charm, for there is nothing quite so ingratiating as intelligent and whole-hearted interest.

Granted that these two beings are extraordinary characters, appreciating them shows that the heart of the picture colony is warm, sincere and without pretense. For Ella and Bill are not a new thrill to Hollywood; they have grown up in its midst. They understand it with an understanding that induces avid interest and compassion and Hollywood has received them in like manner.

When you first meet Ella, you are inclined to treat her with deference and extend to her the instinctive courtesies that one does to an afflicted person; but after you hear her say, "The water was too cold for bathing, so we walked down the beach and dropped in to see Rosetta and Vivian." Or, "We had dinner, danced a bit and then went to the midnight matinée at the Chinese; you become as oblivious of her wheel chair as she is. So completely has Ella mastered the situation mentally that she seems to move through life with a fleetness that defies physical locomotion, and I have heard many people say that they are constantly checking themselves from asking her to come over to them, even when they have known her for years.

Like all great comedians, Harry Langdon has a great and alert sense of human understanding. Upon meeting Ella for the first time, he appraised her radiant self, glanced at the wheel chair and said, "Pretty soft for you!" With that terse remark, he dispensed with the little artificialities that usually follow an introduction and precipitated the admiration that Ella has for him and for his lovely wife, (Continued on page 126)
The newest notes in the mode for 1931

By Maybelle Manning

All the beauty and romance of Phidian Greece, Czaristic Russia, Cleopatran Egypt, Napoleonic France, and Victorian England, are bound up in the fashions of the winter of 1931. But what a treacherous season it will prove for women without a sure sense of style!

Lanvin, Chanel, Patou, Agnes, Louiseboulanger, Lelong, Molyneux, Worth—every great couturier is creating a different mode for the new year of 1931. And each mode bears no relationship to the designs of the other. So many and diverse are the costumes and robes de style displayed by these various creators, that unless a woman is magnificently sure of her own style sense, she had better beware of purchasing her winter wardrobe without expert advice. If, however, she decides to choose for herself, the one cardinal point to keep in mind is that these 1931 clothes must have distinguished simplicity of line, depending for the necessary ornamentation only on a dignified elaboration of detail, or trimming.

There are five separate and distinct winter silhouettes: The Napoleonic, revived by Molyneux. The Egyptian, evolved by Patou. The Victorian, the Greek, and the Russian, worked out by various other celebrated designers.

And right here, while one is dazzled by this multiplicity of modes, is the spot for every woman to realize that she should strive to be gowned—not costumed. There’s a great difference. Lelong explains it admirably when he says, “Both a costume and a gown cover the body. But the costume is make-believe and is designed to change the personality of its wearer. Whereas, a really beautiful gown, in good style, enhances the individual characteristics.”

That’s what each woman must do—enhance her individual characteristics by distinguished simplicity of line, not cover her body with a variety of bizarre garments which tend to make her look as if she is on her way to a masked ball. Remember this when you are deciding which of the five major modes will best suit you—whether Napoleonic, Egyptian, Victorian, Greek or Russian.

Now if you happen to be young, slight, and lovely—like June Collyer, say—we would suggest that you select the Napoleonic style, with its high waist-line, and dainty little poke bonnets trimmed with cock-plumes, flowers and little birds.

All models from Bergdorf Goodman

Photographs of Ilka Chase by Hal Rhysë

Reminiscent of the romantic era with a dash of the Napoleonic is this evening wrap worn by Ilka Chase. The entire top is of sumptuous white ermine; the bottom of the wrap is of bias-cut wine-colored velvet. The picture above gives you an idea of the subtly designed back.
for WINTER

However, if you are of a more sensuous and glamorous type, resembling Constance Bennett, I should suggest the Victorian mode, which includes the "Kate Greenaway" frocks with tiny puffed sleeves, and tight, high-waisted bodices.

On the other hand, if you are nearer the Ann Harding style of beauty, the Greek theme, with its formal simple lines would suit you exactly. But again, if you have the warm-blooded, colorful beauty of Evelyn Brent, you should try either the Russian, with its marvelous high fur collars and long sweeping trains; or the Egyptian, with sinuous front drapes and intriguing slits at the sides above the ankles.

After you have definitely decided which of these formal gowns, for shopping, spectator sports, or for home. Because of their simplicity, the cut, the line of these dresses, must be the last word in artistry. The wearer must also be meticulously groomed and her accessories chosen with the greatest of care.

At lunch time and for early informal afternoon wear, the smartest thing of all is a Jersey frock or suit made with circular skirt and bordered with wide furs like fox, with tight fitting jackets. If, however, the luncheon is formal, a velvet fur-trimmed coat and skirt, combined with a discreet touch of real lace, would be the thing.

Dead black is also exceedingly smart for early afternoon but only when a note of color is introduced by a beautiful bag, set with seed turquoises or seed corals or

The Victorian influence is apparent in this black velvet dinner gown that introduces a large bow at the waistline, giving a bustle-like contour. Miss Chase, who's wearing it, is the daughter of Edna Woolman Chase, Editor-in-Chief of Vogue—no wonder she can wear clothes!

A Russian note is emphasized in this suit of two tones of green with collar and cuffs of Persian lamb. A fetching tricorn with a veil tops the ensemble. Posed by Ilka Chase.

such stones.

With morning and early afternoon dresses, the fur bolero is a dashing adjunct. They are so short they resemble a mess-boy's jacket, and are contrived from white lapin, white ermine and green, if you please, green mole-skin. Chanel has introduced a (Continued on page 106)
EDITOR’S NOTE:

This is the first article of a series comprising our new radio department edited by Louis Reid, the most authoritative—and amusing—writer on radio topics today. Mr. Reid, who is Radio Editor of The New York American, will guide you gently through the maze of microphones, crooners, announcers, and news events in Screenland every month.

THE most flourishing industry in the republic at present is the manufacture of megaphones for the crooners of the radio. The harassed Hoover must be aware of it though our most reliable operatives along the Potomac report he has yet to turn his statisticians to the job of spreading the glad tidings.

Crooners are the infantry of the microphonic army and the megaphone is the rifle with which they attack the countless eardrums of the nation. Crooning, indeed, has become a major phase of our civilization. College are alert to it. They are increasing their enrollments by giving it shelter and nourishment. Given a year or two on the campus and a crooner can storm any radio gate in the country.

It was Rudy Vallee who was the first to raise a megaphone to his lips and thereby make himself a byword in the parlors of the land. The M. Vallee’s megaphone had a special significance. It was moonstruck. It concentrated upon the mystery of deep night and the charm of vagabond love. So industriously did he use it that he was soon in what the professors call the heavy sugar. When his vogue showed signs of dying, when the restless and lonely women of the republic were turning again to bridge, did he retire to his fast-gotten gains? The answer, of course, is no. He cultivated the ears of the male population. He paid sibilous tribute to dear old Maine!

The ears of the nation have been cupped for months to the glories of Maine. More than any other State in the Union save Carolina, Maine is the belle of the broadcasters. Early and late Maine is sold to the armchairs as prosperity was once sold to the electorate. And the salesmen are the M. Vallee and Phillips Lord.

Ransacking the musical attics, Vallee came across the Maine Stein Song and sent it flashing to the overstuffed divans of the land. Listeners quaffed deeply of it and quenched their musical thirst. It became overnight an answer to song publishers’ prayers. Its how to Bacchus became the rage from Gotham to the Golden Gate. It must inevitably have penetrated the parched pastures of Bishop Cannon.

Dance bands took it up, concert bands sounded its marching melody, brass bands breathed its mug-draining defiance, little German bands adopted it as their theme song. It drew more attention to Maine than at any time since some stimulating prophet coined the expression ‘hell-bent.’

Meanwhile, another maharajah of the microphone was busy selling Maine to the millions who go down to the radio sea in slip covers. Phillips Lord, donning the accents of down East, made Seth Parker, the hymn-shouter of Jonesport, a national figure.

Jonesport, a village on the Maine coast, not far as the

Amos ‘n’ Andy continue to be the leading entertainers of the air, thereby establishing a precedent as the longest-ruling radio kings yet to face a microphone.

Floyd Gibbons has made gabbing pay as it never paid before! Graham McNamee is the big noun-and-adjective man of N. B. C.
TELEVISION?

sea gulls fly from Bar Harbor, is known today in every crossroads of America. It has even become a mecca of the motorist. Formidable signs dot Maine highways, telling the world on wheels just how far Jonesport nestles in its rockbound glory.

Jonesport, thanks to radio, has become famous and civic-conscious as one retreat in sophisticated America where old-time hossannas are actually sung with old-time zeal.

So long as the Stars and Stripes Forever is heard in the land—and it's heard often and late—I cannot feel that America is in danger of a communist overthrow.

The most enduring enthusiasm on the radio sea is that of Graham McNamiee, the big noun-and-adjective man of the N.B.C. No form of sports defies him. He can be as excited over the gentle pawing of the ponderous paillookas as over the broken-field run-

B. A. Rolfe heard a dance-mad world cryin' for the Carolines and set out to bring it success. Rolfe is the happiest of the jazz maestros of the merry microphone.

It was Rudy Vallee who was the first to raise a megaphone to an art.

Phillips Lord has made Seth Parker of Jonesport a national figure.

Television isn't far off, so radio entertainers are now being chosen for sax as well as sex appeal. Read our radio department and know what's going on in the land of the loud speaker

By Louis Reid

Amos 'n' Andy continue to be the leading entertainers of the air, thereby establishing a precedent as the longest-ruling radio kings yet to face a microphone. Setting a dial to them is still a ritual in millions of homes—eloquent testimony, it seems to me, to the freshness and magnetism of their characterizations. These bewildered oafs of Harlem are the most successful gods of blackface comedy that America has yet produced, and blackface comedy has ever occupied the throne room of the American amusement empire.

Floyd Gibbons brought a new note of spontaneous adventure and inexhaustible vitality to the armchairs. He has made gabbing pay as it has never paid before in the republic—to the tune, a spy reports, of $3,000 a week. He has a knack of talking fast—faster than anyone this side of Billy Sunday's soul-saving sawdust, but he also has a knack of singling out the odd items in the day's grist of news and giving them the importance of a declaration of war. He goes in for showmanship, wears a white patch over an eye which he lost when the Western front was not so quiet and draws upon his experiences in far places of the world. He gives off an air of impending drama.

The happiest of the jazz maestros is B. A. Rolfe. Not among the luckier of the Hollywood prospectors, he heard a dance-mad world.

(Continued on page 124)
Express Yourself

An opera star who is young and beautiful tells why the life of a singer is the most glamorous and the most exacting of all careers.

Grace Moore co-stars with Lawrence Tibbett in "New Moon." This musical romance marks the second screen appearance of the famous opera stars.

To give a singing lesson in a few hundred words would be like asking someone to become a doctor or a lawyer in a week! But I realize that books, stories and articles on singing by singers are sometimes just the inspiration that some young students may need to spur them on to forge ahead. To me a biography or autobiography by someone who has lived through the same trials and tribulations, joys and thrills that I am experiencing, is often of the greatest benefit. Therefore, I gladly give these few words of advice and possible inspiration to all who care to read them.

I did not dream of being a singer from the moment I first heard the singing voice, nor did anyone ever predict I would set the world on fire with the tones of a lark. In the quiet, uneventful, beautiful little spot in Tennessee in which I spent my childhood, I dreamed of becoming a missionary in far-off heathen lands! Just the thought of being a singer was not what led me to follow the gleam; it was a yearning for release, self-expression, adventure and fulfillment of dreams that led me to run away from school to New York and there to try my luck in the land of the footlights.

From one-night stands throughout the country, to vaudeville, then the Music Box Revue, on to Europe at the Opera Comique in Paris, then the Metropolitan Opera House, and now talking pictures. This is my career in a nut-shell. The details of the accomplishment of this tour is another story.

Talent, intelligence, and above all, patience is needed to have a career as a singer. Patience, beyond human understanding. This pearl of great price has been the gem hardest for me to attain. I am a daughter of this
in SONG
SAYS
Grace Moore

Dr. Mario Marastoli, 'one of the greatest teachers in the world today,' has been a valuable vocal guide to Miss Moore and many other singers.

speed age and I want to accomplish all things in a jiffy. This patience that you must have to attain the heights demanded of a great singer, is of the soul; it surrounds that inner flame of inspiration, imagination and individuality with a shroud of peace, poise and penetrating power.

Every student should have a general understanding of music and its literature. It is a great asset for a singer to understand the piano and to know how to play her own songs. Harmony and theory are essential in order to read at sight, to transpose and to analyze. The lack of musicianship has often been a detriment to great voices, the absence of which makes it necessary for the artist to work twice as hard to acquire real classical beauty of singing.

So many young singers get into the hands of third-rate teachers—voice butchers, I call them. We have the most beautiful natural voices in the world, right here in America, but they want to learn to sing in a few lessons, and, I repeat, we are so famous for our impatience! How hard it has been for me to learn to be patient and to study thoroughly. All else will follow if the basic foundation is well laid.

The life of a singer is a contradiction, great freedom on one hand and a strange bondage on the other.

In line with this exquisite freedom is my philosophy of spending money. My creed is 'spend, spend, spend!' Except for a small amount to protect myself, I spend every penny I earn. I see no joy in looking at a bank book of figures showing me that I am worth thousands or millions of dollars, but I sense great pride and happiness buying books, music, statues and pictures. I have a lovely villa in the South of France, Casa Lauretta, I call it; and I also have a nice home in Paris. Three times every year I go to Monte Carlo to gamble—and if I am lucky enough to win, as I did last year, I buy some more land in Cannes. Last year I won enough money to buy four acres of land adjoining my property and now I have a fine tennis court there.

I like to give to those I love; each one of us has so many about us, no one needs to seek about to give help. I like to aid others to attain (Continued on page 108)

Above, Grace Moore's villa in Cannes, in southern France, Casa Lauretta, where the prima donna spends part of the year.

Left, the elaborate 'cottage' at Malibu Beach where Grace Moore week-ends while singing and acting in films in California.
A Taylor-Made Girl

How Estelle, born a beauty, carved out a new career on her own

By Helen Ludlam

"People are very funny when they are growing," said Estelle Taylor, pensively nibbling a bit of toast Melba. "Especially women! They are like untrained athletes. All gestures are made consciously, obviously, because they have not had the training required to give them grace of movement."

We had been talking of mental rather than physical growth, and laughing over some of the things we declared, years ago, that we would never do. With larger understanding those childish barriers seemed ridiculously unimportant and immaterial to us now.

Although she is noted for keenness of wit and quick repartee in Hollywood, Estelle Taylor is a serious-minded girl, although she doesn't let many people suspect it. It isn't so much the books she reads as the fact that she thinks. Do you know many people who think, who delve beneath the surface of accepted facts to find out for themselves whether they are true or not, or whether they are true for them? Do many people think outside their established line of endeavor? Not so very many. So I was astounded to hear Estelle Taylor, with whom I have not had a real talk for years, disclose a richness of knowledge surprising in such a rich, lush beauty! She puts on a wall of wise-cracking between the world and her real thoughts. I'm going to try to give you a glimpse of the Estelle Taylor I know, whose moral courage and reality I tremendously admire.

She was wearing a close-fitting blue serge costume and a little round felt hat something like the 'sailor' girls used to wear. In spite of her sophisticated reputation, the fact that she has successfully steered her matrimonial bark through years of turbulent waters as the wife of Jack Dempsey, and has, somehow, managed to maintain a definite, undefeated personality and career of her own, she looked like a kid. The day was warm and Estelle rolled up the brim of her 'sailor,' declaring that she might look daft but it was cooler that way. And Estelle never was one to sacrifice comfort in her personal life on the altar of vanity. In this case she won on both counts, for the upturned brim slew about ten years.

"I guess people grow because (Continued on page 119)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

RICHARD CROMWELL

in

"Tol'able David"
The BARRYMORES AND THEIR BABY

Presenting Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore, the daughter of John and Dolores Costello Barrymore. The baby is named for her mother, for her aunt, the famous actress, and her grandmother, the late Mrs. Mae Costello.
The Barrymore home is one of the handsomest in Beverly Hills—and, especially since little Dolores Ethel Mae arrived, one of the very happiest. John Barrymore is the proudest of papas, as his smile in the picture to the right proves. Below, you get a glimpse of the Barrymores' family fireside, with a bust of John by Paul Manship; and the Barrymore crest, a crowned kingsnake carved into the lintel of the fireplace.
"The Playboy of Paris" will secure Maurice Chevalier even more firmly in the affections of American audiences. He has returned to France for a visit but Papa Paramount won't let him stay too long.

Otto Dyar

AH, OUI? OUI!

Two Gallic gentlemen who give our films that French flavor

Adolphe Menjou returns to the American screen in "Morocco," playing one of the suavely humorous roles for which he is famous. Then you'll see him in "New Moon," with Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett.
Dix has a rôle after his own heart at last. He is Yancey Cravat, the pioneer hero of Edna Ferber's "Cimarron," to the life. He covers a period of fifty years in this characterization, from Yancey's youth to his old age. Top, the young Yancey; center, the middle years—Yancey as a sergeant in the Spanish-American war; and below, the old Cravat, still retaining his heroic appeal.
When Miss Greta Garbo poses for new pictures in the costumes of a new rôle, it's an occasion. But when Miss Greta Gustafsson sits for personal portraits, it's an event, with echoes heard around the world from Culver City to Canton! These are the first photographs for which Garbo has consented to pose in her own clothes for three years. Make the most of them!
Garbo is now working in a new talking picture called "Inspiration," under the direction of Clarence Brown, who guided her through "Anna Christie" and "Romance." And then, they tell us, she will be starred in a screen version of the life of Mata Hari, the seductive spy whose adventures in the World War made her somewhat of a legend.
Two big golfers—where's that other one, Bobby Jones? These two boys—Douglas Fairbanks is their name—dabble a bit in motion pictures on the side.
Two Doug's. Heigh-ho, seems only yesterday that a smart young fellow named Fairbanks from the Broadway stage was debuting into movies in "The Lamb." And now another smart lad of the same name smashes into screen stardom.

Wouldn't it be fun to see these two Fairbanks playing together in the same picture? All right—let's get up a round robin thing. There—how's that? Now you sign it. No, I won't sign it. You sign it. Oh, all right—let it go!
Styles for the South

Harriet Lake's dress and matching hat may be put in the tub and washed! Of blue voile with white dots, the dress is ornamented with strips of white organdie.

Dorothy Jordan is wearing a white crepe frock with a novel and bewitching treatment of capelet, belt, skirt, carried out in two tones of blue.

Leila Hyams' black dance frock has a yellow printed pattern and a form-fitting black slip. Short sleeves, a velvet ribbon belt, and a cluster of yellow flowers add femininity and youth.
For that winter vacation in Florida or California or other sunsplashed places, you'll want to be aware of what the picture girls choose to wear!

A 'supper hour' frock worn by Lottie Howell is developed in black lace combined with bands of satin. An interesting neckline is achieved by transparent mousseline de soie.

Mary Doran's gay little frock of white flannel is brightened by red, white, and blue bands, also carried out in the bandeau of the white felt hat.

Joan Crawford's favorite wash pique resort suit is in powder blue with white scalloped collar and cuffs. Her oxfords and bag are blue and white, too.
The classic costume for the tropic vacation is worn here by Kay Johnson, left. It's very simple, and oh, so smart! V-necked frock with pleated skirt, brimmed felt hat—both white; and the smartest resort shoes in the world—white and brown pumps.

Anita Page, below, wears a pale blue organdie frock decorated with ruffles and flower-petal trimmings.

Cotton lace in an attractive pattern has been adopted by Anita Page for her informal party frock. Powder blue lace and net combine with rose grosgrain ribbon.

Leila Hyams is nice and nautical in her white duck sailor suit laced with navy blue cord. The hip-length jacket has nautical emblems on the sailor collar and on the sleeve. Leila's beret is blue, too.
Boleros trim the pajama suits. Catherine Moylan wears a ruffle-edged pattern in a plain percale which is combined with the polka-dot pattern of her suit (below).

Above: Joan Crawford in her favorite beach pajamas, of gypsy-printed cotton, with wide-box pleated trousers and a short bolero jacket.

A smart version of the new beach attire is worn by Lois Moran. The shantung sailor trousers are of turquoise blue with a pull-over sweater in a matching shade with white stripes. Comfortable!
Anita Page likes to wear these backless overalls on the beach—and the beach, of course, likes to see Anita wear them. Splashy red and blue flowers form the pattern. With her big floppy hat Anita salutes the sun.

Joan Crawford wears one of the world’s largest sun hats with her beach pajamas. It’s white—and you can just imagine the devastating effect of Joan’s sun-tanned skin and dark eyes against such a background.
Who wouldn't like to follow summer around the world? The screen stars who work in Hollywood have the next best arrangement; they can pretend it's summer all the year 'round. For beach fashions, consult your lucky stars!

Below: Betty Boyd, a provocative newcomer, wears an interesting beach ensemble of black and white—black suit and white and black rubber cape.

A great big little Broadway star on vacation—Marilyn Miller. It's rather interesting to note that Marilyn, one of the most glamorous and lovely of all gilded girls, prefers a plain, one-piece jersey suit for her swimming. No trimmings—except the sea-weed!
Helena Rubinstein sets the fashion
in Vanities for 1931...

1931 Double Compact
Unusually chic is this square black and
gold striped vanity, containing com-
 pact rouge and compact powder in the
fashionable and inimitable Helena
Rubinstein tones and quality. An ac-
cessory which adapts itself smartly to
all costumes. 2.50

The New Enchanté Vanities
Striking examples of modern design,
in black, silver and vermilion, contain-
ing loose powder and compact or cream
rouge. The leak-proof powder compart-
ment holds a generous quantity of
powder in Natural and Rachel Rouge in
Red Geranium or Red Raspberry. 3.00

Magic Make-Up Vanity
Unquestionably the season’s smartest
and most original vanity. A complete
overnight or week-end make-up case
easily carried in your purse! Contains
loose powder in a patented leak-proof
compartment, cream rouge for cheeks
and lips, eye shadow, and a cosmetic
innovation—mascara in crayon form!
All encased in an exquisite, full-mir-
rored vanity in 24 karat gold striped
finish with delicate touches of black
and vermillion. 5.00

Here is the newest, smartest Cosmetic Jewelry — created by the world’s foremost beauty
specialist. All that constitutes the perfect ac-
cessory and the ideal gift, are harmonized in
these most exquisite masterpieces...

DISTINCTION...UTILITY...BEAUTY.

In these, her newest cosmetic creations, the
genius of Helena Rubinstein attains new
heights. She has perfected powders, rouges
and lipsticks which mirror nature itself—
their coloring becomes your very own. And
she sends them forth in containers so smart
that they are fashion prophecies!

Soon you will see these irresistible vanities
flashing out at Palm Beach and on the
Riviera... Indeed it is no exaggeration to pre-
dict that they will be as chic in 1933 as they
are in 1931!

Choose these fascinating bijoux. As accesso-
ries they complement each costume. As gifts,
they compliment both giver and recipient.
Beauty deserves these creations of beauty!

Valaze Nail Groom in Three New Tints
Chic, exotic Red Geranium and Red Raspberry;
conservative Shell Pink. Three gleaming, lasting
nail enamels. 1.00 each (with a remover 1.75)

Persian Eye Black
—the super-Mascara. It stays on! 1.00, 1.50

Modernistic Powder or Rouge Compact
This tiny square modernistic vanity holds a gen-
erous quantity of powder or rouge in the inimitable
Helena Rubinstein quality and tones. 1.25

1931 Loose Powder—Lipstick Vanity
Elegance and originality mark this
vanity in 24 karat gold finish. Contains
loose powder (Natural and Rachel) in
a patented leak-proof compartment,
and a Red Geranium or Red Raspberry
indelible lipstick. The ideal accessory
for afternoon or evening. 3.50

1931 Triple Vanity
Compelling charm and astonishing
value await you in this modish vanity
in 24 karat striped gold finish with
touches of vermillion and black. Holds
compact powder and rouge. And there’s
a lipstick hidden in the hinge! An ir-
resistible piece of cosmetic jewelry. 3.50

The New Red-Tangerine Lipstick
Brilliant in tone, soft in texture—the
lipstick of youth. Indelible! 1.25, 3.50

The New Red-Tangerine Rouge
This clear, vivid tone enkindles the
whole face. Creme only. 1.00 to 5.00

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Helena Rubinstein’s cosmetic creations
are obtainable at the better shops.
Qualified assistants will guide you in
choosing restful preparations for
your home beauty care.
BIG-TIME Comedian

By Ronnee Madison

The Round Table.

That’s what my crowd here in New York calls our favorite table at a popular cafeteria.

It’s a rendezvous where the potential stars of tomorrow meet nightly. Stars of tomorrow, did I say? Optimistic? Why not? A chorus job today, a lead tomorrow. Suspense and the thought that around the corner “Lady Luck” might be lurking. Maybe!

The Round Table again. Cries for more coffee, gossip of this one’s pet enemy and that one’s new part (all of ten lines!). Warning the lucky one of a disease called ‘swelled head.’

All of a sudden, yells of recognition, smiles of welcome, and a long-lost member of the gang rejoins the Round Table from a sojourn in Hollywood.

“You’ve been, Billy?”

“You look swell.”

“Got a little thin.”

“No, he got fat.”

“What a nice tan.”

“Look as if you’re in the money, kid.”

“Doing anything?”

“What’s new? Spill it.”

Yes, Billy will spill it. He had just returned from the Coast and was full of the news all of us wanted to hear. California sunshine? Eternal summer? A successful engagement?

“Hey, Billy, did you meet Greta Garbo?”

“What’s Clara Bow like?”

Etc., etc.

“Wait a minute,” said Billy, “and let me get organized before I start writing my book”—and with that ducks to the counters for coffee and doughnuts.

Back again and this time no escape. With all eager eyes turned in his direction. Billy grins.

And this is what we heard:

“No, kids, I didn’t meet any of those stars nor do I know the personal details of their lives, but I did meet and know and work for one of the greatest comedians and best scouts who is or ever will be in the movies: Harold Lloyd!

“Gee, he’s a peach! You know, there’s a man who can’t be beat. Why, he’s beloved by all the natives of Hollywood itself and that’s saying something ’cause the natives are a tough bunch and stars don’t make much of an impression on those hard-boiled hombres. You know the saying, ‘You never know ’til you live with a person, what his color is?’ Well, that’s the Hollywood natives. They have to live with the stars and they know. Yes sir, but as far as they are (Continued on page 128)
Gifts for Beauty

Perfumes and powders for pretty girls, vibrant charm for every woman—good looks for Christmas

By Anne Van Alstyne

Once in so often, I've read, there comes a Christmas when the holly berries grow redder on the trees and when the Santa Claus myth and the holiday season seem more intimately near and dear than we thought they ever would again.

I don’t know whether this is the year or not but I hope it is. Anyway, most of us expect to go right on believing in Christmas and, yes, in Santa Claus. Not the jolly, tur-robed, mythical person of our childhood who comes scrambling down the chimney bringing gifts for our stockings, but a Santa Claus of high hope, courage and vision, something to hold to, believe in and attain—even as three wise men thousands of years ago saw the Star in the East and, bearing gifts, went adventuring forth to meet it.

We scurry around at the last minute to finish our Christmas shopping but though our feet grow tired our spirits don’t. We spend precious time hunting for pretty things and wonder if so-and-so will like them. We long to know the desires of those we love and satisfy them with our gifts—not just material things but desires of the spirit, too. In every hidden self there is something no material thing can satisfy and in every human heart there is a desire for beauty or for that which is beautiful to them. So, in planning our Christmas shopping, let's make way for beauty. Let’s resolve that no matter how simple the gift we select or how costly, it will relate definitely to beauty. Beauty from the famous salons, from the perfume centers, from the colorful array of toilettries so beautifully displayed in the shops. Gifts of beauty to suit every need and every purse!

Perfumes alone are charming gifts, gloriously conceived, of wide range and skillful blending. But perfume is no longer limited to the beautiful containers that grace our dressing tables. So complex and varied are toilet needs today that we must consider also skin tonics, toilet water, sachet, soaps, dusting powders, bath salts, face powders, cold creams, hand and hair preparations, all of them scented subtly and charmingly.

Never before have so many people been engaged in the service of beauty. Never before have women been so honestly served. Today if we ask for a well-advertised, reputable brand of toilet article we may be sure it is made of ingredients that conform to high standards of purity and utility; that it includes preparations not only pure but individually beneficial. As for cleanliness, sanitation, there are no more antiseptically clean and sweeter smelling places than those where modern beauty aids are manufactured. And one may walk into any department store or any corner drug store and procure these splen-
did and helpful aids to beauty.

Looking about, you’ll discover that dependable line of toilet aids, Colgate’s. For years we’ve been using their soaps and dental cream and talcum. But they now include in their line a number of intriguing things, very ‘gifty’ looking and appropriate. You may choose a perfectly swell gift for five dollars and others equally appropriate all the way down to fifty cents.

In the place of honor you will note the popular perfume, Seventeen, its rare fragrance capturing the very spirit of modern youth. Among the eight other toiletries all fragranced with the same odor there are gifts for every member of the family. Toilet water, brilliantine in a lovely green jar. Seventeen dusting powder, very gay and attractive in its metal container, a charming jar of sachet, compacts very slim and smart that carry out the blue and coral plaid of the Seventeen, and talc in glass jars for the babies on your Christmas list. All dainty and appropriate.

Helena Rubinstein is one of the world’s greatest authorities on beauty. She is not interested merely in her Paris, London and Fifth Avenue clientele; she loves to cater to the ‘average woman’ and she is especially interested in serving young girls, in helping them to achieve charm with economy, in creating for them beauty aids to suit every need and every purse.

Particularly intriguing at this time are Madame’s Christmas vanities, “1931” in original models made to her design in the Rue de la Paix and copied by skilled American craftsmen. There are five of these, each outstanding and nominal in cost. Among them is the Magic Make-up Vanity “1931.” In its gold case splashed with red and black it is the epitome of chic, also of convenience, presenting a complete make-up box with large loose powder compartment, creme rouge for cheeks and lips, creme eye shadow, and eye crayon in a tiny gold case. Ideal for the evening bag or weekend visit.

Another skilful combination of beauty and economy is a smart red and gold lacquered box, very Christmassy, exactly fitted with the toilet aids most essential for daily use. This gift box, convenient for the suit case or dressing table, may be had in either of two assortments. One box containing preparations suitable for the dry skin only, the other for the oily skin. In choosing this gift for your friend, remember this important fact.

Coty’s, aside from their incomparable perfumes, are showing attractive gift novelties. One of the most practical is the perfumed manicure set suitable for the dressing table. A clever feature is the removable Bakelite tray with sunken grooves arranged so that the bottles may lie down or stand up without danger of tipping. Fancy the pleasure of a home manicure in bed of a lazy morning or at the end of a wearing day with everything before you and no fear of tipping bottles.

Small but charming gifts for the Christmas stocking or for the friend who entertains at bridge and must always have appropriate gifts on hand are purse-size perfume containers, sachet in all Coty odeurs, savonettes, (six guest size cakes of soap, L’Ori-gan, in lavender, cream and rose); the new French lipstick, Gitane, a triumph in chic in its chromium case with tiny jewel-like clasp—distinctive, yet moderate in price.

When Christmas time comes around and there are gifts to be chosen, Yardley’s Old English toilettries straight from the heart of London’s smart world offer more than adequate solution. Particularly fascinating are the gift boxes in every combination for as much or as (Continued on page 104)
Reviews of the
By Delight Evans

Outward Bound

If you are interested in really fine pictures, you should see this one. But don't be afraid—"Outward Bound" is never a bore. It is rarely beautiful and imaginative, that's all. With a theme seldom touched on in the movies—the hereafter—this picture has a peculiarly poignant appeal that, no matter what your beliefs, will touch you. Sutton Vane's stage play has been transferred to the screen with exceptional care by Robert Milton, and none of the original loveliness is lost. A group of people find themselves on a ship bound for the other world—two lovers; a clergyman; a rich and wicked old widow; a scrub-woman; a business man; a young drummer. There's drama; and there's also good, stalwart character comedy. The acting is superlative. Leslie Howard from the stage is superb. I wish he'd stay. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Chandler, Montagu Love, Alison Skipworth, Lionel Watts, Dudley Digges—fine. As for Beryl Mercer, she will wring your heart as usual. Thanks, Warner Brothers, for a courageous screen achievement!

Girl of the Golden West

Here is the classic of western pictures, David Belasco's famous old play talkie-ized without any of the usual 'improvements' which sometimes annoy those smarties who 'saw the original production,' and fear for the worst in celluloid mutilations. The Younger Set have probably never met The Girl, western flapper of the 1900's, who toted a gun, ran a barn-room, and cheated at cards to save her lover from the sheriff. In her present rejuvenation you'll welcome her played by Ann Harding, roughing it in the Golden West after her "Holiday." Her romance with Johnson, played by James Rennie, was quite daring in the old days, they say—and it still packs a kick when she learns that he is Ramirez, the bandit, and sticks to her guns and holds off the sheriff and his men. The Girl's poker game with Sheriff Jack Rance, played by Harry Bannister, is the thrill of the picture, and I'm betting my pile of chips that it may cause some of you backgammon fiends to change your game.

Whoopee

The best of Broadway and the best of Hollywood get together and make "Whoopee." (Well, you pull one, then.) Mr. Ziegfeld brought Mr. Samuel Goldwyn his snappiest show girls, his funniest comedy star, his best orchestra. Mr. Goldwyn returned the compliment by producing "Whoopee" in the most lavish film-coast fashion. The result is the last word—and music—in screen comedy. If I say I hope so, don't misunderstand. "Whoopee" is grand but it's all there is; there can't be any more. With one reservation—and that's of the Indian variety that provides scenic background for the show. That little Indian, Eddie Cantor, was never funnier. He works hard for Flo and then he works harder for Sam, until sometimes it seems almost more than these poor little ribs can bear. The girls—just to reassure you—are as gorgeous as may be expected, notably Muriel Finlay, Paul Gregory—good-looking—sings those love songs to Eleanor Hunt.

Leslie Howard and Beryl Mercer are superb in "Outward Bound," a beautiful and moving drama.

Ann Harding, as "The Girl of the Golden West," with Harry Bannister and James Rennie

"Whoopee" is the last word in screen musical comedy. Eddie Cantor cavorts as chief comedian.
Best Pictures
Screenland's Critic Selects
The Six Most Important Films of the Month

Her Man

In the words of the old song: "Frankie and Johnny were sweethearts." That's another time I fooled you isn't the old song; it's a 1931 movie okayed by Will Hays. True, the heroine's name is Frankie, and she works in a water-front café; and her boy friend's name happens to be Johnny; but that's nothing—as one of the characters remarks: "Frankie brings more business to the place than any other two dames—but she's straight, see?" Sure, we see; we've been to the movies before. But wait a minute—there's something about Frankie that makes you want to believe her; probably because Helen Twelvetrees plays her. Anyway, you do like Frankie: and when she tells Phillips Holmes, as a nice sailor lad, that she wants to 'leave it all' and even talks about green grass and a little cottage, you are still for her. But you're not such a softy that you don't enjoy most the café brawl the youngsters have to fight through to win their heart's desire. It's a grand brawl. In fact, "Her Man" and his woman put on a good show.

Lilium

Another one of those 'better things'—but never dull. After all, we can stand any amount of screen improvement if it is always entertaining. And "Lilium" is. For one thing, it's interesting to watch Charlie Farrell—that nice, gentle Charlie—in the rôle of a bold, bad bachelor who's mean to women. Farrell does good work, giving as creditable a performance as possible with his handicaps of charm and obviously good intentions. Strangely enough, Joseph Schildkraut, who has never been exactly a riot in pictures, was amazing in the rôle in the Theater Guild's stage production. Perhaps if Janet Gaynor had played the devoted Julie opposite Lilium it might have been a different story. Rose Hobart is interesting but she just isn't Janet. Frank Borzage's direction is imaginative, especially in the fantastic scenes in Hell, and makes "Lilium" well worth your while. Estelle Taylor as Madame Muscat is a magnificent menace.

What a Widow

Gloria Swanson in farce! The star proves she hasn't forgotten her early Mack Sennett training in her second talker, which is a fast and furious affair not to be taken at all seriously, but good fun all the same. Gloria plays a giddy young widow with the whole world before her and five million dollars to spend. You've guessed it, you bright little things—she goes straight to Paris, and every woman in the audience goes on a vicarious clothes orgy. Shopping with Gloria Swanson isn't such a bad way to waste an afternoon. "What a Widow" will please the girls when it isn't turning them a nice, bright shade of green. There's no star on the screen who knows her clothes as Swanson does and can wear them with such grace. She knows her comedy touches, too—you'll find her completely charming. Her voice doesn't register as well as in "The Trespasser," however. Owen Moore is the man who wants to change what a widow to what a wife. Lew Cody is the complication.
Africa Speaks

A thriller! You've never seen more breath-taking scenes. The lion-spearimg will keep you on the edge of your seats. Pygmies, duck-bill women, and assorted strange sights. Some scenes look like Hollywood but most of this record of Hoefler's African expedition is real.

Three Faces East

The good old game of "I spy" in modern dress! The Anthony Paul Kelly play was hot stuff once, but it takes Constance Bennett and Erich von Stroheim to give it enough life and color to make it fairly engrossing screen fare. Excellent acting by Erich and appeal by Connie.

The Office Wife

One of our Most Modern Girls, Dorothy Mackail, turns an old plot into a 1931 show. She makes it good, brisk entertainment, this Faith Baldwin yarn about a grand working girl who's so efficient her employer wants her to double as his private wife, too. Lewis Stone is the boss.

The Spoilers

The talker version of the Rex Beach novel is chiefly notable for that Big Fight Scene. It's the most realistic in years, with Gary Cooper and William Boyd (from the stage) mixing it in movie Nome of the Klondike days. Kay Johnson and Betty Compson are the decorations.

Follow Thru

Lavish, all-Technicolor, crammed with stars, tunes, and pretty girls, this screen version of a musical smash is often just dull. Nancy and Buddy spoon and croon. Zelma O'Neal clowns—but it remains for Jack Haley, new to films, and Eugene Pallette to be genuinely amusing.

Sweet Kitty Bellairs

A thing of beauty all the way, but hardly a joy forever—blame the story. Charming music, picturesque settings, good actors, all defeated by a dreary, long-drawn-out plot. Meet Claudia Dell, exquisite blonde with good voice and a sense of humor. Walter Pidgeon plays and sings, too.
Call of the Flesh
This is Ramon Novarro's best talker to date. You'll like your Latin lover as the café singer who becomes an opera star. Sweet and touchingly tender love scenes with Dorothy Jordan, prettier than ever; comedy with Renée Adorée; and thrilling vocal performance by the star.

Let's Go Native
Completely fresh and cuckoo farce comedy, good fun all the way. The inimitable Jack Oakie, lovely Jeanette MacDonald, alluring Kay Francis, William Austin, not to mention James Hall, Skeet Gallagher and grand lyrics and captions by our old friend, George Marion, Jr.

The Sea Wolf
This film marks the last bow of Milton Sills to screen audiences. The splendid actor gave one of his finest performances in this rousing Jack London melodrama. His Wolf Larson is a virile, compelling character. Sills gave his best to this rôle. Jane Keith is new and pretty.

Dixiana
An elaborate disappointment. Even with Bebe Daniels as the beautiful heroine, and Bert Wheeler and Bobby Woolsey for fun, this is a far cry from "Rio Rita." Bebe and Everett Marshall sing, there's occasional color, and Bert and Bobby work hard—but no use. Too much plot?

The Squealer
Underworld melodrama that never lets you down. It's good stuff of its kind. Jack Holt, always convincing, is well cast, with stunning Dorothy Revier and nice Matt Moore assisting. But the treat of the picture is little Davey Lee—remember him?—as lovable as ever.

Leathernecking
You may not like the picture so much, but you're sure to like at least some of the players. Eddie Foy, Jr.; or Benny Rubin; or Ken Murray. How about Lilyan Tashman, even more gorgeous than usual? If they don't satisfy—then tell it to the marines!
Hollywood Crushes

Picture parties reveal the current romances

By Grace Kingsley

"Is the guest of honor here yet?" demanded Jack Oakie, comically, as he peered above the head of his host, Sam Coslow, the song writer, who was giving a party for Harry Green, it being Harry’s birthday. As Jack was late, the comment was doubly funny.

"Well, at any rate," Patsy put in, "nobody deserves any credit for giving Harry a party, he is so amusing!"

Our host’s home is one of those beautiful Spanish houses built under big live oak trees at Toluca Lake, near Hollywood, in the San Fernando Valley. These houses fit perfectly into their surroundings.

Mr. and Mrs. Coslow were delightfully cordial hosts, who at once gave you the freedom of their house and their gorgeous garden at the rear of the place, where lawn, great trees and flowers are enclosed in a high wall.

This garden gives on Toluca Lake. In fact, there’s a sloping lawn leading down to it. There we found several of the guests already assembled. Some of them were trying, with crumbs of bread, to coax the graceful swans from the shadows, where they swim in the lake under the spreading limbs of the giant oak tree which shaded the whole garden and flung its shadows over the water.

Harry Green dashed over to greet us, and we met Norman Kerry, Ruth Roland and Ben Bard, Molly O’Day and a number of others.

The guest book was brought around, and Jack Oakie signed his address as “Paramount at present, thank Heaven!”

Jack had brought Frances Dee, and we hear that they are either engaged or on the eve of an engagement. Frances is a sweet little girl, and we all wish the two luck in their romance.

Lillian Roth and her sister Ann were there, arriving in their street clothes, as they had come straight from the studio. Lillian is a delightful little person, witty and utterly charming, and looking about fourteen years old with her chestnut curls around her face.

"Some of the stage people are unbearably ritzy," remarked Patsy, "but Lillian isn’t one of them."

Lillian and Ann are great chums. Indeed, neither has any other chum, I hear, though both are immensely popular.

Naturally there was a goodly sprinkling of song writers and composers.

“What? Fifteen minutes and not a note of music?” demanded Ruth Roland, who was looking very nice in a red evening gown with a little red cloche atop her bronze hair.

But none of the song writers took the hint, so Alberta Vaughn, who confessed that she had taken just ten lessons on the piano, rushed into the breach, and played very nicely.

By the way, it was Alberta who furnished the romance that evening.

She was engaged to Charles Feldman, the broker, once upon a time, you remember, but the engagement was broken off about a year ago, and the two had not seen each other since.

Maybe it was Alberta’s music, or maybe it was the generally happy spirit of the party, or maybe they’d been wanting to make up, anyhow; but at any rate, the fact remains that we caught Alberta with her head on Charlie’s shoulder in a corner of the garden, where they sat on a rustic chair.

“And anybody who can make love on one of those uncompromising rustic seats must be in love really!” exclaimed Adamae Vaughn, Alberta’s sister.

Adamae told us that she is engaged to marry the French writer, Val D’Auvray, and expects to be wed in September, and to go to France to live.

“Oh, isn’t Molly O’Day slim!” exclaimed Patsy, as Molly dashed up, cute as paint. We hadn’t seen her for a long time because she and her sister, Sally O’Neil, have been out on a vaudeville tour.

Sally was to have come, too, but had gone to a
theatrical opening with Clarence Brown, the director, with whom she is seen about a great deal these days.
Molly said she loved the stage, and we inquired what had made her so thin.
“Oh, work—my last resort!” exclaimed Molly. “You see, we did five shows a day in the eastern and middle-
west heat.”
Molly told us, amusingly, how she had been wearing false eyelashes, and how, in Altoona, Pennsylvania, she had perspired so much that they had come off on her cheeks as she was coyly taking a bow from the stage!
“But the kids must have liked us,” Molly said. “They came backstage to my dressing room and began snipping off locks of my hair as souvenirs, with scissors which they carried with them. I decided then and there that if I went out again I’d wear a wig and let them snip!”
Mr. Grainger, author of Moanin’ Low, was there, and Harry Green sang the song, off in a corner, to a group of us; and Ruth Roland said it was a good song even when Harry sang it!
Whereupon, Harry told Ruth that he had always been in love with her and that not even that unkind re-
mark could kill his de-
votion!
Buddy Rogers breezed in for a few moments, very late, managed in that courteous, nice way of his, to say hello to every-
body, but slipped away soon. He said that he had an early call at the studio.
“And, of course, Buddy, the Boy Friend of the films, just must get his beauty sleep,” remarked Patsy.
Norman Kerry had

Jack Oakie, the playboy, played a trick on Lillian Roth but she got even with him.

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon add romance to any gathering—they’re popular and in demand.

brought Blythe Daly, daughter of the late Arnold Daly, who has just lately entered pictures.
Supper was served en buff-
et, and we carried our food to tête-à-tête tables.
We discovered Jack Oakie and some of the others kid-
ding around the table, and making up funny sandwiches to send in to the guests who had already secured their food. For instance, they gathered some marigolds in the garden, took a piece out of a comic section of the newspaper, and putting mayonnaise over all, sent the sandwich in to Lillian Roth!
But Lillian retaliated. She got hold of some birdseed and ant powder and made Jack a cigarette which he innocently accepted and tried to smoke.
Most of us ate out on the wide veranda overlooking the lawn, and after supper Ben Bard or somebody started a spelling bee in the garden. I believe Ben won.
Going into the house, we found that Alice and Mar-
celine Day had arrived with Alice’s handsome husband, Jack Cohen, and we wrung from Alice the admission that she was awfully happy.
We bade our charming host and guest of honor good night, and as we drove away someone remarked:
“Well, that’s a case of writers, writers, everywhere, and not a theme song for the party!”
“A garden party so late? Oh, well, thank Heaven it can be done, and thank Heaven still more that it is being done!”
Patsy and I had been in- (Continued on page 108)
**CHRISTMAS DINNER**

Some famous men of the screen discuss their favorite holiday dishes.

Women, men state, 'eat with their eyes.' If a dish is pink and green and fluffy they like it because it looks pretty. But not so with men. Lamb chops encased in paper frills don't mean a thing to a man; but roll a chop around a nice juicy kidney, fasten securely and broil to a turn and to him it's a work of art!

He refuses to take chances with food. He likes certain things he's sure of: ham and eggs; apple pie with cheese; spare-ribs and sauerkraut; thick steaks with onions—and oh, yes, gravy! You who know your Dickens will recall that worthy woman, *Mrs. Todgers*, boarding-house keeper, who spoke with fervor on the subject of gravy. "There is no such passion in human nature as the passion for gravy, my dears," she remarked to the two *Misses Pecksniff*. "A whole animal could not yield the amount of gravy that is expected each day at dinner."

Men have a passion for the familiar in food. They view with alarm strange dishes with strange names and they are even more wary of the made-over dishes with which the home cook strives to please. Yet they'll make a whole meal on beef stew with lots of dumplings if the stew is well-cooked and flavored.

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**MANY** are the hearts to which Christmas brings a happy interlude. How many old recollections and how many half-forgotten memories does it awaken! Happy Christmas, that brings us back the delusion of our childish days, recalling their pleasures; transporting the traveler thousands of miles away, back to his fireside in his own quiet home.

How we love the season and everything about it. The fragrance of evergreens. The crispness of holly twigs, the red of its berries mirrored in the flame of gleaming candles. The brightness and color of the market places. The great round baskets of fruit; piles of ruddy vegetables. The poulterers’ and grocers’ shops wide open; become a glorious pageant. Everything good to eat and in its Christmas dress!

This month, in place of a holiday menu from one of Hollywood’s capable hostesses, we are offering an unusual Christmas dinner menu composed by a few of Hollywood’s famous men stars. Men who have a hobby for food not merely because they like to eat but because they appreciate good cooking and have an artistic feeling for the nuances of the art; who bring to this gentle occupation imagination, sympathy and withal, technique; enthusiastic chefs for a day with the instincts of true food artists.

Now it’s true to a certain extent that men are in a rut when it comes to eating. But accuse them of this and they will say they’re not in a rut, they’re just cautious.

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*Charles Rogers seems to be mixing his mixing recipes. If he’s preparing that sauce for the venison we hope he hasn’t mislaid the boiled chestnuts.*

*The climax of Christmas day in the Clive Brook household is when the steaming plum pudding, wreathed in holly, is placed before the host for serving. Yum-yum!*
in HOLLYWOOD

By Emily Kirk

CHRISTMAS DINNER

MENU

Tomato Juice Cocktail
By Richard Bartholomew

Celery

Onion Soup
By Charles Bickford

Venison Steak with Chestnut Sauce
By Charles Rogers

Wild Duck with Currant Jelly
By Gary Cooper

Escaloped Sweet Potatoes
By John Mack Brown

Artichokes Italienne
By William Boyd

Chevalier Salad
Named for Maurice Chevalier

English Plum Pudding
By Clive Brook

Raisins

Nuts

Coffee

When Mrs. Henry Cooper, wife of Judge Cooper, hies to the kitchen on Christmas dinner intent, her son Gary is not far behind. A champion taster, Gary!

Well-flavored! Now we have hit the proverbial nail on the head. Often you hear men say they like the food in Italian or Armenian or Spanish restaurants; meaning they like spaghetti, curry flavored dishes or chilli con carne not as the average home cook prepares them, but as they are cooked and served by Italian or Armenian or Spanish cooks. With the men, flavor's the thing.

And when it comes to cooking, there's no doubt that some men have a real flair for it. They don't pretend to cook by instinct as women do. They never compound a dish by throwing in a handful of this and a dash of that and expect it to turn out all right. They follow their recipes to the letter. They measure every ingredient accurately to the last eighth of a teaspoonful. And we must admit that the result is always good. When a man cooks, you can bank on his doing it well.

Note the appetizing menu offered for this Christmas dinner and its flavorsome recipes, from the piquant appetizer to the English plum pudding. Note that the pièce de résistance is not the proverbial turkey or goose, but wild duck, prepared as only Gary Cooper, assisted by his mother who is one of the best cooks in America, prepares it. Instead of the usual pea or tomato soup with its fluff of whipped cream we have thick onion soup with the added flavor of cheese; and instead of a fish entree, a venison steak with chestnut (Continued on page 102)
The new stage season is in full swing. Read these reviews and keep up with Broadway!

"The Torch Song" is an entertaining show produced by Arthur Hopkins. Mayo Methot, as the song-and-dance girl who goes Salvation Army, gives a fine performance.

The Stage in Review

By Benjamin De Casseres

"The Torch Song"

WHEN a woman gets religion, Cherchez l'homme. In a word, when Ivy Stevens, the sweet larynx-lark and hoofer, of Paradise Gardens, near Cincinnati, went Salvation Army it was because Howard Palmer, the high-balling traveling salesman, gave her the sentimental raspberry farewell for a Cleveland wife, and because, incidentally, she fell for Carl Loomis, a seven-foot, high, wide and handsome Salvation Army press-agent for the Lord, who also loved Ivy and came near choking Palmer to death. For Palmer and Ivy met up again a year after she had joined the Army in a small-town hotel, and in a big scene Ivy strips off her religious uniform and discovers that It is greater than the tambourine (curtain lowered for two minutes in honor of Eros).


The girl is convincing. Mayo Methot gives a fine performance of Saint Agnes gone cabaret. The Howard Palmer of Reed Brown, Jr. (who looks like Mayor Walker's double) is not so convincing either psychologically or actorially.

For two acts and a half the play is entertaining, mainly due to the fine acting of everybody concerned. It blows up horribly at the end in a ridiculous bit of mawkish sentimentality.

Guy Kibbee as Cass Wheeler, a cynical old drummer, was the laugh-maker of the show. He is a show in himself. Dennie Moore as Edna Kinsey, a small town lollypop flapper, was odd and mirth making. An old theme, an entertaining show, an anti-climax for conclusion.

The honors go to Arthur Hopkins.
"Up Pops the Devil"

Deftly constructed, swift-moving, a keen-witted dialogue, every-day people, a new twist to an ancient story, splendid acting—these are some of the elements that contribute to make "Up Pops the Devil," by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, one of the hits of the season.

The play deftly satirizes the whole bunch of Greenwich Village Bohemians—scribblers, dancers, literary agents, press agents and the other rollicking eggs of the Gimmilennium.

Steve and Anne are living happily in a state of gin and sin. She is a dancer at Roxy's and he writes ads. They are overrun with gin-swingers, ice-box looters and long-distance 'phone tappers: you know this bunch—Open House Hurricanes.

Well, Anne (Sally Bates) gets it into her head that Steve must give up his work and be kept by her while he writes his Great Masterpiece. But Steve is a Clean Boy at bottom. They marry—and then up pops the devil. Great row in the second act. All oke at final curtain.

Albert Hackett as Bince, from Roxy's, cleans up on the laughs; this fellow is now made on Broadway. He is the brother of Raymond Hackett of the films. Roger Pryor was a good Steve and the others were all plucked out of life. Not the least among these actors was Spencer Barnes as a Negro laudrman; he's an artist.

"The Rhapsody"

George M. Cohan and Louis Ansparser got together somewhere and said, "Let's hook up."

"The Rhapsody" was the result of this union of Yankee-doodlegsm and highbrow psycho-analytical psychiatry and what have you got?

Well, what did he have? Why, Mr. Bones, Lodar Baran had a murder-mole in his ego-craw—a fixed idea that he had to put on spot the man who, during the war, had done him much dirt. He finally—just when Percy Hammond was getting his beauty sleep—fires a blank cartridge at his enemy, and that cues him, Linda.

Louis Calhern was the hero—(Continued on page 110)
HOT from Hollywood

News and Gossip about Players and Pictures

Dorothy 'Midge' Lee is engaged to be married. Perhaps she has the umbrella to protect herself from the miscellaneous showers that may come her way.

Al Jolson is responsible for this story of a producer who asked for opinions on a picture after a preview:

"Stupendous," said one assistant.
"Colossal," exclaimed a second.
"What do you think of it?" inquired the producer of the author.
On the author's face dawned a reckless expression. "I only think it's great," he replied, defiantly.

Dorothy Mackaill is fighting off stage offers. She has a new screen contract beginning in January; meanwhile she has been vacationing in Europe. She found the best food in Budapest, made a personal appearance at her home town of Hull, England, where, of course, she was mobbed; and later saw the sights in New York, where she found "Torch Song," by Kenyon Nicholson who wrote "The Barker." "Torch Song" is the play she wants to do on the screen.

Charles Rogers and Claire Windsor sat together in the front row to see "Once in a Lifetime," the play that pokes fun at Hollywood, just before Buddy sailed with his mother, Mrs. Bert Rogers, for a European trip. "Just like old times," sighed a Hollywooder who saw Charles and Claire together.

Can you imagine five former directors covering acting assignments in one picture? In "The Spoilers" are to be seen Lloyd Ingraham, James Kirkwood, Oscar Apfel, 'Slim' Summerville and George Irving, all once wielders of the megaphone.

Broadway has turned the tables on Hollywood.
A few months ago you saw stage stars on Hollywood...
Boulevard. Now you're seeing Hollywood stars on Broadway.

There's Colleen Moore, who is working harder than she ever did in her life, stage-debuting in "On the Loose." Virginia Valli, who came east with Colleen.—had been reading plays, until she decided to go back to Hollywood to be Mrs. Charlie Farrell.

Rod La Rocque, the tallest actor on stage or screen who doesn't use stilts, may be seen on Fifth Avenue or Broadway almost any day. The beautiful Mrs. La Rocque—Vilma Banky, in case you need to be reminded—is joining her husband in a stage appearance in Manhattan some time this season. When I look at Vilma I marvel that some smart producer or director didn't devise some way to make her accent pay in pictures. The screen lost some luster when Vilma left.

Until I saw these actors dashing around New York and attracting crowds wherever they went, I was inclined to think with a lot of other people that the stage is a sort of last resort for screen players who couldn't make the grade in talkers. Now, I'm not so sure. I think Colleen and Rod and Vilma and Virginia are still capable of pulling a large portion of the picture-going populace into the box-offices of the land. If they can cause excitement on the streets of the Big City they're pretty good.

Al Jolson's last talkies may not have been "Sonny Boys" or "Jazz Singers" but you should see the line he is pulling to the Capitol Theater these days where he is making personal appearances. No, Jolson isn't 'through.' His next is "Sons o' Guns" for United Artists.

There's one actor whose record was so clean and shining that even now those who knew him speak of him a little huskily, while their eyes look suspiciously moist.

I mean Lon Chaney.

George Manker Watters, who wrote "Burlesque" (screened as "The Dance of Life") dropped in to see me and told me he used to work with Chaney in the old days in musical comedy. He told how Chaney, married to a chorus girl, had been left with his little son to take care of. And how Chaney was father and mother to that baby all through the ups and downs of a travel-

ing trouper's crowded life. Chaney was a little gayer, a bit more humorous in those days—but in his later rise to fame and fortune in Hollywood he never really changed; he was always a thoroughbred. I know how all of you feel about Lon Chaney and I thought you would like to hear this.

The King of Siam and the King of Abyssinia, it is reported, have gone talkie. The palace in Siam is being

Always the gentleman! Robert Montgomery obliges

Fiñ Dorsey by holding her make-up kit. Does Fiñ appreciate it? Ooh, la la!

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Otis "Kismet" Skinner look over the new cycloplane—a ground machine for the novice, guaranteed against crack-ups.

A British reunion—Edmund Goulding greets Evelyn Laye at the United Artists studio, where he is directing and she is making her first talker, "Escapade."
wired by Pathé so that its head man may be the first of his country to see and hear a talker. As for the royal guy of Abyssinia, he's going to be officially crowned at a ceremony of which a feature will be the showing of "King of Kings." Apparently he likes the title.

Under the influence of a seductive tropical moon almost anything may happen. What happened in this particular case was that after Duncan Renaldo's return to this country, after a year in Africa with the "Trader Horn" company, he sued for a divorce which was granted. And now, Mrs. Renaldo, wife of the actor, has entered suit against Edwina Booth, who was also in Africa with the "Trader Horn" company, complaining that the actress had alienated the affections of her actor-husband. Losing one's husband is no little matter, and to have him deliberately stolen is even worse—$50,000 worse, Mrs. Duncan insists. (Duncan is Renaldo's real name—no relation to Vivian and Rosetta.)

The death of Milton Sills saddened the film colony. Just when Doris Kenyon, his wife, felt secure in the certainty of his recovery from the illness that nearly proved fatal last winter, death took him in the midst of play. He and Doris, his daughter Dorothy, and another friend were playing a game of tennis when Milton was seized with a heart attack from which he died.

Don't know whether Jim Cruze ever said he'd never
direct Betty Compson in another picture, but Betty said she'd never appear in another picture directed by Jim Cruze. But Betty said that when she was Jim's wife. Now she isn't and that makes a great difference. The following conversation, which took place at the studio one day, certainly points to the belief that they are still friendly though divorced!

Betty, you know, is playing the lead in "Discontent," the working title of Jim's new picture, taken from the play, "She Got What She Wanted."

Jim: "I've a new gardener, Betty."
Betty: "You needed one!"
Jim: "He's very swell, an Englishman. I pay him plenty, too!"
Betty: "How much?"
Jim: (Quailing a bit as he remembered how Betty frowned on extravagance) "Well—er—"
Betty: "How much, Jim?"
Jim: "Oh, a lot—two hundred dollars a month. But he's very swell, cultured, too. I put my coat on when I talk to him." (It takes Betty almost a minute to take this in. In the old days Jim wouldn't put on his coat if the Queen of England had been expected for dinner.)
Betty: (Giggling and delighted) "Jim!"
Jim: "Sure!"
Betty: "I have a butler and a maid. But I don't pay them nearly as much as you pay your gardener."
Jim: "No kidding!" (He believes every word of it and is convinced that you have to hand it to Betty every time.)

Betty: "They are very high class, too. I put on an evening gown when they serve me. Every night for dinner!"

And here's another thing. Jim's jacket that forms a part of his habitual costume, was hanging loose. "Why don't you have some elastic put in that?" asked Betty.

Richard Barthelmess as he appeared in "Tol'able David," the outstanding picture of the year 1921 and of Dick's silent picture career.
Jim declared he didn’t know elastic was what it needed. “I’ve a lot of them hanging in my closet—they’re all too long.” With visions of Jim buying a new jacket every time one got too long, she offered: “Jim, if you’ll bring them all on the set tomorrow, I’ll cut them down and fix them for you.”

I wonder why it is that so many people seem such better friends after they have been divorced?

Charles Bickford declares he’s going to return to the whaling industry in ‘a big way’ not so very long hence—about a year or two. Moving pictures are all right, but whaling is much more exciting, he thinks. He used to be a real whaler, you know.

Recently Estelle Taylor gave a shower to one of her writer friends who expected a visit from the stork, who seems to have taken up his permanent residence in Hollywood. While the expectant mother was opening the gifts amidst the ‘ohs’ and ‘ahs’ of her feminine friends, the telephone rang. Estelle answered it. In a moment she began to laugh. “No, really. I was shopping for a friend,” she finally explained.

“It was a reporter,” she told the girls. “He said he heard that Estelle Taylor was buying baby clothes and he wanted to know if it was for my baby. He wouldn’t believe me when I told him I was not shopping for myself. He said Olga Baclanova had put one over on him and he wasn’t going to let me do the same thing!”

Seems that no one can go on the Amos ‘n Andy set because they don’t want their patter to get around. So we were surprised when, quite innocently, we wandered through the great doors that are lifted after every scene for air, thinking it was the Brenon set, to be invited to remain! There were the two famous comedians holding up traffic in a busy intersection while they used ‘persuasion’ on their broken-down Tin Lizzy.

“Say, don’t eat those olives till they’re ripe,” said Amos, flapping a bunch of artificial cherries on the shoulder of one of the girls.

“Reminds me of a corsage bouquet of orchids a woman was wearing at the theater,” said Andy. “Are those cherries?” her husband asked. She withered him with a glance, “No, they’re gall stones!”

The boys showed us their broadcasting room later. No one is permitted inside while they talk over the air. The room is not large and is lined with heavy felt padding. In the center is a table about five feet long, also covered with felt. A little lamp base with a red bulb is at one end of it and two microphones hang above it. Two cane-bottom chairs like the ones to be found in restaurants are placed before it. That is all the room contains.

Every afternoon they broadcast for the Eastern program and every evening at seven for the Western program. No matter what is going on, they are called in time to get from the stage to the broadcasting room in the next building by five minutes of three. They go on the air at three. A speaker announces them in Chicago. In their little broadcasting room in Hollywood they watch for the flash of the red light. That is their cue to begin their talk.

One day they were just on their way out the front door and going down the steps when they were called to the ‘phone. “Don’t let ‘em split for less than seventy-five—twenty-five, our favor!” called Andy jokingly. The call proved to be from a man in Toronto, Canada, who had just listened to the talk and wanted to tie them up

Maurice Chevalier has committed a faux pas; Emily Post says that a large dog should have a large leash and a small dog a small one. We know it’s only a gag, Maurice.

Richard Cromwell, an unknown youth, has been selected for the vocal production of “To’able David.” Keep your fingers crossed, Dick.
in some kind of advertising scheme. Although this sort of thing happens to the boys daily they never get used to it. "Just seems to be no time and no space any more. Think of what it would have meant for a man in Canada to get together with a man in California fifty years ago. Today you can pick up a telephone and in a few minutes talk with anyone in almost any part of the world."

"Some day we'll get absent-minded, forget about the telephone, and just talk!" we romanced.

Both boys grinned. "It wouldn't surprise me!" chuckled Andy.

Bill Boyd has one of those new-fangled contraptions, a radio in his car. He was speeding a little coming down Sunset Boulevard and a cop stopped him with battle in his eye and a ticket in the offering. But the radio interested him. "What's that thing there?" he demanded. Bill showed off all the radio's good points. "Well, I've heard about these things but this here's the first one I've seen. Drive around the block, feller, and let me study this." Three times they went around the block, the cop in excellent spirits. So was Bill.

"Thanks, Bill. That'll sure hand the old lady a kick when I tell her about it tonight. Oh say, wait a minute. I nearly forgot to give you that ticket!"

"And I thought I'd worked myself out of that!" said Bill to himself as he drove on.

They had been talking about actors 'walking through' parts. A friend of Lewis Stone's said, "By the way, Lew, how many parts have you played? Four, isn't it?" Lewis Stone's eyes flew open, then narrowed to the amused and quizzical slits the screen knows so well. Counting on his fingers, he at length smiled broadly, "You're a close observer, Ed. There are just four!"

Which for the uninformed who know that Lewis Stone has played hundreds of parts, we will explain. When we have learned our stuff, we become casual about it. Technique carries us along, whether it is driving a car or playing a part. When our job becomes second nature to us our minds are not always on what we are doing unless we are intensely interested. Some parts are very uninteresting for an actor to

Bernice Claire all dressed up in a snakeskin coat with umbrella of the same material. "Rain or shine," says Bernice, "I'm ready."

hard when he wasn't, with a wise look at the little extra girl and her pals which delighted them beyond measure.

Jetta Goudal decided to go into the interior decorating business with Harold Grieve, one of the most sought-after decorators out here as a partner. And with this gesture, Jetta consigned all the motion picture producers who had made it so difficult for her to get work, to the Elysian Fields, or wherever it is one consigns people one doesn't approve of. This news had barely got around Hollywood when another surprise was sprung by the mysterious and exotic Jetta. She and Mr. Grieve will be partners in the business of matrimony.

They will be married soon.
ASK ME!—Continued from page 12

born in Philadelphia, Pa. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 160 pounds. He has had several years of stage training and began his screen career with Mary Pickford in "The Love Light." Rex Bell's real name is George Beli'am. He was born Oct. 16, 1905 in Chicago, Ill. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. You can write to Rex at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. He's said to be Clara Bow's current boy-friend.

Blonde Spirit of St. Louis. It isn't any harder to speak to the stars in Hollywood than to any other group of people, but just try and get an answer. As far as I know, Huntley Gordon uses his own name in pictures. He was born in Montreal, Canada, has brown hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 173 pounds. Don Alvarado was christened Jose Paige. He was born Nov. 4, 1904, in Albuquerque, N. M. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Write him at United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Billy's Booster from Philadelphia. I'm your only hope when you can't find a picture of Billy Haines in SCREENLAND. That's a total eclipse for me but I'm sort of that way about the Virginia wise-cracker myself, so I'll overlook the compliment. He has two sisters, Ann and Lillian, but is not engaged to anyone that I know of. His latest picture is "Way Out West" with Leila Hyams and Polly Moran. His next will be "Remote Control" with Mary Doran and John Miljan.

Two Gaiettes from Baltimore. Where have you been and a couple of mean-whiles, not to see the nice things we say about Gary Cooper? Read the magazine from first to the last page. You'll learn about Gary from us. Gary's parents were born in England but he was born in Helena, Mont. He spent three and one-half years of his boyhood in a private school in London but attended high school at Helena; lived for two or three years on his father's ranch after being hurt in an automobile accident; attended Grinnell College in Iowa but went to California before he graduated. He worked as an extra cowboy for months before he got his first big chance in "The Winning of Barbara Worth" with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky. Gary's bronzed face, brown wavy hair, blue eyes, his light 170 pounds and erect carriage, make him a very distinctive figure in pictures.

Corrine, Miami.—So you've been on my trail for the last two years and read every word I write about your favorites. But have you ever caught up with me? You can write to Jean Hersholt at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Lila Lee, First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Leila Hyams, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. and Nancy Drexel at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gladys M. No, I can't tell you the name of the song the Pops sang in their personal appearance in Hollywood. I wasn't there. Clive Brook's given name is pronounced with a long I. One of his new pictures is "Anybody's Woman," with Ruth Chatterton.

Movie Mad from Tarentum, Pa. Woof, woof! Run like anything. Is it as bad as all that? Buddy Rogers, the Boy of your Dreams. Excuse me while I run off spring. Yes, it's true that Charles Rogers has a younger brother who will appear on the screen. Paramount has changed his name from Bb to Bruce. Now girls, wipe off the smoked glasses and take a look at the handsome Bruce. Charles uses his own name on the screen. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. His next picture will be "Heads Up" with Margaret Breen, from the Broadway stage.

Neal B., Mentor, Cal. What course must you take in writing the screen stars? An extensive course is needed in some cases but my rule is, write from the heart, a sincere work of praise and a cheery and trust to luck to get the result. Marion Davies' next picture will be "Rosalie." Address her, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Clara Bocc Fan. Do the stars get 'snobby' after they reach the top? Why should they? Fame is a fickle thing at best. Here today and gone tomorrow. Don't take it all too seriously—they don't. Charles Rogers is 25 years old; Claire Windsor is 33. Clara Bocc played with Stanley Smith, Stuart Erwin, Skeet Gallagher and little Mitzi Green in "Love Among the Millionaires." Rudy Vallee was born in 1903 in Westbrook, Maine. He is about 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 174 pounds and has dark brown hair and green eyes. His film appearances were in "Glorifying the American Girl" and "The Vagabond Lover," and several shorts.

Dolly from Upper Darby, Pa. I'll admit to being the 'Ritzty baby' but don't let that get you all up-set. I'll give you a break about Joan Crawford. Joan was born March 23, 1908, in San Antonio, Texas. She weighs 110 pounds, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and has brown hair of reddish tinge and blue eyes. She made her screen debut in 1925 in "Pretty Ladies" as Lucille LeSeuer. She became Joan Crawford after a national contest was held to provide her with a screen name. She was married on June 3, 1929, to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Continued on page 129)
CHRISTMAS DINNER IN HOLLYWOOD—Continued from page 93

sauce, a favorite dish in the Rogers family. Currant jelly accompanies the duck course and escalloped sweet potatoes. Another vegetable may be substituted for the artichokes Italienne which, says William Boyd, constitute a real treat no matter what gustatory triumphs have delighted your palate prior to this! So if you and your men-folk and your guests like artichokes and garlic-flavored food, serve them by all means.

As for the Chestnut salad, I must tell you that the recipe was not created by the French singing star but was inspired by him. It was composed by Emile Roth, former assistant at the Waldorf-Astoria, named for the enchanting Maurice, and is now a popular item on the daily menu of a leading chain of New York tea rooms.

Aside from the recipes for the Christmas dinner menu, the other recipes given are unusual in that they are all highly or ‘differently’ flavored.

Tomato Juice Cocktail
By Richard Barthalness

Peel and chop six tomatoes, one cucumber and three stalks celery. Place in a saucepan. Add juice of two lemons, salt and pepper to taste, a dash of Worcestershire sauce. Keep on ice until ready to serve. Strain, and serve in cocktail glasses.

Onion Soup
By Charles Bickford

Rub three onions through a coarse strainer; add to one quart of hot milk. Beat the yolks of two eggs and slowly add the strained onion soup. Add salt, pepper and butter; pour into a glass oven caserole. Arrange over the top small French croutons, then sprinkle generously with Parmesan and Gruyere cheese. Place in oven until hot and surface shows a golden brown. Serve soup at table from caserole.

Venison Steak with Chestnut Sauce
By Charles ‘Buddy’ Rogers

Have venison steak of medium thickness, sprinkle well with salt and pepper; place on greased broiler and broil about eight minutes, turning often. Remove to hot platter, and pour over it the chestnut sauce prepared as follows: Cut six slices carrot and half an onion in small pieces. Sauté in two tablespoons butter five minutes or until tender; add three tablespoons flour and stir until well browned. Add one and one-half cups brown stock, a sprig of parsley, a bit of bay leaf, eight peppercorns. Let simmer twenty minutes, strain, add three tablespoons cooking Madeira wine, one cup boiled French chestnuts and one tablespoon butter.

Roast Wild Duck
By Gary Cooper

Dress and clean a wild duck and truss as goose. Place on rack in dripping pan, sprinkle with salt and pepper and cover breast with thin slices of salt pork. Bake fifteen minutes to a pound in a hot oven, basting frequently with the fat in pan. Cut string and remove skewers and place ducks on platter. Prepare brown gravy from drippings in pan.

The duck can be stuffed with apples pared and quartered or small onions may be put in the body of the duck to improve the flavor. Neither apples nor onions are to be served. If stuffing is to be eaten, cover pieces of bread with hot milk. Press out milk, add salt, pepper, melted butter and finely chopped onion.

Escalloped Sweet Potatoes
By John Mack Brown

Remove skin from boiled sweet potatoes, and slice. Place layer in baking pan, sprinkle with salt, sugar and nutmeg and dot generously with butter. Repeat until dish is three-fourths full. Pour cream over top, place in oven until well heated and blended.

Artichokes Italienne
By William Boyd

Soak artichokes in slightly salted water one hour. Cut off prickly spikes at top of each artichoke leaf with pair of shears. Stuff a clove of garlic between every third or fourth leaf. Fry the center apart a little and insert two small cloves. Stuff chopped seasoned parsley between leaves where garlic has not been placed. Put a little in the center of the artichoke. Place in shallow pan, pour olive oil over, enough to cover them about quarter way, add about half the quantity of water. Cover and cook slowly about forty-five minutes, adding a little water, if necessary. When the artichokes are done there should be a few spoonfuls of the liquid left which is to be served as a sauce.

Chevalier Salad
By Emile Roth

Peel one large Bartlett pear and let soak in lemon juice for five minutes. Remove core of pear and replenish with equal parts of cream and Roquefort cheese seasoned with a dash of paprika. Serve on lettuce leaves with Roquefort French dressing.

English Plum Pudding
By Clive Brook

Soak one-half pound stale bread crumbs in one cup scalded milk, let stand until cool. Add one-fourth pound sugar, the beaten yolks of four eggs, one-half pound raisins seeded, cut in pieces and floured, one-fourth each of currants and finely chopped figs, two ounces finely cut citron. Chop one-half pound suet and cream it by using the hand. Combine mixtures, add one-fourth cup wine, currant jelly, or grape juice, one-half grated nutmeg, three-fourths teaspoon cinnamon, one-third teaspoon cloves, one-third teaspoon mace and whites of four eggs beaten stiff. Turn into buttered mold, cover, and steam six hours.

Baked Oysters with Cheese
By Eddie Quillan

Butter a deep baking dish and fill almost to the top with alternate layers of oysters and grated cheese. Fresh American cheese, grated rather fine, is better than the cheese sold in grated form. Sprinkle each layer with a dash of salt, pepper, garlic salt and celery salt. Pour in a little of the oyster liquor and cover the top with thick slices of fresh peeled tomatoes. Smother the top with a thick layer of grated cheese and bake in moderate oven about one hour.

Sirloin Steak
By John Gilbert

Choose a tender cut of sirloin and broil in oven. Place on plank, edging same with mashed potatoes on outside and an alternating border of green peas, green peas, small skinned tomatoes and cauliflower. Place plank in oven for ten minutes with slow fire and take cut, pouring melted butter over entire ingredients. Serve on plank with French bread and sweet butter.

Bachelor Omelet
By William Haines

Work to a cream half a teaspoonful of milk and one teaspoonful of flour. Beat the yolks of three eggs until creamy, adding the flour and milk. Add beaten whites of three eggs, mixing lightly. Melt three tablespoonfuls butter in pan and when hot turn in mixture. When it starts to set, sprinkle over top finely chopped boiled ham and parsley. Set in oven three minutes, fold and turn on hot platter. Garnish with parsley and slices of broiled ham.

Spaghetti with Mushrooms and Cheese
By Ramos Navarro

Cook one package spaghetti fifteen minutes. Cut four onions in small pieces and cook in butter until tender. Add one pound mushrooms cut in pieces to butter in pan after onions are removed and cook five minutes. Add two cans tomato soup, the cooled spaghetti, and when mixture is thoroughly heated add one-half pound of cheese cut in bits. When cheese is melted, pour mixture in glass caserole, sprinkle cheese over top, and place in oven until brown.

Solid comfort, and why not? Joan Marsh has a good voice, good looks and a nice new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Cranky Women

They are the principal users of this great 25¢ dentifrice. Two million acclaim the way it beautifies teeth—protects precious enamel.

When it comes to the matter of teeth, and keeping them sound and beautiful, a woman's a crank—the worst kind of a crank, as any dentist will tell you.

It is a remarkable tribute to the quality and results of Listerine Tooth Paste that women—cranky women—are its principal users. More than 2 million of them have rejected other dentifrices in favor of this one made by the makers of Listerine.

They like its gentle but thorough action. They like the way it gets around and in between teeth and sweeps out decay. They like the way it erases tartar and discoloration. They say it protects precious enamel. The brilliance and luster it imparts to the teeth. The fresh feeling of exhilaration it leaves in the mouth—like Listerine itself.

Incidentally, that $3 they save by using it instead of tooth pastes in the 50¢ class, may be—and is—applied to buying a couple of pairs of silk hose.

We urge you to try Listerine Tooth Paste. Buy a tube today. Compare it with any paste at any price. Be guided by results alone. We'll wager that you will immediately be won to this up-to-date dentifrice, which has delighted more than 4,000,000 people. *Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.

THE MAKERS OF LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE RECOMMEND
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSHES

Listerine Tooth Paste 25¢
little as you wish to pay. One includes a lovely fresh English complexion right out of a little pot like old ivory with honey bees carved on the top; another is a complex cream that is at once cleansing, nourishing and a foundation for powder. With it come soap, lavender lotion and face powder.

Bath luxuries include lavender crystals in lovely bottles or in tablets, fragrant toilet soaps, lavender toilet water and dusting powder. Small gift tins, pleasing, are lavender blossoms compressed into small bricks in boxes of six. The lavender sachet is equally delightful. Old English lavender comes in fancy stoppered bottles or in small wicker flasks with handles. If you are interested in gifts for your men friends, there are beautiful shaving sets in various sizes and prices, scented delicately with lavender, a clean fragrance that men really like.

In compacts and lipsticks there is infinite variety. The newest is a thin square of silver with a tiny square of green in the center. A clever feature is the spare lipstick. A small groove at the side holds the day-time lipstick, called natural for evening, you slip this out and insert the Vivid or Cherry tint.

Everyone knows about Richard Hudnut’s splendid Du Barry beauty compacts and perfumes in bottles especially handsome. You’ll find them on all the high-class toilet counters and with them gifts of unusual charm and smartness. For instance, for milady’s evening bag what more enchanting than the Deauville Chatelaine, a round silver case with the Du Barry design in black and gold containing loose powder, rouge and mirror? The lipstick forms a handle and to it is attached a silver ring by which it may be carried.

Another compact, the Beauty Box, in black, rose and ivory, oblong in shape, silver-backed, is contained in a blue and silver case, rose-lined. It holds mirror, powder, rouge and creme lip rouge. Surprisingly presented, too, is the Du Barry manicure. The bottles, jars and buffer all topped with Chinese red, with everything necessary to a perfect manicure, are encased in a dainty rose and silver box.

You cannot possibly overlook, either, the Houbigant toilettries, Paris-born, of a sophistication and bewitching enchantment. The Bois Dormant is the latest, a fresh bouquet scent of lingering appeal that has been captured in the face powder and sachet as well.

Cheramy Eau de Cologne, in one of eleven enchanting odors, is a perfect gift for a very young girl or for any age. It’s particularly ideal for a friend or member of your family who loves luxurious toilet accessories and who will revel in this alluring fragrance as an after dinner spray some night when she’s going out to a party and wants to make a particularly devastating toilette.

With the new fall hats, natural eye make-up is important. The smallest black and silver eyelash Cosmetics Box from Elizabeth Arden contains cosmetics in black, brown and dark-brown, also in blues and greens, to give an exotic touch to evening make-up, a small brush with which to apply it and the tiniest and most minute mirror to help in the eyebrows and lashes in the way they should grow.

A holiday set which many women will be glad to know about and possess is

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**JOAN CRAWFORD PROUDLY DISPLAYS HER MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP BOX. EVERYTHING FOR BEAUTY!**

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**YARDLEY’S NEW PERFUME GIFT SET INCLUDING BOND STREET EXTRACT, FACE AND DUSTING POWDER.**
"This Christmas worry is so silly... just give Seventeen to everyone"

Sue Carol

"Honestly, can you think of any girl who wouldn't love Seventeen for Christmas? And when you fall in love with Seventeen— you simply can't be happy until you have it in Face Powder too... and even in your compact! In fact, I think those three would be a perfect Christmas gift."

Christmas shoppers— here's help! Advice from Sue Carol—June Collyer— and Alice White.

These three know what girls like. They know the likes and dislikes of the nation. And what is even more important, they are typical normal girls themselves!

They tell you here that every girl adores Seventeen. Seventeen is the latest perfume hit. It was named Seventeen because it breathes Youth. It is an odor that speaks to you of the dreams, the fancies, the April moods of Seventeen.

But perhaps you want to give a more costly gift. Sue Carol, June Collyer and Alice White tell you what to do. Select several Seventeen toilet articles.

Or if you want a little gift, you may select several Seventeen articles that cost but 50 cents each!

The packages are so gifty looking! They combine the smartness and colorful charm that go straight to every woman's heart. The same motif runs through all... Seventeen gives you an ensemble of toiletries—the latest, smartest note!

Study the gift selections of Miss Carol, Miss Collyer, and Miss White. Or make up your own groupings. Then take your list to your nearest toilet goods counter.

Alice White's Choice
An impressive gift for a nominal sum... Bath Powder in a beautiful metal container, Toilet Water and Brillantine.$3.00.

June Collyer's Choice
A single Seventeen compact and little bottle of Seventeen perfumes, specially packaged. Convenient for mailing.$2.00.

Sue Carol's Choice
A handsome Gift Package containing Seventeen Perfume in the French-cut flacon... the double Seventeen compact... and a box of face powder.$5.00.
Pond's Skin Freshener, and a package of cleansing tissue. With these few things she can care for her skin intelligently and be always immaculately dainty whether in a sleeping car, her office or home.

You will find the House of Tre-Jur, too, attractively represented. Notice particularly their colorful array of compacts at a small price. Double compacts and single, oblong and square, in modernistic boxes and in the largest of colors. Some contain a small bottle of perfume with top matching the compact. Choose one to match your friend's ensemble or some note in her costume. Note also the adorable box holding two large cakes of bath soap and a jar of dusting powder with puff. The boxes, with contents, come in five different pastel colors and five different odors. A gift for the woman with a bathroom with a color scheme!

Outstanding, too, is the name of Pinaud, the French house whose prestige dates back a century and a half. A lovely gift and practical is Pinaud's black face cream in its fascinating green jar, with a box of powder in its smart black box. And there's a new hand cream any girl would be thrilled to receive in the toe of her Christmas stocking. It's cleansing and beautifying and comes in a new type of modern tube stepped on the shoulder like Pinaud's black powder box with a triple seal.

Have you a girl friend who complains bitterly about the harsh winds of winter and what it does to her skin? A jar of Armund's cleansing cream and box of cold cream powder is a perfect gift combination. Or perhaps your own skin needs this protection; in which case make yourself a Christmas gift! The cold cream powder is rich, mellow, protective, and in shades to become everybody.

Of course, Pond's is not alone in producing excellently good face cleansers. There are others on the market, and ordinary unexciting women can prove to themselves—by using one or another of these excellent products—that the complexion need not deteriorate with age.

Another thing in its favor, it stays on. While treating yourself to Christmas gifts, you'll like the Maybelline eye cosmetic. And if you want to give your girl friend a small gift she's sure to like, give her one of the eye pencils and dainty gold-painted eye-lash curlers.

Another gift to which you may treat yourself with pleasure and profit is the beautifying treatment for eyebrows and eyelashes offered by Lucille Young. You'll appreciate receiving one, I'm sure.

In powders, be sure not to overlook Mello-Glo, square gold boxes of loveliness in special shades blended by a new French process to suit every coloring. There's a cream, too, in this group, with rouge and lipstick of vivid beauty and the group is reasonably priced.

So many intriguing things I have seen, the past few weeks I could go on indefinitely about them. If there's something you're interested in not mentioned here, or if you want to know more about the gift or beauty here described, I'll be glad to help you if you'll write to me. Remember, too, that I'm always glad to advise you on any phase of beauty care, colors to wear, make-up, how to attain popularity and charm. Address Anne Van Alystne, Screenland Magazine, 45 West 39th Street, New York City. Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

FASHION NEWS FOR WINTER—Continued from page 01

seal bolero in a light, golden brown. Combined with a bright navy blue dress or coat and skirt, it is extremely picturesque.

And now we come to the most fascinating innovation of the season. In France they call it the Five O'clock, or cocktail dress. For cocktail parties, teas and bridges, it is ideal. It is created from velvet or lamé, is of ankle length, with a low draped bodice, and has a trimming of either a camellia or a little old-fashioned bouquet of flowers. Sometimes, however, fresh flowers and pastel shades of camellias and peonias will be very smart this winter as personal adornment—worn on the bodice for afternoon, and placed in the hair with a be-jewelled clip for evening.

Patou has a marvelous collection of cocktail clothes, done in lovely pastel velvets, with circular skirts, about ankle length, and little sleeveless peplum jackets. His new shades are "Pink Lady," "Clever Club" and "Martini."

Another style of cocktail dress which I find very exciting is created of soft lamé, with a long shirt, low bodice, and no sleeves—its only decoration being a long line of beautiful large real jewelled buttons, reaching at intervals from the waist to the floor—in the back.

That is a trick of Lelong's—carrying the ornamentation towards the back. Just as scientists are working on the three-dimensional films—that is, films which seem to show depth—just so does Lelong design his spiral flounces and peplums, ascending to meet the back completely. He considers that this accentuates the three dimensional or sculptural qualities of his gown.

For evening proper, we have innumerable choices. Two very good colors will be "Deliactessima," or pale pink, and "Taj Mahal" white, a glistening, moon-light white which is made doubly effective by combining the glossy and the dull sides of the satin. With white evening gowns, pink satin pumps are being worn. Evening gloves, also, will be of satin, in pink, turquoise and black, a decided contrast to the gown. And either handkerchief, bag or gloves of contrasting color will be used to accent and dominate the "total ensemble."

Another exceedingly popular color for evening is "Love Pink," a true light pink. And an utterly romantic gown, created by Callot Soeurs, is of gray tulle. This is to be worn with long gray gloves. Really, this Callot gown belongs to the type known as "wistful gowns." Made of willed tulles and bound around the high neck with delicately laced flounces and kirtles of twisted chiffons at the top of the foamy, floating skirts, it makes an ordinarily pretty modern girl a dream of old-world beauty.

In order that you may have variety, let us consider the black evening gown without which no wardrobe is complete. Words is showing magnificent black satin gowns. With these he has designed a square-shaped, black velvet fan, and black silk leg-of-mutton gloves.

For the opera and grand dinner occasions, naturally one needs an exceedingly formal evening gown with train. If the material used is chiffon, all the contrasting colors must be stiffened with horse-hair to make them stand out in the proper grand manner.

Before we close there are two more points we should discuss. Everybody needs a travelling costume—for weekends or for country visits in general. One practical and beautiful ensemble consists of a fur coat, of whatever pelt preferred, lined with what is called a 'travel-print,' with a dress of the same print to match.

The second feature needed to complete our wardrobe are the 'At Home' clothes. These are of very exotic lamés or velvets with detachable skirts made over pajamas. Thus when the smart woman is lounging comfortably in her bed, in the second she can make herself ready for the formal dinner guest simply by adding the skirt.

Never before were imagination and discrimination so badly needed. We shall all aim, just as Lucien Lelong says, 'to reconcile the fantastic and diversities of the present-day dress with the more sober distinction of style without which no mode can endure nor any woman be perfectly groomed.'
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their goals, whom I know will in turn give to another struggling artist, when the time comes. 

Living in Paris, singing at the lovely Opera Comique to cheering throngs. The culture and the extensive travel, the new worlds that Schumann-Heink opened up to her, of different languages. Singing many rôles, actually living and breathing the personalities of these different characters, was only a facet of all the reasons for that freedom of which I speak, that reason for spending one's money artistically.

Now the bondage is something which may be overcome to a great extent and yet it is ever there. One's voice is a demanding goddess; you must pay her homage, give up many of the things that some people think so necessary to happiness these days. Smoking, drinking, over-eating or too-strenuous exercise. None of these things are good for the voice. Your voice must be the pinnacle of your life; to it all else must be subservient. This does not mean that you must give your best to others and talk to yourself, thinking and talking about your voice, but you must remember it constantly. Practise and study daily, untringly, joyously—your mental, spiritual and physical self are all reflected in your voice, hence all three must be in perfect condition for your voice to be at its best. Before an audience or before the 'mike,' you must give the best that you have to give and then a little more.

Madame Schumann-Heink, to my mind, is the most perfect example of a singer; she has given to her voice and to the public the best, always the very best that she had to give. For years she has been able even now she is noble enough to admit that she is still learning how to sing. Yet with it all she has had all the other great things that life beautiful. I look upon Schumann-Heink as more regal than any queen, richer than any heiress, an example to all women, and a saint among her people.

So far my experience in pictures has been very fascinating. I feel it is a great medium for the new school of the opera, especially in the making of pictures and acting. The old school of singing where a fat, stiff singer stood in the middle of the stage and emitted tones and nothing else, has passed forever. My great friend Mary Garden deserves a great debt of gratitude in the annals of musical history for her unerring efforts for the new school, which is going to make the American people really love and understand and eventually to the American opera with great American singers, actors and actresses.

Playing the rôle of Jenny Lind has been a new experience to me. I have lived a new life, I have surrendered myself to the personality the week was the pictures in production. I have a ring that belonged to her, which I wore continually during the making of the picture. I like the talking pictures. I would not want to do them all my life, for I miss the public and the warmth of an audience, but I think they have a great place in the field of music and the development of the school of the opera in America. I am glad you have been chosen to make this picture of Jenny Lind to be co-starring with Lawrence, Tibbett in "New Moon." 

But to finish this article I want to give a word of praise to two of the greatest teachers in the world today. One, Dr. Maurofusti, who is now connected with the Metropolitan Opera here in New York. It has been my privilege to study with the maestro before, and I consider it a wonderful thing to have him here on the lot during the making of so many musical pictures, for his help and guidance to singers is beyond human value. All singers need constant watching.

Of Albert Carre who teaches acting in Paris, I would like to sing a word of praise. His teaching or rather the sharing of his great understanding is a gift to any singer, for to be a great singer and a fine actress at the same time is a rare gift of the gods. Many people, though they have the ability within to do both things well, become so lost in the emotion of the part that they neglect the voices or vice versa. I am sure what Monsieur Carre develops in a singer is based on any set form or principle; he merely helps you to unlock the door of your emotions and shows you how to direct them with perfect control.

In conclusion I may say that I thank whoever gods there be that my destiny has been led on and on by a singing star. Again I say, 'Express yourself in song' but remember, patience is a singer's greatest virtue.

HOLLYWOOD CRUSHES—Continued from page 91

vited to the garden party and house-warm-

which Bess Meredith and Michael Curtis were giving at the new Beverly Hills home. 

"You can get warm in the house and cool in the garden, which does seem a reasonable arrangement," Patsy consoled, as we caught sight of him talking to a group of guests. "I'm glad he isn't hiding his charms under a bushel any more.

Ramor Novarro seems to be going out more of late than he used to do," Patsy added, as we caught sight of him talking to a group of guests. "I'm glad he isn't hiding his charms under a bushel any more.

Ramor, we found when we greeted him, was in a gay, charming mood, and we told him that he suited his surroundings exactly.

Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., arrived just then. Joan looking lovely in a gray silk evening frock; and Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon were also among the guests. She wearing a white evening dress as usual. Such an assemblage of brides and bridegrooms that Patsy exclaimed, 'And another couple so evidently in love with each other!'

Louise Fazenda and her husband, the prominent Wallis, came later on. "And still more romance!" exclaimed Patsy, as there arrived Natalie Moorhead and Alan Crosland, who are engaged, and Mrs. Lubitsch and Hans Kraly, also reported as going to marry each other as soon as Mr. and Mrs. Lubitsch's divorce is on. Natalie declared that she was afraid that the lights in the studio were making her too thin, and Louise Fazenda said, "What do you want to make the rest of us jealous for?"

Maude Fulton was another guest, and there were Mr. and Mrs. Shemond Romberg, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Strauss and their gifted sons, Irving and Walter, Alexander Korda, the director, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Vajda and others.

An orchestra was playing in the patio, and some of the guests, including Natalie Moorhead and Alan Crosland, who dance together beautifully, were dancing. In the garden a number of games were in progress, including ping-pong, croquet and frisbee.

Ping-pong seemed to be the most popular, and you dared not lay down your racket for a minute lest somebody seize it and play your game for you, which makes a lot of merriment. Ramor Novarro and Hans Kraly played practice tennis; while Joan Crawford and Wells Root played croquet.

Dinner was served buffet, but some of the guests were in such a hurry to be back at the game that they carried their places out to the garden, and took bites of food between plays.

The food was Hungarian, out of compliment to Michael Curtis, our host, and very excellent it was.

Vicar Varconi and his wife arrived late. It was the first time we had seen them since they returned from Europe, where Mr. Varconi made some pictures, and both of them looking exceedingly well.

We moved our plates over to their table, and had a chat with them, and both expressed delight to be back in this country; only, Victor, said he did get homesick once in a while, and just had to go back to Hungary and then. Young Varconi had been a light opera star in Vienna and Budapest, and she declared that a lot of new writers of music are arising in her native land and are keeping up the tradition of bright, tuneful music.

Ben Lyon filled Bebe's plate twice, saying he hadn't eaten so much since they were married.

Later everybody gathered in the living room, and Ramon Novarro sang in his exquisite tenor voice, a number of Spanish and Mexican songs, while later he and Bebe sang some duets, their voices harmonizing nicely.

Young Irving Straus played on the piano, and there was dancing later.

"But," exclaimed Patsy, "thank Heaven, not too much!"

Very late we said "Adios" to our delightful host and hostess with whom we had had a most enjoyable evening.

"Will it take," inquired Patsy, "a double-barreled alarm clock to get you out of bed around daybreak next Sunday?"

"Well, we're invited down—a whole string of invitations lasting all day—to Malibu Beach, and the first is to go swim-
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Perfect Voice Institute
Dept. 13-19 1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago
ming with Winifred Westover and her small son, Bill Hart, Jr."

Winifred's house is a seaside villa, perched on the rocks overlooking the sea, and is most charmingly furnished as to living room and den with great easy chairs and sofas and bright chintzes. And both the living room on the second floor and the den below have immense fire-places, which must be a source of cheerfulness in winter when the waves come up underneath the house, lapping at its stone foundations and dashing their spray over the verandas.

Little Bill was on hand. He is a big strapping boy of eight, and while he has his father's eyes, he has his mother's mouth and dimples. Just at this time in his career he is deeply interested in collecting all kinds of bugs and butterflies, and he really has them neatly tabulated and mounted. His most precious possession at the moment is a letter from a State Department of Entomology, which he has fairly worn out with holding to read and to show to visitors. He showed us the collection proudly.

The little fellow has no desire at all to be an actor. This bug collecting, he feels, is only a temporary thing, too, as his ambition is and has been since he can remember, to be president of the United States. He has, in fact, already secured the promise of one vote in exchange with another little bug-collecting boy of a rare specimen of butterfly!

He is a quaint, courtly, old-fashioned little fellow, and he loves swimming, but otherwise doesn't seem to care about playing out-of-doors very much, loving the society of his mother and grandmother.

Then there was a surprise for us—Winifred sang to us in a voice which may do almost anything—and gaily.

Then we all went for a swim, after which Winifred went with us over to Mrs. Milton Cohen's house. She was giving a luncheon for some feminine friends of hers during her husband's absence in San Francisco. You know, he is attorneys for all the movie folks. Little Bill stayed at home.

Mrs. Cohen is the niece of hostesses, and we found a lot of our friends there, including Lilian Asher, Helen Ferguson, Mary Ford, Mrs. Victor Schertzinger, Mrs. Richard Wallace, Mrs. William K. Howard, Mrs. Ernest Lubitsch, Mrs. Oscar Straus, Mrs. William Thurner, Rosabelle Laemmle Bergman, Mrs. Allan Dwan, Mrs. Harry Beaumont, Mrs. Charles Francis Coe, wife of the popular author of gangland stories, Mrs. Ona Brown, and others.

Mrs. Harry Schertzinger, who is known professionally as Olive Golden, also was a guest. She had lately come from the hospital following an operation, but said that she was getting well fast, although she is still pale and interesting.

Mrs. Schertzinger was reminded that it was her wedding anniversary, and declared that she and Victor never had had a quarrel; but Mrs. Jack Ford contributed that she and Jack had quarrelled exactly on her wedding day. And Jack had insisted that she stay in the crowded little town where they were married, and where they would have had to sleep in a tent, and that wasn't her idea of a honeymoon.

She won.

We had luncheon at little tables on the veranda, after which there was bridge, and then we went over to Mrs. Schertzinger's for tennis, and there we found Lew Ayres, Charlie Farrell, Laura La Plante, William Seiter, and a lot of others.

As the shadows lengthened we went with Mrs. Asher over to her beautiful cottage.

Mrs. Asher dined her best Sunday-go-to-meeting guests, and informed us that she had told her husband that she saved him lots of money by living down at Malibu Beach and wearing nothing but simple little pajama suits all the time. "But he said," she laughed, ""Well, every time I look at you, you have on a new pajama suit! So I didn't get away with it after all!"

Presently the supper guests began to arrive. They included Genevieve Tobin, who, we hear, is bound to be a sensation in pictures, and who came, I believe, with Dudley Murphy, the scenario writer. Genevieve told us that it was quite likely that her clever sister, Vivian Tobin, would also come west for pictures.

Jackie Saunders, very smart in a blue sports suit—Jackie used to be a star, you remember, but is happily married now, with two children to her credit—was among the guests.

That cute Zelma O'Neal, who played on the stage and in the picture in "Follow Thru," came with her husband, Anthony Bushell, and was, of course, of the life of the party. She has a straightforward, frank, natural manner that is most refreshing, and everybody in Hollywood is quite crazy about her.

Zelma, who came back from England and a visit to her husband's people, who are English, adores that country. And she likes the English audiences, too, though she said she was scared to death the first time they let loose to applaud her.

"I thought they didn't like us," she said. "they raised such a row, and I ducked off the stage as quick as a wink."

She told us that her husband, who played in the pictured "Dissraeli," you know, received a letter from a little English girl, who apologized to him because she had "seen him only nine times in the picture!"

Looking out on the moonlit sea, we finally called it a day, and, bidding our friends good night, we drove down the winding road along the curving, beautiful shore that made a goodly portion of our journey homeward.

played these parts. The other parts were howlingly well played.

**"INSULT"**

The Dutch East Indies. A half-caste Lieutenant in the Dutch Army. A swag-gering Major who picks on half-castes. A daughter-in-law of the Major who loves the half-caste. Final clash between Major and Lieutenant. Lieutenant sentenced to death for love of half-caste. Major. Woman sticks to the end—hell with her hubby and her father-in-law. "Insult" is from the Dutch of Jan Fabriscis is and probably a great play in Mother Holland. It is not a bad melodrama as done here. It is tense, it holds. But it is, to me, mere surface stuff with some old wheezes retold. The players were good—D. A. Clarke-Smith, Leslie Perrins and Lydia Sherwood. And it is going to make a swell talkie.

**"THAT'S THE WOMAN"**

I liked "That's the Woman" even better than Bayard Veiller's "Mary Dugan." "Mary Dugan" was all show-window, but, I will admit, a well-set one. "That's the Woman" has two short courtroom scenes, a play that takes us into the more dramatic world of the human interior—a woman's mind.

Margaret Erskine has got to decide whether she will remain quiet and see her lover go to the chair, or save him from the chair by confessing she spent the night of the murder with him in his apartment, and thus lose her husband, her reputation and her friends. We are kept delightfully and breathlessly guessing till the last ten minutes, when Margaret (played splendidly by Phoebe Foster) decides in the court room for the lover. She spills the beans, claps her freed lover, and the husband crashes out of the courtroom.

Margaret was, however, going to keep quiet (Park avenue ethics), but—and this is the kernel of the play—she is worn to a frazzle by the tricks and subtleties of Mercer Trask, a lawyer, a Sherlock Holmes. "Nice enough," played as he never played before by A. E. Anson.

I have not been entertained so well by this kind of play. The Lynn Shannon and Lucille Watson added to the strength of the drama, especially Miss Watson.
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How can you be content to sit around at party after party and listen to others do all the playing—hear them receive all the compliments—see them showered with admiration, attention, invitations—when your life-long ambition to become a popular musician is now so easy to realize. Get in the musical "swim" yourself. Watch the singing, happy crowds gather around you as you play the latest syncopation. Experience the personal satisfaction that comes from being able to play "when, "where" and "what" you like for your own amusement and the entertainment of others.

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WHAT TREND PICTURES IN 1931?

Continued from page 25

in pictures in the next year will come through color and its use. So far it is only practical for outdoor pictures with scenic backgrounds and musical reproductions, but advances along this line will undoubtedly be made in the new year.

"The star system will gain momentum this next year, I am sure. Individual stars who have kept pace with screen progress are not made overnight, of course, but there are many new ones.

We must give the public real entertainment of a superior sort this year and I believe we will be able to do so taking advantage of our combined experiences and mistakes of the last year. Also, writers, directors, players and all the various units it takes to make a picture are becoming accustomed to the new medium and are feeling more at home and which will make for better results all along the line. It should be a great year of progress!" summed up the optimistic Joe Swer.

Louis B. Mayer of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, always calm, efficient, and boosting his own product, met my question with: "What trend pictures?" he asked, repeating my question. There is an important question for anyone to answer, let alone a poor harrassed producer! However, I will say we must have story and showmanship like presentation this next year. Type of story will not matter one whit.

"Take our own pictures as proof that the public does not give a continental about the type of picture. 'Caught Short,' that rollicking 'low comedy' fun fest, 'The Divorcee,' an ultra-sophisticated drama, and 'The Big House,' thrilling, gripping, sheer melodrama, came before the public within a few weeks of each other. They were all instantaneous hits, yet not of the sort that make pictures more widely divided in type. The same public enthused over them all!"

"I do not believe that talking pictures will have any definite type. Pictures, well handled, will attract the public any time, anywhere! The requirements of the talking screen are greater and more exacting than those of the silent stage and, of course, than the silent screen, and they have developed a more critical and exacting audience.

"In my estimation, with study and careful application to the new medium most of the silent screen stars can be made bigger and better in talking pictures. We have proved this with Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, and many more.

"We are constantly going to great lengths to develop new talent for the talking screen. The days of the pretty face and empty head are gone forever, as well as the days of the mimetic realism. If you know what I mean!" he smiled.

"An imaginative, untrained mind cannot write dialogue. They may still write stories as a screen writer, let dialogue writers adapt their ideas, but scripts must have a new developнут which takes more than imagination.

"A producer must be six jumps ahead of the public mind and try to read it for them. He must be able to guess what the fancy of the day means and be able to sense in, whether they are going to approve of color here and music there.

We cannot always hope to do this but we have our ways of gaining the trend of the public mind.

"There must always be a keen sense of showmanship based on a fundamental knowledge of human nature in every production. We do the best we can to place that fickle and never definite thing, the public, and if you think that is easy, come and sit in my chair and try it—just for a day!"

"I quietly folded my notebook and as silently stole away!"

Winfield Sheehan, that dynamic Irish vice-president in charge of production at Fox Film Studios, expects that during 1931 emphasis will be put on outdoor recording and wide film. Mr. Sheehan said: "With regard to the two innovations which have followed the advent of talking pictures—color and wide screen—Fox is applying tested principles of wise showmanship.

"We are convinced that haphazard and indiscriminate use of color is no more becoming than an advent to a bawdy, unchivalrous woman. On the other hand, its employment under the direction of a master leads to magnificent effects. That is why we have the services of the supreme colorist of the day, Joseph Urban, to supervise that phase of Fox production. Mr. Urban's artistry will be revealed in 'Luxury,' 'The Conquered,' 'The Power,' "The Man Who Came Back," and 'A Connecticut Yankee,' pictures whose exotic or bizarre backgrounds will be greatly enriched by his hand."

"Forbidding outdoor pictures will be notable for their dramatic pace. For a time after the advent of dialogue pictures, the 'Don't-Proof' recording slowed up this type of entertainment, but the Movietone camera has now been perfected to a point where it is as mobile and flexible as its silent ancestor."

I wandered over to the RKO studio where I talked to that much beloved and brilliant mind which controls the vital production factories, Mr. William Le Baron.

Mr. Le Baron is positive and sure of his ground before he makes a statement. Yet, if you ask him half questions he will considerately and gravely interested and weights your words in the balance and if he finds them—not wanting he will consider the matter a closed one and accepts yours! That's one of the most poignant reasons for the startling strides which RKO has made in the past year. He has that rare quality of greatness, the ability to believe in the other fellow and his opinions.

"Now that sound recording can be done easily and naturally outdoors as well as on the stages, we will undoubtedly have a great many strong outdoor dramas this next year. Pictures in the early days clung timidly to the stage techniques of treatment and indoor sets. Now they have found this is not necessary and we will have a picture like 'The Student Prince.' And the 'Shining Hour' we are making now, 'Cimarron,' and so forth," he said.

"I believe this next year, now that the preconceptions and the right up ways of talking pictures have been solved, much time will be spent in smoothing out the rough spots in story and screen treatment. It isn't the technical defects, but the [illegible] and will not be forced. People will be made to speak only when absolutely necessary. The story will be told more in the old screen fashion, speaking only very necessary lines, the rest of the story being told in action and pantomime. The greatest strides will be made in the way dialogue and screen presentation. It is the fundamental fact that color and that is one of the weakest points in talking pictures today.

"Although color will be constantly perfected in this next year I do not believe the public will see much of it because of the radical changes which have occurred in the theater projection of these pictures.

"Television is fast on its way. We must be ready to deal with it when it really arrives. But so many new ideas in picture presentation have taken place in the last year and will continue this next year, it is very possible the public will be so busy absorbing and getting used to these changes that television will be held back until it will properly take its place in the group of course of events. Home projection of pictures is a certainty but not in the next year, I believe."

"New wonders, discoveries, and involvements are bound to come about in the picture that the public today that it would be well to hold back some of them for a time. The public and can accept the wonders at a time before it becomes bewildered—that is, in the mass conception. It is better to release these innovations and discoveries one at a time, so that the novelty and excitement of one to work off before offering another."

Jesse Lasky, in charge of production at Paramount, said: "There will be a year of comedies. It has been a hard and trying year for every one, financially and otherwise. The public are going to deride these new factors are going to go where they are surest to find laughs. Therefore, even in drama and straight, hardy melodrama, we are going to have to insert comedy characters and scenes.

"Wide film is the next great development of the industry. It will not become a general success, however, until the film industry has passed through a period of precarious and interminable experimentation. Present form of story presentation, for the close-up in the wide film is almost an impossibility. This development, however, will continue to be in the course of events. It must not be rushed as we rushed talking pictures through."

"Color will probably be universally used by the end of next year or certainly within the next two years."

"There will always be screen stars, at least as long as the world worships its Lindberghs, Babe Ruths and elects Presidents. The public demands their idols!"

At the present time, Paramount has three men to every woman under contract. Most of life's dramatic problems center about men and their activities. Men seem to be able to impress the public with their personalities more than women on the talking screen. Why, I do not know, but this has been proved true.

"The entire technique of love making and romantic development of stories is changing with the times. The feminine reflected in the love making of our impressionable young folks, just as the passionate silent screen love making stories may help to bring back a period of chivalry, and poetic romance, because of the ne-
"But I Thought That Book Was Suppressed!" Gasped Bess!

"How On Earth Did You Ever Get It?"

IF Gloria Swanson, Gene Tunney and the Prince of Wales had suddenly walked into the room, arm in arm, it couldn't have created any more of a sensation! Tom sat up with a whistl of astonishment—while Bess and Jane looked as though they could hardly believe their eyes!

"Decameron Tales!" cried Bess with a gasp as she read the title. "Why, that's the book that has been tabooed so long, isn't it? Where in the world did you get it?"

"Let me see it," begged Tom as he laughingly tried to take the book out of my hands. I've heard that it was so hot they had to put asbestos covers on it to keep people from getting their fingers burned!"

Jane pretended to look prudish but I knew she was dying to get a peek at the book just as all the others were. Suddenly an idea struck her.

"Nonsense," she said, "Helen's only fooling us. That couldn't be 'Decameron Tales.' She's only found a paper jacket from a real copy somewhere and put it on another book to get our curiosity aroused. I've heard of it for years—but it's practically impossible to get hold of a copy!"

"That's where you're all wrong," I cried triumphantly. "This is really Decameron Tales and it isn't suppressed, although I had never been able to get it in stores. Listen to this announcement I clipped out of a magazine the other day and you'll see how I got this copy. It says:

"Perhaps no other book has ever had a more amazing background than the Tales from the Decameron by Boccaccio! Written with such utter frankness as to be absolutely startling, these tales have long been a storm center of controversy and persecution. Critics have acclaimed them with unstinted praise for their sparkling vividness—while puritanical reformers, aghast at the way Boccaccio has exposed human life and love in the raw, have resorted to every possible means to keep this masterpiece from general circulation.

"But all that was yesterday! Today the thrill that awaits the reader within the glowing pages of Decameron Tales is no longer denied you. The world is becoming more and more broad-minded—so now the peerless masterpiece of genial old Boccaccio is coming into its own at last! Read it if you wish—and decide for yourself, whether or not it should be banned or censored!"

A Mystery No Longer!
You'll never know life until you've read this greatest of all once-tabooed books! You'll never know how utterly stark and vivid a picture of human passions can be painted in words until you've feasted on these fascinating tales from the greatest of all true-to-life books—the immortal Decameron of Boccaccio!

Between its pages, the thrill of a lifetime of reading awaits you. Few writers have ever dared to write so intimately of the frailties to which the flesh is heir. But the flaming pen of Giovanni Boccaccio knew no restraint. Soberly and fearless to the ultimate degree, his stories are not only brilliant fiction of the most gripping variety—but also the most illuminating record of life in fourteenth century Italy ever penned. Hardly a detail of these stirring times escaped his ever watchful eye—and what he saw, he wrote, without hesitation or fear!

Rich in fascinating plot, tense with action, and vibrant with human passion—the Decameron has furnished plots for the world's great masters of literature. Longfellow, Keats, Dryden, Chaucer, and even the great Shakespeare himself sought these immortal pages for inspiration. Thus the stories not only amuse and entertain, but constitute a landmark of literature which must not be passed over if you would broaden your vision—make yourself truly cultured.

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necessity of speaking love scenes instead of putting them over in broad pantomime. “We will have to buy a lot of the interesting reactions from the public, for as pictures change, so will life and people change—these are the things that really help to make pictures pay. It is no use to pretend that the screen is not a lot of a roundabout way of selling women’s clothes—but that is a fact, and it is best to face the fact.”

Jack Warner, the production chief of the Warner Brothers, has a pleasing personality and ability to sell his ideas. He was my next victim.

Fronted with my question he smiled as he said, “Well, next year, according to our plans, is to be a year of variety. A carefully selected combination of comedy, mystery, farce and pictures with music.

“I say pictures with music, with a reservation! I mean music used in pictures with a natural cause and a reason, used to carry on the story and develop the plot, not just thrust in because it is a pretty tune and because it is about time for it, as has been the practice up to now. Everyone acknowledges that sort of musical is out! There must be a reason for it and a reason for one, for music or dancing from now on.

“It will be a year of strong stories. 'Type' will mean nothing.

“Then, what will many new faces on the screen. We are all frantically looking for new personalities to develop, new names that will appeal. We have to start all most from the beginning for the requirements of the talking screen are very different from the old days of the silent. Then a girl could look her emotions, now she must say them as well. It takes understanding, new depth and mentality to put over any idea, or emotion in words as they are to be smiled.

“We intend to sign many young people and develop them. The screen needs youth, the fresh optimism of youth and its viewpoint, new blood both on the screen and behind it! It will be an interesting year to watch developments, up against expensive sound installations and he is not anxious to go into more expense for the wide screen now. It will come some day but I believe it will be held back until depth is perfected on the screen.

“Color is not yet perfected to a practical point and while someday it will undoubtedly be universally adopted, it will probably not be until the end of next year.

“The exhibitor is howling for pictures which entertain regardless of story, type, star or studio. The public are getting very picky and choosy in what they will support in the way of picture entertainment! You can’t fool ’em!” and the energetic and wise Harry Cohn should know, for he and his brother started making pictures with practically nothing and now they are acknowledged among the successful producers.

Carl Laemmle, Jr., that boy who runs a whole studio, (Universal), and its product with a grin, sat in his ornate office and looked at me in frank disarmament: “I put my question to him.

“Who knows the trend of pictures at any time?” he smiled with a shrug. “We are going to make half the pictures we have been making and they are all going to be specials. In other words we are putting the same amount of money, and more, into half the product we did last year. It is the only solution and I cannot make pictures rapidly nor cheaply. You must have talent all along the line. Writers, directors and players must be of the best obtainable. Stories this next year will have to have more—pardon the expression—guts, they must have thought punch, drama, strength, down-to-earth realities.

“Sex stories as the screen has formerly known them can be no more. Music, except in those we find it in everyday life, is out! Comedy is going to be strong this next year, but it will be of the slapstick, uproarious sort, rather than the sophisticated. And pictures are not going to be better than we have ever made them before, for the public is worth of what it wants.

“However, we have a mere handful of talent to pick from. We will have to begin to train our own writers, directors, and actors, and it will be constant fodder to feed the camera guns and to satisfy the insatiable demand of the theaters everywhere in the world with pictures of all sorts.

And there you have it, folks—first hand, hot from the producing griddle in Hollywood!”

A NEW HOLLYWOOD WIVES’ TALE

Continued from page 53

Lilian Harvey, beautiful UFA star, as she appears in an operetta titled "Waltz of Love."

idea was to have attractive things there so that diners in the day nursery would not be tempted to buy on their way in or out. But when the Tea Room was a flop so was the shop, because the League is on a very quiet residential street where there are no casual passers-by. Now, with four or five hundred people swarming about every day it is a different story. The shop is run by a society woman, Mrs. Arthur Bumiller. She buys all materials and tells her employees what to do with them, and why, and how to make them. The workers then leave the finished product on consignment. The proceeds of the shop, after the consignors have been paid their percentage, go to the Day Nursery. So flourishing has business become that sixty women consignors run a livelihood in this way. And how lovely the things are! Everything from handkerchiefs to lounging ensembles, from laquered ash trays to hammered silver cigarette Nicole.

In the Tea Room there are about eighteen paid workers. Mrs. Lehr believes in having plenty of help in the kitchen. It insures the best and efficient service. There are cook and her helpers, salad makers, sandwich makers, dishwashers and men to run errands and

(Continued on page IV)
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Eyelash Darkener  Eye Shadow  Eyebrow Pencil

Instant Beautifiers for the Eyes
do the heavy cleaning. Some of these jobs fed both the patrons and the staff. Not from hard times in their own line of work, have been willing to pitch in at anything. But the cook is a good old Southern Mammy, and she knows her stuff!

While the Tea Room was struggling under debt and until it got well on its feet financially, Mrs. Lehr had as few people on the pay roll as she could manage with. That meant that during a rush she herself drove and did a little of everything. She washed dishes, made salads and sandwiches, and waited on table, which she still does, besides her room duties even though.

There are about eight or ten volunteer workers who serve as waitresses each day. On Tuesday, which is always a big day with about three hundred people to serve, there are more.

The names of interest to motion picture goers on that day are Jack Warner, Sammy Lee, Hunt Stromberg, Tod Browning, Ivan Kahu, Fred Niblo, Harry Beaumont, Sam Wood, and Mrs. Catherine Bennett, Flora Bramley and Mary McLaren.

Tips are put in a box on the cashier's desk and during the six months they have averaged between two and three thousand dollars. The money is used to purchase up-to-date kitchen equipment and china for the dining room. Knowing this, every dollar of the patronage generously. Erich Von Stroheim left one penny at his plate and put five dollars in the tip box on one occasion when he lunched there with Jean Hersholt.

Kitchen work was somewhat hampered at first. Five electric coffee pots, sufficient for former needs, had to be kept on the job all the time—now a very swell hotel percolator does the honors. Two hotel-style gas ranges have been installed and the kitchen staff increased. A place in a cool wing of the airy kitchen is provided for a two-ring burner for toasted sandwiches. There is also a little sink there and a long table for sandwich making. Too, the ice box problem got to be terrible and reluctantly Mrs. Lehr forked out of the tip box three hundred dollars for a new one that same day. The size would have cost about a thousand dollars. Jerome Kern, the famous composer, heard about the new ice box and sent his check as a donation for the full amount.

The china is not the thick, clumsy stuff usually found, but dainty and attractive, such as one finds in the better tea rooms.

Although the place has grown so terrifically it is still supply the delicious desserts for the day, all of which are home-made. Mrs. Tod Browning brings chocolate rolls with whipped cream and cherries; Mrs. Niblo, pear pies; Mrs. Owen Moore, chocolate cake. Mrs. Hunt Stromberg brings her famous blue planet; Mrs. Henry King, Boston-cream pies, and Carmen Fانتges, who is working in the Day Nursery as well as the tea room, brings perfectly marvellous kiss pies. These pies are made by Carmen's grandmother and no one else knows how to make them. The recipe was given her by her grandmother and will probably be passed on to Carmen. The old lady rises at dawn to get them ready on the day her granddaughter serves the League.

Sally Blane's mother makes her special recipe for baked beans on Sally's day and Sada Thompson makes the famous Fitzmaurice hash every Friday. I don't know who supplies the egg-nog pies, but they put joy in your soul even if they do add pounds to your flesh.

I have only a partial list of names and donations. I haven't touched on the list of society girls in Beverly Hills, Los Angeles, Hollywood and Pasadena who really do their bit. But because of the spirit of the place I know there won't be any hurt feelings. Publicity isn't what they are there for. They have proved that.

Tea Room prices are reasonable. Dinners are a dollar and a quarter, luncheons are à la carte. If you have a trillion dollars and out of the delicious desserts you are only set back forty cents, for tea and coffee are free. A plate lunch or a choice of anything on the menu with a salad, dessert and coffee will be all you can stagger under and the bill will be between sixty and seventy-five cents.

Mrs. Tod Browning played a joke on her husband, Fred Niblo, Harry Rapf and several others from Metro who came in. She didn't have a thing new in the menu and the order was special and even tabulated the tea and coffee. The bill finally worked itself up to twelve dollars. Mrs. Lehr was scandalized, Mrs. Browning triumphantly, but the boys were good sports and left handsome tips.

On a day when Mrs. Niblo was serving her husband watched her critically. She was just so earnest and conscientious it amused him. "Enid, look at those new girls. They are all smiling, while you look as if you were going through a terrible ordeal." Mrs. Niblo burst out laughing. "I am so afraid I'll forget something" was what she said.

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said the kids would die. And I said to the studio, "If the kids die, is it your fault or mine?" So finally they made the kids could come along; and Ollie said that if I took the kids she'd have to come, too, and take care of 'em. So I said all right; although I'm darned if I wanted any dames around.

"That's not the truth, Harry, and you know it!" And even though Mrs. Carey was convalescing from an appendicitis operation she was lying fast from the coach. "The fact is, I followed Harry down to Africa to keep the ticks off of him. I showed up my own pick African ticks off my husband! Can you believe me pacing Falcon Lair with Valentine's ghost, mummying over and over to myself, 'Well, I wonder who's picking the ticks off Harry tonight?""

"Yeah," Harry admitted with a reminiscent grunt. "Are they ticks, too. I don't suppose," he remarked disparagingly, "that you ever had any elephant ticks-well, these elephant ticks are as big as my fist. And even though his wife talked down on them, and they got away, I couldn't help but reflect that a tick the size of Harry Carey's thumb was, briefly, a tick. Yeah, he finally conceded, 'I guess it's just as well I had a dune down there at that. And as I look back at it I guess most of our evenings was spent picking' ticks. First Oil'd pick some me, and then I'd pick some off her. That's the way it went all right.'"

Whatever the reason, the fact remains that Olive Carey reviled and joined the Domino Club of Hollywood. The great majority, however, have not revolted. They remain at home according to custom. Johny Ralston, for example, when Dick Arlen goes on location manages to use some of her time with meetings of the Regulars Club; and she also finds herself pretty well occupied with family affairs, and by temuis games or a splash of swimming with Walter Huston and Lloyd Brownfeld who live nearby and drop into the Arlen's occasional visits. After Dick's at home. Then, too, Charlie Farrell and his mother live but a block away. "I knew Charlie long before I did my husband," Mrs. Ralston said. "He'd be introduced to Dick." (Come on home, Arlen, come on home-before Maureen O'Sullivan does away with your wife!) "And, of course, my evenings are fairly well filled with bridge."

"As for me," Mrs. Charlie Bickford avers, "I don't mind these locations much." (And if her husband's the wild man he's reputed to be, I can't say that I actually blame her!) "My children, aged eleven and nine, though, even when Dick's away I'm home. Then, too, I can introduce you to Dick." (Come on home, Arlen, come on home-before Maureen O'Sullivan does away with your wife!) "And, of course, my evenings are fairly well filled with bridge."

"Too, get in considerable bridge," Mrs. John Miljan chimes in. "My husband's been away usually redecorated the house; but this time I rather fancy that I shall get in some bridge."

She loves to play all kinds and types of partners and always has a certain amount of fun with her husband. She has to. As a rule, women are not too fond of the idea of playing cards. But Mrs. Miljan, a woman of many interests, is always willing to play bridge.
GEORGE ARILLIS—BRAIN-STAR
Continued from page 35

Fair," and then in Molière’s "The Devil." This latter—the satanic Nietzscheanism of which made a special appeal to me—is an unforgettable Arliss part. With it a new kind of actor and a new kind of character had come on the English-speaking stage: a incarnation of cold pagan intellect, a spiritual Machiavelli, and encharming immoralist, a man with the egamatical smile of Mona Lisa and the super-morality of Napoleon.

Arliss, in all his parts, is always this beneficent and eye-twinkling Satan. This up-to-date gentlemanly Superman of Molière’s “The Devil” is the protagonist role of all that is Arliss. Its most artistic characteristic is restraint. And in that word restraint I touch the very nub and kernel of the art of Arliss. He knows what to leave out, he knows what not to say, not to raise the voice, when not to walk.

His attitude is thus neurotically always a negative one—in all his roles—but negation charged with dynamism, like the philosophies of Buddha and Schopenhauer. When his face says “No” as in "Diveri, Svo, Arthurs, Steyne, Diveri, the Devil or Hextor" it may mean a ruthless Yes, back of which the hidden intentions in his mind are laid bare to the most stage character the audience as plainly as if it were printed on the screen—for no human face of which I have any knowledge is more completely the slave of mind than the face of George Arliss. It is a veritable palimpsest of the human soul: it is a book written in invisible inks.

Another sector of Arlissian: how does this half-sleepy-looking spider with the eye-trap mouth and maliciously-be- nevolent smile always hold the sympathy of his audience no matter what he does?

Humor is the answer. A rough, grim, irritable humor, continued laugh swallowed up in the folds of a discreet bitter smile is the road to holding his audience. His is a cynicism of which we all recognize the truth. He flatters us and holds us by taking us into the secrets of his intelligence. A look out of the corner of his eye with a twist of the mouth contain fifty old-style printed titles and a whole chapter of talkie twaddle. What is subltny in acting—one of the rarest of actorial gifts? Subtlety is the art of conveying the shadowy so that it penetrates the observer like a velvet-covered poindar. It is nuance, an overdose, the very whisper of the unspoken thought, the unexpressed feeling. Subtlety is craft, cunning: the art of muted irony, of cutting your throat with a feather, of cursing you with a blessing, of double-crossing you with the drop of an eyelid. Arliss is the master of all sublteties. Watch him closely—breathlessly as almost everybody does in "Diveri," as the "Green Goddess," and in "Old English" and you have seen what I believe to be the final word in human cunning, finely nuanced subtlety played to the quick of egotistic diablist.

Restraint, subtlety—and imagination! Arliss knows the fine art of exaggeration, caricature and re-creating the common-place and banal in the green-room of his imagination. All his portrayals are not only characters but types, also. Diveri is not just Diveri, but he is also the type of the cynical statesman. It is so with all of his portrayals. He always lifts his character-portrayals and the image of a Pattern. In "Old English" Arliss adds another to his list of perfect portrayals. It is one of the most superb things ever done on or off the screen.

Here is a picture of a typical Englishman of the old school who gives us his complete life-story—his soul-story—without a fade-back. The fade-backs of his devil-may-care youth, of his one love, of his sweet sexual transgressions, of his love of wine and meats are in his facial expressions.

Who can forget the slight nod, the sudden tenseness of the withered face, the sense of the irreparable in the lowering of the eyes which are the answer to his grandson’s question as to whether he had loved his grandmother, whose illegitimate love child he looked like his father? There is the history of a heart contained in two seconds on the screen. His face is a double-exposed film.

And who can ever forget in "Old English" those last fifteen minutes of Arliss on the screen when he plans and executes his propaganda. He once drinking to forestall the humiliation that faces him the following day before his business associates? And the exquisitely beautiful of that last supper?

Not to be enthusiastic over such a perfect triumph of the actor’s art is to stamp one’s self empty, stupid and ashamed of feeling, an emotional eunuch.

But George Arliss has no sex appeal! There is never any hot love story in his plays! He hasn’t it—I hear the Old Guard yelp.

Well, the Old Guard, I’m happy to say, is passing away. George Arliss’ greatest success on the talking screen shows what can be done in this medium, as Lubitsch has shown us in the directorial field of the silents: give men of brains and imagination and courage a free foot and they will revolutionize the most banal of the arts and drag the Golden Calf into the box-office besides.

I await, not too patiently, the next creation of Arliss. To me, he is always an event, from that first night I saw him in 1901 to his supremely great performance in "Old English."

In the whole of the picture world since its inception to the present time there have been only three Arllis—used in the sense of creative actorial genius—Jannings, Chaplin and Arliss.

And the greatest of these is Arliss!

The winner of the Ramon Novarro guitar contest which appeared in the September issue of SCREENLAND is:

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Men no longer beam with approval," says this world famous fashion magazine, "at the sight of a schoolgirl complexion guileless of any make-up. On the contrary they may even find it wan and dull. But there remains always the distinction between art and artifice, and a patently artificial beauty leaves them quite as cold. Avoid therefore lipsticks that do not match one’s natural coloring."

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Address
Stop that sniffing, Zep! You see! Oscar is a movie star!

Here comes someone with a tray full of toy surprises. They're trying out new expressions on Oscar. See that snake-like whistle with the feather at the end? That helps him register severe fear, intense surprise. A loved rubber ball means alertness. A toy pistol—how Oscar loves it—just to hold it in his mouth is reward for doing a scene well—means happiness, contentment, and other joyful expressions. Just hold them up for Oscar to see and he registers! Oscar says he is always getting fan letters thinking he is a girl. He gets quite a bark out of it!

Oscar has to go back to work now. He's selling hats in a department store. This is to be "The Big Dog House," and Buster, the leading man, and Jiggs quarrel over the love of Oscar (Nella, the beautiful cock model). Jiggs is the villain and bur-
gles the safe in the office and kills a police-
man but blames it on Buster and they are both sent to the rock pile in "The Big Dog House!"

But you must meet Jiggs. Jiggs really has a movie reputation. Why, he's been in pictures for a long time years. Played with Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade." He's mighty proud of that, though he wouldn't let you know it. Jiggs is one of those aloof, high-brow personalities—remember him as Phido Vance in "Who Killed Rover?"—he's a Ronald Colman or a William Powell, sort of—or even maybe like Greta Garbo, you might say. Silent. Mysterious. Aloof.

Let's watch Jiggs burgle the safe. What a natty frock coat and derby hat he wears, with a flash light attached to his paw—pardon, wrist. See how straight he stands—Jiggs can walk, you know. He's quite an expert really. It's quite a trick to walk on your hind legs. You have to be trained from puppyhood until your muscles harden and your equilibrium is settled. Jiggs often doubles in the long shots for the less tal-
tented dogs who cannot walk. But see him look into the safe. As the door to the little room opens (the sets are built on small dog size scale, of course), and the light comes through and touches the safe, Jiggs is to look around and show aston-
bishment, even fear. That's what Director White says.

Ready. Camera. Lights. His trainer (and owner) stands over by the door. He speaks to Jiggs. "Look into the safe, Jiggs. Don't turn. That's the boy. Now!"

shaping his fingers. Jiggs turns, registers interest, the light from the door reaches him. What is that in his trainer's hand? A live white mouse in a cage! The right shade of astonishment, fear! Jiggs has a psychosis about mice. Has almost a cat-

like tendency. Likes to chase them. Well, that's over. Third take, but that scene is in the can!

Zep, let's interview Jiggs. Jiggs likes the movies. He'll tell you so. But he lives very quietly outside. Never goes out socially. Cares very little for the ladies. Oh, he's had his amours, yes. But he's not like Buster. Now Buss-
ter is a regular Don Juan. Lusty little rumors are wagging about town that he makes love to all of his leading ladies and it is even whispered (though don't tell Will Hays), that the ladies can only break into the pictures through his patronage—well, ahem!

Jiggs' favorite food is hamburger. He'd do almost anything for hamburger. He's quite a wit, too. Can say two words actually in absurd human language. One is, of course, 'hamburger,' and the other is 'mama.' He is now learning 'how' and feels he can go anywhere with this vocab-

ular.

but you must meet Buster—handsome, dark-brown, well-trimmed. The whole poodle was in the dressing room. Every star and near star has his dressing room. Over there is the run for the extra and 'bit' dogs.

Buster was out all night, I'm afraid. He looks pretty weary. Has to go on soon, too, so let's not disturb him. Remem-
ber him as the husband in "Who Killed Rover?" No wonder all of the girls are jealous of him. He's been in the movies for six years and has quite a reputation—as an actor, that is.

Most of the dogs have been featured in other pictures. Pepper came from vaude-

villes, famous in the two-a-day. Then there is Brownie, lots of talent, but being brought up by an Italian monkey man, he understands only Italian, but is rapidly learning English.

Then there's Billy. Billy is the com-
dian. He's quite a card. Always getting into trouble. The whole dog story be-

ners the day he swallowed the rubber

weenies that were smeared with real sau-

age! The vet was called in a hurry!

All of these dogs have been trained in their dressing rooms. Every trainer must be on the set to cue his own dog. In some scenes hundreds of dogs appear. Usually they go off without a hitch. The dogs know it is serious business.

When they first saw each other dressed in strange clothes they didn't recognize their pals, and a near riot was barely averted—but now they are quite blasé. There is one dresser for every ten dogs or so, and it is his duty to see that each of his charges is dressed and in his proper place when the scene begins. If any of his row misbehave it is up to him to straighten them out.

The stories are the joint collaborations of Jules White and Zion Myers and are, as a rule, parodies on well-known feature films. They prepare most of the dialogue and do the directing which takes infinite care and patience.

They will tell you they are besieged by four-mamas who want their pets in the movies, but they never listen to such pleas as a rule; for such pets are usually spoiled; and a picture dog must be intel-

tigent, well-trained, and disciplined. No wonder more than one poor canine heart is breaking. Here, Zep! Come back. No, you can't go into the movies.

Well, now you see what all the barking is about. Wait for "The Dog Parade." Then you'll know how they really put on the dog in Hollywood.
HOW THE STARS WOULD LIKE TO SPEND CHRISTMAS

Continued from page 57

In the morning they fish for their dinner, Hal cleans it, Louise cooks it, and they both eat it! And there you are! No turkey, no trimmings—just fish.

The Gleasons, James and Lucile, adore their new home and thoroughly enjoy the bountiful festivities staged within it. But they admit that "just once more" they'd like to have a Christmas with a traveling road show, an impromptu party with small gifts distributed from a scrummy tree trimmed with loops of popcorn.

"Just a sentimental whim," adds Lu-
cile, "probably the zest of the old days wouldn't come back, and we'd miss our mid-day swim in our pool."

"But I'm going to have my first ideal Christmas this year!" gloved Ann Hard-
ing. "I'm afraid it will be conventional, but all my life I've longed for it. As child, daughter of an army officer, I moved from post to post. As an actress, I wandered from city to city. The first Christ-
mas after Harry Bannister and I were married, I was sent to Detroit two days before the holiday. Harry was in a Broadway show, and I spent the day locked in my hotel room, lonesome and miserable.

"This will be my first Christmas in my own home, the first Christmas Jane, my baby, will enjoy. Well, we can hardly wait!"

Fred Scott is another happy soul who has enjoyed his ideal day. "Music is the loveliest thing about Christmas," he sang in 'The Messiah' last year and the whole week was overlaid with its inspiration. Church services—two of them—one at mid-
night and the other in the morning, take away commerce from the most beautiful of all days."

A frost-bitten Santa is longed for by Richard Dix, Eddie Quillan, Helen Twelvetrees, Irene Rich and Anita Page, all condemned to sunny California. Other homestick denizens of the film city yearn for Southern Yuletides, among them Claudia Dell, who would be in Texas; John Mack Brown, who sighs for Al-
lama; Mary Nolan, who longs for Ken-
tucky and little pigs baked with apples in their mouths; to which Irene Dunne, also from Kentucky, adds a 'wishing well' rigged up in which friends dore for presents; and Amos, of Ames and Andy, who speaks wistfully of Richmond, Vir-
ginia.

Estelle Taylor thinks it would be fun to take a whole orphan asylum full of small California children who had never seen snow, up to a great lodge at Big Bear, some four hours from Hollywood, and treat them to a real eastern Christ-
mas. There would be the fun of buying toys beforehand, of helping them trim a tree and hang up outsize stockings, then creeping down to fill said stockings, and best of all, see the children when they opened their gifts.

Kay Francis, too, thinks the day is a day for lonely children and would like to

invite a quartet of abandoned mites to share her happy day.

Other countries have the lure of far-
distant things.

Marie Dressler would be in Rome, because there is something so inspir-
ing in the sound of chimes and mellow bells.

Ramon Novarro, in Mexico observing a festival in which the Christ Child, instead of Santa Claus, brings gifts, Alma Real opera star now in pictures, and also from Mexico, mentions her father's annual tree for newboys as the high spot of Yuletide.

Hugh Trevor insists that he would choose Japan, because nobody over there would be yelling "Merry Christmas" at him and he'd play tennis over there.

Jeanette Loff says she'd go to Denmark where her father was born, feast on Christmas Eve, and watch for elves at midnight as the peasants do.

José Crespo dreams of the colorful holi-
days in Marisca, Spain. Lotti Loder, of Nuremberg, the little town where she was born.

And Lowell Sherman doesn't care where it is, so long as the spot is far removed from Hollywood and people who talk about pictures!

Those waving flags for jolly old England as the ideal place for a real old-fashioned holiday include: Doris Lloyd, who chooses the North of England, because it's her home. Claude Allister, who talks of Es-
sex, where he grew to manhood. George

Fawcett, who declares there is a psychol-
ogy about different seasons and Cali-
ifornia doesn't lend itself to Christmas. The veteran player would have a 'Dicken's Christmas,' with burning yule logs, green, dancing, feasting and good cheer.

Charles Rogers says that there's no place like Hollywood and he wouldn't spend a Christmas anywhere else.

Bob Armstrong recently visited Monta-
tana on location, and was so delighted with the hospitality accorded him that he took his young wife back for a visit. That's the place for a Christmas to be remem-
bered, says Bob!

Grant Withers and Loretta Young think that a grand wind-up to Christmas Day would be to give a masquerade ball to families and friends.

Marvin Miller declares she doesn't un-
derstand why people don't like Christmas shopping. She has always been so busy she has had to delegate the task to some-
one else, but if she could have her ideal day, it would be prefaced by a buying orgy conducted by herself!

"Conventional Christmas don't interest me," says Dorothy Mackaill. "I think I'd choose to go to San Francisco for the day. That is essentially a festival town. I'd dine at a big hotel with a crowd of gay people, and afterward we'd dance a while, and perhaps go for a drive and visit the intriguing 'different' places that are only found in the city at the Golden Gate."
**BAD ACTOR—Continued from page 34**

"The Big Boss finally agreed that she was just a simple, old-fashioned mother. Of course, he never told her; when he received her presence was going to save Tommy's picture for the company and that meant saving a cool million. And Longfellow, to tell the Big Boss, the Big Boss can get pretty warm over a cool million.

"Along about this time Tommy's mother insisted on seeing the X-Taneous. Tommy pleaded with Dolly to pretend that they were still sweethearts and Dolly agreed to play her part along with the Vaudeville scenes. For the old lady it was her sake. When she met the old lady she was glad she had obliged. She and the old lady had a heart-to-heart talk that made Dolly take Tommy back with open arms.

"Finally, Tommy's picture was finished. When they pre-viewed it in the screening room, the Big Boss forgot to play the gloom rôle he usually played because otherwise it might mean more in somebody's contract. He yelled right out. Why, this picture is perfect! And the old lady who was sitting right beside him came pretty indignant. 'Didn't you know it along it would be a picture?' she asked. And she demanded. The Big Boss was almost pure in the face assuring her that he never had had the slightest doubt about it. Everything about Tommy did was just right. The Big Boss began acting all over the place. Most of us had to go outside because we couldn't hold in any longer.

"Well, to make a long story short, as they say in the cutting room, plans were on for the premiere of Tommy's picture at which his mother was to be Hollywood's guest of honor. There was going to be a gala affair, present, too, for she was now wearing Tommy's ring seriously. She figured any guy that was smart enough to food. She and her husband were smart enough to make his way in the world. But the old lady wouldn't stay for the première. She reminded the gang that there were other children back home that needed her. After all, she explained, her business was to be a mother.

"Honestly, the gang felt terrible that they didn't think of it. Tommy, as her son, the old lady as much as it had. They decided to make amends by giving her a grand send-off down at the depot, with a special band and flowers and all the usual things.

"When the Big Boss told her that he had signed Tommy on a new three-year contract, the old lady, herself, but she kissed him right in front of everybody. As the east-bound Southern Pacific pulled out, there she was on the observation platform with her pocket book in hand, two big tears sliding down her wrinkled cheek all mixed up with a smile. When the gang cheered, she started crying for fair and opened up her pocketbook to get out her handkerchief. Then she made her first mistake.

"Well, you, Lew, it was the only mistake she'd made since her arrival in Hollywood. Instead of taking out her handkerchief, she had pulled out a telegram, and was waving good-bye with that.

"How did you know it was a telegram? Where were you?' demanded Lew.

"Well, to be truthful, and please don't breathe this to a single soul, Lew, I was on the observation platform right beside her. I was going back East on the same train. You know, it was the telegram which had brought her to Hollywood in the first place. That telegram told her the truth about Tommy Gray, the whole black truth of her marriage. And she hadn't written her old lady. And when it came, she forgot all about it. She knew all along just when a bad actor her boy was and she decided that if she played her part well, she might save him. And when it came, all Hollywood thought that it was playing parts for her!

"I'd like to know who sent her the telegram that brought her out to Hollywood. That certainly was a smart idea. Was it yours, Hy?"

"'What's the difference?' drawled Hy.

"'I'd like to know another thing. Was the old lady really his mother?' persisted Lew.

"'You're too smart to live,' conceded Hy. 'But now, since you've guessed it, I'll let you in on the secret. She wasn't his mother at all. She used to play stock with Tommy, and her act was to be the gang. And there's no way to see how she was, she had me to get over and get to the Old Actors' Home where she'd retired and made a new life there for the last time. She'd always liked Tommy, so she agreed to go. Great idea, isn't it, Lew? It was all Tommy's idea. And he did his part as well as she did. Not a bad actor after all, is he?'"
same class with two famous stage stars—Helen Hayes and Ann Harding—the latter, of course, a screen star as well. Helen Hayes, the enchanting star of the stage in such hits as "The水域er" (Mrs. Charles MacArthur in private life), left the cast in order to have her baby. Her production was left unended by being caused

by an act of God," and, therefore, stated he was not responsible for the salaries due other members of the cast for the ten days after. Ann Harding, happily married to Harry Bannister, also a well-known actor, is one of the most charming mothers in Hollywood and New York. All three of these women, if you study their faces carefully, have two common qualities—a deep, still sort of beauty, and a natural actualization of the vital forces of life.

Florence Vidor belongs to this group of women except that she has given up her screen career for motherhood. Florence was at one time married to King Vidor, the director, and they had a daughter, Susanne. They were divorced and Vidor married Mrs. Dair, the noted violinist. Later, Florence left the screen and married Jascha Heifetz, the noted violinist, and she just recently gave birth to a little girl. Her retirement seems to be permanent.

All these women have, apparently, found out that an age has passed. The young old philosopher who hated women so bitterly, discovered many years ago. He said there was only one real test of real love. If you wanted to know if the woman you loved was the right one, or if that man really loved you, ask but one question: Do you desire to reproduce yourself? Is that any reason, as the father of your children? Does he desire to reproduce himself with you as the mother of his children? If the answer is an unequivocal yes—then that is this thing called love, which Norma and Thalberg, Ann and Bannister, and Helen and Charley MacArthur seem to have found.

The fact that all of these women cinema artists are undergoing the great experiences points a lesson. The same lesson which some of the famous Parisian critics could find nothing to say of her except that she was possessing. But after her son, Maurice, was born, and she had eaten of all the bitter corners of life's black loaf, she became perhaps the most famous actress that has ever lived.

Sarah Siddons is the perfect exhibit of an actress becoming great only after motherhood. Mrs. Siddons, the most talented tragedienne that England has ever produced, was a failure when she made her London debut. Callow, colorless, was the critics' verdict. But she left the London stage, and without a husband toured the provinces, giving birth to child after child. Until to-day, no player is so universally revered in dear old Britain as Sarah Siddons. She left this earthy theater many years ago. Still Britain remembers, statues of her abound in many of the cities, and even in the private gardens of the wealthy, in Ireland, England, Scotland and Wales. She wove her dramatic spell around the hearts of those Britishers who are not lightly touched, perhaps because it addition to her gifts, she had the human understanding which comes only when one has nursed, tied up small wounds, brushed away the most tragic tears of all—the tears of youth—which flow so bitterly and uncontrolled. Perhaps it is because one has learned that there are compensations, and that even this grief too will pass.

Madame Homer is another exponent of a sentiment that few people realize. Most of us think the fewer children a woman has, the longer she will remain young. But according to physical science, that is not true. The more children a woman has, the more apt she is to retain her youth and vitality. Madame Homer, with her son and five daughters, and three or four grandchildren, at much over fifty, presents a vitality, a freshness, a spontaneous beauty which makes her the most amazing woman in America, in my opinion.

But it is in no effort to prolong their own youth of which they have so many years, as the beauty of Helen, Sarah Siddons, Florence Vidor, and the others are the answer to the primary impulsive of motherhood which surges through the heart, mind, and body of every normal woman. Other screen stars have left the screen and become mothers, with their answer to the primary impulse of motherhood they are no longer trying to prolong their own youth, and they find the relentless tide of time sweeping them nearer and nearer toward the rocky peak of forty years, they find no solace anywhere.

It was perhaps to help women avoid such a fate as this that Shakespeare wrote his second sonnet over three hundred years ago:

"When forty winters shall besiege thy brow
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so g'd as now Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then being asked where all thy beauty lies Where all the treasure of thy lusty days: To say, within thine own deep sunken eyes Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise: How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use, If thou couldst answer—This fair child of mine Shall sum my count, and make my old excuses: Proving his beauty by succession thine! This were to be new-made when thou art old, And see thy blood warm when thou art cold.

Can it be that movie stars are taking Shakespeare's advice? It is daring to be women first and movie stars second? Daring to take time out for motherhood at a time when the world's progress when economic competition was never before so keen—when a year lost may mean oblivion?
THE MOST POPULAR GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD
Continued from page 50

Helen Langdon, a charming woman.

Mabel Normand and Ella were great friends. On seeing her at a party, Mabel would express her admiration by saying, "Ella's a great friend, and I'm so glad to have her close by."

Jimmie's emotional nature was evident in his work as the Hawaiian Guitarist. He would often play on the porch of their home, serenading his friends with sweet melodies that could be heard for miles around.

Sunday, Ella finds herself at Jimmie's home, playing the Hawaiian Guitar, a guitar that is played with a bow or a stick, rather than with fingers. Ella is delighted to see her friends and joins in the music, playing along with them.

I have seen Mary Pickford stand by Ella's side, offering support and encouragement. She is a true friend, always there when needed.

Many women do not know Jim Tully intimately, but those who do are grateful for his presence. He brings joy to those around him with his infectious smile and warm personality.

The newsboys were shining the headlines that day, but no one seemed to notice. The world was at peace, and life was good.

The Duncan sisters adore Ella and her laugh is contagious. She brings happiness to those around her with her bright eyes and warm-hearted smile.

And thus it goes: peaceful, yet always ready for adventure. Ella's indomitable courage and adventurous spirit make her a true Hollywood star. She brings joy to all who know her and inspires others to follow their dreams. Ella is the most popular girl in Hollywood.
"Why—er—?" They would all explore these ideas. Sometimes a poacher could contain ten or twenty dollars. Sometimes only twenty-five cents. Whatever it was it was corralled by the proprietor and the deal was completed in a square for the month. That collection paid his rent and his bills, all he demanded from life. He and his wife fed his people well and made them happy. And what the youngsters through their hosts were still and all, that it probably took years for them to appreciate what a really fine gesture was. Youth takes everything for granted.

Sometimes the crowd would wind up in a cellar they knew where, sitting on broken-down wheelbarrows, they'd drink cider or beer and munch chestnuts and pretzels while they listened to their Italian host recount tales of adventure. All this was good for the young aspirant to his trionic fame. It didn't matter whether one has a cultured background or not if one wants to be an actor, but it matters a lot if he knows nothing about people and life.

In this quarter, an argument between two people became a free-for-all with all hands to the pump. If by magic, cellar doors would open simultaneously and a stream of people would pour out from the narrow enclosures. "It was a miracle I never understood, where they all came from!" In seconds, the generally deserted street would be swarming with screaming, kicking humanity. All having the time of their lives," reminisced Bob.

There was a colored doorman at one of the swanky Village clubs Bob and a friend of his joined as soon as they could afford three square meals a day. He was always genial and Bob liked him. One night he was nursing a perfectly vile cigar.

"George! Do you mean to tell me you smoke your cigars like that?" Bob asked, just to see what he would say.

"Yes, yes," sighed George, suddenly feeling very sorry for himself and biting with realization, "this is all that you give me, Mr. Bob!"

"Terrible," said Bob. "George, when I'm a star I'm going to give you a whole box of Corona Coronas!"

"Law-dee, Mistah Bob! You is?" chuckled George, not believing a word of it.

"And every time he saw me he would call out, 'Doan you forget those Corona Coronas, Mistah Bob!' And the first time I go back to New York I'm going to give up George and make good my promise. I'm not a star, but I can afford that bet!"

On the screen or stage there are two ways of getting on: wait for breaks or keep working with your eyes open. The last I did, but I can't remember any breaks he ever got. His first chance, or at least the thing that led him into the big money, came through Edgar Selwyn, who cast him in "Possession." His work in this Broadway play brought him the attention of Hollywood and eventually a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract.

But there's a string to pictures. Popularity on the screen is just the beginning of one darn thing after another, Bob has discovered. He loves it but he wishes there were some grizzlers which would tell them that they wouldn't get so tangled up. Without his knowledge a magazine ran a yarn to the effect that Robert Montgomery would reply to all letters sent to him in care of this magazine. One day Bob was surprised to have handed to him a large photo-graph envelope filled with letters requiring the signature of the "actor they'd be persuaded by our publicity department to sign them thinking that would be the end of the matter. But yesterday I was handed six of those envelopes, all of them stuffed full. And now I don't know what to do. It seems incredible that the public would demand and be offended if it didn't receive the attention a player would have to give things like that." On the other hand, Bob does his fans the courtesy of reading every letter himself.

It isn't that he is high-hat or snobbish or selfish or any of those unpleasant things, but just that he is young and wants a little time after hours for fun, as we all do. How can he have it when he must be in the studio more than twelve hours a day, and then to sit down and sign letters and photographs the rest of his waking hours?

Newcomers think picture people are snooty because their names aren't in the telephone book. If they spent one evening in the home of a popular film player whose name is in the 'phone book they'd know why picture people have private wires. Not only does it ring eternally but strangers pretending to be personal friends say, "Oh Bob, this is Joan Crawford speaking. Doug and I want you over for a game of bridge. Can you come?" Bob was fooled the first few times; now he says, "I'd love to Joan, but I'll have to let you know. Call you back in ten minutes." Of course, whenever he does call back he finds out that Joan or whoever it was supposed to be hadn't called at all. And now Bob has a private wire.

Would you like it if your free time were constantly invaded by someone you don't know at all trying to date you up or engage you in a perfectly meaningless conversation? It might be amusing at first but as a steady diet it is nauseating. Do you think players should humor people like that?

Not that we blame those girls who are crazy about him. Bob is one of the most engaging young men in Hollywood. He is full of fun and has charming manners. He is as enthusiastic as a puppy, but he isn't nobody's fool. He is in this business to get along but not at the expense of somebody else. He doesn't have to. He began at the bottom and worked his way up to be where he is. There is a place for everyone who does that. It's the greatest mistake in the world, Bob thinks, to begin at the top and try to keep floating. There are rumors out that Bob is to be married. He tells me that if it is true Metro executives have not let him in on the secret. Yet it is bound to be true soon. Bob Montgomery is beginning to be a heavy box-office seller, and eventually that means stardom.
concerned, he's just Harold to them, never 'Mr. Lloyd.'

"I worked on sets with him and from the errand boy to the big shot directors, they all loved him. He employs most of his help by the year and whether they work, or not, they get paid each week regularly. Sometimes, they have months off because he only makes about one picture a year nowadays, but they get their salaries just the same. I suspect they place him during the vacation months between pictures.

"And other things he does that people love him for: In his picture, 'Speedy,' he used a great many extras, whole families with lots of kids, and in order to keep the kids out of mischief he'd have wanted on the set, he had a complete playgroup built for them on an old set that wasn't being used. He had everything in there you could think of for the amusement of the kids. And most likely could be found in there himself, playing with the kids when directors were frantically searching high and low for him."

"If a child accidentally wandered across a set that was being filmed and the director started yelling at the kid to get off, Harold, looking as guilty and scared as the child itself, would quietly call the youngster over to his side and give him a quarter to run and buy popcorn or peanuts from the vendors around the studio."

"No sir, he's never the boss around his own studio. Whatever the directors tell him to do he does and if he has any suggestions or differences of opinion they are never discussed openly before the cast or extras. He gathers his executive heads together at an isolated spot and there differences of opinions are amicably ironed out."

"He works harder on a picture than anyone else, and not being the slightest bit money-mad he spends enormous amounts to have each detail perfect. He'd rather have a big bunch of extra's come back the next day for additional work than to rush them through in one day to save head. But then, everybody in his pictures works like the proverbial bees. They love it! No clock punching for them. Everybody's happy all the time and you never see or hear any argument or jealousy among the crew. They'd all go to Hades and back for Harold."

"And it's funny when the lunch whistle blows to see Harold running like mad to get in line with the rest of the mob at the milk window for his bottle of milk. And don't think he doesn't try to get there first, either. Like everyone else does! Why he's even done what some of the more venturesome fellows do, get in line twice and try to promote an extra bottle of milk."

This screen version presents the self-same drama in half the time, and with such pictorial elaboration which the stage could never show.

I enjoyed Hollywood. I enjoyed making a 'modernized' version of my dear old 'Kismet.' I enjoyed the association with technical experts, stars, and with players at the First National Studio. But, by Allah, may my life be forfeit if I could ever go back to my friendly and cozy little dream of home, 'The 'Mice.' True, it was my prophet—but I was its slave!
**ASK ME—Continued from page 101**

E. L. G., Indianapolis. Richard Arlen is 31 years old and the husband of Jobyna Ralston. Richard has medium brown hair, gray eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 161 pounds. His latest releases are "Dangerous Paradise" with Nancy Carroll, "Burning Up" and "The Light of Western Stars" with Mary Brian, and "The Border Legion" and "The Sea God" with Fay Wray.

E. Jane, New Rochelle. It's a pleasure to give you the information you want about "King of Kings." H. B. Warner was Jesus of Nazareth, Dorothy Cummings was Mary (His Mother), Victor Varconi was Pontius Pilate, and the girl who played Judas Iscariot, William Boyd was Simon of Cyrene, Ernest Torrence was Peter and Jacqueline Logan was Mary Magdalene.

Dot. With lots of dash, I hope! Ronald Colman was born Feb. 9, 1894, in Richmond, Surrey, England. He has dark brown hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 158 pounds. He has been married but is separated from his wife. His first American picture was "The White Sister" with Lilian Gish, in 1922. He was on the stage in England before coming to America.

Brown-Eyed Jo. Nils Asther was born Jan. 17, 1902, in Malmo, Sweden. He has black hair, dark eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. "The Sea Bat" with Charles Bickford was his first talking picture. He is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Nils married Viviac Duncan. Dolores Del Rio was married Aug. 8, 1930, to Cedric Gibbons, film art director.

Mary B., South Bend. If Clara Bow had brown hair before she broke into the movies, you'll just die, you will! If the truth prevails, what does it make? Gary Cooper played opposite Esther Ralston in "Half a Bride." Buddy Rogers was 26 years old on Aug. 13 of the present year. His next picture is "Heads Up" with Margaret Breen from the stage and Helen Kane, who was recently starred in "Dangerous Nan McGrew."

Kathryn C. Charles Farrell is a clean-

Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Free-

land. Director Freeland turned down June Clyde for the lead in "Whoopie" but selected her for his leading lady in real life.

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**Welcome to the "Ask Me" Department of Screenland.** Ralph Forbes is not on con-
tract with any one studio but his picture, "Inside the Lines," with Betty Compson, was made at the Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. He appears with his wife, Ruth Chatterton, in "The Lady of Sandals," produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

Bee. You’d like to have my Question Box enlarged, you want Gary Cooper to play with Colleen Moore and you’d like to know why I’m not in pictures. In reply, I would say, give us time, we’re still young. Colleen’s last picture was "Footlights and Fools." She has not announced her future picture plans since leaving First National, but is rehearsing in a stage play in New York.

Memosa, Liverpool, England. What’s an ocean wave or two between fan friends? With all your kind wishes for my department, your lovely way of telling me you like my nonsense and funny American phrases, I thank you and all that jolly sort of thung. Billie Dove is one of the beautiful women of the screen and is as sweet and friendly as she is beautiful. Her latest releases are "The Other Tomorrow," "One Night at Susie's" and "The Lady Who Dared." You can reach her at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Pat. G. of Norwich, N. Y. Your favorite, Lon Chaney, passed away on Sept. 15, 1930. The whole picture world will feel his loss. He was born April 1, 1883, in Colorado Springs, Colo. His parents were deaf and dumb. Though he was famous for his cripple roles, he was an athlete, an excellent dancer, a football fan, a gifted musician and an intensely human person. He was happily married and had one son.

Marjorie T. Bone up on the home-towns of the stars! Make a hit with your friends! Bebe Daniels and James Hall were born in Dallas, Texas; Charles Rogers, Olathe, Kansas; Louise Brooks, Wichita, Kansas; Colleen Moore, Port Huron, Mich.; Anita Page, Flushing, L. I.; Billie Dove, New York City; Alice White, Paterson, N. J.; Joan Crawford, San Antonio, Texas; Ruth Taylor, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Molly O'Day, Bayonne, N. J.; Gary Cooper, Helena, Mont.; John Mack Brown, Dothan, Ala.; Phyllis Haver, Douglas, Kansas; Conrad Nagel, Keokuk, Iowa; Richard Arlen, Charlottesville, Va.

Ezor B., Freeport. ‘If Tom Tyler knew how many months you have been looking for him, he’d be tickled no end. He has been working at the RKO Studios, 789 (Continued on page 132)
THE GIRL WHO CAME BACK

Continued from page 23

And for a little creature like Janet, who loves peace and serenity above all things, to engage in a battle with a Big Corporation was about the wildest thing that any one could expect her to do.

I was informed by one who is in the know that “High Society Blues” made good in the box office. If it did, it must have been because of the abstract pulling power of Gaynor and Farrell.

When the end of this picture came Janet was near a breakdown and her mother whisked her off to Honolulu regardless of everything but Janet’s health.

Many people have said, “But why, oh, why, did she give up the part in ‘Lilioni’—Molna’s play—if she wanted better stories?”

When she was en route to Honolulu she received a radiogram saying the part in “Lilioni” would be given to someone else if she did not return at once on a given date. It was literally impossible for her to do this, and the papers printed everywhere that she had refused to take the part. At this time the Fox studio was burrows and pitch their tumblebug ball. This, too, has become a racket and the star must pay and pay and pay. More mention of her name or a photograph printed without her knowledge or solicitation is a demand for shekels and more shekels. Janet lives so far away from this maelstrom in pictures. She has never sought publicity and does not understand any of its mechanics.

Some months ago when the news of Janet’s marriage was published a very amusing and touching incident gave me the psychological key to the persistent rumor that she and Charlie Farrell were in love in spite of the fact that she was wedding another. A little girl of nine years old, on reading the announcement of Janet’s marriage to Lydell Peck, suddenly broke into tears. When questioned as to the cause of her emotion she answered with this outburst:

“I can’t bear it. I just can’t bear that she should marry any one but Charlie Farrell. I don’t see how she could do it. It makes me so unhappy!”

She had seen Janet and Charlie in “Seventh Heaven” and in her heart they were the ideal lovers. And this marriage announcement had broken this ideal—maybe the first big one of her young life—and it had made her suffer.

The public, the great mass of motion picture fans, are like this little girl of nine. They have their ideals of love and romance bound tightly around Janet and Charlie, and they resent having these bonds broken. In their hearts they will always believe that these two secretly love each other. Which, by the way, is one of the strongest testimonials as to their sincere work on the screen.

When Janet was here some time ago she said laughingly to me:

“Oh, how hard Charlie and I have tried to fall in love with each other! We knew everybody expected it, that it was the thing to do. We have spent hours alone in the moonlight, hoping the divine spark would touch us, but it hasn’t. In spite of our prayers we just simply couldn’t fall in love.”

And her voice rippled musically when she spoke of the many times they had sallied forth together to waylay Cupid, but he had proved to be too wary.

Now that Janet has made a stand for better stories—and I hope she has won—we may be sure that she will give us the best that is in her, for she is made that way. She is too much of an artist to do anything in a slipshod way. She wants a written story; she wants the book or manuscript in her hands so that she can study the character she is to portray, and in this way be able to put her heart into her work. She has given this simple request—she has not stood out for whimsical, impossible things. She is the same sweet, unspoiled child she has always been.

Like another girl of long ago, named Joan, she has believed in herself and fought her fight!

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Our party reporter, Grace Kingsley, was entertained by Mrs. Asher and her two children at their Malibu Beach home.

in the throes of a greater discretion and no consideration could be given to a smaller one. Mr. Shehan was in New York for several months or things might not have come to the desperate pass that they did.

It was during this time that, back and forth like a shuttle, gossip wove in and out around Janet’s name. It was an opportunity for all the byrends in the motion picture arena to come out and howl. And, by the way, there are more of these unholy creatures than any on the outside could ever guess. At the first sign of trouble they come out from their
ASK ME—Continued from page 130

Gover St., Hollywood, Cal., where he made "Idaho Red" with Francis Darro and Patricia Caron. His other pictures of 1929 are "Lone Horseman" with Charlotte Wain, "Man from Nevada" with Natalie Joyce, and "Phantom Rider" with Louis Thompson.

Teddy, Reading my words of wisdom and have kept mum—why, how could you? Would that I could tell you what makes Greta Garbo's eyes so alluring but that her own little secret and a girl can have a secret, can't she? Her eyes are blue with very long lashes and her hair is golden, she weighs 125 pounds, and is 5 feet 6 inches tall. Her first talking picture was "Anna Christie," her second, "Romance."

Samuel S. So you're going to embrace this opportunity to write for information? Why, Samuel! Joan Crawford and Kathryn Crawford are not sisters, cousins, or even related. William Jennings can be reached at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. He plays in "The Girl Said No!" with Leila Hyams, Marie Dressler and Polly Moran.

Red Head. Where do I get my brains, if any? Is that nice, if at all? I happily hoped like anything when I read your pen picture of me. You're way off on age, color of hair and eyes. Otherwise, okay. Sue Carol has dark brown hair, flashing brown eyes, and weighs 107 pounds. Nancy Carroll is the wife of Jack Kirkland and they have a young daughter, Patricia, about four years old. Nancy's latest picture is "Laughter" with Fredric March. Sue Carol's new one will be "Check and Double Check" with Amos 'n' Andy.

Bertha C. L., Benson, Arizona. So you're a new friend of Screenland and you think it's the 'berries'. What kind of berries, please? Lois Wilson played opposite Richard Dix in "To the Last Man," a Zane Grey story, filmed and released in 1923. Marion Davies is not married. Dolores Del Rio was born Aug. 3, 1905, in Durango, Mexico. She has jet black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. She was married Aug. 6, 1930, to Cedric Gibbons, film art director of Hollywood.

Friendly from Brooklyn. As you were one realized that she was furnishing the offstage voice stipulated in her contract. "This scene will lead to my entrance," she confided. "In three days, I'll have arrived on the set, in person. We in pictures work like the mills of the gods. Slowly, and we grind exceedingly small."

This was Miss Claire's second talking picture. The first was a Pathé, "The Awful Truth," that created no uproar.

The Claire-Gilbert marriage was one of those front-page newspaper nine days, and the subsequent tiffs and truces were likewise broadcast.

"And that," she advanced, "is one of the very things that makes marriage difficult for professional couples. Heaven only knows that matrimony is a fragile bark at best on what it is like to be the Sea of Life, but when it is tossed about on waves of publicity and subject to the storms of popular opinion it has a doubly hard voyage.

In my busy day, the letters are answered in turn as the come in first come, first served, but with a limited space in the magazine, it sometimes takes months for your answers to appear. Clive Brook was born in London, England. His mother was a prima donna and his father, a barrister. He was on the stage in London and married a popular English actress, Mildred Evelyn, in 1920. They have two children, Faith Evelyn and Clive Jr., Mr. Brook has brown hair, grey eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 149 pounds.

The Girl from Chicago. Sorry your letter to Sally O'Neill did not reach her but I have a perfect alibi—Sally and her sister Molly O'Day haven't made a picture since "Sisters" for Columbia. When Ayn have another picture contract, I'll let you know in my department. Playing with Sally and Molly in "Sisters" are Russell Gleason and Jason Robards. You can write Malcolm McGregor, an exciting young actor, Hollywood, Cal. James Hall, Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. George O'Brien, Fox Studios, 401 N. Western, Hollywood, Cal. Both Ted McNamara and Fred Thompson died some time ago.

Brown Eyes from Indianapolis. I'd have to take on an extra force or a night shift if I answered all your questions. However, follow me while I cross the reply. Renee Adoree was born in Lille, France, on Sept. 1, 1901. Louise Fazenda, in Lafayette, Ind., in 1895. Dorothy Gish, Dayton, Ohio, in 1898. John Bowery was born in Indiana but doesn't say what town. Ricardo Cortez was born in Alsace-Lorraine, France. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 175 pounds.

Jean W., You have a good notion to take up the piano—why not take it up on the roof and push it off? You can write to Dorothy Mackail at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal., and Jack Mullhall can be found at Radio Pictures, 780 Gover St., Hollywood, Cal. A. Reed was married at home at 673 S. Oxford Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Mary Philbin had the leading role in "Drums of Love" with Lionel Barrymore and Don Alvarado in support. Mary hasn't been seen on the screen for some time.

NOT JUST A WIFE—Continued from page 31

one realized that she was furnishing the offstage voice stipulated in her contract. "This scene will lead to my entrance," she confided. "In three days, I'll have arrived on the set, in person. We in pictures work like the mills of the gods. Slowly, and we grind exceedingly small."

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When you read in paper after paper that you and your husband have separated, that he is jealous of you and you jealous of him, it all has a certain piquant quality. It's all very well to say 'Laugh it off' but it does something psychologically. And whenever Jack and I feel restless we go our own ways. It is a sensible idea.

"Though unconventional," I amended. "Conventions," said the brakes, "are for visiting firemen and people who never get anywhere without signposts to guide them. Intelligent people who are capable of thinking for themselves are guided by moral sense of right and wrong. Conventions are stupid laws that probably have their place. But common sense and a decent sense of ethics are enough to keep the average thinking person straight.

"Aren't we getting too serious?"

There may have been something in the thought.

The next issue of SCREENLAND

Will be on sale Dec. 1
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NEW FACES and FORTUNES
FOR 1931

COME one, come all! Step right up, folks, and look them over. The biggest show on earth, folks—with new stars and new acts. Come on—the line forms at the left. No shoving, now—don't push. N-o-o-w!

Here you are, here they are. The new pictures and the new players. Here's your chance to pick the winners of 1931. Look them over. See that little blonde over there? Think she's a bet? Put her name down on your list. How about that tall lad over there? Looks good, doesn't he? Well, he is good. And he's going to be even better in 1931.

Join in the fun. Pick your favorite. SCREENLAND will help you because that's our favorite sport, better than contract or backgammon—picking potential stars. Look at some we have selected—Constance Bennett, Kay Francis, Janet Gaynor, Norma Shearer, Clara Bow, Dolores Del Rio, Nancy Carroll, Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen, Gary Cooper, Joan Crawford, William Powell, Anita Page, John Gilbert, Ruth Chatterton, Charles Ruggles, Sue Carol, Leila Hyams, Robert Montgomery, William Haines, Joan Bennett, Jeanette MacDonald, Jean Harlow, Jack Oakie—we saw 'em in their first films, filed them for future reference, told you to keep your eye on them—and were we right? You're telling us!

You're invited to join SCREENLAND in these prognostications—nasty word, but we can't help that. Our covers are pretty good prophets in themselves. Watch the cover portraits on this Magazine and you'll see the girls who are doing things on the screen today. The boys don't get on the covers but you'll find them inside. Watch the evolution of these stars. These youngsters we are selecting as stars of tomorrow and day after tomorrow are making history a little. Consider their varied appeal. One stands for Romance. One for Adventure. Another means Comedy; still another, Drama. Life, as George M. Cohan didn't say, is just a motion picture after all. You watch the movies for your tips on the new clothes, furniture, foods, moods, and emotions. And then you check up with us and that makes it more fun.

To get right down to cases, here are the boys you should keep your best eye on in the months to come—in good old Number 1,931. Marguerite Churchill, Fox's little more-than ingenue actress who scores in "The Big Trail." Marlene Dietrich, Paramount's maybe Garbo. Phillips Holmes, who's gone far already, but who's set to go farther. Maureen O'Sullivan, that girl from Ireland seasoned in Hollywood and retaining the best features of each. Richard Cromwell, Columbia's choice to play the talking version of "Tol'able David," the picture that made Richard Barthelmess and may make this new Richard. Joan Marsh, daughter of Charles Rosher, Mary Pickford's best cameraman, as blonderly beautiful as Jean Harlow and even younger. Jean herself, who made you sit up straighter in "Hell's Angels." Claire Luce, once a Folles girl, now a real actress. Barbara Stanwyck, a grand trouper. Miriam Hopkins, new and fresh and blonde—from Broadway. Irene Delroy, also from Broadway. Claudia Dell—Broadway and blonde, but still different. Frank Albertson, an amusing and versatile personality. Edmund Booth, of the African adventure, "Trader Horn." Lillian Roth, sizzling soubrette. John Garick, English and ingratiating. It's a list as long as—that. You may know some names you wish to add—Ginger Rogers, Dorothy Lee, Russell Gleason, Fred Scott, Una Merkel, Joan Peers. And then there are these boys and girls already poised on the higher rungs of that rickety old Success ladder and due to climb higher: Loretta Young, Lew Ayres, Dorothy Jordan, Arthur Lake—others.

Next month we'll tell you more about these white hopes of next season's screen. Watch for this feature. You pick your winners and then check up with us—and we'll see who's right. Anyway, we can have a lot of fun!

THE PUBLISHERS.
Women who command all eyes

In dieting for the fashionable figure, be sure your diet is well balanced with a regular supply of roughage.

Pose, grace, charm—only such words as these describe the lithe slimmness of the modern, outdoor girl.

Eyes sparkling and clear—skin that glows with natural color—a figure gracefully rounded—such attractiveness is desired by millions—and is possible to most!

Proper diet is of first importance. For nothing steals health and beauty more surely than sluggish digestion and poor elimination.

Starving is not the way to win an attractive figure! Eat well-balanced foods—and be certain to include enough "bulk" to keep the system clean. Most diets today lack this "bulk."

That is why millions of girls are eating Kellogg's All-Bran daily. It is not fattening. But it does insure regular elimination, sweeping out the poisons that so often cause illness and loss of health and beauty.

Eat this delicious cereal instead of taking pills and drugs that are often habit-forming and dangerous.

Kellogg's All-Bran helps protect against dietary anemia by providing iron, the blood-builder. Iron is nature's rouge for ruddy cheeks and cherry lips.

Kellogg's All-Bran can be served in many tempting ways, without adding many calories to the diet. Soaked in fruit juices, with milk, in clear soups, on salads. Cook it in bran muffins, breads, omelets. Endorsed by doctors. Always ask for the original All-Bran—in the red-and-green package—made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

SEND FOR THE BOOKLET
"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce"

It contains helpful and sane counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures slim and fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for dieting invaluable. It is free upon request.

Kellogg Company
Dept. SC-12, Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce."

Name________________________
Address_______________________
20,679 Physicians say LUCKIES are less irritating

I too prefer LUCKIES because...

Toasting removes dangerous irritants that cause throat irritation and coughing.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough.
HELP PICK THE NEW STARS!

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR CLARA BOW?

Is BUDDY ROGERS in REVOLT?
MINT LEAVES

...that Cooling Taste

A mortar and pestle...crushing mint leaves...drops of cooling peppermint...purest of sugars...tons of pressure...china hard rings of sweetness...Pep-O-Mint LIFE SAVERS...millions upon millions of them a day.

After eating...after smoking...aid digestion...sweeten breath...fragrant...refreshing...appetizing...Pep-o-mint, Wint-o-green, Cl-o-ve, Lic-o-rice, Cinn-o-mon and Vi-o-let.

Also Orange, Lemon, Lime, Grape Life Savers...just like the fruit itself.
New laws for love... the sky swarming with 'planes... a giant rocket shot to Mars... El Brendel a riotous stowaway... LooLoo, Queen of Mars, throwing a sky party for the rocketeers. JUST IMAGINE Broadway in 1980

New York gone futuristic... a towering tangle of pinnacles, viaducts, bridges... and what fashions in dress... JUST IMAGINE an amazing spectacular musical production with story and song by those masters of marvelous entertainment,

De Sylva, Brown and Henderson
and an extraordinary cast, including

El Brendel
Maureen O'Sullivan
Majorette White

John Garrick
Frank Albertson

Dances staged by Seymour Felix
Directed by David Butler

FOX

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
January, 1931

THIS MONTH'S PROGRAM

Vol. XXII, No. 3

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Revelations of the Stars!

You have seen portraits, and read many interviews about your favorites, but wouldn't you like to be present in person while your Big Star Moment’s character, temperament, and life are being analyzed and explained by one of the foremost psychologists and character analysts? Of course you would! Screenland has arranged with Clifford Cheasley of London and New York, the leading authority upon Practical Numerology since 1914, to give our readers an interpretation of the letters and numbers appearing in the names and birth dates of the stars on our covers.

Mr. Cheasley will give revealing analyses of the true nature, the ambitions, the likes and dislikes, the strength and weaknesses of their characters. He will uncover the processes of thought and action which have figured in their success. And he will take a glance at their future, predict the outstanding events in their private and professional lives, selecting their fortunate and difficult years. It makes thrilling reading!

You’ll know your favorite stars as never before! The first of this series will be in next month’s Screenland—the February issue; and the star will be Ann Harding. Don’t miss it!

Keep Up with the New Films!

The picture producing companies announce, each month in Screenland, new pictures and stars to be seen in the theaters throughout the country. Watch these announcements. This month they will be found on the following pages: Fox Films, Page 3; Paramount, Page 5; Warner Brothers, Page 7; First National, Page 9; Howard Hughes-Cadco, Pages 10-11; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Page 13.
Reckless soldier of fortune, Gary Cooper. Adolphe Menjou, sophisticated man of the world. A flaming cafe beauty, Marlene Dietrich...mysterious, alluring, dangerous as the Sahara. "Morocco," the turbulent story of these three.

In "Morocco" Paramount presents the continental star, Marlene Dietrich, whose ravishing beauty and exotic personality will electrify all who come under her spell. A not-to-be-missed Paramount Picture, "best show in town."

"MOROCCO"

with

GARY MARLENE ADOLPHE COOPER DIETRICH MENJOU

Directed by

JOSEF VON STERNBERG

Adapted by Jules Furthman. From the play "Amy Jolly" by Beno Vigny.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

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REVUETTES

Screenland’s Tabloid Guide to the Current Pictures

Class A:

**Kismet.** *First National.* Otis Skinner, outstanding figure on the stage makes an outstanding picture for the screen. Loretta Young and Mary Duncan are the femme appeal.*

**A Lady’s Morals.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* The life of Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale, charmingly portrayed by Grace Moore, with Reginald Denny and Wallace Beery.*

**Little Caesar.** *First National.* A racketeer picture that is different—believe it or not. Edward Robinson gives a sterling performance.*

**Check and Double Check.** *Radio.* Amos 'n' Andy score in their movie debut. The Fresh Air Taxi Cab owners get mixed up in a haunted house which results in hilarious happenings. Sue Carol, Irene Rich and Charles Milton are in the cast, too.*


**Feet First.** *Paramount.* Harold Lloyd comes through with a thriller this time. Fun for everybody. Barbara Kent is the girl.*

**Outward Bound.** *Warner Brothers.* A worthwhile film with an interesting angle and a fine cast including Beryl Mercer, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Leslie Howard and Helen Chandler.*

**Her Man.** *Pathé.* Big time picture with Helen Twelvetrees as an interesting heroine. Phillips Holmes and Ricardo Cortez stage a grand fight over Helen. See it.*

**Abraham Lincoln.** *United Artists.* A great picture ably acted by Walter Huston and directed by D. W. Griffith. Una Merkel is a lovely Ann Rutledge.*

**Hell’s Angels.** *Cabin.* Marvelous air spectacle but poor story. Ben Lyon, Jean Harlow, and James Hall in the cast.*

**Old English.** *Warner Brothers.* Mark up another winner for George Arliss. This film is a treat. A screen version of the John Galsworthy play.*

**What a Widow.** *United Artists.* Gloria Swanson as a merry widow does a high-class Mack Sennett. Good fun.*

**Try this on your risibles!** Andy Clyde, Lincoln Stedman, Gaylord Pendleton, and Patsy O’Leary in "The Bluffer," a color comedy.

**Just Imagine.** *Fox.* Cookery comedy with an imaginative plot. Marjorie White and El Brendel hand out the laughs and Maureen O’Sullivan and John Garriole provide the romance.

*Reviewed in this Issue.*

**The Virtuous Sin.** *Paramount.* Kay Francis and Walter Huston at their best in a story not worthy of their talents but their trouping makes up for the lack of plot.*

**Du Barry, Woman of Passion.** *United Artists.* Norma Talmadge is splendid as Du Barry. William Farnum makes his come-back in this film.

**Lady of the Lake.** *Fitzpatric.* Silent version of Scott’s ballad nicely acted by Benita Hume and Percy Marmont. Beautiful scenery and sound effects.*

**Way For a Sailor.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Jack Gilbert plays a glib and makes the most of a poor story. Leila Hyams plays his girl-friend.*

**Half Shot at Sunrise.** *Radio.* Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey hit the bull's eye again with their cuckoo comedy.*

**Sinner’s Holiday.** *Warner Brothers.* Life in the raw with an amusement park background. Good cast including Lucille La Verne, Warren Hymer and Grant Withers.*

**Billy the Kid.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* If you like westerns you’ll enjoy this. With Johnny Mack Brown, Kay Johnson and Wallace Beery.*

**The Silver Horde.** *Radio.* Rex Beach’s virile novel of Alaskan fisheries. Evelyn Brent gives a splendid characterization.*

**Up the River.** *Fox.* Burlesque of prison life with hilarious comedy supplied by Spencer Tracy and Warren Hymer. Claire Luce and Humphrey Bogart supply the love interest.*

**Scotland Yard.** *Fox.* Eddie Lowe plays a dual role in this talker. And he’s crooked again but Joan Bennett reforms him. Fair entertainment.*

**War Nurse.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Woman’s part in the world war. It’s grim and gruesome, with Anita Page, Robert Montgomery, June Walker and Robert Ames in the cast.*

**Maybe It's Love.** *Warner Brothers.* An unimportant but funny comedy with the All-American football team, Joan Bennett, James Hall and Joe E. Brown.*

(Continued on page 107)
THE GREATEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD!

Old Vienna—gay, charming—capital of glorious romance; the inspiration of artists and the home of love and youth!

Through its eventful years echoes the story of a great love that enriches each generation with its enduring beauty.

Old times, rich with remembrance... mirrored again in the new life of today. Beauty that never dies; love that lives on forever, each growing more beautiful as the long years pass.

"Viennese Nights" is the original creation of Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein II.

It was written especially for the Vitaphone and is filmed entirely in Technicolor.

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE Picture

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LETTERS from the AUDIENCE

Send us your slams and salvos!

Let's have a race in this department every month! The most constructive letter, not exceeding two hundred words, on pictures and players will receive the prize-winning blue ribbon of $20.00. Second prize, $15.00. Third prize, $10.00. And as we give everybody a chance, there's a fourth prize of $5.00. All winning letters will be printed, SCREENLAND'S race meets closes the tenth of each month. Send your contributions to Letters from the Audience Department, SCREENLAND, 45 West 40th Street, New York City.

THE EDITOR.

Marie Dressler headlines the January Picture Parade.

FIRST PRIZE LETTER $20.00

I have enjoyed reading your "Letters from the Audience" so much that I want to write in myself to tell you just why I like talking pictures. It's because I am so awfully tired after a hard day at work that I could cry. And often do—in the dark theater!

At a talking picture, I feel I can cry without apology. Really, it's a compliment because it shows how much a good film moves me. Then after I have cried, my nerves are all rested and I can go home and sleep. Otherwise, insomnia troubles me.

All the best enjoyment of life have come to me, but recently I have lost my dearest and best. And now have to keep up my home and care for my baby alone. Talking pictures help me, particularly when I see players who carry depth into their acting. They make movies seem absolutely real. They bring the tragedies of the screen as close to me as the tragedies I rub elbows with every day in my work as a nurse. But I like good comedies, too. And I saw one last week—a dog picture—which made me forget all my troubles.

Ann G. Donahue, R. N.,
4 Florence Avenue,
Brookline, Mass.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER $15.00

Recently, we got mother and dad to attend their first movie, a talkie. It was as great an event in the lives of us persistent kids as the winning of a war by a courageous general.

And now mother and dad are regular picture fans. Dad seldom misses an opportunity to see Nancy Carroll in her latest pictures, for she recalls to his mind the sweet young thing mother was when Nancy's age.

Mother is particularly fond of Gary Cooper in his western portrayals. He reminds her so much of the big, strong, silent man who came a-wooing her one day and is now the father of her four children.

Dad doesn't lecture us now. When we express our intention of going to the show, he only says: "Have a good time. Maybe mother and I will see you there later."

C. Lots Thomas,
32 Green Street,
Cumberland, Md.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER $10.00

Since the death of that greatest of character actors, Lon Chaney, I have decided to write about something I've had in mind for a long time:

What becomes of our best films after they have been shown all over the world? Are they put away some place, where they will be preserved for future generations, or are they laid aside as worthless?

The words of celebrated artists, musicians and authors are carefully preserved and highly prized. The moving picture, in my opinion, is an art as well. Other artists of today have the opportunity of studying the works of their predecessors. The actor-artist of tomorrow should have the same advantage.

Preserving the works of our best authors had been destroyed after everyone in that age had read them! It is just as serious a sacrifice to consign to oblivion the best work of our most worthy screen stars.

I have heard that Harvard preserves in special vaults a number of films each year, but why cannot (Continued on page 105)
Helplessly MOTHERS CRY—

"Why are my children so different?—All different from each other—all different from ME!"

A mother dreams about her children. She plans...but destiny disposes. Four children, four lives—one a builder—one a destroyer—one a wife—one an unwed mother. Hers the pain—and the joy. Yours the opportunity to see the most daring, true-to-life story of the talking screen. It might be the life story of your neighbor, your dearest friend, your mother...or perhaps—even your own!

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.

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HELL'S

"Outstrips anything that has
"The talkies' first great spectacle!"—Motion Picture Magazine
"Deserves to be witnessed and applauded in

NEW YORK TELEGRAM:
"Howard Hughes has produced an aviation spectacle the like of which has not previously been seen on the screen...
...breath-taking and thrilling beyond description."

BOSTON POST: "It is a masterly achievement, the greatest spectacle the screen has yet seen. All other air-films would be anti-climax. You will be enthralled by the magnificent photography and held spell-bound by the sensational stunts of the flying circus."

LOS ANGELES EXPRESS: "An achievement in picture drama that will stand for a long time to come as a model to aim at in the realm of spectacle."

A dramatic scene during the now-historical Zeppelin sequence of "Hell's Angels"
ANGELS

come before!" — Detroit Times

"Surpasses anything else that has been done!" — New York Evening Post
every picture-house in the world" — Theatre Magazine

CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL-TRIBUNE: "Iron nerves went to smash and strong hearts become of no use at all during the Cincinnati screening of 'Hell's Angels'. More power to Howard Hughes, who directed the picture and who spent millions of dollars in making this amazing epic of the air."

Actual scene from "Hell's Angels" showing giant Zeppelin featured in the picture

DETROIT NEWS: "All aerial accomplishments of past movies fade away by comparison with 'Hell's Angels'. Everyone who sat and stood three deep in the rear of the house got the thrill of his and her movie life-time."

SEATTLE STAR: "A production which can never be duplicated. Stands alone as the greatest of air pictures."

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC: "The most stupendous thing of its kind ever filmed. Tops them all."

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
JOAN K. You'd rather go without your spinach, tomato juice and hot tamales than be deprived of SCREENLAND—there are others that diet for no good reason. The addresses you asked for will be found elsewhere in the magazine. Joan Crawford, whose real name is Lucille LeSueur before her marriage to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., on June 3, 1929, was born March 23, 1908, in San Antonio, Texas. She has dark blue eyes, brown hair of reddish tinge, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Her latest pictures are "Our Blushing Brides" with Anita Page, Dorothy Sebastian, Robert Montgomery and Raymond Hackett; and "Within the Law."

Little Girl, Pine Row Farm, Mich. Who's my favorite actor? That would be telling. Chive Brook looks in real life very much as he does on the screen. He has brown hair, gray eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 149 pounds. He was born June 1, 1891, in London, England. He is an excellent tennis player but his hobbies are music and literature. His latest release is "Anybody's Woman" with Ruth Chatterton.

F. L. P., Montreal. The real life history of Maurice Chevalier reads like a fairy tale of 'from rags to riches.' He was born near Paris a little more than 20 years ago. At the age of 11 years he was forced to earn his own living. He became an entertainer and soon was a favorite. While he was dancing in the Folies Bergere in Paris, came the World War. He carried on for his country, winning the French Cross. After the war, he began his stage work again. Jesse L. Lasky saw his work while on a visit to France and insisted that he come to America and the screen. "Innocents of Paris" and "The Love Parade" were his first pictures. Maurice is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has medium brown hair, blue eyes and is married to his former dancing partner, Yvonne Vallée. No, you're wrong, she's no relation to Rudy Vallée.

Winnie Lee. Your most recent heartthrob is Arthur Lake and you don't care who knows it? Hurrah for something or other! Of pleasing personality, Arthur is one of the most popular youngsters in pictures. He was born in Corbin, Ky., in 1905. He is 6 feet tall and has light brown hair and blue eyes. He is not married but lives with his mother and sister Florence in Hollywood. His latest picture is "She's My Weakness," with Sue Carol.

Brown-Eyed Kitty. If you address your letters to the screen stars correctly, the Little Answer Lady or the Big Answer Man will not get them first but they will be carried by Uncle Sam to the proper persons. Your favorite, Evelyn Brent, was born in Tampa, Fla., in 1899. Her real name is Betty Riggs. It is said she has a perfect screen voice. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 112 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. Gilbert Roland was born Dec. 11, 1905, in Chihuahua, Mexico. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Not married.

Phyllis of Coney Island. The home of the 'merry-go-round,' hot dogs and fresh salt-water taffy! Charles Farrell was born Aug. 9, 1905 in Walpole, Mass. He earned his way through two years at Boston University by working in a restaurant and selling real estate. His first screen work was as an extra in a mob scene and his first leading role was in "Wings of Youth." Then followed some time with Mack Sennett comedies, when a small part in "Sandy" brought him a Fox contract.

Mary G. My influence with the picture stars would be nil in asking them to write to you. Are they busy? My word! They even have the edge on me and believe me that's some edge. Robert Montgomery was born May 21, 1904, in Beacon, N. Y. Before he was 20 years old, he had played in seventy-five different parts on the stage. His first film appearance was in "So This Is College" and then in "Untamed" with Joan Crawford, and in "Their Own Desire" with Norma Shearer. He is 6 feet tall and has brown hair and blue eyes. His new picture is "War Nurse" with Anita Page.

(Continued on page 101)
The World War as Seen Through the Eyes of our Girls Who Lived, Loved and Suffered on the Western Front!

For the first time! The frank, daring, adventurous story of our girls at the front! The wonder and beauty of love that blossoms even in the carnage of war! Here is Drama, stark, gripping, spectacular. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of "The Big Parade," have again pioneered into a hitherto untouched phase of human relationship in the World War. Based on the famous anonymous novel of that name.

with

ROBERT MONTGOMERY
ROBERT AMES JUNE WALKER
ANITA PAGE MARIE PREVOST ZASU PITTS

Directed by
Edgar Selwyn Becky Gardiner and Joe Farnham

Continuity by
Becky Gardiner

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
THE NEW BOY IN TOWN!

John Wayne, a real find, earns your applause for his part in “The Big Trail,” his very first picture.
You can read all about John elsewhere in this issue. You'll find that he's a nice boy who deserves his big break and remains calm, cool, and collected in the midst of opening night enthusiasm, personal appearance tours, and fan mail. And the moral of our little tale is: be ready for your big chance when it comes, then it won't knock you off your feet and your head-size will stay the same!

He looks like a new idol from here! He's wholesome and natural and what he lacks in technique he makes up for in determination. He may not be a good actor—we're not saying he is—but his boyish eagerness, his lithe grace, his naïve strength are refreshing. He's new! Left, you see John with Marguerite Churchill in a scene from the pioneer picture, "The Big Trail."

A new year—
A new boy—
A big new picture!
These spell Success in Hollywood!
A popular 'leading man.'

Distraught movie actress: "But postman, is this all the fan mail I got?"

First wedding anniversary of two movie stars.
The latest in Hollywood high life: Life Guards for swimming pools!

Broadway characters are returning to New York from Califlornia by the carload these days—but they all bring Hollywood back with them. "Good old New York!" they say, looking around at the half-finished skyscrapers, the careening taxicabs, and the hard-working street cleaners. "How I missed it! Wouldn't go back west for anything." They can keep this up for quite a while—and then a wistful look begins to steal over their famous features and they sigh a little. "Yep—New York's the only place for real ideas—I wonder how Sam Slug is getting along out there? He rented my house—has a swimming pool and everything—" And then they're off. Hollywood, my Hollywood!

Take Walter O'Keefe, for instance. Walter and his partner, Bobby Dolan, just returned from a season of music-and-lyrics on the Camera Coast. They are entertaining Manhattan's smart Bohemian crowd these crisp nights at Barney's down in Greenwich Village. Walter's definition:

"Hollywood is just Bridgeport, (Conn.) with palm trees."

You can't get away from it. It's the Hollywood success who takes it big on Broadway these days. Joe E. Brown, on his vacation in town, held a reception in the Astor Hotel, greeting friends of the old days when he was merely a Broadway comedian. Chico Marx, Gus Edwards, Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, the song writers, came up to say hello.

"Say, Joe," said Kalmar, "I'd like to get together with you sometime while you're in town."

"Fine and dandy," returned Mr. Brown, advertising Joe Cook. "Come on up to the hotel and have dinner."

"Where are you stopping?" asked Kalmar.

"At the Sherry Netherland." Joe blushed and dropped his eyes when he mentioned the swank Fifth Avenue hotel.

"My God!" Kalmar gasped. "I'd be afraid to go in there."

"I'll fix it for you," said Joe, "so's you can come up in the freight elevator with the trunks."

Joe Brown is the kind of trouper you read about. Broad grin, bright green suit, background of years in all kinds of shows—and the proverbial heart of gold.

He passed up a matinée to call on a girl. She's a little girl he'd never seen before who wrote him once and asked him for his autographed picture. He sent it and then she wrote again. She was in a hospital and told Joe the nurse had hung his picture where she could see it and it made her happy. So Joe went over and cheered her up some more.

He used to take beatings when he was a kid with a circus because he didn't take his falls right. He's played in burlesque and vaudeville. And yet Buddy Rogers is a hard-boiled man of the world, compared with Joe E. Brown.

Did you hear about the movie magnate who saw "Once in a Lifetime," the play that pans Hollywood, and when asked how he liked it, shrugged and said: "I dunno—it kinda rubs me the wrong way!"

—Delight Evans.
Another

Is Clara headed for a burst of glory or the box-office gate?

By

Rosa Reilly

"Shall we spank Clara or kiss her?" is the question agitating the screen world today. Public bosses, newspapers are all shaking their heads over this misguided little film girl who steamed into Manhattan the other morning on the Century, a pleasant colorful little tail on the kite of a lot of lurid, unpleasant publicity which preceded her into town.

In a simple black dress and hat, a dark coat with a white astrakan collar against which her orange hair flamed like no saint's aureole ever did, Clara Bow stood in Grand Central Station, patiently giving the tabloid photographers a break. Around her stood a battalion of red caps, looking like the cheering section at a football game—except that there wasn't any band!

With Dixie Lee on one side of her and Stuart Erwin on the other, both of whom are to be in her new gambling picture, tentatively titled "No Limit," Clara posed for photographs, one foot thrust coquettishly in the foreground and a decided wink in her devilish right eye. But when the flashlights faded and Clara dropped 'out of character,' instead of a fast, flaming baby, who, it is alleged, recently refused to honor a thirteen thousand nine hundred dollar gambling debt; who in seven screen years has had her name linked with ten men; has been definitely referred to in two alienation of affection suits, and delicately referred to in a third—instead of the wild person we have been led to believe Clara is, she looked like a naive girl. Tired, a little bewildered with it all.

"I've gotta scram," she said, starting for a taxicab.

"I didn't sleep all night, and I'm a little nervous about all these newspaper people who don't seem to get me right," she added w Andy.

The interview was continued a few nights later at the Ritz. Clara was in an easy chair in her sitting room, having been out on location all day. Her supper tray was before her. It held a vegetable salad, a glass of milk, and a baked apple. She was trying to rest. To get herself ready for the next morning's work. Around her were a couple of dizzy looking girls. Cigarette
smoke filled the room. The phone rang unceasingly. Turmoil, uneasiness filtered through the place, in the center of which Clara sat, looking lovely, but underneath she seemed terribly tired and terribly discouraged.

Poor Clara! Her bosses have scolded her, the newspapers have haunted her, her men friends have proved as staunch as lemon ice. There doesn't seem to be any one person in the world who loves her enough to shield her from herself.

For this great bubble of publicity which has broken over Clara's spunky head has been caused by no fact except that Clara Bow is her own worst enemy. She is a victim of her own emotional impulses. She's too generous, both with men and women. What she ought to do is clean house. She ought to take a quick airplane trip to the land of Beginning-Over-Again. She ought to team up with some kindly, considerate person who would stand by her, not to cramp her style, but to direct her emotional largesse into the channels which will best boost her career—not blast it!

Clara Bow is a good kid. She's regular. But the same swell, lusty spirit which has made her the 'It' girl of the world, has led her into some deucedly ugly situations. But with it all, she's certainly worth salvaging. It's no secret around Broadway's main-stem that this is apt to be Clara's last chance. Her producers are fed up with this unpleasant publicity. They have warned her. But believe me, if Clara will only calm down a little, she'll have plenty of future chances. A sentimentalist? Not I! Clara will have plenty of chances if she'll only put on the soft pedal—and for good business reasons, too.

For what few people realize is this: despite the fact that Miss Bow has been in more scrapes than almost any girl in screen history, people love her. Men, women, Los Angeles girls. And to this day she receives consistently thirty-five thousand fan letters every month—a record never hung up before by any screen star. Laugh that one off!

To go over this cinema Kiki's past is a job I don't like. Because it's so hard to make people understand. People expect a screen actress to play every sort of role in films—from a queen to a woman of the streets. But if it is even hinted that the said actress isn't a sweet, simple young thing, immediately they get off her. It isn't fair. For it's my firm belief that a person has to live before they can portray, realistically, emotional roles.

Clara came into pictures via the contest route. She was poor, discouraged. Her mother was dying. Her father out of work. In her first picture, her entire part was cut out. Broken-hearted, thinking it was all over, Clara went to a business school, tried to forget. Three months later, Elmer Clifton gave her a part in "Down to the Sea in Ships," and she

(Continued on page 126)
Help Pick the
Here's your chance to help select the big star bets for 1931!

GET set. We're going to look over the new stars and what's more, pick them for the producers.

You may not realize it, but this is a market, right here, for producers to look over the promising youngsters and select those who will be eligible for stardom or grooming next year. We select the outstanding bets—sometimes we remind producers and directors of kids who are right under their noses who haven't been given their big chances yet. Producers are busy men. We'll be their little helpers!

You've been going to the movies and watching the players. When you see a sweet new face you feel like shouting, don't you, "There's a comer!" Here's your chance. If you don't see your favorite candidate among these mentioned, let us know and we'll look her or him up. That's part of the fun of going to pictures—picking your winners.

Look them over. It may be that bright-haired youngster in the café scene, sitting at the table on the right, almost lost among the other extras and bit players. It may be the boy who plays the hero's third assistant college classmate—but he has a swing and a dash to him, and he looks like good stuff. It may be that stage star from Broadway lost in the Hollywood shuffle. All right—pass it on to us and we'll tell the producers about it.

And now let's get down to faces and cases. There's a long, long list and we don't want to overlook anyone if we can help it. Some of these players have already been given their first opportunities—

Claudia Dell.

Fredric March.

Frances Dee.

Marguerite Churchill.

Jean Harlow.

Phillips Holmes.

Carol Lombard.

Lewis Ayres.

Barbara Stanwyck.
New Stars!

others are still waiting for it; still others may have grown tired of waiting and are about to go back to the old home town. Well, SCREENLAND wants to give every promising youngster his chance, and this is a good way to do it.

All ready? All right!

But first, let us remind you of just one of the many winners this magazine has picked. In SCREENLAND for December, 1929, we had a story about the new boy in talkie town—Lew Ayres. We said: "Lew is selected as a coming star. Watch him!" Sure enough, young Ayres caught on. And now we want to reiterate that prophecy. You'll find Lew's picture among the many on these four pages and this time, we're telling you, definitely, his name will rate stellar billing before very long, and no 'ifs,' 'buts,' or 'maybes,' either.

Let's just skip around. There's Claudia Dell, who came from the stage—Ziegfeld's Follies—and can sing and dance. "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" and "River's End" were her first. Watch for her in "Fifty Million Frenchmen." Not married—yet.

Warner.

Marlene Dietrich—read all about her on Page 54 of this issue. Also John Wayne—Page 55.

Then there's Marguerite Churchill, of "The Big Trail." She was born in Kansas City, Missouri, one Christmas day about twenty years ago. Youngest leading lady during the New York stage season of 1927-1928. You saw her in "The Valiant." She's one of their biggest bets. Russell Gleason is the boy friend. Fox.

Consider Phillips Holmes, only call him 'Phil.' He's the son of Taylor Holmes, and

Get in on this!

June MacCloy.

Stanley Smith.

Ginger Rogers.

Maureen O'Sullivan.

Evelyn Knapp.

Richard Cromwell.

Claire Luce.

Frank Albertson.

Joan Marsh.
made his film debut with Buddy Rogers in "Varsity" while he was still at Princeton. He scored in "Devil's Holiday" and "Her Man." His next, "Confession of a Co-ed." Not married, but he likes Mary Brian and Mary Lawlor—step up if your name is Mary.

Speaking of Lew Ayres, as we were a spell back, he was born December 28, 1908, in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Went to the University of Arizona for awhile, then left and played in an orchestra. Left that for pictures. Remember him with Garbo in "The Kiss," with Connie Bennett in "Common Clay," with a lot of other actors in "All Quiet on the Western Front?" Of course you do. Lately in "East is West" and "Many a Slip." Universal.

Fredric March brought to films a reputation from the 'legitimate' where he played in "The Royal Family." Now, having made a hit on the screen, he's playing in the picture version with Ina Claire. See him in "Laughter" and you'll be hailing a grand new star. Married to Florence Eldridge. Paramount.


Carol Lombard is the girl whose blonde beauty was nearly marred by an automobile accident shortly after she entered pictures. Off the screen almost a year, she came back in Sennett comedies. Then, prettier than ever, blossomed forth as a dramatic actress in Pathé pictures. After "Safety in Numbers" she was signed by Paramount. Look for her in "The Royal Family." She was born in Fort Wayne, Indiana, October 6, 1909. No—not married. Paramount.

Jean Harlow is that dynamic blonde of "Hell's
Pick your winner!

Irene Delroy.  
Edwina Booth.  
Leni Stengel.  
Joel McCrea.  

Angels.” Whether you like her in that Howard Hughes air epic or not you’ll admit she’s something new and vital on the screen. From Chicago, Jean has been married but isn’t now. Next in “The Front Page.” 

United Artists.


Paramount.

And Ginger herself, who’s playing with Stan in the same Ed Wynn picture, has been a vaudeville and musical comedy personality since she was so high. She’s featured on Broadway right now in “Girl Crazy,” and doubling at the Paramount Long Island studio. She sort of likes Stanley, too. 

Paramount.

You haven’t met June MacCloy in pictures yet, but we know of, but give the boy a little time! Fox. Claire Luce didn’t have much opportunity to shine in “Up the River,” but wait until you see her in “The Painted Woman”—what a title!—in which her well-known talents for wearing lovely clothes will have full play. She used to be in the Follies but graduated to drama. Married to Cliff Smith, young Manhattan millionaire. Luce—but not fast. Fox. 

(Continued on page 129)
A close-up of Dorothy Mackail in her favorite day-time fur coat. It is suitable for sports or town wear. Dorothy's hat is a brimmed black felt. And don't overlook that saucy little muff!

Left, above, a full-length glimpse of La Mackail in her goatskin coat, made for her by Bergdorf Goodman. The coat is finished with a trim scarf which may be worn open or tied, and a buckle at the belt.

Mink coats are made for such ladies as Hedda Hopper! Her new model is made with a deep cape which can be worn close to the face or hugging the shoulders. Either way, it is very, very luxurious!

Phyllis Crane has a two-in-one coat this winter. Below, her sealskin wrap trimmed with ermine, all set for a formal evening.

Fur
Leila Hyams snuggles up in one of the richest evening wraps of the season—rich ermine with huge collar and border of silver fox. Just the coat for a lovely blonde movie star.

Presto! Phyllis' adaptable coat becomes a smart afternoon model, which she tops with a smart turban of French inspiration.

Right, Anita Page in a swagger coat of pure white kidskin, with a raglan sleeve line, scarf, and roomy patch pockets. Hold that line!

A good, all-round coat! Look, right, at Ona Munson wearing a muskrat model in two shades of brown. Smart—and not too expensive.

FASHIONS
Mrs. Belzer never cramped the style of her famous movie daughter, Loretta Young, nor of her other two little 'starlets,' Polly Young and Sally Blane.

I WISH I had been hatched out in an incubator—like an ordinary hen egg," a pretty, clever, movie star said to me quite unexpectedly a week ago, as we were lunching at the Ritz. "Mother never wakes up to the fact that I am twenty-four, not fourteen," this red-head ended almost viciously, digging her dessert spoon deep into a rapidly vanishing peche melba.

That floored me, for this particular star and her mother are regarded as one of Hollywood's prize 'mama and daughter' exhibits. To hide my surprise, I glanced around the big dining room. The splendid orchestra was softly playing Leoncavallo's Matinatti. Our slim waiter, who resembled an archduke, was beginning the intricate and solemn rite of preparing Turkish coffee. Clusters of deb daughters were gathered in various corners. Knots of tense mothers were fortifying themselves for an afternoon of shopping for Florida or Riviera clothes. Elderly industrialists were lunching not wisely but swell. However, at no table could I find any pair who remotely resembled mother and daughter.

"It looks to me," I remarked casually, "as if movie stars aren’t the only ones who find mothers a bit of a handicap. There doesn’t seem to be a single mother and daughter here today—at least, not at the same table."

"Of course not," my hostess answered a little crossly. "We’ve got to get off to ourselves sometime. Too much mother is a problem every girl runs up against," she continued, "if you could only get them to tell the truth. I’m not a highbrow, or anything like that, but I’ve just
been reading a book which puts the whole subject in a nutshell. A friend gave me Floyd Dell's book, 'Love in the Machine Age,' and Dell says that in the old days when they had the patriarchal system, the head of the family ruled everything. For that reason, the fathers didn't dare allow the children to grow up to complete adulthood for fear it would upset the régime. And my mother evidently is playing that system. Honestly, I can hardly wipe my nose without asking mama's permission. And if I raise a fuss, she pulls that 'pained look,' and is so sweet and patient that I have to give up. But she's positively ruining my career."

"Aren't you taking it a little too seriously?" I asked. "I always understood your mother had done a lot to get you started."

"Of course she has. That's the damnable part. In the early days, mama washed, scrubbed, cooked, sewed—did everything. That's why I'd be an ingrate now to turn against her. But she's actually ruining my chances! "Here's how things stand," she spoke a little fear-

fully now. "I'm young but I never was one of these sweet girl graduate types. And mama is trying to force me to be one. If the company casts me in a real part—something not perfectly ladylike, you should see what a perfectly unladylike row my perfectly ladylike mother can kick up. It's gotten so now the director hates to see me come on the set in the morning—for mama comes, too! I've got to expand or get out of pictures altogether. I can't do a little Eva on the ice all my life. "That's why the company (Continued on page 119)
The Inspiration!

I

They called her Greta—
Greta of the Bronx—
And smiled.
Tall and pasty pale, with tired eyes,
Her hair a Swedish blonde,
She stood behind a counter all day long—
Selling—selling—selling
Knives and forks and potato-mashers;
Selling—selling—selling
All day long.

II

In schooldays, they had dubbed her Gret, for short—
Skinny Gret, Swedish Gret, Greta Longlegs.
The boys had passed her by. She was too tall
For comfortable necking; her elbows over-sharp
For easy snuggle-pupping.
Her foreign voice rang strange to ears
Trained to the good old
Bronx-Americana.
Greta was left to sit on her own doorstep—alone.
She stared at the stars—alone.

III

In the store—a sales-girl—
Her long arms reached for
Knives and forks and potato-mashers,
While her heart wanted to reach for love.
But it did not know which way to go.
She had never seen love in the regular stock.
She was certain love had not been given
A window display.

IV

She had never heard the handsome floor-manager say:
“Love? Why certainly, Madam—Four aisles over,
Then three to your left and five to the right.”
Greta’s long arms grew thinner, reaching for
Knives and forks and potato-mashers
While she waited for the handsome floor-manager
To locate love.

V

Greta Garbo became famous
And Greta of the Bronx thrilled
To the new importance of her name,
Flashing from theater fronts—
Blazing from billboards—
Greta—Greta—Greta everywhere:
Newspapers, magazines—
Greta hats and Greta bobs—
Greta lotions and Greta notions—
Two aisles over; one to your left.
Greta of the Bronx
Selling—selling—selling,
Knives and forks and potato-mashers,
Groped for love with her long, thin arms;
Looked for love
Like Greta Garbo—
Looked for love as her eyelids drooped;
Listened for love in the voice of the manager—
And still she walked alone.

VI

They called her Greta—
Greta of the Bronx—
And smiled.
She snubbed them all.
of the BRONX

Lynde Denig

She snubbed the handsome manager
When he strutted by her counter;
Day by day, she Ritzed him plenty.
A chill veil hid the longing in her eyes.
A cryptic smile washed the hunger from her lips.
With long, thin arms, she reached
For knives and forks and potato-mashers;
But not for love.
The manager caught her eye
And Greta passed him by.
She wrapped herself in mystery.
She looked as content as a bride on her honey-moon—
As wise as a widow—
As cool as a virgin saint.

VII

One night, a crisp fall night,
She stopped in front the store,
Before the windows, piled high with books—
A pyramid of books in yellow jackets.
She read the name in heavy black:
"The Mystery of Love."
There came a voice from out the home-bound crowd.
There stepped a man from out the crowd.
He stroked his cute mustache and smiled.
He looked into her eyes and smiled.
She thought she heard him locate love:
'Certainly, Madam, you want love—
Yes, Madam—just keep on walking—
Five aisles to the right, six to the left—
Keep on walking,
Don't tell what you want—
Walk to the basement; ride to the roof—
Don't let on what you are after.
Certainly, Madam,
Love will find you.'

VIII

Arm in arm, they strolled away—
The sales-girl and the manager.
Greta of the Screen—Greta of the Bronx;
So unlike and yet the same.
They know full well—
These Gretas do—that
Lovers love a mystery—
The mystery of drooping lids,
Like half-drawn shades before
A room in which a fire burns—
The half-drawn shades before a lady's boudoir.

How the magic of Garbo molded the life of an east-side siren nearer her heart's desire

Greta of the Bronx. She wrapped herself in mystery behind the counter. Wise as a widow—
cool as a virgin saint!
Covering the

What happens behind the White House scenes when the newsreel cameramen 'shoot' the world's most eminent personalities!

By
Arthur de Titta

From Theodore Roosevelt to Herbert Hoover, the succession of Presidential interest in motion pictures is unbroken.

One of President Hoover's first official moves was to have a sound projection machine installed in the White House. Prior to sound there was always a silent motion picture projector in the Executive Mansion.

The most interesting fact in connection with our Chief Executives' relation to the screen, however, is not their interest in pictures, but the interest of pictures in them.

Since Woodrow Wilson's tenure in the White House, the presidents of the United States have been the first persons of the screen, by reason of being the most photographed persons.

There isn't a star in all Hollywood who gets into as many motion picture frames as does President Hoover. Hardly a day passes that the President doesn't pose for motion pictures. With this committee, or that committee; with this dignitary or that dignitary; with this delegation or that delegation; with this politician, or that politician, and so on ad infinitum.

It is almost impossible for anyone to attend a motion-picture theatre without seeing and hearing the man we elected to the First Office of the Land.

The place the articulate motion picture plays in the President's scheme of things is daily becoming more important. So cognizant is President Hoover of the power of the talking picture that it has become one of his main avenues of communication with the public.

Recently, President Hoover set Washington by the ear when he made news writers and 'still' photographers hold their peace and wait until the talkies had finished picturing an important event.

President Hoover, in rebuilding the White House office building after the fire, set aside a special room for the motion picture and 'still' cameramen.

Open the family album for this one—a shot of the White House cameramen of ten years ago!
Formerly these men shared the cramped Press Room with the reporters. The Press Room has also been enlarged. The news gatherers at the White House certainly have been shown every consideration by this Administration. As everyone knows, these improvements were suggested by Mr. George Akerson, the President's secretary, in charge of press relations. Mr. Akerson is a former newspaperman and knows the problems of news gatherers, and in every way looks after their interests and comforts.

Covering the President for the newsreels is naturally a most interesting and exciting job. An editor in Washington for Fox Hearst Corporation, producers of two newsreels, Fox Movietone News and Hearst Metro-tone News, may be viewed as a director with the seat of Government as a set, and the great of the world, his performers.

To this set come the leaders in all walks of life from all over the world, and the extras are the tide of humanity washed here by a normal curiosity as to the headquarters of the government.

There are two real motion picture sets within the White House grounds. One is on an outside location; the other is an interior. The sets were built at the direction of Mr. Akerson when the still photographers complained that since the advent of sound pictures all they got in their shots was a lot of microphones.

The exterior set is on the rear lawn of the White House and has a beautiful background of exquisite shrubs and foliage in the summer, with enough evergreens to retain its beauty during the Winter. I helped Mr. Akerson select this location, he having kindly asked my advice in the matter. The set is simply a large frame which was built by the White House carpenter. From the top of the frame the microphones are suspended where they can pick up everything that is said, and yet do not appear in the pictures.

The other set, used only in the event of bad weather, is in the Executive Mansion.

Here we have a room fifty by twenty-five feet, where we can set up our lights, which consist of eight 1000-watt incandescent.

If the group to be photographed is very large, such as the one which witnessed the President signing the London Naval Treaty, Mr. Akerson always arranges that we have the immense East Room of the White House, one of the most beautiful rooms in this mansion of beautiful rooms. So, if we wanted to stretch matters, we might say we have three sets and a location on the White House grounds.

These locations and sets are probably more used than any in existence. It is safe to say that more talkies, silent, and still pictures have been made here than in any other place. Here the most imposing array of cameras of all sorts are set up. What a whale of a production it would be to warrant six sound cameras, as many silent, and a score of still outfits shooting at one time. This happens almost every day on the White House sets.

After working around any place long enough you begin to feel, as New Englanders say, 'to home.' The White House is truly American in this respect. We all feel we are part of the official family, and 'Howdy' is the password here as well as any other place in the land.

Next to President Hoover and Mr. Akerson, the motion picture cameramen are more closely connected, by virtue of their work, to Richard Jarvis, head of the Secret Service Detail at the White House. 'Dick,' as he is known to everyone from (Continued on page 121)
Hair-Raising Hollywood!

Follow the stars' hair-lines and you'll keep up with the new coiffures

By Virginia Vincent

What Paris is to fashion, Hollywood is to hair. The Garbo hairdress is better known than a Patou frock, a Worth coat and far more recognizable than Narcisse Noir. While the screen stars have really grown their hair, the rest of the world—impatient of the fact that despite all efforts, six inches is the year's linear measure, buys corkscrew curls, a transformation, a gross of hair pins and starts imitation.

There's no doubt about it, the bob has grown so long it's unmanageable. It presents a problem every morning because it must be 'done.' For years all one had to do with a bob was to shake it. Now comes the technique of fancy figure-

Below: Ruth Chatterton's 'over-the-sides' bob is an excellent model to follow as it has a tendency to soften the face.

Above: Janet Gaynor's hair-loose and fancy-free coiffure is the débutante's delight. But have a care, it's only for a coquettish face.

Ann Harding's no 'bottle' blonde. Her hair is naturally long, naturally blonde, naturally straight and supernaturally beautiful.
The Garbo with her little beret that, worn at the back of her head, exposed so much of the front of it. Short hair might still be in vogue unless this star had decided to have a cluster of curls behind her ears. It was a small change, too, since her bob was always fairly long. Paris had been trying for years to make women grow their hair but in a few months Hollywood accomplished all that Paris had been whispering about for seasons.

In the past a coiffure used to mean something. A Roman matron wore her hair in a certain fashion denoting her years and her position. A Japanese lady who is married wears a different coiffure from a Japanese who is unmarried. In Egypt in the B.C.s only the young girls could wear the guinea hen headdress. Today all sorts of hair arrangements are used to change one’s type. We are individualists and the class is not a matter of social prominence. Hair parted in the middle may mean that the young lady would like to be considered a madonna type, severity might indicate the sportswoman, fluffiness goes with the feminine, sleekness with the vamp, and so on. Try it on your own head and watch results. If you are limited in quantity of hair, buy some. These detachable accessories should be worn only in the evening as the tight hats don’t allow room for a label, let alone a good firm hairpin. It is not smart to take your hair off with your hat—yet!

Hollywood sighs for variety—and gets it. However, no Hollywood heroine will ever be able to compete with the wife of Marcus Aurelius who had some three hundred coiffures in wigs ready for her instant choice and each matched up with a special costume. At a moment’s notice she could turn from blonde to brunette and back again!

And did you know that in the beginning, well, at least hundreds of years ago, it was not the gentlemen who preferred blondes, but the ladies? When the Gauls invaded Rome every one marvelled and particularly the ladies who were attached to the swarthy Roman men folk—at their blond beauty. Some very ingenious man saved the day and no doubt his happy home by inventing a blond hair dye and that’s how ‘bottle’ blondes were made.

Which somehow brings up the picture of Ann Harding because she isn’t. Her hair is naturally long, naturally blonde, naturally straight and supernaturally beautiful. It fits her face and loosely knotted in the neck shows a lovely contour. There is only one Ann Harding and if any one can imitate her blonde coiffure even half successfully they should be greatly pleased with the effect. Her hair is long enough for her to sit on which means she might have been (Continued on page 112)
Not a Pattern Girl

Barbara Stanwyck was fired from her first job selling patterns, so she’s never been a pattern girl since!

By
Myrene Wentworth

THE stampede is over. Recruits from the stage have come—and, well, gone, too. But Hollywood goes on talking forever!

Well, we did have fun looking them over. Maybe we were a bit rude, growling and muttering about our own pet movie stars the way we did. Then came that “Lady of Leisure” with Lowell Sherman and Barbara Stanwyck, remember? Humphff!! We scoffed. Not beautiful. Not gorgeous, not even glamorous. We got out our purple lorgnettes. We put on the glossy high hat. We ‘tushed’ and we ‘pooled.’ It didn’t make a bit of difference. We had to uncross our fingers and take it all back. And that. And that. Here was something cut from a different pattern! Remember?

It’s true. Barbara isn’t a pattern girl. That’s why it all happened. That’s why the name is spelled in bright lights. That’s why she isn’t just another voice with a smile, another wrong number. For she started out on a career as a ‘hello’ girl (honest) and then was fired from her first job selling patterns!

Fate, the sly thing, got in her work because she didn’t know her patterns. No, not Fate’s patterns. But Vogue patterns; Paris lines and Rue de la Paix fashions. But even then Barbara didn’t care about such things as—patterns.

“Before I ever thought of the stage,” confesses Barbara, “just about the first job I ever had was with Conde Nast selling Vogue patterns. Not that I knew anything about them. I was in a little box of an office up on the fourteenth floor and I was supposed to demonstrate how the patterns were used. Well, it didn’t last long. Of course, Conde Nast wouldn’t be so plebeian as to come right out and fire anyone! They told me they were cutting down expenses and I would have to go. Isn’t that a kick? Imagine Conde Nast getting economical. I knew I was being fired, but I took it gracefully.” That’s Barbara.

See how Fate sneaks up on us? She propped her lean brow over a forefinger and the next thing Barbara knew she was with the Remick Music Publishing Company, also in New York, as combination typist and switchboard operator. Oh, she knew her wrong numbers, no doubt of that, but not her asfkgjlikjh. Still, she got the job. That’s Barbara, too.

While plugging in on the switchboard Barbara heard the song writers, Broadway’s little gifts to the muses, singing their wares. She, too, got a yen for the footlights. She begged to try out as song plunger, but after her first B-flat they sent her back to her busy signals. Slightly damp, but not entirely squelched by this wet blanket, she decided she’d show them a step or two. She did.

For, here it must be confessed, Barbara is a native of Flatbush, which as everyone knows is a large slice of Brooklyn. Left an orphan at the age of two she was brought up by her three older sisters, and practically her first step was a two-step. Many’s the ten and fifteen dollars she brought into the family exchequer dancing for Masonic and other benefits, while the sisters, unlike Cinderella’s, went along and held the dancing shoes. So she knew her mazurkas, her waltzes and her glides.

It wasn’t long before Earl Lindsay, who had a school of stage dancing and often put on revues on the Strand Roof, gave her her first chance. She was sixteen when she first appeared there in the chorus of “Keep Cool.”

While keeping cool on the Strand Roof, Barbara got off some hot numbers and received her first official Croix de Theater when she and five other chorines were chosen to do imitations. Barbara was to do Louis Wolheim in “The Hairy Ape.” She aped the rugged Louis so well that when Ziegfeld bought the show, as eventually he did, she did this as her bit for the following two seasons.

Four or five years rolled by of one chorus after another. Barbara with Mae Clark, who has also been heard of in the talkies, and another member of the chorus, had an apartment together and did the town. She danced in a number of New York eabarettes, including Club Anatole, and finally was featured in the Shubert production of “Gay Marie.”

Then gossip sped along Broadway that Willard Mack was looking for some girls to do bits as chorines in “The Noose.” Barbara applied, and again she got the job. The part was just a small bit at first but was built up until on the opening night she found herself the featured lady. Being in the front row (Continued on page 100)
Those LITTLE GAY HOMES in the WEST

It may be only a fifteen-room mansion in Beverly Hills, but it's Home to these Hollywood boys and girls, just the same!

Who wouldn't be tempted to call on Marlene Dietrich, Germany's gift to American films, as she stands so invitingly in the doorway of her Spanish home in the California hills?

Just as Marlene, pronounced Mar-la-na, wears only lace ruffles on her velvet gowns, just so she allows only real objets d'art in her drawing room. Note the lovely old porcelain vase on the table beside her.
At last we've cornered that slightly naughty Bob Montgomery in his library. His grin doesn't look a bit bookish. But then perhaps he's been reading Boccaccio!

Bob's so popular people keep calling him up even after he's gone to bed. But maybe we're wrong. Maybe it's only an early call to the studio.

Two portraits of a pleasant young man-about-town. One hangs over the living room fireplace and the other is apt to hang around wherever the company's wittiest.
2815 is the number of Robert Montgomery's house. Sorry! We're not allowed to give you the name of the street!

Bob not only has a pleasant singing voice but, believe it or not, he can even tap out his own accompaniment.

"I like to be lazy," broadcasts Bob from the big gray sofa in the corner of his library, where he feels he can take his ease now, since "War Nurse" is finished.

Keeping fit in one lesson—by Robert Montgomery. Bob's rigged up a special rowing shell under the south window in his bedroom. "Five minutes a day keeps the waistline away," is his recipe.

Mr. Montgomery looking for a night cap. No, not alcoholic. Just a nice little murder story to lull him to sleep.
CALLING ON KAY

One of the best-groomed women in pictures, Kay Francis prefers comfort to swank in her house. "I'd rather have one good easy chair in my home," says Kay, "than fifty of those little ricketty Louis Quinze affairs."

Left: Kay at her desk, preparing a photograph for one of her fans.

On a rainy day, and it does rain sometimes, even in Beverly Hills, Kay curls up with a book near the open fire.

Regardez! Kay has a book. Many, in fact. But she can't be quite satisfied until she sends East for her complete library.

The entrance hall of Kay Francis' home is almost always filled with flowers. On a carved oak table before an old oriental mirror, the beauty of the blossoms is reflected.
Standing at the door of her dining room, Kay Francis calls the guests in to ‘hot bread and butter.’

Kay stresses her belief that “Happiness for man—the hungry sinner, since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner.”

“A home to be home must be unpretentious,” Miss Francis declares. “That’s why I try to keep mine as simple as this doorway.”

Although Kay has this fascinating little sun parlor, she rarely uses it, choosing to enjoy her ultra-violet rays on the beach.
"MISTER Rogers" HERE!

At his Beverly Hills Castle, Buddy, pardon us, Charles Rogers is king. If you don’t believe it, look at the escutcheon, or what have you, just over Buddy’s head
Somehow, Buddy's knickers and sweater just don't seem to fit in with this formal commode, as the French call a fancy chest of drawers. But Buddy's one of those boys who can get away with anything.

Of all the musical instruments that Buddy plays, he thinks his piano is 'grandest.'
Let's peek in on Gentleman Clive Brook at his comfortable Hollywood home, which is a bit of dear old Briton transported across the seas.

When English gentlemen receive company they don't usually lounge on the 'Chesterfield' as they call their lounges. But since Clive doesn't know we're dropping in on him, what's the odds?

Home! That's the aroma this drawing room breathes. Notice the Morris chintzes, the deep, soft rug, the brass fire screen, and the 'head' of Clive's child on the mantel.

Just a little snack, topped off by a 'sweet' and a 'savory,' typical English dishes without which no British person considers his dinner complete.
Johnny Mack Brown kicked one of the longest goals in football history—from way down in Alabam’ to Hollywood. When Johnny came from the University of Alabama to play the University of Southern California, pictures nabbed him!

"Don't you think she looks like me?" the proud father asks. Johnny Mack Brown at his hearthside, holding a picture of his daughter, Harriet.

This is the house that Johnny Mack's jack built.

"Music hath charms" for Johnny Mack Brown, all right. He’s apt to snap into a musical moment at any moment.
A MASTER OF COMEDY TAKES A DAY OFF!

Harold Lloyd in one of his lovely gardens, formed by a series of terraced pools.

Harold Lloyd surveys his kingdom and seems to find it good.

The Master’s in the library! Don’t you need your specs, Harold?

Harold and Gloria Lloyd warm up for a little swim.

The music room of the Lloyd mansion with the master at the organ keyboard.
Harold Lloyd, famous film comedian, enjoys life best of all when he has a few hours at home with his family.

"Now the day is over." It's Gloria's bed time but she begs for one more song from mummie Mildred before Daddy carries her off.

Harold Lloyd puts on a million dollar act for an audience of one.

Mr. Lloyd—a dog fancier—not only of flesh and blood canines, but he even goes in for porcelain models.

With Gloria on the green! Harold does tricks with his putter to the delight of his most appreciative audience.

A character study of one of filmland's best loved humorists and one of his best antique candlesticks!
In "Gentlemen of the Press" and "Young Man of Manhattan," Charlie Ruggles amused us with his inebriated rôles. But he does all his drinking in the studio—and then it's ginger ale.
YORKSHIRE SAUCE!

A close-up—without make-up—of a grand little English girl who became a great, big American screen star

By
Brian Herbert

DOROTHY MACKAILL was born in Hull, Yorkshire, England, but when you ask her the date of her birth she will say, "Why bring that up?"

She is utterly without inhibitions and is one of the frankest, most outspoken ladies of the cinema. She forms her likes and dislikes quickly, but she is tolerant of a person whom she dislikes. She declares he, or she, can't help it for being that way. If you have a sense of humor she will like you.

She is friendly and willing to meet people more than half way. She will put herself out to make an impression with a second-string motion picture critic or interviewer and send him away raving about her. She will pose for pictures in a portrait studio until she is ready to drop and she never tries to tell a photographer his business.

The people at the studio swear by her and call her Dot and Dorothy and not Miss Mackaill. Directors like to have her in their pictures. She manages to get along with the most temperamental of leading men that play opposite her and wins them completely in an amazingly short time. The studio crew, from the stage carpenters to the electrical staff, like her and she often can be found swapping stories with them between scenes. She is democratic and has no high-flown illusions about the grandeur which is supposed to go with the legendary make-up of a popular screen star.

She has no rules for beauty and health. And she has laid down no dietary laws which are often troublesome to obey. When she is working on a picture she tries to get the necessary amount of sleep, but sometimes a party will interfere. Her favorite party refreshment is champagne, but she does not spurn less ceremonial liquids. When a picture is finished she plays. Tennis is her favorite sport and then comes swimming. For a vacation spot for outdoor relaxation, she prefers Honolulu and has made numerous trips there. When you meet her you are impressed by her physical fitness and her energy and (Continued on page 100)
EX-BUDDY!

Call him Charles Rogers, now. He's not a kid any longer. He's growing up.

Will he step out and show us that he is more than just a grand juvenile with wide, flashing smile and wide lapels?

Is Buddy, the Good Boy of Hollywood, going to live his own life?

A girl who once worked with him called him 'the yes-boy.' I wonder if she was right. Come to think of it, Buddy has always done pretty much as he's been told.

He has minded his mama and his picture papa, Paramount. His reward has been a steady popularity, tons of fan mail, a new contract calling for something like $1500 a week, and the good will of his bosses and his public. He's one of the Paramount School children—one of the three who made good.

He smiled his way through "Fascinating Youth"—which wasn't so fascinating, at that—and smiled his way to Hollywood. He was a novelty out there. Quite the youngest and the smilingest boy Hollywood had seen in a long time. He smiled at everybody and everybody smiled back. But particularly Claire Windsor. Claire was one of the most beautiful blondes in a city full of them. She had been married, and the mother of a sweet little son. She had been divorced from her first husband a long time ago. She was the heroine of a location romance. Claire, the leading lady of the Edwin Carewe troupe, went to Algiers on location for a film. Bert Lytell was the hero. That Algerian sun, not to mention the moon, got in its work. Claire and Bert came back to Hollywood madly in love, and married. But love's old sweet song turned sour and the Lytells agreed that Hollywood wasn't Algiers and that they could be happier apart.

And then along came youth! In the person of Charles 'Buddy' Rogers, the boy from Kansas. Buddy with his flashing smile, his nice brown eyes, his broad, athletic shoulders. And his shy, deferential manner with women. Is it

"My Buddy" is the theme song of several million American girls. What will they do if their idol ever grows up, goes serious, or gets married?

Is 'Ex-Buddy,' America's Boy Friend, growing up?

By

Sydney Valentine

Charles Rogers and his mother, Mrs. Bert Rogers, who accompanied him on a recent trip to Europe.
any wonder that the lovely Claire liked him? And first thing we knew, Hollywood had them engaged.

It was 'Claire and Buddy.' They went places together. All the world heard they were in love—the willowy, beautiful blonde and the new boy in town. Claire is a charming creature. Fragile—feminine—like a Parmaguard. She should sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam—and has been known to. She likes to sew—to make her own underwear on a baby Singer. Nothing of the stage siren and little of the actress about Miss Windsor. A home body who happened to be born beautiful and transplanted to Hollywood. A sweet girl—and a sweet boy.

But of course, Claire is older than Charles 'Buddy' Rogers. Buddy was just 21 when he arrived in Hollywood. He'd been to college and to Europe on a cattle boat but he was far from a cynic. Something of the wholesome, home-spun air of his native middle west clung to him—and clings to him still. It's partly that air that's made him an idol. He's a nice, home-town boy—in Hollywood. Claire and Charles both came from Kansas—Claire from Cawker City; Buddy from Olathe.

It was a Hollywood romance. Claire's regard for Buddy and his for her was sincere. But it didn't end swell. A rising young actor being groomed for stardom shouldn't get married, and especially not to an older woman. Claire wasn't—didn't—old. See her today and you'll grasp at her beauty. But she is older than Buddy, who is very, very young. And, the story goes, Buddy's company, the powerful Paramount, stepped in. Big plans for the Rogers future—Buddy would be a foolish boy if he jeopardized them. Big money being spent to make him a star. He represented an investment of hundreds of thousands. A grand and glorious career ahead for Charles 'Buddy' Rogers—if he'd be a good boy.

Charles wanted to be a star. Why not? What boy wouldn't? Buddy's mother made a trip to Hollywood. She was along when Paramount threw a big luncheon at the Ritz in New York for "Abie's Irish Rose" with Charles as Abie and Nancy Carroll as Rose. Buddy on that trip was buoyant and boyish. He exuded youthful cheer. Buddy, nobody can deny, was being a good boy.

You all know what's happened—how he has climbed right up until he pretty nearly tops the list of male stars on the screen today. He was christened America's Boy Friend. He has smiled and sung and tooted his way through musical comedy pictures. He has made personal appearances at the Publix Theaters to wild acclaim. His personal following rivals that of Valentino. He has been a conscientious, hard-working boy. Forged right ahead, Buddy has.

And what of Claire? Well, Claire came east to go on the stage. But except for vaudeville she hasn't seemed to get very far. And first thing New Yorkers knew she was being seen places with Phil Plant. Tabloid columnists were calling her the new 'heart' of Connie Bennett's ex-husband.

Buddy was working hard in Hollywood. You heard that he had taken out Mary Brian, Paramount's pretty nice-girl ingenue. Or he has escorted June Collyer, another nice girl, to some correct party. Being just about as perfect a lad as Hollywood ever saw. The right company—the right pictures—the right girls—Buddy was on top of the world.

Meanwhile, Claire Windsor and Phil Plant broke into the pages of the New York dailies when Phil's yacht collided with another boat somewhere in Long Island Sound. And Claire was a passenger. Both were rescued. But the Windsor-Plant romance seemed to be over soon after. Phil Plant announced he was going off somewhere—to Africa, it might have been—to shoot lions or something.

And then Buddy came back to Manhattan. Buddy? Well, Charles Rogers, then. Buddy, tired of being Buddy. He wanted, maybe, to grow up a little. After all, his name was Charles. No more Buddy for him, he said—and Paramount seconded the motion.

At least they sent out stories (Continued on page 114)
Is the Garbo supremacy threatened by the arrival of Marlene Dietrich, the German beauty? Garbo must have heard her potential rival acclaimed, but she remains serene through it all.

Marlene Dietrich, shy, sweet, a little frightened, brings a breath of old-world romance to sophisticated Hollywood.

It is not a wise thing to promise too much in advance. But the girl you will see on the screen in "Morocco," Marlene's first picture in America, will be a very different girl from the one Paramount sees every day. The girl in "Morocco" will be La Dietrich. The girl I am telling you about is just Marlene.

She met me at the studio and we were ushered into what is called the 'interview room,' a new thing in studios. A room set aside for conferences when occasion demands. We were both a little awed by the stiff formality of this place. She sat huddled in an enormous chair swathed in a luxurious mink coat and wearing a glad little cherry-colored hat. She slipped the coat off as the warmth of the room made it uncomfortable and pulled tight about her shoulders a huge cherry silk scarf. Her face was pale; no make-up on the clear skin. Tendrils of red-gold hair relieved the severe line of her hat. Her beautiful, sensitive mouth was cherry red; so were the tips of her fingers. Hat and scarf and lips and finger tips made up a symphony of color against the somber background of the fur that was quite bewitching.

Marlene Dietrich is the daughter of an army officer. Her parents planned a musical career for her and sent her to a private school where she studied violin and piano. She likes to play the psaltery, a rarely-used instrument these days. She speaks both French and English. Later she trained for the concert stage but an injury to her wrist laid her up for several months and during this time she became interested in the stage. Her parents did not approve, but she had found her vocation and finally persuaded them to her way of thinking. She entered Max Reinhardt's school of drama which began her theatrical career. Her first role was a German version of "Broadway."

I asked her whether she came to America with Reinhardt a few years ago when he staged his lavish productions at the Century Theater in New York. She laughed. "No, I did not come. I had married by that time and I was very busy having my baby. That took two years of my life, which," she added quickly, "I was very happy to give."

The casual way the modern (Continued on page 108)
John Wayne—Another Gary?

By Mary Howard

John Wayne was asked if he minded being told he looked like Gary Cooper. "Not if they smile when they say it!" retorts this young blue-eyed giant, hit of "The Big Trail."

"Do you mind if people tell you you look like Gary Cooper?"

"No, ma'am, not if they smile when they say it," answered John Wayne, the new young actor of "The Big Trail" who has jumped from an unknown 'prop' boy to a famous star overnight—just because he needed a hair cut!

Wayne is the spittin' image of Gary Cooper, even to the little curl that hangs over his forehead. He's six feet tall, blue-eyed, brown-haired, with a tan an inch thick, a shaggy head, and a big body. His hands and feet seem to go places and do things without the bidding of his head. He's that young! John is extremely modest, talks with a drawl, wears a ten-gallon gray hat, pioneer boots—leather affairs with fancy stitching and high heels—and a long, flowing black tie. The only remnant of his collegiate days when he attended the University of California is the fact that he doesn't wear garters—not even with low shoes!

"Since I got that five year contract I figure I'm about the luckiest person in the world," Wayne confided as his big awkward body sprawled all over a none too stalwart wing chair. "I was just a 'prop' boy in the Fox Studio when I got this chance. I was in debt, a little bit sick about not being able to go back to the University for my third year, and generally blue. One day, I saw a friend of mine, Eddie Grainger, talking to Raoul Walsh, the director, over on the lot, and kind of glancing over at me, but I didn't think anything. A week later, our fraternity, the Sigma Chi, was giving a banquet. I'd been needing a hair cut something awful for about ten days so I dropped over to the barber shop and sat down in the chair. Just as the barber picked up his scissors, Eddie Grainger rushed in.

"For Pete's sake, don't!"

"Don't what?" I asked.

"Don't have your hair cut. That's why Walsh wants you. He says you're just the type for the lead in "The Big Trail." Come on over to the studio. He's going to give you a test."

"I didn't stop for my hat but ran over with Eddie. They gave me the test, but didn't say anything afterwards except: 'Instead of working in the 'props,' you'll be out here next week, learning to throw knives.' I didn't want to be curious so (Continued on page 108)
A young man came into my studio one afternoon in the fall of 1922 and wanted to know what I thought of the possibilities of his voice. He was somewhat undecided as to whether to become an actor or singer, yet he would like to make something of his voice, for he loved to sing.

So I went to the piano and he forthwith disclosed a voice of singular beauty, no mistake. I could not conceal my pleasure. I probably beamed, and somewhat in the manner of the family physician breaking the news to the expectant father that it is a boy, I told him it was a baritone and one of which he could be exceedingly proud.

But this viewpoint did not seem to overpower him with joy, for it seems that he would have preferred a tenor voice, since tenors, you see, most frequently sing the romantic and passionate roles and set the feminine hearts aflutter. A tenor is usually more popular and more fortunately equipped for scaling the heights of acclamation as well as tone. But I told him he could not very well deny nature and that although former teachers had suggested that he might be a tenor, I strongly preferred his being a comfortable baritone to being an uncomfortable tenor. So baritone it was and still is—and what a baritone!

You have probably guessed his identity by now for he is one of the most popular artists in the world today, thanks to his art and the latest triumph of science, the singing picture. His fan mail has reached the stage where it has to be shoveled about and one of his major problems is to keep clear of the attentions of admiring women. All of which proves that tenors do not carry off all the plums nowadays.

During my years of musical activity I have worked with and watched the development of many singers of stellar attainments, but seldom has a major success caused me such keen satisfaction as that of Lawrence Tibbett. If anyone deserved to succeed, he did. He took his hard knocks—and he had plenty of them—and always came up for more. Through it all he has remained his unaffected self, and has never ceased to be grateful to those who helped him on the way up.

The virus of success so frequently causes its victims to forget this last. Then too, they sometimes forget the early struggles, believing that the hard part is all over. Not so Lawrence Tibbett. He is an artist to his finger tips and knows that the higher he goes, the greater becomes his responsibility and the challenge to make his best better.

The editor of Screenland has asked me to give some personal impressions of Lawrence Tibbett and possibly tell something of how we worked together. So much of his life and activities has already appeared in print that I will confine myself to some of my own experiences with him.

There are few singers I know who get more unbounded joy out of singing than does Lawrence Tibbett. When out with a party of friends he never needs to be coaxed to sing, more the exception than the rule with singers. He is one of the species of 'bath tub singers' and when a man vocalizes in the bath he either loves to sing or is bubbling over with joie de vivre. Tibbett qualifies both ways. When out in the country, where he loves to be, he will suddenly surprise his friends by turning a few handsprings, grimacing at the twins, walking about on his hands, (the last he actually does like a circus acrobat,) and indulging in other antics. Noticing this extraordinary talent I told him I hoped he would some day be able to do that very trick for the Metropolitan Opera audiences, but I could not think of any opera where that might be used. But in "Johnny Spield Auf" the chance came and he made a great sensation by walking on his hands. I feel sure this is the only time in the history of the Metropolitan that one of the stars has done a stunt of that diffi-
cully. This boyishness and exuberance breaks out in him every now and then, especially after a hard period of work.

But when he works he brings a degree of concentration to his task which is quite unusual. He is simply lost to the world. Some wives style themselves 'golf widows' because of their husbands being on the links so much of the time. Mrs. Tibbett is a 'song widow' whenever her husband is engrossed in the study of a new rôle. At such times, although he is at home, she has learned to call him to meals or disturb him in any way until he comes 'out of it' of his own accord.

And this ability to concentrate and work fast has enabled him to make the most of the opportunities presented to him at the Metropolitan.

After he had studied with me for six months I secured for him an audition at the Metropolitan. The audition is one of those occasions in which the aspiring singer steps out on the cavernous stage of the famous opera house and sings into the dark void of empty seats where sit the potentates who decide destinies. A little later they asked to hear him again. This time Tibbett was made a member of the company. Scotti, veteran baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, came up and congratulated the new acquisition to the ranks.

For months he had nothing but rehearsals and occasionally a minor rôle was allotted to him. He worked at these small bits as though the success of the whole company depended on his efforts alone. Then came an emergency. When we were returning from a concert in Wilmington, Delaware, a certain Tuesday morning we stopped at the 39th street entrance of the Metropolitan and what was our surprise to find Lawrence Tibbett scheduled for 'Volunteer in 'Faust' on the following Friday with Chaliapin. This part was new to him; he had only sung the aria. He asked my advice and I told him that nearly always when an opportunity arises it comes in such a rush that one hardly has time to prepare himself.

Lawrence began to study the rôle as hard as he could and said nothing, knowing that at the dress rehearsals if it 'didn't go' he would be so informed and someone else would be pressed into service. Taking the score, he rushed home, sat down at the piano and, tapping out the time with his foot, he set about the task of making the part his own. And he hardly left the piano save for rehearsals during the time. It required great concentration but his success on Friday night gave the management confidence to entrust other rôles to him, which also necessitated quick work and finally led to his great triumph in the part of Ford in "Falstaff," a triumph which he found it almost impossible to believe.

What a lesson lies in this for young singers desirous of success on screen or stage. They may have wonderful voices but if their musicianship is lacking, opportunity knocks in vain. Every boy and girl should be obliged to achieve a certain degree of proficiency in music, the same as in other studies. How do they know but that later they may have beautiful voices and then what infinite value (Continued on page 116)
Mr. and Mrs. Hollywood
ENTERTAIN!

Not all the smart affairs of the winter season are thrown by screen young-sters. The Married Set step out, too

By
Grace Kingsley

"Our next wedding anniversary," laughed Lucile Webster Gleason, "will be our twen-ty-fifth, and on that day we shall tell everybody that they will have to come to our party dressed in the clothes they wore twenty-five years ago. I'll bet some of them will come in their rompers and diapers—or I don't know my show business!"

Patsy, the Party Hound, and I had gone over to the home of James Gleason and his wife, to aid at a garden party celebration in honor of the Gleasons' twenty-fourth wedding anniversary, and we found just about everybody in the film world present.

Russell Gleason, their handsome and clever young son, was helping receive, and he told us that he was so excited, and there were so many guests present, that he had actually introduced a man to his own wife! But Patsy reminded him that sometimes that was necessary in Hollywood.

The Gleasons' home is one of the handsomest in Beverly Hills. It is not a new house, but is one of the lovely old places, built in English mansion style and set among huge gardens and lawns, for which, they gleefully told us, they had largely bought the place. Many varieties of flowers had been sent our hosts, so that the oak-panelled dining room and the picturesque drawing room were filled with blossoms.

"I was frightened," smiled Mrs. Gleason, "for fear that the man who was cleaning out the swimming pool this morning would be drowned, but when I saw the flowers arriving, I said that at least we could give him a swell funeral!"

Guests crowded the lawns, the gardens and even the swimming pool.

"I never saw so many people in a garden in my life!" gasped Patsy. "I just can't see the people for the party!"

But presently we identified well-known faces there among the crowd, as we made our way about, and one of the first people we saw was Anna Q. Nilsson. Anna, still on crutches, but looking blooming and beautiful, had bravely come to the party. She greeted us gaily, and we remarked that, for all her long, long trial of illness, since she broke her hip while horseback riding, her face shows no traces of suffering or depression.
At a film party, there were so many guests the host actually introduced a man to his own wife. But sometimes that's necessary in Hollywood!

Barrymores were going on another cruise at once, this time it was to be down in Mexican waters, where it would be warm enough for the baby.

Jack is just about as crazy about the baby as Dolores is, and whenever the nurse will let him, he bathes his little daughter!

"And does it very well, too," remarked Mrs. Cawthorn.

We chatted with Bessie Barriscale, who used to be an Ince star, you remember. She said that her son had quite grown up, and was in college.

"He quit college for a year to try pictures," she said, "but this year he has gone back to school."

Irene Delroy went swimming in the pool, and declared when she came out that she must have been a mermaid in a former incarnation because she enjoyed the water so much, and George Duryea told her that he hoped that if she was a mermaid, he had been a merman, and that they had known each other!

Little tables were scattered about the big lawn, and you carried your sandwiches, near beer, and other refreshment to these tables, or ate them at the long tables which were hospitably filled with them.

Several games were going on, including tennis and ping-pong, with Dick Arlen. (Continued on page 111)
SCREENLAND at the microphone! Louis Reid’s talks on radio topics will be brought to you each month as a portion of our editorial program.

The statisticians of the Great White Father have yet to reveal what effect, if any, radio is having in removing the word ‘discontent’ from the farmers’ vocabulary. Radio’s appeal to them must be enormous, despite the withering of the crops and the bickerings of the politicians over farm relief.

The microphone must have added an essential dash of spice to rural life that tends to keep farmers entertained while they wait for good news from the weather bureau and the White House.

It would not surprise me were the more far-seeing vote-voicers of the old parties to map out a comprehensive radio campaign of the picturesque tunes of an earlier America, the lusty hoedowns of the hillsides as a means of keeping its rural ballots intact. The present emergency calls for some such revolutionary measure.

They might summon Walter Damrosch, radio’s leading musical historian, to the task. He knows tunes as a politician knows his constituents just before election. He could assemble the tangy airs of the countryside into a musical fabric that might conceivably bring contentment back to the farm.

Damrosch, long a renowned figure in the higher musical circles of the republic, is now devoting his entire time to radio. A weekly audience of 8,000,000 school children listen to his explanations of music, to his interpretations of the masters. His style when talking is that of the bedtime story teller. His comments—deliberate, accented—have simplicity and charm.

The broadcasters still shy at Shakespeare. And I doubt if they will reserve much time for him until television enters the parlor. “Hamlet” has been offered in condensed version from time to time but the ear-cuppers, they say, did not take kindly to it. Indeed, ’tis said, they ran, not walked, to the nearest exit known as the dial. Maybe, they are waiting for Barrymore.

It was not so long ago that Barrymore—the youngest member of the ‘royal family’—recited Hamlet’s soliloquy on the air. The setting was anything but appropriate. He faced the microphone just before and just after a talking picture theme song.

The most successful radio orchestras are those which can roam all the way from Tchaikowsky to Turkey in the Straw without snapping a fiddle string. With such a range they keep every class of listener satisfied. Satisfied listeners are the goal of the radio rajahs. Satisfied listeners are hard to capture. The Turkey in the Straw fan objects to the way his favorite tune is being played, while the devotee of Tchaikowsky complains that while the musicians have their eyes on the master’s notes, their hearts are tuned to the spirit of St. Vitus.

St. Vitus, the patron saint of the broadcasters, under his more familiar title—jazz—still dominates the air. Jazz, to the maestros of the microphone, now embraces every form of dance music, though it is generally accepted by most persons as a definite type of barbaric
rhythm, hot, primitive, bothered!
The maestros will admit—if hard pressed and if Stokowski or Toscanini is within earshot—that without the barbaric rhythmic beat of the old bass drum there would be no jazz. It is the beat that sets the blood to coursing and the feet to tapping when the batonated battalion strikes up the band.

Even the symphony leaders themselves surrender to jazz when they journey upon the radio sea, only instead of summoning the music masters of Harlem and Hollywood to their racks they send their fiddlers through the teasing excitements of Ravel and Stravinsky. How tame Broadway jazz or even the jazz of Lenox Avenue compares to the feverish rhythm of Ravel's Bolero! It's a tune to make the palsied throw away their crutches and the anaemic toss aside their shawls.

Whiteman, Lopez, Vallée, Lombardo, Ted Lewis, Olsen and Duke Ellington are the dance maestros who have paid the most consistent tribute, it seems to me, to the Great God Jazz. Whiteman and Lopez were the first to dress up jazz in high hat and spats and present it in the sacred pastures of Carnegie Hall. Prior to their tailoring, jazz was a rowdy, strident denizen of the honky-tonks and cabarets. Today it has a speaking acquaintance with the big wigs of music, with the archdukes of the Metropolitan, with the overlords of Continental opera houses. Here and there a disapproving lorgnette may be lifted to it but it is in vain, for the feet of the world have been set to tapping.

Where Whiteman and Lopez have led others have followed, Vallée and Lombardo go in for soft and languorous rhythm. Ted Lewis regards jazz as mankind's greatest aid in the pursuit of happiness. Olsen bows most deeply to snappy tempos and Ellington rests content with the laurel wreaths of those who like their jazz in the best traditions of the jungle.

Isn't it nearly time for Sir Harry Lauder to lift his voice for God, for country, and for kale, for Massa Jolson to lift a tearful voice to Mammy, for John Philip Sousa to lead his horn-tooters through the Stars and Stripes?

There's a new vocal tribute to 'baby' every week. Of all the terms of endearment in the republic 'baby' has remained longest in the lexicon of the song writers. Only once have we been genuinely stirred by a broadcast of a prize fight. It was the first Dempsey-Tunney meeting in Philadelphia when the veteran J. Andrew White informed an incredulous world:

"It's not the same Dempsey at all. It's not the Dempsey we know." White's words were a glowing overtone to the symphony of jabs and clinches which punctuated the rain-soaked air.

Granny is still neglected by the tunesmiths. Only youth gets a melodic fling. A good granny song, however, has always found a hearty response. Percy Wenrich's Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet—the best of the granny songs to our mind—was one of the most popular tunes ever to be sounded in the nation. It still echoes through a thousand bathrooms.

Frank Crumit is the most industrious tiller of the granny song field just as Julia Sanderson is the most consistent toiler in the wistful ballad vineyards. No one in the land can make the old Jerome Kern sentimentality, They Didn't Believe Me as convincing.
BEFORE and AFTER!

At the left, above, we see Joan Crawford as her own laughing and luxurious self before she essayed serious drama of the "Modern Maidens" and "Blushing Brides" era.

At the right, above, we glimpse her as Mary, the prison drudge in "Within the Law." This new picture marks a new goal post in Joan's cinema career.
JOAN GOES TO JAIL!

The dashing Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., takes her first false step, but for pictorial purposes only

By Helen Ludlam

"WITHIN THE LAW" is the first step Joan Crawford has taken toward the goal she wishes to achieve—serious drama. She adores heavy dramatic parts and has begged to play them. Very wisely she has been told that she was too young, but when Metro decided to do "Within the Law" there didn't seem to be any question of who should play Mary. The part seemed ready-made for Joan and it looks as if the playing of it will be a turning point in the career of this interesting young actress.

Joan seems to be the sort of person who gets what she wants anyway! It may take her a little time but she makes the grade. She doesn't snatch at things, either. She takes the trouble to prepare herself for what she wants to do which is an act of faith that fates delights in rewarding.

Sam Wood, who is directing the picture, tells me Joan's method of handling this part promises great things for her future career. "I discovered I had a young Pauline Frederick on my hands," he told me. "Joan is a very sincere and a very hard worker. She wants to do big things and she will do bigger things before she is through, or I am very much mistaken. She brings to this part an understanding and emotional quality few people dreamed she had."

Joan has had her own ideas of training herself for her new field. When talking pictures first came in everyone was in a panic about voices. So-called voice teachers sprang up like mushrooms. How were these girls to know whether or not they were good teachers? Some of the unvarying ones nearly lost their voices through bad training. Joan refused to take from any teachers, feeling that she wanted time to make up her mind. And now she is glad. When things stabilized a little she took singing and dancing. And she studies the work of experienced actors.

"Once you have technique, you are free to study the fine points of emotional acting," Joan said. "Before this picture began I worked myself into the mood of the character and I haven't stepped out of it since. Poor Douglas!" she laughed. "I go home at night in a daze and answer all his questions in the vaguest way. He isn't working just now so it must be thrilling for him. In a few days he is going on location and by the time he returns I shall have finished the picture and returned to my normal state of mind."

Before she enters a heavy scene Joan paces up and down the set working herself into the emotional pitch required. When the director calls, "Ready, Joan," she dashes into the scene. "And then," said Joan, "right in the middle of it when I am going strong, something goes wrong with the lights or the camera or the sound and we have to stop. Then I have to pace up and down all over again to get into it!" Oh, it's a great life, this picture business.

We were talking about diet (Continued on page 114)
Our 1931 Catalogue

Can we interest you in a very complete line of Hollywood bachelors? We have them in all sizes, styles, ages, nationalities and colorings. Come try your luck.

Good-looking. Interesting. Amusing. Fascinating. Models to suit all tastes, if not all pocketbooks! There's Kenneth MacKenna, at present just about the most sought-after man in the film capital. Tall, slim, elegant, with the bluest eyes you ever saw—eyes that look right at you with friendly interest when you speak to him.

His father was a celebrated portrait painter, his mother is a journalist of note, his brother, a New York artist, his cousin, a distinguished novelist, and his great-aunt was Charlotte Cushman, well-known actress. He owns several yachts at Cape Cod, always smokes a pipe, loves swordfishing because it's dangerous, and made good on Wall Street before he embarked on a stage career.

He thinks 'nice people' are uninteresting and depletes the fact that he's usually cast as a nice young man.

He likes to be boss. Meek young ladies, if there are any left, take notice!

Here we have Charles Rogers, known as 'America's Boy Friend,' and recipient of the greatest number of fan letters written to a male star. 6' 1" tall, brown eyes, black hair, winning smile. Plays any number of musical instruments, including the saxophone, a point which may need pondering. He likes nice clothes, owns a DuPont car and a place in Beverly Hills. But his folks...
of BACHELORS

All styles, sizes, ages, colorings—in models to suit all tastes!

By
Ruth Tildesley

was born in Montana and now owns a dude ranch there.
Gary wears gloves almost always, but he doesn't like parties, and is not what you might call 'chatty.' Now and then he says 'Yes' and 'No.'
Paramount has two other six-foot bachelors whom we include on our list: Phillips Holmes, son of Taylor, and Stanley Smith, who went to Hollywood High School.
Phillips likes girls, enjoys parties and gaiety, and loves playing jokes on his friends. He's the life of the party, especially down at the pleasure concessions on Southern California beaches.
Stanley lives with his mother in a Hollywood apartment, favors tan suits and would rather play golf than eat.
If you're not out for looks, it might pay you to investigate our next two models: Jack Oakie and Stuart Erwin.
Jack isn't dressy—he's usually seen in a sweat shirt, white trousers and patent leather shoes. He eats spaghetti, too, and wisecracks off the screen just as he does on it. We doubt if any wife could get him into a dinner jacket.
Stuart, on the other hand, is very well dressed in private life, is quiet and retiring, interested in the legitimate stage, and looks most biddable. But he probably isn't. And he has his eye on Ginger Rogers.
If your choice falls on something extremely (Continued on page 128)
A new blonde has made a ripple in the cinema lake. Claire Luce, one of Ziggy's girls, star of the Paris Follies, and the dramatic heroine of "Burlesque," wins a place in talking pictures.

Hollywood's 'Gone' on the Luce!

Claire Luce, New York's dancing daughter, makes the film's Gold Coast Wake Up and Dream

By Merle Carver

All Gaullywood is divided into three parts. Faith, hope and blondes. And but the most numerous of these, are blondes! But now a new blonde has made a ripple in Cinema Lake. A meteor descended from Broadway. A comet arrived from Paris. Fox has just sent her "Up the River" in that original story by Maurine Watkins of "Chicago" fame—and her return trip, so they gossip—will be in "Luxury." Then the fans will, no doubt, all turn gentlemen—and fame again play fast and Luce. Claire Luce.

She's a girl who knew what she wanted. An adopted daughter of Terpsichore, the fickle dancing muse. A girl who looked through the picket fence, who lived on the wrong side of the railroad tracks, snubbed by the girls who wore nice clothes and did nice things. A tomboy who wore knickers and decided at a tender age she'd 'show 'em.' And she's showed them in more than one show!

She's danced in the Music Box Revue in New York, in Ziegfeld's Follies. Did bits in Eddie Cantor's show on Broadway. She took Mistinguette's place as premiere danseuse of the Paris Follies. She played the feminine lead in "Burlesque" in London. She starred in "Scarlet Pages" in New York.

Everything has worked out the way she wanted it. She decided she would dance. She did. She planned to go on the stage. She did. She determined to do specialty dancing for Ziegfeld. She did. She wanted to see Paris. She did that, too. She longed to do dramatic parts. "Burlesque" and "Scarlet Pages" were her answer. Her only surprise, she will tell you, was the talkies. She hadn't thought of that. That was practically Fox's own idea. But she is heartily in favor of it.

It all sounds like an Alger book! The raggedy waif, adopted by a dancing instructress, who rose to fame and wealth and married the millionaire's son. She looks like Little Eva inspired by Aubrey Beardsley, and like Topsy 'she just grew.'

(Continued on page 127)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

From "FIGHTING CARAVANS"
Did you ever see a lovelier gown than this? Above, a glimpse of the décolletage. Left, above, as it looks with its matching very short satin cape-wrap. Of blue satin, the costume is lined throughout with green. Note the graceful train.

MARION DAVIES’ OWN LITTLE FASHION SHOW

You'll see the street costume at the left worn by Marion Davies in her new film, "The Bachelor Father." It's a study in brown, created by Callot—brown flannel skirt, brown astrakhan coat and muff. The hat is a Suzanne Talbot model of brown antelope, and brown suede opera pumps complete the ensemble. Smart!
Pajamas to dream about but not in! Vionnet created this stunning lounging ensemble of blue georgette crepe and silver cloth.

A Hollywood guide to Paris chic! Marion Davies brings back a new winter wardrobe from her French vacation.

Below, a Vionnet model of black chiffon velvet designed especially for Miss Davies during her recent stay in Paris. Irish lace inserted in the square neckline, and cuffs set on above the elbow, are novel notes. It is belted at the natural waistline with rhinestones.

Right, an evening ensemble by Redfern created for Marion Davies. The gown is of black chiffon velvet with a peplum of white ermine. A short white ermine jacket with a rolled collar is worn with it.

All Photographs of Miss Davies by Apeda
Oh, come on, now, Joe E. Brown, give us a grin!

Why? Well, you're supposed to be funny, aren't you?

That's a little better, but—look here, Joe E.—

You can do a lot better if you really want to.

Laugh, Brown, Laugh!

All pictures of Mr. Brown by Elmer Fryer
That's a little more like it. Still—try it again.

Say, Joe, tip us off, won't you? What's the joke?

What? No! And then what did he say? He didn't!

Well, it must be funny, that's all! It better be funny!

That's a good one! Ha-ha! Ho-ho! And likewise hee-hee.
WHEN you look at us like that, Laura La Plante, with your smart new beaver coat and swagger felt hat, we wish more than ever that you'd get busy and make some more pictures!
THE Mystery Woman of the movies: Mary Pickford! When will she make up her mind what she's going to do next? Will it be "Kiki" or a couple of other girls? Hurry up, Mary!
JUST a silhouette of a popular guy. Who is he? Come, come! You won't find the answer in the back of the book this time, because if you don't recognize J-ck O-kie you're no movie fan!
GUESS again—who's this bored man of the world? It's too easy! Philo Vance won't have to be called in on this one. We'd know that cigarette holder anywhere, Mr. W-lliam Pow-ll!
If a man is known by the company he keeps, certainly a woman is known by the hats she wears. And so you'll know that the eyes under this very smart chapeau belong to Lilvan Tashman.
WHAT, has success gone to Leila Hyams' head? It can't be that, because Leila is one of the real girls of Hollywood. Maybe she wants to show off her pretty bob, and why not?
ALL GOOD ACTORS!

Character! It's the backbone of every motion picture, and the men and boys who portray it are just as important as the stars. Here's to them!

Ivan Lebedeff plays suave villains in his own fascinating fashion.

Jackie Coogan, the Grand Little Old Man of the movies, now in "Tom Sawyer." It's his film come-back. Give him a lot of hands!

Raymond Hackett is a juvenile—with a difference. He is honest, sincere and his every picture performance proves it to us.
Eugene Pallette, you old picture-stealer, you! Your appearance on the screen is the signal for a good, rowdy, high old time!

Below, Paul Lukas, most polished and accomplished of those 'continental' villains. He'll be featured in "Ladies' Man."

Frank Morgan, from the stage, brings a new brand of sophistication to pictures. His latest is "Fast and Loose"—you'll like him.

Robert Armstrong is versatile—sometimes a hero, often a comedian, and then one of the best of the 'character' actors.
Dot's New Dresses!

Dorothy Mackail did some shopping the other day. Look around and see the results.

The most piquant pajamas of the season! Of black crepe, the wide trousers are banded in maribou. The draped neckline is finished with a band of silver and gold brocade. Designed by Lanvin.
The evening frock of black lace worn by Dorothy Mackaill has a most interesting treatment of the back décolletage. A ruffle of lace is draped from shoulder to shoulder! An idea, girls.

Right, another view of Dorothy's evening dress. Note the three little tiers from waist to hip line, accenting Miss Mackaill's slender figure. Dot wears with it some of the new pastel jewelry.

Short wraps are awfully important this season, they tell us. Dorothy's is of black velvet, luxuriously trimmed with fine, fuzzy white fox. All these clothes are from Bergdorf-Goodman.
Christmas Suggestions

Anita Page suggests

MEEKER MADE R

Leather Goods

Anita Page
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THE MEEKER COMPANY, INC., JOPLIN, MO.
LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF STEERHIDE PRODUCTS IN THE UNITED STATES
He Rôles His Own!

"I'm an actor," says Walter
Huston—but he doesn't 'act'

By
Marie House

"Sure,' they'd say, 'he's acting Lincoln.' Exactly. But
that's not the way Lincoln himself would have walked.
"This is the way Lincoln himself would do." He goes
again to the impromptu stage at the end of the room, and
with just the slightest shade, just the merest difference
in exaggeration of gesture and speech, he repeats the
action and comes down the room. That was Lincoln!
Now you know the difference between acting and what
Walter Huston does. But he spent months studying
Lincoln, reading everything he could find about him,
until he knew him, backwards and forwards. Knew how
he felt in different situations. He could be that man.
But what about another rôle, something you
couldn't read about and study?
"The key to every char-
acter you play is in the
words he says," Huston
explains. "You don't have
to interpret it. It's there.
Just as the author planned
it. The man's personality
is sketched for you. So
there's only one way to do
a rôle, the way it's written.
Sometimes just a bit of a
conversation will give you
a clue to the kind of per-
son you are to be. Then
it's the simplest matter to
play it. The words really
say themselves. They
couldn't be expressed any
other way."

He picks up a book.
"The Criminal Code" by
Martin Flavin. This is to
be his next talking, he tells
you. He takes the part of
the district attorney,
Brady, who is later made
warden of a prison. He
leaves through the pages.
"Here, for instance," he
goes on, "a kid has
been mixed up in a brawl
in a speakeasy and has
killed another boy. He
was drunk and the boy
wasn't bad. It was just a
tough break for him.
(Continued on page 128)
Accent your Personality with Perfume

How to charm by choosing a scent to express your individuality

By Anne Van Alstyne

By Romance, out of History, may truthfully be considered the parenthood of perfume! And since earliest historical times woman has lived chiefly for Romance—regardless of how strenuously she may deny it—no feminine personality dare leave this important matter of perfume out of her daily equation, if she wants to be an emotional success.

Here we are, on the verge of a new year, but still with a bit of time left for last minute Christmas gift suggestions. How about perfume? It will fill a sure niche in every woman’s heart. But have a care now! For if you step into the average shop, you are so overcome by the glamour and beauty of thousands of crystal-clear, colored bottles that you’re as apt as not to select lily-of-the-valley scent for a red-headed passion flower, and a cut-glass vial of oriental musk for the sweet girl of your dreams. And either is absolutely out, as you well know.

Yet perfume must be procured. For in these modern days a woman unscented is as thrilling as a kiss on the hand! And to stand out from the herd, it is absolutely imperative that every girl accent her everyday personality with those little soupsons of fragrant mystery which connote the difference between an old-fashioned wall flower and a 1931 triple ignition queen.

But before you select a perfume to accent your own personality or the personality of a friend, you’ve got to know women! Types of women, and what scent makes or mars their personality.

First, let’s consider the young blonde type of femininity who wants to accent her gentle personality into a memory so lasting that ‘the one man’ can never forget!

The keynote of this type is delicacy. She should wear pastel colors, keep her voice soft and low, and confine herself only to flower odors. Lily-of-the-valley. Lilac, Acacia. Anita Page, with that dreamy look in her low-lidded eyes, is a shining exponent of this classification.

Next we take the brunettes—the girls who conjure up visions of old Stamboul, of temple bells tinkling in the Far East sun. This is the sort to whom belong the spicy, floral scents. Also the exotics: jasmine, sandalwood, magnolia, tuberose, jonquil, chypre, and gardenia, all of these blended perhaps with the tiniest trifle of musk, to enhance the exoticism of this oriental kind of personality. Norma Shearer and Fay Wray, too, illustrate graphically this romantic sector of the female sex.

For the red, the auburn, or the titaun-haired, of which Nancy Carroll’s carrot top tops the list—we have a variety of choices, one to suit nearly every mood. These women need a clear fragrance which stills and soothes even as it disturbs. Violet, heliotrope, and rose are three favorites for redheads. Even in the morning, this positive type of girl refuses to go unscented. They may go out with-
MARY LEE
ON BEAUTY AND COSMETICS.

Beginning next month, and every month thereafter, Mary Lee will write a series of special articles on "The Truth About Cosmetics." Miss Lee, formerly of Smart Set, is one of America's foremost beauty experts, and will give to SCREENLAND's readers important, helpful advice about beauty and cosmetics. Watch for Mary Lee's "The Truth About Cosmetics" in the February SCREENLAND.

something decidedly psychological about it. Shakespeare said: "Rosemary, that's for remembrance." But I'm afraid these hardy, perennial bachelors of today won't be disturbed by such a fragile perfume as that. It takes naughtier measures in this year, 1931. So pretty lady, take your dainty flower scent and put a small portion in a tiny bottle. Next, rush out to one of the many manufacturers who sell perfumes in bulk, and buy yourself a purse-sized vial of the most mysterious and heavy perfume your little nose desires. Go in now for a little chemical reaction. Shake it up! One-third heavy to two-thirds light, if you feel only mildly daring. But two-thirds heavy to one-third light if you are going to let the chips fall where they may. Experiment a little. Some like it hot—some cold. You know. Be a little perfume creator in your own home.

While it is fascinating to be your own mixer, it is perhaps more economical in the long run to possess several different perfumes. No one, naturally, would use the heavy scent when playing golf. The golf 'pro' would feel like ordering you off the course! In the same measure, no one would choose a delicate, floral odor when dressed for the evening in one of these sophisticated toilets, à la Estelle Taylor. And if you're a business girl—and who isn't these days?—remember that you adjust rather than discard your feminine attributes. And not the least feature of your commercial ensemble is your perfume. Even a business girl catches more flies with sugar than vinegar. But don't forget to use scent during office hours sparingly, be sure it possesses a clean fragrance, and that it is not too sweet.

And here is another point not to be disregarded. Every rite of the dressing table and toilette is scented today. Powder, cream, bath salts, bath soap, and so on. And they should all blend. A pleasant convenience is buying soap, toilet water and per-

(Continued on page 112)
Reviews of the

Six Best Films of the Month:

KISMET  CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK
FEET FIRST  A LADY'S MORALS
LITTLE CAESAR  THE BIG TRAIL

Turn to Page 109 for the casts of current films

The Big Trail
Fox

BIG is the word! 20,000 people and 30,000 animals, or the other way around. Anyway, it's a BIG picture. And you'll like it, unless you have reached the mental age when covered wagons and Indians no longer interest—and then I am sorry for you. It's got a big kick out of this smashing adventure of the pioneers fighting their way west, and the very human drama and comedy that unrolls as they roll along, against a backdrop of scenic grandeur. Thank Old Mother Nature, although Director Raoul Walsh was a great collaborator in this case. John Wayne, new boy, wins our Honor Page. Laurels go to Marguerite Churchill, Tyrone Power, Tully Marshall, David Rollins, and Ian Keith—all splendid.

Feet First
Lloyd-Paramount

THANK Hays for Harold Lloyd! Here he comes in another one of his all too occasional comedies, and you can breathe a sigh of relief, for he hasn't gone smart-aleck on us; he hasn't acquired any high-flown ideas about art; and he isn't too proud to give us a sound version of his funniest stunt—the perilous balancing act of "Safety Last." His new film is packed and jammed with fun, from first to last, but by far the most hilarious scenes are those in which Harold weaves about on the scaffolding of a tall building high above the street, sending his audience into stitches of suspense. Added attractions: Hawaii and pretty Barbara Kent.

Check and Double Check
Radio Pictures

THIS review could be written in just three words: Don't Miss It! But I suppose you'll want to know 'Why?' and you have a right to ask. The screen debuts of famous entertainers of other mediums aren't always smash hits. But you can count on this one. It's grand. Your old pals, Amos 'n' Andy—a snack to any little boy or girl who says Amos and Andy by mistake—are just as funny in what is practically the flesh as you ever thought they would be when you tuned in on the most popular radio program in the world. You won't be let down. The Fresh-Air Taxicab, Kingsfish—the Mystic Knights—you'll find them all here. And there are Sue Carol and Irene Rich to supply paler and polite interest.
Best Pictures

SCREENLAND'S Critic Selects the Most Important Screenplays of the Month

Kismet
First National

"KISMET" would be an important picture if only for the fact that it brings to the talkers Otis Skinner, America's foremost actor, in his most famous stage rôle. But it does more than that. It gives us something new in film fare, a story half fantasy, half realism of the romantic school. There is poesy and there is the glamour of old Arabia, and also thrilling melodrama which convinces us that Bagdad, too, had its underworld, its corrupt politicians, its murder mysteries, and its languorous ladies. Skinner is magnificent as the rascally beggar and Mary Duncan is gorgeous as the harem favorite. Loretta Young and David Manners are fine as the young lovers and Sidney Blackmer is at his nastiest! A picture for your 'Must' list.

A Lady's Morals
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

A BRAND new and a grand new screen star—meet Grace Moore. This lady from opera is a revelation. Charming, young, natural, sweet—she will win her largest audience with her very first picture. And her voice—well, if you think you're through with music—films don't give up until you have seen-heard this one, then you'll want more (Moore—get it?) The Metropolitan Opera star as Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale, is fascinating. And how she sings! Reginald Denny, playing Miss Lind's private life, is practically co-star. He's splendid. Wallace Beery, as Barnum, who managed Jenny's American debut at the old Aquarium, gives a grand performance. A thoroughly charming screenplay.

Little Caesar
First National

HERE is the most ruthless and thrilling picture of gangland that has found its way to the screen. If you read W. R. Burnett's novel you will not be disappointed for the book lives on the screen and is perhaps an even more moving, vital dramatic work. Edward G. Robinson as Little Caesar, the gunman who leaves the sticks to make good in the big town, gives a cruel, unforgettable performance as he rises in power and becomes a Big Shot. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., contributes a fine portrayal as the sleek dancer; Thomas Jackson is again the suave detective; and Glenda Farrell is good as the girl. If you like rare red meat, I recommend this piece. But it isn't intended for the squeamish.

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:

Otis Skinner in "Kismet"
Grace Moore in "A Lady's Morals"
John Wayne in "The Big Trail"
Harold Lloyd in "Peet First"
Edward Robinson in "Little Caesar"
Edmund Lowe in "Scotland Yard"
Kay Francis in "The Virtuous Sin"
Spencer Tracy in "Up the River"
Warren Hymer in "Up the River"
Amos 'n Andy in "Check and Double Check"

Otis Skinner is superb in "Kismet," with a cast including Mary Duncan.

Grace Moore scores in her screen debut as Jenny Lind, with Reginald Denny.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Edward Robinson in "Little Caesar"—exciting!
The Virtuous Sin
Paramount
Gorgeous Kay Francis and Walter Huston do right by a trite story. Kay sets out to vamp the iron-faced general, Huston, to save her husband, but falls in love with him and he with her. See this if you like grown-up sophisticated drama. Jobyna Howland as a café owner is a howl.

Up the River
Fox
Make way for a new comedy team—Spencer Tracy and Warren Hymer. You'll welcome them—they're a riot. This picture is a grand burlesque of prison life with a laugh a minute. Claire Luce is the feminine lead—she's new and nice, too. You'll lose the blues if you see this.

Maybe It's Love
Warner Brothers
If it's a football game you crave, this should satisfy. The authentic All-American team is in it and they make spectacular plays. However, Joan Bennett's clever line stops them and they like it. Jimmy Hall wins the game and Joan Bennett; Joe E. Brown wins the comedy honors.

War Nurse
M-G-M
The horrors of war again, embroidered by a bevy of beauties including Anita Page and June Walker, but still—war. Heavy drama occasionally enlivened by bright bits of June and Bob Montgomery, and a poignant scene or two, but mostly morbidly dull and dreary.

Billy the Kid
M-G-M
Bold, bad, brave Billy the Kid—he killed 21 men before he was 21 years old but he was a right nice boy, anyway. If you like wild western fairy tales, don't miss this; it's entertaining but not important. Johnny Mack Brown plays Billy; Kay Johnson's the girl who makes him honest.

Lady of the Lake
Fitzpatrick
Way For a Sailor
*M-G-M*

John Gilbert is a rough, tough and racy gob with a couple of girls in every port, that is, until he meets Leila Hyams. Jack deserves a better story than this. Polly Moran and Wallace Beery almost steal the picture. It's virile, he-man stuff and may bring Jack back in talkers.

Big Money
*Pathé*

You'd never think a nice lad like Eddie Quillan would become a racketeer—but he does. 'Lucky Eddie' makes easy money gambling until Miriam Seegar, his ex-boss' daughter, gets 'that way' about him. It boasts a good cast, too: Robert Armstrong, James Gleason, and Robert Edeson.

Scotland Yard
*Fox*

A great chance for Edmund Lowe to prove his versatility—as if he has to prove it. He plays a dual 'masquerader' rôle in this rather leisurely comedy-drama of London social and crook circles. You'll enjoy it, especially Lowe's scenes with lovely little Joan Bennett.

Sinner's Holiday
*Warner Brothers*

This is a thriller. A peep behind the scenes in an amusement park run by racketeers. Lucille La Verne as the hard-boiled owner of the Penny Arcade, who tries to save her weakling son from jail, gives an excellent performance. You'll like Grant Withers as a barker.

Half Shot at Sunrise
*Radio*

They're in the army now—Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, we mean. For brisk and breezy comedy, place your bets on this. The story—why bring that up? You'll laugh plenty. Dorothy Lee and Leni Stengel, a new feminine 'menace,' are pleasingly present. Good frank fun.

The Silver Horde
*Radio*

This is a fish story—you can call it the 'Silver Horde' but it's just salmon to us. However, this Rex Beach novel of Alaskan fisheries packs a wallop. Evelyn Brent and Jean Arthur angle for Joel McCrea but Evelyn Brent makes the catch. Miss Brent is a lovely Cherry Malotte.
Noël! Noël! Cheer up, you college boys and girls, and all others, too, who are so far away from home you can't get back for Christmas and the New Year's holidays. Irene Rich, Hollywood's prize smart mother, has an especially tender spot in her heart for you. And just to prove it, and to help you celebrate in a good old-fashioned way, Miss Rich is going to let every mother, grandma, and aunt—to say nothing of sisters and sweeties—into the secret of what she intends to send her own two daughters, away at school. She wishes you the jolliest kind of Christmas and hopes your own Yuletide boxes will be exact duplicates of those she is addressing today, in her pretty, slanting handwriting, to her brace of lucky girls, Miss Frances and Miss Jane Rich.

Miss Rich realizes just how lonesome you will be when the last train has pulled out of your college town, with its pullmans crowded with laughing, singing, joking boys and girls, dating each other up for all the Christmas proms and parties. As you walk back to your dormitory across the deserted, snow-covered campus, you'll be wondering how you'll bear to be away from the old folks at home for the first time in your life. But you'd be surprised! Right this minute, back home, ma and grandma and auntie are out in their big, sunny kitchens pulling fragrant pans out of steamy, pungent ovens, making up boxes to send to you. And more than half of the sorrow of being away from home will be forgotten when you sink your teeth into that plum pudding and polish off the occasion with Irene Rich's special Chocolate Fudge and Lulu Paste.

Nobody could be a better guide to goodies than Irene Rich. It's a sad thing that most actresses, and many business mothers, must be separated from their children a good part of the time. And for this reason Irene has spent a large proportion of the last dozen years contriving surprises for her girls, for her friends' children, and for orphans who have no parents to think of them. And it is one of her chief hobbies to put almost as much imagination and effort into this side of her life as she does into creating those roles which have delighted us for such a long time. For she tropes as a mother both on and off the screen.

Miss Rich pays as much attention to the outside of her boxes as she does to the inside. She prefers great holly paper-covered containers for her college Christmas parcels. She thinks these are cheerier. But for the individual packages, she likes pure white tissue paper, because it looks so dainty. Red ribbons tie them gaily, and funny little toys are packed among the eatables just as you have favors and
CHRISTMAS BOXES

CHOCOLATE FUDGE
Boil 2 cups white sugar, 2 squares bitter chocolate, 1/4 teaspoon cream tartar, 1/2 cup water or milk, and 2 tablespoons butter, until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Before pouring on a buttered platter, beat quickly until it begins to thicken, adding chopped nuts hurriedly, and pour to cool. Cut in squares.

LULU PASTE
Put one pound of sharp cheese, one small onion, and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley through the meat grinder, adding one-quarter teaspoon of mustard, a small bottle of chili sauce, and a few drops of tobacco sauce. Seal paste in a glass jar, where it will remain appetizing for some time.

horns and caps and whistles around the Christmas dinner table.

And what a delicious fragrance escapes as you take off the lid of the holly-covered box! And what's in this first carefully wrapped package? Gingerbread boys! Just like your mother used to cut out for you from the dough that was left after the big pan of gingerbread was put into the oven. Only now, to add to this special occasion, these gingerbread boys are decorated in pink and white candy trimming.

But look! Here's an enormous cake, covered with that special kind of Chocolate Fudge icing. And here's another. But this is a fruit cake. And not that old, hard, dry kind, either, but a grand juicy one filled with nuts and raisins and citron and orange peel. Down in the corner are half a dozen little packages. Salted nuts, chocolate creams, some of that old-fashioned stick and hard candy—just to let you know your mother still thinks of you as her baby, even though you've been invited over to Princeton for the second time, and by a senior, too!

Here's Edam cheese, which makes you feel frightfully grown-up and British, somehow, and Lulu paste; to say nothing of date cookies, date bars, nut cookies, and at last, wedged right into the bottom, the pièce de résistance—a big, fragrant plum pudding tied with a scarlet sash. Just thinking about it makes us wish we could live school days over again—if only to receive one of Irene Rich's special Christmas boxes.

Perhaps some mothers would object to so much candy," Miss Rich explains, "but a famous dietician told me that Americans are apt to endanger their health by avoiding candy and sweets so strenuously. We need sugar for fuel," Miss Rich went on, "just as an automobile needs gas. Sugar, you know, creates energy, and we all need that in these days," she finished laughing.

"But it might be a good idea for me to explain," Miss Rich took up her story again, "about the olive oil I use to salt the nuts. If a person is inclined to be too plump, butter may be better. This same dietician told me, by the way, that butter is essential to health, and oil is not. Also, that olive oil is dreadfully fattening—more so than butter even.

"Figs and dates and nuts, you all know, are very healthful. I always have cakes and cookies made for my daughters with these ingredients instead of plain sugar cookies or white layer cakes. Oatmeal, bran, and whole wheat are excellent, too, if a person will only use a little effort and imagination.

"Cheese is very healthy food, for this diet specialist told me that it retains the proteins of milks—doesn't that sound technical?—and is brain fuel as well as body food. So you want to remem- (Continued on page 106)

Who wouldn't like to sink a tooth into these gingerbread goodies—one of Irene Rich's last-minute holiday surprises?

Irene Rich has plenty of laughs, being in "Check and Double Check" with Amos 'n' Andy; still she seems wistful. Is it because she's about to say goodbye to her girls for another school year?
The
Stage
in
Review

"ONCE IN A LIFETIME"

This is probably the most crashing, cutting cari-
catural swipe yet made at Hollywood, the center
of the world's intelligentsia, the very Athens of
Western culture.

It was written by two boys who were never in Holly-
wood. That's the reason it is so good. (Chicago, for
instance, is a bad town if you've never been there.
When you get there, it's as quiet as Philadelphia on
Sunday.) These two bad boys are Moss Hart, and
George S. Kaufman, who does a small part, but does it
very well: a playwright who sits for months in his 'cell'
waiting to be told to write.

"There's a great field out there for a man who could
turn out the wrong picture," is the keynote.

A sap from the East, (played gorgeously by Hugh
O'Connell), actually goes out there, makes the wrong
picture (a do-over from Biograph, 1910), is about to
run away when he finds it out, but discovers in the Los
Angeles papers that it is a tremendous hit.

He celebrates with the Big Lemon, Herman Glogauer,
by ordering the studio torn down.

Everything and everybody in Hollywood is ripped up
the spine by Hart and Kaufman except Janet Gaynor,
who gets the only praising line. There are so many
screamingly funny bits in this play that my only advice
is to see it. Everyone is good.

But, gentlemen, while you've written a great show, it simply isn't
Hollywood.

"GIRL CRAZY"

The Gershwin brothers, George and Ira, knocked out another Broad-
way success with "Girl Crazy," the
scenes of which are laid in Custer-
ville, Arizona, where anything may
happen. What happens is the ad-
vent there of Ginger Rogers.

What would be the good of trying
to tell you the plot of this ranch
play? It's funny, picturesque, and
as noisy as Gershwin can make it.

Ethel Merman, Willie Howard,
Bill Kent, and Miss Rogers are some
who help make "Girl Crazy" a hit.

Miss Rogers provides the 'Ginger' for "Girl Crazy," a bright musical comedy knocked out by George and Ira Gershwin.

Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen, three hot shots in the new musical show, "Three's a Crowd."

Sally Phipps, on vacation from screenland, helps Hugh O'Connell and Charles Halton put over "Once in a Lifetime."
SCREENLAND brings you the critical cream of Broadway's winter season in these terse reviews. If you can't see the plays on the boards, you'll be sure to catch them on the talking screen!

By

Benjamin De Casseres

"THREE'S A CROWD"

Howard Dietz, who holds a big film job with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, was mainly concerned in "Three's a Crowd," which is a rather superior Broadway musical comedy.

Clifton Webb, Fred Allen and Libby Holman are the high shots in this revue. Of course, there are dull moments here and there, but I really prefer Mr. Dietz to Mr. Gershwin. There's more brain matter in Howard.

The dancers were directed by Albertina Rasch, and are delightful.

It's a hit! And I'm so glad Howard can now loaf on the Riviera if he wants to.

"FINE AND DANDY"

"What is Joe Cook?" I asked, knocked cuckoo at 11 P. M.

Up spoke Itza Wow: "Joe Cook—why, he's the superman of humbug, the enemy of the intelligentsia, the machine lunatic, a grotesque gnome, King of all Brainless Monkeyshines."

Joe is the Einstein theory gone double nuts; he is the Keely Motor on a perpetual jag; he is clown, philosopher, juggler, au guillard, a bon diable, a montebank, a mad pickled-herring, a caricaturist, a jack-pudding, a persifleur, a divine jackass!

"Fine and Dandy" was writ by one Donald Ogden Stewart, another grand old crackpot. But the amazing contraptions are by Joe Cook himself. He's got the most grotesque machines you ever imagined in your wildest fantasies with old Gunga Gin.

There is a great ensemble climax of dirt dumpers, a saxophone, baseball and golf players, and a monkey in a palm tree that is the most screaming idea that ever rolled out of a man's head—Joe Cook's. And it's a chemically pure show.

Also it's a night, believe me! "You'll laugh your glands back into their in-the-gloaming state." said Itza Wow.

"NINA ROSA"

Black-hearted, knife-throwing, big Peruvian-bark villains; exquisite, dainty, sigh-heaving little Peruvian girls; bravvy, big-hearted, me-no-afraid American financiers from the wide-open spaces of Chicago; music by Sigmund Romberg that no show need be ashamed of; a chorus that wouldn't sound bad in Otto Kahn's Big Cabaret at 39th. and Broadway; and scenery by Watson Barrett that makes you. (Continued on page 110)
IT looks like Gloria Swanson's marriage to the Marquis is to be Reno-vated. Yes, Gloria is trouping as an ex-wife now. She's entered suit for a divorce from her former 'Hank.' Hank has nothing to say. Intimating he's always ready to allow a lady her way. However, other folks say plenty. Mostly that Constance Bennett will be in a receptive matrimonial frame of mind when Hank is finally free. We'll see!

In case you don't know it, Lupe Velez has a soul. The whole quivering beauty of it—no fooling—appears in the talking version of Tolstoi's "Resurrection" which Edwin Carewe is directing. Along with the discovery of Lupe's soul comes the startling news that John Boles can act—as well as sing. But if John couldn't respond to Lupe's fiery emotionalism, there would be no hope. If Lupe—as a haggard, beaten woman, listening to a life sentence at hard labor in Siberia—doesn't tear your heart out, you must be made of sterner stuff than usual, Gunga Din.

While Lupe's under fire, perhaps you'd like to know she has practically no superstitions except that she will guillotine anyone who whistles in her dressing room. Also, her chauffeur has orders to turn around if a black cat crosses the path of her automobile. Then, too, she doesn't like goldfish. "Ver' bad luck," she considers them. There was one in the lily pool of her Beverly Hills home when she bought it. She couldn't make up her mind to kill it or to buy her lonely tenant a mate. "He doesn't care, he swim' all by hiui-self," she said with a marvelous, expressive gesture of her little brown paw. "He flap about and have fine time. I think he's happy he's not married, maybe like me." But now that continual reports drift in that Lupe and Gary Cooper actually are married, the Mexican girl may have changed her mind. Which, after all, is what women are supposed to do.

Screen News!

Hot gossip from Hollywood, New York, and all film points between

Before the fireplace in his den, Hugh Trevor exerts a man's prerogative of being alone—that is, if you don't count the ivory elephant. Hugh is Betty Compson's 'heart.'

How'd you like a boudoir in the desert—like Lester Vail, hero of "Beau Ideal," Lester is being made up in the big open spaces and Barney Stiegl is patiently waiting his turn.
Of course, that chic Ina Claire, starring in "The Royal Family," would be the first person photographed from the new camera elevator.

In the trial scene of Lupe's picture, she has to scream out her innocence, always a difficult thing with the 'mike.' She worried. How would she pitch her voice? "Eddie," she called to Carewe, "what about de pitch?" "Don't worry," Carewe told her, "you say it the way you feel it. We'll take care of the pitch." Lupe sat with a perfectly dead pan for almost a moment. Then she put her heel on the cigarette that had dropped from her fingers and rose: "To Hells wid de pitch!" she said, and took her place on the stand.

Robert Montgomery's marriage can't be kept a secret any longer. Not with Martha Bryan, Bob's new six and one-half pound baby girl, on deck. (Don't forget the half pound or papa'll sock!) "Betty—Mrs. Montgomery—and I wanted to keep our marriage to ourselves and our friends," Bob explained. Swell chance, Mr. Montgomery. But it's a hundred to one bet you could get a load of sympathy from Mr. and Mrs. Charles Augustus Lindbergh!

Extra! Extra! Hollywood goes German! No, it's not German actors or directors that have knocked the cinema capital cuckoo. This time it's good old German food: sauerbraten, rot kraut, and all those nice 'reducing' dishes. Stark's Restaurant is the name of the spot, and most every evening the elite of the film colony may be seen 'Rolls Roycing' in that direction.

Garbo puts the lads on the anxious bench! Even Bob Montgomery, who has leading ladies fighting for his screen services. "What's chances of meeting Garbo?" Bob asked 'Napoleon Bonaparte' Thalberg. "I think I better meet her before I have to make love to her." Bob plays with Garbo in her new film, "Inpiration," but strange as it seems, he'd been on the same lot with her for eighteen months and never met her! On the first rehearsal day, Bob stepped up in a natty blue suit and tie. Someone asked what all the swank was about: "You usually show up for rehearsals in plus fours, Bob—why all the scenery? I bet it's because you're rehearsing with Garbo. You're nervous, too!" Bob glared and choked. "I'm always nervous the first rehearsal day," he answered. "Hate them. Nearly die of fright. Have a cold, too." Montgomery did have a cold, kept sniffing at a handkerchief drenched with vapex, and hugged a heavy top coat around his shoulders. But his preparations were all in vain. Garbo never showed up!

We hear Hugh Trevor and Betty Compson are still 'that way' about each other.

Richard Barthelmess and his wife were in New York on vacation recently. At the same time also were Joe E. Brown, Marian Nixon, Nancy Carroll, Dorothy Mackaill, James Rennie, Lois Moran, Mitzi Green, Ruth Roland and Ben Baird.
The other night Barthelmess took his mother to see "Abraham Lincoln." His wife was not along; she was in the hospital recuperating from an appendicitis operation. Dick heard a familiar voice behind him. He looked around and there was his old friend, Dorothy Gish, also with her mother. Dorothy and Dick used to be great pals when they were both playing in "The Bright Shawl."

Speaking of Dorothy, she has devoted the past few years almost exclusively to the care of her mother who has been seriously ill. Happily, Mrs. Gish is much better, and, to celebrate, Dorothy is taking her to all the shows in town. It's being rumored that Dorothy will return to the screen. If she does, there'll be a big reception committee waiting to greet her!

Lawrence Gray, the grand lad with the grand voice, has a wealthy society girl very much in love with him. No announcement so far.

From all reports, "Cimarron," the film being made from Edna Ferber's splendid novel of the oil country, is to be one of the finest pictures yet. But its tricky dialogue lassoed Dick Dix the other day. Dix had to make one of his most difficult scenes, but from early morning, everything had gone wrong—camera difficulties, sound tracks getting off on the wrong foot, and so on—until it was four o'clock before the big act started. Richard was tired and his voice and his eyes were worn out as a result of a week's driving work. When they got to the spot in Dixie Lee's trial where Dix has to make his big speech, he forgot his lines. During the process of re-shooting, he paced the floor—cramming. Estelle Taylor, who plays Dixie Lee, kept her fingers crossed for him. But no good. It was humanly impossible for Dick to snap out of it. He was exhausted. Three times the tricky speech threw the star. Finally, he tore off his wig, smeared his make-up and said: "Well, boys, this is the day's fade-out for Dix."

Fannie Brice, the little cut-up, tells of a Hollywood yes-man who said 'yes' so frequently he got a dimple in his chin from bumping it up and down on his pearl scarf pin!

Grant Withers stepped out on Loretta Young! But only to go moose hunting in Washington State with director Wellman, executive Zanuck, and director Adolphi. One day, Adolphi announced that he was going to remain home and rest up. The others razzed him, and left for the hunt. All day they trailed a moose but it eluded their efforts. Tired and disgusted, they
trudged home, finding their buddy, Adolphi, sitting on the doorstep with a gun on his knees—a grin on his face. He pointed to the body of a large moose lying dead some distance from the cabin. He had shot it from where he was sitting on the doorstep!

Everybody's saying that Lillian Gish and George Jean Nathan are about to listen to a little Wagner music—Lohengrin's Wedding March, to be specific. Perhaps Nathan can't stand bachelor bliss since his side-kick, H. L. Mencken entered marital blessedness.

Ann Harding triples, no, not in brass, in aluminum! She's not only a damned good actress, and a fine mother, but according to her husband, Harry Bannister, "a swell cook." Harry explains: "Tuesday night's cook's night out. And that's the time I cast off the diet rules. For Ann wields a mean skillet and swings a wicked culinary arm. My favorite dinner is a juicy steak, French fried potatoes, topped off by home-made biscuits. It's only on Tuesday night I'm sure the steak'll be golden brown, the potatoes crisp, and the biscuits, well—" he unbuttoned his vest, "we won't go into that. But someday, I'm going to yield to that certain feeling and fire the cook."

Young Doug Fairbanks has had a haircut! And you can thank Dick Barthelmess for it. Doug used to wear his hair in such a long bob that the fans, to tease him, sometimes enclosed 'two bits' for a hair cut in their letters. But Doug wouldn't take the hint. He liked his coiffure à la Aubrey Beardsley. But when Doug was cast to play the dashing rôle in the "Dawn Patrol," Barthelmess thought his hair was too long and kidded him into having it cut. But Doug was reluctant, and had to make several trips to the studio barber before Dick considered his hair was short enough.

Hollywood! The realm of unrealities. Be yourself and get nowhere. Put on an act and you're a success. At least, that's the way Joseph von Sternberg, who has turned out one of our ace directors, figures it. Joe says he would never have had a chance to show his stuff if he hadn't turned goofy. When he stepped up bright and businesslike and asked for a picture job, the studios all said "No." His fine experience meant exactly nil. After being out of work a few months, he let his hair grow, sprouted a mustache, wore eccentric clothes, buried his head in the huge collar of a great coat, and demanded a job. P. S. He got it. His latest film is "Morocco," with Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich.

*Right:* The perfect host! Ed Wynn, star of "Follow the Leader," shows Adolph Zukor through his own studio.

*Left:* One of these conferences you hear so much about—this time in the open air. Ruth Chatterton, David Manners and Director Wallace discuss "The Right to Love."
'Billy,' as Young Doug Fairbanks calls his wife, needs an ermine coat! No, silly, not for herself, but for her new picture, "Within the Law." Joan Crawford didn't want to risk wearing her own ermine wrap—canny girl! And after calling up every store in town, an emissary from the wardrobe department came in with two not very attractive coats over his arm. "Honest, Miss Crawford, there isn't an ermine wrap to be found in any Los Angeles store. They've all been rented for the opera!"

This year's opera season has been an especially distinguished one. The house was packed every night. Even Garbo broke her conventual calm and attended every performance. One evening she wore a soft ivory satin gown that fit her lithe body like the well-known glove. It had a graceful design in silver thread embroidered delicately over it, starting with long curling leaves, and reaching up from the hem to her creamy shoulders, which outlined in white fox seemed like frosted white flowers rising from a silvered calyx. A collage of deep velvety red roses added a striking splash of gorgeous color.

With so many opera stars in pictures, the visiting operatic artists are getting swell entertainment. Lawrence Tibbett threw a marvelous party at his Beverly Hills home and Grace Moore plans one for Jeritza. Grace has a perfect place for entertaining; one of these disjointed houses, spreading in all directions and on different levels. It's perched on the top of a mountain, in an estate of seventy-five acres, with a view of the Pacific Ocean and Catalina-on-a-clear-day. Grace was to sail for Paris to sing in opera there as soon as "New Moon" was finished, but now Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has lined up so many pictures for her that she has been persuaded to break her French engagement.

Mickey Mouse becomes immortal! Yes sir, Great Britain is giving Mickey the same recognition it accords to royalty and other distinguished personages! An official of Madame Taussaud's famous London museum of wax figures has called Walt Disney, creator of Mickey, asking permission to immortalize Mickey and Minnie, his sweetheart, in wax reproductions to stand alongside of Mussolini, Napoleon, and Mary Queen of Scots! Mickey has accepted.

Meet Rita La Roy's new boy friend. We don't know who he is. He's not in pictures, that's certain. But he's teaching Rita to play golf. And when a man does that, he's either thinking of marrying the gal or he's on leave from a 'nut' factory.

Mary Pickford has lost her pants! Not really, just pictorially. In "Kiki," she plays a chorus girl and with the rest of her pals is all dressed up in men's evening clothes. On this occasion, Mary's best young man is "out front." She sees him and forgets everything. One of the girls gives her a jab in the ribs to get her into line. Mary takes her bow, accidentally her suspenders snap, and her trousers come down!

Bill Boyd's in the cattle business. 's fact! This well-muscled screen hero needed a decrepit mule to play the rôle of Heliotrope in his new film, "The Painted Desert." After galloping all over the little Colorado Trading Post, on the Indian reservation in Arizona, he found a moth-eaten specimen wandering outside of

Claire Luce's finger tips are colored to match her evening frock. She's holding the famous Nassak diamond, worth a half-million!
Now's the time for an ax to get down to the heart of the matter.

's futile! Nothing but a tidbit no larger than a withered prune.

No more swanky grub for me, Hey, waiter, a ham sandwich!

an Indian hogan—something like an Eskimo igloo, only made of mud. A suspicious old squaw refused to rent the beast for three dollars a day. "No, seven dollar," she repeated. "Seven dollars is too much for one day," Boyd replied amicably. "Not one day—gimme seven dollar—you take um," the squaw mouthed. "You mean you'll sell him for seven dollars for the rest of his life but you won't rent him for three dollars for one day?" The aged woman nodded. "All right, sister," said Bill shelling out seven bucks, "but Heaven knows what I'll do with the mule when the picture's finished." The squaw reflected: "You gimme seven more dollar, I take um back." Not such a dusty answer!

Young Doug and Joan and Ramon Novarro dropped in to say good-by to the Jack Whitings the evening before they left for New York. Whitings just finished "Men in the Sky," playing opposite Irene Delroy, and is called to New York to fulfill a musical comedy engagement. Mrs. Whitings, you know, was Beth Sully Fairbanks, mother of young Doug. Novarro sang and played Mexican farewells until he had them laughing and crying at the same time.

Chief Bacon Rind, one of Oklahoma's wealthiest Osage Indians, who has limousines, fine houses, and all sorts of fancy clothes, is playing in "Cimarron" with Richard Dix just for the fun of it! The chief has almost as much money as the movie stars, receiving a large income from his oil lands. Some years ago, it is said, when Geraldine Farrar was singing in Tulsa, she stopped at the Tulsa Hotel to speak to the Chief and his wife. In her friendly way, she put her hand on his arm. Bacon Rind's wife was furious and there was a hot time in the old tepee that night, for Indians are not demonstrative and rarely shake hands or anything like that. Wonder what Mrs. Bacon Rind will think—if she's still in the picture—of the free and easy ways of Hollywood!

It's "School Days" for Evelyn Knapp. When Warner Brothers closed down their studio, as they annually do to give their contract people a vacation, the holidays are spent in various ways. Evelyn spent hers in school. Yes, teacher. She went to the new Westwood University and took classes in French and English. Only one girl guessed who she was and was sworn over to secrecy. Miss Knapp hopes to work in French versions of pictures as well as in English ones. Warner Brothers are delighted with her and consider Evelyn a great find.

Lila Lee, from her desert retreat, writes that she is quite recovered from the serious illness which threatened her. In a few weeks she says she will be back in Hollywood ready for work, at which time she may play in "The Squaw Man," a Cecil De Mille picture, if her health continues to improve. The desert's a great healer all right, but folks are willing to bet that it's old Doc Happiness who has fixed Lila up. She is engaged to be married to John Farrow, the scenarist. Romance looked shaky for a while, but John won his way back by thoughtful attentions while Lila was ill and alone. Shortly, Lila expects to go to Europe to visit John's mother, after which the marriage will probably take place.

Hollywood is going Palm Beach and the Riviera one better when it comes to jaunty clothes. And Clara Bow is the iniciatrice. Yes, flinland's latest craze, introduced by Clara, is white flannel trousers—for women. The other day Clara gave the (Continued on page 118)
vitality. She does not go in for cosmetics with the exception of powder and lipstick. While her hair is bobbed, she does not carry a comb to keep it in place but just throws it back and there it is.

When she works, she works hard and earnestly. Her gameness is a strong point in her favor. During the filming of "Bright Lights" at the First National Studio she fell and sprained her ankle but insisted upon remaining and finishing the day's work. She went home and was laid up for two days.

She knows her limitations and is a good judge of stories. She knows which role she can play. When studio officials wanted her to play the feminine lead in "The Bad Man" she refused, declaring that if the story were changed so that she would 'make' the "Bad Man" she would consider the role.

She fought with officials over a certain picture which was assigned to her and said it would be a ' flop' and she was right. She will tell you that "I went down on my hands and knees and begged for the role which was given to another star" and she will tell you that star's weak points when she played it and why she played it and all sounds quite logical.

When a certain young director wanted to direct her in one of her vehicles she flatly refused to do it and stuck to her guns enough for you to direct. When I'm a big star and can take risks I will be terribly happy to have you direct me but I can't afford to take the chance right now."

When the Mackaill left Hollywood several months ago she was depressed and worried about her future for the first time in her career. She was debourian about it but she was worried. Her contract ended when she completed "The Office Wife." Then studio officials saw the picture and decided that they wanted her back. But to find Dot Mackaill was no easy matter. She was seeing Europe via the air: one day Paris, the next, Budapest, then Cologne, then Berlin, and so on until she had covered 2500 miles by plane. Finally, the studio called and caught up with her and she was the occupant of a three-year-starring contract.

Although there is evidence of a brilliant future, Miss Mackaill refuses to be dazzled. If everything goes well it will all be very fine. If she is given poor vehicles to work in she will do her best but she is not going to work for studio officials who throw her to the wolves. She does not want to go the way of other film flesh and cling tenaciously to her spot on the screen when she is not wanted.

The money does not worry her. She has saved her money and made profitable investments. There have been reports that she will not do another picture or affirm these reports—she laughs them off.

After all, Dorothy Mackaill has been one of the most consistently successful screen stars in the jumping galatines. Her intense career began at the adventurism of fourteen years ago when the little town of Hull to a dancing school in London, to a London musical show, then to America and past the Ziegfeld line of chorus girls to the world of independent producers around New York and finally to screen stardom in Hollywood.

The Mackaill will cause when she recalls her migration to America and relates how she told her father she was promised a role in a Broadway musical show to win his consent. At New York she discovered that she could not get off the boat because she was under the required age and because she had received the wrong information of her arrival and was not there to claim her. "I was just another emigrant," says Dorothy. "But it is hard to make friends with the son of Gabriele D'Annunzio on board the boat, and because he was attracted by the wonderful Yorkshire girl he fetched for her stay in America. When she was recently in New York she received a telephone call from young D'Annunzio and had dinner with him in the captain's suite aboard one of the big liners in port, this being ten years after the great episode."

"When I came to America," Dorothy will tell you, "my accent was terribly English. It was so bad that I was compelled to learn the pronunciation of Scotch and Yorkshire dialect. It's a good thing the talkies had not come in then. I wouldn't have had a chance. And strangely enough, when my first talkies 'The Barker,' 'His Captive Woman,' and other pictures, were shown in London, the British critics could not get over the miracle that Dorothy Mackaill had lost her accent and was speaking like a thorough Yankee who held the trestles at Bunker Hill. Perhaps I lost no time taking out naturalization papers or what-have-you.

Her first picture in America came when she was taken back-stage at the Century Theater by a girl friend. The debonair Mackaill exchanged characteristic banter with a gentleman who proved to be Lee Shubert, and he was so surprised that he gave her a place in a revival of "Floradora." When that ended she made up her mind that she would go to the offices high up in the New Amsterdam Theater and announced that "Dorothy Mackaill of London" is coming to see Mr. Shubert. The Ziegfeld was so surprised that he gave her an audience and also a job in "The Midnight Frolic." It was when she was in "The Midnight Frolic" that Marshall Neilan saw her and gave her a role in a picture called "Bits." Dorothy certainly appreciates her good fortune. Some with Johnny Hines are playing opposite ones with Richard Barthelmess in "The Fighting Blade," "Twenty-One," "Run." Dorothy and Jack Mulhall are in another picture in which she was given a contract by First National Pictures and she has been with that organization ever since, except when she was loaned to Mackaill. Miss Mackaill played in a series of highly successful pictures with Jack Mulhall, then she became a star in her own right.

Her return to Hull this summer, ten years after living in America, was eventful in the sense that she received the welcome of a celluloid comedy. The Mackaill prefers to tell you of the humorous side of her triumphant return.

"I found the old Mackaill Mansion," she says, "my father was out because I was not expected until the next day. I was welcomed by my stepmother and my six year old half-sister. My sister scurried out and told the kids that Dorothy was home and they clutched up the front yard and the alley. Then my father came home and we had a visit."

"The news had spread the theater manager in Hull appeared and told me that he looked for me every morning. I don't think that I would have to sneak out of the house and get in an automobile and make a grand entrance. The next day the town went out on the porch and told the multitude that I was not there my little sister ran out and screamed. 'She's, is, too! She is, too!' I had a grand time!"

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NOT A PATTERN GIRL—Continued from page 34

then, it didn't take long for Fane to find her. Arthur Hopkins appearing in this role, saw her in "The Noose" and decided she was just the one to portray the girl in "Burlesque." Barbara got the part and was a Broadway star. And all because she didn't know her pattern—her patternHU.
Ruth. Do I ever get tired of answering questions? That's just another one to answer! Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was married to Joan Crawford on June 3, 1929. Doug's mother was Beth Sully before her marriage to Douglas, Sr. She is now the wife of Jack Whiting of stage fame. Alice White does not give her home address but her studio, Columbia, 148 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif., will be responsible for her fan mail. Her latest release is "Sweethearts on Parade" with Lloyd Hughes.

Carol Jean F. Are the stars as innocent as they look on the screen? I could actually break down and cry over that so we'll take up the subject later. Gary Cooper is in "The Spoilers" with Kay Johnson and Betty Compson. Gary is still a bachelor. Mary Brian's real name is Mary Louise Dantler. She was born April 17, 1909, in Texas. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 105 pounds and has naturally curly brown hair and hazel eyes. Not married or engaged as far as I know. Mary played with Jack Oakie and Skeets Gallagher in "The Social Lion."

Lorraine, Boston. So I give you many happy moments, do I? That's a fine love to catch and hold on to. Come again.

Dorothy Del Rio has jet black hair, beautiful brown eyes, is about 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. She was married on June 6, 1930, to Cedric Gibbons, film art director. Clara Bow is 5 feet 3½ inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and has red hair and brown eyes. Her latest offering is "Her Wedding Night."

Brown Eyes. You'd just die if you couldn't read my words of wisdom every month—you old book-worm, you! Jacqueline Logan was born Nov. 30, 1902, in San Antonio, Texas. She has auburn hair, gray eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. At present she is making films in England. She appeared in "The Bachelor Girl" with Thelma Todd, William Collier Jr. and Edward Hearn. Norma Shearer is 26 years old. Her latest release is "Let Us Be Gay." She will be back on the screen soon.

C. G. of Chicago. I'm as proud as a buck private who has just been made a corporal when I read the grand things you fans say about my department. William Haines, known far and wide as Hollywood's champion wise-cracker, was born January 1, 1899, in Staunton, Va. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. His hobby is playing practical jokes. As a part of his April training, he also plays golf, football, baseball and polo. His next picture is "Remote Control."

Giggles. Where can you get hold of John Gilbert? Ah! John was born July 16, 1906, and has 5 feet 11 inches tall. His new picture is "Way for a Sailor," with Lella Hyams and Wallace Beery. Greta Garbo was born Sept. 18, 1906, in Stockholm, Sweden. Her latest release is "The Kiss," with Gaston Glass and Dorothy Jordan. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Dorothy Lee is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 105 pounds. Viola Dana is 4 feet 11½ inches, weight, 101 pounds.

Dorothy G., Cape Cod. John Mack Brown's first advent into pictures was with Marion Davies in "The Fair Co-Ed." His latest release is "Billy the Kid." John's wife is Cornelia Foster, a college sweetheart. In "Slaves of Leisure" you saw Olive Tell, Margaret Livingston, Sue Carol, Holmes Herbert, Earle Foxe and Richard Walling. Clara Bow uses her own name in pictures.

Bettie, San Francisco. You say you don't think anything of asking me a few questions—I don't think so much of it myself. Mary Astor plays with Ann Harding in "Holiday." She was born on September 10, 1899, in Quincy, Ill. She has auburn hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Dorothy Lee is in "Half Shot at Sunrise" with Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey. No, she is not related to Davey Lee or Lila Lee. Davey plays with Jack Holt and Dorothy Revier in "The Squealer."

A Constant Reader. Which one? Molly O'Tay has reduced in weight to a mere 117 pounds and is appearing in a stage play called "Young Sinners." Molly was born in 1911 in Bayonne, N. J. She has dark hazel eyes, brown hair and is 5 feet 2½ inches tall. Her real name is Suzanne Dobson Noman.

Flo. Billie Dove is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 119 pounds. Bebe Daniels weighs 120 pounds and is 5 feet 3 inches tall. Vilma Banky is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds. Colleen Moore, 5 feet 3 inches, weight, 165 pounds. Viola Dana is 4 feet 11½ inches, weight, 101 pounds. Dolores Costello Barrymore is 5 feet 4 inches tall and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Laura La Plante is 5 feet 3 inches, weighs 118 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes.

M. S., New York City. Here is a plea for movies from old-fashioned stories so all directors and producers please take notice. After that, you have practically seen several old-timers before you read this. Janet Gaynor's mother is not in pictures so you did not see her in "Street Angel." Janet has signed a new contract with Fox Studios and is to appear in a film with Charles Farrell, "The Man Who..."
Came Back." She was born Oct. 6, 1906, in Philadelphia, Pa. She has auburn hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet tall and weighs 100 pounds.

C. of Henderson, N. C. Your good wishes can come in loads, stacks and bundles and I'll receive them with open arms, so keep up the good work. Sue Carol was born Oct. 30, 1908, in Chicago, Ill. She has dark brown hair, brown eyes, is 3 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 108 pounds. She was married to Nick Stuart, July 28, 1929. She appears with Amos 'n' Andy in "Check and Double Check." Others in the picture are Irene Rich and Charles Morton and Kingfish!

Natalie K. What a world this would be without pictures, chick-a-dee golf, or Rudy Vallee's Stein Song. Lane Chandler was born June 4, 1901, in Culbertson, Mont. He is 6 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 185 pounds and has red hair and blue eyes. He has appeared in "Red Hair" with Clara Bow; "Love and Learn" with Esther Ralston; "The Big Killing" with Mary Brian, Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton; "The First Kiss" with Fay Wray and Gary Cooper, and "The Wolf of Wall Street" with George Bancroft and Nancy Carroll. Lane is not married. Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago, Ill., March 29, 1890. She was educated in Chicago schools, later in Key West, Fla., and in Porto Rico, where her father, Captain Swanson, served with the United States Army. Her first peep into pictures was in a mob scene with the old Essanay Studio in Chicago, after she had spent several years at various army posts with her father. She has been married three times, first to Wallace Beery when she was 16 years old, then to Herbert Somborn, and her last venture, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray, from whom she is divorced. She has one daughter and an adopted son.

Dorrie. The song whistled so often in "Street Angel" was Angela Mía. Gloria Swanson played with the late Rudolph Valentino in "Beyond the Rocks," released in 1922. Gloria's latest picture is "What a Widow" with Owen Moore and Lew Cody. Ramon Novarro is 30 years old and is 5 feet 8 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes.

Anne, Fresno. Welcome to our circle! Contract or backgammon? Since Maurice Chevalier has completed his new picture, "The Playboy of Paris," he has been vacationing in France. William Bainewell was born May 2, 1908, in Los Angeles, Cal. He was educated at the Harvard Military School and started his picture career as an extra soon after his graduation. He has appeared in "West Point," "Mother," "Amapolas," "Battle of the Sexes," and "Hot Stuff." His work in "The Iron Mask" with Douglas Fairbanks, was an outstanding role for a youngster. He plays in "All Quiet on the Western Front." William is 3 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 145 pounds and has wavy brown hair and gray eyes. He lives with his mother in Hollywood.

Dorothy, Topeka, Kansas. I do not know of any players that hail from your town but Buster Keaton was born in Pickaway, Ohio. Rogers in Olathe, Phyllis Haver in Douglas, Thelma Hill in Emporia and Claire Windsor in Cawker City. Good line-up for Kansas. Jack Oakie's real name is Lewis D. Ofield. Richard Arlen is Richard Van Mattemore. Jean Arthur is Gladys Green. Helen Kane is Helen Schroeder in real life. Kay Francis was born about 28 years ago in Oklahoma City, Okla. Joan Crawford's given name is pronounced as one syllable and not Jo-an.

Betty J. You want to congratulate SCREENLAND for its good fortune in having such a finished "Ask Me" lady—what you mean, finished, eh? Loretta Young was 18 years old on Jan. 6, 1930; Josephine Dunn was 23 on May 1, same year. Dixie Lee is about 20 years old. Grant Withers

Winnie Lightner, one of the brightest comedy lights of talking pictures, broadcasts to her thousands of fans from the luxurious divan in her own sitting room. Notice the trick pajamas and head-dress to match.
is 26. Conrad Nagel is 33, David Rollins is 21 and Barry Norton is 25.

Somebody from Europe. Ramon Novarro's single blessedness has worried many a feminine fan but I have no solution to offer. Ramon's latest picture, "Call of the Flesh," was made under the title, "The Singer of Seville." Helen Kane was born in New York City, Aug. 4, 1908. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. David Manners' family name is Acklim. He was born April 30, 1902, in Halifax, Nova Scotia. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and gray eyes. His wife is Susanne Bushnell.

Georgia Belle. Your latest crush is on Scott Kolk, is it? He was a trap-drummer and a dancer with a jive band before going into pictures. He appeared with Marion Davies and Lawrence Gray in "Marianne" and has a role in "All Quiet on the Western Front." Barbara Stanwyck, who created such a favorable impression on the fans in "Ladies of Leisure," was born July 16, 1907, in Brooklyn, N.Y. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 118 pounds and has auburn hair and dark blue eyes. She is the wife of Frank Fay, who appeared in "Under a Texas Moon."

Dorrie of Montana. Listen! Brother Elks, Lions, Moose and Knights of The Round Table—Dorrie suggests you keep the "Ask M." pages for reference—paste 'em in the hat, on the face, any old place so you can say to all inquirers, "I told you so." Dorothy Lee was a dancer with Fred Waring's Pennsylvaniaians and appeared in "Syncopation" with that band. She made such a decided hit that Radio Pictures signed her for the ingénue role in "Rito Rita." She has been featured with Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in "The Cuckoos" and their latest release, "Half Shot at Sunrise."

Ranny from Winnipeg. You may consider yourself thanked for the sincere way you have in expressing your appreciation of this department. Your favorite, Marie Prevost, was not born in France but is a native of Sarnia, Ontario, Canada. She was born Nov. 6, 1898. She has very dark brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 123 pounds. She began her screen career in two-reel Sennett comedies. Her first feature picture was with Charles Ray in "Old Swimmin' Hole." Her latest film is "War Nurse" with Anita Page and Robert Montgomery.

J. K., Manitoba. Constance Bennett is 25 years old. She has golden blonde hair and deep blue eyes. She was married at the age of 17 to Chester Morehead but the marriage was annulled. Her second husband was Phillip Plant, wealthy society man of New York, but she is divorced from him. Her latest film releases are "Common Clay" with Lew Ayres, and "Sin Takes a Holiday" with Kenneth MacKenna and Basil Rathbone.

Gerry D., Detroit. Madge Bellamy's room-mate in "Summer Bachelors" was Lella Hyams. Others in the cast were Matt Moore and Allan Forrest, Billie Burke, and not Billie Dove, is the wife of Flo Ziegfeld. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was born Dec. 7, 1907, in New York City. Three well-known sisters of the screen are Loretta Young, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young.

Judy B., Washington. Here is the latest on those "Frenchie" girls. "Under the lemon trees" with Joan Crawford, "Three Weeks with a Wife" and "The Blue Veil."

Send Birthday Greetings to These January Stars:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>William Haines</td>
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<td>Charles Bickford</td>
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<td>Marion Davies</td>
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<td>Loretta Young</td>
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<td>Bebe Daniels</td>
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<td>Sally Starr</td>
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<td>Ralph Graves</td>
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<td>Joyce Compton</td>
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<td>Noah Beery</td>
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<td>Marcia Manners</td>
<td>January 31st</td>
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Elita Landi, Europe's new gift to movie-goers, will play opposite Charles Farrell in his new picture, "Squadrons."
WRITE TO THE STARS AS FOLLOWS:

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

William Bakewell
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Edwin Booth
John Mack Brown
Harry Carey
Karl Dane
Maron Davies
Rogers Deny
Mary Doran
Chif Edwards
Judy Faye
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Gavin Gordon
Ralph Graves
William Haines
Hedda Hopper
Leila Hyams
Kay Johnson

William De Mille directing Kay Francis in a scene from "Passion Flower." Kay is popular and in demand—Metro borrowed her from Paramount for this film.

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.

William Broswell
Frankie Darro
Jean Arthur
William Austin
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
June Collyer
Jackie Cooper
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Leon Errol
Stuart Erwin
Kay Francis
Street Gallagher
Harry Green

Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Evelyn Brent
Sue Carol
Joseph Cawthorne
June Clyde
Betty Compson
Bebe Daniels
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Jofyana Howland
Arthur Lake
Ivan Lebedeff
Dorothy Lee

Warner Brothers Studio, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

George Arliss
John Barrymore
Monte Blue
Claudia Dell
Irene Delroy
Louise Fazenda
James Hall
Winnie Lightner

Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
William Boyd
James Gleason
Russell Gleason
Aran Hale

Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lewis Ayres
John Boles
Kathryn Crawford
Robert Ellis
Hoot Gibson
Jean Hersholt
Dorothy Janis
Raymond Keane
Myrna Kennedy

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Joe Cook
Constance Cummings
Richard Cromwell
Jack Holt
Buck Jones

United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Don Alvarado
Joan Bennett
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Virginia Cherrill
Ronald Colman
Mary Damita
Dolores Del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
William Farnum

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 Gibson

Sono Art-World Wide, Metropolitan Studios, 1041 Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Ruth Roland

First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Richard Barthelmess
Sidney Blackmer
Joe E. Brown
Bertazze Claire
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Alexander Gray
Fred Kohler
Laura Lee
Lila Lee

Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lewis Ayres
John Boles
Kathryn Crawford
Robert Ellis
Hoot Gibson
Jean Hersholt
Dorothy Janis
Raymond Keane
Myrna Kennedy

Frank Albertson
Nauna Amanis
Robert Ames
Warner Baxter
Rex Bell
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
Ilka Chase
Marguerite Churchill
Joyce Compton
Fifi Dorsay
Louise Dresser
Charles Farrell
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor
Warren Hymer
Richard Keene
Jane Keith
J. M. Kerrigan

Dorothy Mackail
David Manners
Marilyn Miller
Ona Munson
F. A. Munn
Olivie Skinner
Vivienne Segal
Jack Whiting
Loretta Young

Dixie Lee
Edmund Lowe
Myrna Loy
Claire Luce
Sharon Lynn
Farrell MacDonald
Kenneth MacKenna
Mona Marié
Victor McLaglen
Lois Moran
J. Harold Murray
George O'Brien
Maureen O'Sullivan
David Rollins
Will Rogers
Lee Tracy
Spencer Tracy
John Wayne
Marjorie White.

Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Charles King
Gwen Lee
Barbara Leonard
Adolphe Menjou
Robert Montgomery
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Anita Page
Marie Prevost
Duncan Renaldo
Norma Shearer
Gus Shy
Lawrence Tibbett
Lewis Stone
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Roland Young

Mitzi Green
Neil Hamilton
Phillip Holmes
Helen Kane
Dennis King
Carol Lombard
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Fredric March
Rosita Moreno
Barry Norton
Jack Oakle
Warner Oland
Zelma O'Neal
Eugene Pallette
William Powell
Charles Rogers
Lillian Roth
Regis Toomey
Fay Wray

Mariano Green
Neil Hamilton
Phillip Holmes
Helen Kane
Dennis King
Carol Lombard
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Fredric March
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Alexander Gray
Fred Kohler
Laura Lee
Lila Lee

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George O'Brien
Maureen O'Sullivan
David Rollins
Will Rogers
Lee Tracy
Spencer Tracy
John Wayne
Marjorie White.

William de Mille directing Kay Francis in a scene from "Passion Flower." Kay is popular and in demand—Metro borrowed her from Paramount for this film.
similar vaults be constructed to hold the finest films every company has. The best company is the Royal Highness, Marie (Dressier), Queen of Comedy Land.

Dressier was great in silent pictures but since the talkies arrived, there has been no one to approach her humor. Who but Marie Dressier could be in a picture with the alluring Garbo and come near walking away with first acting honors? Who else could steal from such capable performers as William Haines, Lillian Gish and Norma Shearer?

Marie isn't only a brilliant clown. She also has that underlying pathos which all great comedians possess. Primarily she is a great actress, but she adds to that a lovably human quality and a deliciously individual manner of speaking. As she herself announced in "The Hollywood Revue": "I'm the Queen," and she is!

D. H. Chapman, 1337 Shatto Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Page Big Doug as a Producer, Please

Odd, isn't it, how the movies have a habit of overturning everybody's pet theories?

One of my favorite dramatic critics prophesied that the talkies would develop along lines of their own while the stage would retain all the plays which required thought and intelligence, brilliant dialogue, or an idea which could appeal only to a limited few.

That sounded reasonable. But along came "Holiday," with Philip Barry's clever lines and made a smash hit out of supposedly limited material. "Outward Bound" which was judged too fragile a play even to be sent on the road, is not quite the failure it was predicted on the screen. If an imaginative person like Fairbanks Senior

would produce "Death Takes a Holiday," pointed out as strictly 'stage goods,' I shouldn't be surprised to see it become a film success.

People once thought that action was 'out' in the talkies but now we have it both in westerns and in farce like Gloria Swanson's "What a Widow." They also said intimacy and charm were gone, but look at "Monte Carlo" and Maurice Chevalier.

Let theories come and go! We're looking ahead for clever material and good craftsmen, and chirping all the while, "What's next?"

Yours,

Louise Devon, 5049 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Get Your College Credits Through the Talkies!

Like a lot of other men trying to learn how to write, in order to create flesh and blood characters, I often have to refer to cumbosume reference books, and spend a lot of time weeding out real information from mediocre material.

But since the coming of talkies, a lot of this difficulty has been smoothed out. If I need atmosphere for a Chinese story, I see Dick Barthelmess in "Son of the Gods." Or if I need negro background, "Hallelujah" offers just what I need. So

William Powell's film followers set a new altitude record! "Bill's worst picture can't be less than fair," a friendly critic writes in.

Ray! Ray! We Want Internationality!

German people like American talking pictures very much but American taste is not always German taste. Lovers are often too 'sweetish.'

When a young couple fall in love and kiss for the first time, why are there always blooming trees, falling flowers, twittering birds and inevitably a full moon in the heaven? Do lovers never kiss in wintry weather? In "Sally" we saw such scenes of exaggerated sweetness so that this picture didn't have the success expected in Germany.

In "Flight," Lila Lee, in the role of a nurse, had the appearance and make-up of a sweet revue girl. And that in company of soldiers during a battle. It was so incongruous the spectators in Germany were forced to laugh.

This exaggerated sweetness is a very big fault, especially in talking pictures where it is not always possible to cut out mushy dialogue. Therefore, I should suggest that since we Germans are so fond of American talkies that you either let us have versions according to European taste, or give films more internationality in the original screening.

Otto Behrens, 12 Victoria Luisenplatz, Berlin, W 30, Germany.
**Something For Serious Consideration**

What's the matter with the movie production chiefs who give us so many crime pictures? If they think they are doing their bit in proving the folly of crime, they are sadly mistaken. In this age of flaunting desires and movie vengeance, plays depicting vice in all its baffling, slow-moving stages, are nothing more than powerful incentives to our villain-worshiping youths.

For the price of a few admissions, the keen-witted, criminally inclined individuals acquire the true technique of looting, sale-cracking, kidnapping, smuggling and fancyumping off. It costs them too more to make careful notations of seemingly disguised traps, particularly the one that brings the culprit to justice. They are intensely interested in one thing, and that one thing is how to get around the law. Do they learn how? Yes. Because the major fault of these productive lies in the exposition of clues. Crime pictures are entirely too vivid, too painstakingly accurate in every detail. Now that movies appeal to the eye as well as to the ear, it would be a boon to parents if producers would give us less criminal adventures.

Otilie Troyan,
324 Tenth Street,
Santa Monica, Calif.

**Parents Please Copy!**

I have always enjoyed Jack Gilbert’s pictures because of his peppy personality. In my estimation, Jack has never really had a human part to portray since “The Big Parade.” Talkie voice or not, he’s with him. If his future pictures must be silent, let ’em be silent. One good silent Gilbert picture is worth many silly ones with good voices and poor acting.

My husband and I feel that we owe a real debt to the movies. We are the parents of two rapidly developing young girls, thirteen and fifteen years of age. But we are not fearful of their future, neither are we resorting to old-fashioned discipline to enforce our ideas of character forming. Our way has been natural, easy, and enjoyable to both girls, to Dad and myself. We simply let them learn about life from the movies. From an early age they have attended pictures and have gathered from them lessons which every girl should know if she is to stand squarely on both feet and rub shoulders with the world, which is a good old world notwithstanding.

**A Boost For Billy**

I have been watching a certain young actor for a long time and I feel that I know something of his ability. He’s a great favorite with that part of the public who cherish the brighter side of life, and they give him a big hand every time he appears. This personable actor is Billy Haines!

This same play boy has been doing some swell dramatic work lately and the same public has started to sit up and wear that “Gee-I-knew-he-could-do-it” look. I have but one appeal! Give the boy a real story and let Fred Niblo direct him. He understands Billy. “Way Out West” is sufficient proof. And make Billy act and love and suffer. There is nothing on earth more appealing than Haines when he is sad and hurt!

Thillie Shirley Koles,
829 Winnemago Street,
Milwaukee, Wis.

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**Get the Flit Gun!**

The talks are produced a new species of pests. They are to be found in any movie theater at any time. But they seem to breed thickest during the season of such fine pictures as “Song O’ My Heart” and “Journey’s End.” Here are a few of the classifications:

- The Peanut Bugs: Maddening and numerous, they crunch peanuts extracted from violently cracking, waxed paper bags, loudly and interminably.
- The Bitter Bugs: Extremely exasperating. They titter and snicker at inappropriate moments, usually during tender love scenes.
- The Wise-Cracking Bugs: Very annoying. They emit what they consider very smart quips and lies most always during the most dramatic moments.
- The In-A-Hurry Bugs: Only a few of these, but enough. They get up and make a dash for the exit during the final scene, while the lovers are being re-united or while the villain is meeting his fate. The picture will conclude in three minutes but they need those three moments.

Does anyone know a way to exterminate these pests? Chloriform might be effective!

Gertrude W. Borden,
334 Randolph Ave.,
Seattle, Wash.

**Lyman Howe! To the Front!**

For those of us who love the sights and sounds outside the door best of all, it is very encouraging to learn that several movie companies are planning a small percentage of silent productions.

I like the spoken picture and am one of its most consistent boosters. But what I do lament, however, is the loss of the scenes. We all remember Lyman Howe. His appearance at the neighborhood theater twice a year was always heralded with great joy and expectation. The antics of his one-man orchestra were alone worth the price of admission. Just now we are unable to see a good six or seven reel scene, not because people consider them dry and not worth seeing, but because the audible cannot, apparently, present natural beauty to the best possible degree. The ways of Mother Nature are often too sedate to lend enchantment to mechanical record.

May the disciples of Walton, Burroughs, and Thoene obtain satisfaction!

Earl J. Gagnon,
Ripley,
Hancock, Michigan.

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**SHARING IRENE RICH’S CHRISTMAS BOXES**

Continued from page 91

[Text continues with recipes and instructions for holiday baking, including date filling, chocolate, and nut recipes.]

Those Three French Girls. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Ho-hum! This should have been funny but it wasn't. Fifi Dorsey, Reginald Denny, Yola D'Avril, Cliff Edwards, Sandra Ravel and Edward Brophy do their best.


The Santa Fé Trail. Paramount. Old-fashioned Western done in the modern mood with Richard Arlen as the cowboy. Mitzie Green steals the picture.


The Hot Heiress. First National. Romance between a society deb, Oma Munson, and a riveter, Ben Lyon. It's hokum but you'll like it.

Devil With Women. Fox. A typical McLaglen picture—he dates the dames but the other fellow gets them. Fair.

A Lady Surrenders. Universal. A very talkie drawing-room drama with Conrad Nagel, Rose Hobart and Genevieve Tobin representing the eternal triangle.

The Office Wife. Warner Brothers. Glorifying the American secretary with Dorothy Mackaill as the sec. and capable Lewis Stone as the employer who marries her.


Brothers. Columbia. Bert Lytell plays a dual role in the screen version of his stage success. The film has plenty of action and suspense. Dorothy Sebastian is a capable leading lady.

The Cat Creeps. Universal. A good mystery thriller with all the trimming including Helen Twelvetrees, Neil Hamilton, Lilian Tashman and Raymond Hackett.


East is West. Universal. A not so successful picture of a successful stage play despite the efforts of Lupe Velez, Lewis Ayres and Edward Robinson.

*Reviewed in this issue.

Short Subjects:


Fashion Mirror. Warner Brothers. A comedy sketch with music and gorgeous gowns. Just the thing for your winter fashion tips.


The Blufer. Mack Sennett Brevity. Andy Clyde in a funny comedy with the aid of color—as if he needed it! Patsy O'Leary is the girl and Lincoln Steedman, the bluffer.

The Cuckoo Murder Mystery. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Cartoon. A murder thriller with a grand idea and very well done. You'll enjoy this.

Paxley Vous. Universal. Slim Summerville swells as a hugger in the army trying to make an impression on a French chérie, Pauline Garon. Many laughs in this.


People Born in October. Fitzgerald. One of the ever-popular horoscope series. If October's your month, this is your meat. Good comedy touches.

Monkey Melodies. Columbia. A little gem of jungle love, with two monkeys as the lovers and an alligator as the menace. A simian knock-out.

Hot and Bothered. Columbia. Eddie Buzzell rings the bell again in this miniature comedy; a movie-struck gal. The best one of the series so far.

The Patient. Paramount. This juggling novelty is provided with a swell plot, full of action, which makes it an unusual comedy success.

Don't Bite the Dentist. Educational. Andy Clyde as a local dentist gets himself into more trouble! But you'll like it. One of the funniest skits of the month.

Breakfast in Bed. Pathé. This comedy line-up, including Daphne Pollard and her two strong-armed sweethearts, ends in a riot of laughter. Franklin Pangborn wonderful!

The Twentieth Amendment. Paramount. Something new in the fun world. Twentieth Amendment specifies a man must have as many wives as he can support! Don't miss the fun.

See page 109 for Casts of Current Films; other reviews on pages 88-89; Reviews of the six best pictures awarded SCREEN-LAND'S seal of approval on pages 86-87.
American business or professional woman discussed was Miss Alix Dietrich. "I think it is marvelous," she said smiling. "American women do things so easily—and they turn out just as well as we are doing in my country!" When I think how careful I was of myself those times I must laugh. I wouldn't be in a ridiculous position were smoking for fear the impure air would harm her. And I ate such nourishing things, such good soup and beer and everything that would make her grow. And after she came I was just as careful. Oh, I grew that fat!" she laughed delightedly and stretched her arms out as far as they would go. She never touched wines during that time, only beer, and after two years of abstinence she found she didn't like them, so unlike most foreigners, our so-called prohibition laws were of no trial to her.

"I show you her picture," she said, extracting a little silver object from her purse, which looked like a compact but opened, revealed two snapshots of a darling baby girl, about four years old.

I spoke the fact that she loves to work in America, Marlene is very homesick for her baby and her own fireside. It was a bitter blow to her when Paramount decided to have her make her second picture immediately. "But then shall I be home for Christmas. Oh, I could never stand being away for Christmas!"

"I make records for her. There is a marvelous place here which records the voice almost perfectly. That is the way I write my letters to her and send her records and sends them to me. The other night I called her on the telephone. She asked me where I was and I told her I was in bed. She didn't even know whether I was ill. I told her that I was in bed because it was night. It was noon in Germany and she couldn't understand how it could be night where I was!

"When I left home my family cried and the baby comforted them. 'Why do you cry?' she asked, being so kind. 'People who go must always come back.' What a happy philosophy! Happy for me, too, because if she had made a fuss I never would have left!"

"I was so different. When I first went to school I used to cry so hard the man at the door would telephone my mother at recess and she would come and comfort me. Imagine! Only two blocks away from home and homesick! That is why it is hard for me to make new friends here. It is just my nature. I used to go to school crying and singing a song that started with these words, 'He is happy who forgets that he cannot change.' Six years old and I sang that!"

"Are You There?" We'll say Paula Lenglen is! Paula, by the way, is the little dancer who has a role in Beatrice Lillie's new talker, "Are You There?"

Twice before, Hollywood tried to hire Miss Dietrich and twice she refused. When B. P. Paramount, through Josef von Sternberg, offered her a contract she accepted. She had appeared in a picture in Germany under his direction and opposite Emil Jannings, called "The Blue Angel." She had confidence in von Sternberg and he had told her so much about the marvelous studios in Hollywood that she was eager to work in them. "Here there is everything to make a fine picture. If I am not good, then I never shall have a chance at telling pictures those things are not as important as they used to be.

"When I am working I am always very happy. I never care how many hours I am in the studio. Everything is interesting to me. It is only when I am not working that I am unhappy. I used to go to parties when I first came out here; everyone was so very kind to me. But at parties no one seems to be having a really good time. There is much laughter, beautiful women and handsome men, but the laughter doesn't seem to come from the heart. Or maybe it is because I am out of tune; anyhow, I stay home now.

"I brought with me my maid from home and in the evening we sit together and talk. On the radio we have a picnic. Because I cannot bear to stay at home on Sundays. We go to the beach and swim and lie on the sand. But without my family and friends it isn't fun. It makes me miss them more because I want them to enjoy it with me."

"When I come back after Christmas, though, I know I shall be happy. Things out here will be familiar and I won't feel so if I were coming to a strange land."

"When I am really transplanted I shall make friends, perhaps. I don't do that quickly," she said with her shy looks.

"Just you may never know when you see her in "Morocco," but the bets are in her favor out here, and the wise boys have been trained to anticipate what the public will like. She is often compared to Garbo, a fact that upsets her very much. "How can they say so? We are not at all alike. Garbo is a great artist." She doesn't realize that some people think she is one, too.

"Garbo is her favorite actress and she has always had this hero worship for the Swedish siren as her own fans have for her.

I said 'all right.' I didn't hear any more for ten days, when Mr. Walsh came over one morning and said: 'You'd better get your clothes packed, we're leaving tomorrow for Arizona.' They'd given me the lead in "The Big Trail" and I had never acted in my life.

"We left the next day and covered nearly every state in the extreme west—Arizona, California, Montana, Oregon, Colorado—for ten days. I don't let pictures of covered wagon days, except for one shack and one saloon sequence. We used the thousands of covered wagons days, except for one shack and one saloon sequence. We used the thousands of covered wagons were covered wagons, a lot of elk, more horses and cows than I ever saw before, Indians, horse wranglers, dogs, cats, birds, and a flock of long-haired girls. There was a tree, a rainstorm, a sandstorm, and a great scene where everybody spills into the Snake River. And about the nicest thing about this picture. In every western, usually one or two men are killed, but we didn't even kill a horse."

John loves to fight better than anything. After that, he likes to eat. "I like meat. Plenty of it. Almost raw," he said. "It seems I can never get enough to fill up this big carcass of mine. I'm crazy about swimming, too. I spend all my free time on Malibu Beach, just in a pair of trunks. I'm a real sun baby. I enjoy riding and watching all kinds of sports, particularly football. I used to play a little on the California team," he explained shyly. "I like girls, too, in fact, I'm just getting to the age where I like 'em all. But when I get married, the first thing I'm going to look for in a girl is a sense of humor. I hate 'em thick."

"Had you ever had any picture experience before?" I asked.

"Not a bit. And I never was so scared in my life as when I made my first entrance. If Mr. Walsh had made me act, I would have been lost. But he didn't. He just said, 'Go on and do it like you were home.'"

"My first speech was the longest one I had to make in the whole film. I'm scared to death of cameras, anyway, and when I went on the set, there were eight of them. To make it worse, my first entrance was on horseback. And in addition to speaking my piece, I had to keep that horse absolutely still in one spot so he wouldn't get out of focus! I'd been kind of sick, too. A lot of us had. Stomach on the Fritz from change in food and water. I was so frightened I'd be too ill to work that it made me sicker. But I got on the horse somehow and here I am."

"I don't talk much about me any more. Let's talk about New York. This is my first trip here. First time I ever saw the Atlantic Ocean. And, when I look up at that Empire State Building, you know the one where the Waldorf-Astoria used to be—well, honest, I haven't got any words. It's so tall I had to take off my hat to see it."

"What are you going to do next when you get back to California?"

"Well, I'll make. They haven't decided. But I'll tell you one thing I'm going to do. I'm going to keep swimming, I promise. And, if I ever get married—I'll be prepared."

"KISMET." First National. From the play by Edward Knobloch. Directed by Howard Estabrook. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: Haji, Otis Skinner, Margaret Dumont, Marjorie Main, Margaret Hall, John C. Franklin, and many others.


"MAYBE IT'S LOVE." Warner Brothers. From the story by Mark Canfield. Directed by Joseph Jackson. The cast: William Wellman, William Tabbert, and many others.


"SINNER'S HOLIDAY." Warner Brothers. From the play, "Penny Arcade" by Marie Baumer. Directed by Harvey Thew. Directed by John Adolphi. The cast: Angel Hartigan, Grant Withers, Jennie, Evelyn Knapp, Harry, James Cagney, Myrtle, Joan Blondell, Ma Delano, Luella La Vere, Bette Halsey, Francis James, and many others.

years and years to see Peru before you use—well, that’s “Nina Rosa,” the best melodramatic, the peepiest musical show since “New Moon.”

Jake and Lee, muchas gracias! And—here’s the story: they hold you: all over town. There’s a mine (and a girl) that Chicago-New York Jack battles with for drunken, licorice-eyed Pablo, a great cognac Peruvian Bark, played by Lord Cheeky, who gets Medal A for this show both in acting and singing.

And, Mom Dieut—little Armida of the movies as Coroita! I’m no critic before her. She’s my!”

Ethelind Terry as Nina Rosa, the bone of contention, is equatorial and warringly seductive. Guy Robertson and Jack Sheehan and some others are all active and peppy.

**“FAREWELL TO ARMS”**

This play, “A Farewell to Arms,” made from the Hemingway novel by Laurence Stallings, is a costume, beautiful and It puts Eros above Mars. It is pathetic, romantic, realistic and lyrical.

An American lieutenant in the Austrian army falls in love—war—love—with an English nurse. It becomes, on both sides, passionate, almost mystical adoration. During the great disaster of Caporetto, when a million Italians run panic-stricken before the Austrians, the girl dies of childbirth, and the baby also dies. Outside we hear the colossal retreat. The Lieutenant falls over his beloved’s body—farewell to arms—to hell with the war!—let the Austrians come! That one thing worth while has gone out of his life.

The gold medal of the drama goes to Wilbur Crane as an Italian officer, drinking, fighting, self-sacrificing, who signs his American friend, the lieutenant, more than he does his own girl, who happens to be the nurse. A most humane and tear-compelling portrayal by a man who can act greatly.

Glenn Anders as the American lieutenant still has that sub-sister voice. When he asks for a cigarette you think he’s going to cry. Elissa Landi, as the English nurse, was exceptionally good. All the smaller parts were well done (somehow that’s always a thing with a war tragedy). Its Broadway run was brief but Paramount has bought the play for pictures, and the leading lady, Miss Landi, has been signed by Fox.

**“MR. GILHOOLEY”**

Mr. Gilhooley is an aging Dubliner, a man-about-town, a quiet, simple, single-tracked, up-and-up fellow who takes a wandering girl into his boarding-house one night out of pity. She, out of sheer gratefulness—well, anyhow three months after, they are still living together.

That handsome Warner Baxter will be a member of the French Foreign Legion in his latest Movietone, “Renegade.”

**“THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT”**

Zoe Akins hath done this thing. It isn’t a play, but a series of human and static luxury sets.

Three chisellers, gold-diggers, gimleters, or what have you! Money, wine, jewels, bunkers, a pianist. These three chisellers—or what have you!—roll and broil about, sometimes calling one another names, sometimes acting up pretty.

No special plot. Just a night-club, a music-room of a musical genius (ah, Linda, these stage musical geniuses!), a suite in Central Park West—and pronto—the Ambassador Hotel! Muriel Kirkland, the girl in “Strictly Dishonorable,” is Polaire, a charming digger. Dorothy Hall and Veree Teasdale are good.

I passed a fairly amusing evening waiting to find out what the Greeks had a word for that would describe this show. Could it be bUILDER?

**“STEPDAUGHTERS OF WAR”**

Femininity in undress. Stripped to the bone (psychically I mean, Hedda). Well, the girls did their bit Over There. Why shouldn’t they have a little “Journey’s End” of their own?

Kenyon Nicholson’s “Stepdaughters of War,” from Helen Smith’s novel, is full of gauzy talk. But, remember, these girls are in the British Ambulance Corps, where a man is a man, and even the women are, too.

Katherine Alexander plays the lead. The play is splendidly produced. (If we can’t end war, let’s end the war-plays. I’m fed up.)

**“SYMPHONY IN TWO FLATS”**

This is an all-English two-plays-in-one that have absolutely no relation to one another.

In Novello is a kind of Noel Coward; he wrote the play, acts in it, a sentimental I’m-a-blind-composer part; sings and does everything but mix cocktails and throw dices. Gets his sight to pretend that his wife and another—but you have seen it in the pre-Bunny screen era.

In the flat below, a widow tries to marry off her daughter and herself by some heavy English comedy tricks that only provoke laughter by the real comedy of Miss Baird as an English artist who performs on all the bars and goes around smeared up like Rembrandt on a souce. She is really funny.

Two English beauties, Lilian Breithwaite and Benita Hume do the comic widow and the tragic blind man’s wife respectively with some degree of delight. Mr. Novello, the English matinee idol, and well-known to American screen audiences, pleases his faithful followers.

**“MRS. MOONLIGHT”**

We all wait.

Strong men who have stood in the trenches with Pershing, men who have taken it on the chin in many a speakeasy, women who look and act like Goya’s witches, critics as hardened as Percy Hammond and myself, wept and blew our trumps at Mrs. Moonlight, who could never look more than nineteen, who disappeared one Godcy’s Lady’s Book night in 1881, to come back in 1898 and 1928, always looking younger. No one ever recognized her! She dies with her ninety-year-old husband.

Some spell had been put on her, you see (see Wilkie Collins, Bertha M. Clay, “Peter Pan” and “Mary Rose”). The husband (dear old Guy Standing), marries Mrs. Moonlight’s sister. The rest of the whole thing is—we un—intelligible. It’s molasses for infants. Benn W. Levy concocted it.

But the acting of that curiously diaphanous beauty, Ethel Barrett, as Mrs. Moonlight, is what brought us all to the tear. She’s a Barric creature in an imitation Barrie show. Haidée Wright, an old servant, In the Know (whatever it is), lays on the Scotch beer overmuch. But Leo G. Carroll, as a bookie, and Walter Kingsford as the husband of Mrs. Moonlight’s daughter, does one of the finest characterizations ever seen on Broadway.

Yes, Linda, tears are in style again. Maybe the vaper aren’t very far away.

**“TWELFTH NIGHT”**

Kenneth Macgowan and Joseph Werner Reed put on the most charming and scene-setting unique version of Shakespeare’s “Twelfth Night” that I have ever seen.

Here is a lot of foolishness—an old-fashioned story, a drapery melodrama—truncated under the fairy- wand of Big Will (and Macgowan and Reed) to a play that has made immoral at least two reviewers at the Garrick. Carville, grand old ale-sack, and Malvolio, the pedantic peacock of Lady Olivia’s household. These two roles are played by Walter Kingsford and Leon Quartermaine are played as I have never seen them played before. Celia is seen by a lady in “Twelfth Night” see Sir Lucy Belch and Malvolio in person.

Jane Cowl as Viol is not impressive. She seems to be reciting and pantomimingshort instead of acting. But she is grand to look upon.
and Frank Fay winning tennis, and Billy Bakevell distinguishing himself at ping-pong.

"I can ping, all right," remarked Elsie Janis to me one afternoon.

"The party had been an afternoon affair, and the sun was setting as we made our cordial adieu and wished them many happy returns.

Louise Dresser reminded Mrs. Gleason that her next anniversary would be a silver one and Reginald responded that she knew it and that silver was her favorite kind of jewelry.

"Married twenty-four years and glad of it exclaimed Patsy as we left. "I think that's awfully nice, especially in these days when you can get a divorce if your mate sneeses out of turn."

Mrs. Straus is giving one of her lovely evening garden parties, and it can't have hurt, Mrs. Straus always trusts the California and Beverly Hills climate to behave nicely, and it just has to live up to her belief, I guess. She is one of the first and only people who is giving an evening garden party, it will be entirely nice, Reginald Shortland is our escort.

We three drove over to the Straus home in Beverly Hills, which had been chosen as much for its beauty of grounds as for its charming mansion, I'm sure. It had the added attraction, too, of a little studio building in the back garden, where young Irvin Straus could write and practise in privacy.

Though only nineteen, young Straus has written an operetta which is a success in two homes.

Mrs. Straus was lovely in a white satin gown, and she and Oscar Straus, her famous husband, greeted us in their cordial, cheerful manner. Mr. Straus, as usual, drifting about in his inconspicuous way, being nice to all his guests in turn and always saying the right thing.

Ramon Novarro was almost the first person we saw among the guests, and he was looking as handsome and as charming as ever he gave me a little wish. He had brought that highly interesting personality, Florence Barnes, the famous aviatrix, who is a large, strong woman, unpretending and yet a real girlish friend. She makes you feel as if everything is all right, so cheerful, radiant and reasonable is she.

We found that Ramon himself had flown an airship almost the first time he went up.

Speaking of Ramon reminds me of the party Lawrence Tihbett, the opera singer, gave at his Beverly Hills mansion, where Elsie Janis came out of worse of a little friendly bout with Novarro.

Elsie is a great cut-up, but she only sits on gentlemen's stomachs on Thursdays—no other days. But let Mrs Janis tell how it happened:

"Ramon and I were sitting on a piano bench in Lawrence and Grace Tihbett's home during a party the other night. Ramon made some little remarks and I said: 'Aw, go on home,' and gave him a little tap on his shoulder. Then as I was going away I pushed him back and the first thing you know we were at it hot and heavy.

"I fell off the piano bench and I had him down with me and very effectually on his stomach. The victory seemed mine, but he played dead, drat him, and when I was off guard he 'oomped' his stomach—you know, he sort of undulated—and I fell off on my shoulder. Even then it wouldn't have been so bad. But I wouldn't say I was hurt, so he kept on pummeling me until my shoulder was completely dislocated.

"I didn't know anybody, although it hurt like the dickens, I just waved goodbye to everybody with my left hand—it was my right hand that was hurt. I went right home. But the next day I had to have a doctor and so now everybody knows about it.

"I hate to tell this on Ramon because he is such a charming fellow. Ramon isn't a big bruiser. He's a gentleman. He just didn't know I was hurt and I was too stubborn to tell him."

"Oh, Louise Fazenda is giving a house-warming party and a celebration for her husband's birthday, chirruped Patsy who is always ripe for a party. Her husband is Hal Wallis, the producer, you know. But for the house warming, she will have a birthday party at home, which is the new, built-on part.

"The party was to be given at Louise's Malibu Beach house, and there Patsy and her husband surrounded out their guests, and the Sunday afternoon. Hal told us coldly that he was just twenty-six years old—a half birthday party.

"Jack Warner was there with his lovely wife, Irma Warner, and their fifteen-year-old son, Jack Jr., who is a manly little fellow. He has been working in all departments, from financial to acting, at the First National Studios, earning fifteen dollars a week and was so entranced with his job that he wanted to keep right on working all during his vacation; but his dad bribed him to take some recreation and stay at Malibu, promising him his fifteen dollars a week just the same, so Jack Jr., was persuaded."

"Walter Huston was among the guests, and there were Darryl Zanuck and his wife, Bobby North and his wife, Stella Maury; Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Kern, Laura La Plante and William Seiter, Blanche Sweet, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Denny, Larry Darmour, Mrs. and Mrs. William K. Howard, Louise Fazenda, Louise's sister, little Annette, Mervyn Le Roy and Edna Murphy, his wife; Hedda Hopper, Mr. and Mrs. Neal Marlin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Irwin, Inez Courtney, and many more.

"We had a little chat with Walter Huston, who played Abraham Lincoln, you know. He declared that he hadn't found Lincoln so hard to play: 'You see there it was, a wonderful story and a wonderful character, and they just played themselves,' he said modestly.

"Then he told us some of the funny criticisms of the picture that had been made. A few of our teachers should own no account take her pupils to see "Abraham Lincoln," "because," she said, "he is shown loving one woman and marrying another.

"If some of the guests were in swimming, including young Jack Warner, Edna Murphy, Mervyn Le Roy and Reginald Denny.

"Coming in to sit down on the warm sand, Edna Murphy showed us some of the bruises she had on her arms and legs. She had acquired a number of them in her first turns in swimming, including young Jack Warner, Edna Murphy, Mervyn Le Roy and Reginald Denny.

"As it grew cold, we went into the house, and had a look at the upper story, which is the new part of the house, which a lot of the guests were admiring. There are two big bedrooms and a library, with wide french doors, and Louise has a big collection of books, even at the beach, the library is most inviting.

"The walls were covered with framed drawings, too, or if you wished, you could sit out on the wide, sheltered veranda, and chat.

"Supper was served at little tables, and we found that our hostess had cooked everything herself, even the spaghetti and the cakes! Her prune cake is especially delicious, and before supper was over she had promised almost every woman guest present to make one for her, until last she said she didn't know whether she would get to Europe or not!

"Characteristically, Louise had generously cooked more food than her guest could possibly eat. And Louise and I left, she loaded them down with cake, chicken and potato salad; so that Edna Murphy went home singing a whole quaver of a cake: Virginia Fosse had a big helping of potato salad; and Irma Warner wore away half a prune cake, while Patricia brought us back with quantities of cake and spaghetti.

"Hal's birthday cake turned out to be an imposing structure—as good to taste as to look at.

"Even though we had lingered long, we found it hard to tear ourselves away, but finally did, wishing Hal many happy returns, and both Louise and Hal a glad journey and safe return.

"All the feminine guests were telling Louise what to take on the trip and what to not, and Irma Warner especially advised her to carry some American silk stockings over to a certain Parisian dressmaker, since such a gift, in Paris, where the French stockings are so had, insure one the very best attention from a modiste.

"Suddenly, as we were bidding our last adieus, an upcar arose in the yard. It turned out to be a flight between Louise's Sealyham and Hal's Scotty. The Sealyham is an angelic blonde, like those in the Bertha M. Clay stories, while the Scotty is a Bonnie etcete also the Scotties, and when Hal had separated the combatants, he explained that the Sealyham stood too much every time from the basset hunting Scotty, and then turned and defended herself.

"Once more we said goodbye, and were on our way."

"I LOVE going to yachting clubs," remarked Patsy, "they make you feel as if you were some other world. And Louise Drucker and Jack Gardner are giving a nice speed-boat and supper party at Lido Isle. Won't it be fun! I'll take a little island in the land-locked bay not far from San Pedro, where a lot of film people are building their homes, and where Louise and Jack have a new summer home."

"We crossed the isle, after our drive down the lovely coastal boat ferry, which took about five minutes, and no sooner had we landed than Jack and Louise said, 'There's time for a speedboat around the bay and out to sea if we hurry! Come into the yacht house and put on your bathing suits, because you'll need them and your own or we'll lend you ours.'"

"It was a glorious ride, and we were drenched with the wind-blown spray, but didn't mind it at all."

for January 1931

MR. AND MRS. HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAIN

Continued from page 59
HAIR RAISING HOLLYWOOD—Continued from page 33

right for wear under a hat and yet it is long enough to be worn in a small roll in the back.

The thing that makes hair-growing most universal is the fact that at last and at least a dozen things can be done with it. It's rather fun to feel it on the shoulder. It's interesting to arrange it and catch a glance in the mirror from profile and from the back. For those who have had a bob for a long time, it's practically impossible to have any hair all over again and welcoming it home.

Almost everyone agrees in and outside of Hollywood that a good hair-do is the complete exposure of the forehead no matter if the brow is high or low. The only daring exceptions who have bangs seem to be from Moore. If she's to have a sort of gay-ninety side pompadour that hangs low over one brow. The only thing that's allowed on the opera stage is a curl or a swirl right in the middle of the forehead, or perhaps on the temple. If hair can be spared for 'spit curls' then a very small detachable one can be held in place by an invisible hair pin.

Most long, long hair has to be thinned or it will not be manageable for the present down-blow styles. For instance, Lady Godiva, when she took her famous horse-back ride with nothing around her but her beautiful long tresses, was well covered, according to report. Few American women in or out of Hollywood could take her part without a wig.

As time goes on and hair gets longer and thicker, we predict that our low style of hairdress will give way to high effects. It is the oriental who recognizes the true emotional power which lies in perfume, and for generations they have taken great care to see that their noses remained for the French woman to get the most romantic and practicable use out of scent. So now is your chance to do some thinking about your complexes with which to choose but to use your perfumes as your Gallic sister does. Use it as a painter uses his highest color and in the form and substance of his masterpiece. A woman's body is her masterpiece and she should consider no point too trifling to pay attention to. It is how we develop these qualities, in spite of our inherited handicaps, that puts us on the 'big time' map.

To help you reach the 'big time', I shall be glad to advise you. Write to me!

ACCENT YOUR PERSONALITY WITH PERFUMES—Continued from page 85

When you go beauty-shopping, do you see so many products you don't know what to buy? Do you ever get confused as to creams, rouges, lipstick and hair lotions, all of which are announced as perfection? Would you like to be able to say, 'This was best of all' which would most suit your personal taste. Of the price of each!

Beginning next month you will find all of this information in Screenland. Mary Lee, the famous beauty advisor, will tell you, with or without favor, of each new beauty product as it comes on the market. Watch for 'Misc. Lee's personal opinion' and never buy the wrong article again. In the February Screenland on sale January 1st.

Its lilac puff is separated from the powder by a narrow strip of silver cardboard. A delightful bit of variety for any dressing table.

It is the oriental who recognizes the true emotional power which lies in perfume, and for generations they have taken great care to see that their noses remained for the French woman to get the most romantic and practicable use out of scent. So now is your chance to do some thinking about your complexes with which to choose but to use your perfumes as your Gallic sister does. Use it as a painter uses his highest color and in the form and substance of his masterpiece. A woman's body is her masterpiece and she should consider no point too trifling to pay attention to. It is how we develop these qualities, in spite of our inherited handicaps, that puts us on the 'big time' map. To help you reach the 'big time', I shall be glad to advise you. Write to me!
Paris...knows the way to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Massé tells how Parisian beauties have adopted this olive and palm oil method of cleansing...advised by more than 20,000 beauty specialists the world over.

Aid your beauty expert by using Palmolive. "I advise all my clients," says Massé, "Never use any soap except Palmolive. And those who follow that advice show the greatest improvement as a result of our own treatments."

É. Massé
16 Rue Daunou, Paris

Massé...the famous Massé...and all his well-known Parisian colleagues, too, for that matter...has helped Paris find the way "to keep that schoolgirl complexion."

Paris, where lovely ladies seem even lovelier because the whole atmosphere is charged with beauty! Paris, where experts like Massé actually receive visits from reigning queens. Where royal ladies, aristocrats, world renowned artists of opera and the theater ask: How can I keep my beauty? What can I do, when I leave beauty-wise Paris, to keep my skin lovely?

Here, of all places, beauty experts are in demand. Experts like Massé, who is invited often to attend royalty, who once journeyed all the way to Cairo to give a beauty treatment to a well-known American lady, who has won prize after prize for his artful beauty treatments.

This home treatment
What Massé advises is an ever-so-easy home treatment. You may know it. All Paris does. Paris says it's the way "to keep that schoolgirl complexion." First, make a lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water (not hot, that may redden the skin). Second, with your finger tips massage this into face and throat, working the impurities out of the pores. Third, rinse off the soap with warm water...gradually colder and colder. There! Isn't that cleanliness delightful? And isn't your skin refreshingly smooth, rich in color?

The popularity of this home beauty treatment has made Palmolive one of the two largest selling toilet soaps in France.

You know, there are—all told—more than 20,000 experts who advise Palmolive. They prefer Palmolive because of its unique vegetable oil content. So will you. Use it for the bath, as well. It costs but 10 cents a cake.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion
and I remarked that Joan was naturally slender and didn't have to worry about the calories.

"You're all wrong," Joan wailed. "I have to keep up the line. I can't take the chance. I eat carbon and I sometimes suggest that I am so hungry I could die. When I see Kay Johnson eat meat and potatoes and gravy and lots of them in the world she can eat for lunch and never gain an ounce I could shriek with envy. For five years I haven't touched potatoes, butter, cream, bread, olive oil, starchy foods or sugar. I found I couldn't go without lunch when I was working and have been educating myself to drink highballs at noon. It is a hard job. I don't like it."

That is one of the prices an actress has to pay for fame.

We were sitting on a wooden bench at the side of the set—Joan in a trick little black fur vest over a white silk skirt, waist, and black velvet skirt. The scene was some time after Joan left prison serving in a false charge of theft. Pan, evidently deciding that enough hard luck had come her way, gave her a break and she was now very well off. The girl who put the stolen goods in Joan's locker to cover her own guilt has now left her to Joan's appearance, not knowing who the lady of the house is.

You can imagine what a sweet scene that would be! Joan faces her down, and merely says to her, "I'm not going to run away. I'll strike her back into the chair, Ida. Withers plays the part of the other girl and the poor kid tonight!"

It made it harder because Joan was afraid to hit her too hard. It didn't look convincing at rehearsals so it had to be done over and over again. "Oh, Isabel, I'm so sorry. Did I hurt you?" Joan kept saying, and each time left the scene shaking like a leaf.

Once Isabel dodged up sooner than usual and got such a wallop on her jaw that she forgot her lines—just flopped back and stared at Joan. Director Wood called "Cut" and everyone laughed at Isabel's startled expression—including Isabel. "That was a good one," she said. Poor Joan was speechless. "Oh, Isabel," she cried. "Why, it's all right, Joan. I'm not hurt a bit—just surprised me, that's all."

Isabel comforted her. But Joan was all upset and ordered a case of cocoa cola brought from the commissary and treated everyone on the stage.

A boy from the wardrobe department appeared with two costumes, one of which Joan was to wear in next day's scene. She tried them on, asked her director's advice and made her choice. A short recess had been declared to give Isabel a chance to get her breath, and during it, Joan and I took a walk around the lot for fresh air.

"I suppose you'll go to the opera—everyone seems to be taking it in," I said.

Joan gave an enrathered gasp. "Oh, I do want to," she cried and took a skipping step or two. "But do you know, I am so tired by the time I get home that I can hardly drag myself to bed. It is almost unbelievable, because you know we don't work all the time. We have to sit about while they are changing sets and all that. Maybe it is because I am taking this part rather hard. I find that when you put yourself in the mood of a character that is suffering, you suffer with that character. I am depressed and restless most of the time. I dream a little. Sometimes I wake up in fear it will affect my work."

"The other night something special was going on at the little Douglas. I don't go to it. I don't think I don't."

Joan laughed. "I don't. I don't."

She thought of some happy little thing in the old '20s, and Joan gave a little sigh. "I wish I knew what was going on."

Mind you, I am not crabbing. I adore this part and would have cried my heart out if it hadn't been given me. Doing it is the most interesting experience in my career and I'm sure that all of you at some of the things I find myself doing. I still have a lot to learn in roles of this kind but this is a start, anyway, and I only hope the fact will like my performance. I know people who saw me thought the worst about me. My eyes were only half open and I was so immersed in my character. After trying for an hour to be a good sport I gave up and Douglas took me home.

I was surprised when I heard Joan speak her lines. It wasn't the girlish voice I had been used to hear. It was a deeper, richer, softer, sexier. The timing was more leisurely with a broader, more confident, expressive, poised, dramatic little figure with such a weight of tragedy in her eyes.

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IS BUDDY ROGERS IN REVOLT?—Continued from page 33

saying that from now on their Mr. Rogers would be officially billed and referred to as a 'Charles.' No more Buddy—except on peoples' tongues.

'Try to make folks call Fairbanks 'Doug,'" Chaplin 'Charles Spencer' instead of Charlie—and you'll have some idea of what the Rogers boy is up against.

And it was a definite assertion. He insisted upon it. Rebellin a little—daring to say 'No.'

And he came back to New York. He had to make personal appearances in the east. Made a picture, too—"Heads Up."

And first things we knew, he and Virginia Windsor were splitting hither and thither together. To see "Once in a Lifetime." They sat in the front row, and a hand some couple they made, too. With Jack Barty Barthelme and his stunning wife, Jessica, were in the audience that same night, but young Rogers, with the flashing smile and the beautiful blonde on his arm, attracted all the attention.

And then at the Casino, that smart restaurant in Central Park which is a come but of Paris in Manhattan. Screen stars rush to it when they're in town. It's the place to go to dine and to dance, to see and to be seen. Virginia Vail, with Wis ton Guest, famous polo player. (Before Virginia went back to Hollywood to marry Charlie Chaplin he was Buddy Rogers with Claire Windsor.

They looked very happy together. People said: "Oh, that was all over, long ago." May be he is a great, just the same. Just old friends, just good pals, perhaps. But—they look well to gether; they laugh and have a good time together.

It's Broadway gossip that Buddy is besieged by Park Avenue debutantes whenever he is in town. But he chose to take Claire to the Casino.

"Why shouldn't Ex-Buddy and his ex ardor Claire, dine together? What of it? Nothing—except that Charles Rogers can't go anywhere these days without being spotted and stared at; without letting himself in for speculation. He must know it.

Yet he picks Claire Windsor out of all the girls who dance and the ones he is with. Nothing—except that platonic friendship is just something that we don't expect to find among Hollywood stars, that's all.

Buddy doesn't want to get married, he says to interviewers. He hasn't found the Rig Girl. And here, right at his elbow, is Claire. Will he once more into her lovely long lashed sponge eyes and stage a little 'I love you all of mine?'

Perhaps if he did turn defiant he would be a bigger and a better actor.

Even Jackie Coogan is growing up. And Charles Rogers has decided he wouldn't be a Buddy any longer. He can't smile his way forever through his films. Right now all this to do to is picking up a little, smile a little, act a little—and, if the serialization is for it, sing a little or play the sax. But the day of the musical comedy movie seems to be over.

Charles Rogers will have to be a different star from Buddy. There will be more mature stories for him to act. He'll have to learn other roads to peoples' hearts if he wants to retain as a man the fame he was as a boy. He'll have, in other words, to grow up. And it looks to us as if he is starting to do it. He isn't afraid of what people will say if he appears as Claire's escort. He wants to be himself. And it's a more interesting and a more challenging part.

By the time you read this he will be in Europe, with his mother, Mrs. Bert Rogers. He's being a nice boy, going for a rather long trip since stardom. Still in the 'Buddy' tradition. But the sights and sounds and scents of the Old World may help him to grow up a little more. We hope so.

We feel there's a lot more to Charles Rogers than just this 'mixed up' story with this sax appeal. He has a spark which, when famed, may lead him on to big things—real things. He hasn't these glowing, deep brown eyes but he has a good nose. And the way his eyes sparkle when he talks is so gay. And his first sax cigarette in "Heads Up." A good sign!
THE hunt is about to start. The hounds have been unleashed and are impatient to pick up the scent. Somewhere in the pack are two dogs exactly alike—identical to the eye in size, pose, markings on the legs, bodies, heads and tails. How well developed are your powers of observation? How quick is your eye? Can you find the twin dogs? It will cost you nothing to try for the Grand Prizes which will be awarded according to the contestants' standings when the final decision is made.

If you can find the twin dogs send the numbers together with your name and address. Six thousand dollars to be paid in 10 equal first prizes. Each one of $600.00 or a brand new Chevrolet, 2-door sedan, the model pictured above, with many extra prizes of $50.00 each—you can win one by being prompt—making a total first prize of $650.00 cash if you prefer. In addition to the first prizes there are dozens of other well chosen prizes which will be given to the winners in this unique “advertising-to-the-public” program. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Solutions will not be accepted from persons living in Chicago, Illinois, or outside of the U. S. A. Mail your answer today.

J. F. LARSON,
Room 285, 54 West Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND
TELLING ON TIBBETT!—Continued from page 57

that little knowledge will have for them. It is so easy to acquire when one is young and so hard later. How many remorseful singers have told me how they battled with their fond mothers who would try to oblige them to practise when children and how much they would give to have the chance over again. Alas! It is too late unless one is willing to put forth almost superhuman efforts. Life is going on, other duties demand attention, the musical mind is no longer so sensitive as it was and what have we—failures, only because they refused to devote a little time to music when it would have been so easy.

After this sensational performance was over and he was still in a daze from all the curtain calls, I went with him and Mrs. Tibbett to a restaurant across the street from the Metropolitan. Most people would have made such a momentous event in their lives the occasion for a celebration and would have indulged in nothing less than a banquet. Not so, this young man. He ordered his customary glass of milk and bowl of cornflakes. He made it a rule not to eat a heavy meal after a performance and he saw no reason to break it. I told him:

"Lawrence, tonight you are famous in New York City. Tomorrow you will be famous all over the country." But he did not seem to realize what had happened. He remained preoccupied and said almost nothing. I suppose that he slept very little that night and got up early next morning to buy the papers. Hunting among the critical columns he saw nothing about him- self and concluded it had all been a dream until Mrs. Tibbett caught a headline on the front page. The story had made the front page instead of the inside!

After that the deluge! Telegrams, telephone calls, visitors, photographers, reporters besieged the little apartment for days and still he could not quite make out what it was all about. Such a triumph often has bad effects as it is almost impossible to live up to it, and it seemed then that nothing could ever exceed it. But in all honor to this young genius, he said that each step has been an advance over past achievements.

An amusing incident occurred sometime after this event which indicated the extent of his preoccupation. I was invited with Mr. and Mrs. Tibbett one evening to a small dinner party, given by some friends. Tibbett rushed home from a late rehearsal, changed clothes and appeared just in time to sit down to dinner. After dinner we adjourned to the salon when suddenly there was a hearty laugh from Tibbett. Everyone looked inquiringly in his direction to ascertain what could cause such an outburst.

As we looked the laugh became general. In his preoccupation and haste, Tibbett had forgotten to change footwear and was wearing a pair of bright tan shoes with his dinner suit!

I think I mentioned before, and it is a noteworthy fact about this surprising American, that the popularity which has come his way has not turned his head. He is determined to be himself at all costs. In seeing him on the street without knowing his identity, you might easily assume that he worked in a bank or in a bond house. No mannerisms, affectations, or stoded earmarks of the musician are his. Nor is he the least bit temperamental. Sincere, unusually sympathetic, considerate of the other fellow, just in his dealings, firm in his convictions—these are some of his outstanding traits.

An indication of this last was shown on an occasion when he was making his first picture. He was singing into the microphone with his usual abandon and that sensitive little instrument was apparently finding itself overtaxed in handling the unaccustomed volume of sound. Finally one of the technical men sought to advise him and said, "Mr. Tibbett, you must croon into the mike."

Tibbett drew up to his full height and replied, "Croon? Hell! I sing."

And sing he did as all will attest who heard him in "The Rogue Song." The 'mike' was removed to a safe distance to insure adequate recording. But to imagine Tibbett crooning is to laugh. To him is an expression of the emotion in all of its variations. It represents heroism, whimsicality, bragadocio, architecture, tenderness, shades of feeling without number. It would be unthinkable to confine all of these vocal variations to the croon, suitable chiefly for a lullaby. I am glad that he broke away from the croon, for as he implied, crooning is not singing either in the sound of it or over the film. Sound pictures will only begin to realize their amazing possibilities when singers actually sing for them.

I have already spoken of the way in which Tibbett concentrates in preparing a part. After he has mastered the technical details, he starts to round out his own conception of the part and that is an engrossing occupation. He reads all he can find on the character he is depicting and the customs prevailing at the time of action. He looks into the costumes. Then he puts himself into the rôle.

He never desires to lose contact with the life and people about him because they are so useful as material for his laboratory of human emotion and reaction. Then finally comes the presentation of the part and those who have followed his career are usually aware of a refreshing originality in everything that he does. He succeeds in bringing something decidedly his own to his work.

In the Tibbett household there is a tacit agreement that work comes first. But after that, he is ready for almost anything, a game with the twins, a day at the beach. He loves to fish, hunt, hike and swim, and takes the first opportunity presented to indulge in any of these. Life in the deep woods is particularly enjoyable to both Mr. and Mrs. Tibbett. During the busy winter season when he cannot spend so much time in the open as during the summer, he goes to the gymnasium regularly after rehearsal for his daily workout.

Both of the twins show some of their father's traits. Richard loves to read and Lawrence, Jr., is developing an inclination to act. They are encouraged by their father and mother. When a youth like Tibbett had an insatiable desire to read everything within reach and proceeded to devour books until the danger of undermining his health forced him out into the open. He still finds much pleasure in reading which accounts for his ability to talk on a wide variety of subjects totally unrelated to his work.

Mr. and Mrs. Tibbett have worked hand in hand from the first, facing the hardships with fortitude and the successes with equanimity. They are still tovers as when they started on the great adventure. Mrs. Tibbett, who is a woman of much talent and originality, writes beautiful poems and has dedicated more than one of her lines "to Lawrence." There is one in particular which I have recently set to music which Tibbett has been singing. It is called "Far Away."

Far away you are, Beloved—

But in the heart of me

You are always near,

The lighted city,

Twinkles like a stream of tears

Across the world.

Oh! I have loved you

A thousand years.

---

A 'good egg' at heart, Fred Kohler, screen villain, would rather have a ramble with his Pekingese pups than fire a machine gun any old day.
$500 FOR FIVE WORDS
A Contest for Everybody
A SLOGAN FOR THE NEW 10¢ SCREEN MAGAZINE
Silver Screen

We want a slogan for SILVER SCREEN. We will give $500 for the best one suggested.

But before you start sparking ideas, read what this slogan should express:

We want it to stand for youth, for gaiety, for chic. We want it to stand for fun and entertainment. And we want it to stand for information, accurate information, about pictures and picture people. In short, we want it to stand for Hollywood and all the romance that Hollywood typifies.

Use your brains. Stimulate your imagination. $500 for five words. Or $500 for four, or even three words, if they express the youthful, peppy personality of SILVER SCREEN.

Use the coupon. And if you can think of several good slogans, send them all in—there's no limit.

RULES OF CONTEST
1. There will be a prize of $500 for the slogan selected.
2. In case the winning slogan is submitted by more than one contestant, the full award will be given to each person.
3. Slogan must not be over five words, but can be less.
4. The judges will be a committee of members of SILVER SCREEN'S staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication can submit slogans. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.
5. Contest closes on midnight of January 10th. SILVER SCREEN assumes no responsibility for manuscripts submitted, but the editors will be very glad to answer any questions regarding the contest.
6. Send your slogans to "Slogan Editor," SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

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When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
boulevardiers a completely new sartorial thrill when she walked down the street in a white linen suit, white high-buttoned trousers, smartly creased, and topped it all off with—you'll never guess—white kid shoes with dancing red heels. Somebody page Carmen, please!

Marlene Dietrich also has her own modish ideas. Her favorite costume is a Swiss

A be-man star who used to be much loved seems to be going all wet. Recently in the seclusion of a crowded restaurant, he said: "A man who has never been handicapped in life by the realization of what a great man his father is." This is the same John Doe who repeated to himself in the privacy of a packed screen loco: "The whole country is John Doe conscious. The whole country is John Doe conscious!" Frank Harris says "Toleration of the failure of others is the first step in the re-

Other news, not so pleasant, is that Renée Adorée, who looked blooming when she came back from the sanitarium in Mon-

The Come On Inn, run for eleven years by Betty and Hatty, is an eating place in Hollywood which refuses to change. The same welcome and the same good food is its slogan, which Ralph Graves always appreciated, but there was one thing that got his goat—the squeal in the front door. However, Hatty ignored his complaints about it—it was a great help to her since, when she was cooking in the kitchen, she could always hear if anybody came in the front. But one day she saw how much it was annoying Edward Ever-

Wedding bells ring out for Viola Dana and James Thompson just as we go to press. James is twenty-one years old and the golf 'pro' at the swanky Broadmoor Country Club, in Colorado. This is Jim-

Richard Dix has taken on an entirely new personality for VANCEY CRAVAT in "Cimarron". He began by letting his coal-

at the opening of the Fox Theater in an Arizona city Polly Moran was to be in min-

Speaking of "Within the Law," I don't think any of Joan Crawford's fans would envy her the day's work we saw! It was a prison kitchen scene. Such a kitchen, and a plight about the lovely Joan was in. Scraping plates into a garbage can and with the help of another girl dumping the contents into a huge steaming vat in the center of the kitchen! Sulphur rags were burning all around to create a smoky atmosphere for the cameras. The garbage had been odorized by Lyrol, which has a sturdy smell of its own, but the stench of the steam through the refuse and the burn-

Do you remember Eileen Percy? The lovely blonde who starred in Fox pictures for several years? Well, Eileen has joined the profession of writers. She scouts about Hollywood every day for news and writes a jolly column for a newspaper syndicate. She looked very stunning in a dark amber sports suit and smart felt hat the other day at the Metro Studio. She says she likes her job a lot.

When Polly appeared for the state occa-

John Miljan was slated to play English Eddy in "Within the Law." He was dis-

It sometimes happens that an actor is asked to cue another actor who is to make a test for a part. John was asked to do this one day as he was leaving the restaur-

"Toleration of the failure of others is the first step in the re-

The mural decorations for the house have been painted by the celebrated Mexican

The wrought-iron gates used for the pations of both the house and the hotel are very beautiful and hundreds of years old. Estelle has been collecting them for months through agents who have worked with pro-

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sent me to New York to make my next picture. They thought if I could get away from mama for a few weeks I could put a real punch into my work. I can, too, for my nerves aren't all tied up. Oh," she sighed, "you'll never know the relief of being alone. For the first time in twenty-four years, I'm free to draw my breath, wipe my nose, take a taxi, or stay out all night—if I wanted to. And sometimes," she ended laughing, "I think I really will stay out all night, even if I have to ride the subways to keep awake—just to prove to myself that I am a grown-up, responsible person. Not one of these curly-haired, perky adolescents that mothers adore and producers despise."

I left the Ritz with my head so full of this mother-daughter problem that I began to worry over all the screen mothers I had known. Some were handicaps—decidedly. But Mary Pickford's mother, Mrs. Smith, came to my mind. I remembered Mary telling how in her childhood when the Gishes and the Smiths lived together, that her mother was the man of the family. She looked after Mary, Lottie and Jack, cooked and cleaned, handled the money, made a dime carry a dollar's burden, and provided generally the iron work for the entire waving Smith structure.

We are all products of our ancestors and Mary inherited from her mother not only her tremendous business ability, but also the metal of balance and poise which have made her, in addition to a cinema queen, one of the foremost social personages in this country. Mary's mother taught her that a woman can rise only so high as the sinews of her character are strong. Without this inheritance, despite Mary's talent and beauty, she might today be just the kind of girl an audience forgets. But Mrs. Smith provided rup for rup, the stout, sure ladder by which Mary Smith, unknown, transformed herself into the status of Mary Pickford, probably the world's best loved star player.

'Ma' Jans was another famous dramatic mother of history whose recent death saddened us all. Elsie and 'Ma' were fellow trouperers. And they trouped behind the curtain of the cruellest drama—existence has ever known—behind the bleeding front line trenches of the world war. When Elsie grew weak, 'Ma' forgot her own weakness. When Elsie was discouraged, 'Ma' had to look the word up in a dictionary to find out what it meant. When tears touched Elsie's eyes, 'Ma' could always reach down into some inner recess of her big, broad body and cough up a laugh to change the color of a gray day.

This pair of women have been more misunderstood than any single mother-daughter combination. A bitter short story—later made into a play—supposedly based on their lives, perhaps helped to spread this illusion. But did you ever take a look at Elsie's chin? Is a woman with a chin like that made up her mind to marry a man, you might just as well try to take a bear cub away from a mother bear as to try to get such a person to give up such an ideal. Elsie knows what she wants—and goes after it. Just now, she is a production expert on the Paramount lot in California, doing some scenario and short story writing as well.

Last New Year's Eve, 'Ma' sensed that she was not to be here long, and wrote her daughter a letter, confiding it to a friend until after her death. One sentence stands out: "I hope you do not feel I have interfered. Life has been fifty-fifty for us. Do not grieve for me." Elsie hasn't grieved openly. The day after her mother's funeral she went back to work. And you can judge whether her mother taught her strength, philosophy, understanding, from a little conversation Miss Janis had with the studio officials on that day. Quite simply she said: "Let me direct Clara Bow in a picture. That girl needs somebody to befriend her. And I need—somebody to befriend."

Other marvelous mothers come before me: 'Peg' Talmadge, perhaps the strongest personality in Hollywood, who has helped make Norma, Constance and Natalie what they are today. And take Billie Dove! What has made her a success? Nobody can truthfully say she is a great actress. She is glorious looking.
But that's not enough, Billie is a star because of a sweetness, a certain softness which other stars often lose once they get in the bitter, competitive film fight. And that same softness and sweetness came to Billie direct from her mother. Look at the picture of them both and see if it doesn't.

When take Dorothy Mackaill. There is a lusty, likable quality about Dorothy which makes her a continuous comedy hit. But she doesn't get that straight from her mother, I'm no judge of human beings. Jeanette Macdonald is another who has been substantially aided in her career because of inheriting this same trait from her jolly mother.

A pretty girl looking forward to a picture career! Noel Francis, a recent addition to screen ranks, has done good work in "Lightnin'!" July Collyer's mother, Mrs. Heerman, is a splendid exhibit of helpfulness. "I taught June her way around when she was a little girl," Mrs. Heerman told me, one day when I was lunching with her, "and now that June is grown up she must live along her own lines. My responsibilities keep me here in New York. June's work keeps her in Hollywood. If I trained June right as a child, she will carry on right. If I've failed, then it's too late now to mend it. My daughter must rise or fall on her own judgment." How different the world would look to thousands of girls if mothers generally would only take a leaf from Mrs. Heerman's book!

Leila Hyams had a lucky start in life, being as she is, the daughter of that famous vaudeville team, McIntyre and Hyams. If there's anything to this hereditary business, and the best people say there is, then Leila was bound to be a success. But she didn't get into pictures on her parents' reputation. The girl went out cold into the picture game and brought home the bacon—sizzling hot! And now we come to those girls who have made a success in films because of a quality, a little je ne sais quoi which for the lack of a better name, we will call distinction. Joan and Constance Bennett stand out from the herd because of the distinction which they inherited from their mother, Adrienne Morrison, formerly a well-known actress. To say nothing of what they derive from their handsome, debonair father, Richard Bennett, the famous actor, Claudette Colbert received much of this same quality from her mother, who, to this day, is a Gallic beauty, with stunning iron-gray hair and brilliant black eyes.

Ika Chase, whose comedy rôles have made a great hit lately, is the most individual player I ever met. And why wouldn't she be with a mother who is Editor-in-Chief of Paris-London-New York Vogue? Ika is herself a vogue. What she says, the way she wears her hair, what she eats, and how she dresses, are eagerly copied by the Park Avenue and Long Island debutantes. She has only begun her screen career but, given a chance, she will develop into another brilliant player of the Lilyan Tashman class, or I don't know my cinematic oysters.

There are other mothers, and sometimes grandmothers, who have been swell sources for their daughters' careers. We can't mention them all but we'll touch a few: Bebe Daniels' mother, and grandmother as well; MarceLINE and Alice Day can't complain either of the feminine parent they drew in the hereditary grab bag. Nor can the Young girls, Loretta, Sally Blane, and young Polly Ann Young.

However, there are two or three mothers, who perhaps with the best of intentions in the world, have not seemed to help their daughters' success. Take Mrs. Corbin, mother of Virginia Lee Corbin. What a beauty Virginia was, and may still be. We haven't seen her for a few years now. And she was a pretty competent little actress, too. But where is she? Fusses, unpleasant publicity, arguments about contracts, ill advice which some say came from her mother—all these have tended to thrust Virginia into the limbo of forgotten film stars.

And again we have Alma Rubens' mother. No mother ever loved a daughter more than Alma's mother loved her. No mother was ever more regular, either. Sharing her last cent with Alma. Following her through good and evil. But sometimes I think Alma's mother loved her too much. Perhaps a little more discipline, a little more iron, might have saved that beautiful, pansy-eyed star from the misfortunes which overtook her, but from which she is making such a brave effort to rise.

Still another mother is Lois Moran's. And I hardly know how to approach her for I understand so well how Mrs. Moran felt. One of my clearest and loveliest pictorial memories is the child Lois was when she made her startling hit in "Stella Dallas." I have never seen a more beautiful and moving translation of young girlhood. If I had been Mrs. Moran, I should have fought to the last ditch to keep Lois the sweet young person she was in this picture. And perhaps that is what Mrs. Moran did—I don't know. Perhaps that was the reason Lois didn't rise as fast as we who loved her would like to have seen. She was kept in long-haired, girlish parts too long, I believe. But then she cut her hair and developed into quite a dashing individual. But somewhere in the transition, our Lois was lost. The Lois that thousands learned to love in "Stella Dallas," and the Lois that we believe will come to us some day from the talking screen.

Another Ronald Colman? Maybe! Jameson Thomas, one of the handsomest and most talented British film actors, starts an Anglo-American alliance by playing opposite June Collyer in "Extravagance."
the heads of government to the clean-up men around the place, is the law. Mr. Ak-
erson says what shall be done, but it is up
to Dick to say how it shall be done. The
safety of the President's person is his con-
cern and he looks after it in his own way
and would disregard Mr. Hoover himself,
if in his opinion the facts warranted it.

Needless to say, President Hoover leaves
the matter entirely in Dick's capable
hands.

When making pictures of the Chief Ex-
cutive, at home or abroad, everyone must
divide their plans to Mr. Jarvis. He in
turn tells his staff operatives the plans.

Joe betrays a false step! Mr. Jarvis and his
men take no chances and if you find yourself and camera dumped unceremoni-
ously in a heap, it's because you're not
following your agreement.

Although it may seem far-fetched, it is
a fact that a strange cameraman has never
been able to take a real close-up of a
President of the United States. Anyone
dishing up less or anything else at the
President from close quarters must be
known, or they haven't a chance.

Mr. Jarvis has been assigned to Presi-
dents since William Howard Taft and
naturally is a fount of stories. Most of
his stories are about the movie men. To
hear him talk one would think there were
no other news gatherers around the White
House.

His favorite tale had its origin in the
Coolidge era when the President was summ-
ering at Black Hills, South Dakota. Ex-
Governor McKeel, of Nebraska, had in-
vited Mr. Coolidge and his party to visit
his camp on a mountain top, close to the
Summer White House. Inviting a Presi-
dent anywhere means inviting his whole
tourage: family, secretaries, secret serv-
ice men, newspapermen, photographers, mo-
tion picture men, and whoever else happens
to be in the party.

According to Jarvis, the expedition of
about fifty persons set out. It was a steep
climb and there were only two backboard
water carriers. One of these was reserved for
the President and Mrs. Coolidge, the other
for the baggage of the party. Every two
hundred yards the party would have to stop
to let the mules rest.

The movie photographers with their
cumbersome equipment were in a tough spot.
They made the start of the climb and then
conserved their cameras to the baggage
wagon, hoping to rescue them near the top
of the hill to make a scene showing the
ascent. About three quarters of the way
up one of those incidents that could happen
only to President Coolidge occurred. The
mules just couldn't budge the carts any
further. To lighten the load President
Coolidge got out. Even that didn't help,
since he put his shoulder to the back of the
cart and helped push.

All the photographers with one excep-
tion, J. C. Brown, now associate editor of
Fox Hearst Corporation, were willing a
bit back of the party. Brown, who despite
a pleasingly plump figure is a most tireless
worker, had gone ahead of the party to get
a shot showing the ascent. He was the only
photographer of any species around, when
Cal put his shoulder to the wheel. As the
cavalcade approached with the

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**SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, INC.**

45 WEST 45TH STREET  NEW YORK, N. Y.

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
President of the United States giving the mules a little help, 'Brownie' beamed. What a break! Although he had consigned his heavy equipment to the truck he still carried a little hand camera. He pushed the button and got the scene. The long shot wouldn't definitely establish the fact that it was the President at the rear so he rushed to Dick Jarvis who was doing his best to help the President help the mules and asked:

"Dick, let me on the wagon a minute so I can get a close-up!"

As Jarvis explains it, he was so surprised at the request he assented. The President was so busy at his task he didn't notice, and he scrambled onto the backboard, before the astonished First Lady, clambered Brown and his 200 pounds.

He gave the button a twist and got the shot and hopped off. He had a great picture. The other photographers were wild but they had no kick. He made his own breaks at the cost of a few pounds he could well afford.

When the feast was set at the top of the hill, however, it was noticed that 'Brownie' was missing. Jarvis mentioned it to the President, with, without cracking a smile, said:

"Well, Jarvis, I suppose he melted and ran down the hill."

Wherever a President goes a retinue of news gatherers go with him as part of the official party. The news gatherers include the movie men, one or two from each newspaper; still photographers, one from each of the big daily agencies; reporters, one from each of the news associations; and special writers from the big daily papers.

In most instances a man from the Secret Service White House detail goes ahead of the party to make arrangements for the comfort of the President and his party. As a rule a movie man, because of the cumbersome outfits, goes with him to pick sites for making the field pictures. Col. Edward Stettinius delivered the White House Secret Service detail, is the advance man for the President. I have often accompanied him on his trips and have marvelled at the extreme precautions taken to insure the complete comfort of the party. Every member of the party must be taken care of in style before the President or being a member of the President's official party. Usually when a President is coming to town the place to be visited is very much excited and hotels and private homes are crowded by people wanting to see the Chief Executive. But the best in every city must be held for the President and his party.

Travelling with the President is violent work for the motion picture makers. They must be set up to make pictures wherever the President appears, and in advance of him. As the President usually moves about with the speed of the wind, it is no easy job to be everywhere and everything. We do it, but at the expense of a lot of extra heavy hearts.

On President-Elect Hoover's Good Will Tour to South America from Santa Barbara where there were thousands of people lined up to greet the President-Elect, a railroad station had a railroad station the motion picture makers would have their cameras set up at the exit of Mr. Hoover's car and, as the train came into the station, usually at a speed of between fifteen and twenty miles an hour, we would jump off while the train was in motion and race to the platform of the presidential car. This was done so that the people would n't close in on us when the train came to a stop, thereby eliminating any possibility of our passage being cut off. After making the close-ups of the ceremonies at the station all the cameramen rushed to some nearby location to get high and long shots showing the people in the foreground and the President-Elect's train in the back, for an establishing scene.

On this occasion, I was set on the roof of the railroad station grinding away as the people cheered and President-Elect Mr. Hoover waved, and suddenly I noticed the train pulling out of the station. What a calamity, I thought, as I grabbed my camera and fought my way through the crowds. All this time the train was gradually gaining speed. I finally got down to the railroad tracks only to see the rear end of the train a hundred yards ahead of me. With my camera, weighing over one hundred pounds, I started in pursuit.

What a figure I cut! The crowd spilled me and in good ba. Spanish cheered me. The attention of Mr. and Mrs. Hoover, who, thank God, were on the observation platform, waving goodbye to the crowd, was finally attracted to me. Up the tracks I was pounding, every minute expecting to pitch over on my head, the train every moment putting a greater distance between me and the train. I knew how I would ever catch up with the party again when Mr. Hoover pulled the emergency cord and brought the train to a standstill.

Imagine the excitement caused on the train by the sudden stop. Secret Service men at all nations, just as quickly with excitement and ready for emergencies. What a relief when they saw the poor miserable cause of it all! And how they

Every advertisement in SCREENLAND is guaranteed.
'rode' me for it. I caught up with the train, but in such an exhausted condition I could hardly climb on the platform. The President-Elect helped me aboard, as one of the Secret Service men took my camera from me. I recall this incident to show that while 'covering the President' is a most enviable job it has two sides to it, like everything else.

In the course of our work, the great and near great of the world are continually parading before our cameras. Some we like, some we don't. When we don't like them, we don't follow them as bad fellows, but simply not good motion picture subjects.

Speak a word against Premier Ramsay MacDonald in the presence of White House photographers and you will be in danger of getting your block knocked off, in the language of a cameraman. Of all the great men to visit our Nation's capital he, more than any other, completely captivated the news gatherers, and the motion picture men particularly. Ishbel, his daughter, likewise left behind her a group of photographers who would attack an army which would dare to say she wasn't the loveliest of all women.

With a kindly graciousness and understanding that was unaffected and natural, the father and daughter made it possible for the motion picture men to record one of the great events in history with a completeness that will make a most valuable document in years to come. It is history when a Premier of Great Britain calls on the President of the United States to discuss ways to insure the peace of the world. And that a record of the event is complete in sound and picture is due to the thoughtfulness of the great Scotch Labor leader.

Premier MacDonald, entering the White House to confer with President Hoover on one occasion, left the side of the President who was talking to him, to heed a cry from a photographer who was late in getting 'set up' and who missed the reception scene. As Premier Hoover turned to enter the White House he discovered he had been talking to himself, as the President of Great Britain was twenty-five yards back of him, trying to catch his eye. When he looked Mr. MacDonald beckoned.
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John Wayne and Marguerite Churchill didn't need to be told to smile when this picture was shot for they were just leaving the Fox office after they were mented on their fine work in "The Big Trail."
papers and International news service; Tom Howard, still man of many adventures, and the rumored maker of the famous Ruth Snyder death house chair picture.

But, being attached to the White House, according to the precedent of ancient lineage, we must pass them up as motion picture subjects. They may get into pictures with the President, but never alone or as individuals with an interesting story to tell.

President Coolidge was always considerate of the photographers and would go out of his way for them, even at the risk of some sly smiles from motion picture theater audiences. In the Black Hills he knew best hand the camera his Indian head dress and cowboy costume pictures would create, but he donned them in order to give the picture boys a "break."

An example of his consideration is told by George Dorsey, Hearst Metrotone cameraman. Visiting the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington to see some widely advertised exhibit, President Coolidge found the movie men lined up outside the Gallery to make a picture of his entrance. It was raining. Dick Jarvis, who always rides with the President, jumped out when the car stopped and opened an umbrella. The President saw the photographers lined up to "shoot" him and turning to Jarvis said:

"Close the umbrella, Jarvis—how do you expect the boys to get a picture with that thing covering all the light?"

Down came the umbrella and the boys got their picture, but to do so the President of the United States got wet.

During his presidential term President Coolidge became an expert motion picture camera operator and knew just what to do to get a complete subject. In indoors he knew just where to sit in order to give the picture makers the full benefit of whatever light there was.

Film facts about White House residents are numerous.

Without exception, every occupant of the White House since Theodore Roosevelt's large family romped on the lawn, has been a movie fan.

It was President Roosevelt who threw out the old stereopticon projector and in its stead installed a motion picture projection machine.

All the Roosevelts knew how to operate a motion picture camera, being among the first amateur movie makers. "Teddy" Roosevelt, Jr., is an expert, and it was at the White House that he developed the skill which has stood him in good stead on his many expeditions to far countries.

All of the last six First Ladies of the Land, including the incumbent, Mrs. Hoover, were and are enthusiastic amateur motion picture photographers.

Jim Lillis, who covered the White House for the old Fox News, ran out of film while photographing an important story out at Cedar Rapids Lodge, the Coolidge Summer White House one year, and Mrs. Coolidge, discovering her predilection turned her hand camera over to him to complete his picture. She also let him have a thousand feet of film to tide him over until a delayed shipment of negative arrived.

Mrs. Hoover frequently gets in the line with the cameramen to get a shot of important events for her own film library event.

All of the people with whom we deal, such as Mr. Akerson, Mr. Jarvis and the other men of the Secret Service detail are splendid amateur movie operators. And many a time a Secret Service man has set up and focused for an exhausted newswrest cameraman

All in all, covering the White House is great fun, a wonderful experience, and a lot of hard work. We all love it!
1931 Advertising in SCREENLAND

It doesn't require a shrewd analyst of circulation and advertising statistics to appraise SCREENLAND's merit as a medium for 1931. This record of gains and growth in the difficult months of 1930 allows but one interpretation:

81% Increase in Revenue

39% Increase in Lineage

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10 for $5.00; 25 for $6.00
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Leon Janney, popular young player in "Father's Son," is laying down the law to one of his Pekingese.

A New Contest!

Let us know what you think of the editorial contents of SCREENLAND—constructive criticism is welcome. Give us your sincere opinions; the briefer the better. For the best letter commenting on SCREENLAND we offer $20.00, first prize; $15.00, second prize; $10.00, third prize; and $5.00, fourth prize.

A New Chance for Clara Bow?

Continued from page 19

sailed right up into the blue of stardom! But it was too late. Her mother was dead. A great part of Clara's light had gone out!

But being young, beautiful, rich, and famous has its virtues. Some people take to drink when life has given them a shot too many. Clara didn't. She tried swearing. Dying her hair various colors. Using her emotional powers at off-stage moments on the boy friends. Donald Keith was one of the first. In 1926, her engagement was announced to him. Donald was a little embarrassed because it seems he 'scrapping' Gary. Then Clara met Morley Drury, then Captain of the University of Southern California's football team. But Drury's coach had other plans for him and made him keep his eye on the ball. But last long. Into the picture dashed another man, Bela Lugosi, Hungarian character actor. But these men were no more than withered leaves in a blustery storm. When the great moment of Clara's life came,—her grande passion for Harry Richman. Like a ton of bricks, Clara fell, and Richman, the shrinking violet, was not adverse to basking in the white light which always floods around Clara's curly head.

After the marriage had been postponed five times, with fusses, recriminations, on both sides, this great emotional blister burst, leaving Harry facing a breach of promise suit from one of his own creation.

And some months later, Clara found herself in an even worse jam. But this time, it wasn't a love affair, it was a little gambling drama, staged at Calneva, Nevada, to the music of thirteen thousand, nine hundred and eighty seven dollars.

There seems to be a little controversy as to just what happened there. Reports say that Clara, in company with Will Rogers and some others, decided to take a little flier with the chips at a casino at Calneva.

At the end of a pleasant evening, Miss Bow found herself over thirteen hundred dollars out and gave her check for that amount. But the next day, it was asserted, Clara figured she had been 'done,' and accounts declare that she stopped payment on her check.

I asked Clara just exactly what happened. She replied:

'I was at a casino at Calneva. I did play. They gave me a stack of chips and I thought they were worth a dollar each. At the end of the evening, they told me each chip was worth a hundred dollars. I gave my check to cover it. Then when I got home, I decided to stop payment on the check for I felt I had been 'done.'

Just at that moment another was interrupted by Mr. Helprin, who was looking after her publicity while she was in New York. "The studio has settled the matter," he declared. And with that gentle hint, I subsided.

Whichever account is correct, it's a good story. Such a good story that Paramount has decided to star Clara in a 'no-limit' gambling picture. And it was for the purpose of making the New York shots of this film that she arrived in the Big Town, tired, baffled and discouraged.

Clara is an intense kid. She has never learned life's first lesson—that for a gal to get ahead she must keep a hot heart but a cool head. But if we chalk up her white points against her black ones, we find the white scoring by at least fifty percent.

What Clara needs is a friend. And since there doesn't seem to be anybody handy to help her help herself, it's up to us.

We've enjoyed her successes for seven years. She's made us laugh and forget our own emotional disappointments. Let's help her forget hers.

Right or wrong, we're for her. She's mostly right and we believe in this year of 1931, she's going to tough off her foolishness and incidentally, her public, a nice big break. So let's send her a telegram: "All is forgiven, Clara. Please come home!"
HOLLYWOOD'S 'GONE' ON THE LUCE!

Continued from page 66

Born in Syracuse, New York, if that matters, she moved around from town to town until she was eleven. She was poor. Her family was poor. Then she came to Rochester. She wanted to learn to dance. That would be the gateway to having things like the other girls. She had to have thirty dollars to join the Denishawn school there, so between school periods she worked, running errands, minding the baby, picking berries until she had enough. Then Mrs. Florence Colbrook Powers, who had charge of the Denishawn school, took an interest in her and adopted her. After that her main interest was dancing. She planned to be a famous high stepper.

Impatient for fortune, she ran away at thirteen with a Russian Grand Opera Troop. It sounded wonderful to be billed as 'premier danseuse.' She got as far as Cleveland with the troupe and then was brought back. Content this time to study until the ripe old age of sixteen or so, with the help of 'Mimi,' as she called her dancing mother, she made her debut on Broadway in "Little Jesse James." She gratefully eulogizes 'Mimi' as the one "I owe all to." Tells of how she helped her through the first tight places, sent her money to tide her over. Now she has a wealthy and devoted husband, Clifford Smith—and a contract with Fox.

She's a trifle bewildered by the talkies. She finds them very different. "It isn't like the stage," she says. "There every night you can do your part better than the time before. But in the movies you never know which scene they are going to use. And once it's in the can, it's just too bad! You do the scene several times, that's true, but not until the preview do you know which ones are on the cutting room floor. And when you do see it," she wails, "you think if I'd only done this and hadn't done that! If I had only known this was to be the scene." But it's too late then!"

She'd like to do ingenues lead. She was disappointed in "Up the River," for this, although it was originally intended as one of those series of prison stories which everyone is doing now, turned out to be a laugh at a farce, and anyway, it's a man's picture, directed by a man's director, John Ford. She has more hope of "Luxury," which will be directed by Garthie McChin- tic, whom she designates as a woman's director. He understands women! Isn't Katherine Cornell, the gorgeous, Mrs. McChintic?—and the story is about a woman who sold her soul for a gown or something like that.

Miss Luce likes to divide her time between dramatic work and dancing. Terpsichore was her first love. She'll never lose her interest in waltzes and ballets. Why, when she was traveling in Budapest she spent her time looking up some interesting old Hungarian dances and choosing the most beautiful of costumes for them. She adores Paris and likes New York but hates to live there. Hollywood is almost too beautiful. It's like having your cake—all the time, and eating it, too. It's too much—for all of the time! She likes London, likes to travel.

She wants to keep up her study of dancing. She'd like to give a ballet and dance recital at The Music Box Theater. She loves to work out beautiful dance effects. Nothing is too much trouble. She studied hours with Michio Ito before doing her famous cat dance to get the sinuous arm movements just right. She wanted to do an 'ostrich dance' in the Ziegfeld Follies, she remembers, with gorgeous ostrich feather fans. At 'Mimi's' suggestion she planned to have a trained ostrich carry her on the stage. Poor Ziggy was days dying his hair, combing the town for a trained ostrich, but he finally found one.

She has a home in Beverly Hills, like everyone else, Spanish, with a patio. She has a pair of wire-haired terriers, General Crack and Diamond Lil. But she'd like to name Lil, 'Greta Garbo,' because of her long eyelashes and Cupid's bow mouth (that is, Lil's, of course). Lil and the General are a happily married couple and everyone is all agog to know what the next generation will look like.

She likes outdoor sports, tennis and horseback riding—and for indoor sports—she's intrigued with a new game which she and her husband are trying to introduce to Hollywood, called 'Ostrich Chess.' She's crazy about flying and hopes to get a license.

Raymond Hatton and Joel McCrea, glad to be back home from Alaska, where they made 'The Silver Horde.'
HE ROLES HIS OWN—Continued from page 83

When he comes in to see the district attorney, Brady questions him. He says:

"What's your name, kid?"

"Bob."

"Bob, huh? Well, what's it all about, Bob? Tell me about it."

"Right away you sense the kind of man this Brady is. He isn't hard-boiled, nor tough. He doesn't start in to bulldoze the youngster needlessly, kindly, sorry for the kid. If he'd been hard-boiled he wouldn't have asked the kid his name in that way. So there's only one way to say those words way would go entirely out of keeping and would sound wrong. So it doesn't take imagination nor interpretation to do a rôle. The part plays itself."

"But 'The Bad Man.' Surely that takes—a little—well, imagination?"

"Even 'The Bad Man.' is a part you can thoroughly understand," insists Huston. "Perhaps it does take a little imagination. But here is a man who would take the law into his own hand. Any man all would like to see us had the nerve. He says: 'I feel men, evil men. I feel good.' Well, I might see a sobbing woman here and there on the street and if I went out and knocked him down I'd feel better about it. So I can understand how the 'bad man' feels about a 'good' do I've done."

The talkies to Walter Huston are fascinating. But he feels they are still handicapped by their mechanics. Perhaps because the mechanics first, and stage men afterwards. They are more interested in the words as words that five thousand people in the largest theater in Georgia would hear—than in words that mean something. He hopes still to play parts on the stage. He feels that on the stage you can get through any of the excitement in the rhythm of the talkies; and yet in the talkies you act more naturally, for the microphone is right there beside you. In a way the audience is right there with you. On the stage you can have an intimate conversation with someone else and have the audience's keen attention, make them look forward in their seats to hear you—but not in the talkies.

He feels the public wants human, real stories. That this change in taste is in the air because of the talkies. Just movies won't do anymore. He believes the talkies have brought more spontaneity to acting. He feels that as one does in the stage. If, for example, he were to do a few rehearsals, if everyone knew his part and its relation to the play as a whole. When Griffith was directing "Abraham Lincoln" he used to gather the ensemble and just talk to them for five minutes about the scene and generally there were only two or three takes.

Acting to Huston is an art, yet a business. He fails to understand those who would make a display of fame and stardom. In New York an actor was just like someone who sold bonds. He wasn't a goldfish. Fan letters he thinks is fun—at first. Some of them are of interest to him, but many of them want to know if Mr. Huston will correspond with them and that amazes him.

He's had a long career on the stage. At the age of eighteen he first started his Thespian career, left for matrimony and the business world, but was back and for fifteen years was an enter- tainer on the vaudeville circuit. His first starring role was in a play called "Mr. Pitt," and since then life has been just one rôle after another.

When not acting he is sailing in the yacht he owns with Richard Arlen. It is the love of his life. He is looking forward to this winter; good sea and good company will start him talking about it. He can talk about art and artists, too, but that is something else again.

OUI 1931 CATALOGUE OF BACHELORS

Continued from page 65

Youthful, glance at the following:

Lewis Ayres, hero of "All Quiet on the Western Front," Lew has played with Garona Garbo, Franchot Tone and Lupe Velez and still looks as if he were waiting for his first kiss.

Arthur Lake, who is riding Blue Grass State, who is the ideal puppy-lover on the screen, and more usually than not in love with somebody off it.

William Janney, who was Mary Pickford's brother in "Coquette," who owns a chicken ranch and would rather hunt eggs than go out with girls. But give him time. He'll get around to that later.

Russell Gleason, heir to Jimmy and Lucile, who can't stand giggling girls, but isn't a hard nut to crack otherwise.

Eddie Quillan, one of a family of nine, who loves jazz and jokes, and his family, and golf, and playing the "broken" music.

Billy Bakewell, military school graduate, who prefers "feminine women" and names Joan Crawford and Gloria Swans-

Frank Albertson, who made a hit in "Wild Company," but that isn't the kind he keeps.

Then we have a special number—a Cinderella Man—very choice indeed:

John Wayne, whom you will see in "The Big Trail," and who is the big picture of the year. John was working as property boy on the Fox lot, when Raoul Walsh saw the pic, and called him for a test, and assigned him the lead in his epic. The young actor has dark brown hair and gray eyes and is over 6 feet two inches tall.

If you are the sort of maiden who likes a strong type, George O'Brien, who can wrestle, box, ride, rope and swim, and who held the light-heavyweight championship of the Pacific Fleet while he was a goat.

Rex Bell, who can roll and light a cigarette with one hand, excels in sports, owns three horses, a dog, two cars and a shack, and once sold newspapers in Los Angeles. Clara Bow had her eye on him once. But he got away.

The following models may not be in our catalogue long:

Hugh Trevor, who stepped in to tell Raoul Walsh, "Who the devil are you?" as a screen player. He's said to be 'that way' about Betty Compson.

Willis B. Collier, Jr., who once advertised for a wife, and now seems devoted to Marie Prevost.

We also have, among others, such bargains as:

Fred Scott, the golden-voiced singer at Pathé; George Duryea, who has the deepest dimple and the most winning smile in this brazen town; Gavin Gordon, who keeps to himself severely, in spite of looking almost intolerably romantic and having a rumpled, unrehearsed passion for Garbo.

No matter what your taste, one of the above must suit you. So look them over carefully. Order now—and try and get one!
HELP PICK THE NEW STARS!
Continued from page 23

Richard Cromwell—real name, Roy Radbaugh, an art student with no previous screen experience, was selected to play the rôle of "Toitable David" in the talking version of "Richard Barndrum," silent hit. The new Richard is just twenty, and Barthelmess says he shows great promise.

Maureen O'Sullivan has suffered no set-back in her American screen career just because Janet Gaynor came back to pictures. She has won second Gaynor by her new O'Sullivan. This pert and piquant Irish kid, born in Dublin, May 17, 1911, with no stage or screen training, scored in "Song of My Heart." Her newest pictures are "The Princess and the Plumber," with Charlie Farrell, "Just Imagine," and "A Connecticut Yankee," Fox.

Thank Kansas City for Evelyn Knapp. Born in 1909, she made her way through road shows to Broadway where she played in "Broadway." Her screen début occurred in shorts but was soon promoted to features. See her in "Sinner's Holiday," and you'll recognize her. A first film of this new type, Evelyn is not only alluring but slightly cerebral. But don't let that scare you. She has a sense of humor, too. *True.*

You can read all about Barbara Stanwyck in the story on page 34 of this issue. She's got a great future, Columbia.

Joan Marsh is a baby veteran. The daughter of Charles Rosher, the camera artist who photographed many of Mary Pickford's films, Joan made her movie bow at nine months in "Hearts Aflame." Slightly older now, she's to be seen in "The Little Affair," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has signed her—smart of them. Joan was born in Porterville, California. She looks like star-dust to us. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

We have been watching William Ballowell for a long time. He seems due for big things in 1931. Born in Los Angeles on May 2, 1908, educated at Harvard Military School, Billy was an extra for a time but soon won real roles. You saw him in "All Quiet on the Western Front." He's one of Hollywood's best-looking youngsters. *Universal.*

Lovely Evelyn Laye is one of the most famous ladies on the musical comedy stage today. She was born in 1902 in Liverpool and in New York. Her film début for Samuel Goldwyn, variously entitled "Lift," "Escapade" and now, "Indiscretion," was with the screen and theater too. She is not married now. *Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.*

David Manners, cousin of Lady Diana Manners, is a handsome, quiet newcomer you'll like in "Kismet" and "Mothers Cry." *First National.*

Barbara Weeks—known as Bobbie in New York musical comedy circles—was born July 4, 1913, in, of all places, Boston, Mass. She scene-debuted in "Whoopee." Weekers plan big things for her. Not married or engaged and much too young to think about it. *Warner.*

Shirley Temple is the pretty little girl who is never out of a job in Hollywood. There may be other girls as pretty but not many who, like Barbara, can speak five different languages. You'll see her as a French nurse in "Scotland Yard." *Free-lance.*

Una Merkel used to be a 'stand-in' for Lilian Gish, but she was new to screen audiences when Griffith cast her as Anna Rutledge in "Abraham Lincoln." Her latest is "The Bar-Children," with Chester Morris, *United Artists.*

John Garrick, real name Reginald Dandy, was born in Brighton, England. He played in drama and musical comedy on the stage before Fox signed him. You liked him in "The Sky Hawk." See her in "Just Imagine." He joined not so long ago to Harriet Bennett, Fox.

Miriam Hopkins is one of the most popular young actresses on the New York stage. She gave up her part in "Lysistrata" to make pictures. Her first is "Fast and Loose." Miriam is married to Austin Parker, who writes short stories and screen-plays. *Paramount.*


Rosita Moreno, who looks so much like Dolores Del Rio, is a Spanish girl, born in Madrid. She's a first film actress. See her in "The Santa Fe Trail," *Paramount.*

Arthur Lake is the kid veteran of movies. Born in Corbin, Kentucky, in 1905, he began in pictures eight years ago. Now he's the colleague of "She's My Weakness" and other films, *Radio Pictures.*

Edwina Booth is the sloe-eyed blonde who stepped from the extra ranks to play the rôle of the siren in "Trader Horn," the African adventure film, *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Regis Toomey died his way to fame in "Alibi." He's a stage actor. Born in Pittsburgh, Happily married next, film, "Unfit to Print," *Paramount.*

Irene Delroy is the popular musical comedy star who is a screen success too. See her in "Nancy from Naples" and the "Life of the Party," *Warner Brothers.*


Leni Stengel, flashing brunette in "Half Shot at Sunrise," would be interesting even if she couldn't sing in seven different languages! *Radio Pictures.*

Oma Munson is another musical comedy girl who has scored on the screen. See her in "The Helen Hayes." She's married to Eddie Buzzell of Broadway and Hollywood, *First National.*


Irene Dunne, a Louisiana Kentucky girl, came from musical comedy. You saw her in "Leathernecking." Next will be "Cimarron," with Richard Dix, *Radio Pictures.*

Joel McCrea is one of the boys Hollywood is watching. Born in Los Angeles, November 5, 1905, he played extra roles. Now in "The Living Horde." Not married but awfully popular. *Radio Pictures.*

The prizes of the costume bags offered by Alice White in the October SCREENLAND have been awarded to:

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A LOOK at the MOVIES!

I SUPPOSE I should dedicate this first Publisher's Page to all the wonderful new plans which are seething under my Stetson for SCREENLAND. But I have an irresistible urge to talk about the movies themselves!

What frequently amazes me is that an industry which has made such startling strides in so short a time—which has done so much to entertain the world—which has projected itself into the lives of almost every civilized person—so often is scorned, reproached, ridiculed by thousands who, nevertheless, always seem to be well posted on the latest picture and the most recent movie news.

"They do it in the movies!"

"It makes me sick, the kind of truck the movies foist on us."

"Haven't time to waste on the movies. There are too many interesting things to do!"

And so saying, the particular nitwit intelligentsia I am quoting settle down to an uplifting, interesting evening with a discussion of the latest sex philosophy and a healthy supply of 'sidescars.'

Frequent are such remarks—common as is such opinion—prevalent as is the grand old custom of slamming—the Motion Picture Industry pays little or no attention to it and moves on with a serenity which has elements of grandeur.

Probably there is no other industry about which every group of people—from the dozen waiting for mail in a small town post office to the dinner party on Park Avenue—feels a perfect liberty to air opinions, likes and dislikes and their unquestionably perfect analysis of "What's wrong with the movies."

"And, being human, their opinions are usually about "What's wrong."

For a moment, stop and consider what this movie industry has done.

Thirty-five years ago it did not exist! Compared with most industries, it has not even the evolution of development. It was born suddenly. Almost immediately it sprang to an unbelievable size, with an unbelievable amount of money being put into it and an unbelievable acceptance and a world of new problems to work out.

The motion picture industry had no precedent—no background—no established foundation. It had to peer into a world of blankness and guess what was the right thing to do—what would be acceptable—popular—and profitable.

When criticism was hurled at it, the industry pondered and tried another angle in its effort to find the right attitude. It never stopped to grumble back. It went right on experimenting.

If it turned out pictures which could justify the ridicule of those who pride themselves on their artistic appreciation, it certainly turned out pictures which demanded their praise. To keep to present history, take "Anna Christie."

The picture "Anna Christie" was a piece of life—and a work of art!

Greta Garbo was Anna Christie, Marie Dressler was Morty, George Marion was Chris Christohan, Charles Bickford was that roaring Irishman. "Anna Christie" was a great picture—not a false note in it. It was neither over-acted nor underacted. It was reality—a beautiful product of a new art.

Take "Whoopie!"—its uninhibited foolishness! Its light-heartedness! Its ridiculous gaiety! Its gorgeous color!

If the fineness of the touch which created "Whoopie" is not discernible to those who love to find fault, they had better look within themselves to their oft-boasted powers of artistic appreciation.

And I could mention scores of other pictures, some dating back many years, but I want to get back to the industry as such.

One of the things that thrills me about the picture industry is the bigness of its vision, the magnitude of its colossal gestures.

Three years ago, murmurs began to go around about an innovation—an apparatus, whereby the movies could talk.

An innovation of similar magnitude offered to any other industry—building, heating, transportation, printing, or what you will—might have been listened to atten-tively, even sympathetically; but it would have taken a generation for the new idea to have overthrown the old.

To the Motion Picture Industry, the voice meant a complete revolution—scraping of millions of dollars worth of machinery—loss of revenue from reel upon reel of silent film, a complete upheaval in the method of work and of the stars whose very names were worth fortunes.

In return, it meant a long period of experimentation. Investing of a tremendous amount of money into changes. And harsh, unattractive productions. A chaotic, unhappy condition among the artists. Howls of disapproval from the public!

Why make the change?

Others would have claimed "We're running a successful business. Why turn it upside down for something else—something that is not even proved—which might not take—which might be a flop?"

They probably would have been justified according to best business policies.

Yet—the Industry maligned for its lack of intelligence, for its appeal to morons, for the sappiness of its efforts, did not bat an eye. It saw progress in the Talkies. And that settled it!

What of a few millions here and there?

What of the loss of a few priceless stars?

What of the months of chaos and revolution?

What if this new thing was terrible to listen to? It held promise.

There was no hemming and hawing. The Industry decided.

Such an Industry is not touched by those "who haven't time to waste on the movies." The Motion Picture Industry is too busy being a terrific, living, moving force in the lives of millions who are content to take what's good and tolerantly overlook the rest. It is too inexcusable in its steady oncoming flood to take note of the pebbles in its path.

But this is an epic subject to confine to a page. It deserves a volume. I am no crusader, but I had to raise my salute to the challenging majesty of the Motion Picture Industry itself.

PAUL C. HUNTER, Publisher.
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Paul C. Hunter, Publisher
Rosa Reilly, Associate Editor
Alma Whitaker, Western Editor
Frank J. Carroll, Art Director

Marie Dressler's Personal Reminiscences!

There's no more popular star in pictures today—not even Garbo, not even Dietrich! Marie Dressler stands alone—she appeals to everybody. That's why we are so proud to be privileged next month to begin "The Girl Stood on the Burning Deck" by Marie Dressler. It's funny—it's charming—it's touching—it's Marie! In two instalments, the first in the next—the March issue of SCREENLAND, it's the most human and hilarious story of a piquant personality you've ever read, because there is only one Marie Dressler and this is her intimate autobiography. With grand personal photographs from a private collection.

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Gary Cooper, adventurer, and ravishing Lily Damita are the lovers in this mighty, moving drama of the old West. A picture as big in scope as "The Covered Wagon," set in gorgeous natural scenery, a cast of thousands. Scenes of action and daring that fairly take your breath away, a story that holds you spellbound to the last. That's "Fighting Caravans," a Paramount Picture, and as always "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"
Screenland’s guide to current pictures—dependable help to an evening of good entertainment

Class A:

A Lady’s Morals. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Grace Moore, the famous opera singer, gives a grand performance as Jenny Lind. Reginald Denny and Wallace Beery co-operate. (*)

Check and Double Check. Radio. Amos ‘n Andy, Sue Carol, Irene Rich, and Charles Morton in a mélée of fun with Amos ‘n Andy more than living up to expectations! (*)

Doorway to Hell. Warner Brothers. A first-rate racketeer film with Lew Ayres, a baby-faced gangster. Something different. Ayres fine and James Cagney swell. (*)

Feet First. Paramount. Here comes Harold Lloyd in another of those breakneck comedies, packed and jammed with hilarious scenes which throw the audience into hysterics. (*)


Kismet. First National. This former stage hit makes a real screen hit, with Otto Skinner as the outstanding character, and Loretta Young and Mary Duncan assisting. (*)

Lightnin’. Fox. Will Rogers as the lovable, shiftless, hen-pecked hotel owner, husband of Louise Dresser—is perfect. His grand sense of humor puts this on the ‘big time’ map. (*)

Little Caesar. First National. Individual characterizations make this racketeering talkie something different. Edward Robinson as Little Caesar and Fairbanks, Jr., as a dancer, give unforgettable portrayals. (*)

Min and Bill. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Marjorie Dressler and Wallace Beery in their first co-starring picture, from the book, The Dark Star.” Marie and Wal- lie are a great team. Marjorie Rambeau featured. (*)

Morocco. Paramount. One of the best pictures of the month, introducing the new foreign knock-out, Maxene Dietrich, who wins them all with her beauty and talent. Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou do good work. (*)

Mothers Cry. First National. A mother’s difficulty in raising a family. Dorothy Peterson from the stage—excellent. David Manners, Helen Chandler, Sidney Blackmer, Evelyn Knapp and Pat O’Malley in cast. (*)

The Big Trail. Fox. John Wayne, America’s new boy friend, runs away with this splendid covered wagon picture. Marguerite Churchill, Tyrone Power and Tully Marshall give fine portrayals. (*)

Class B:

Big Money. Pathé. Horse racing, croo games, Wall Street, and innocence—all contribute in making this a real talker. Eddie Quillan proves he can do high-hat roles as well as low comedy.

Borrowed Wives. Tiffany. Paul Hurst, a comedy cycle cop, Rex Lease, and your old friend, Vera Reynolds, in a farce melodrama which doesn’t quite click.

Brothers. Columbia. Bert Lytell is twins. Honest. He plays a foundling and a rich lawyer. But, of course, the foundling has the heart of gold. Entertaining.*

Diane Ellis, Nancy Carroll, Fredric March and Glenn Anders in a scene from “Laughter,” one of the best comedy romances of the season.

Derek, Paramount. That old devil sea and George Bancroft manage to make this new talker an outstanding picture. Jessie Royce Landis from the stage makes her film début.

Du Barry. United Artists. Norma Talmadge as the little milliner who conquers the heart of the King of France. Glamorous settings with fine work by Norma, and William Farnum, as Louis XV.


Father’s Son. First National. Leon Janney working out the problem of a boy’s relationship to his father, Lewis Stone. Irene Rich in a mother’s rôle. Something it would pay the whole family to see.*

Hot Heiress. First National. Oma Munson, the high society gal, falls for Ben Lyon, a humble rivet. One of these strong arm rôles which weak women like.*

Laughter. Paramount. The tug between love and money is the background of this excellent Nancy Carroll romance. Fine direction, swell dialogue and good acting by Nancy, Fredric March, and Frank Morgan.

Life of the Party. Warner Brothers. Winnie Lightner and Irene Delroy pretend they’re gold-digging widows—but ‘tain’t so. Just good home girls who give the audience plenty of laughs. *

Murder. British International. Good drama, well done, but a trifle too draggy to interest up and coming Americans. Not much comedy.

Night Work. Pathé. That snappy little comedy. Napoleon, Eddie Quillan, comes through with another snappy little comedy. Eddie, Sally Starr, and a baby provide lots of fun.

* These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of Screenland’s seal of approval. (Continued on page 122)
SAFETY in marriage or daring adventures of stolen love? What is the real truth about modern generation's attitude toward the sacred convention of marriage? "ILLICIT"—frankly and fearlessly, the true-to-life story of one girl's amazing adventures in the dangerous business of experimenting with love.
Salvos

have a race in this department every tenth of each month. The most constructive letter, not exceeding 150 words, on pictures and players will receive the prize-winning blue ribbon of $15.00. Second prize, $10.00. Third prize, $5.00. And to give everybody a chance, there's a fourth prize of $5.00. All winning letters will be printed. SCREENLAND's race meet closes the tenth of each month. Send your contributions to Slams and Salvos Department, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.

calculable benefit to humanity. Voltaire said that "The doctor's art consists in amusing talk while the nurse does the cure." That's correct, for practically all illness is caused by thought taint. Life, as Nietzsche said, is a well of happiness, but you can poison it by thought. Our fundamental cure is in reversing thought. The movies are miracle workers. They induce health and happiness because they suggest beauty, health, joy and peace. They attain highest idealism in their noble service of making the greatest number happy. Better be a Marian Nixon or a Conrad Nagel than a Napoleon, for they help to heal and make humanity happy.

Mrs. E. M. Ryan (Nurse)
Tozeur, Tunisie, N. Africa.

HOW'S YOUR ACCENT?
(Third Prize Letter)

One of the most potent phases of the talkies seems to be their value as an illustrated book of etiquette. Of course there are a great many exceptions, but there is a certain type of picture which really gives a post-graduate course to many of these earnest seekers of a 'which-fork-to-use' education. Such players as Ruth Chatterton, Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, Hedda Hopper, Clive Brook and Basil Rathbone are really giving valuable lessons to the aspirants to Emily Post correctness. Moreover, they listen so eagerly to these charming voices and English accents and strive so diligently to imitate them it often makes one wonder what has become of good old United States as she used to be spoken.

That's just one phase of the talkies. They have something in them for everybody. To the people who have few entertainments, they are an answer to a real need. To the average person in search of amusement, they are adequate. To the supercilious highbrow, they are an excellent target for his acid criticisms!

Mrs. W. B. Warren
Greenville, N. C.

LISTEN, LEW AYRES!
(Fourth Prize Letter)

I have decided to accept SCREENLAND's kind invitation to 'pick a winner.' One night I stopped to see a Greta Garbo film, "The Kiss." But I was fascinated, instead, by a strikingly romantic youth who played a secondary part but nevertheless made a hit. He was altogether lovable and human. He might

(Continued on page 102)
OUR DICK!
—in an even greater part
than he played in The
Dawn Patrol.
—a hard-fisted, quick-
shooting daredevil!
—a steel-hearted avenger
of wrong, but a lover—ten-
der, romantic and winning!
—under the sting of a burn-
ing lash he rises to new
heights of dramatic power!
PUT "THE LASH" ON YOUR LIST
OF PICTURES THAT MUST BE SEEN!

MARY ASTOR
MARIAN NIXON
FRED KOHLER
JAMES RENNIE

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A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
HE wags are adding this new simile to their list: "As rare as a theme song in the new talkers—but it's not true and won't be while we have Lawrence Tibbett, Grace Moore, Jeanette MacDonald, Al (Manny) Jolson, and Maurice Chevalier in our midst.

And speaking of Chevalier—he introduced a couple of honeys in "Playboy of Paris!" It's a Great Life and My Ideal—the former when Maurice sings them they're away—by everyone! Maurice has recorded both these songs for Victor and they may also be purchased in sheet music.

Check and double check Three Little Words—it's from the Amos 'n' Andy opus, one of the best sellers and a very tuneful number. The sheet music is published by Harms, Inc., also, a Victor record—music by Duke Ellington's band.

Everybody's whistling, humming or singing My Baby Just Cares for Me, thanks to Eddie Cantor. It's from "Whooppee" and one of the outstanding fox-trots of the season. Try it on your Victrola—Eddie sings it. A Victor record.

But then maybe you're tired of 'hot chacha' numbers and go in for languorous waltzes, we have just the thing for you—step this way, please! The Kiss Waltz made its debut in "Dancing Sweetie[s]"—remember Sue Carol sang it? This waltz has been used in more feature pictures than any other song written before.

Ruth Etting has recently completed a Vitaphone Variety in which she includes The Kiss Waltz in her repertoire. The sheet music is published by M. Witmark and Sons and there's a Victor recording of this song played by George Olsen's orchestra.

If you are one of the few hundreds of thousands who have a yen for Buddy Rogers then step into the nearest Record Shoppe and if you don't see what you want just ask for My Future Just Forgot and I'd Like to Be a Bee in Your Boudoir. They are song hits from "Safety in Numbers." He has also recorded Any Time's the Time to Fall in Love and Up on Top of a Rainbow Sweepin' the Clouds Away, which croons these songs for Columbia.

My Ideal is a vinage hit that title, with Joe E. Brown, Joan Bennett and James Hall is having a nice play and will be purchased in sheet music nicely in the film but she didn't make a record of it, the meanie! However, Nick Lucas did for Brunswick. (Remember Nick in "Gold Diggers of Broadway" and "Show of Shows?") He plays the guitar and sings Maybe It's Love in his romantic voice and you actually believe it. Honest! Romance of Elmer Streatmyer is syn- copated nonsense put over in unique style by El Brendel in "Just Imagine." It's a wow! All the "Just Imagine" songs were written by Buddy De Sylva, Lew Brown, and Ray Henderson, theme song kings. This trio wrote the music for "Sunny Side Up," Maureen O'Sullivan and John Gar-rick chant I Am the Words, You Are the Melody and Old-Fashioned Girl and they sound very much like big-timers. Abe Lyman's Orchestra has recorded some of these songs for Brunswick.

Constance Bennett has a tango written for her. She dances to it in "Sin Takes a Holiday." It is called Constancia—sounds like an epidemic and probably will be what with La Bennett's popularity. You'll be singing it!

You can throw a party in your own home and have the movie stars do the entertaining for you. No, not through television—we haven't come to that as yet—but da de Victrola or da in your Radio-phonograph.

It's possible to have Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, Helen Kane, John Boles, Lawrence Tibbett, Rudy Vallee and countless others sing for you all in the same evening. That line-up should prevent any party from being a flop.

Wouldn't you like to hear Helen Kane boop-a-doop My Man on the Make from "Heads Up," or maybe you prefer I've Got 'Nf from "Young Man of Manhattan?"

Cliff Edwards and his trusty ukulele are always good fun. Singing a Song to the Stars and The Moon Is Low are some of his recent Columbia recordings.

Next we have Jeanette MacDonald singing Beyond the Blue Horizon and Always in All Ways from "Monte Carlo."

If your taste runs to opera stars, Lawrence Tibbett will sing some of the songs from "The Rogue Song" for you—When I'm Looking at You, Rogue Song, and White Dove.

Let's listen to John Boles sing It Happened in Monterey and Song of the Dawn, the hit songs from "The King of Jazz." John McCormack sings all the songs from "Song O My Heart" and Dennis King has made recordings of If I Were King and Songs of the Vaquabonds from "Vagabond King." These are all Victor records.

Go Home and Tell Your Mother which Robert Montgomery sang in "Love in the Rough" has been voted one of the most popular songs this season.

Leo Reisman and his Central Park Casino Orchestra have recorded for Victor. You Will Remember Vienna and I Bring a Love Song, the charming ballads, from "Viennese Nights" with Vivienne Segal, Alexander Gray and Walter Fid-geon. Harms, Inc., publish the score of this operetta.

A month of song hits and no misses!

**Song Bets of the Month**

**Three Little Words**
- **Fox-trot—Duke Ellington Orchestra (Victor)**
- **Maybe It's Love**
  - Sung by Nick Lukas (Brunswick)
- **My Baby Just Cares for me**
  - Sung by Eddie Cantor (Victor)
- **Go Home and Tell Your Mother**
  - Fox-trot—Guy Lombardo Orchestra (Columbia)
- **My Ideal**
  - It's a Great Life
  - Sung by Maurice Chevalier (Victor)

**Screenland's new department featuring big musical moments of the movies and their reincarnation in phonograph records**

By**

**Evelyn Ballarine**
Mack Sennett is famous for his satires on the movies themselves. And this one, kidding the theme song, is one of his greatest. The critics call it "great fun", "one long howl", "a riot."

America's collective sense of humor is one of the principal reasons for its greatness; one of the surest guarantees of its future.

Among its most honored sons and daughters have always been those who made its millions chuckle. For they do more for public morale than most of its statesmen.

While you can laugh you'll never be licked. And if you'll get your film entertainment where they show *EDUCATIONAL'S COMEDIES* (and that includes most of the better theatres of the land) you'll always be sure of your share of laughs.

**MACK SENNETT COMEDIES**

"DANCE HALL MARGE" with
Harry Gribbon  Marjorie Beebe  Frank Eastman
A taxi dancer tries to put on the ritz for her wealthy new boy friend. Does she get by with it? Oh, boy, how you'll howl while you're finding out. There are a lot of laugh gags here that nobody ever dreamed of before Marge had her nightmare.

**EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, INC., E. W. HAMMONS, President, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
Boys of a feather flock together—into the movies. And a little confusion resulted. Fans knew their old friend, Bill Boyd—you see him pictured at the left. They had been cheering him since "The Volga Boatman." But who was the William Boyd who appeared on the screen in "The Locked Door?"

The mystery was solved when Pathé decided to call its Boyd Bill—as the fans had been calling him all the time. And so Mr. Boyd from the Broadway stage can serve his own little niche as William Boyd—there he is, to the right. And now that's all settled, how're your folks?

**ASK ME**

By Miss Vee Dee

Telling you what you want to know about pictures and players

**JANE K.** No, you aren't dreaming—there are two William Boys in pictures. Just two Boys in a gilded cage. To avoid confusion, however, Pathé will bill its William Boyd as Bill in the future, while the other Boyd will continue his screen career as William. Watch for Bill (Pathé) Boyd in "The Painted Desert" with Helen Twelve-trees and William in "Derecift," a Paramount picture starring George Bancroft.

**Marjorie O.** Class A in pronunciation, attention! Accent Ramon Novarro's last name on the second syllable, Richard Bar-thelmess' on the first and there you have two bright stars all set and ready to twinkle. No, Nancy Carroll and her husband, Jack Kirkland are not separated. Nancy, Jack and daughter Patricia are a happy family. Joan Crawford was born March 23, 1906, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is 22 years old.

**Joey Okly.** My assortment of stars who are under five feet is a bit low just now but there may be a new crop when next you write. Mary Pickford, Frances Lee and Janet Gaynor are just 5 feet tall, Paramount's little cutie, Mitzi Green, is 10 years old. Mitzi is appearing with Jackie Coogan in his new picture, "Tom Sawyer."

**Back Stop.** Which little football player are you, or is it baby-golf? Robert Montgomery was born in Beacon, N. Y., on May 21, 1904. He is 6 feet tall and has brown wavy hair. His first film appearance was in "So This Is College."

**L. K. of L.** Yes, it's said that Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli are 'that way' and will be married any time now. Charles was born Aug. 9, 1905, at Walpole, Mass. He is 6 feet 2½ inches tall and weighs 178 pounds. Has appeared in "Old Ironsides" and "Rough Riders" but his great success came in "Seventh Heaven" with Janet Gaynor. His latest, co-starring with Janet, is "The Man Who Came Back."

**L. A. J.** Maurice Chevalier was born in Menilmontant, France, a little over thirty years ago. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has medium brown hair and blue eyes. His wife, Yvonne Vallée, was a former dancing partner. His newest picture is "Playboy of Paris" with Frances Dee.

**Ruth T.** You're glad to wait for your first public appearance in print—goody, goody! you've made a hit with me. Charles (Buddy) Rogers is not married or engaged as far as I know. He will be 26 years old on Aug. 13, 1931. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. First film was "Fascinating Youth," newest one, "Along Came Youth."

**Marion L.** Don Alvarado's next picture will be "Beau Ideal." Don's wife is a non-professional. He was born Nov. 4, 1904, in Albuquerque, New Mexico. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Ralph Forbes appears with Don in "Beau Ideal." Ralph was born in London, England, on (Continued on page 97)

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Turn to page 100 for addresses of the stars. Complete casts of current films on page 103. Consult these before asking questions.
IMAGINE THEM TOGETHER IN ONE PICTURE! The most amazing combination of world famous stars ever brought to the screen!

Lawrence TIBBETT and Grace MOORE

IN THE YEAR'S TOWERING TALKIE ACHIEVEMENT "NEW MOON"

with ADOLPH MENJOU and Roland Young

Every producer in motion pictures tried to get this prize stage sensation. M-G-M brings it to you with all the thrills that made it Broadway's wonder show for more than a year. Great stars — dramatic story — superb action — soul stirring love scenes — glorious voices. Don't miss it!

Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd, FRANK MANDEL and LAURENCE SCHWAB. Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG. Directed by JACK CONWAY.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
Marlene Dietrich, a newcomer, and Marie Dressier, an old favorite, share this month's Honor Page. Apparently, real art has no age limitations for the beautiful, glowing Marlene, and Marie, the merry and mature, are as different as night is from day, yet who can say which is the better actress or who gave the better performance? La Dietrich, as a vaudeville entertainer in "Morocco," is a new and interesting personality to reckon with—Marie Dressier, as the owner of a cheap wharf hotel, gives a remarkable portrayal.

We doff our hats to Marlene Dietrich and Marie Dressier!

Marie Dressler in a scene from the comedy-drama "Min and Bill." As Min, Marie gives an outstanding performance—a great portrayal.
You’ll LAUGH as you never LAUGHED before

CHARLEY’S AUNT
featuring CHARLIE RUGGLES

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

PRODUCED by CHRISTIE

ASK YOUR THEATRE WHEN CHARLEY’S AUNT WILL BE SHOWN

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
SCREEN SLANTS

By
Victor De Pauw

ALL IN THE NAME OF COMEDY!
THIS is the time of the year to indulge in the favorite editorial sport of prognosticating.

But not this year, and not this editor. I'm going to fool you. I'm going to let the new year take care of itself. I like surprises. I don't want to figure out everything that's sure to happen or may happen or should happen; I want to have something to look forward to. We're in the most exciting business in the world, so why give the show away?

Besides, there's enough to talk about right here and now, without delving into the past or peering into the future. Just look around you. There's never been a time in the personal history of pictures—and that's what I'm interested in, though maybe I shouldn't admit it, much more than the technical history—when the screen was so glowing and glittering with color and glamour and life and promise. It's the most romantic place in the world today, a film theater.

Not even a crowd—composed mostly of men, anyway six feet tall and three feet broad, all trying to find a parking place on my new galoshes—could scare me out of my original intention of getting in to see Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco." I'd missed the preview and lost my pass and I had to wait my turn in line at the box office window. I was pushed and shoved and trampled on on my way into the theater so that by the time I was hurled into my seat I didn't even mind that it was on the extreme right with a view of the screen that would have crossed Ben Turpin's eyes right back again.

Gary Cooper looked even longer and narrower than usual, while Adolphe Menjou's mustache seemed to be trying to merge with his left eyebrow. As for Dietrich, my view made me wonder who started the story that German frauleins are short and plump. La Dietrich, from where I sat, made Garbo and Tashman and the other tall gals look like candidates for the Singer Mic-guts. But it didn't seem to matter. By the time somebody moved and I grabbed a better seat I was so entranced I didn't care. Something was happening.

Here was the most romantic event in the most romantic industry in the world—the birth of a new star. Out of the nowhere into the here—a blessed event whose first words to American movie producers were "Ya, ya" but who in the amazingly short period of two months has acquired a vocabulary to gratify Dr. Vizetelly. Marlene—and be sure to pronounce it Mar-la-na and astound your friends—is no little accident. She's an eugenic child, ushered into the screen world under the elegant auspices of Paramount with Dr. von Sternberg assisting.

Pickford—Swanson—Valentino—Bow—Garbo—and now Dietrich—such personalities keep the movies moving. Without them this would be a dull business. Just when you're a little bored with what your local screens have to offer, along comes—always in the nick of time—a brand new, grand new sensation. That's the magic of the movies.

There's romance wherever you turn. The most splendid and touching romance of them all is Marie Dressler's. Where else but in Hollywood can an actress win riches and new honors when she is almost shoving sixty? That homely face of Marie's is more endearing than the toothy smiles of a dozen current ingenues. In fact, Marie Dressler is the star of stars. She's the real Garbo Menace!
GARBO MENACE!

The Great Greta has reigned as Queen of screenland for four years. Now come lovely rivals from England, Germany, France—menacing her supremacy. Look them over! Can any one of them steal Garbo's crown?

By
Marie House

Garbo, beware!
Thrones have shaken—
kingsdoms have tottered—gilt halos have worn thin—and all for love of new idols!
A new crop of rivals is springing up. It's a menace, that's what it is. Everybody wants to play at menacing Garbo. A rival will get you Greta, if you don't watch out! And all of us little orphans fannies shiver and shake and hide behind the overstuffed, and wonder who will outrival Garbo?

It was four years or so ago that Garbo happened. Before then, sirens, women with a past, were looked at askance as they writhed on voluptuous tiger skin divans. Sniffed at—if sneakingly admired. They belonged with incensed rooms behind purple velvet draperies. But it was Garbo who brought the lost lady into the home. Who played fascinating heroines with a somewhat crimson past. Who made the 'other woman' understood. Look at the long line of mis-stepping ladies she has played—and watch the thermometer rise. "The Torrent," "The Tempest," "Flesh and The Devil," "Love," "A Woman of Affairs," "Anna Christie," "Romance." She's made the siren what she is today. And we aren't satisfied!

Since this gold mine of devastation was imported from Sweden, other prospectors have gone hunting for sirens. They've searched the byways and the byways, the out-of-the-way places of Europe, and points, north, south, east and west. Every steamer has brought them by boatloads. Full of hope and allure!

Who doesn't remember the first Hungarian menace—or was it Austrian? Vilma Banky! Golden, beautiful Vilma from Budapest. Hers was a special sort of loveliness. She got off to a bewitching start as the leading lady for Valentino in "Son of the Sheik." That was allure for you. Making love to the 'great lover.' Then that perfect team of Ronald Colman and Vilma, in those beautiful love tales, "Dark Angel," "Two Lovers," and "The Magic Flame." Vilma was making her, hey while the fan sun shone. Vilma from Budapest and Greta from Stockholm. Running neck and neck in the flicker race. Ex-
IS GARBO'S THRONE SHAKING?

Ever since M-G-M found Greta Garbo, producers have been searching for a girl as potent to melt the hearts of movie patrons, a girl whom they could build up and bill as Metro did Greta. They tried—and failed. There seemed to be only one Garbo. Until now! Suddenly, Marlene Dietrich—Evelyn Laye—Tallulah Bankhead—others—have appeared to test her terrific power. Will they break the spell? It's up to YOU!

citing! Then along came Lochinvar La Roque and carried the poetic Vilma off to the tune of Mendelssohn—while Garbo said "No!" to Gilbert! Came the microphone. Vilma made the hurdle in "A Lady to Love," Garbo in "Anna Christie." Both spoke in guttural, slightly unpleasant voices. Vilma has retired—or aspired to the legitimate stage. The talkie field is Garbo's to gather fan mail while she may! Russia sent two rivals. There was the blonde Vera Veronina. Oh, we heard a lot about Vera. "Sirens, watch out!" sang the hand wagon that accompanied her into pictures. "Challenging Sweden" was blazoned on all of the banners. Flags flying. Hurrahs. Confetti. Applesauce! Here was fire, the well-known old-world allure! Two or three pictures for Veronina "The Patriot," with Jannings. "The Whirlwind of Youth" with Lois Moran. Then a Raymond Griffith comedy, of all things. Back to Ufa. Garbo was then "A Woman of Affairs."

Then the famous Baclanova, prima donna with the Russian Grand Opera Company that toured the country. She entered the movies with fanfare, press notices. A sniff for Garbo! She played in "Street of Sin," in "Three Sinners," with Pola Negri, in "Forgotten Faces," with Clive Brook, with George Bancroft in "Wolf of Wall Street." She made a mean menace in "The Dangerous Woman." She braved the talkies; her luscious Russian accent added to her potent charm. She was splendid. A credit to the camera, to the microphone. Suddenly a comedy, "Cheer up and Smile" with Arthur Lake. To England to make a picture. Then vaudeville. Then married to Nicholas Soussanin. Along came a young Nicholas. Baclanova, they say, is to go on the stage in New York. Garbo is in "Inspiration!"

Hollywood blossoms with Grettas. Greta Garda, Greta Grandstedt, Greta Nissen. La Nissen had a charm all her own. Nissen from Norway. Scores flocked to her banner. Another blonde Greta from the north. Like an aurora borealis she burst on the movie world in "Beggar on Horseback." She was vivacious, gorgeous, dazzling. She garnered followers in "Blonde and Brunette," "Lucky Lady," in "Fazil" with Charlie Farrell, in "The
Wanderer" with Willie Collier, Jr. She was to have been the blonde home-wrecker in that big air smash "Hell's Angels." Along came the talkies—and Jean Harlow played the part. But now it looks as if Greta Nissen will have her chance. She'll play in "Women of All Nations" for Fox.

The Swedish Greta, they gossip, is to do the life of Mara Hari, the mysterious woman spy of the World War.

But, what of this new potent shadow that looms on the horizon? It looms, and looms. A siren from Germany. Here, at last, we are promised, is something that out-seduces Garbo. Dietrich is the name the electric lights will blazon. Shiver, Garbo, shiver! Whispers are going around Hollywood that Lya Dietrich quite leaves the Swedish comet in the shade. She has just that je ne sais quoi, only more so. Marlene Dietrich, the find from Berlin. Tall and slim, wicked hair-line brows, drooping, lidded blue eyes, reddish gold hair. With strong, sculptured, modeled face—and beautiful mobile mouth. Well, is this, at last, the rival?

And just who, and why, you ask, is Marlene Dietrich? Or Lya Dietrich? She's the daughter of a German army officer, born in Berlin. She studied music seriously as a young girl, but an injury to her hand forced her to rest from her arduous studies. It was then she became interested in the stage and entered Max Reinhardt's school of drama. Her first rôle on the stage was in the German version of "Broadway," made in Berlin. Then she played in musical comedy on the Berlin stage. Two of her best pictures, made at the big German studios, were released in the United States. "I Kiss Your Hand, Madam," and "Three Loves." When Josef von Sternberg, Paramount director, went to Germany to work, he selected her for the lead in the picture he made with Emil Jannings, "The Blue Angel," and admired her work. When he returned to the United States, he was anxious to import Marlene. He felt there was siren gold in that foreign star. She has just finished her first English picture "Morocco," with Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou, and is starting on "Dishonored." She speaks excellent English without an accent, and despite the fact that she is a serious young German hausfrau with a husband and baby in Berlin, whom she adores—she's mysterious, aloof. She won't be social— (Continued on page 114)
SEX and the TALKIES

In which Ursula Parrott, of "Ex-Wife" fame, explains how an honest treatment of sex on the screen can help reduce the ratio of unhappy marriages

By Gray Strider

NOTHING is so important as sex in the life of the American woman today," declares Ursula Parrott.

Ursula, as you all probably know, is the much-talked-about young author of the best seller, "Ex-Wife," and of the later book, "Strangers May Kiss." Miss Parrott also wrote the original talkie scenario, "Gentleman's Fate," for John Gilbert, and adapted "The Divorcée" and "Strangers May Kiss," from her two famous novels, for Norma Shearer.

"There is hardly anything in life more difficult," continued Miss Parrott, "than for the average woman to solve perfectly her marital relationship with her husband. The movies can help. But have they the courage to do it?

"Some people have criticized me severely," Ursula Parrott went on, "for writing so plainly about sex. But that is the one thing in which most of us are interested—if we're honest. Many more people have criticized me for refusing to make my heroines sweet young things. But that I don't care to do.

"I don't write about sweet young things because I feel women today are more experienced than they were twenty years ago. And since I write about typical modern girls, I insist that they be typical! Besides, a sweet young thing has no history. For that reason I confine my literary attention to women who understand the meaning of life.

"And, by the way, this, I think, is the most difficult age of all for a woman to be happy in. I laugh every time I hear a foreigner say that American men spend their days sweating down in Wall Street to buy their women-folk another diamond bracelet. They do! But which woman gets said diamond bracelet? The wife, or the other woman?

"I'll tell you the answer to that one: If the wife has the brains and persistence to keep her beauty fresh and her sense of humor working, she can usually give 'the other woman' a run for her money. Because, after all, the wife is on the home grounds. And possession is nine points of the law. But many wives refuse to accept their jobs seriously. They don't realize that the job of being a wife sometimes has longer hours and less pay than an office position. But it isn't always the woman's fault.

"A woman used to be allowed to mature naturally. Now she doesn't dare! A woman of thirty-five today tries to act like a girl of twenty. Foolish? Of course. But the men demand it. In former years, the village belle became a wife and mother. (Continued on page 22)
TOLSTOY TALKS
About Pictures!

By Rosa Reilly

You'll soon be seeing "Resurrection," the talker, with Lupe Velez and John Boles. You remember the silent version, with Del Rio. Now read what Count Ilya Tolstoy, son of the great novelist, thinks about the movies. An exclusive interview!

"MOVIES!" said Count Ilya Tolstoy, son of the late illustrious Count Leo Nikolajevitch Tolstoy. "Movies! What do I think of them?"

The giant, grey-bearded figure of a man pondered the question. After a moment he smiled mischievously, his great, granite face breaking into a thousand wrinkles: "I'll tell you what I think of them. And I'll be honest, too. I think the medium is splendid, but," and now he made a wry face, "the way they are being produced today is pretty shoddy. For, instead of lifting the multitude up to the level of art, they are dragging art down to the level of the multitude."

Now that the talking version of "Resurrection," taken from the book by Count Ilya's father, the great Russian novelist and social reformer, with Lupe Velez and John Boles in the leading roles, is almost ready for release, our thoughts go back to the silent screen version of this masterpiece. Edmund Carewe directed it, and Count Ilya Tolstoy was asked to work in a supervisory capacity on it, in order that the real spirit of the great novel might be caught. But when I asked the Count about this, his reply was a little startling.

"Catch the spirit of my father's book—that is ludicrous. They brought me to Hollywood just to get my 'o.k.' on the picture for publicity purposes." It's strange how 'up' on American slang this celebrated Russian gentleman is. "They didn't really want me to work on that film at all," he continued, stroking his thick beard.

"I tell you you will never believe what a hard experience this was for me! Whenever they came to me with an idea which I knew was incompatible with my father's philosophy of life, I would say: 'Gentleman, follow the book.' But how could they? When Edmund Carewe started directing that silent filming he had not even read the book!"
How about a little argument? Count Tolstoy says there's little or no art in American movies!

"Garbo is the only one—she has something!" he says.

We don't endorse all of the Count's opinions but we present them to you because, in common with all the rest of the world, we love a good argument!

earned that right because he was a great artist. But it was impossible for me to make my co-workers in Hollywood understand why I didn't want anything changed. Why I was forced to say, day after day: 'Follow the book.'

"During the entire filming of the silent picture, all I heard was 'production value,' 'sex appeal.' Naturally I realize that money must be made from films, but I also feel sure that good pictures, artistically conceived, will make money. If less 'cowboy' psychology had been applied to 'Resurrection' and more real thought, this would have been an even better film. But even as it was, 'Resurrection' was considered one of the six pictures of the year. And after it was released, Mr. Carewe was offered a contract to direct seven pictures. This film also did a great deal for Dolores Del Rio, who after its release started climbing straight to the top. I feel that, in part, at least, this was due to my influence.

"I understand now that Mr. Carewe is making a talking version of my father's novel. I only pray it will be better than the other.

"In Russia today, despite their economic handicaps, they are making better pictures than in America. Of course, they are filled with propaganda. But they will outgrow that. In Germany, too, they make fine, artistic films. But here in America—well, I hope you won't think I am prejudiced against your country—for I am not—but here they seem to have admirable technique, but very little else!

"It is the same with radio and the theater. I like to listen in over the air, but for every time I hear Rimsky-Rokosovskiy."

(Continued on page 115)
KNOW the STARS

Ann Harding's Numberscope

By

Clifford Cheasley

This is the first of an important series of penetrating numerological analyses of famous screen stars by the outstanding authority on Practical Numerology, Mr. Clifford Cheasley. Whether you are interested in this 'science of numbers' or not you will be fascinated by the revelations of stellar temperament and character which Mr. Cheasley exposes in his pleasant way. You'll know more about Ann Harding than ever before after you read this—more, in fact, than Ann herself knows until she reads it, too!

The lovely and lovable lady from Broadway who has won screen audiences—Ann Harding, the subject of our first Numberscope.

THE name given to you at birth, Ann Gately, holds the numbers that are the keys to your personality, and in making this analysis I shall take up the two most important phases of your Numberscope. First, the number that is arrived at by the addition of the vowels of your name and which is called the 'Ideality' or 'Motive,' dealing with the character of your inner nature, shows the things that you really like and the kind of conditions that you would have around you all the time if there were no one or nothing else to be considered. The other phase is called the 'Expression' or 'Method' and deals with the way in which you express yourself—probably the side of your temperament that is seen more by your public through the way in which you interpret your ideas and your talent. Your 'Ideality' number is 7; your 'Expression' number is 7-11.

Your ideas about Life and people have always been a little different and unusual even from the time when you were a small child and believed greatly in fairy tales. You will never be too old to dream, for the 7 number of your 'Ideality' is the sign of the dreamer, of the one who lives mentally in a world that is often far removed from the one around us. The number 7 makes you aristocratic and refined in your tastes—which some people will interpret as a touch of superiority in your nature, when it is really that you were born with the capacity for seeing through people and conditions rather
than just looking at them. You would early be drawn to want to write and to express your ideas from behind the scenes rather than directly through your own personality. Even an interest in the theater would be derived from this same number, because although when you commence to play you often feel a little awkward and self-conscious, you can soon lose a sense of yourself in the character that you are portraying, and from this point you can show the great ease in expression which has gained you so much recognition in your work.

You are always happiest in your work of acting and writing, for you like to feel you are expressing deeper art and beauty through the things you do and say.

In spite of having some rather idealistic leaning toward domestic life it would never be possible for you to put the balance of your attention into domesticity. Your ideal home is a place of quiet and rest, where you can surround yourself with peace and harmony which you are more determined to enjoy than anything else.

On the other hand you would not feel that being married, having a home and children would take anything away from your power as an actress but rather that home and motherhood could be an inspirational background to art. Because you are not really the domestic type of number 6, however, an unfortunate marriage and an inharmonious home life would affect you more tragically than it would a less idealistic person.

You would feel very sorry for yourself.

In your home life you will relax, and will see that you have your own little place where you can be alone for meditation. With your family you will often imagine yourself as a gracious queen holding court and in everyday interests will get lots of fun pretending.

There is no inclination to bother very much about trying to be a business woman and if you had not been born in August you would have been a much worse manager of your finances. You will find it hard to interest yourself in financial matters or in advancing in the commercial world.

I know therefore that it was not love for business that caused you to accept an office position in New York City about eight years ago when you left your paternal home. It just seemed that the commercial world was the easiest way to find your freedom and economic independence; and then the influence of August, which is a number 8 month according to Numerology, would have to produce circumstances before your 21st year, that really, against any dislike on your part, would draw you into the commercial world in order that you might gain through experience a better knowledge of detail, better judgment relating to people and finances.

You could not have been in the commercial world very long before you began to feel that you would never really care for the career of business woman no matter how much your work might be appreciated, and so you followed your deeper urge, coming from the literary and artistic number 7 of your 'Ideality,' when you became associated with the reading department of a film company.

The number 11-7 or 9 which is the key to your 'Expression,' your methods, and manner, is quite in line with the 7 of your inner nature. It gives the latent ability for greater public success than you would really have believed in as a child when you were far more reticent and reserved, inclined to want to hide away from people.

Nine in Numerology is three times 3; and 3 is the number of personal success in self-expression, the symbol of the natural-born advertiser. Because your number 9 is arrived at by 11-7 there will be more of the poetic, mystical, spiritual than the emotional, smart or distinctly modern character in your portrayals. You will feel towards the public a certain indifference and will seldom be found 'playing to the gallery,' but your art will be the whole thing.

This is the numerological explanation of why on the screen you will start a new standard of motion picture acting which on the part of your contemporaries will require more than good looks and sex appeal for them to equal.

After the death of screen personalities which the public had been served on the whole from the end of the war...

Watch for the Numberscope of Greta Garbo
By Mr. Cheasley—next month!
The numbers of your birthdate relate to your life, its associations, opportunities, your past, present and future.

Just as your original name at birth represents you, so the numbers of your birthdate represent the lessons you have come to learn and the kind of individual you are becoming as the result of the lessons you learn from your association and experience. In Numerology the birthdate is recognized under the name of the ‘Path of Life’ because it is a definite chart of the pathway that you must follow to the attainment of your happiness and success.

We saw earlier in this analysis how the fact of being born in August caused you to commence your career in the business world, but this influence lasting only until about your 21st year would make it necessary that you be released from the business world into an entirely different field.

The number symbolizing this next chapter of your life, lasting until your 45th year, is 7, the number of mystery, the drama, the stage and literature. Whereas, the number of your birth month, August, was 8—entirely opposed to your ‘Ideality’ or deeper self of 7—this second experience has exactly the same number of 7.

Who would not be happy and successful, getting what they want and continuing to meet just the kind of opportunity for work for which (Continued on page 106)

Hollywood Heartbreak

ONCE upon a time Gladys White held high hopes of being a motion picture star. Was she not considered the image of Pola Negri, for whom she doubled on occasion? Actually she was a bit more beautiful than Pola—but she lacked Pola’s brains.

Recently Gladys tried to commit suicide. For so long, since Pola left Hollywood, Gladys had been trying to support herself and her 11-year-old boy. For a while she got an occasional ‘extra’ engagement, but pretty soon she had to become a waitress. Later even waitressing was hard to get, and so—oh what was the use?

One day a kindly neighbor, Mrs. Ferguson, called on her.

“You’re too late, I’ve taken poison,” said Gladys White.

But the neighbor called the receiving hospital pronto and Gladys was not to be allowed to end things that way.

She is glad now, because people have promised to help her find work. But it won’t be in pictures.
Here's Robert Allen—will he be a new star?

You have heard of the Book of the Month and the Song of the Month—now we're giving you, every month, the Screen Discovery of the Month. Robert Allen wins this first page. Warners are grooming him for stardom.

He wants to play robust rôles. He is well over six feet tall, built like an athlete with broad shoulders and slim waist. He has blue eyes and light brown hair. Girls—Bob Allen!

THE latest lad to be tagged for screen glory is Robert Allen. He's only twenty-four, fresh from Dartmouth, with no professional experience either on stage or screen. And yet the miracle happened—the miracle that keeps the movies moving; a film executive saw him, sized him up as a potential star, and now Robert is embarking upon a hopeful screen career at the Warner Brothers Studio in Hollywood. Bob indulged in amateur dramatics in his home town in Mount Vernon, N. Y.; and later at College, where he was also a football player and boxer. After college he spent eight months in Wall Street, and four months with an airplane company. One summer vacation he was a life-guard; another, he drove a ten-ton oil truck; a third he wielded a sixteen pound sledge-hammer and a pick and shovel. He studied art and was told he had a future. But then came the screen offer and he grabbed it. He is quiet, hates to see women smoke, has an air pilot's license, plays polo, rides to hounds, is economical, plays the violin, and isn't married.
You can hardly stroll down the sidewalks of New York these days without stumbling over a former movie queen, or a used-to-be featured player.

It's sad to think of the scores of formerly popular movie lights who have foundered in the treacherous celluloid sea and never come back, since the tidal talkie wave surged over the Hollywood landscape, sucking voices, personalities, and whole careers down to oblivion.

But it's even sadder to see the forty or fifty Hollywood players and stars who have quit the Gold Coast on the slim chance of climbing back to wealth and fame by storming New York's stony-hearted theatrical frontier. You see them on the legitimate stage; doing four and five a day in vaudeville; making personal appearances with road shows; and as a last recourse, going on in little stock companies, in far-flung provincial playhouses.

Not all of these former film favorites are failures by a long shot. But every person who's seeking this 'new' stage medium, as they call it, is in New York or on the road because in some way or another, he or she is unsuited for the big gamble of talking pictures. They're all hoping the stage will prove the port of missing screen stars; that the stage will provide them with that necessary technique or publicity or prestige which will enable them to ride back to Hollywood clutching fat film contracts.

But will it? Out of this half a hundred, how many will go back in triumph? Let's look them over.

First we have Lillian Gish. She left Hollywood nearly a year ago to star on Broadway in Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya." Next we have Anna May Wong. She did wonders in a rather uninteresting British picture, "Flame of Love," and is now appearing in an Edgar Wallace mystery drama, "On the Spot." After her is Lois Moran, who has a leading role in "This is New York,"
Port of Missing STARS?

By Rosa Reilly

by Robert Sherwood. Lya de Putti did her best in the play, "Made in France," which lasted barely ten days in New York. Karl Dane and George K. Arthur took a twelve weeks’ whirl at vaudeville. Herbert Rawlinson, as we go to press, plans to appear in "Trade Winds."

Colleen Moore made a brave start in "On the Loose," but after due consideration, she decided not to bring the play into New York. Sally Phipps is appearing—and doing very well—in "Once in a Lifetime," the stage sensation that burlesques Hollywood. Basil Rathbone goes into rehearsal very soon for "A Kiss Of Importance," in which Montagu Love also has a part. Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque are co-starring in "Cherries Are Ripe," with good reports coming in off the road.

Baclanova and Nicholas Soussonin are ready to appear in a Gladys Unger play. Jeanette Loff plans to go into an operetta, for which she is extremely well suited. Olive Borden was doing a single for Warner’s in Pittsburgh. Agnes Ayres has had a toss at stock over in Hoboken, N. J. Irene Delroy and Ona Munson, already great favorites on the musical comedy stage, have signed up for New York engagements. Paul Muni had fine criticisms in his stage play, "This One Man," Lina Basquette is dancing in Harry Richman’s night club.

Arnolda has been most successful in "Nina Rosa," while Stanley Smith and Mary Lawlor have been selected to play in the new Jack Yellen-Lou Holtz college musical production "You Said It." Alexander Gray and Bernice Claire, always well liked in musical comedy circles, are playing at the Palace, New York, as we go to press. Dennis King, another musical comedy favorite, plans to appear in a forthcoming operetta. Irene Rich, who did fine dramatic work in "The Woman Who Takes," a Hollywood production of Jane Murfin’s short-

(Continued on page 120)
A YEAR ago, after the market broke, stars were panicky. One fellow who had earned $180,000 in two years, hadn't a nickel to show for it. An intense wave of economy set in. There was a rush to financial advisers and business managers.

These gentlemen put the stars on stern financial rations—many were only allowed $25 a week spending money and they did not dare buy a thing without the advice of their financial tyrants. For instance, one man who had been a generous host, spending over $10,000 for forbidden nectar in a single year, was sternly reduced to $2,400 to buy eat de vie, no matter how many friends he lost. Another, who lost $20,000 at Aqua Caliente, had to wire pleadingly for permission to pay his debts of honor, and was disciplined with a mere $10 a week allowance thereafter and threatened with frightful reprisals if he gambled again for two years.

All of this had a very reforming effect temporarily, and it has resulted in some nice little surprises for investment now.

Will Rogers was never in this pickle, however. Will knows a thing or two about taking care of his money, which comes not alone from acting in pictures, but from his writing for newspaper syndicates, his radio talks ($1000 per), as well as from his gilt-edged investments and real estate. He's probably the richest bozo in all Hollywood, and very Scotch about it. His one extravaganza is polo ponies!

Rex Cole, of the Equitable Investment Corporation, is one fellow who takes care of the money of thirty-five picture people, including Ann Harding, Warner Baxter, Lucile and Jimmie Gleason, William Boyd, Robert Ames, Mary Astor, Kay Johnson, Neil Hamilton, and others.

Cole is an arch-tyrant! Stingy pocket money allowances, few servants, (he sometimes makes them dispense with a chauffeur or a lady's maid or a butler, according to circumstances) and he insists upon paying all bills himself, chiding them for any unnecessary extravagances. He disapproves of their buying grand homes. They must rent them. But he is merciful about beach cottages, swimming pools, tennis courts, anything that helps to keep them fit. None of these Equitable clients may invest in anything but staunch, established, conservative bonds. He allows William Boyd to keep his yacht, however, as that comes under health.

Richard Dix, who doesn't belong in this company, plays the stock market and wasn't cured a bit by losing a wallop in the last crash. He loves being a heavy winner, but can bear up bravely when he is an even heavier loser.

Bebe Daniels and Louise Fazenda manage their own affairs, and believe wholeheartedly

Mary Nolan has romantic ideas about her savings! She's put enough pennies away to buy herself a white villa on the blue Mediterranean.

One of Charles Rogers' latest 'investments'—a convertible Dupont automobile. It has triple uses: as a town car, an open car, or closed.
and Where It Goes!

By Alma Whitaker

in real estate, both being multiple landlords. Janet Gaynor has been a careful little saver, which made it possible for her to weather her arguments with Fox. Charlie Farrell believes in real estate and owns a yacht. Eddie Lowe and Lilian Tashman have invested in a ranch near San Jose, and they also pin much faith to antique furniture. Corinne Griffith went in for lots of gold plumbing right after she married Morosco. She said it was jolly to feel one could always sell a faucet or a bit of pipe in a hurry.

Warner Baxter believes in stocks and bonds, but the company sees to it that he is highly conservative about his purchases. Maureen O'Sullivan owns a big chicken ranch in Ireland. El Brendel has put a lot of money in bisque dogs! Kenneth MacKenna collects rare editions of books, which have an international market value.

Jose Mojica buys handsome art treasures, with a recognized worth. Mary Brian likes spreading her resources, so that she buys real estate, stocks, bonds, bank certificates, building loan certificates, etc. Clive Brook likes to keep a large balance at the bank, sends some to his parents in England, and buys bonds with the rest, besides keeping up a trust fund for his children.

Clara Bow's money goes into a trust fund, which was formerly managed by her secretary, Daisy de Voe, until the two girls split. It is very necessary that Clara have somebody to keep tab of every tiny item she owns, as, it is said, she is beset by indigent relations. You'd be surprised at the financial burden this little girl carries. Her father recently dropped a handsome sum for her in a restaurant enterprise.

Richard Arlen and his Jobyna work on a stern budget system. They improve their delightful home all the time and the rest of the money goes into building and loan investments. Charles Rogers goes in for both bonds and property. He lately bought a home at Beverly Hills with a swimming pool and many other delightful features—which he considers a first class investment, too. Perhaps his big automobile is an investment, also!

Gary Cooper adores ranches. He has one in Montana, another in Arizona. He is also providing a trust fund for himself, in case anything untoward happens.

That big Welshman, Lawrence Grant, who has been playing character roles right along, from silents to talkies, without a break, says he is strong for annuities. He thinks it would be a good joke to put all his money in these, and then make handsome wills leaving vast amounts to greedy relations, who would die of heart failure when they learned all the money had died with Lawrence.

Alice White was one of the (Continued on page 110)
Who's the tallest star in pictures—and who's the shortest? And what has height to do with screen success? You'll be surprised!

How high is up?

If you know the answer to that one you know everything and this story can't tell you a thing. But if heights still have the power to thrill you—if, in any words, a trip to the tip of the Chrysler Tower can make your heart stand still and your stomach turn upsy-downsy—you'll want to know just what height has to do with winning that shy little will o'the wisp, screen fame.

Suppose you're a girl with movie ambitions—which heaven forbid. Suppose you're tall—say, five feet seven inches or so—and pretty as anything. And still your friends tell you that you haven't a chance on the screen because you tower above such sprites as Janet Gaynor. What'll you say? How can you answer them? Why, like this: "Yes? And I suppose Garbo is a midget!"
And Tashman! And do you know how tall they are? Garbo is 5' 6", that's how high she is. And Tashman is an inch taller than that—5' 7"!

You have them there! And then all you have to do is to crash the gate. We don't want to be 'ornery' about it but so many girls are writing in to Miss Vee Dee all the time asking for the heights and weights of the screen queens that Miss Vee Dee is kicking and screaming. Just before she went into hysterics for the tenth time in a day—that was yesterday—she turned over her statistics to me with a faint moan and gasped: "Jaynor, 5' 5", Marlene Garbo, 5' 2"; the combined heights of Connie and Joan Bennett equal the height and weight of Lilyan Tashman at the last census—" Her voice trailed off. I heard later that someone had written in asking for the heights and weights of all the extras in

Dorothy Mackaill 5' 5"
Jeanette MacDonald 5' 2"
Clara Bow 5' 3½"
Loretta Young 5' 3½"
Norma Shearer 5' 1½"
Here's a surprise! Norma Shearer, who can look so regal in her films, is a little bit of a girl—just 5' 1¼" tall! Norma weighs just 118 pounds.

Which is the taller, Constance or Joan Bennett? I'll tell you—Connie is 5' 4", Joan, 5' 2"; with Constance tipping the scales at 105 and Joan at 105.

Another good height is 5' 3½"—both Clara Bow and Loretta Young are just that. But Clara's weight is a trifle more than Loretta—just ten pounds more, to be exact; and Loretta weighs 100 pounds. (This is Clara's weight a. t.—after reduction.)

Garbo and Dietrich—the lovely lady rivals from Sweden and Germany—are just one inch and two pounds apart! Greta's extra inch takes care of her added poundage. Both girls are so graceful that you're never conscious of the fact that they are slightly over the average height.

Now, go ahead and scale the heights of fame, if you can!

It doesn't matter how tall you are—look at Garbo. It doesn't matter how small you are—gaze upon Janet Gaynor, Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Norma Shearer. It doesn't even matter if you're just plain, medium height—consider Connie Bennett, Joan Crawford. Nothing matters—if you can carry your height gracefully, or make up for lack of imposing stature with ability and brains. I hate to discourage you—but height has little or nothing to do with winning film fame!

Cecil De Mille's last picture. Poor, little Vee Dee! We hope she'll be better soon.

In the meantime, I want to lay forever the ghost that height has very much to do with film success. Weight, yes! But not height. Of course, there may be exceptions. Some girls are turned down for good parts because they happen to be taller than certain leading men. Other youngsters miss out because they are too tiny. But it doesn't happen very often. Consider the case of the first screen queen, Mary Pickford—the tiniest of them all. Mary is only 4' 11½" tall—and it hasn't stopped her, so far! The next smallest big star on the screen is Janet Gaynor who's just 5'. These girls are lucky enough to be small-boned, and they keep their weights down—Mary to 92 pounds, Janet to 100. Gloria Swanson is next—5' ½" tall, weighing 98 pounds.

The other extreme—Lilyan Tashman. Lil, who looks tall and stately enough on the screen, is even taller than that—she's 5' 7", the tallest important actress in pictures. Garbo comes next with her superbly carried 5' 6". Just as these girls are supreme in their lines, so you won't find any other actress to touch them in height.

There seem to be two favorite heights among the screen stars, so if you simply must have a standard to grow or stretch by, I'd suggest 5' 4" or 5' 5". Of the famous girls who are 5' 4" there are Joan Crawford, (110 pounds); Marion Davies (120); Anita Page (118); Nancy Carroll (116); Evelyn Brent (112).

At 5' 5" we have: Kay Francis (112 pounds); Billie Dove (115); Ann Harding (118); Marlene Dietrich (120); Dorothy Mackaill (110).
Greta Garbo was born in Stockholm in 1906—her real name is Greta Gustafson. She is five feet six inches tall, weighs 122 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Unmarried. Next picture, "Inspiration," with Robert Montgomery.

The stars select the likenesses they prefer. Paste these in your album! They have that personal touch!
Nancy Carroll (La Hill) was born in New York City, November 19, 1906. She is married to Jack Kirkland, playwright, and has a four-year-old daughter, Patricia. Nancy's next picture is "Stolen Heaven," with Phillips Holmes.
Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn, New York, on January 3, 1900. She was a Follies girl. Marion is five feet, four inches and has blue eyes and golden hair. Her next talker is "The Bachelor Father," with Ralph Forbes.
Dorothy Mackaill was born in Hull, England, March 4, 1904. She appeared in the Follies before she entered pictures. She has been married and divorced from Lothar Mendes. Unmarried now. Her next talker is "Once a Sinner."
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was born in New York City, December 9, 1907. He is six feet tall, weighs 180 pounds, has light brown hair and blue eyes. A new star for First National—new picture, an air sequel to "The Dawn Patrol."
John Gilbert was born in Logan, Utah, July 10, 1897. His real name is John Pringle. He has been married three times—first to a non-professional, next to Leatrice Joy, and now to Ina Claire. His next film is "Gentleman's Fate."
Ruth Chatterton was born in New York City, on December 24th. She is five feet two and one-half inches tall and weighs 110 pounds, with blue eyes and brown hair. A Broadway star at the age of eighteen! Married to Ralph Forbes.
Clara Bow was born in Brooklyn, New York, July 29, 1905. She broke into pictures via the beauty contest route. She has red hair, is five feet three and one-half inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. Her latest picture is "No Limit."
Loretta Young was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6th. Married to Grant Withers, is five feet three and one-half inches tall, weighs 100 pounds, has light brown hair and blue eyes. Her next film will be "The Devil to Pay."
Charles Rogers

Charles (Don't call me Buddy)—Rogers was born on August 13, 1904, in Olathe, Kansas. He has black hair, brown eyes; is six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds. Unmarried. His current film is "Along Came Youth," with Frances Dee.
Kay Francis was born in Oklahoma City on Friday, January 13th. Her mother was Katherine Clinton, a well-known actress. Kay is five feet, five inches tall, has grey eyes and black hair. Her next picture, "Scandal Sheet."
Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, Texas. Her real name is Lucille LeSeuer. She was a chorine in "The Passing Show" before she entered pictures. Married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Next film, "Within the Law."
William Haines was born January 1, 1900, in Staunton, Virginia. Unmarried. Next film, "Remote Control." He was the winner of a 'new faces' contest, was signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and is still with the same company.
Fredric March was born in Racine, Wisconsin, August 13, 1898. He came from the Broadway stage. Married to Florence Eldridge, of the stage. Next picture, "Sex in Business," with Claudette Colbert.
Is Fredric March BARRYMORE'S Talkie Twin?

FREDRIC MARCH, The 'Compleat' Man!
Old Izaak Walton would have had a swell time had he been able to write about motion picture stars instead of those disciples of the angle worm. And Freddie March would have been a 'compleat' model for so discerning a scholar as Izaak. But Walton or no Walton, Freddie remains the all-sided paragon of the cinema, the apple of most women's screen affections, and the cinder in nobody's eye.

If you're interested in paradoxes—and who isn't interested in those things?—we'll start with the fact that despite the Paramount player's aristocratic and fore-shortened, French-trimmed and snootily spelled name, 'Fredric,' he remains not only yours truly on letters, but to his friends as well as envious contemporaries, only 'Freddie.'

With Freddie as a start, it's easy to describe with the pen this pleasant-visaged fellow. Maybe dissect is the word, for we intend taking him apart to see what makes him click—with the public.
His Boswell enters Freddie's name in the lists as follows:
"Born in Racine, Wis., March entered the University of Wisconsin with the class of 1920." There's the rub! It not being handicap enough for an actor to be born any place outside New York, he has to be taken to college immediately thereafter. At any rate, no mention is made of the intervening years so we'll have to let it pass with an entry such as 'years spent in servitude' or 'years spent watching Wisconsin cows' or some similar and infinitely unimportant item. We'll skip adolescence. Everyone should.

Unlike most biographies of the marquee-lighted persons in which education is forgotten immediately after it is mentioned, solely because the subject of the discourse never succumbed to a degree, young March, undaunted by prairie fires, problems in calculus, unrelenting co-eds and a leaning toward (Continued on page 127)
Just as we were getting used to Carol Lombard's fluffy bob, she switched to this classical effect, with a cluster of soft curls above the ear. How do you like it?

Why, Mary Brian! After selling us on the idea that you are Hollywood's most modest maiden, you have to go and reveal your left ear. Not that it isn't a very nice ear.

CHOOSE YOUR COIFFURE

A new hairdress a day keeps boredom away. Try some of these on your own tresses, gals!

Screen audiences fell for Kay Francis' sleek bob, shown below. Then why does Kay change it? Oh, you know women!

Now let's get this straight! But no—Kay Francis' new coiffure is decidedly curly—a halo of ringlets around her head. Well!

And the latest—a severe Russian reaction, with expression to match. Now that that's over, Kay, give us our pet bob again!
Confessions of a

JUICER

By One

What, you don’t know what a ‘juicer’ is? He knows the stars better than we do. Read what he says about some of your favorites.

I AM just a roughneck ‘juicer,’ or electrician if you want to be technical.

And yet I have been a guest in more stars’ homes than any other single individual.

My overalls have carried me past scores of doors men in tuxedos and gals in Paris gowns have tried to crash in vain.

Y’see, by a funny combination of circumstances, I have become known as an expert in lighting interiors of houses with portable equipment.

For several years I have not only worked on pictures in the studio, but I have been sent out to get home pictures of stars and celebrities, not only with our own photographers, but with such visiting camera experts as Steiloff, Offner, Chidnoff and Nikolas Muray.

I’ve walked right into a star’s bedroom with a photographer to receive her apologies for forgetting an engagement. Just try to be nonchalant when a star apologizes!

I’ve dragged electric cable across some of the slickest Oriental rugs you ever saw.

I’ve petrified a score of stars who were afraid that I would break expensive chairs, or knick-knacks.

I’ve thrown spotlights right into the eyes of Herbert Hoover—but I’m getting ahead of my story.

Of all the stars’ homes I like to go to, and like to duck, at one and the same time, let me list first William Haines and Buster Keaton.

They are great hosts. Never go to either one that I don’t get a great feed. But they’re such practical jokers that a day with either one of them is enough to put still more grey hairs in this Irish red head of mine.

Haines is possibly the worst. He knows a lot about photography and when both the cameraman and electrician have their backs turned. (Continued on page 117)
How to make

Intimate slants on how the Hollywood boys and girls snap out of it!

By

Theodore D. Irwin

cine

matics. Harold Lloyd institutes a barbecue in his back yard, and cooks all the food which none of his guests eats. Karl Dane indulges in a cross-country run. Broadway's favorite Merry-Andrew and toastmaster, William Collier, Sr., rides back and forth in trolley cars.

As an antidote for the sulkis, Douglas Fairbanks prefers telling the local politicians how to run things, or,
after the recent Wall Street debacle, Eddie Cantor, who is devoted to the movies since “Whoopie,” replied to an inquiry concerning the effect of the financial crash upon himself, by getting down on his knees and praying, “O Allah, I thank thee, thou hast left me my shirt and my health!” And thereupon decided to write a book satirizing the stock market. His method, thus, of evading that morbid feeling, is to burlesque the provocative incident and turn it into a profitable gag.

Those prize buffoons, Ben Turpin and Chester Conklin, according to a reliable report, frequent a pretty little cemetery near Hollywood whenever the blues hits them. Robert Benchley, who has deserted the screen for his old love, drama obituaries, exults in showing strangers in town through New York’s speakeasies. Marc Connelly ‘throws a party.’ Hollywood’s champion amateur boxer, Buster Keaton, relieves a grouch by pounding away at another’s jaw; Nat Carr corrals all available cronies to his side; and Charley Chase, like Chaplin, turns to Izaak Walton’s passion, for his solace.

The Brothers Marx, when life looks lugubrious, are prone to concoct a new practical joke to inflict upon the nearest victim. The reticent Harpo, however, has his own patented and copyrighted contrivance: back-stage, he sits very placidly while a member of the cast, usually a lady of pulchritude he has chosen permanently for the operation, tousles his hair! Groucho, on the other hand, blandly reads the stock market reports.

Hal Skelly rides a bicycle.

Though often it hides beneath the elegant misnomer of temperament, the lovely ladies are as susceptible to ‘the mopes’ as the masculine members. In the throes of despondency, Greta Garbo takes long solitary walks, preferably in the country. La Garbo’s hob-nailed hiking boots have seen much service in the foothills of Hollywood and the San Bernardino (Continued on page 116)
Claudette Colbert—Broadway’s and Hollywood’s Ultra-Conservative!
She’d Order Cup-Custard in a Speak-easy!
The
Rich Little Working Girl

“Acting is my business,” says Claudette Colbert, an actress who refuses to dramatize her job

By Rowley Trench

If you saw “The Barker” on the Broadway stage or if you were among the few who saw the short-lived “Dynamo” you will understand why I looked forward to meeting Claudette Colbert. She is one of the few fine actresses not in the faded forties. Fame has met her talent half-way.

In “The Barker” she was unforgettable as the tent-show girl, hard yet yielding, primitive yet lovely. She was all youth and allure, playing the part with a vivid vitality that made it dominate in what was essentially a play about men.

Then there was the storm-tossed heroine of “Dynamo,” O’Neill’s re-write of “The Old Homestead,” brought up to date with electricity and modernistic stage settings. In an altogether unbelievable rôle Colbert was human and sympathetic. She definitely demonstrated her acting ability; and her sex power, again, was high.

We met under Paramount auspices high in the upper reaches of that company’s private skyscraper on Times Square.

“Shall we have tea?” suggested Miss Colbert.

The election spirit was upon us at the time, so a rapid but honest straw vote was taken, revealing one vote for tea, and two for anything but tea. We went to an elegantly upholstered sink in the sterile fifties. The head waiters outnumbered the guests three to one. A major domo approached our table daintily.

“What will you like?” he wondered.

The lovely Colbert eyes smiled at him appealingly.

“Cup custard,” said the lady.

“Cup custard we have not,” said the waiter blandly.

“But we have perhaps tea.”

That was depressing, but Claudette was pleased, going so far as to order toast and jam.

The most memorable of Miss Colbert’s exquisite features are her eyes, deep pools of brown, a soft, dark, velvety brown. One could drown pleasantly in such eyes.

She wore something smart and tailored and simple, as conservative as her conversation. A tactful woman, she said the wrong thing at no time. She was the soul of discretion, the essence of diplomacy. Concerning the fact that she maintained one apartment, her husband (Norman Foster), another, she vouchsafed no comment. She did expand upon the trip they had recently concluded.

“We went round the world aboard a freighter,” she said. “As advertised, it was quite marvelous. So different from the routine trip on the usual boat. It was great fun. That is, after we became good sailors. Freighters are not exactly like the Europa, you know. Solid comfort is lacking, and there are no stabilizers to cut down rolling. We rolled magnificently!”

It was during the run of “The Barker” that the Foster-Colbert romance developed. They have been married a year or two. In “Young Man of Manhattan” they played husband and wife. It couldn’t have been difficult for them. Yet there was the possibility that playing opposite one’s husband might have its disadvantages. I asked Miss Colbert about it.

“It’s easier in one way to play with your husband. In another it isn’t. I suppose that’s a typically feminine answer. But let me explain how I feel about playing with Norman.

“When I’m playing opposite (Continued on page 125)
At the moment, it's very smart to wear brilliant red liquid nail polish. Grand, if you can get away with it! And Grace Moore can.

When old-fashioned people used to tell a girl's fortune, they didn't look into her face or into her mind. They looked in her hands.

"There," they said, "there is your fortune," but they didn't really mean anything of the kind. What they really meant was—"There is your personality, and judging you by that personality, I can judge what is going to happen to you when you grow older and love comes along and happiness bends down its lovely face to you." Remember your hands reveal your character even while your face may conceal it.

And they were very wise, those old-fashioned people, for nothing tells so much about a girl as her hands.

This being true, I can not understand why so many of us neglect the beauty that is within our hands. Our hands are much more expressive, actually, than our faces, much more revealing of character and intelligence, yet most of the time we do nothing about them. We let our hands be blunt and busy, or flabby and idle when we could make them more lovely than flowers and more harmonious than music if we only wanted to.

Give me your hands and I can tell you all about yourself. Here is a pair of capable hands with rather square-tipped fingers. But the nails are too long and I know the girl who owns those hands is a bit shy about her own capability. She prefers to give the appearance of luxury, and most of the time she gets away with it.

Here is another pair, with nails polished and shining but with ragged cuticle and 'moons' half hidden. A busy girl, that, with good intentions but so rushed! Here is another pair, hands tanned and strong, but nails neglected. An outdoor girl whose interests make her forget herself.

How many girls who care for their complexities with the utmost wisdom neglect their hands shamefully. And yet, my dears, the same type skin we have on our faces is on our hands. If your face needs creams to keep it from being too dry, your hands need them, even more. It's not quite so apt to follow with oily skins, since we wash the hands so much more often, and that has a drying effect. But hands need protection against rain and winds and against too much heat and cold. And they need their own special kind of make-up, a dash of powder, a bit of lotion, and good manicuring.

If you're one of those darlings of life who have time and money sufficient to secure a regular weekly manicure, by all means indulge in it. But even with that, your hands need daily care. But if you're just an average girl, like most of us, you'll only be able to afford less occasional manicures, and want to cultivate your hand beauty at home.

And you really can do it, quite easily. The two primary aids to hand beauty are, of course, good pure soap and water. Keep your hands clean, naturally, but don't be obsessed about it. By that I mean, don't rush out every minute or two to scrub your hands carefully. Too many girls, particularly business girls, get this fetish. If you're a working girl, don't depend on the office soap. It probably will be harsh. Get your own cake, keep it protected from dust. Provide your own soft towel and keep a bit of hand lotion handy. When you do wash your hands, dry them thoroughly. Nothing so quickly creates chapped, rough hands as half drying.

Then the personal manicuring. The nails should always be
HOLD UP YOUR HANDS

clean and unblemished. White spots on the nails are usually bruises. Some nails bruise more easily than others and this frequently indicates that something is wrong with the diet—a lack of green foods usually, or poor blood supply—but there isn’t much you can do to cover such spots. You must just wait till they grow out.

The little pink pale half moon at the base of the nail should be definitely marked by pushing back the cuticle. With some types of hands this is more difficult but persistence will finally triumph.

The length you wear your nails is all a matter of personal taste. I know a lot of smug people will tell you that no girl of refinement wears long or pointed nails, but I don’t believe anything of the kind. The more conservative girl will wear shorter nails, just covering the tips of her fingers. She’ll also tint them conservatively, but I still insist this is all a matter of personal equation. My own choice is to suit your personality. Some of the movie’s loveliest actresses go in for exotic nail lengths—and find them most expressive. There’s one point to remember, however. Most men don’t like women with long nails. (Still, most men claim they don’t like make-up and what have they done about that—worn more, that’s all.)

At the moment, it’s very, very smart to wear brilliant red liquid nail polish. On sophisticated hands, this is great. On shy little hands it looks silly. In New York at the opera, you frequently see women with nails tinted to match their gowns—green, scarlet, black or what have you. Grand if you can get away with it. Personally, I couldn’t. But whatever the tint you choose—and I really think for average hands the best is one coat of average pink and one coat of colorless—be careful that you don’t go about with the polish half-peeling. Have it all or nothing. The nail tips in all cases ought to be white and slightly opaque. Good nail bleaches will accomplish this but they should not be used too plentifully because they sometimes harden the cuticle just under the nail tip. A good plan is to run your orange wood stick, tipped with cotton and dipped into manicuring cream or oil under the nail tip while you cleanse it. This keeps the fingertips soft.

Dry polish of various kinds, powder, cake and paste, are all good if used correctly. They aren’t as smart right now as the liquid ones. Neither do the effects of them last as well but if you prefer them, be careful to fol-

BARGAINS IN BEAUTY

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HELP YOURSELF TO BEAUTY
girls done about that—worn more, that’s all.)

(Continued on page 104)
Meet Mitzi Green, the little 10-year-old screen thief, who is called 'a second Elsie Janis'

By

Mary Howard

There's nothing Green about Mitzi but her name and the spinach she eats for lunch every day—which must be flavored with a blossom of garlic! And yet this little vaudeville trouper who in eighteen months has won fame and fortune in the movies is not the usual, sophisticated stage child. She is an entirely normal little girl who loves to play kid games, make dresses for her dolls, and of all her achievements to date, is proudest of the fact that she can skip rope—backwards!

Not since Charlie Chaplin discovered baby genius in the dark eyes of Jackie Coogan has any child made such an instantaneous histrionic hit as Mitzi Green, daughter of Joe Keno and Rosie Green, vaudevillians. Mitzi has stolen every picture she has been in: "Marriage Playground," "Love Among the Millionaires," "Honey," "Sante Fe Trail," and others. Her impersonations of Garbo, Chevalier, Moran, Eddie Cantor, Ethel Barrymore, Al Jolson, and Fannie Brice are miniature works of art. But nobody ever taught Mitzi. She's a natural. She sings, dances, does imitations, and has yet to be prompted or cued by any adult. She is absolutely fearless when it comes to dramatic technique. Will try anything. Has never been stage struck, and is charged with more inner vitality than I have ever seen in either grown-up or child.

In her dressing room at the Paramount Theater in New York where she was making four personal appearances a day, I met Mitzi for the first time. She is exactly like her screen self. A large, robust child, with very pink cheeks and very straight brown hair. She's just a normal ten-year-old girl, delighted with herself and the world. Her eyes are brown. Her legs are chubby. Her dress was a simple little flowered affair. And she was struggling with the intricacies of cancellation when I knocked on her dressing room door.

Yes, Mitzi has to do lessons just like any other little girl. Only she has to fit her spelling, arithmetic, geography, history, and English in between her daily, personal appearances. With all this, she sometimes finds time to ride horseback in Central Park, or to take a swim. She's crazy about bridge. Recently somebody taught her the game, and she is so fascinated with it that she tells her governess: "Let's just have one more hand," even if it's only two minutes before her act is due to go on.

The way Mitzi got her name is interesting. When she was born her father was playing in "Head Over Heels," a musical show with Mitzi Hajes, the popular Hungarian prima donna. Miss (Continued on page 112)
PICTURE STEALERS

Introducing "Skippy," Alison Skipworth, who's always stealing picture honors

By Thomas Talbott

SKIPPY—Alison Skipworth—one of the best character actresses along Broadway's tungsten territory; will steal any scene that's not nailed down. And she's carried these thieving tendencies all the way out to Hollywood where in "Outward Bound," "Children of Dreams," "Raffles," and "Stolen Thunder," she had no difficulty in walking away practically with every sequence she was in.

A grand old gal is 'Skippy.' Shoving fifty, I judge. With merry blue eyes, reddish brown hair, a nice tubby figure, and a gay cackle that'd warm your heart even on a cold foggy day. And with it all a grande dame, who can, nevertheless, give our popular Marie Dressler a pretty good run for her comedy money.

"Every time I stop and think I am earning money for having my picture taken—at my time of life, I break out in a horse laugh," whispered Skippy, as we stood in the wings of the Empire Theater, where she was rehearsing for "Marseilles," her new Broadway show. "To my great surprise, I have made good on the screen," she continued. "It was the last thing I ever expected—or hoped for. I'm still stunned!"

"At first I was prejudiced against talking pictures, like many stage people are, if they tell the truth. I didn't want to go to Hollywood. I hated to leave my little farm down at Smithtown, on Long Island, where I creep away to rest and enjoy life. I hated to learn new technical tricks. I thought, too, I would hate Hollywood with all its razzle-dazzle.

"I didn't. I learned to like it. But I can never quite give up the stage all the same. Maybe it's vanity. I don't know. But I love the stage. I love getting the reaction of the audience. I love everything about it. But I'm getting mighty fond of Hollywood, too.

"As a town it's great. But work on the screen is terribly difficult. I have the most profound admiration and respect for any man or woman who makes good in films. The technique is forty times harder than stage technique. And don't let anybody fool you on that one!

"On the screen you work in dead silence. You get no applause. You don't know whether you are good or bad. And by the time the picture's released you don't care. It's like worrying over whether you digested your last Sunday's dinner.

"I'm terribly nervous on the lot, frightened of the cameras. I still can't believe in myself on (Continued on page 112)
Below: Score's tied on this match. Viola Dana and Jimmy Thomson, golf 'pro,' were 'welded' recently.

Above: Howard Hughes, millionaire producer, shot an arrow into the air. It landed in the heart of Billie Dove.

Victims of Valentine 'Heart Trouble'

Cupid works overtime in Filmland where there's real romance as well as reel romances.

Left: She's his Frances (Dee); he's her Joe (Mankiewicz). The paramount romance on the Paramount lot!

Right: John Wayne says that Josephine Saenz, daughter of the Panamanian Consul in Los Angeles, is his Valentine.

Above: Claudia Dell can't decide on her Valentine. She's looking toward Eddie Silton but Gavin Gordon wears a winning smile.

Left: Gavin Gordon lost out in one 'Romance.' Will he win in this one?

Below: Dorothy Lee is James Fidler's vivacious Valentine—they were married not so long ago.
When BESSIE LOVE Entertains at LUNCHEON

One of Hollywood's favorite girls gives her favorite luncheon recipes

By Emily Kirk

Bessie Love's Favorite Luncheon Menu

| Grapefruit de Luxe            |
| Chicken and Mushrooms in Ramekins |
| Shoestring Potatoes           |
| New Peas                      |
| Hot Rolls                     |
| Shrimp Salad                  |
| Cheese Straws                 |
| Café Mousse                   |
| Coffee                        |
| Mints                         |

Bessie has just the magic touch needed for the making of cool, crisp, colorful salads. This one is of shrimp, too. One of our favorites.

Bessie Love’s coffee service is the envy of all her friends. That is, it would be if she didn't let them in on so many grand luncheons.

TO most people, a luncheon is just a luncheon. But at Bessie Love's house a luncheon is a work of art. Every good cook has something of the great artist about him. It needs as much ability to create and serve a fine dish as it does to paint a fine picture. And Bessie Love has that ability.

Bessie loves to entertain and her favorite party is a luncheon. There is nothing formal or strained about Bessie's parties either. She has the happy knack of providing the casual atmosphere of comfortable friendliness which every hostess aims to achieve and so seldom does. A rare accomplishment indeed! Add to this the perfect setting of Bessie's hillside home, and well, if you never have had one of these luncheons you're out of luck, that's all!

Along one side of the house, overlooking the valley and the hills beyond there is a tiled, arched, balcony-like veranda. Here, Bessie almost always serves her guests, shaded from the heat in summer and basking in the noon-time sun of the winter months. Bessie has literally grown up with the pictures. Her friends are among the girls who, like herself, spend most of their time on the sound stages and in the dressing rooms of the various studios. But when they have a day off for shopping or play and the business of cameras and microphones, one o'clock marks Bessie's veranda, a low easy chair, plenty of delicious food and much conversation.

For these informal gatherings of the 'gang,' Bessie's specialty is her meat salads. And what salads they are! Time and time again Bessie has given other girls her recipes, but no one seems to be able to put the things together with the magic touch of Bessie's cook.

Sometimes it's chicken salad, sometimes turkey. Again it's a combination which defies analysis. Bessie lets them guess what it is. Once in a while she steps over into the sea food class and serves lobster or shrimp or crabmeat as the foundation of her salad.

Bessie is the possessor of the most complete assortment of luncheon plates any one has ever seen. Her favorites are quaint, Delft blue ones, comfortably large enough to hold the delicacies which arrive on the verandas with the salads. Always there are tiny, puffy rolls and gay, little blobs of clear jelly. Usually there is some kind of hot vegetable, cooked and seasoned so that it does not taste like a regular vegetable.

After the maid has taken away the Delft blue plates, she brings in small glass bottles of hot, clear coffee—or tea if the guest prefers—and an ice with little cakes or a frozen pudding, something delicious and dainty and not-too-calorie-filled. Then, it (Continued on page 108)
Edgar Wallace hit it off with all shots in "On The Spot." Here is a melodrama played in the modern spirit—humor, murder, highjacking, double-crossing, police, etc.

Tony Perrelli is the central character—a rich Italian-American Chicago booze racketeer, played with gusto, irony and a final tragic note by Crane Wilbur, who squeezed every drop out of the part. He lives in a swell Michigan Avenue palace-apartment, and even plays the organ when he is not putting men 'on the spot' or knocking them off in his apartment.

His mistress, Minn Lee, is played by the exotic Anna May Wong. To attempt to describe the hallucinating beauty and charm of this woman is beyond my vocabulary. I forget that as an actress she is not so much. But those hands! Men have died for less—and even less. Minn Lee commits suicide, and the final curtain is the most effective and original that has got into melodrama in my recollection. And I'm not blowing it. "On The Spot" is great entertainment. A picture?
A clean-up!

"Elizabeth the Queen"

The Theatre Guild has gone Lynn Fontanne completely in Maxwell Anderson's drama of Big Liz, who is England's Virgin Queen or what do you know about that? In this show, which is no great shakes of a play, the Queen as depicted by Miss Fontanne, looks like a comic-strip Mae West done by an Elizabethan comic-stripper. Here at least is character get-up which if it isn't Queen Elizabeth is certainly something you'll remember for a long time: her paint-smeared and drawn face, her curses, her gin-deep voice, her necking of Sussex, and finally her really fine acting in the Tower scene when she sends Sussex to his death.

Everybody has his guess at the famous dead, and I suppose this Maxwell-Anderson from me, guess is as good as any other. But Miss Fontanne is Mina Leeds—
"Pagan Lady"

If you want to revive the electronic tingle in your nerves and blood, I recommend an eyeful of Lenore Ulric.

Oh, it doesn't make any difference what the name of the play is. It is always the sweet-smelling Blood-Red Rose of Sin. Call her Lulu Belle, Mimi, Tiger Rose, Kiki—or Dot Hunter, in her present play, "Pagan Lady"—it's importent.

La Lenore frankly wears me to a frazzle, for she is the most compellingly sensuous and flamingly luring figure on the American stage. Everything about her says Eeee Lilith!

In "Pagan Lady," by William Du Bois, she is the red-ripe sweetheart of Dingo Mike, Florida bootlegger. While he is away on 'business,' Dot seduces a young evangelist who goes back to God in tears, while she continues with Dingo to smuggle booze and tumble nice young men.

The play is a second edition of "Rain," even the one set is a "Rain" set without rain. It was staged by John D. Williams, who put on "Rain."

The play is shaky and wabbly. But who cares? See Ulric and regain your youth! (Continued on page 104)

or Dudley. The rest is silence. It is better that way.

Alfred Lunt as Essex, the Queen's lover, is a bit too self-conscious and have-you-seen-me? Philip Moeller directed. The rest of the cast was mediocre. There is neither inspiration nor movement in "Elizabeth the Queen," to my mind.

"The Man in Possession"

Heigh-ho!—Isabel Jeans! Imported from England by Lee Shubert in a boneless but entertaining play called "The Man in Possession" (English for a sheriff on the premises).

Heigh-ho! I said, for this Miss Jeans is about the most original, swanky, intelligent, handsome, high-stepping comedienne that the Old Woman has sent us in many a day.

Supporting her, and carrying the show with her, is Leslie Banks, a tart, pert, snappy comedian. Together, they are a whole evening.

The play? A black sheep, who as a bum-bailiff, takes possession of his brother's sweetheart's home (she is 'a lady in seduced circumstances'). Lounge. Curtain of second act lowered just in time to keep Kelcey Allen from blushing. Nice ending.

Pretty rickety as a play; but Jeans and Banks and a fine acting cast carry "The Man in Possession" to victory et mazuma!
Hollywood Headliners

TAKE THE AIR!

There's a regular picture parade through the realms of radio

By Louis Reid

ONE of the largest divisions in the ceaseless parade to the microphones is composed of the stars of the screen. The hosts of Hollywood are marching in ever-increasing numbers past the armchairs of the nation, singing their theme songs, airing their anecdotes, greeting what they are pleased to call 'their public.'

They were a long time responding to the beckonings of the broadcasters. Despite their familiarity with the microphone they feared a plunge into the radio sea when they knew that fifty million ears were cocked to their splashes. Gradually they lost their timidity, lost it as they heard the sweet tinkle of gold on the broadcasting shore. Today there is scarcely a star of Hollywood who has not braved the radio waves.

In seeking talent to fill their schedules, the broadcasters cast their binoculars early upon the Hollywood hills. They wisely reasoned that the screen stars, talking or singing directly to armchair multitudes, would mean vast publicity for their soaps and toothpaste, that the people in the parlors of the land would find a certain glamour in having their favorites of the movies no further away from them than a quick twist of the wrist. The parade began to form and today it encompasses nearly every star on the west coast with the exception of Charlie Chaplin.

Gloria Swanson was one of the first of the Hollywood constellation to ride the radio waves. She set out on her adventure in a novel and spectacular manner. No mere obscure plunge, sponsored by some local station, would do. She would ride—and did—the transatlantic radio sea; the first American voice to be heard from London.

It was a valiant conquest, this winning of a place on the schedules of the British Broadcasting Company. Broadcasting is government-owned in Britain. And being government-owned and operated, it absolutely and resolutely forbids any commercial sponsorship of its programs. The British broadcasters evidently had not had experience with American screen stars, particularly American screen stars of the magnitude of Gloria.

The record shows that they found La Swanson irresistible. What mattered it if her latest picture was on view in London and that its premiere in the British capital was timed to coincide with her international radio début? What mattered it even if American radio magnificoes had long been carrying on negotiations with British broadcasting officials that the ears of the republic might hear the voices of (Continued on page 129)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

From "The Great Meadow"
THERE are blondes and blondes in Hollywood—but Josephine Dunn is one of the blondes, if you follow us. But perhaps you'd rather follow Josephine in "Modonna of the Streets," her latest.
There seems to be quite an argument over Fay Wray. Is she still a pleasant ingenue, or a real dramatic actress? Fay says she thinks she has grown up—do you agree with her?
Irene "Casey Jones" Delroy

You've all heard of Irene Delroy, the musical comedy star who deserted Broadway for Hollywood; and you've heard, too, of Casey Jones, the big locomotive man. Now they seem to have run across each other. Here's Irene in pretty poses indicating that she is very much on the right track.

Irene giving good old Number 3747 a little kick not usually included in the day's work on the railroad.

Itty bitty durl and dreat, big choo-choo! Irene's just playing.
Just Call Him Ronnie!

Mr. Colman can't very well complain if his devoted fans address him as 'Ronnie' in the future, when he's so hearty and human in his new picture, "The Devil to Pay." Well, his admirers will pay anything to see Ronald Colman.

It's a new Colman you'll meet in this next film. He kids around an amusement park with Loretta Young—rides on swings and slides and all the rest of it.

How do you like your Colman in his Coney Island mood? Pretty nice? Righto!

Alexander
A NEW portrait of Richard Barthelmess, especially posed for us on the star's recent visit to Manhattan. Dick's next will be a newspaper story by John Monk Saunders, author of "The Dawn Patrol."
Anita Page shows her smartly styled sports gauntlets with a flaring cuff buckled around the wrist. Pretty—practical!

When cuffs make the coat! Estelle Taylor is the vivid brunette type who can 'get away with' the striking and unusual.

Bright New Notes in the Mode

Ina Claire—left—who makes her screen comeback in "The Royal Family," wears this lovely sequins evening gown of simple lines.

Right: Gloves are importantly combined with novel sleeve styles of the afternoon costumes. Hedda Hopper's extend to the elbows.
Screen stars must keep not only abreast of the mode—they must march ahead and urge the rest of us on!

Estelle Taylor wears one of those 'romantic' short black velvet evening wraps with collar of black fox.

Below: Marguerite Churchill's evening gown, designed by Sophie Wachner, is fashioned of rose and silver transparent brocade, with a bodice cape.

In her new picture, "Reaching for the Moon," in which she plays opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Bebe Daniels wears this sports dress with piquant vest and cuffs of white pique, and matching hat.

Norma Talmadge in a smart street ensemble which she wore while she was in New York, after her Paris shopping spree.
While the calendar says it's still mid-winter, Hollywood girls are investing in spring wardrobes!

Here's Marguerite showing the matching coat of her brocade evening ensemble. Trimmed with brown fox, the wrap features dolman sleeves and ties at the side for its closing.

Kay Francis in her 'black and white dress.' Note the novel draping at the waist, with brilliant buckle trimming.

A full-length look at Estelle Taylor's new spring suit. It's made of lightweight tweed in pastel tones, and those huge cuffs are the only excitement it needs — besides Estelle!

Bebe Daniels in her camels-hair sports coat with collar, cuffs, and pockets of suede. Note buckled cuffs to match the belt. Just the coat for motoring, says Bebe — and Ben likes it, too.
EVERYBODY'S favorite actress: Marie Dressler. Since the days of "Tillie's Nightmare" Miss Dressler has been beloved by American audiences. Watch for her amazing life story, beginning in our next issue.
In the rush to congratulate Marie and Marjorie Rambeau for their fine performances in "Min and Bill," Wallace Beery may have felt neglected. He didn't do such a bad job himself, so here's applause for him, too!
GARBO is the star of "Inspiration" but Robert Montgomery is an inspiration, too, if he can believe his own fan mail. This young actor is climbing the ladder fast, never slipping on a rung or a rôle!
THE vogue for film musicals may be on the wane, but the vogue for Jeanette MacDonald's pictures is stronger than ever. That's why Fox has signed Jeanette to a long-term contract. She acts as well as she sings!
WITH just two pictures to her credit: "Going Wild" and "The Hot Heiress," Ona Munson has made such a hit that she has been sewed up for a series of First National films. Meet Ona in the story on the opposite page.
The Munson Line

It's a good line, Ona's, and always busy

By Brian Herbert

SHOULD you ever find yourself in Hollywood, New York, Havana or Vienna with an irresistible yen to exchange words, syllables, or even interjections with Ona Munson, don’t use the telephone. Forewarned is forearmed, you know! Don’t telephone, we caution, and in case the idea has not as yet sufficiently filtered through from the sensory apparatus of the ear into the cells of the brain, we'll repeat the injunction: on pain of losing her interest, her friendship, or whatever it is you have to offer, refrain (and we mean refrain) from utilizing the phone as a means of communication.

For Ona at the mere mention of the word will rise to the full height—using her toes if necessary—of her diminutive five feet two inches, and tell you what (read the last word, please, with a rising inflection) she thinks of telephones. And particularly what she thinks of telephonic calls she hates in general, but particularly does she hold in detestation the persons who on the other side ask you, coyly, flirtatiously, pleadingly—well, anyway, they ask you, to guess who they are?

Outside of this phobia Ona is a pretty normal person with more likes than dislikes to her credit. The lady of the very blue eyes is very positive about either. For instance, a conversation with her would disclose that she adores caviar but hates being a week-end guest; that she loves all sorts of intricate solutions to solitaire, but can’t stand being fitted for clothes; that she is keen on parties—nice parties, she qualifies—but is bored with beauty parlors. She likes a smart canter on a polo pony, but just try to lure her into a circus. Her friends can only persuade her to go on a shopping expedition through the de luxe stores of Fifth Avenue by describing to her something in jewelry that would suit her type. She can’t abide persons who, when inviting her to a party, ask her to bring her dancing shoes along. And she prefers seeing people to being seen.

Ona has two runaways to her credit: one from home at the age of fourteen which means that the flight from the burning home-fires occurred just eight years ago. The other exodus is from the movies. The first escape succeeded; the second was a flat failure, for she has now an established cinematic niche, thanks to her personality and talents in the First National pictures “Going Wild” and “The Hot Heiress.”

It happened in this way: After she became known to Broadway as a fine comedienne who could both sing and dance, and after appearing in “No, No, Nanette,” “Tip-Toes,” “Twinkle, Twinkle,” and “Manhattan Mary,” Ona gave an outstanding performance in the stage version of “Hold Everything.” One of the rewards, or shall we call it by-products, was a commission to appear in a Vitaphone one-reeler, “College Model.” Ona made that picture but deferred as long as she could the inspection of it. This took place at the Winter Garden. Ona came, saw, was vanished. For as she tells her friends: “There was I, and wasn’t I just awful! Yes, I was. Why, I shrank down in my seat, and even tried to cover my features with my foxes. I was ashamed, my mother was sympathetic and patted me on the back. I saw mannersisms in that short picture that humiliated me. The make-up was wrong, the picture was wrong, and in short, it was a flat bust.”

In short, she was through with pictures and would turn down all movie offers whatsoever!

Ona, resourceful creature, proceeded to alibi herself. She wired her friends at the West Coast that she had made a dreadful fiasco of a short. She would never dream of accepting an offer from the movies—never, never, never! “Tell them a ghastly mistake took place, and that yours truly remains on the Broadway musical stage.” The friends dutifully complied. In due time, whenever that was, J. L. Warner, the producing overlord of the Warner and First National studios, was apprized of the fact of her failure. He expressed curiosity. He came, saw, and exclaimed, “Why, the girl’s marvelous! Get her on the phone and have her catch the next train to Hollywood.”

Now, Ona, a typical New Yorker whose nights, when she is not on the stage, are a mild whirl of pleasure-seeking, was not at home when the call came. They tried the night clubs, every one of them, without result, till someone thought of the Central Park Casino. There she was, and to the question, “Can you leave for Hollywood tomorrow?” she countered with a no, but expressed her willingness to leave the day after.

Her first film work was in “Going Wild.” Joe E. Brown constituted the picture, and Ona was thrust into it to provide a modicum of love interest. Of this first venture, she remarks: “If you look away from the picture a second, you’re liable to miss me.” But if it was unimportant in other respects, it served to establish her in Hollywood. Soon better and bigger roles followed.

As for the runaway from home when Ona was fourteen years of age, the episode (Continued on page 119)
A NEW species of grand opera singer seems to have sprung up,” remarked Patsy, the Party Hound, as we sallied into the bedroom to lay aside our evening wraps, “not a bit like the accepted idea of an opera star.

“Take Lawrence Tibbett here,” she went on, “He cuts his brown hair short whenever he can sneak out of sight of the impresarios; he hasn’t once kissed my hand, but gives it a good, hearty shake instead; he can eat his food without splashing it. In short, to look at him, he’s a regular guy. As for being temperamental, he’s no more temperamental than your milkman. And yet, oh, but can’t he stir the heart out of you when he sings!”

Mrs. Tibbett stepped forward to greet us just then—we were guests at a house-warming party being given by Mr. and Mrs. Tibbett in their new Beverly Hills home which isn’t one of these great mansions, either, but a tastefully pretty villa.

As we entered, a wistful-faced little boy had peered at us from the sidewalk. We learned afterward that he with the warmly human Tibbetts, we felt able even to meet those famous ones en masse.

We met Queena Mario, and found her delightfully human, too. She was tossing the verbal ball back and forth with Ramon Novarro, and she always had a bright little come-back for his quips.

Everybody kept dashing up to her to tell her how they liked her voice and her dramatic work, and she seemed as pleased as a little girl who has just spoken her first piece at a Sunday school party.

Handsome Grace Moore was there, too, a little more aloof, but pleasingly gracious. She adores her beach home, she says, and spends hours alone reading in her...
beach garden. She was ill recently, and has so many friends that her house was a regular bower of flowers all the time.

Elsie Janis was keeping everybody in stitches as usual. Elsie is nothing if not daring. She was admiring the expressive beauty of the blonde Evelyn Laye, and called over to her, “You may be a blonde, but I bet you think like a brunette!” Then, characteristically, she was afraid she might have been too saucy, and said to us, “Oh, do you think I’ve made her cross?” But the two were soon deep in converse, especially about Miss Laye’s playing of “Madame Pompadour,” over in Europe, which, Elsie said, was magnificent.

Anyway, nobody could be offended at Elsie, there is something so understanding and human beneath her running banter.

“I’m so glad,” remarked Patsy, “that Elsie is not letting her grief for her mother’s passing keep her from going out. I guess she just has to. One cannot live alone with grief. Besides, she knows that grief isn’t what people who have never known it think it is. She knows it is something that never leaves us—that lies under every mood—but something that nobody else can possibly understand.”

We were all out in the garden, under a huge marquee, seated in rustic seats, low camp chairs and wicker sofas.

“But you don’t need the marquee, it’s so warm this evening,” somebody said to Mrs. Tibbett.

“Ah, you don’t know these singers and their throats,” she answered, “I do, I live with one.”

Roland Young was among the guests, and was keeping Grace Moore and Oueena Mario amused. He had lately written a book, he said—“but not for children”—he exclaimed.

Somebody congratulated him on his work in “Madam Satan,” and he said: “Oh, I shan’t get another rôle like that until I’m seventy!” And then added quickly, with a little humorous glint in his eye, “That’ll be a week from Thursday.”

Charlie Farrell was there with Anita Page and her mother. He seemed very attentive to the beautiful blonde star.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Straus were among the guests, Mrs. Straus looking beautiful in a white evening gown.

Though Mr. Straus, as everybody knows, wrote “The Chocolate Soldier,” he seemed ever so much more elated over the fact that he had just played a tiny part in a picture than that he wrote that delightful piece of music!

Mr. Straus is going back to Vienna to witness the premiere of his newest opera, which he wrote since he was in Hollywood; and the opera is to have its premiere in the same theater which first housed “The Chocolate Soldier.”

The new one is called “The Peasant-General.”

Beautiful Catherine Dale Owen was there, and Elsie Janis declared she seemed to be “be-blonded tonight”!

Janet Gaynor was with her husband, Lydell Peck, and there were Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes, Julianne Johnston, Aileen Pringle, Walter Pidgeon, Bess Meredyth and Michael Curtiz, Mr. and Mrs. Basil Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. Rob Wagner, Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Wodehouse, Eleanor Boardman, and a score of others.

Charlie Farrell confided to us that he was wearing all the self-same clothes he had worn the night before at a party; that he had run away to his yacht for a sail after the party, and had had no other clothes aboard. We congratulated him on the immaculate state of his collar, and he admitted that Lawrence Tibbett had loaned him a clean dress shirt, a size or two too large for him.

Supper buffet was served, which we ate at tête-à-tête tables in the garden under the marquee. The tables were adorned with candles dressed daintily with tiny bouquets of artificial flowers, which we thought a most novel and charming idea. (Continued on page 120)
Reviews of the

Six Best Films of the Month:
MIN AND BILL  MOROCCO
LIGHTNIN'  MOTHERS CRY
JUST IMAGINE  DOORWAY TO HELL

Turn to Page 103 for the casts of current films

Min and Bill  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

What a picture—what a picture! I warn you, I'm maudlin about this one. It is the truest, the most sincere and touching drama on the season's screens. Just one false note—a runaway speed-boat chase—which you'll forgive because it's funny. Otherwise, just about perfect. Thank Frances Marion, who wrote a beautiful scenario from her friend's—the late Lorna Moon's—story; thank George Hill, who directed with just the right degree of delicacy and humanity; and three rousing cheers for an elegant cast—Marie Dressier, bless her, Wallace Beery, Miss Rambeau—oh, what a scene between those two women!—and Dorothy Jordan, who's a real actress now, See it!

Lightnin'  
Fox

If "Lightnin" had been written for Will Rogers it couldn't suit him better. He's Lightnin' and Lightnin' is Will Rogers—a perfect fit and a perfect scream. The burden of the story rests upon Mr. Rogers' shoulders and he supports it in good style. The theme is rather old-fashioned as to plot—it's draggy in spots, too, but that's only because Will doesn't happen to be on the screen at the time. Lightnin' is a lovable, shiftless, slightly hen-pecked hotel owner. A couple of slickers want to buy the hotel but Lightnin' won't sign on the dotted line; his wife, Louise Dressier, is all for selling and this causes a rift in the household. Will Rogers, grand sense of humor puts this film in the 'big-time' class.

Just Imagine  
Fox

The musical comedy movie to end all m. c. movies! (Cries of "Can we count on that?") Anyway, there can't be much more lavish entertainment than "Just Imagine." It's rather consistently amusing and certainly unique; you may think you're through—fed up—phht! with all such; you may still think so after seeing this extravaganza; but it's an amusing experiment. You'll get a trip to Mars; a song or two crooned by John Garrick; antics by El Brendel and Marjorie White; grins by Frank Albertson; beauty by Maureen O'Sullivan, and grace by Joyzelle, who looks enough like Garbo to be Marlene Dietrich!
Best Pictures

SCREENLAND'S Critic Selects the Most Important Screenplays of the Month

Morocco
Paramount

A FASCINATING picture, thanks to Josef von Sternberg's direction, the exotic setting, the stalwart trouping of Gary Cooper, the suavity of M. Menjou—and the allure of Marlene Dietrich, the new girl from Germany. She looks so much like Garbo in the first scenes that you gasp. Then her own special brand of enchantment gets in its work and you acknowledge a new star in her own right—La Dietrich. She's all you have heard of her and more. She makes you forget a silly story with her slow charm and genuine ability. Miss Dietrich has more humor than Garbo—she seems more human—you can call her Marlene—a great point in her favor! Cooper is excellent.

Doorway to Hell
Warner Brothers

YOU may be tired of racketeer films but don't pass this by or you'll be sorry. Now don't say we didn't warn you! Lewis Ayres gives a fine, sensitive performance as a baby-faced killer. Lew is a trifle too nonchalant at times, but always interesting, as the 'big-shot' who organizes the rum-running racket and after getting it running smoothly tries to pull out of it. He retains your sympathy throughout the film. Lew is devoted to a wife who two-times him (actually, my dear) and his best pal is the 'other man.' "Doorway to Hell" has the best features of all the gangster films—thrilling gang wars, good comedy and drama. James Cagney deserves honorable mention for his portrayal.

Mothers Cry
First National

HERE is Helen Grace Carlisle's novel transferred to the screen in an admirable manner considering the lapse of time that takes place as the reels unwind. Commencing with the wedding of Mary Knight during the McKinley-Bicycle-Built-For-Two era, following through the birth of her four children and closing in these wicked 1930's, much celluloid ground is covered and most of it is sincere and gripping. Dorothy Peterson from the stage does splendidly as the mother who wins your sympathy and Helen Chandler is fine as her too-imaginative daughter. Others worthy of mention are Evelyn Knapp, David Manners and Edward Woods. "Mothers Cry" will grip you, but seldom gets maudlin even in its most sentimental moments.

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:
Marie Dressler in "Min and Bill"
Wallace Beery in "Min and Bill"
Marjorie Rambeau in "Min and Bill"
Dorothy Jordan in "Min and Bill"
Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco"
Gary Cooper in "Morocco"
Dorothy Peterson in "Mothers Cry"
Lewis Ayres in "Doorway to Hell"
Leon Janney in "Father's Son"
Richard Cromwell in "Tol'able David."

"Morocco" marks the American début of Marlene Dietrich, with Gary Cooper as her co-star.

"Doorway to Hell" is an unusual gangster film, with young Lew Ayres in a splendid portrayal.

Dorothy Peterson from the stage—left—is fine in the leading rôle of "Mothers Cry."
Critical Comment

Sin Takes a Holiday
Pathé
A shallow society comedy in which Constance Bennett's talents are wasted. However, Connie wears lovely clothes and this is reason enough to see the picture. Kenneth MacKenna and Basil Rathbone are interesting male support. This film tried to be smart and sophisticated but didn't live up to its promise.

The Lash
First National
Formerly titled "Adios," this picture gives you Dick Barthelmess as a romantic, hot-tempered Mexican, surrounded by such pulchritude as Mary Astor and Marian Nixon. It's a story of early California and is filled with ardent love-making, and antics that Dick has not indulged in since his prep-movie-school days.

The Bat Whispers
United Artists
Thrills, chills and Chester Morris. If you like mystery plays you'll go for this talker; it has all the ingredients that make for mystery drama, in fact, you even begin to suspect yourself. Una Merkel makes the most of the heroine rôle. Zasu Pitts is grand as usual—so's Chester Morris! Good entertainment.

Playboy of Paris
Paramount
Maurice Chevalier plays a waiter who inherits a fortune. The proprietor of the café hears about it first and signs Maurice to a twenty-year contract with a catch to it. Chevalier is far superior to the plot; Frances Dee, the girl, is nice but miscast; Stuart Erwin is very funny. Amusing in spots.

The Dancers
Fox
Lois Moran in a sophisticated part and Phillips Holmes as a lumber-jack—can you imagine that? From the stage play by the famous Sir Gerald Du Maurier and Viola Tree, this rambling film of young English lovers starts out well but falls by the way. The famous Mrs. Patrick Campbell is in the cast.

Brothers
Columbia
Bert Lytell plays twins—foundlings. The boys meet thirty years later. The rich twin is a lawyer and careless of his morals; the poor boy has a heart of gold and pinch-hits for his luckier brother when he dies. Lytell gives a sterling performance in a dual rôle. Dorothy Sebastian is a lovely heroine.
on Current Films

A Hollywood Theme Song
Sennett Educational

Satirizing Hollywood seems to be the thing to do. Mack Sennett introduces a burlesque on theme songs—a grand idea. Harry Gribbon plays the singing hero. He sings 'goodbye' to his mother when he leaves for war—sings to his sweetheart, sings to the soldiers; in fact, he sings all the time. Lots of laughs.

Father's Son
First National

Don't be frightened by the title of this one so lacking in it because the picture is by Booth Tarkington and has all of the humor contained in his famous "Penrod." Leon Janney is fine as the misunderstood boy, Lewis Stone is splendid as the misunderstanding father, and Irene Rich is sympathetic as the understanding mother.

The Hot Heiress
First National

Put this one on your 'must' list because it is one of the first 'sophisticated' comedies and it will delight you. Ona Munson, a newcomer from the stage scores as the heiress, and Ben Lyon is amusing as the romantic riveter. The laughs come fast and furious through the efforts of Tom Dugan and Inez Courtney.

The Life of the Party
Warner Brothers

Just a couple of gold-digging chislers trying to get along. Winnie Lightner and Irene Delroy deliberately set out to marry rich men and do! Winnie is a riot with her rough comedy and she is ably assisted by Charles Judels and Charles Butterworth. Irene Delroy and Dick Whiting provide the heart interest.

Tol'able David
Columbia

Another new boy makes good in the movies—he's Richard Cromwell and you'll like him! "Tol'able David" hasn't lost any of its punch; it's still good, robust, mountaineer melodrama. Noah Beery, Edmund Breese, Henry B. Walthall, Joan Peers and Richard Cromwell offer diverting entertainment.

Viennese Nights
Warner Bros.

Charming music, gorgeous color but a plot too involved. Alexander Gray, as a poor musician, and Walter Pidgeon, as an officer of the Guard and a Baron to boot, are both in love with Vivienne Segal. Which one wins? Aha! Alexander Gray and Vivienne Segal sing beautifully. Walter Pidgeon is very dashing.
**SCREEN NEWS!**

Gossip from the Camera Coasts

_Ou, la, la! Mary Pickford's taken up smoking! And look how astounded Reginald Denny seems! But Mary only pulls in her new picture "Kiki," in which she plays a naughty French girl._

**Robert Tyre Jones, Jr.,** has been signed by Warner Brothers to make twelve short pictures. And who is Robert Tyre Jones, Jr.? Why, our old friend Bobby Jones, of course. Early this spring, Bobby will lay aside his heavy legal tomes and take a little jaunt out to Hollywood where he will be the big performer in a dozen pictures, tentatively titled "How I Play Golf." And after a bit of teeing off and putting, Warner Brothers will slip a nice comfortable sum into Bobby's sweater pocket. We hear it's a quarter of a million dollars, but then you can hear anything in Hollywood. Just how this will affect Jones' amateur standing only the wise can say!

Is Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., offering his heart and hand to Bebe Daniels? It looks like it, but he's only rehearsing a sequence in his latest talker "Reaching for the Moon."

Grand ideas of removing to a sunshiny island, where with only animals and sunbeams for companions she will lead the simple life. (For how long, Mary?)

Transparent evening gowns, that permit an unhampered view of a lady's legs, is Hollywood's newest style. Clara Bow is for 'em. Also Kay Francis, who says: "Empress Josephine wore transparent muslins in 1814." But Mary Brian, looks a little shocked and says "Never!"

A snore that cost two thousand dollars is something new in film annals! But it actually happened. This is how! You know if a working company on a studio lot manages to achieve three minutes of actual recording a day, it feels it has done well. Three minutes accounts for three hundred feet of film, that is, a full picture in ten days. The rest of the time is taken up with endless rehearsing and the necessary re-recording. Or running down strange sounds. On one occasion an extremely irritating extraneous noise kept interrupting the filming. It took hours to discover the source. Finally it turned out to be a carpenter's helper asleep on a rafter, snoring comfortably. Pretty expensive snore!

Clara Bow's perpetual escort at this writing is Rex Bell. They don't go out much in public, but they eat at quiet places together or at her home, and go to pictures together, several times a week.

Perennially glorious Mary Garden will probably do a 'singie' for Metro. After which she has

Jack Dempsey is getting ready for a big game hunt. No, not in California, silly. He's accepted the invitation
of Mr. George F. Getz of Chicago, owner of the famous Getz Zoo at Holland, Michigan, to go with him to Africa to shoot lions, tigers, 'n' everything.

Did you know that Buddy Rogers wears neither suspenders nor a belt? He holds his trousers up with a neat sash arrangement like some of the tennis champions wear when they play on the Riviera.

If anyone introduces James Rennie as "Dorothy Gish's husband," once more, Rennie will cut them dead forever. "I've been on the stage ten years and in pictures ten months, and I ought to be allowed to ride on my own individuality," he explains.

Rennie thinks it's funny that both Dorothy and Lillian Gish took to the stage about the time he entered pictures. It is the hope of his life that someone will, just once, introduce Dorothy as "the wife of that famous actor, James Rennie." And if Lil could once be described as "James Rennie's sister-in-law," life for him would be complete.

Smallest town in the world with a theater wired for sound is Haynes, La. Town's population is only eighty - three people.

It looks like Charlie Farrell is doing a little two-timing. On the left we see him with Maureen O'Sullivan in "The Princess and the Plumber."

But, at the right, Janet Gaynor comes back to him again in "The Man Who Came Back," her first picture with Charlie after her long vacation.

“Although I can't claim to be a grandma yet, I've made a move in the right direction," said Norma Shearer at the meeting of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences where she was presented with the award of merit for the best feminine dramatic portrayal of the year in "The Divorcee." She was introduced after Carl Laemmle, who is all puffed up over the facts, that he has just become a grandfather and that his film, "All Quiet on the Western Front," was voted the best of the year, George Arliss copped the coveted award for the best masculine performance in "Disraeli."

Jack Benny sent a postcard from New York to one of his Hollywood pals: "I was standing on a Broadway corner with my hand on my hip and all of a sudden an out-of-work adagio dancer jumped right in the crook of my arm."

Hollywood shots worth seeing:
Bebe Daniels' short bob. Nice shade of red.
Victor McLaglen's model airplanes.
Bill Haines' 'new' antique shop.
The water colors Jillian Sande. Fox player. paints.
The swanky new office of Horace Liveright -ex-publisher!

Clara Bow just can't seem to keep away from those roulette wheels. In a scene from "No Limit," her latest opus, Clara stakes her fortune on the 'Red.' And we stake ours on the 'Red Head.'
The jet black nail polish a lot of the girls are sporting, Evelyn Brent at the Embassy in a silver fox-trimmed black evening dress.

Ruby Keeler Jolson in the same spot in a dark green outfit.

Claudia Dell's new gray tweed suit.

Jeanette MacDonald's 'soldier blue' French ensemble.

Joan Crawford's new recipe for that necessary slim figure: buttermilk lunches with not even a nibble of cracker. But you can ad lib on the dinners!

Speaking of figures, Carol Lombard has been selected by Travis Banton, Paramount's stylist, as the girl with the perfect 1931 anatomy. She weighs one hundred and nine and is five feet five inches tall.

When Mrs. Patrick Campbell, famous English actress, first came to Hollywood, she had a hard time knowing who people were. Joseph Schildkraut was a guest she met at a recent party. Sweetly Mrs. Campbell asked Joe if he was anyone in particular, as he was so handsome, so intellectual looking. Joe gravely explained who he was. But she wound up by saying she just couldn’t remember his name so could she call him 'Adonis' and leave it at that.

Mrs. Campbell is known on the other side as a tease. We believe it! At one party she enticed a man who recently portrayed Hamlet (and knew he was the best Hamlet ever), to recite the soliloquy for her. She listened rapturously. When he finished, she beamed: “You know you'll be really quite good when you've had a few lessons,” Hamlet almost burst his jugular vein. So this woman to whom Sir James Barrie, Bernard Shaw, Burne-Jones, and Forbes Robertson wrote hundreds of letters, all published with their permission in her autobiography, may or may not prove popular in Hollywood.

Pola Negri was hunting a villa in the south of France. She found a lovely little chateau. "It won't do," said Pola's elderly Polish mama. "It's too far from the movie house to suit me."

Charlie Chaplin plans a trip to London! Walter Huston left for his first trip abroad.

John Boles, who has two daughters, and Robert Montgomery who has one, both feel that they don’t care to "exploit their family for publicity purposes." But there are other screen players who do not feel that way at all: namely, Skeet Gallagher, Conrad Nagel, Joe E. Brown, John Barrymore, Clive Brook, George Bancroft, Harold Lloyd, Chester Morris, Johnny Mack Brown and Victor McLaglen. They take the attitude that they want the family to be in on any glory that's going around. In this connection, it's interesting to know that Joe E. Brown, already the sire of two fine sons of military school age, has recently become the father of a baby girl.

Ann Christy of the Mack Sennett forces returned to the lot after ten weeks in the hospital, following an automobile accident. "What's the reason all the boys are flocking around you since you broke your arm?" Mack asked. "Well," was Ann's quick reply, "it was my slapping arm that was broken!"

The Metropolitan Opera House goes talkie! But not

Although he has his back to the camera, this is Winfield R. Sheehan, big boss over at Fox films, who's having a little earnest converse with his chief comedian, Will Rogers.

It looks like Will isn't being his usual funny self. Maybe he's giving his boss a big argument for a little more mazuma, or something like that. Which one are you betting on?
It scratch Catholic Henry's jolly getting Hollywood. be now hot Paris, the little novelty become Mr. Ellis and thereby his bliss. Mr. surprised of record entirely. Talkies invaded the sacred Met. just to record a chorus from Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*.

Hollywood's most tragic figure: young bride-groom on the sidelines, watching the bride go through a hot love scene!

Wedding bells have rung out for Dorothy Lee, bright little screen comedienne, and Jimmie Fidler, one of Hollywood's most popular publicity men. Lewis Stone, too, is a 'benefict' for the third time now. He surprised everybody by slipping away to Yuma, Arizona, and marrying Miss Hazel Elizabeth Woof. Stone gave his age as fifty, his bride's as twenty-nine.

Kay Johnson is a polo widow.

Several other film players have acquired wedded bliss. Betty Boyd is now Mrs. Charles Henry Over, Mr. Over being the heir to sixty million dollars. Diane Ellis recently married Stephen C. Millett, in Paris, thereby entering the sacred portals of 'society.' This marital merger had the full approval of the bride-groom's parents. Quite a novelty since Park Avenue mamas have in times past frowned on cinema brides.

Because a white canary flew into Jeanette MacDonald's garage, Jeanette has a white canary.

Intentions to wed are posted by Jane Arden, called Hollywood's prettiest extra girl, who has earned a consistent forty dollars a week for five years. Jane has chosen Frank Stempel as her partner. Jeanette Loff and Walter O'Keefe are about to 'blend' but not until Jean finishes taking her instructions to become a Catholic. Walter, besides being a famous joker and musician, wrote the song about the new model "A" Ford, which flamed around the world: *Henry's Made a Lady out of Lizzie*!

Marjorie Beebe, Mack Sennett comedienne, overheard two extra girls discussing a 'friend,' "Do you know," sez one, "Mama is so dumb she thinks manual labor is a Mexican!"

Mae Murray and her Prince, David Mdvani, go about a great deal socially. Mae contends since David's a Roman Catholic they can never be divorced. David, Mae says, is her one true love, so evidently even Bob Leonard didn't count. But David is getting a little plump. However, Mae still remains a beauty, with her slim figure, her honest blonde hair and her famous bee-stung mouth!

Speaking of the Mdvanis, Pola Negri evidently didn't understand that her ex-husband, Prince Serge Mdvani, is a Catholic also, when she recently shed him in Paris. Nevertheless, the Prince bears up. Recently he arrived in New York enroute for Chicago to see Mary McCormic, the opera singer, who, everybody feels sure will marry the handsome Serge now that he's free.

When William Janney was a little boy he had a nice nurse. While he was making "Coquette" with Mary Pickford, this nurse came to Hollywood, Janney bought a jolly ranch, put her in charge and to date they have two thousand hens and are making money out of eggs.

Marion Davies, honorary Colonel of the 26th United States Infantry, famous fighting division in the war,
made herself highly popular with the army when she gave an Armistice Day party at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles, for three thousand veterans and their ladies.

In the same aristocratic corner of the Hollywood cemetery in which Valentino and Barbara La Marr sleep, Marion Davies has erected a costly and utterly magnificent mausoleum for which the finest marbles have been imported. It is easily three times as grand as any there. Evidently it is as important to be buried in the right Hollywood district as it is to run with the right set!

For the first time, Harold Lloyd came to New York without his wife, Mildred, and his faithful friend and co-worker, Joe Reddy. Harold made a hasty trip for the opening of "Feet First." Mildred remained behind to look after the new little girl she and Harold have adopted as a companion for Gloria.

Eddie Cantor has moved his wife and five children to Hollywood and intends being highly domesticated from now on, even to mowing the lawn. His offspring are all girls. Now, in clinical circles, a preponderance of girls means that friend hubby is the dominating character of the union, vice versa for boys. Marjorie, the oldest, although still in high school, has sold several magazine stories. Marilyn, Edna, Natalie and Janet are still in the nursery.

Charley McCarthy, one of the cleverest actors in pictures, works entirely without salary and never complains no matter how long the hours. Charley is the dummy used by Edgar Bergen who makes Vitaphone shorts.

Robert Ames, who was great in "Holiday" and "War Nurse," has been given the matrimonial gate—for the fourth time, we hear. His wealthy wife, Mrs. Helen M. Ames, won a decree in Reno, inferring that Bobby neglected his work for more interesting occupations.

It's interesting how they amuse themselves on different sets during the long waits. During "The Cat Creeps," Lil Tashman ate up Louis Bromfield's books so that she can be a nice, informed hostess when she invites him to dinner, which she often does. Helen Twelvetrees ran to the classics she has not been able to read during her crowded life time, Lawrence Grant went scientific. And Jean Hersholt rummaged out an old etiquette book of 1859 and had a grand time learning how nice girls comported themselves in those days.

The Universal Collegians, however, are bridge...
The very latest feminine accessory—a combination lipstick and pencil, both wielded by Joan Marsh, featured player on the Metro lot. In the picture on the right, Joan pauses in her writing to refresh her lips.

Shootin’ up the town—that’s what charming Sally Eilers gets away with in her newest talkie “Reducing.” But she doesn’t need to reduce. She has just borrowed her husband’s (Hoot Gibson’s) chaps.

The Duncan sisters have split at last. Vivian who recently married Nils Asther, is on the way to Sweden with her husband. They’re “expecting.” Rosetta is looking for a new partner.

Helen Cohan, daughter of the famous George M., is thrilled with her first picture. “Lightnin’,” with Will Rogers. Helen is exceptionally pretty, which is going some for Hollywood, where prettiness abounds. Outside of being in a play of her dad’s in New York, and a small part in the legitimate show “New Moon,” Helen hasn’t had much experience. She didn’t even take ‘drayhma’ at school, a French one near Paris. She is frightfully upish about being self-supporting. Lives with an aunt, pays board, bought her own Ford and runs it, and adores writing checks on her new bank account. Dad will have a job to patronize Helen after this!

The first church to go in for talkers is the Riverside Drive Church in New York at One Hundred and Twenty-Second Street. It is fitted with a DeForest machine. The church gives film recitals along with organ music and educational instruction.

We’re growing up. The old theory that scandal headlines ruined a star has been kicked in the slats. The current view is that a gentle pink publicity—not too red, you understand—will help rather than hinder a star. It seems the fans like their stars a bit on the human side. They like to think of them as having red blood not lemon jello in their veins. Witness of this is when Clara Bow had her little gambling adventure and Paramount immediately scissored her current picture to fit in a “No Limit” film.

Speaking of De Mille, this director, confides that he made his picture, “Madame Satan,” with his tongue in his cheek. Oh, Cecil, never, never confess!

Edith Mae Pennington, who was ‘Miss America’ in 1921, has given up the movies for preaching. She debuted in Granite City as an evangelist. She gives the small town folks a lot of inside stuff on Hollywood where she went after she won her beauty title. But it seems Hollywood drove her to old-fashioned religion. She felt she was coming close to losing her soul, so she started out saving other folks. While she was working in pictures she saved thirty-five hundred dollars and had the same number of marriage proposals by mail. But Edith has given up her big time salary for passing the hat among the deacons. “I haven’t set foot in a theater for five years,” she says. But she still applies showmanship to her evangelistic work. She has everyone in the house shake hands while chanting. Then they clap hands, while, as a climax, they all pull out their manty-oars and wave them free and wild. Mrs. Pennington is very pretty, dresses only in white, and wears a wedding band of white silver.

There’s a prohibition film being discussed. Al Rogell wants to co-star Clarence Darrow, Chicago lawyer, and Upton Sinclair, socialist writer, in a real trial scene.

Virginia Cherrill, Charlie Chaplin’s new leading lady, is very youthful. A former Chicago society girl. We heard she was engaged to Buster West, ring and everything. But a short time ago, she jumped out of West’s car while it was speeding along, with consequent cuts and bruises. So we judge the betrothal is off. However, it is reported that Joseph Schildkraut is interested in Virginia. Joe will soon be a bachelor ‘once removed,’ as his divorce from Elise Bartlett will be final very soon.

Before Charles Rogers went to Europe, June Collyer was his best girl friend. June, by the way, was the young lady young Prince George of England found so interesting last year. But after meeting all of those Continental sirens in Paris, wonder how Buddy will look on the Hollywood jeunesse files when he gets back.
THE TRUTH ABOUT COSMETICS

By Mary Lee

THIS being the very first month that I have written to you SCREENLAND readers I think I had better warn you. I am a girl with a purpose! I'm here to tell you all about the new cosmetics every month, here to advise you on what to buy, and here, I hope, to save you money.

Miss Van Alstine will continue to tell you about a sort of cosmetic 'try-out.' Since that time I've either purchased or had sent to me by the representative manufacturers, each new beauty product as it has come on the market—and I've learned a great deal about women—and beauty—from them.

Now, the old days of the cosmetic racket are dead. The Government is very stringent in its laws regarding these products. The better advertising agencies will not exploit products they hold worthless, and no good magazine, particularly one with the smart character of SCREENLAND, will accept advertising it questions.

But there are women who are afraid of them—remember when our grandmothers thought they were instruments of the devil? Of course, in grandmother's day to be openly, captivatingly breathing, as modern girls are, was considered a terrible sin. So, to make one's lips red with a dash of lipstick, to shadow ones eyes with a bit of coloring—that was fearful and wonderful.

But today we know that charm and youth—either real or retained—and beauty are really heavenly—and when we want to go out looking like an angel what a lot of difference just a little bit of make-up makes.

But—to get to my purpose. I know that thousands of girls have suffered the bewilderment I used to go through when I went to a department or a drug store counter, saw rows upon rows of the most delightful preparations, read their delightful promises on their labels—and yet couldn't learn anything about them without spending several dollars in experimenting.

And no girl, no matter how large her beauty allowance, wants to spend it all on a lot of things she may discover she doesn't like the least bit.

So, several years ago, I first started being a cosmetic 'shopper.' I want few of those empty 'try-out.' Since that time I've either purchased or had sent to me by the representatives manufacturers, each new beauty product as it has come on the market—and I've learned a great deal about women—and beauty—from them.

Now, the old days of the cosmetic racket are dead. The Government is very stringent in its laws regarding these products. The better advertising agencies will not exploit products they hold worthless, and no good magazine, particularly one with the smart character of SCREENLAND, will accept advertising it questions.

A girl can be assured that most preparations are what they claim to be. But, granting the purity of the average article, there are still factors that make one product agreeable to some of us and disagreeable to others. Scents, textures, things like that—you know how it is.

It's such things that I shall tell you monthly hereafter—and without all this preamble, too. I shall tell you—and I'll be glad to write you personally, if you like—about the new products—what they look like, what their purpose is, what the retail price is and whether or not I think they're worth it. These will be just personal reactions, of course, but I hope they will let me be a sort of personal 'try-out' agent for you.

The really big thrill I've had this month is a loose powder compact that actually holds its powder without caking, spilling, sitting or anything else disagreeable. It's the new Hudson loose powder compact, about an inch and a half square and delightfully thin, so that you can tuck it away in your handbag. The top has a cute design of red on silvered nickel. Inside there's a non-breakable mirror and the powder is hidden beneath a little panel that pulls in and out with the mirrored too. All this, believe it or not, for a mere one-fifty.

Thrill second are the Yardley lipsticks. Now I can usually restrain my enthusiasm when some manufacturer tells me he has made an indestructible lipstick. I can restrain myself because I've never found that to be true—until I met these Yardley preparations. Those I put to the test thoroughly. Putting on a fresh new make-up at tea time, I went dancing, then on to dinner, later to the theater, and finally night-clubbing. Every half hour or so I expected to need a new lip rouge. But imagine my surprise—I didn't. When I finally arrived home, it was all I could do to get it off before retiring. And this wonderful lipstick, my darling, can be purchased for a mere dollar and in several shades! Even the container is stick. I must caution you—put it on carefully, for if any of it gets on your face, it's just as indelible there, too.

The pictures on this page illustrate the newest Yardley impulses. Yardley is that English firm that began manufacturing lavender products about the time England began manufacturing Queen Elizabeth. Until recently they've been very sedate—good solid soap, lavender smelling salts and the like—but lately, they've been stepping out, going into the compact trade and such, enough, really, to make Queen Victoria turn in her tomb. Fancy what Viccy would think of a little wicker-covered flask of lavender water, to clean a skin dirtied by motor travel—and think what she'd think of what a girl might refill that flask with after the lavender was gone! Also, the dear old Queen wouldn't know why Yardley's idea of putting a 'shoe' lipstick in their new compact so that a girl can have her daytime and evening shades with her always and really such a smart one. Both ideas seem to me just dandy—which shows how brilliant I am.

Next month I'll tell you about the new cleansers and the smartest beauty salon idea I ever heard.
ASK ME
Continued from page 12

Chester, Margy and John—the Folks Are Askin’ for You!

Sept. 30, 1902. He has blue-grey eyes, light brown hair and is 5 feet 10 inches tall. His wife is Ruth Chatterton.

Frances B. Will I let you go over to Hollywood? Go right ahead! Dorothy Sebastian is in "Brothers" with Bert Lytell, a Columbia release. Dorothy is 25 years old and has dark brown curly hair, deep hazel eyes, and is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. Her first film was with Alice Terry in "Sackcloth and Scarlet."

Silvery Mermaid. Swish, swish: I’m that glad to meet you. In "War Nurse" you’ll see Anita Page, Zasu Pitts, Marie Prevost, June Walker, Robert Montgomery and Robert Ames. Anita Page was born in Flushing, L. I., on Aug. 4, 1910. Marie Prevost’s birthday was Nov. 6, 1898. Robert Ames was born in Hartford, Conn. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has blond hair and blue eyes. He is divorced. He appears with Ann Harding in "Holiday."

R. S. T. Could you get into the movies like Joan Crawford and Sue Carol and others? Well, have you Joan’s looks and talents and Sue’s sprightliness and ability? If so, you can. Sue Carol and Nick Stuart were married July 28, 1929.

Sybil Post. Nancy Drexel, David Rollins and John Darrow played in the Fox comedy-drama, "Prep and Pep," released in 1929. Nancy, whose real name is Dorothy Kitchen, was born Feb. 16, 1902, in New York City. He has black hair, green eyes, is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 130 pounds. He has been featured in many Broadway stage successes and has gone over the top in screen productions since his first film, "Alibi," a Roland West release. His latest picture is "The Bat Whispers," for United Artists.

Ruth J. Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray played the leads in "Spring Is Here." Alexander was a featured singer with the Ziegfeld Follies, later he left revues and appeared in musical comedy and operettas. He has blue eyes and light brown hair and is about 26 years old. Both Alec Gray and Bernice are in vaudeville now. Charles Rogers' last release was "Heads Up."

M. H. Estelle Taylor has made two talkies to date: "Lilion" with Charles Farrell, and "Cimarron" with Richard Dix. "The Big Fight" was a play and later a film, not a book. Jack Dempsey is not in pictures now. He has been married to Estelle Taylor since Feb. 17, 1925. Estelle was born May 20, 1903, in Wilmington, Delaware. She is 5 feet 4½ inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has dark brown hair and brown eyes.

Little Dreamer. Oh, Sessee, where are you? Sussee Hayakawa is making films in Europe just now and hasn’t made an American picture for several years. Anna May Wong has made pictures in England and in Germany. Davey Lee’s latest film is "The Squealer" starring Jack Holt and Dorothy Revier. Davey was born Dec. 29, 1926, in Los Angeles, Cal. He has been in pictures since 1928, ap-

(Continued on page 99)
What Makes a Girl Popular?

Friendly Advice to Girls

Let Mrs. Montanye help you solve your problems of work, play, love and life!

By Lillian Montanye

Have you a difficult situation to meet, a troublesome problem to solve? Write to me. You needn't sign your name—you can make up a name that we can publish if you wish me to answer you on this page. If you wish a personal reply, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

No, my dear, you can't be Mary Brian, Kay Francis, Nancy Carroll and a person with blue-black hair and a geranium lipstick. But here's one thing you can do. You can be yourself. You see, one phrase in your letter gave me the key to the whole solution of your problem. "I am immensely in favor with my parents, older people and my best friends." Right there you said something. That's a grand asset because these people are the ones who count in your life, the ones who know the real you. If you are in favor with them, there's no reason on earth why you can't be popular everywhere.

When you are out 'in company' forget about yourself and whether you're going to 'click' or not. Don't worry about being interesting but be interested in what other people think, and say, and do. Don't sit in a corner and expect to be dragged out. There may have been a time when 'opportunities' sought one out but I'm afraid it is long past. Today, we have to make our own. I don't mean you should be one of those always-present, ever-lively, go-getters—there's no girl isn't always the liveliest or the loudest. But you are fitted by disposition for a measure of popularity. Use the same tactics you do with your best friends and the home folks. Be agreeable, helpful and kind. Take hold and help others have a swell time and you'll have (Continued on page 108)

Francis. I'd love to be as ravishingly lovely as Nancy Carroll. And I'd like to have blue-black hair, an ivory sailer and wear geranium lipstick! But I can't be any of these things because I'm a curly-headed blonde inclined to be plump, though I'm not fat, praise be!

"It isn't so much my looks; I look well enough; but I'm a flop in company, although I am immensely in favor with my parents, older people, and with my very best friends. But that isn't enough. I want to be popular with the younger set with whom I am frequently thrown. It isn't that I want to be constantly and entirely surrounded by boys as some girls are. I want 'the crowd,' boys and girls both, to like me. But no matter how hard I try, I just don't click."

If you want to have a good time, forget to be shy and self-conscious and help others have a good time! (Lois Moran in a gay scene from "The Dancers.")
ASK ME
Continued from page 97
The “Ask Me” Army Fights for Estelle Taylor, Regis Toomey and Ginger Rogers, Too!

There are many celebrities of both stage and screen in Hollywood who are good to look upon and J. Harold Murray is one of them. J. Harold is going back to the New York stage, I believe. He and Fox have terminated their film contract by mutual agreement. There may be a Mrs. Murray, but I don’t know her name. Norma Terris is married to Dr. Jerome Wagner, she was playing in a New York stage musical, “The Well of Romance.”

Helen McC. Who is interested in Mary Brian? My word, what a question. Aren’t we all? Mary is one of Hollywood’s most popular girls and has gone out with Buddy Rogers, Rudy Vallée and Phil Holmes. June Clyde is the wife of Thornton Freeland, director. Who are my favorite actor and actress? Jackie Coogan and Mitzi Green, of course.

J. E. S. I’m glad you found my department and I want you to feel at home, so drop in any time; I’m always in or out. Justine Johnston, a famous Broadway beauty, is the wife of Walter Wagner and has retired from the stage and screen. You can address her in care of Mr. Wagner, Paramount Pictures, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Mrs. Wagner is just as lovely as ever—she should stage a screen come-back. She and Marion Davies were the two reigning beauties of Broadway in 1914-1915—and they are knock-outs today, too!

Jo, N. of Tex. I could tell you a lot of new gags but you’d only laugh at them, so why bother? Richard Dix was born July 18, 1894, in St. Paul, Minn. He is single. Stanley Smith beamed upon Kansas City, Mo., in 1905, with blue-grey eyes but grew to tip the scales at 135 pounds and is 6 feet in height. Not married, Regis Toomey was born Aug. 13, 1902, in Pittsburgh, Pa. His wife is J. Kathryn Scott, a professional. Sally O’Neal and Alice White are not married, but Alice is engaged to Cy Bartlett.

Eugenia C. Mary Brian is interested in her fan mail and a letter from you would be another exciting moment in her life. Colleen Moore was on the stage in a comedy, “On the Loose.” You can reach her through Arch Selywn, 229 West 42nd Street, New York City. Gary Cooper and Linge Velez are supposedly engaged, and who am I to deny it? They don’t!

Irvina H. You’d like me to change the birthdays of some of the stars, wouldn’t you? Anything to oblige: what’s a day or two or three in your life or mine? But how about them? Jack Oakie was born Nov. 12, 1903; William Haines, Jan. 1, 1900; Buster Keaton, Oct. 4, 1895; and John Boles, Oct. 28, 1899.

G. L. E. What a grand champion of Neil Hamilton you are and I know of no one who is more deserving of your applause. One of Neil’s latest pictures is “The Dawn Patrol” with Richard Barthelmess and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. You may be sure we will keep you informed as to Neil’s screen activities. His wife is Elsa Whitmer but I do not know the date of their marriage.
Write to the Stars as Follows:

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
William Bakewell
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Harry Carey
Karl Dane
Marion Davies
Reginald Denny
Mary Doran
Cliff Edwards
Julia Faye
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Gavin Gordon
Ralph Graves
William Haines
Hedda Hopper
Leila Hyams
Kay Johnson
Dorothy Jordan

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.
Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
William Austin
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
June Clyde
Jackie Coogan
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Leon Errol
Stuart Erwin
Kay Francis
Skeet Gallagher
Harry Green

First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Richard Barthelmess
Sidney Blackmer
Joe E. Brown
Bernice Claire
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Alexander Gray
Fred Kohler
Laura Lee
Lila Lee

Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.
Frank Albertson
Luana Antonia

Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.
Evelyn Brent
Sue Carol
Joseph Cawthorne
June Clyde
Betty Compson
Bebe Daniels
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Johny Howland
Arthur Lake
Ivan Lebedeff
Dorothy Lee

Warner Brothers Studio, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.
George Arliss
John Barrymore
Monte Blue
Claudia Dell
Irene Dunne
Louise Fazenda
James Hall
Leon Janney
Winne Lightner

Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
William Boyd

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.
Joe Cook
Constance Cummings
Richard Cromwell
Jack Holt
Buck Jones

United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.
Don Alvarado
Joan Bennett
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
June MacClain
Ronald Colman
Lily Damita
Dolores Del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
William Farnum

Hai 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 Griibon

Send Birthday Greetings to These February Stars:

Sono Art-World Wide, Metropolitan Studios, 1041 Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Cal.
Ruth Roland
Edward Everett

Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Levis Ayres
John Boles
Kathryn Crawford
Robert Ellis
Hoot Gibson
Jean Hersholt
Dorothy Janis
Raymond Keane
Myrna Kennedy

James Gleason
Russell Gleason
Alan Hale

Gloria Swanson
Helen Twelvetrees
Barbara Kent
Jeanette Loff
Mary Nolan
Edie Phillips
Joseph Schildkraut
Genevieve Tobin
Glen Tryon
Laura Velycz
John Wray

To:

From:

John Holland
Eleanor Hunt
Walter Huston
Al Jolson
Evelyn Laye
Una Merkel
Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gilbert Roland
Norma Talmadge
Harry Langdon
Stan Laurel
Our Gang
Thelma Todd
Daphne Pollard
Lincoln Stedman
Nick Stuart

Send Birthday Greetings to These February Stars:

Ramon Novarro
Ronald Colman
Jack Lusden
John Barrymore
Chester Morris
Joan Bennett
William Janney

February 6th
February 9th
February 8th
February 15th
February 16th
February 27th
February 28th
Kay Francis and Chevalier are the Runners-Up This Month!

have been the Boy Next Door, himself. I knew I'd see more of this rising star and I met him again—in a picture starring Constance Bennett. Now, he was a convincing rich man's son with the manner of a junior Vanderbilt! A veritable prince!

But it took the soldier-son dreamer, Paul, in "All Quiet on the Western Front" to mark him definitely for success in a big way. Dreams in his eyes and his heart, a prayer on his lips—yet with the courage of a Richard the Lion Hearted.

Young, handsome, magnetic, versatile—see him and be convinced. Who? Lew Ayres, of course!

Miss Catherine Crupie, 111 Maple Ave.,
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

Honest Confession

This is going to be an honest confession before the advent of the talking pictures I was a movie snob. I rarely attended moving picture theaters and when I did I wished I were at home.

Now, I don't know what I would do without the talkies. Since the Wall Street crash I can no longer afford two dollar seats for plays, and since I'm no peewee golf fan or radio addict, the talkies are my one recreation. By reading a good movie magazine I have some fair idea of what I want to see and so choose the pictures accordingly.

No more boresome evenings for me, no evenings that are perfect flops. I either stay home with a good book or see a grand tableau!

Beatrice Hardy,
732 Western Pacific Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

SLAMS
and SALVOS
Continued from page 8

"I used to protest loudly against stage stars on the screen," writes a friend, "but today Kay Francis tops my list of players preferred!"

"Maurice Chevalier's smile is mental, not dental," an adoring fan declares, "but that isn't enough of him to go around."

The Cinema A "Sin-Enemy"

Three rousing cheers for the "Sin-enemy!" (with apologies to would-be punsters.) But there's surely some hidden meaning in the name cinema.

My home state is Ohio, where fans have just won their long battle with censors who banned "The Big House." I jumped over the border to see it. Having stood mute and horror-stricken viewing the Ohio prison disaster, surely some conception of the damage to be wrought in Ohio by "The Big House" would have occurred to me—but I could add no mental horror to the tragedy, no criticism of the present penal system after seeing the picture—unless it is criminal to reveal the human side of those incarcerated.

This is only one example of the morality controversy within the past few months. I have seen many pictures containing criminal or moral issues and not once has the erring element escaped judgment of some sort. I say the screen is, was, and always will be a "Sin-enemy."

Betty Lee Cunningham,
308 Packard Street,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Love Interest Unnecessary

Sentimentally emotional persons have said they do not like "The Dawn Patrol" because there is no love interest in it. It is just this thing that makes it a great play in my opinion and the opinion of my friends.

Personally, I feel that the love element in drama and on the screen has been overworked. Many folk are beginning to be too rational to continue to be amused by that passion called love.

There are many other emotions and attitudes that help to characterize the lives of people. Men may have for each other a certain feeling which more nearly approaches that which Drummond calls "The Greatest Thing in the World" than a silly passion which dies with responsibility. Such a thing was evident in "The Dawn Patrol" where, in many instances, men's love for each other was big enough to surround what seemed to be just cause for hatred. Peculiarly, the action did not have to be exaggerated to be appreciated.

The earnestness of Barthelmes, the vivacity of Fairbanks, Jr., the strength of experience of...
SLAMS and SALVOS

That Gloom Chaser Chevalier!

Every so often I read that the end of the talking picture is in sight and my heart is heavy at the prospect. Personally, I could not be dragged to a silent picture. I join in the chorus of grousers that goes up in the audience when something happens to the talking apparatus, and the picture goes silent for a few minutes. When I am feeling particularly middle-aged and stodgy I recall some of the delightful hours I have spent listening to and watching Maurice Chevalier and I am rejuvenated. I am of the opinion that there are too many Chevaliers to go around. As long as I live I hope I shall not forget the heartening effect that smiling personality has had on me, because his smile is neutral instead of devastating. If the producers who are bated in gloom at the future of talking pictures had him on their payrolls, they would be rubbing their hands instead of wringing them.

Irene A. Love.
1127 Broderick Street.
San Francisco, Cal.

Welcome Invaders

Bewildered by the deluge of new faces and names that came from the stage to the audible screen, I was one to protest loudly. But since the frenzy is over and only the best remain, why worry? Topping my list of favorites today is Kay Francis, an invader from the stage. Fed-up on hotsy-totsy cuties, it is a pleasant relief to see this glamorous and superbly sophisticated person. Every line of her lovely figure, every gesture she makes is a reflection of gentility. Each new portrayal this dark, warm beauty offers us makes her still more endearing. In "Raffles," she is perfect.

Kay Johnson, also from the stage, seems a favorite. Claudette Colbert, another invader, has caused many a loyal fan to forsake his field and follow her. Who supposes we are, if we accept the advent of the talkies we must welcome those best suited to this new type of division.

Miss Margaret Morales,
303 North Albany,
Tampa, Florida.

Salvos for Mary Brian

This letter is in appreciation of Mary Brian, one of the most charming little girls the screen has ever known. What other featured player, for Mary is not yet a star, can start the hearts of fans throbbing? What other girl can so consistently hold her own with great stars such as Ruth Chatterton and Norma Shearer? Who else could inspire me to take my pen in hand and try to do her charms justice? No one! This young lady stands alone. As an example of beauty, capability, charm, and wholesomeness, I said there was only one who could inspire me to take my pen in hand. I meant only one girl. There's one other person—Buddy Rogers. "Of course, it would be," you say. But why not? As an actor, Buddy certainly has proven that he's capable and versatile; and when it comes to personality and good looks, oh, well, here's where I weaken—but don't we all?

Do you remember what a lovely pair Mary Brian and Buddy Rogers made in pictures? That's what I'm getting at. Why don't they play together again? Never has there been a pair like them on the screen.

Helen Pernut.
2201 Ocean Parkway.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Amos 'n' Andy in Person"

The most talked-about picture in the country—Amos 'n' Andy in "Check and Double Check," is a success, at least in my part of the world. If you enjoy Amos 'n' Andy on the radio, and even if you don't, there is no end of entertainment in the picture. From the moment the title is flashed on the screen to the very end, we were in gales of laughter. It is a most extraordinary picture, combining pathos, mystery, romance, and comedy.

I once thought Marie Dressler held the comedy laurels, and I still think her a fine comedienne. But after seeing and hearing these famous characters I think Amos 'n' Andy have gone one step further. If you're in a bad mood and feel down and out, see "Check and Double Check" and you'll leave the theater lighter-hearted than when you entered it.

Gretchen Mills.
12 Irving Place.
New Rochelle, N. Y.

Peace, Please!

"They shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks," "Behold, how hath the glory of war fallen." For today, the guiding ideal of the people is peace. Peace is the ideal of the missionary and of the merchant; of the king and of the commoner; of young and old, rich and poor. The world seems but a standing waiting for the assurance of a permanent peace. Hence the world-wide interest in pictures such as "All Quiet on the Western Front," a stirring portrayal of the late war as it really was. All the atrocities of that terrible conflict are so vividly portrayed that we shall realize that the ultimate aim of humanity during those memorable years was nothing but destruction.

That we want no more war the criticisms that greet the showing of this film, which were but an echo of world-wide sentiment, give us assurance. Surely, after seeing such a picture it is hardly conceivable that the public will ever again swallow that stuffy talk about war. "In times of peace, prepare for war."

Mrs. G. R. Donaldson.
R. R. No. 1, Ottawa.
Ontario, Canada.

Loud Cheers for Bebe

For years Bebe Daniels appeared in nonsensical farces, giving her beauty and strength to roles entirely unworthy of her. When talking pictures came along did the plucky Miss Daniels let go as was predicted she would? Not at all. Due to her own ability and courage, and the unexpected favor of those who believed in her, she came back with a bang in "Rio Rita."

That was Bebe's first triumph. But it is not until one sees her in "Lawful Larceny" that one realizes to the full the splendid actress she is; without benefit of Technicolor, spectacular surroundings, or beautiful music, she dominates every scene in which she appears in this modern, tense, and enjoyable drama. It makes Bebe's old fans thrill to see her doing so wonderfully and possessing no doubt that she is a great asset to the talking screen, a most worthy example of the real talent buried under the mediocre films of silent days.

Helen W. White.
5347 Florence Avenue.
Hand Yourself Beauty
Continued from page 59

A dash of your favorite hand
lotion, Mary Brian believes, is
the last rite of a perfect
manicure.

evening white on them when you go to	parties, be sure to rub it in thoroughly
and be equally sure to remove it before
retiring as it is very drying.
Your beauty lies in your own hands.
Train them to express the nicest
things of which you are capable.
Even five minutes' care a day will help
them tell the world that you are a girl of
taste, good breeding, poise and charm—
and that's a lot to have said about you,
 isn't it?
Write to me about your beauty problems
and I'll be very glad to help you.
Address: Anne Van Aystyne, Beauty Editor, Screenland
Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

The Stage in Review
Continued from Page 65

"Grand Hotel"

"Grand Hotel" literally blew up the
town. A hit! Nothing but—. It will
run till the next war.
It is translated from the German of
Vicki Baum. On a revolving stage we
are shown in about fifteen scenes what
goes on in the Grand Hotel in Berlin
(this Grand Hotel is, in a manner, the world
we live in): the bogus baron with skeleton
keys in his pocket; the famous Russian
dancer who is in love with the baron;
the fellow from the provinces who has come
to have a whizz-bang time before he dies;
the big business Babbitt who kills the
baron while defending himself from rob-
bery but who is necking at the time of
the robbery a lobby-lounging 'secretary.'
And others who seethe, flatter, bawl,
and pass before us in stunning succession
under perfect direction. It grips you
every minute. The characters are flesh
and blood, including a one-eyed doctor,
who is a kind of Greek Chorus to human
failings. Not a great play; but stunning
entertainment.

Eugenie Leontovich is the surprise of
Broadway. As the Russian dancer she
runs all gamuts of despair and humor.
She is a great actress. And a beautiful
one. Others wins: Sam Jaffe as the
peasant trying to look Life, Siegfried
Rummel as the German Babbitt; Horstene
Alden and Romaine Callender. Henry
Hull was the baron—but he did not turn
the trick for me.

"Roar China"

When the great line-up comes between
capitalism and communism I will be found
with a gun in the ranks of the capitalists.
This was my decision after seeing the
farrago of melodramatic propaganda
called "Roar China," written by a Rus-
sian Bolshevik and put on by the Theatre
Guild.
In this play, which is all grandiose
scenery and no play at all, we are told
how the Chinese coolie suffers at the
hands of the predatory Western nations,
the concessionaries, the 'brutal' English
Navy and the missionaries. All of which
is bull, hoosey and banana oil. What the
Chinese suffer from is the Chinese.

"This One Man"

This play, by Sidney R. Buchman, is
going to make a whale and a wow of a
picture from the box-office and crochet-a-
cupid angle.
It is a drama of conscience, played by
one brother, a burglar and a heartless fel-
low, against another brother, a weak,
loving, gentle soul. They are, of course,
one person—our old mediaeval friends,
Better Self and Rotten Self.
Now, as a matter of fact, the play-
wright contrives to make Rotten Self
much more interesting than Milkosn Self.
The weak brother goes to the chair for
the Big Brute. In so doing his soul passes
into the soul of Brute Brother, and all is
spiritually gymnastic with the latter as the
curtain goes down.

Paul Muni is the show. He's a terrific
actor, smashing everything before him.
His last scene in a cell when his dead
brother's soul is passing into him is some
acting! Paul Guilfoyle was a streaky
weakling who took it on the chin. And
Mike Donlin (salute) was among those
present.

"Lew Leslie's Blackbirds"

One of the very best negro shows I have
ever seen on Broadway. This is the 1930
cinematic; but it'll go into the summer of
1931, and then.
There's the Blackbirds Orchestra (ear-
cleaving); Ethel Waters (gosh!); Flour-
ney Miller (wow! wow!); Buck and
Bubbles (can't describe 'em); and a lot
of others.
Don't miss these almost white, tan,
light-brown and sometimes black Black-
birds.

"The Tyrant"

A play from the Sabatini book about
Cesare Borgia. The dullest, stupidest
thing I've seen this year. All talk, rant
and costume.

Louis Calhern makes a display of him-
self in flesh-tights, and that's all he does.
Lily Cabell is one of the most beautiful
apparitions on the stage. Go to see her
and forget this stale and ancient play.

"As Good As New"

Thompson Buchanan, old war-horse
and master stage contraptionist, twisted
out a new slant on an old piece of bunkum
in "As Good As New" and manages to
make a slick satire of a pre-McKinley
idea.
This all happens in the Lace Curtain set
in Lower Fifth Avenue and in a pew-
house in Sutton Place. Tom Banning's
wife smashes in on him in Sutton Place,
where he has a beautiful sample of O. S.
(Original Sin). Divorce, of course. But
the two children are against divorce (be-
lieve it or not, says Ripley), and the girl
runs off with Bill Townsend to show papa
and mama that she, too, can hit the 1930
Trail. Papa and mamma shocked. Little
Eva called back. No divorce.

Grand reconciliation while Tom Bann-
ing, the father, is phoning for the in-
stallation of another Fluff.
Entertaining in spots; but Uncle Will
Hays will have to look sharp when the
picture is made.

Otto Kruger, Vivienne Osborne and
Marjorie Gateson romped around Buch-
man's play in great form.
Don't Grow Old

John Boles warns you

Learn the
Complexion Secret
98% of the Screen Stars know

NOWADAYS no woman need be afraid of birthdays," John Boles, Universal, says. "Charm isn't by any means measured by years!

"One of the most alluring women I know is... But it wouldn't be fair to tell! No one would ever guess—and she's admired wherever she goes.

"These days not only stage and screen stars but hundreds of other women have learned a very important secret of allure. YOUTH is recognized for the priceless thing it is... complexions are kept glowing."

How amazingly the stars keep youth! Learn their complexion secret!

"To keep youth, guard complexion beauty," they will tell you. "Keep your skin temptingly smooth!"

Actresses famous for their charm the world over use Lux Toilet Soap, and have for years. So well-known is their preference for this fragrant, beautifully white soap that it is found in theaters everywhere.

In Hollywood, where 605 of the 613 actresses use it, Lux Toilet Soap is official in all film studios.

Of the countless stars who use this white soap, some have the fine-grained skin that is inclined to dryness; some the skin that tends to be oily; some the in-between skin...

Whatever your individual type may be, you, too, will find Lux Toilet Soap the perfect soap—so bland is its effect on the skin.

EVELYN LAYE, co-starring with John Boles in a recent picture, says: "Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin fresh and even-textured."

LUPE VELEZ, Universal's effervescent star, says of this white, fragrant soap: "Lux Toilet Soap certainly keeps my skin like velvet."

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap Youth Lux Toilet Soap...10¢
they were fitted, the kind of associations which they understand? This is mainly your future until you are forty-five.

The unfavorable relation of your birth number, number 8 to your 'Identity' of 7 explains why your early life was not seemingly made to order for you. There were harder rules and regulations to look around you which you may know now offered you a lesson in how to be more sensible, practical and capable in meeting life, but which seemed very discouraging at the time and not at all likely to bring happiness.

You were born into a strong family vibration at the same time and this continuing until your 27th year was the numerical reason for your marriage between the time you left your father's home and the year 1930, when your real influence of the second and most fortunate chapter of your life, number 7, begins. If you had not married by your 27th birthday, the number 7 in your deeper nature combining with the 7 in your birth which is the 7th of August, would have made you a little different of the 1, totally unconscious of the joys of married life, and your art would have immediately taken first and perhaps the only place, as it will yet do.

Number 7 is not lucky for marriage especially the kind of marriage that includes homes and children. Consequently, it would be difficult for you to make any marriage a success after your birthday in 1929. You will feel that you are going against the current in continuing domestic life, and circumstances also will produce the necessity for great changes in your living conditions.

It may not be so much that you have chosen the wrong partner as that marriage and domesticity is a phase of experience seldom happy for anyone passing through a period of their life, numbered 7.

It is both interesting and amusing how living under the influence of this number 7 makes people feel and act. We become more and more concentrated upon what is going on in our deeper development and feelings, more and more unconscious of the world around us and the demands being made upon us by our associations and our social order. We have always to be reminded that there is this and that to be done and except in relation to the activities that deeply interest us, everything is so easily a nuisance. We want to be left alone because we are not the least lonely; we have our books and we have our thoughts; we get a little careless at times even about our physical appearance until someone tells us that we should remember that we are on earth and that it is interfering with our practical success not to pay more attention to the way we look. Then we do, for a while!

You will often get this criticism, Miss Harding! Even your public will wonder why you are not more 'easy' and why when you are not actually before the camera you try everywhere and whatever you can to be tidy but comfortable rather than on dress parade.

1930 for you marks the real beginning of the most successful period of your life in public work on stage and screen. It is the beginning of a cycle of 9 years in which you will have the opportunity to demonstrate your talent to the full.

While you and your public will realize
“Colgate’s is by far the best cleanser”
says

JEROME ALEXANDER, B.S., M.Sc.
Fellow A. A. A. S.; Member American Institute Chemical Engineers; Author “Colloid Chemistry”; Pioneer Worker with the Ultramicroscope; Specialist in Colloid Chemistry.

Go to an eminent consulting chemist, an authority on scientific research, for convincing proof that Colgate’s cleans teeth better. Such an authority is Jerome Alexander of New York. Let his tests — his scientific experiments — convince you as they convinced him.

Jerome Alexander made impartial, exhaustive studies of the cleansing action of well-known dentifrices. Colgate’s was undeniably more effective. Why?

Because Colgate’s gets down into the tiny crevices where decay begins. Because its penetrative foam brings to the surface food particles that are never reached by sluggish toothpastes. Because — in Jerome Alexander’s own words — “It penetrates into the tooth fissures, flooding away impurities which cause trouble.”

Jerome Alexander’s research agrees with the finding of such noted authorities as Dr. Hardee Chambliss, Dean of Sciences, Catholic University of America; Dr. Allen Rogers, head of the Department of Industrial Chemical Engineering, Pratt Institute; and others of equal fame who have been retained to make analytical tests and render expert opinion. Can you, in choosing your dentifrice, fail to be impressed by this array of scientific proof that Colgate’s is the ideal cleanser? Take the safe course with your teeth — when you brush them with Colgate’s, you can be sure that they’re really clean.

Jerome Alexander says:
“I found that Colgate’s exhibits the lowest surface-tension. Because of this, Colgate’s penetrates into the tooth fissures, flooding away impurities which cause trouble. Therefore, Colgate’s is by far the best cleanser.”

25¢
The price is important — but the quality — not the price — has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-1023P, O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City. Please send me a free tube of Colgate’s Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet, “How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy.”

Name: ________________________________
Address: ________________________________

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When Bessie Love Entertains at Luncheon

Continued from page 03

is conversation time for everybody. When Bessie wishes to talk, she tells her favorite half-dozen, she sets little tables against the grilled balcony edge, so that the guests may stand and talk and gaze across the valley. But, whether the luncheon is for six or sixty, whether it is to be followed by rest and relaxation and elation or by bridge, the same easy familiarity is Bessie’s keynote.

For the larger luncheon, Bessie’s favorite menu consists of four courses. First comes a cocktail, usually fruit in a surprising and colorful combination. Then comes a hot meat course, not too heavy and not too fragile. Sometimes it is creamed fish or fowl. Always there are one or two warm vegetables, piping hot rolls or feather-weight biscuits and lettuce-like rings of shoestring potatoes.

Next is served a salad, cool and crisp and colorful. With this salad Bessie always arranges crunchy, long cheese sticks which crumble into delicate flaky bits. And, last but not least, is the dessert. This varies according to the season of the year and the other courses of the menu. Usually it is a sherbet or frozen pudding. Black coffee and tiny, varicolored mints complete the luncheon.

Occasionally, Bessie serves a buffet luncheon, particularly in the winter time when the guests will enjoy the open fires in the living room and dining room. At these parties Bessie provides both cold and hot dishes, platters of sliced meats and cheeses, and trays of steaming hot foods. One of her favorite formation dishes for her buffet luncheons is a spaghetti confection with mushrooms and chicken and cheese.

When the tiny Bessie is working, she lunches in her blue and rose and silver dressing room at the studio. Usually she orders vegetables, sometimes a vegetable plate, at other times, separate orders of the particular dishes. For this reason she has in these dishes she eats toast and some kind of a light dessert with black coffee.

On the days which she spends at home Bessie’s lunch consists of a clear soup with cheese straws or of omelettes with strawberry jam tucked into their fluffiness. Bessie’s “surprise” omelettes are frequently the main dish of one of her more informal luncheon parties. No one, except Bessie and the cook, knows what may be hidden under the pale gold mound on the plate. It may be anything from candied fruits or preserves, to strange, foreign meats and spices.

Whether it be one of her informal gatherings on the veranda, a course luncheon to be followed by a concentrated afternoon of bridge, or a buffet feast carried from the dining room to the fireside, simplicity rules when Bessie entertains. The menus are not elaborate but the food is deliciously cooked and perfectly chosen. And color plays a large part in the proceedings. Golden omelettes are served on dull blue plates. Frothy, colorful fluffiness is tucked beside the guests in flat, black oxynx bowls. Once Bessie served a snowy white frozen pudding on a frosted white plate, with a deep red rosebud resting against the edge. It’s a knack, knowing how to make a picture of a luncheon plate. Little Bessie Love possesses that knack.

Probably Bessie’s luncheons are always so successful because to her they are a source of joy, not a duty. She is always glad to see her friends. So she succeeds both wisely and well. Here are a few of the recipes, and we hope you’ll have the same good luck with them that Bessie always has:

**GRAPEFRUIT DE LUXE**

Cut a grapefruit in half. Remove the core, leaving a round hole. Separate the sections at home, and put them back, which is red in color, into the center. Surround with fresh mint and serve very cold.

**CHICKEN AND MUSHROOMS IN RAMEKINS**

Melt two tablespoons of fat. Add one-half teaspoon salt, a few grains of pepper, one cup of rich milk and bring to a boiling point, stirring constantly until thick. Add one cup chicken cut in small pieces, one cup mushrooms which have been sauteed in butter for five minutes, one tablespoon chopped stuffed olives, and heat thoroughly. Put in ramekins, cover tops with bread crumbs and place in hot oven until crusts are a delicate brown.

**SHRIMP SALAD**

Cut two cups shrimps, fresh or canned, into small pieces. Add one-half cup celery cut in tiny shreds and one cup sugar together until sirupy. Beat three eggs slightly and pour hot syrup over them. Cook in double boiler over hot water for five minutes. Add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Strain and cool. Add one teaspoon vanilla and two tablespoons sherry flavoring. Fold in one and one-half cups whipped cream, pour mixture into mold and pack; or turn into tray of keelless refrigerator and let stand four or five hours, stirring occasionally.

**CAFÉ MOUSSE**

Soak one tablespoon gelatine in four tablespoons cold water five minutes. Cook one and a half cups strong coffee and one cup sugar together until sirupy. Beat three eggs slightly and pour hot syrup over them. Cook in double boiler over hot water for five minutes. Add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Strain and cool. Add one teaspoon vanilla and two tablespoons sherry flavoring. Fold in one and one-half cups whipped cream, pour mixture into mold and pack; or turn into tray of keelless refrigerator and let stand four or five hours, stirring occasionally.

**WHAT MAKES A GIRL POPULAR?**

Continued from page 98

a swell time, too. Be your own natural self. That’s your line. Hold it!

Another girl writes: "I’m nineteen and considered attractive. Girls like me, and I get on well with them. The trouble is, boys don’t care for me. A few have ‘fallen’ for me but it didn’t last. I like boys and want them to like me. Am I too stand-offish I wonder? I don’t drink, I don’t smoke very well and I loathe petting. I hate to appear prudish or contrary, but I resent being ‘tried out.’ I try to believe it’s no more than that—I can’t believe all girls have bad motives. But whatever their motives I resent it and tell them so in no uncertain terms. Is this the reason boys don’t like me? Is there any way or talk I can do to make them like me?"

Of course there is. Hold on to your ideals. You can be a modern Miss 1931 without being cheap and be more popular, newer, and more attractive—but you must manage right. You’re sometimes hard for a girl to know what’s in a boy’s mind. He may be, as you say, trying her out; a taste of cassidilness most despicable to my mind, or he may be one who just naturally expects a girl to allow liberties. But whatever he has in his mind, and however ‘peevish’ he may seem to be at your attitude, he’ll respect it whether he admits it or not. You can manage this situation without seeming either contrary or prudish. It’s not at all necessary to adopt a ‘How-dare-you-sir’ or ‘don’t-you-know-I-am-a-lady’ air. Treat it lightly. Laugh it off. You can be firm without being priggish.

As to interesting boys in some other way, forget yourself and be as easy and companionable as you are with your girl friends. And here’s a tip. Nearly every male, young or old, likes to talk, especially about himself and things he’s particularly interested in. Not all boys have interested in some subject in which you know he has some special interest. Then let him talk and you listen. This is one way to solve the problem, with or without. You don’t have to talk! Not if you cultivate the gentle and popular art of being a good listener. Ten to one he will look at you after five or less minutes to say amazedly, “Gee, but you’re interesting!” And you have not said a word except one or two well-put questions.

I once read a clever story called “Aren’t You Wonderful?”—in which the author, a famous writer of fiction contended in a most amusing way that all a girl has to do to win a man is to look into his eyes trustingly and murmur “Oh, aren’t you won—her—ful!” This might not always work but it’s a good thing to know always, when the occasion arises.

These are only a few entering wedges to start you on the way to popularity. But when once you get the idea you’ll be surprised how fast you can work!

Now then! What do you think makes a girl popular? Do you agree with my answers to these letters? Write to me frankly and sincerely your views and your experiences. A few letters will be printed each month (without names and addresses and only with your permission), with my answers. Letters asking advice will be welcomed and will be answered as promptly as possible. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for a personal reply.
We're back to
FEMININE FASHIONS

... But not to
LADY-LIKE LANGUOR

Today we're as spirited in trailing skirts as we ever were in short ones... and buoyant good health is still the better part of beauty!

But the new clothes themselves demand almost physical perfection. We must be slender, ah yes!... but alluringly rounded. We must count our calories... but never reveal it in our complexions. And here's where so simple a thing as bran in the diet can be of immense help.

Most of us find it necessary to go on reducing menus every once in a while. (Those extra pounds just will come back!)

And when we do—elimination so often becomes irregular. Poisons and wastes accumulate. The result is pimples—dry or sallow skin—headaches, dizziness and sometimes serious illness.

Kellogg's All-Bran in an adequate reducing diet prevents all that. It is not fattening—but it does add the "bulk" or "roughage" every diet needs. It helps to clear away all impurities and, in addition, contains iron which brings glowing color to cheeks.

There are many ways to enjoy Kellogg's All-Bran. Try it as a ready-to-eat cereal with skimmed milk. Cook it in omelets, bran muffins or bread. Sprinkle it into soups or over salads.

No other bran is so deliciously flavored—so delightfully krumbled. Ask for Kellogg's All-Bran in the red-and-green package. Recommended by dietitians. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, broadcast over WXYZ and associated stations every Sunday evening.

SEND FOR THE BOOKLET
"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce"

It contains helpful counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep fashionable figures will find the suggested menus and table of foods for dieting invaluable. It is free upon request.

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Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce."

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fortune ones who invested heavily in stocks and came out ahead of the game when the market broke. Alice also buys model dogs, all sizes and shapes. There are at least two hundred of them scattered around her home.

Don Alvarado buys mortgages and has just invested in building a new and perfect two-story house, and in the meantime he turned in a handsome car and bought a Ford. (The Gleasons also drive Fords. So does Helen Coogan, daughter of George M., just malad her screen debut in "Lightnin" with Will Rogers.)

Eddie Morgan, Warner Baxter's young find, is having his first experience of big money, and revels in his growing bank account. So he's saving, saving, and spending—mainly for miniature golf and ice skating, his two pet extravagances. Lew Ayres is another youngster enjoying new money. He raced up for an organ he has longed for all his life. Half his salary is religiously booked every week. Now he also owns a Hup sports coupé, another boyish dream, at last discarding the most disreputable car in all Hollywood.

Bessie Love's mother used to manage her money for her, but since Bessie became Mrs. William Hawks, most of it goes into real estate and Bill's investment company. Gilbert Roland put most of his money into a beautiful home for his mother, which has engrossed his attention for the past two years.

Joe E. Brown is another canny soul, everything he does being centered around his children and Mrs. Brown. A lovely homely, first class education for the children, trust funds and so on. Two little girls who spend their money mainly on their families are Helen Foster and Marion Byron. Raman Novarro is another boy who is mighty good to his family—he has lots of little brothers and sisters. Anna May Wong is another who is kind to her people.

Evelyn Brent believes in oil wells, and seems real estate. However, when certain oil stock recently fell her, she decided the bank was a pretty good place for one's money.

John Davidson, the fellow that Winnie Lightner chuckers around so boisterously in "The Life of the Party," owns a first-class store ship in a drug store in New York. Glenn Tryon runs to steel mills in Reading, Pa., in which he used to work. It's fun to own some of it later on. Hal Cooley is branching out into a stylish real estate development at Laguna and Palm Springs, opening up many tracts. George Duryea has a big ranch in Wyoming and raises cattle and horses.

John Barrymore blows himself to a yacht and invests the rest in safe bonds. Winnie Lightner looks cyclical and says, oh boy, if she only did know just where her money went, she'd be grateful. Doug Fairbanks Jr., is buying and furnishing a new home, the one Joan prepared at Brentwood Park, which seemed so gorgeous at the time, not now being quite grand enough from a financial point of view. The rest of their money goes in building and loan investments.

Loretta Young is another girl who helps support her family, but she is squeezing enough out to build a house. Walter Huston owns half a yacht with Arlen, but has some money left over for real estate investments, which investments he confines strictly to California. Marilyn Miller, whose papa manages her income, owns lots of California property, preferably pleasure resorts.

Dorothy Christy and hubby Hal, have found promising plays on Broadway a successful investment. Harold Lloyd owns vast California acreage, and he also has his mother dependent on him, besides Mildred and little Gloria and his new adopted daughter. Ronald Colman buys stocks and bonds, and hopes to own a lovely place in Europe some day. Eddie Cantor runs to bank stocks, but he's building a new home in Beverly too, now that Mrs. Cantor and his five daughters have joined him.

Harry Edington, M-G-M executive, manages Greer Garbo's and John Gilbert's finances for them, and he keeps 'em both on a stern budget, too. Helen Twelvetrees and James Hall are managed by Rebecca and Silton, famous for their financial management. Rebecca, they say, is a reasonably good actress.

Of course, Doug and Mary spend a frightful lot of their money on travelling, six months to Europe, one world tour already, and another being planned. Their home is comparatively modest, although the grounds are very valuable. And oh, the views of that lovely estate in San Francisco Bay are quite lovely, and the home is costly and gorgeous, ex-kings' beds and Napoleonic splendor. When there aren't any house guest, Doug sleeps in a bed that belonged to the Barones Pierre, in particular for the house is small, so that Doug and Mary both turn out on the sleeping porch when royal balls are being entertained.

Charlie Chaplin, of course, owns his own studio and spends lots of money paying the salaries of some of his studio staff, besides the outlay he must make in keeping up his own lovely home and grounds, which occupy a whole hill. In spite of vast allomnes and settlements on ex-wives, Charlie is regarded as luxuriously solvent, thank you. Charlie has also supported his mother for years.

Lance Heath manages Gloria Swanson's fortune as to investments, etc., and Gloria owns homes in both Beverly and Paris.

The Gleasons, per, mere et fils, are being very good children, Russell in particular, buying a life annuity for himself. His pocket money allowance is $10 a week and it has to cover gas, too. It's awkward when the girls don't realize the situation. Papa's pet extravagance is polo ponies.

William Janney owns a chicken ranch at Orange, with two thousand hens where he has put a nice former nurse in charge. Carmel Myers owns $150,000 worth of real estate in two beach homes, and lots of acreage. Irene Rich owns $200,000 worth of real estate, acquired when prices were cheaper. Claude Allister began his career as a bond clerk, so now he knows how to invest his dizzy wealth. George Fawcett bought real estate in New York long ago for it to have made him independent today. He also was part owner of a gold mine long enough to come out richly.

Norman Kerry bought Beverly Hills property before it was a real town, and cleaned up. He also has a mountain home, a yacht in England, and of course owns some oil leases too. Doris Lloyd's pet investment is first mortgages. Joseph Cawthorne sticks to gilt-edged bonds, having found real estate doesn't like him. All the same, he owns his home property at Beverly Hills and an estate in England. Fred Scott buys real estate. John Boles owns his house at Malibu, and another in Hollywood. Although the family drives a Cadillac, John uses a Chevrolet for himself. He's saving up for big travel.

Lupe Velez is putting all her money in her home. Lew Ayres is just buying safe securities. Mary Nolan wants a house on the Riviera and already has the money to buy it.

Norma Talmadge buys jewels of which she is a remarkable collection, both modern and antique!

Women are more saving than men, according to these various managers, even if they like to make it look the other way.

But both sexes are good to their families, often without judgment. Thus old mothers have gotten along very well, and for years find themselves suddenly raised to $500 a month, servants, automobiles, etc. The managers think it would be wiser to raise mamma to, say, $180, and put the rest in a trust fund for her.

Dorothy Christy, the new patrician picture success, invests her money in Broadway plays, together with the savings of her husband, Hal Christy, song writer. Smart people!!

Little Tommy Clifford and his Scottie. Tommy made a hit in his first talker, 'Song of My Heart.' His next film is 'Part Time Wife.'
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ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF CHICAGO CENTENNIAL WORLD'S FAIR

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND,
Two Grand Picture Stealers (Mitzi Green)

Continued from page 60

Hajos was all excited over the advent of the child, and Joe paid her the gracious compliment of naming his only daughter after her.

Mitzi's father and mother have done a musical comedy act in vaudeville for years. Mitzi can't remember when she first went on the stage. "When I first put my face in an act," she explained seriously, "I must have been about three years old. But I was six or seven before I really did anything.

"When I was three, I went to Los Angeles with my mother and father. Cox Edwards had his kid on the same bill. Just for fun, he put me up on the school fence and paid me twenty-five cents a week. He docked me two cents, too, if I missed a performance.

"The first time I remember really doing anything, though, was when I was about six. Papa and mamma were playing at Brighton Beach, Moran and Mack, the 'Two Black Crows,' were on the same bill. I wound up to watch them. The actor's benefit was given down at Freepor that same week and I begged daddy to let me do something. What can you do, he asked me. I thought I could do the 'Two Black Crows,'" I told him.

Mitzi and her father worked up an act in about five minutes and put it on. There happened to be a vaudeville scout in the audience who spotted the child and made an engagement for her to meet a booker the next day.

Joe and Mitzi went into New York but it wasn't Mitzi who was nervous. Her father got so excited that the child had to cue him. But Mitzi's poise and ability got her a looking at once over the Interstate Circuit. She was hailed as 'Little Mitzi, the Child Mimic.' Later, she was headlined on the Orpheum Circuit. Her impersonations were an entire success and she became known as a second Elsie Janis.

A year and a half ago she reached Los Angeles, still playing in vaudeville. Paramount's casting director got a glimpse of her and she was put in the film, "The Marriage Playground," with Mary Braun and Fredric March. Which she promptly stole. When the picture was released, the world found out what a riot Mitzi is! And Paramount upset precedence and signed her to a five year contract. I am told—the first time a child has ever been given a contract by that organization.

Mitzi's latest picture is "Tom Sawyer," in which she plays Becky Thatcher. She loved her work in this because she was allowed to wear a curly golden wig, and everybody will understand what that means to a straight-haired child.

Little Mitzi likes roast beef, potatoes, spinach, and chewing gum. Also, mystery stories with plenty of good murders. She doesn't care for candy, boys who play too rough, permanent waves or dolled-up finger-nails. She likes the freckles on her face and won't have anything done about it.

She prefers Hollywood to New York where she was born, but likes Detroit pretty well too. It was in Detroit she celebrated her tenth birthday. It shone and she loved it. She doesn't get any snow since she moved to Hollywood. They had a party on the stage for her, with punch and three big birthday cakes. Cake was distributed to the audience and all the girls on the stage, including Mitzi, danced—not with tears in their eyes, but with cake in their mouths.

Mitzi hates arithmetic. Loves English. Likes to file her pretty nails. She wants her brother Harry, aged sixteen, to be her manager when he grows up. She also wants to be allowed to act in all kinds of roles. And she is begging to be allowed to answer her fan mail herself.

She gets a lot. Mostly from girls and boys of her age. All of it seems to come from children of cultivated parents. They tell her about their lessons and the games they play. All of them seem to want to get into the movies. And every one, without exception, begs her to correspond with them.

At the Paramount, scores of people flocked back stage, hoping to get a glimpse of Mitzi. "Everybody is so good to me," Mitzi explained. "I want to thank them.

"Nancy Carroll is my favorite actress," she ended, "and when I grow up I hope my boy friend will be just like Chevalier!"

+ + +

Alison Skipworth

Continued from page 01

the screen. I still think it's a mistake. But my agent called me up just before I came here to rehearse and told me he had a couple of screen offers for me again.

"But that screen technique! You can never comprehend how the camera picks up a change of mood. You have to keep not only your eyes but your mind on the ball every minute. The camera shows you as you really are. You can't kid your audience. I nearly died when I saw myself for the first time on the screen. Nobody really ever knows how he looks to other people. If you want to find out, have him tell the truth. It tells the truth in the most brutal way. Instead of calling a spade a spade, the camera jolly well calls it a shovel!"

"Screen people are tremendously gross. Your producers give you lovely clothes, wonderful dressing rooms, skilled hairdressers, lots of money and plenty of praise. Of the nine months during which I made six pictures, I never heard a director give an actor or an actress a disagreeable word. I never thought that director's terrible responsibility—of all those machines, lights, voices, and actions—when you think of trying to get all these elements, both aesthetic and mechanical, to blend, it's a miracle a talking picture ever gets into the can."

"Then the meetings. I could talk all day about those. They make nature look like a five-cent cigar. A built up peach orchard looks a thousand times more beautiful than a real peach orchard.

"I was born in London, but nobody over there would know whom you're talking about if you said 'Alison Skipworth.' What I've done, I've done here in America. I came over here as a prima donna. Made my hit with Americans, under an Ameri-
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**CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE**

**Garbo Menace!**

*Continued from page 20*

Jeanne Helbling, French stage and screen darling, imported to Hollywood by First National to play in foreign films, is eagerly learning English, wishing to be cast in American pictures.

There's Jeanne Helbling of France, who plays French parts and has a burning yen to be a great American actress. They tell a funny story on Jeanne when she first arrived at Hollywood. One evening a studio employee told the girl—whose English at the time was very sketchy—that if he could not return for her herself in the morning, he would send a studio bus. Being very literal, at nine o'clock the next morning Jeanne stood outside of her hotel waiting for the bus—which in First National circles means the large dark Cadillac cars they use to transport players from one spot to another. At exactly nine o'clock one of the regular busses came by—the kind that are used in Hollywood instead of street cars. Jeanne boarded the vehicle but was a little upset when the conductor asked her for ten cents carfare. "Pretty cheap," she thought. She rode for an hour to the end of the line. And then back to the other end. When she reached her hotel corner for the third time, she got off and was found by the studio employee who had by that time resolved that one little French girl was entirely lost in the wicked mazes of talkie town!

Another potential rival is Carla Bartheel of Germany, who has a special kind of allure. And, finally, there's Sury Ver

Greta Nissen is to play the feminine lead in "Women of All Nations."

eyes, from France, who has played in French movies since 1926. One look at the dazzling Suzy and you know why the French prefer French pictures. Well, can a Garbo come out of France?

There’s Evelyn Laye from London, who makes a bit-debut in “One Heavenly Night,” the Samuel Goldwyn picture. There's Elisita Landi, also from England, by way of Italy, France and Germany. All special, different, sire, clifonic. They play alluring heroines and dizzv vamps. And how they play them! Will one of them—we can hardly wait to see—will one of them succeed in replacing Garbo?

Who, oh who, we ask, will rival Garbo.
Tolstoy Talks About Pictures
Continued from page 23

Korsakov's Oriental Song, I have to listen to twenty carpet-sweeping jazz programs. It's the same in the theater, in moving pictures. Nature is the one thing the jazz spirit is powerless to absorb.

"But life is good in America, notwithstanding. I have lived, written, and lectured here for twelve years. The people are good-natured—that is their outstanding quality. They are kind. They try to do the right thing.

"But—movies, ah! Look what they did to that great artist Jannings. He is a real actor and they sent him back. He said to me one day on the lot: 'Count Tolstoy, America has little art.' And I was forced to agree. And Conrad Veidt, there was no place for him either in America. He had to leave, also. And Barrymore. He was fine until he discovered he possessed a profile!"

"But is there nobody you like? Is there nothing good in our movies?" I asked a little despairingly.

"Yes, Garbo. She is the only one. She has something.

Count and Countess Tolstoy.

"What Garbo has, others can have." Tolstoy concluded. "If the producers would only lift the multitude up to the level of art instead of dragging art down to the level of the multitude. I have an idea to make a series of twelve pictures—from my father's Russian stories. I shall produce them in an artistic way. To make people feel. Not stare only. But I suppose your movie executives would be the first to say: 'Not "box-office."' But I have confidence enough in the American people to believe that they would be "box-office." For when you get a great story, a cast of real actors, a gifted director who can read between the lines, then you have art.

"And whenever you bring art-greatness to the American people, they will open their arms. They did to my father's books. And they will to the films of any person who can look beyond the multitude and create something so fine that a man can say: 'In a world where beauty can be created, there may yet be happiness for me.'"
How to Make Your Own Anti-Blue Laws

Continued from page 55

dropping spirits. Charles Rogers retires to play the trombone, the drums, the saxophone, the piano, the cornet, and the flute, all of these with no more or less success. Bessie Love strums away at her ukulele and Ted Lewis loses himself in his saxophone. King Vidor, with his hands on his waist, indulges in the saddest of negro spirituals.

Both Richard Dix and Ruth Chatterton combine more than a good symphony concert, in person or on the radio.

Paul Whitehead, as the unconvincing story goes, regains his satisfaction with life by playing any piece but The Rhapsody in Blue!

Various forms of sports should also be included among the sedatives used to restore one's affability. Horseback riding claims Edmund Lowe, Dennis King, and Jack Warner, the producer. Mary Dunning can drive her roadster out of town at breakneck speed until the unpleasant mood passes. Glenn Tryon proceeds to his gun ranging table out for his punching bag, Bull Montana does some genuine boxing, and Joseph Schildkrut steals away to his rifle range to shoot clay pigeons which he has yet to hit.

Animals, pets in particular, often afford successful means of escape. George Bancroft finds playing with his pugs a reliable palliative. When reading romantic poetry won't help, Janet Gaynor romps with her two pet rabbits. Louise Fazenda is soothed by her big black cat, and Betty Compson need only pay a visit to the Zoo.

In Africa recently with the "Trader Horn" picture, Edwina Booth revived her good humor by going out and shooting a lion or hippo, one day landing a rare black-tan leopard, apparently when she was in usually low spirits.

Songwriters, as a general rule, play their own successes when in a mournful mood. Charles Wakefield Cadman, however, tries to forget his own compositions, and plays instead all the melancholy melodies he can think of. Producers will generally try to lose a lachrymose feeling in work. Carl Laemmle, however, goes to the races, while Jesse Lasky takes a long walk, and Harry Warner visits the Colored and the Hebrew Orphan Asylums in which he is vitally interested.

A good deal of ingenuity and imagination is often exercised by screen and stage stars in devising ways and means of combating the sulks. Sally O'Neill's infallible cure is her autobiography, which is being written only in her despondent moments. Assistant directors know that Lon Chaney used to work off his blues in the property men's cafeteria by discussing local politics with the 'props' and the 'grips.' Victor McLaglen runs off 'What Price Glory' in his own休息 room, and Pat Rooney manufactures a heated argument with his son Pat, about a dance step.

But all trophies, medals, citations, and blue ribbons for original, exclusive anti-blues prescriptions go hands down to John Boles, the tenor, and Charles Farrell. When depressed, descends upon him, Boles falls asleep. Charlie Farrell weeps and weeps himself dry!

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valley, to say nothing of points south. Lenore Ulric sits in the dark alone and fights it out, while Alice White does it before her mirror. Mary Pickford loses her doldrums in concentrating on French philosophy. Laura La Plante tells herself she enjoys being sad and makes no effort to combat it. Clara Bow resorts to sun-showers on the nearest beach. Bebe Daniels, proud possessor of a pilot's license, takes the air in her plane. And dazzling Lupe Velez nails the first sucker within reach for a hectic, turbulent game of checkers!

His Worship, the screen lover, has plenty of time between sighs for good, old-fashioned, down-hearted, long-faced, querulous attacks of the blues. In this mood, John Barrymore, who is one of the best amateur sailors on the coast, hastens to his yacht, the 'Infanta.' With pipe in mouth, and clad in canvas breeches, an old cap, and an open-necked shirt, he unfurls the sails, grabs the tiller and away he goes. How long he remains away, is never certain: when he does return, it is with much heightened spirits.

Undoubtedly the worst tennis player in Hollywood, John Gilbert finds the game the best balm for the wo-e-begone sensa-
tion. Invariably his partner is his neighbor, King Vidor, the second worst player in Hollywood, and Gilbert has even erected a series of lights around his private court in order to play at night!

Rudy Vallée retreats to his beloved saxophone, and for hours continues to play tirelessly every conceivable tune that enters his head.

Richard Barthelmess merely has to view calmly a photograph of Jimmy Durante, of the night club firm of Clayton, Jackson and Durante, to exercise Barthel-

NESS: Please excuse the pen, someone swiped my pencil, Jimmy Durante.

Even our warblers of sad, sighful songs have their authentic deep indigo moments. The discoverer of Mammy and Sonny Boy, Al Jolson, insists upon 'kel-
ding company' to work it off. He will gather to himself a group of picked cronies, all anti-yes-men, all ardent hib-

bisters, and all defenders against their jibes in an audience he loves, Jolson's customary geniality will return.

Maurice Chevalier likewise gathers a close friend or two to him, but his special procedure is to break out into im-

prisoned skits and jingles.

A distressed George Jessel will get away to a private conference with his two wolf-hounds, whom he entertains with piano recitals.

That swell piano-decorator, Helen Morgan, loses her blues in—of all things—housework; she'll pick up a vacuum-

cleaner and furiously engulf it through the apartment which she shares with her mother.

Helen Kane goes out to buy a half-
dozzen pairs of new shoes, and Irene Bordoni invariably turns to Annette France's "Revolt of the Angels."

The Duncan Sisters, they solemnly aver have unerased no more efficacious tonic for the doldrums than an old reliable pillow-fight!

Many members of the movie congrega-
tion depend upon music to bolster their
Confessions of a ‘Juicer’
Continued from page 53

he ducks up and changes the focus.

First time we went to his house I went
about my work and didn’t watch him. Next
day half our proofs were bad. So now
when we go up there he doesn’t get away
with that trick. But he has done others.
Once he put a piece of sticky fly paper
right back of some wires I had to reach—!

Buster Keaton’s prize trick was to tie
a piece of string back of him to the electric
light plug. The minute the photographer
would shoot, he’d pull the circuit. After
that he settled down and worked swell.

It was up there that I saw Buster smile
for the first and only time. As a matter of
business, you know, he maintains that
frozen face of his wherever he goes in
public. But when he plays with his kids,
man, what a grin!

Miss Pickford has a butler who can
‘bottle’ the pants off any one else I know.

Charles Ruggles is imbibing
again—only this time it’s
real! Charlie is all dressed
up for “Charlie’s Aunt,” his
next comedy.

But it was poison to me. I was drag-
ging cable through the front hall, after
making my book-up in the kitchen, when
this buzzer came out and started following
me around. He kinds got my goat, me
that has never scratched anything any-
where.

Finally Miss Pickford came out and saw
the trouble and shooed him away.

“These Britishes don’t know as much
about pictures as we do,” she said. Say,
maybe I didn’t lay it on thick to the wife
that night. “Now Mary see to it, says she.”

When we went down to Marion Davies’
beach home we found her in the pool.

“When you come to work,” she told
us, “but let’s have a swim first.” We had
a swim, and then we ate, and then we swam
some more. And finally we made some
pictures. Marion is much like Haines and
Keaton. She likes a good joke. She’ll test
a new photographer every time by shifting
her position after he has made his focus.
If he isn’t quick enough to catch it, it’s just
too bad.

Hoover took a great liking to the pic-
tures made by one of the photographers I
worked with. We went up to Palo Alto
and were ushered into the President’s house

“LOOK—Miss Nobody thinks she

—but when she sat
down at the piano . . .

Eileen had never expected to be asked to grace
William’s party. Grace Williams—the leader of
the most exclusive set in town.

Eileen was thrilled—yet so frightened. Well,
she had already accepted Bill Gordon’s Invitation
and now she’d have to go through with it.

That night Bill called her. “You look ador-
able,” he told her. Eileen wondered how
the others would feel about her. She soon found
out. It was while they were playing bridge.
“Who is that stiff with Bill?” she faced someone
whispered.

“I never saw her before. Nobody of importance,
I guess,” came the reply.

Eileen blushed. So soon the bridge tables were
pulled away.

Where’s Jim Blake tonight? If he be here
we could have some music.

“Jim had to go out of town on business,” came
the answer. Here was Eileen’s chance. “I can
play a little,” she said timidly.

There was a moment of silence. Hastenly Eileen
opened a few chords—then broke into the strain
of “Gypsy.” Once housed, the players started
playing with such enthusiasm. It was almost an hour
before she returned to the piano . . . later Eileen told
Bill a surprising story.

I Taught Myself

“You may laugh when I tell you,” Eileen Beeghly,
“But I learned to play at home, without a teacher.

I learned myself when I first heard the U. S. School
of Music advertisement. However, I sent for the
Free Demonstration Lesson. When it came I
found I have the ability to play. That lesson was,
I knew, enough to play the entire course. Why, I was
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Good and Good for You.

Marion Lessing, beautiful player, new to the screen, in "The Seas Beneath" with George O'Brien.

I've heard nearly all the photographers I worked with say that Norma Shearer is their most satisfactory subject.

This is probably true. Because Miss Shearer has such an instinct for proper poses, and lighting. There is very little waste time in fixing up all the thick, heavy coats which she gets in front of the camera. That lady knows where all the lights are, and just what they are going to do. Photographers never have to work around getting a pose for her. She is a cinch to work with. Wish they were all like her.

The Crown Prince of Sweden got a great thrill out of the pictures we took of him when he was Louis B. Mayer's guest. For outside pictures we have boards covered with silk to reflect his face. With these we throw light into a subject's face. After he had been under a barrage of these for a while they began to get his goat a little, for the glare is pretty strong.

"I say, old fellow," he called to me, "do you do this to all the stars?" When I told him we did he was satisfied and let me shoot the reflectors at him from all sides.

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Sometimes an electrician can help a photographer get a good shot by using just a little extra tactful. When we went up to photograph Grace Moore at her house we wanted to get a picture of her in her kitchen. She really likes to fuss around cooking stuff. But she didn't like the idea and refused. We went on with our work until noon. We went out into the kitchen to fix my connections, and found Miss Moore dishling up a salad. "Say," I told her. "That's a swell pose, people'll believe it. Do you think you could take it?" She answered—and in twenty minutes we had the picture.

I've never been to Greta Garbo's home, because no pictures have ever been there. But I've acted as "outside guard" many times when she has had pictures taken. This time I could set my lights and then go outside the studio to make sure that no one came in. Greta Garbo is an easy photographic subject, if strangers are kept out. She works hard and knows how to pose. She doesn't come often to the photographer's, but when she does she follows his orders so easily that in a day or two he can finish an entire series of poses. And it's done silently. She rarely says a word. If the photographer says, "Move to the right," she does it, without comment. I have focussed lights on her hundreds of times, and I don't believe I have heard her say a hundred words.

Cecil De Mille and Charlie Chaplin are both men with a reputation for having forceful minds of their own. But when they're before a camera they are like lambs. They merely do whatever is asked of them. One morning De Mille got up from his breakfast, walked to another room and before a camera did everything we told him, and in ten minutes we had taken a dozen good photographs. Finished, he thanked us and walked away. He is a very grateful man and makes you feel very much at home.

Charlie Schwab is a great kidder. He tried to make up a tale that he and I were in the steel mills together and we were having a grand time until Mrs. Schwab told him to stop, that I was working for a living and he was wasting my time.

When you go to Ramon Novarro's house one thing must always be done. You must get a private picture of the star's mother for him personal. Miss Novarro's affection for her family is a very real thing.

I could go on for hours talking of various stars whose homes I have visited as a 'juicer.'

Nearly all of them have very nice, well decorated homes. Some few of them have very special hobbies which makes their homes particularly distinctive. Fred Niblo's collection of hats always makes a fine background for pictures; Bill Hart's group of guns taken from famous wild-west killers. Kay Johnson has a bedroom in Chinese style that is tough light because of a heavy, bright red Chinese embroidery, that soaks up light like a sponge. Joan Crawford's place was once hard to photograph because it had comparatively few windows and went in for heavy shadows. In remodeling, however, she had young Doug poke in new windows and made the most attractive places in Hollywood.

As for the folks themselves, there are a few who are temperamental and sometimes unreasonable at the studio, but never at home.

I've had a lot of swell times on this assignment of mine.

The only thing that is tough about all is its effect on the indigestion. I'm getting so I can say, "No more caviar" with all the minuteness of one of these old Russian dukes!
The Munson Line
Continued from page 83

should really be prefaced with a description of what was in Ona's girl's life from the time she learned to toddle onwards. It would be pleasant and romantic, wouldn't it, to have Ona tell us that instead of learning to walk, as a child, she learned to dance? But it would be a fib, and anyway who would believe it?

Dancing came soon enough, and at the age of eight years, Ona felt herself ripe for Broadway. She penned a letter to the firm of Klaw and Erlanger, and in the nearest and the most impressive script at her command, informed these gentlemen that at a word from them she was ready, there and then, to leave Portland, Oregon, and home, come East and replace Ruth Chatterton in "Daddy Long Legs." P. S. She didn't get the job.

During her school days, she continued to practice dancing. Her parents—the family name is Wolcott and Ona is a direct descendant of Oliver Wolcott, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence—refused to let her perform publicly, feeling that it was in bad taste to show off their child. Little Ona by this time felt that the Ziegfeld Roof was the most desirable spot in the world, and New York the place she must storm.

It was hard for her mother to consent to let her only child come to New York to spend the summer studying dancing under a dancing virtuoso. But the consent was given; mother felt she would have Ona back by Fall. Ona had her own ideas. Never, she told herself, would she return to Portland before she—and millions of others—had seen her name incandescent on the marquees of Broadway's popular theaters.

While she was gaining terpsichorean proficiency under Tarasoff, in his ballet school, a visitor approached her after class work. It was none other than Gus Edwards, discoverer of child prodigies for the stage and screen. She appeared in his revue in two specialty dances. George White saw her and was so impressed that he asked her to understudy Ann Pennington and do several dances with him in his show. A few years later she was given the title role in his first musical comedy, "Manhattan Mary." The electric lights were hers, and she was free to return for a visit to the home folks in Portland. Ona likes Hollywood. She can be seen, while there, enjoying herself at the Mayfair and the Embassy, just as in New York she is a frequenter of the smart Casino. Both in New York and in Hollywood she has a reputation as a considerate and tactful hostess, a girl who doesn't look like an actress, whose principal asset is her natural charm. But to her, New York is home, and she will probably be flitting between these far-flung outposts as long as she remains in pictures.

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Be-Blonded Picture Parties!

Continued from page 85

Lawrence Tibbett came over to chat and to announce that he was through being a host and waiter and was just going to be himself, and we told him he couldn't do any better possibly than just that.

"If any of you see anything you want, just take it," said Lawrence.

Somebody asked Lawrence to sing after supper, but, of course, no singer would warble after he had eaten, so he did it any fall fall. Somebody asked Lawrence if he was falling for Anita Page, and he said, "Oh, no, he could fall for her standing up!"

Ramon Novarro was in jovial mood, going about kidding everybody.

"Ramon is another antietemperamental singer," whispered Patsy.

He sang for us, some of his lovely Spanish songs.

Rob Wagner, the writer, and his wife sat at table with us. Rob declared his wife, who is taller than himself, was growing all the time!

"I'm going to climb on her shoulder and jump off and commit suicide!" Rob grinned.

Lawrence Tibbett's mother was among the guests, awfully proud, apparently, of her famous son.

We moved over to Elsie Janis' table, where a crowd had gathered, and were in time to hear her tell about a dinner party at Cecil B. De Mille's house.

"They say that everybody 'vesses' Mr. De Mille," Elsie related. "That isn't so. His family doesn't. That's a place where everybody is encouraged to speak his mind. His daughter said to him, 'I'll tell you what's the matter with your heroes—they never have any sex appeal.' And from then on everybody criticized frankly, while Mr. De Mille sat and took it all either good-humorly in silence, or in logically argumentative mood."

"Oh, dear," said Hedda Hopper, who had joined the group, "one of these grand opera stars is going to sing. I had so hoped to hear something for nothing!"

Catherine Dale Owen asked Elsie to let her wear her pearls awhile, and Elsie handed them over, saying, "Oh, yes, I'm always letting somebody wear them for an evening!"

They were a tremendously long string, and into those pearls a tale is attached.

Ramond and Elsie began a kidding sort of scuffle, and Elsie, who had her pearls back by that time, took them from her neck and handed them to Lawrence Tibbett to keep. Lawrence, having to bid some guests goodbye, tossed them on a table, thinking they were the usual imitations.

Elsie went home later on, forgetting all about the pearls for several hours. Then she frantically telephoned the Tibbett's. A scurry ensued in search of them, and they were finally discovered under the kitchen table!

Evidently they had been brushed off the table where Lawrence had thrown them, and had probably been moved about underfoot until they found their humble resting place. Everybody, including the servants, evidently had thought them imitations. As a matter of fact, they are a string of valuable sets in this country!

Chaire Ray was among the guests, having come west for the first time since she and her husband, Charles Ray, went to New York four years ago.

We hear that she and Charles are to be divorced, but she told us nothing of that. She said that Charles has written a musical comedy, soon to be produced, with promises to be a success.

Charles Ray always was a bookish person, given to writing, and we shouldn't be a bit surprised if it turned writer entirely, although he has lately been studying voice culture with good results.

It was wonderful, the way in which Mrs. Tibbett and her famous husband managed to make each individual guest feel that he was the most honored one, and very late we left for home.

"WELL, of course, nobody would miss one of Leo Carrillo's parties for anything!" exclaimed Patsy. "He's giving one of his famous barbecues down at his San Juanita Canyon Ranch, and Reginald Shardin, the English actor, is going with us!"

It was a hot day, and the depths of the canyon, under the big sycamores and oaks, was most welcome.

Leo had just returned from a long tour of Australia to enter pictures in Hollywood. He is going to make his famous play, "Lombardi, Ltd."

It was the same old scenario, warm-hearted Spaniard that he is, and we found him surrounded by guests, but dashingly away to the big barbecue oven every once in a while to see how the job was getting along. The president of the greatest picture company in the world could speak to Leo when he's anxious about his guests and the best he'd get would be an anxious frown, for a minute at least. Then his cordial Spanish hos-
Wong Wing, Leo's faithful man-of-all-work, valet and everything, was rushing about as only an Oriental can when he gets excited, amusing the guests, looking after the food, and what not. He is called Wing for no reason whatever that I could discover.

Wing is a privileged character, and can greet a guest with all the gracious condescension of a prince. Profanity is his second name; however, but such an amusing use he makes of it that it adds infinitely to the gaiety of nations. His shrewd wit, his frank observation, make him a raconteur's paradise. And he stands all kidding good-naturedly, nearly always having a shrewd come-back.

Leo related that the immigration officers in Australia had asked Wing if he were naturalized and he said, "Yes, I belong to Equatorial Asia.

Leo had had an awful time getting Wing into Australia, where no members of the colored or yellow races are allowed to enter but Leo finally managed to have him legalized. However, Leo had to use a white man as a valet; that is, the white man supervised, but really Wing kept things on his way down.

There were very many stage people, now in pictures, present, with a sprinkling of the regular film people.

Pauline Starke, looking as pretty and round as ever, was there with her husband, Jack White, and other picture people we said hello to were Polly Moran, Lew Cody, Roscoe Arbuckle, Ann Christy and one or others.

The recruits from the stage included Edgar Allan Woolf, Phyllis Crane, Francis Donegan, Myrt Blum, Kathleen Martin, Addie McPhail, Georgia Leein, Dorothy Lee, Alice Ledner, Hazel Flynn, Margaret Young, Sylvia Clifton, Barry Thompson, Dorothy Peacock, Margery Somelborn, Walter Carlett, Reg Starland, Harry Stoddard, Gus Shy, Charles Mosconi, J. P. Medbury, Hal Horne, Frank Orsatti, and others.

Edgar Allan Wolf, known for his plays, and who is now writing for the talking pictures, was one of the busiest guests present. Not only was he ministering to the mental side of our host's guests by his wit, but he declared that he was jealous of the cook, and kept running about to see that the food was being properly prepared. A valet was placed on the tables which were long, rough, board affairs, with benches to sit on. We ate off paper plates, and never did anything taste better than those chill beans and that barbecued mutton, washed down with grape juice or near-beer or coffee, drunk from tin cups.

Somebody asked Wing to do an imitation of Edgar Allan Wolfe, and Wing gave one of him as a diamond merchant which was so funny that Woolf himself sobbed.

"Now I'll do a Chinese imitation and you do an Irishman," Woolf came back at Wing.

"That damn good!" exclaimed Wing with his good-natured grin.

George Olsen and his wife, Ethel Shutta, were there, Miss Shutta looking as charming as possible.

We had high-priced waiters dashing about, including Woolf, Olsen and Leo himself.

Poor little Ethel Shutta unexpectedly accepted a red pepper when it was passed around, just as any little tenderfoot would have done, and repented in tears.

Polly Moran gathered up the remains of her mutton, wishing she had a paper sack, because she said she wanted to take the bits home to her dog, and George Olsen dashed about and found a lot of paper napkins for her.

Leo told us about the kooka-burra bird he had brought from Australia with him. He also said that they were bridging Sidney Harbor over there, but had a strike every other day, so that he thought that "never the twain would meet.

He said he adored the Australians, who had been marvelous to him.

Woolf went about prophesying how long each person would live. He told Paty she would live to be eighty-four; Pauline Starke that she would see sixty-one; Reginald Starland, fifty-nine.

There was some entertainment, with the entertainers standing up on the bit of turf banked around one of the huge trees. Woolf gave some marvelous imitations of everybody from a famous German aviator, to an imaginary German composer to America and putting on his latest opera. We think he has never heard anything quite so amusing.

Polly Moran refused to perform, said she was lovely in a drawing room!

Mr. Medford refused, too, saying he wasn't wired for sound.

Ethel Shutta sang one of her famous songs, and Wing got up, sang a song and made a speech. Carlett told some of his funny stories in his own inimitable way; Leo read a couple of highly informal poems. When Wing sang, Leo beat an accompaniment on a tin cup. Arbuckle sang a spicy song.

Leo told how, in Atlantic City, they charged Wing six dollars for some steak, and how Wing had said, "If I can buy a whole cow for ten dollars.

Wing, you see, had had an act in vaudeville at one time, involving some chickens and ducks, but it didn't do very well, so Wing ate up his cast!

Amid his duties as waiter, Wing entered Malibu Beach has been appropriated by the film colony, both players and executives. Here is James R. Grainger, Vice President and General Sales Manager of Fox, taking a rest with his son, J. Edmund Grainger, Associate Producer.

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tertain us with his ideas of what would be novel in vaudeville.

"Go up in airplane; catchem angel; take him Palace; easy get ten thousand dollars a week!"

Leo told how he had taken Wing, all dolled up like a Mandarin, to the Lambs' Club in New York, one night, to a banquet, pretenses, to show the Chinese what he could do. He was supposed to be able to speak only Chinese, and Leo pretended to translate. All went well until, Leo leaving the room for a moment, Wing went on the loose. To tease him somebody told him in confidence this was the Friars' Club, and that the Friars and Lambs were rivals. Then he said aloud, "And, my good Wing, what do you think of the Friars?" All excrement to please, Wing exclaimed, "Friars great!" Then, to cinch the matter, he exclaimed: "Lambs lousy!" which nearly broke up the meeting!

Darkness began to gather in the canyon before we left, voting it all great fun.

"I THINK it is very unselfish of a lady to give a birthday party for herself," declared Patsy. "There's all the trouble of preparation, and you're sure to get gifts, anyway."

"Just a gold-slinger at heart, aren't you?" I told her.

"Well, anyway," Patsy said, "Julia Faye is giving a birthday party, and we don't like to be outdone. But we're told specifically 'No gifts,' so I can't take her that simple string of pearls I was thinking of!"

Julia greeted us looking beautiful in a pale pink, lace gown, which made a lovely contrast to her dark hair, and she was assisted in receiving by that astonishingly young-looking, pretty mother of hers.

One of the first guests Patsy and I met was Catherine Dale Owen, looking stunningly pretty in white. She and Mrs. Henry Majors were chatting, and Mrs. Majors was showing Catherine a clever little vanity box. It looked like a box of matches, made of silver, but when you came to investigate the matches they were tipped with lip rouge. She had brought it from Paris.

Mr. Majors, you know, is the artist who makes all those clever caricature busts of famous people.

One of them at that moment, by the way, rested on a coffee table downstairs, and we found Cecil B. De Mille, whom the bust represented, looking at it in amused admiration.

Mrs. De Mille was there, too, looking very handsome in a black and white evening gown.

Mr. De Mille held quite a little levee, as he sat in a big chair. He had broken his foot, and could not move about. The accident had occurred a few days before he had his yacht, but he bravely kept up, refusing to go to bed. Since the party, however, he has had to submit to bed and treatment.

But that evening he was as gay as could be.

He told us that one of the few places in the world that is silent is his ranch. He has no radio, nor even a telephone. No trains or automobiles pass close to it. And we found that he makes a hobby of raising pheasants, has thousands of them, so many that he has to give them to other people with the same, and for breeding purposes. But he won't sell them to the markets for food. He has also given a number a magnificent falcon. He told us about his trip along the California coast, and of the lovely islands he found, which some day, though they are barren now, will doubtless become summer resorts.

Dr. Francis Gromian was our dinner partner. He is a musician, and was asked to deal to say about the music at Pathé studios. He told us an amusing story about Ann Harding:

Miss Harding was supposed to play the piano until late in the evening, but one day she was late. When she arrived, he related, "So I sat down to the piano with her and showed her how to hold her hands. She fingered the keys so as to look as though she were playing. But I didn't leave her for ten minutes, after the scene was over, before I heard someone playing beautifully. I came beautifully," the musician was. Imagine my embarrassment when I saw that it was Ann who was playing! How demurely she accepted my instruction a few moments before! I was good friended in my blushing as she smiled sweetly at me from over the piano top!

Dinner had been served at little He- a-tie tables, and after we had finished, paper-backed books, containing horoscopes and birthday fortunes, were distributed at each table.

We discovered that Shakespeare and Paul Fisher had been born on the same day of September!

"My horoscope," announced John Loder, "says that I should never wear anything that reminds me of Hungary, as I am afraid of its speakable torments, as a little boy, when my mother dressed me in a Lord Fauntle-roy velvet suit!"

"I'll bet you liked it!" Catherine Dale Owen replied.

The two had come together, and Mr. Loder seemed very attentive.

Miss Owen discovered that she should wear an emerald, but showed us her exquisite white hands entirely innocent of that gem.

"But I have no emerald," she said quite pathetically. "What shall I do?"

"A desperate situation, I should say," smiled Mr. De Mille. "I suggest that you either get an emerald or re-write the book!"

The talk turning to Aimee Semple Macpherson, California's sensational red- headed evangelist, who has been in some exciting episodes, Beatie McCaffey, Mr. De Mille's recent discovery, explained to know, with that regal grin of hers whether it was true that Clara Bow was her daughter?

Paul Fejos, we found, was master of some clever magic tricks, including card and sleight of hand feats. We sat very close to him, but he was much too clever for any of us. One stunt was especially interesting. That was a card trick. He began with a regular-sized pack of cards, which he made to disappear and brought them back as cards that were smaller. Kept on making them disappear, each time bringing them back smaller, until the last pack was about the size of one inch by half an inch.

Vicer Varconi and his sweet wife were among the guests. They had lately returned from their native Hungary. They came over to chat with us, and Mr. Loder said that Hungary was the ideal place to live.

"It's all right for the men," Mrs. Var- comi reminded, "but the women aren't so happy, because the men are too happy!"

Ernest Vadja, the author, and Adrian, the artist, were among the guests. Mrs. Fejos, fan, and decided that Julia's birthday, had brought a lot of people happiness.

Screenland

The Third Alarm. Tiffany. Ye brave fire fighters, two orphan kids, and plenty of real red flannel make this a good old melodrama which will prove popular with the youngsters and grown-ups alike.

The Utah Kid. Tiffany. A real old-time western with talk. Packs a mean punch, with Rex Lease and Tom Santschi doing the wallowing. "Of course, the hero's a member of a bandit gang and saves the gal."


Tol'able David. Columbia. Richard Cromwell scores a hit in Richard Bar- thelmess' silent hit of years ago, the old Hergesheimer story of mountain feuds, with resultant disaster and death. *


Short Features:

By Appointment. Paramount. A young blude broke on New Year's Eve, with a heavy date with a pretty girl—a good fast comedy with the climax in an Automat restaurant.

Cleaning Up. Paramount. Chester Con- klin and Mack Swain, two silent favorites, in a slap-stick talkie. As usual street cleaners, they clean up—and how!

Five Minutes from the Station. Warner Brothers. This one of inviting the boss out for dinner while the wife has trouble preparing the meal is really thin. Comedy weak. Story stale.

Go to Blazes. Universal. Charlie Murray and George Sidney up to their old tricks. Gags are pretty old but the director has dreamed this one so full of action that it gets by.


One Nutty Night. Pathé. You know this one about the amateur detectives who go to protect a young couple in a haunted house. Old gags, but Robert Carney and Si Wills, the comedians, have a good line.

Not So Quiet on the Western Front. British International Pictures. A miniature musical with a bunch of British soldiers bopping it up in a French cabaret. Good clowning.

The One Night at Susie's. First National. An underwater drama saved by the beauty of Jean Harlow and the sensitive performance of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Worth seeing if they're two of your favorites.


Sea Legs. Paramount. An unbelievable plot, set in an unbelievable locale, but through the efforts of Jack Oakie, Harry Green and Lilian Roth, Eugene Pal- lette, and Albert Conti, an amusing film is the result.

See America Thirst. Universal. A jaz- zy satirical burlesque on all the underwater films. Harry Langdon, Slim Sumner-ville, and Bessie Love put it over at the box-office.

Sin Takes a Holiday. Pathé. Constance Bennett, for the once a little stenogra- pher, makes good in business in a big way by marrying her boss, Kenneth MacKenna. Basil Rathbone and Zasu Pitts assist.*

The Bal Whispers. United Artists. Mystery thriller with Chester Morris, Una Merkel and William Bakewell. Of course, spooky houses, a fortune involved, and a mysterious menace. *


The Dancers. Fox. Lois Moran, as an English school girl, goes decidedly sophisticated. Plenty of night club back- ground, fights, hangovers, plane flights, but Lois remains a lily pure. *


The Hate Ship. British International. Nearly all the action takes place on a yacht where the polished but sinister host, Jameson Thomas, has the habit of shooting his friends. Good suspense.

The Love Trader. Tiffany. Henry B. Walshull is the trading vessel captain with the young wife. Another South Sea romance, with Leatrice Joy, Roland Drew, Barbara Bedford, Chester Conklin and Noah Beery.


The Grow. Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eye- brows like this in 30 Days

Marvelous new discovery makes eyelashes and eye- brows actually grow! Now as never before you can positively have long, curving, silken lashes and beauti- ful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, I will increase their length and fullness to a length and breadth you will be proud of.

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Par and Double Par. Pathé. A jolly and entertaining comedy for golfers and mufflers. Opens with Bobby Jones, the world champ, giving various slow motion shots of his strokes. Interesting.


Racing With Death. Universal. Bobby Nelson, the kid who resembles Jackie Coogan as he used to be, is the bit of this circus picture, third of a series. Chariot crash as the big climax.

Take Your Medicine. Educational. Andy Clyde, as one of these hypochondriacs who's doctoring all the time, Vernon Dent, and Patsy O'Leary make this color comedy with surf-board climax a good bet.

The Bluffer. Educational. The first of the Mack Sennett one-reelers done in color. Andy Clyde, Lincoln Stedman and Patsy O'Leary provide the fun of which there is plenty.

The Comeback. Universal. This is one of the ropped arena series, with a mixture of high society and rough-neck drama. Sally Blane and Sam Hardy keep the ball rolling.

The Mystic Isles. Pathé. The Vagabond Director takes us to Java. Gives a good idea of the craftsmanship of the country, batik, carving, etc., and also of mysterious temple worshippers going through their weird ceremonies.

Traffic Tangles. Pathé. Nat Carr and Dot Farley, a married couple with a flock of kids, get in their first traffic jam. Old stuff but we're for it, for we've all been in the same fix.

Vacation Lovers. Educational. This beach yarn, reminiscent of the old Mack Sennett days, gives Andy Clyde a chance to kid around surrounded by plenty of mermaid beauty.

Who's the Boss? Warners. Another one of these marital arguments on the subject of household economy. Franklin Pangborn decides he can do a wife's work better than she can. Funny climax.

Betty Compson in a lovely kimono-negligée sent to her by a friend in Japan. Very becoming, Betty.
The Rich Little Working Girl
Continued from page 57

my husband In a scene I know just how he is going to play it, and I know his mannerisms well enough not to be conscious of them. I'm able to play naturally without forcing at all.

"With a stranger you strain to keep in the same tempo and the right mood. And you're a trifle on the gate for fear of having the scene snatched from under your nose.

"You play more honestly when you play opposite your husband. The romantic part may be affected, as far as the audience goes, but I doubt it. Look at Lunt and Fontanne. Everyone knows they are married. Yet their stage scenes are always tremendously, successful. I like to play with Norman." From the very outset the Colbert career in pictures has been marked by success. Here is an actress who represents that New Era in pictures that you've been reading about. If you do any reading at all, Claudette is the type that appeals to the adult mind. Her popularity would indicate that the average mentality is on the climb from eleven years to something approximating the age of reason.

Besides her beauty, Colbert brings to the screen an authority, a technique that sets her in the forefront of screen actresses. Gone are the Colleen Moores, the Mae Murphys. The Colberts and the Chatterton's are the newer order. It is well. In fact it is dandy. "Manslaughter," was her favorite part. "And surprisingly enough I liked Hollywood, where we made it. I had gone out prepared to dislike it," Miss Colbert said. "I had been told all of the things one hears about Hollywood and I was braced for the shock." She laughed and shrugged her shoulders. "It was charming and restful."

She had just started on a picture at Paramount's Long Island studio, an original story in which she is called Clara Bow in a picture not to be called "Usherette."

Off-stage—off-screen if you will—Colbert is reserved, pleasant, natural. There is no suggestion of the actress about her. You would spot her as a beautiful girl but not as a striking type. Born in France, educated in these United States, she looks distinctly American. She does not dramatize herself as do such lovely ladies as Lily Damita, Estelle Taylor, Jean Harlow. She is ultra-conservative.

Even in the short time that she has been acting for the articulate cameras, the Colbert name has become one to reckon with at the box-office, which is a very important place. She is not a star, but she is distinctly a magnet, which means that stardom may come in time. The camera has not yet succeeded in transferring to the screen her high voltage. In her stage performances her allure was electrical. Thus far the intangibles have been content to project her as a charming woman. She has terrific potentials if the right director gets hold of her and a story at the same time. Such things sometimes happen.

"As an actress, there is nothing I can tell you that would be interesting," said Miss Colbert. "Acting is the thing I work at, forgetting it when I leave stage or studio. I have no trick ideas, no weird hobbies. There is really nothing I can give you for what you call inside stuff."

But I shall remember Claudette for long. She goes down in the memoirs as the girl who asked for cup custard in a Fifty-eighth Street filling station.

Welcome back to the screen, Vera Reynolds. Above we see Vera as she appears in her rôle in "Borrowed Wives." With her is her handsome husband, Robert Ellis, prominent screen villain.

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
Is the Stage the Port of Missing Screen Stars?  
Continued from page 29

Lillian Gish is another movie star who has made good on Broadway. She appears in one of those Russian plays in which everybody wants what nobody gets anywhere. It is perfect for Lil and the critics raved. Don’t they always? It’s estimated on the West Coast that their sweet, gentle wife of an old Professor, Miss Gish is perfect. But whether she can be versatile, whether she can do anything more than the dramatic wind, remains to be seen. She should. She has studied with Max Reinhardt. George Jean Nathan, celebrated writer and stage critic, is her good friend, and his experience could guide her. But whether she is willing to throw off the girlish protective covering which she has worn since her Griffith days and “get out among ’em” is a problem only Lillian can solve. Lois Moran is another fair bet, but she has been handicapped for years by her splendid performance in “Stella Dallas.” Nobody can forget that Lois is a nice girl, but the pretty girl with the ankles is a bit low. She is American, and seeing it now giving her a hard time, I think even before I get to the one about the girl who was juggling them this time last year have recovered their lost ground with a vengeance: Estelle Taylor, Esther Ricardlo, and Ricardo Cortez.

And yet it has been barely ten years since I remember all three here in New York and feeling pretty low, too. Esther was dancing with a twinkle, Estelle and Ricardo big voices didn’t know what to do with it. Ricardo was appearing in vaudeville four times a day and trying to make a name. On Ruben, who was just staging her come-back—in his spare moments, if any.

But how times have changed! Esther Ricardlo, who everybody said was a “nice pretty girl but had no place in talkies,” has just been signed by Metro to play Lawrence Tibbett in “Lullaby of Broadway.” That’s a fine director, Dick, in his forthcoming picture, “The Southern.” Some honor! Estelle Taylor, who appeared with Charlie Farrell in “Lilium,” is now playing Dixie Doss in Dix’s “Cimarron,” which bids fair to be one of those great big entertaining films which lines them up at the box office. And for Ricardo, a five-years’ contract with Pathé, he should worry!

However, we run our eyes back over the present list of stage hopefuls who are trying to recover their lost screen ground, only one stands out mightily. And that one, strangely enough, is the little Chinese girl, Wong Lew Tsong, which translated means ‘Frosted Yellow Willow,’ but in cinema circles we understand it to be Anna May Wong.

Because Miss Wong could only be cast in a limited number of roles in this country, she went to Germany. Germany and England have swallowing gulps of thousands of average screen careers. Out of Hollywood, few come back.

But Anna May has come back. She shows more outstanding dramatic talent than any one screen woman who has appeared on the New York stage. And not bad. She prepared herself! After appearing in “Tseng” and other pictures written for her by the great Dr. Karl Voelmoeller, author of “The Miracle,” Star Lew Tsong, which translated means ‘Frosted Yellow Willow,’ but in cinema circles we understand it to be Anna May Wong.

Next, Miss Wong played in Vienna and sang and danced for ten months in a Chinese operetta. But even while she worked she studied strenuously. And returned to America with the determination to read, write and speak perfectly, not only English and her own native Chinese, but also French and German. wagon and rode one way to attend a performance, and over the stage of the appearance. Her success was not enough. Colleen is now resting at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, getting ready, we are told, to go back to the screen. There’s no reason why Colleen can’t make the grade. She has brains, great sensitivity to art, color, form, and drama. She is that sort doing which, at least, one can make a name of it, dominating by what is not there, but the woman who the role of the character is; not the role of the character is to be filled in. The doll-like make-up and a different, more sophisticated personality for herself. When she gets her true bearing, I
I Fredric March Barrymore's Talkie Twin?

Continued from page 51

the stage, which had already begun to crop up in the incipient Hamlet like a bump on the head, he received his sheepskin to the tune of the class valedictorian who babbled on and on about all of that and all.

Now, in this tale of young Freddie, appears a character in the role of benefactor, one who probably never even dreamt that anyone by the name of March was in his employ. It was Frank Vanderbilt, president of the National City Bank of New York, who had brought him this excellent plan to grant working scholarships in his institution to college graduates with a view toward sending the young men into banking service later on. Freddie took a chance.

But a change of bank presidents presaged for Freddie a change in the ship plan so he flew the camp for his first love, the stage. One thing leading to another, and things being what they are, he landed finally on the sod of old Holly- wood where his cinematic career blossomed from a part in "The Dummy" to his more recent roles in "Laughter" and "The Royal Family.

Freddie will tell his interviewer that he is the dullest copy imaginable and that previously he was the only man from interviewing him. With a little persistance of the kind 'that wins,' a slogan or two thrown in for a bargain, the reporter even sooner find himself in the ballyhoo of the Fredric March. Each time he is asked of the man's separate professional identity.

He is known intimately by every member of the Paramount studios and liked and respected by all of them, except a very young person who once went after the key to the elephant's trunk which Freddie tried on to see if the new generation had heard the joke.

When he rises in the morning he jumps out of bed and into a shower which is ad- justed to only 75 degrees. If it is a degree higher he complains always in the same tone, that 'it is hot enough to boil eggs in.' Once he said 'it is hot enough to fry eggs' but immediately regretted his mistake and hasn't said it again.

He sleeps with both eyes closed. He does not care but prays that if he ever dies it will be to the time of Body and Soul. That's his favorite popular song.

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Sex and the Talkies
Continued from page 21

She shifted her attention naturally from the hammock on the front porch to the kitchen, the nursery, and to church suppers. Not, nor the film, and thought Norma Shearer gave a remarkable characterization, even though it was not ‘Ex-Wife.’ However, despite the present censorious limitations, talkies interest the greatest and I believe they are ‘going’ more and more sophisticated all the time. That’s how they can help. By having them at the altar instead of ending them there. And by giving the unsophisticated, inexperienced feminine theater-goer some idea that she is up against when she slips on the good old marital bonds. She will be up against terrific economic pressure, terrible female competition, and up against a condition twice as threatening as these two—the old marital specter, familiarity!

“The movies are doing their best to treat sex honestly, Norma Shearer stars in sophisticated pictures. Kay Francis, also. Ann Harding in ‘Paris Bound’ did more for marriage than a million preachers. And, of course, Merton and Clive Brook have done a great deal of good in the normal attitude many of their films have assumed on the marriage problem.

“The one fact which cheers me up most of all about the future of matrimony is that statistics show that one of five marriages—that is twenty percent—ends in the court of domestic relations either in separation or divorce, in seventy marriages out of one hundred do. which is only three percent! And as women see more and more sophisticated films, and more and more begin to look on marriage logically instead of hysterically, both of these percentages will be lowered.”

Despite Miss Parrott’s broad views on life, she looks as unsophisticated as a little New England girl. She is twenty-seven years old with straight-cut blue-black hair, and straight-seeking clear, grey eyes, and presents none of the extremely urban characteristics one would expect. But no matter what she allows her heroines to do, Julia Parrott holds rather conservative views here.

“Just how much talking pictures can help women to adjust their views of living, to become at the same time more independent in their own behavior and more understanding of the behaviour of their husbands, is a problem. If producers handle the sex question honestly, that may not mean ‘box-office’ successes, unless women learn to take their amusement in adult doses. And since all of us want to make as much money as we decently can, it is perhaps asking a lot of the producers to take this risk. In the final analysis, it’s up to themselves to decide whether they want impossible fairy-tale romances or whether they want the portrayal of human, compassionate relations.”

“Naturally, not every woman has a marriage problem to solve. There are many happy marriages which we don’t hear about because only they realize their dissatisfaction. And, after all, a woman may achieve a business career—she may travel, flirt, gossip, write, paint, do a concert artist. In my opinion, the woman who wins first prize in the grab bag of life is the woman who marries—the man she loves—and holds on to him!”
Hollywood Headliners Take the Air!

Continued from page 66

the great of Great Britain.

England's great could wait. Some day when George the Third and the Prince of Wales and Premier MacDonald and Winston of the Churches and Lord George and Shaw and Kipling and Lady Angela and other Lodge, but that day was not at hand. Not while Gloria Swanson was in London and was ready to lift her voice in song.

And so spectacularly, unpreamed, one afternoon American armchairs heard the pleasant, though frightened, soprano of Gloria Swanson, singing the theme song of her talkie—"Love, Your Spell is Everywhere." It was not marred by interference. No roar of static impeded any of its mournful syllables.

This was the beginning of a vogue for the song which continued for several months. Crooners swooped up on it, jazz bands adopted it, and it paid off handsomely. Its popularity as a radio number must have been reflected at the turnstiles of the movie houses.

It was a genuine mic number. It lacked melody, rhythm, and vitality, and yet it achieved a triumph on the air waves.

Miss Swanson and her able propagandists who conceived and carried through its trans-Atlantic introduction.

Two stars definitely associated with the talkie period of having been the highest paid American artists who have been heard on the air—Al Jolson and Will Rogers. Rogers was regularly heard each week last season for a period of several months, airing his shrewd homespun philosophy on the American scene for a sum said to have been $12,000 a broadcast.

Massa Jolson comes to the microphone frequently and receives a pot of gold for voicing his latest tributes to mammy and mammy's sonny boy. It is my opinion that he is not heard enough, considering that there is no one in America who approaches him in the knack of putting over a song over. His song, Sonny Boy, historians agree, put the talkies on Broadway.

The latter is the type of tune that Jolson can do better than any other person this side of Valhalla. It gives him a gloriously naive chance to play the tremolo stop, to conjure up a pathetic picture of helpless childhood.

He must have thanked Allah when it came his way, for it turned him overnight from a restless, thin-voiced monarch of the music halls to a veritable Midas of the movies, the command and fabulous figure about whom the whole new planet of the talkies revolved.

Among the minstrels of the talkies in the class just below Jolson in their ability to command George A. C. Chevalier, Harry Richman, and Rudy Vallée. Vallée cannot be definitely classified as a talkie, but his success as the foremost of radio's troubadours was wholly responsible for his entrance into the Hollywood gold fields. He made one picture and hurtled back to the welcoming shelter of the broadcast studios.

Chevalier disclosed in his American radio début—it also had the stamp of international prestige—one of the most vivid microphone personalities that has yet penetrated the talkies. From a theater dressing-room in Paris he sang one or two ballads, talked a little of his screen adventures. A nation tuned in and expressed its satisfaction—such satisfaction, indeed, that the French minstrel, they say, is now asking the tidy sum of $15,000 for further radio appearances.

Not so long ago dispatch-beamers from California announced that William S. Hart was contemplating an exclusively radio career. He was heard once on a national network in a recital of the poet, Laure. "Perhaps," for his sake it should have been rewritten under the title, "Lauck." At any event he failed to set the radio sea on fire, a fact which may have been due to the lack of any preliminary publicity in coming unbridled before the microphone. He wanted to know whether he possessed that elusive quality known as radio personality.

With the right kind of material, Hart should not find the microphone unkind. His long stage experience—he was the original Mefakka in "Ben Hur" and played the villain in the first production of "The Squaw Man"—should be of help to him when the radio men give as much thought to drama as they do to music.

One of the best Hollywood singing voices heard on the air is that of Bix Daniels. Her soprano, while not of great range or power, has a sweetness and clarity about it that could make her one of the most popular of radio stars.

Paramount's close association with the Columbia network has been responsible for the air journeys of an imposing number of screen stars. Nancy Carroll and Jack Oakie have been foremost in the Paramount radio parade. Clara Bow, however, has been strangely inconspicuous. Clara, wisely, may be waiting for television.

Radio has even brought to the overstuffed divas that strange phenomenon known as the voice-recorder, in which twenty fabulous figures of the screen were heard on the air in a single program. Their efforts were too limited by time to provide listeners with a satisfying earful, and the custom has, happily, been abolished.

Still, the microphones sound their call and the movie stars continue to respond. Smiling Billy Mason, silent all these years, has come out of retirement for a regular radio appearance, commercially sponsored. Dolores Cassinelli, once one of the most compelling figures of the screen, is now a leading soprano of the National Broadcasting Company, voicing regularly not only the more familiar ballads of her day but the sun-swept melodies of Spain.

Jean Sothern, Dorothy Lee and Lillian Roth, are other screen notables heard regularly and often on the talkies. Rola Lamont, singing her voice in song in an R-K-O hour, broadcast from the Levitahe, while the liner lay at her New York pier.
Meet the Family!

THE best motion pictures have all-star casts. So have the best magazines. There may be a bright particular star billed first and biggest, but that star must be surrounded by a supporting cast packed with personality and punch. Just so with publications. There's a publisher. There's an editor. And they are pretty important. But they must be backed up by a supporting cast of definite box-office value.

So we want you to meet our cast. We are proud of our support and we don't care who knows we're bragging. Let's begin with the cover. A magazine cover is like a department store window. It gives you a pretty good idea of the attractions inside. At least, our covers do that. Reason: they are portraits of the loveliest girls on earth, by an artist who appreciates beauty and knows how to pin it to canvas. Thomas Webb is the name. Tom, meet the folks. Mr. Webb's covers on College Humor, his illustrations in The Saturday Evening Post, Good Housekeeping, and other magazines have made him widely known. Now he is enlarging his appeal by painting the film beauties of and for Screenland. Mr. Webb is an authority on color. He studied with Bridgman and Bellows, Kyahei Inukai and Power O'Malley. When he isn't painting he's playing golf or riding horse-back. And wait until you see that Marlene Dietrich cover he is working on now! It sings!

Now let's step inside the book. You'll be meeting Rosa Reilly on one of the first feature pages. She's our Associate Editor and she has had a more colorful career than most screen stars. She's a striking brunette — romantic-looking! — born in the Shenandoah Valley in the town where John Brown was hanged—Charles Town, Jefferson County, West Virginia. Grand-niece of Johns Hopkins of Baltimore and of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, one of the first American novelists. A lot to live up to, but Miss Reilly is doing very well by her family tree, thank you, climbing very fast. Her ambitions were about equally divided between acting and writing; they took her to Washington, D. C.; Sapulpa, Oklahoma; Queens- town, Ireland; Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany; Bucharest, Rumania, Hollywood, California, and New York, N. Y. ! Let her tell you: "I've been through three revolutions—Sinn Fein, German, and Mexican. Have lived in Cuba; Mexico, Ireland, England, Germany, Austria, and Rumania. Like bull-dogs, bridge, and beer. Favorite pastime, eating and reading—in order named!"

You have noticed this time that we have a brand new Western Editor. We're proud of Alma Whitaker not only because she is one of the famous newspaper women of America but because she is also a very charming and witty person. She was born in London, England, and went to thirty-two schools in nine different countries! Traveled all over Europe, South Africa, India, the Argentine, Australia, Borneo, the Orient—whew! She has been on the Los Angeles Times for some years and gave half the stars in Hollywood their first interviews. She's an honorary member of no less than thirty-seven clubs but still has her sense of humor. You'll like her.

Victor De Pauw, whose humorous drawings appear in The New Yorker and other magazines, is one of the cleverest caricaturists in America. He has his more serious side, too—much of his work has been shown in the smarter galleries in Manhattan. He came from Canada to San Francisco and from there to New York. He has made caricatures of stage stars, opera stars, movie stars, politicians, and aviators—and he still likes his work!

There are others: Evelyn Ballarine, very young, very pretty, and a real screen fan; Louis Reid; Anne Van Alstyne and Mary Lee, our authorities on feminine charm; Marie House, who is winning a following for her smart stories—they're all grand and we'll tell you about them some other time!.

PAUL C. HUNTER,
Publisher.
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Consistent with its policy of laying the facts before the public, The American Tobacco Company has invited Mr. August Heckscher to review the reports of the distinguished men who have witnessed LUCKY STRIKE'S famous Toasting Process. The statement of Mr. Heckscher appears on this page.
THE NEW SCREENLAND

March 25c

Dietrich's Shadow on Garbo's Path!
Beginning Marie Dressler's Own Story

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Alluring eyes

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BY THE MAGIC OF Maybelline

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Maybelline Eyelash Darkener will make your lashes appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant—instantly. It will transform them from scantiness to a rich, dense fringe. Choose Solid or Waterproof Liquid Maybelline in Black or Brown.

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The quality of MAYBELLINE preparations has made them preferred the world over. Stars of stage and screen insist upon the genuine. Do likewise and your satisfaction is assured.
TOGETHER AGAIN!

JANET GAYNOR and CHARLES FARRELL
in RAOUl WALSH'S
THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

Together again! Janet and Charlie, the boy and the girl the whole world loves. They’re together—in a play that spans the whole octave of love—in the richest roles of romance and redemption they have ever played.

Wonderful as they were in Seventh Heaven and Sunny Side Up, they’re more marvelous than ever in THE MAN WHO CAME BACK, from the stage success by Jules Eckert Goodman and John Fleming Wilson.

Settings by JOSEPH URBAN

ANOTHER GREAT FOX MOVIE TONE

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
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SCREEN SLANTS

THE GIRL STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK. Marie Dressler's Life Story

SUFFERING FOR THEIR ART!

TIPS ON TENGURING FROM RAY FRANCES

DOES EDUCATION HELP?

MORE NEW FACES

LOUIS DURLING TALKS ABOUT EVELYN LAJE

DIETRICH'S SHADOW ON GARBO’S PATH!

THE REAL STORY BEHIND A GREAT PICTURE

ROMANCE RIDES AGAIN!

THE RAY MILLER SECTION

HOLLYWOOD'S FAVORITE ECONOMIES

MY TRIP ABROAD

PERSONALITIES:

GEORGE ARLISS SAYS

CLARA-BE-GAY

PADDY MINTY, MOST POPULAR YOUNG MAN

THE DISCOVERY OF DICK

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PET PARTS OF THE STARS. THE RÔLES THEY MOST ENJOYED PLAYING

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

PORTRAITS: Jean Harlow, Richard Arlen, Arthur Lake, Virginia Cherrill, Marilyn Miller

GOOD TROopers

THREE HOLLYWOOD GRACES

A SEVEN-COURSE KISS DINNER

DEPARTMENTS:

REVUETTES. Screenland's Guide to Current Pictures

SLAMS AND SALVOS. Letters from the Audience

SONG HITS FROM THE NEW FILMS

ASK ME

HONOR PAGE. Freddie March

EDITORIAL

DISCOVERIES OF THE MONTH

HOLLYWOOD HIGH JINKS!

THE STAGE IN REVIEW

FROM THE MOVIES TO THE MICROPHONE

SOUTHERN CHARM IN THE KITCHEN

HAVE LOVELY HAIR!

REVIEWS OF THE BEST PICTURES

CRITIC'S COMMENT ON CURRENT FILMS

SCREEN NEWS

THE TRUTH ABOUT COSMETICS

WHAT MAKES A GIRL POPULAR? Advice to Girls

ADRESSES OF THE STARS

CASTS OF CURRENT FILMS

BROKEN BARRIERS

CONFessions of a Hollywood Baby!

Of all the stories which have ever appeared in a movie magazine, "Confessions of a Hollywood Baby" — starting in the April SCREENLAND—is the hottest, the humanest, the most romantic—and the wittiest! Nothing like it has ever appeared in a film—or, for that matter, in any other—publication. It's original, rib-tickling! Read this inside story of a screen star's life, laid bare before your eyes without the usual conventional coverings which protect a player from her public. The April issue of SCREENLAND brings you the funniest film story ever told!
Meet the Royal Family of Broadway!
Reading from left to right... There's Tony Cavendish, reckless, cyclonic, irresponsible, "America's Greatest Lover"... and you'll love him too. Julie, scorning marriage and millions for the stage. Fanny, "empress" of the family, and still a young woman, after 70 dramatic years. Gwen, 18... what's a husband and children with the world's applause calling? The gorgeous, glamorous Cavendishes! Meet them in this sparkling motion picture by Paramount; it's the intimate story of their lives and loves. You'll laugh, you'll live, you'll enjoy every minute of it! It's a Paramount Picture, and of course "the best show in town!"

INA CLAIRE
and
FREDRIC MARCH
in "The Royal Family
OF BROADWAY"

with
MARY BRIAN and HENRIETTA CROSMAN
Directed by George Cukor and Cyril Gardner. Based on "The Royal Family" by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman.

Paramount Pictures
PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N.Y.
REVUETTES

SCREENLAND's guide to current pictures—dependable help to an evening of good entertainment

THE DEVIL TO PAY. United Artists. Ronald Colman at his best in a breezy, sophisticated film about a charming blackmailer. Loretta Young, Frederick Kerr, Myrna Loy, and David Torrence are grand support. You'll go for this one.

THE ROYAL FAMILY. Paramount. From the stage play supposedly built around the Barrymores, this film with Ina Claire, Fredric March and Henrietta Crosman is real entertainment. March and Miss Crosman are splendid, family.

TOM SAWYER. Paramount. Jackie Cooper in a thoroughly delightful and convincing screen transcription of the Mark Twain favorite. Mitzi Green and Jackie Searl are splendid. A treat for children—and elders.

Class B:

A SOLDIER'S PLAYTHING. Warner Brothers. The sad-faced comedian, Harry Langdon, walks away with this humorous film of army life in which Ben Lyon and Lester Lott give good performances.


DANGER LIGHTS. Radio. You've seen this railroad melodrama before only under different title. However, with the third dimension photography, and Louis Wolheim is intersecting. Jean Arthur and Robert Armstrong also rain.

EXTRAVAGANCE. Tiffany. Domestic and feminine complications with June Collyer, Lloyd Hughes, Dorothy Christy, and Owen Moore; also, a fur fashion show. Pretty good.

FAST AND LOOSE. Paramount. A light-weight society comedy with Miriam Hopkins, Carol Lombard, Harry Davenport, and Frank Morgan supplying the romance.

FREE LOVE. Universal. Conrad Nagel, as a hen-pecked husband who later asserts himself, and Genevieve Tobin, as a friend who believes in freedom for women, make this a delightful film.


FOR THE LOVE O' LIL. Columbia. A nice, but unimportant talker about domestic difficulties with James Dunn, John Darrow, Margaret Livingston, and Elliott Nugent.

HOLE, LINE AND SINKER. Radio. Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey are submerged in this commonplace film. However, they manage to get a few laughs because of their good troupings. Dorothy Lee is a cute feminine lead.

ILICIT. Warner Brothers. That swell actress, Barbara Stanwyck, in an extremely sophisticated drama, with James Dunn, Claire Trevor, and both, also by Ricardo Cortez and Natalie Moorhead.


MEN ON CALL. Fox. Entertaining comedy-drama with Coast Guard locale. Edmund Lowe goes on the loose because of a Mac Clark, then joins the Coast Guard and all ends well. Warren Hymer almost steals the picture.


NEW MOON. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore as drinking song stars, in a stummig operetta. Mark this down as one not to be missed.

ONE HEAVENLY NIGHT. United Artists. A colorful operetta which is the charming Evelyn Laye from London. John Boles is the romantic lead and Leen Erroll is the comedy highlight. Lovely music.

ONLY SAPS WORK. Paramount. Leon Erroll saves this film with his comic. No story to work with. Richard Arlen, Mary Brian and Stuart Erroll is the best with poor material.

PASSION FLOWER. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Not so bad as the same would infer. Triangle yarn based on Kathleen Norris' novel of the same name. A good cast, Robert Young, Kay Johnson, Charles Bickford, Lewis Stone, Zasu Pitts.

RANGO. Paramount. Schoolboy, who with Cooper produced "Chains" gives this picture in the wilds of Sumatra. It is a thrilling story of human and ape wildness.

REMOTE CONTROL. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. William Haines as a radio announcer bands out the laughs. This film has lots of suspense and action. Mary Doran, John Miljan and Charles King ably assist.


SUNNY. First National. Marilyn Miller in the filming of one of her greatest stage successes. A story of circus life which lives up to its stage rating.


THE BOUDOIR DIPLOMAT. Universal. A sophisticated comedy-drama of diplomatic intrigue. Jan Kiehl plays a dashing officer and Betty Compson, Jeanette Loff, and Mary Duncan provide very interesting and feminine interest.

THE DAWN TRAIL. Columbia. A real art western, Buck Jones starring, with Charles Mac parren and Mitra Scear supporting. Good.

THE LASH. First National. Richard Barthelm ess as a good romantic action fight, supported by Mary Astor and Marion Nixon. Splendid atmospheric costumes, excellent story.

THE LOTTERY BRIDE. United Artists. A disappointing and unconvincing picture. Some of the music is charming, but the acting is stilted by Jannet MacDonald, Joe E. Brown, ZaSu Pitts and John Garrick are in the cast.

Reviewed in this issue.

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

(Continued on page 117)
JOE E. BROWN and WINNIE LIGHTNER

All the laughs that Joe E. Brown gave you in Hold Everything and all the fun you got from seeing Winnie Lightner in The Life of the Party are now doubled in this one great laugh picture of the year! Find out when Sit Tight is coming to town and make a date to have your funny bone tickled.

Claudia Dell, Paul Gregory,
Lotti Lader, Hobart Bosworth, Frank
Hagney, Snitz Edwards, Edward George

Screen story and adaptation by Rex Taylor
Screen dialogue by William K. Wells
Directed by Lloyd Bacon

Vitaphone is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corp.
Mark Twain's classic, "Tom Sawyer," comes to life again with Jackie Coogan as Tom, Junior Durkin as Huckleberry Finn and a fine cast. If you have no children of your own, borrow two or three and see this picture!

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 $10.00. Second prize $5.00. 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 to "Screenland," 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

WHOOOPS, GRANDMOTHER! (First Prize Letter)
I am a frequent member of your audience because I am a grandmother; because I like to be able to discuss current pictures intelligently with my young people; because I want them to feel I understand the present spirit of youth—that I do not condemn their standards, ideals, behavior, or dress. Though growing older in years, I want my children and grandchildren always to enjoy my company, never to feel inclined to stop any discussion when I come in a room or find it necessary to hoist me on a shelf. I find the movies the most all-round means of keeping my mind young and active. One is never too old for added knowledge and education, so I attend my finishing school—talking pictures—faithfully.

Marie Dressler has the spirit I admire! Mrs. N. E. Coan, 1580 Vinewood Street, Detroit, Mich.

HAPPY DAYS! (Third Prize Letter)
I might get a little bit fed up with my job of teaching, with country life and its necessarily restricted circle, but when I can go to the movies and laugh at Charlotte Greenwood's antics until every nerve relaxes; be so stimulated by 'whooppee' shows like "The Gold Diggers" that I drive the ten miles home, start the victrola and trot a midnight one-step with friend husband; watch Ruth Chatterton and admire the perfect art of her characterizations; lose myself in any one of Gary Cooper's romances; be thrilled, wistful and young again—

When I can have all this (and Broadway has no more) and along with it my pines and my little cottage and the lake and the fresh night wind over the hills—which Broadway never can have)—why shouldn't I be happy?

Florence E. Burrill, Skowhegan, Maine.

HOORAY FOR OUR SIDE! (Second Prize Letter)
Good pictures may come, and good pictures may go, but flops go on forever. An author puts out a punk novel, the critics give it a few caustic comments, then promptly forget it. A year later the same author writes a 'best seller,' the public eats it up raw, never once recalling his previous failure. Hundreds of plays die swift, painful deaths every year.

But let a picture company get one flop picture during the year's program and you read about it years afterward. The producers are roasted, the director fired, contracts are not renewed, the scenario staff commits suicide seven different ways, the extras starve to death.

Certainly the public doesn't like picture 'flops,' but neither do the ones who made 'em. When thousands of pictures have to be ground out annually to feed the changing, ever ravenous movie-hungry public it is humanly impossible for all of them to attain perfection. Let's forego post mortems on picture 'flops.'

Mrs. Julia Bentley, 420 Johnson Street, Charlotte, Mich.

WAVES, RAVES & FLUTTERS! (Fourth Prize Letter)
Hey-hey, fellow-fans! You may be delicate ivory trifles or even hand-painted Watteaus; but I'm just a weather-beaten old palm-leaf that has waved in the air of movie houses from the time when the first Stars and Bijous divided their audience by one narrow aisle, to the present day of electrically cooled high-ceilinged Strands and Pastimes.

Let's have your picture opinions!

Why, I remember when the "Adventures of Lucille Love" were the high lights of the week to a bunch of high-school girls. I remember "The Birth of a Nation." Who could ever forget Wallace Reid in "Forever!" Or want to? A memory like a gold coin. Or Harold Lockwood? Or Alla Nazimova—pixie, sprite? Together with universal woman I waved in worship of Rudolph Valentino and drooped sadly when he made his last fade-out. Today I am fluttered almost to rags in the attempt to see and hear all the magnificent offerings of the screen!

Mrs. George Jacobs, Madison, Maine.

THIS SHOULD START SOMETHING!
"Does Marlene Dietrich threaten Greta Garbo's throne?"

That is the question in both American and German papers. German fans don't believe it. We prefer Garbo in every case. In "Morocco," Marlene had an advantageous rôle; but having made only one American picture, is it not too early to compare her with Garbo?

In Germany, Marlene Dietrich imitated Garbo. She copied Greta's make-up, her eyebrows and other characterizations. But could she copy Greta's incomparable fascination? No. Dietrich does not possess the tenth part of the high degree of distinction that Garbo has. Greta lets speak her soul (that which we love in Germany,) but Dietrich—she is soulless!

Differences between these actresses are too great. It is impossible that Dietrich threatens Garbo's throne!

Otto Behrens, Tuchinger Str. 2, Berlin-Wilmersdorff, Germany.

(Continued on page 106)
LITTLE CAESAR

EDWARD G. ROBINSON
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR

Little Caesar — King of the Underworld! He ruled supreme—a law unto himself, for in his racket he was court, judge, and jury. His verdict was final for he was also the executioner! He ruled supreme—but a woman broke his power. He threatened to get his best friend but his hand faltered on the trigger. He runs the gamut of power — from gutter to gang ruler — to gutter again!

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A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE
Evelyn Laye, the British beauty who makes her talker début, and John Boles in a charming scene from the screen operetta "One Heavenly Night." They sing some lovely songs—namely, One Heavenly Night and My Heart is Beating—and you'll be singing them!

SCREENLAND'S guide to the new music from the movies

By
Evelyn Ballarine

Song Bets of the Month
Just a Little Closer
Rudy Vallee and His Connecticut Yankees (Victor)

You Will Remember Vienna
Leo Reisman and His Orchestra (Victor)
Body and Soul
Sung by Libby Holman (Columbia)

Sweetheart of My Student Days
Sung by Belle Baker (Columbia)
You're Driving Me Crazy
Nick Lucas and His Orchestra (Brunswick)
If I Could Be With You
Sung by Ruth Etting (Columbia)

as her face and when she and John Boles sing One Heavenly Night—you actually believe it is. Almost the Road of Dreams and My Heart is Beating are destined for wide-spread popularity. John Boles and Evelyn Laye are not only paired cinematically but rhythmically, too.

Wonder if John ever intends to try for grand opera? We'd hate to lose him but maybe he could trump fifty-fifty—we mean, one opera to ten pictures. That's our idea of musical equation.

From "New Moon" with Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore there are two songs that will please you—Wanting You and One Kiss. Lover Come Back to Me is due for a strong come-back. This song was the hit of "New Moon," last year's stave success, and Rudy Vallee aided it by crooning it over the radio and for Victor records. And now it is being re-popularized by Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett.

Nick Lucas, 'the crooning troubadour,' whom you've seen in pictures, now has his own orchestra. Mr. Lucas and his orchestra made their 'platter' début with the popular new fox-trot You're Driving Me Crazy. There're two sides to every story, so they say, and there're two sides to Nick's record—the other side is I Miss a Little Miss—and it's a treat.

Belle Baker, another ex-movie player, is recording for Brunswick. Her newest offering is Sweetheart of My Student Days and Laughing at Life, Ruth Etting, who is one of our short-subject heroines, has recorded Laughing at Life for Columbia.

"The Hot Heiress" with Ben Lyon and Ona Munson, besides being a first-rate sophisticated comedy, introduced You're the Cat's and Like Ordinary People Do, two fast-moving numbers. The sheet music is published by Harris, Inc.

Although Rudy Vallee isn't in pictures now—he is still one of the most popular young men in these parts. Rudy just shays the "Tinman" with his romantic tenor voice and when he sings a song it immediately becomes a big-time number.

BUTTON, button, who's got the theme song? Ah, there you are! Whose little theme song are you?

This theme song 'stitch-e-ay-shun' is getting pretty serious, what with so many of the song writers leaving the gold-coast to go back to Tim Pan Alley.

And how can a producer slip a good little song into a talkie with nearly all the 'singing and dancing' boys gone east?

And how are they composing these days in the east, with such grand numbers as Body and Soul, Sweet Jennie Lee, Sing Something Simple, You're Driving Me Crazy and Ten Cents a Dance. Body and Soul is the torch song sung by Libby Holman in 'Three's a Crowd' and on a Columbia record. Helen Morgan also recorded Body and Soul. Helen's is a Victor record. Ruth Etting, Columbia's Sweetheart, made a record of You're Driving Me Crazy—and you'll be crazy about it.

However, our movie producers can stack up song hits one by one against their Broadway competitors. For instance, Sing You Sinners is one of the newest fox-trots in many a day. It may be old now but so is The St. Louis Blues, and nobody can tie that for popularity and pep. Three Little Words ranks with any waltz in public favor. You Will Remember Vienna from 'Viennese Nights' is a charming ballad you just can't forget. All these songs are from pictures and can be had in sheet music and records.

It's interesting to note that, musically speaking, sophistication has departed from pictures and that once more romance stalks abroad. As witnessed by 'New Moon,' 'Viennese Nights,' and 'One Heavenly Night,'

In addition to You Will Remember Vienna from the operetta 'Viennese Nights,' there is I Brought a Love Song. Both these songs have been recorded by Leo Reisman and his Orchestra for Victor.

Evelyn Laye, with her corn-flower beauty, and John Boles bring romance and lovely music to us in 'One Heavenly Night.' Miss Laye's voice is as beautiful

SCREENLAND
IMAGINE BEING THE DAUGHTER OF A BACHELOR!

MARION DAVIES PRODUCTION

MARION

DAVIES

IN THE FAMOUS BROADWAY COMEDY HIT

The Bachelor Father

You won't be able to resist her any more than her bachelor father could! Here is one of the most lovable and entertaining roles ever played by America's favorite comedienne. Here is a play about a situation you have never before seen on the screen. No wonder New York applauded its wit, daring and all-around human interest!

With Ralph Forbes and C. Aubrey Smith
Based on the play by Edward Childs Carpenter
Directed by Robert Z. Leonard

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"
HELEN D. Yes, they do say that some of the feminine stars of the silent drama lost out in the talkies because they were too beautiful for words. Alberta Vaughn has not passed out but is very much alive and doing her bit to entertain her public. Her next picture will be "Stella of the Circus." Alberta was born in old Kentucky, m'am. She has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 103 pounds.

William V. Your selection of beautiful stars, including Janet Gaynor, Anita Page and Nancy Carroll, quite meet with my approval, but I'd add several hundred more and think any day well spent. Evelyn Brent was born in Tampa, Fla. One of her latest releases is "Madonna of the Streets." Miriam Hopkins was born in Bainbridge, Georgia. She has silvery gold hair, blue eyes, weighs 100 pounds and is the wife of Austin Parker, well-known author. She appears in "Fast and Loose," based on the stage play, "Best People."

Sharley. Many loud calls for Frank Albertson this month, since his latest picture, "Just Imagine," was released. Appearing with him in this film were John Garrick, Maureen O'Sullivan and El Brendel. Frank is young and handsome, with that something that simply slays the girls. He played Will Rogers' son in "So This Is London."

Peggy. You should see and hear a lot of the idol chatter I get in my mail every day—there would be no cause for envy on your part. Phillips Holmes was David Stone. James Kirkwood was his brother, Mark Stone, and Hobart Bosworth was their father, Ezra Stone, in "The Devil's Holiday," with Nancy Carroll. Phillips was born in Grand Rapids, Mich., on July 22. William Janney was Mary Pickford's brother in "Coquette," her first talking picture.

A. M. B. You have your pickles mixed. In "The Mighty," starring George Bancroft and Esther Ralston, Jerry Patterson was played by Morgan Farley and not by Warner Oland. Mary Astor and Marlan Nixon played with Richard Barthelmess in his new picture, "The Lash." Richard plays a young Spanish Don of the early California days when our Union was in its infancy.

Jean M. So you want the spotlight, do you? Now that you have it what will you do with it? Dan Realy played with Mary Eaton in "Glorifying the American Girl." Stanley Smith is 25 years old. Charles Rogers is 25 and Gary Cooper is 29. Gary's real name is Frank J. Cooper.

Mary Eloise. One of your pet ambitions is to play in a picture with Robert Montgomery—what a break for Robert! One of his latest releases is "War Nurse" with June Walker, Anita Page, Marie Prevost, ZaSu Pitts and Robert Ames. Robert Montgomery was born May 21, 1904, in Beacon, N. Y. He is 6 feet tall, has brown wavy hair and blue eyes. His next picture will be "Inspiration" with Greta Garbo. Read the story about Bob in this issue-page 55.

Adie Van R. Has John Gilbert false teeth, do I know? If he has, he doesn't use them in pictures. Loretta Young was christened Gretchen. She was 19 years old on January 6th, 1931. She has light brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 3½ inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. She is the wife of Grant Withers. See page 108 for addresses of your favorites—we do not give home addresses.

Jennie S. Have the big beer-and-bullet barons, where some are shot and others are half shot, gone out of pictures? No, Jennie, they are still popping up here and there. Here are a few quick-on-the-trigger films: "The Widow from Chicago" with Alice White, Edward Robinson and Neil Hamilton; "Scotland Yard" with Edmund Lowe and Joan Bennett; "The Bat Whispers" with Chester

Turn to page 108 for stars' addresses. On page 127 you'll find complete casts of current films. Consult these services before asking questions, please!
A GREAT STORY COMES THROUGH!

Earth-shaking in its Grandeur! A Titanic Canvas Sprung to Life! When it sweeps to the screen a new day dawns in motion picture history!

"THE BIRTH OF A NATION"
"THE FOUR HORSEMEN"

And Now Comes
EDNA FERBER'S
Epic of Empire

CIMARRON

Down a Hundred Miles of Raw Frontier
Swept a Human Avalanche!

Fifty thousand land hungry souls seeking a handful of Earth they could call their own! The weak faltered... the sick died... the strong swept on to transform a wilderness into an Empire in a day! History has never written a more dramatic chapter than the Oklahoma land rush of '89! Glamour and splendor! Courage and valor! Romance and tragedy crowded into blazing days of battle and nights of love and adventure! A panorama of days when Yancey Cravat, two-gun poet in buckskins, roamed the West... a Titan of Empire while around him whirled the giant forces that shook the Earth as Civilization was born from a Wanton Frontier!

RKO RADIO PICTURE with RICHARD DIX, IRENE DUNNE, ESTELLE TAYLOR, WM. COLLIER, JR., NANCE O'NEILL and Thousands of Others. Directed by WESLEY RUGGLES

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
Making up? No, they aren't angry. Claudia Dell is having the final touches of her make-up applied by William Gaxton for "Fifty Million Frenchmen." Note the mirrored reflection of studio paraphernalia.
Fredric March wins our Honor Page

Fredric March in the rôle of Tony, the great lover of Broadway, in "The Royal Family."

It's a mad, bad, gorgeous impersonation, Fredric March's in "The Royal Family of Broadway." A gay and audacious burlesque of a Certain Great Actor, it's the most entertaining and hilarious performance you'll find on the screens today. Of course, it's exaggerated—it's wild—but it's fun! Mr. March has been a splendid actor for many moons; but it remains for "The Royal Family" to bring him into his own. You'll like him; you'll like the picture. You'll agree with us, perhaps, that even in a screen month of such grand shows by Joan Crawford, Jannings, Dietrich, Colman, Jackie Coogan, and Douglas Fairbanks, Fredric March still earns this Honor Page!

A scene from "The Royal Family of Broadway," that charming, gay photoplay which is a credit to Messrs. Paramount and the movies at large. Ina Claire, Mary Brian, Henrietta Crosman and Fredric March as the Royal Family.
Near-sighted movie fan at opening of new picture:

"Please, may I have your autograph?"
The New
SCREENLAND
THE EDITOR'S PAGE

GIVE Garbo a break!

Maybe you think we have. Greta is one of the two or three most famous women in the world today; she is acquiring a comfortable fortune; she has things pretty much her own way out at the Old Metro Manse in Culver City, Cal. She triumphed in talkies. She has an army of adorers whose favorite theme song is Annie Laurie—substituting Greta for Annie. Just the same, I feel sorry for Greta Garbo.

Go ahead and have your laugh. I stick to my sob. Greta is at once the most successful and the most hounded woman in Hollywood. Irvin Cobb’s goldfish swim in shuttered solitude compared to Greta. She hasn’t a moment’s peace. She moved from one house to another in rapid succession because she failed to find privacy. Now, she lives in a house with a high wall, off the beaten track—and she might just as well be living in Times Square, the Crossroads of the World. Her address is a secret—only about 9,999 people know it. Not content with passing by and pointing it out to their friends, they drop in.

One free-lance fan writer, craving an interview, sent his wife and baby as advance agents. The baby was sent toddling up the garden path to engage the great one’s attention. Garbo loves children, you know. The child saw Greta, played with her pet cat, and paved the way for mother. But the only words uttered by Garbo which could be handed down to posterity were: “Please go away.”

Then the man of the family took matters into his own hands. He walked up the path and into Greta’s back yard. Garbo was lying there in a bathing suit, taking a sun bath. She looked up at the intruder and asked him what he wanted. She listened with grave courtesy as he explained his errand. She drew up her robe under her chin and looked at him with those amazing eyes. He should have crawled away. But he didn’t. After all, he was only human. He stood there and reiterated his request for an interview. Did Garbo lose her temper and order him off the premises, as she had a right to do? She did not. She simply rose and asked him with the greatest dignity to go—please. He did—he had to!

You’d think he’d stay away. But he knew the way now and he came back. This time he climbed Garbo’s private wall with a camera and snapped pictures of her as she lay there taking her sun bath. Those pictures were never circulated. You’ll never see them in this or any other magazine. They didn’t mean much—just a girl in her own back yard. But the girl was Garbo—and there was quite a flurry about those snaps before they were finally squelched.

You’ll say that Garbo has brought all this on herself by her refusal to see reporters, to grant interviews, to pose for home pictures. She’s a famous actress—like Bernhardt, for instance, who was never exactly retiring—or Duse, and belongs to her public. She is being paid a handsome stipend to entertain that public, and so it feels it owns her, Body and Soul, in the words of the old song. And so on. Maybe! But Garbo is a wise woman. She knows how much more potent a little mystery is than a lot of publicity. Besides, she’s a working girl. How would a business woman feel if at the end of a long hard day she was trailed home, pestered, spied on? She’d feel haunted! And that’s how Garbo feels. As long as she’s in pictures she can do nothing about it. She must swim around and around in that great big goldfish bowl. Yes—I feel sorry for Greta Garbo!

Did you know you came very near missing that film treat, Marlene Dietrich? Here’s the story: when Josef Von Sternberg went to Germany to make “The Blue Angel” with Emil Jannings, he cabled back offering Gloria Swanson or Phyllis Haver the leading feminine part. Gloria couldn’t accept, and Phyllis had retired to domesticity. So Von Sternberg searched until he found Marlene. And now look at her—a sensational success!
Beginning—
The GIRL stood on the BURNING DECK

The true life story of America's grandest screen artist

By Marie Dressler

Miss Dressler as she is today—humorous, healthy, wealthy, and wise—after a forty years' battle putting salt on the tail of success.

EDITOR'S NOTE: I wish I were, like you, reading Marie Dressler’s own story for the first time! All her humor—her humanity—her heart-aches and her tremendous courage are packed in this serial. You’re going to get a great kick out of this first instalment—told in Marie’s own inimitable way—and there’s even more fun as you go along. Have a good time!

PART I.

I’ve given out so many interviews in my life that for once I’ve decided to interview myself and see what turns up. Having knocked out my teeth on one book, I can now look a comma in the tail and whisper into the ear of a question mark without flinching—at least not enough to keep me from getting mem- orized which is what seems to be expected. The only trouble is that most folks want you to go such a long way back, and I’m not sure whether the printer has enough make-up in his box for me to start at the beginning, but we’ll put the questions and answer them, too—yes, sir—even if we have to go back before the days of euchre and five hundred—some fifty years before the renaissance of Marie Dressler!

First, where weren’t you born? Well, I’d like to have been born in Switzerland on account of the scenery, but on second thought the scenery where you are born doesn’t amount to much anyhow and it’s much more beautiful and a whole lot more expensive when you have to travel to some inconvenient spot to look at it. Naples always appealed to me. I’d like to have been born there with a hot chance of getting covered with mud, but after all you run a chance of getting covered with mud anywhere, particularly if you are an actress.

Most of the places where I wasn’t born would probably have taught a lot of me. They would have opened a candy parlor in my honor and called it Sweet Marie or named the big new town bridge or at least the police wagon for me, but in Cobourg, Canada, no bed is kept sacred as the one I slept on! In fact, the souvenir hunters have long ago whittled away all traces of my ancestral domain. Huh!

Well, I did some whittling myself. One of my first jobs was to whittle away my name which isn’t any better if you pronounce it Lie-la or Lee-la—it’s still Leila and sounds like a sick flower smells. Koerber, the massive stick that propped it up, had too unbending a look for a stage aspirant, so long before I reached the pleasant noon of twelve years, I announced to my astonished family that I was purloining the name of a German aunt. Two years later I dumbfounded them by answering a newspaper want column written by Emma
The inside account of Marie Dressler’s fight for fame, told by the films’ funniest woman, herself!

Nevada’s brother advertising for an actress! Imagine! I had worn angel wings at all the church socials so I sent him word that I was just what he was looking for and, since I asked less than fifteen dollars a week to play any and all parts, I was engaged with an older sister to chaperone me. Then began my stock company life of travelling from town to town—and I mean town—the kind of places where men learn to spit in curves and the flies get invited to meals along with everybody else.

Those were my school days. I played every role from Cigarette in “Under Two Flags” to Katisha in “The Mikado.” I learned my job. I discovered that audiences differ. Some will laugh like fools about nothing and some are as lifeless and unresponsive as if they had just been dug up. The tendency when one faces this kind of bunch is to walk out the stage door and eat a cheese sandwich, but I found that while you have to work three times as hard to ‘get’ a house like this, the triumph is much greater when they do come across with a guffaw. I learned that there is a greater knack than anybody knows in putting a line over the footlights. It has to be timed just right, it has to synchronize with the business. A sure-fire laugh three hundred and sixty-five days in the year can be killed by an amateur. He will either hurry or retard at the wrong moment, change the emphasis, twist the meaning, add or leave out just enough business to upset the balance. Then the laugh is as dead as a last year’s wedding invitation. Now I get my laughs from inspiration. I can feel an audience sufficiently to shift my particular mode of attack. This comes only with experience, however. In the beginning the wise actor does not experiment after he finds where his laughs are.

Besides these valuable lessons, I discovered what it means to be in a stranded company and to borrow money from the hotel clerk to get to the next town. I learned that pleasant words too frequently cover pestiferous motives, but, most of all, I learned not to carry sore throats and corns into the lives of others. That one bit of information is worth a lifetime to learn, but lots of folks live a lifetime and their corns and their throats just keep getting bigger and bigger—never better. Now I ask you—why try to ruin everybody’s pleasure because you feel a bit off yourself? Huh! If I had to go to the gallows, I would try to think up a joke about the noose on the way. I would at least try to give the witnesses the time of their lives and I’m sure they would sincerely regret that I had to pass on, especially when I had one story left that they hadn’t heard.

People think I’m funny because I can’t help it, that I’m always gay because I feel that way. I’ve had women shake their heads and say, “I just wish I had
"If people want me to go places, if I'm popular, it's not that I'm smarter or brighter than other folks, but because until this very minute I never talked about my sorrows, my wallop, or my toothaches—and I've had toothaches, too, worse than anybody else's—my teeth are bigger!" — Marie Dressler.

I didn't sing "Il Trovatore" at the Met., but I may be allowed my modest belief that I might have done them no worse than some of the people who have played in them. I believe I have appeared in about everything else and everybody else thinks so, too. I never sit down in a public place with my corned beef hash nicely poised en route to be dropped on the front of my best gown that somebody does not totter toward me, bow and say, "Aren't you Miss Dressler?"

The hash lands as per expectation and the voice continues, "Didn't I see you in 'Lady Slavey'?"

Well, in nine cases out of ten, I don't know whether I was there or not. I have never kept a tooled leather scrap-book or even collected clippings about myself. There is nothing to refresh my memory on these points. The questioner's guess is as good as mine and I let it go at that. So I start with another forkful of hash, he hobbles off and we both feel better, or I do until I get the hash and find that my big personality that they like to talk about hasn't kept it warm. I always wonder if the man was as disappointed with the interview as a child I heard of at the Savoy-Plaza in New York where I happened to be stopping. The child could not be coaxed away from the hall through which I was accustomed to pass. It finally developed that her little friend had seen Marie Dressler and she was determined to see me, too. When I finally appeared, the desk clerk said, "There's Miss Dressler now." To which the disappointed youngster replied, "Oh, is that her? Why, she looks like Aunt Carrie. I thought she was an actress."

"The one play that always gets a warm response from me is "Tillie's Nightmare," because I starred in that for five years. I had been in good plays and at good salaries before, but this was something different. I could never go backward, I was 'it,' I was made! I believed the song that I sang, "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl," I was really happy for the first time. I had no cares, I could do all the things I had always wanted to do for my family and my friends. I was able to indulge in luxuries of which more anon. Moreover, I enjoyed that play. I derived just as much fun out of it as did the audience. My ship had come in."

From then on I sailed high. I was in demand both theatrically and socially. The
ostrich feathers on my hat were as long as any in Newport. No producer could put on a play without ordering a chair that would fall through with me. My bank-book made pleasant reading for rainy days. In fact, it was my favorite piece of literature. I regarded it, however, as only the first chapter of a long serial and, like all authors, I was sure it would grow better and better as the plot developed.

One thing I did not count upon, however, and that was that when you achieve a success, it is sometimes difficult to maintain it, because everybody has become so accustomed to thinking of you in a certain part that every other part is compared to it. Usually to the detriment of the new rôle, even though it may be better. In short, you not only have to race with your competitors, but you have to beat yourself, and when you have already put all your energy into a creation, this is not simple. I never encountered another play as good as "Tillie's Nightmare," although I took part in dozens of shows thereafter for which I was adequately compensated according to the stage salaries then paid.

When the war came, I began drawing on my bank account to finance my trips over the country selling Liberty Bonds. During one drive alone, I made forty-nine speeches in twenty-nine days. I had already netted and become friendly with many society women. Now my work for the government brought me in touch with those I hadn't known before. I won't say that I didn't enjoy messing up the rows of immaculate guest towels in their Tudor, and otherwise, mansions, and in tucking the napkin under my chin in the White House. I've always derived keen enjoyment from contact with people in the public eye, for most society people are much more clever and entertaining than they are credited with being. In fact, I've always been happier with the man way up or the man way down, for these people are usually real.

Well, I had been publicity material for many years, so at this time anybody who could get on a soap box and draw a crowd was in demand. Commercially I toiled not, but I spun so fast that I didn't have time to sew the buttons on my clothes. Everybody knew me. There was not a nook anywhere in which I could hide and economize. When I entered a store, the saleswomen always rushed at me waving fancy negligees which I hadn't time to wear, but which I felt obliged to buy, particularly as I was invariably assured that these attractive articles were tremendously reduced. They were—in size. My friends looked lovely in them.

Occasionally I did notice that my favorite literature, the bank-book, didn't seem to hold the interest it had once had for me. However, this occasioned no grave concern. I felt that about tomorrow—or the day after—I would start out and emblazon my name on the billboards again.

Then came the earthquake. To my surprise there seemed nothing to do. At first I was not seriously alarmed. The right part had not come along. Tomorrow something would break. It did—the bubble. Rumors seemed to have spread around that I had retired with a fortune. I had thought of my temporary absence from the stage as a vacation, but the managers decided to make it a life sentence. 'Flapper-dumb' was sweeping the world. Stars were being snatched from the kindergarten. The continual rumblings from Broadway rose into a roar. 'The public wants 'em young. Legs—legs—legs—legs!' I could stand on my head as well as on my legs, but it seemed to make no difference. Except for an occasional bit in a revue, I didn't find a real job. At first it seemed hardly good business tactics for a star to go around and sit on the crowded 'at-leisure' benches (Continued on page 114)
SUFFERING for their ART!

Three brave little women who are martyrs to Art—
who’s he?

Those good old three guesses are no use in this case. You’d never suspect that this awfully, awfully wholesome person—left—is Marlene Dietrich in disguise. Cheer up—she looks more like herself in other scenes of “Dishonored.”

Ruth Chatterton, left, goes drab and tragic in “The Right to Love.” But Ruth has no right to get herself up like this—even for Art.

Speaking of suffering for one’s art—and we were, weren’t we?—Mary Pickford puffs a big black cigar in “Kiki.” Mary!
Tips on Tempting from Kay Francis
As told to Marie House

We've learned about men from the movies.
And about women. Husbands. Wives. Night clubs. Racketeers. Foreign legions. Orgies. We've seen gorgeous bathtub sets that looked like de millions. The movie girls wore slinking long skirts and did without hips—the fashion world finds itself hipless, if possible. Sin is garish. Virtue triumphant. The birds sing, dogs talk, and every woman can get her man whether she belongs to the mounted police or not.

That's real life!

We see slim sirenic creatures like Kay Francis oozing allure and sophistication and men fall like tenpins and we have a yen to go out and do likewise. We vision orchids by the carloads and sorting over broken hearts every morning with the breakfast mail. We beg the barber for the same hair cut. We do without cream puffs and potatoes au gratin. We acquire a husky voice and an alluring laugh. We become sophisticated, witty, devastating. And it doesn't work at all.

Not in real life.

Oh Kay, we wail, why? Why can't we, too, be lovely and alluring and—well, just a little bit tempting? Isn't that what you did in "Gentlemen of the Press," in "The Virtuous Sin?" Didn't Ronald Colman love you enough in "Raffles" to give up stealing, and William Powell give up gambling in "Street of Chance?"

There's Kay Francis now. There in that long clinging black lace frock with black evening wrap embroidered in gold fleur de lis, just off the set of "Ladies' Man" (William Powell's newest picture). Eating a big lunch with strawberries and whipped cream. Can you bear it? Let's ask her!

"In the first place," says Kay thoughtfully, munching a big fat lamb chop—"we moan. Look at them—er, those—well, that figure!—"when you play an alluring lady in the movies, you do just what the script tells you. You get your man because the story is written that way. The director tells him to fall and he falls! Simple isn't it?

"But in real life I don't believe a woman could make a man love her, if he wasn't interested. No doubt if she set about it and concentrated, she could get a man for a certain length of time. But not permanently. Sooner or later he would stray. You see, the movie ends before that time!

"If a man and a woman were really in love with one another—if you loved a man and he loved you—you would just be yourself, that's all. You would actually be interested in him. And sincere. You wouldn't have to act it. I believe a man appreciates sincerity in a woman more than any other thing."

Then you wouldn't act the way you do in a movie—in real life?

Kay is emphatic. She would not. She does not.

So, we can't go about putting on an act like the movie girls—and be popular. Here's what we should do:

(Continued on page 107)
Does Education

How many screen stars Quick, now! You don’t better read this story, how much a college with winning

The famous stars on this left-hand page never went to college—but they got along!

By Alma

THREE years ago a little society girl applied to Colleen Moore to get into the movies.

"From now on," said Colleen, "a higher standard of education will be required for pictures. Go back to college, graduate with honors, and then come back and see me again."

Now that was before the advent of talkies, before the cultivated voice and good diction were important, before films had become more sophisticated. But Colleen was a good prophet.

Today there are more college educations in motion pictures than otherwise. True, the dean of them all, Charlie Chaplin, was raised in a work-house school, for the children of indigents, and Mary Pickford received her education largely from mamma, between scenes in a stage dressing room, and Gloria Swanson barely managed to get through school, but these are the glamorous exceptions that prove the rule. And you watch Charlie’s boys, Gloria’s children and Mary’s niece go to college when they are old enough!

Doug Fairbanks went to the Colorado School of Mines and to Harvard, but Harold Lloyd never got anywhere near a college. Although Constance Bennett never went to college she had the advantage of three ladies’ seminaries, the last as a polisher in Paris. Edmund Lowe, for all his hard-boiled roles, graduated from Santa Clara University, as did George O’Brien. Charlie Farrell went to Boston University two years but did not complete the course. Mary Duncan graduated from Cornell, Kenneth MacKenna from Columbia, N. Y., Jose Mojica...
HELP?

are college graduates? know? Then you'd which tells you just education has to do screen success

Whitaker

The players on this page had college educations. And they've done pretty well, too!

from Mexico City's university, Lee Tracy from Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., John Garrick, from Brighton College, England, and Rex Bell from Ohio State College.

The late Milton Sills was a professor at Columbia and when he first joined screenland, was joshed unmercifully. But now studios almost frown if new comers to the game cannot claim some sort of a superior education.

Hugh Trevor, now being starred by RKO, went to Columbia, Harvard, Townsend Harris, Riverside and Collegiate, but that does rather look as though Hugh's efforts towards culture were not sustained long at a time. Fredric March went to the University of Wisconsin, and received the presidency of the senior class. Norman Foster calls Carnegie Tech his Alma Mater.

June MacCloy, Paramount's new find, had a year at the University of Michigan, but was decoyed away with an offer from George White for his "Scandals." Charlie Rogers had three years at the University of Kansas. Charles Starrett, seen in "The Royal Family," graduated from Dartmouth. Leon Errol went to Sydney University in Australia.

Skeet Gallagher studied law at Indiana University. Stuart Erwin is a University of California boy. Martin Burton left Indiana University when he met Ina Claire on a vacation and decided he had to rush on the stage right away. This young man will be seen in numerous pictures for Paramount during the coming year.

Phillips Holmes, son of Taylor, was at Princeton when a director was there taking college scenes, so that ended Phillips'
college education. Frances Dee, seen with Chevalier in "Playboy of Paris," had two years at the University of Chicago. Gary Cooper is a graduate of Grinnell, Iowa. Clive Brook shone at the Dulwich College in England, the same college P. G. Wodehouse attended. Regis Toomey is a Sigma Chi of Pittsburgh University.

In fact, in compiling this list of college educations, I found it would be infinitely easier to write a story about those who had missed out on this used-to-be luxury. Why, even little Lupe Velez graduated from Lake Convent, San Antonio, Texas, and those convents certainly do know how to educate youngsters. John Boles graduated from the University of Texas, and Lew Ayres nearly graduated from the University of Arizona. Genevieve Tobin, Universal's new find, has all the polish that the Institute de l'Etoile of Paris could give her.

Lawrence Grant acquired wisdom from a private tutor at Bullsden Manor, Cambridge, in England. John Davidson graduated from Columbia University. Conrad Nagel won a Bachelor of Oratory degree at Highland College, Des Moines, Iowa, which he uses to good purpose as vice-president of the Motion Picture Academy. Julia Faye went to the University of Illinois. Little Dorothy Jordan is a graduate of the Southwestern University where she specialized in music and the arts. Reginald Denny went to St. Francis Xavier's College in England. Harry Carey was a credit to the University of New York. Johnny Mack Brown took the general arts course and shone in 'All-American' football at the University of Alabama.

Charles Bickford may look a husky rough-neck but he won glory at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in a civil engineering course. George Huston attended Rutgers University, and Lottie Howell graduated from the Women's College of Alabama. Adolphe Menjou is a Cornell University man, and Lester Vail a Stanford man.

Little Evelyn Knapp, now winning so much success, finished up at the University of California, after attending a Kansas college. Donald Cook was University of Oregon, and Jack Whiting, University of Pennsylvania.

Anthony Bushell had a highly aristocratic education, Magdalen and Hartford at Oxford, England, where his people fondly hoped to make an Episcopal minister of him. He became class president, captain of the cricket team, rowed in his college eight and is generally quite a loss to the church. Charles Butterworth is a Notre Dame man, and Louis Wolheim attended New York, Columbia, and Cornell Universities. Louis cannot possibly be as rough as he looks, now can he? Yet his ugly mug has been his fortune.

Ivan Lebedeff was educated at the Russian court and at the University of St. Petersburg, where he trained for the diplomatic service. (Continued on page 102)
Shake hands with Kent Douglass who made his film bow in "Paid," with Joan Crawford.

Martin Burton makes a first screen appearance in "Confessions of a Co-ed."

Marian Marsh and Edward Morgan, brother and sister, are new players.

MORE NEW FACES!

And still they come!

A brace of potential picture headliners is seen in Marian Marsh and Edward Morgan, brother and sister, seventeen and eighteen years old. They're ex-Hollywood High School students trying their luck on the Warner Brothers' lot where they are regarded as future star material. Marian's first part was for Pathé, and there was a little rôle in "Whoopee." Warners signed her for a contract and changed her name. They tried her out in "Fifty Million Frenchmen," then loaned her for the stage play "Young Sinners" for the summer. Here she received such wonderful reviews that—well, watch out for Marian. She slightly resembles Dolores Costello and has a charming accent. She was born in Trinidad, West Indies.

Edward Woods, who film-debuted in "Mothers Cry."

Another new girl—Launa Walters.

Brother Edward played in "Sporting Youth" for Universal, then Warners gave him a contract for "Men of the Sky" and "Ex-Mistress."

Of all the young players starting out at this time, Joan Blondell looks like a mighty fine (Continued on page 109)

Meet a grand girl—Joan Blondell, real trouper and real comedienne—on the stage since she was a baby.

A stage big-timer, Genevieve Tobin, is knocking them over at Universal.
The Discoveries of the Month

Every month we'll tell about the most promising newcomer. This time, there are two!

EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD Arline Judge is on the high road to glory. She left a convent for the Broadway stage, where she scored in Ruth Schwyn's 9:15 Revue and the Second Little Show. After a screen test she was signed to a five-year contract by Radio Pictures. Arline is just about five feet two and weighs exactly one hundred pounds—a brunette with a sense of humor. She will play an ingenue-comedy role in one of Radio's forthcoming films. Success is predicted for Arline Judge.

YOUNGEST member of the famous Kemble Cooper family of English stage actors, Anthony was born in 1908. Educated in England, he made his stage début in America. He has played in Shakespeare, stock, and modern drama and comedy. This past season he scored in "His Majesty's Car" with Miriam Hopkins. Anthony Kemble Cooper has fair hair and brown eyes, is five feet nine and one-half inches tall, dashing, debonair. He's having screen tests and you'll be seeing him soon.
George Arliss SAYS
"SILENT PICTURES WILL NEVER COME BACK!"

"I never considered them an art," goes on Mr. Arliss, and reveals why. Now, Mr. Chaplin—what do you think of that?

By Gray Strider

"SILENT pictures will never come back as a recognized entertainment," said George Arliss upon his arrival in New York from a holiday in England, accompanied by his wife and his faithful manservant, Jennier. But unaccompanied, because of a Government ruling, by his beloved parrot, Dinkybits, who had to remain an unwilling resident of Mr. Arliss' country place at St. Margaret's Bay on the southeast coast of the 'little little isle.'

Looking younger than any man has the right to look after forty gruelling years on the stage, serene as always, with the same gay twinkle in his eye and the same shiny monocle over it, the great actor smiled and stroked the knee of his soft home-spun suit, with the finest shaped masculine hand gracing the American stage—Mr. John Barrymore's not excepted.

"I have made a number of silent pictures," George Arliss continued. "Among them, 'The Devil,' and silent versions of both 'Disraeli' and 'The Green Goddess,' but I never considered silent pictures an art. It was only the development of talking films that elevated the screen from a primitive and almost negligible source of artistic entertainment to a serious and perfectly legitimate branch of the dramatic art."

"A primitive and almost negligible source of artistic entertainment"—what do you think of that, you silent picture die-hards? And I wonder what challenge Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin—the last defender of silent picture days—would hurl at Mr. Arliss' words?

But since Mr. Arliss has the rostrum for this morning, let's hear him in full before we pass judgment.

"I think silent pictures will never come back," the gifted Arliss went on, "because they never were an art. There is no getting away from that. They may have been beautiful—and often were. They may have, in certain cases, achieved fine results. But when all was said and done, they were simply a series of photographs. Fundamentally, as I said before, primitive entertainment. Let's recall one of the greatest authors we know—Shakespeare. You don't remember the grave scene from 'Ham..." (Continued on page 125)
She Gave Satisfaction!

Evelyn Laye made electricians and property men and even authors and producers happy! The lovely lady from London proved herself a fine trouper and an excellent sport, says Mr. Bromfield, while toiling in her first talking-singing picture, "One Heavenly Night."
Louis Bromfield talks about Evelyn Laye

Ssh! Listen to a best-seller talking about his Hollywood heroine!

By Louis Bromfield

Breaking into work in Hollywood is no easy job for a writer, actor or director, and being a stage star in London and New York doesn't make it any easier, because a star has to work many times as hard as an extra girl and has to learn many more new tricks. The bigger you are the worse it is. And for the actor, making a picture is all a pretty cold-blooded undertaking after the excitement of stage rehearsals and the warmth of a response from an audience.

Work in Hollywood from the writer's point of view can be colossally unsatisfactory and there are plenty of discouraging moments when bit by bit you see your idea being transformed into something that seems new and unfamiliar. At one moment in the writing of "One Heavenly Night" which, by the way, is not the author's title, when everything seemed going a little more wrong than usual, Evelyn Laye arrived in Hollywood to play the star rôle. I knew her from the front of the house as a beautiful woman, a fine actress and an excellent singer, all in all one of the most charming artists of our day. But I did not know whether she was a comedienne or whether temperamentally she bore any relation to the character I had created.

She arrived, and the following few days were an ordeal for the new star. She came alone to Hollywood, knowing only two or three people in the place. The California atmosphere, so different from that of London and New York, made trouble with her voice. Then, when that was cured, there was new trouble with the recording which turned out to be a question of machinery. It had nothing to do with her voice or her singing, but it was nerve-racking while it lasted. She had to learn a new technique and to cope with many temperamental difficulties among the high-priced writers, musicians and actors who had fingers in the pie. Everything was ready for her to go to work. Inexperienced, she had to plunge into without even taking a deep breath. The picture was a big and expensive production, and an atmosphere of nervousness enveloped the whole scene.

And then it was that Miss Laye proved herself a fine trouper and an excellent sport. She went to work doing all that was asked of her, even using the time between shots not to rest but to vocalize. She became the favorite of electricians and property men. With the director she was gentleness itself. What were these tales of temperamental prima donnas who demanded that everything be changed to suit their whims? Evelyn Laye, one of the most beautiful and popular stars of light opera, was a nice girl without airs of any kind—hard working, considerate of everyone's feelings and intelligent enough to realize that a talking picture production, even when everything runs smoothly, is trial enough to throw every one concerned into a state of nervous collapse.

She made electricians and property men happy and, what is of much less importance, she gave satisfaction to the author, for she appeared to grasp at once what the story was about. She understood the character. She looked the part radiantly.

And she proved herself one of the best modern comedienne, possessed of the flawless technical equipment and experience without which light comedy cannot come to life.

And magic of magic the author heard her read lines the way they sounded in his head when he wrote them. It was like seeing a character come to life.

Miss Laye has gone back to London to win new laurels, but Hollywood, I am sure, is awaiting her return impatiently.

She is willing to work cruel hours and keep her good humor. She is a nice girl and completely satisfactory. She does her work ably and conscientiously.

In short, she is the picture producer's dream of a star.

The Latest Hollywood Sensation!

An author actually endorses an actress' portrayal of his brain-heroine! Believe it or not, Louis Bromfield thinks Evelyn Laye made his character come to life.

"She understood the story!" raves the amazed author. "She looked the part. And she read lines the way they sounded in my head when I wrote them." What a girl!
Is Marlene Dietrich really Greta Garbo's rival? Will one great star eclipse the other—or will each hold her own? The Garbo-Dietrich controversy is the hottest thing in Hollywood today—and here's an article forecasting the futures of these two brilliant personalities.

Most movie-goers by this time have had the opportunity to view Marlene Dietrich, the subject of Screenland's cover this month, in her two successes, "Morocco" and "Blue Angel."

Similarly we have all had plenty of opportunity to read the opinions of many writers who have coupled the names of Dietrich and Garbo and have attempted to gauge the future destinies of these two outstanding players.

Those more interested in Garbo have taken issue with the newly made Dietrich fans, and so it seems just the right thing to turn to the ancient science of Numbers, which is widely known under the name of Numerology, with the hope that such cold calculating things as numbers, which are bound to hold ideas so much more impersonal than those we are hearing expressed by either side, may reveal just how well founded is this controversy, what real basis there is for making the comparison in the first place, or whether it is just another publicity stunt.

The numbers in the birth names and dates of these personalities will give us the exact truth of the whole matter, telling as they do whether the inherent talents and abilities are of the same or of a different quality than that suggested by the style or portrayal which both Garbo and Dietrich seemed to have been directed to assume.

Since Garbo came to Hollywood she has maintained a style of acting that has remained unique. A style that seemed to have no precedent and to be unlikely to be duplicated even in part, until Marlene Dietrich came along.
to appeal to a wider public, but Garbo place upon the screen. Garbo’s eyes twinkle of fun. The number 7 which any personal jealousy. Both have moods and ideals!”

Immediately a comparison was to be expected. Both come from life in Europe and bring with them all that this means in the field of the drama, whether portrayed on the screen or the stage.

Just what does this mean? Why, first of all, an entirely different set of life values than they could have received in modern America. Secondly, religion is taught in the grade schools of the countries where they were born and raised, instilling the mental habit of reverence if not any definite religious belief. Thirdly, a kind of discipline in the home was enjoyed, where young folks must take second place to their elders, where correction and often discouragement await the youthful impulse toward careless expression. Thus early expression denied is driven deeply into the nature and in the cases of the really talented is made a hard-rock formation upon which a capacity for portrayal of human emotions reaches to greater heights in maturity. Not hard to create a Garbo or a Dietrich type with such a background, whereas in the new world of America, where the circumstances of birth, child training, education and opportunity are devoted to bringing youthful impulse to the surface, the same creation would be utterly impossible.

In applying the scale of measurement used by Numerology to the name and dates of Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich a numerical basis for some comparison is immediately observed when we note that the ‘Ideality’ number in each name is the mysterious, mystic, subjective 7, which always plays such an important part in the temperament of most successful stage and screen people, and which my readers will recall figured so definitely in the analysis of Ann Harding in January’s SCREENLAND.
This number 7 appearing where it does, enables me to say that both Garbo and Dietrich share an outlook upon life that is aloof, poetic, slightly indifferent to ordinary social values and human interests, but keenly alive to what is deepest in art, in mysticism; to the joys of thought and meditation and of being alone.

The fact that their sense of values is different from most of the people they are thrown with, causes them to be little understood and like all those who have 7 for the 'Ideality' number, it is too much trouble for them to explain, for they have learned that the more they attempt to explain their mental positions, the more they are likely to be misunderstood and ridiculed. Seven being a very shrinking and sensitive number causes them for their own peace of mind to protect themselves behind a veil of deeper silence, and outer pleasantness that while it does not mean a thing, at least keeps them out of useless arguments!

Analyzing a little more closely the number 7 which is the 'Ideality' number of both the names of Garbo and Dietrich I see, however, that there is a small difference in the value of the individual name numbers which I added together to produce the total of 7. In the case of Greta Garbo the 'Ideality' 7 is arrived at through the addition of 6 and 1, making 7, and in the case of Marlene Dietrich by 11-5, making 16 or 7.

According to Numerology this is where the parallel between these two players would begin to diminish, for a 7 arrived at by 11 and 5 has more fun, ingenuity and resourcefulness hidden in it than a 7 arrived at by 6 and 1.

There are basic moods, ideals and likes shared by Garbo and Dietrich, which will give to both their portrayals a common undertone of poise, repression, sensitiveness, refinement and mystery largely derived from inhibited fears of the number 7. (Continued on page 118)

The Real Story behind a Great Picture

Lorna Moon, who never lived to see the picture made from her book, "Dark Star."

Frances Marion, who wrote "Min and Bill" from her friend's tragic novel.

A scene from "Min and Bill" with Marjorie Rambeau and Marie Dressler.

THERE'S a story of Hollywood heartbreak behind the picture. "Min and Bill"—a story of real life more touching than any you've seen on the screen. It concerns Frances Marion, Hollywood's highest paid scenario writer, and her friend, Lorna Moon. Lorna—a gay, charming, much beloved writer—was dying, but with an astonishing gameness she kept right on writing, and her book, "Dark Star," was the result, a highly tragic novel, most unsuitable for the screen. But her friends, chief among them Frances Marion, pretended to buy the film rights to the book and kept Lorna Moon in funds to the day of her death. In "Dark Star" Min and Bill are minor characters, and Miss Marion seized upon them to sell the story, which Lorna Moon was never to see. Now "Min and Bill" has been hailed—and deservedly—as a great picture.
Here they are in the roles they most enjoyed playing. Check up and see if these are the parts in which you liked them best!

It's entirely fitting that Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor will always consider their roles in "Seventh Heaven" their favorites. Charlie as Chico, Janet as Diane—beloved and unforgettable! No wonder we loved them in the parts—they loved the characters themselves!
Clara's favorite part was Alverna in "Mantrap," one of her first silent successes for Paramount. She liked the character because she was mischievous!

Clara Bow chooses "Mantrap"

Below, Clara in a scene from "Mantrap" with Percy Marmont. Remember this film? The star says it gave her an opportunity to be natural—it had everything!
Clive Brook's Favorite Rôle:
Heliotrope Harry in
"Forgotten Faces"

Mr. Brook liked his part in "Forgotten Faces" because it was a real chance for characterization—more to be prized by an actor of Clive's calibre than close-ups!

Do you recall the story, in which Clive Brook played Heliotrope Harry in his twenties and then in his forties? Here's a scene with Olga Baclanova, the simmering Russian who was his leading lady in "Forgotten Faces."
Barthelmess Prefers

"The Dawn Patrol"

Says Dick: "I liked the spirit of adventure in the story and the rôle of Dick Courtney, which permitted me to put something on the screen I had not done before."
“Lou is my pet,” says Dorothy. “I liked her style—hard-boiled, but with that good old-fashioned heart of gold. Besides, ‘The Barker’ was my first talkie.”

Dorothy Mackaill Selects

Lou in “THE BARKER”
Bill Haines goes back to silent pictures for his favorite rôle, and gives good reasons for his choice. "This was my first really big part and it will probably always be my favorite. It was a lot of fun playing that fresh boy. You were annoyed with him and yet you couldn't help liking him. I only hope that some day I'll find another part as spontaneous and refreshing!" And so do we, Bill!
"I LIKED 'LITTLE OLD NEW YORK' BEST!" says Marion Davies

It was Marion's first boy rôle, and her most successful. "Ever since I played it," Miss Davies declares, "I've been trying to find other parts affording similar opportunities for a boyish masquerade. Some day I hope to make this picture over as a talkie." Do you notice how many of the stars select silent rôles for their pets?
Loretta Young’s Favorite:

*Marsinah in “KISMET”*

“Now don’t think I believe I’m the reincarnation of Marsinah, because I don’t!” laughs Loretta. “‘Kismet’ is my favorite picture because it gave me the great privilege of playing with Otis Skinner, who taught me tricks of dramatic technique I didn’t know before.”

Loretta likes to learn. She says that Mr. Skinner’s patience and lack of temperament was a lesson to everyone who worked in “Kismet.” “Besides,” adds little Miss Young, “Marsinah danced—and I love to dance!”
Ramon Novarro's Choice: “BEN HUR”

“Ben Hur” was always one of Ramon’s favorite characters in literature, so it was a keen pleasure to him to bring the part to the screen.

“Never shall I forget that chariot race!” says Novarro. “Those scenes were a real thrill. Ben Hur became a real person to me and he will always be my favorite rôle.”

Novarro says of “Ben Hur”: “He was an almost perfect union of the spiritual and the physical, his devotion and tenderness and loyalty being allied with a fearless ambition and courage.”
Norma Shearer’s Pet Part: “THE DIVORCÉE”
Kay Francis chooses "STREET of CHANCE"

As the wife who tried to save her husband from a gambler's death, Kay Francis played her favorite role in "Street of Chance," with William Powell.
DOUG JR. says of his role of Douglas Scott in "The Dawn Patrol": "It was the chance of a lifetime! Dick Barthelmess gave me the chance, and the success of the picture brought me my new contract!"
Nancy Carroll

Has Two Favorites!

Nancy as the chorus girl in "The Shopworn Angel" which she liked because it was her first emotional role.

And because it was highly emotional, Miss Carroll also chooses the manicurist of "The Devil's Holiday."

And thereby cheats a little on her fellow stars, who only picked one! But Nancy says she can't choose between her part in the silent film, "The Shopworn Angel," and her role in her finest talkie, "The Devil's Holiday."

Above, with Phillips Holmes in "The Devil's Holiday." Nancy's pet talking picture. Left, a scene with Gary Cooper from "The Shopworn Angel" which she selects as her favorite silent film.
It's no surprise to hear that Miss Chatterton selected her rôle in "Sarah and Son" as her favorite—and without a moment's hesitation, too! She wouldn't go into the subject and divulge her reasons for her choice—but it's reasonable to assume she likes Sarah best because it marked her greatest screen success so far.

Above, Ruth Chatterton in one of the memorable mother-love scenes with Philippe De Lacey in Miss Chatterton's favorite film, "Sarah and Son."

RUTH CHATTERTON
chooses
Sarah in
"Sarah and Son"

Below, the star shared with Fredric March some of the bright moments of her pet picture. Ruth prefers Sarah even to "Madame X" as her most interesting characterization.
"Diana in 'Our Dancing Daughters' is my favorite rôle," says Joan Crawford, "because she was my first real part and earned stardom for me. Then, too, she was so gay—blatant, of course, but with the blatancy of youth and fearlessness. I'll always love Diana!"
Gary Cooper's Favorite Rôle:

"The Virginian"

When he was a boy Gary read the book many times, and saw the play of "The Virginian." He always wanted to play it. Naturally, since it realized that kid ambition of his, "The Virginian" will always be his pet part.

Gary likes to play opposite Mary Brian because she's a grand trouper and a sweet girl—no nonsense about her! And she was his leading lady in "The Virginian," which made it all the nicer!
Does the romance of Valentino, the great screen lover, ride again?

Does 'Jadaan'—the famous Arabian stallion ridden by Valentino in his last picture, "The Son of the Sheik," feel the spirit of this great screen lover on his back once more as he dashes across the lonely Arizona desert with fire in his nostrils and the great wind behind his silky ears?

To us, of this every-day, work-a-day world, such a thing sounds incomprehensible. Yet there have been more than ordinarily intelligent men who claim that surrounding this physical world of ours there is another world, the barrier to which can be easily crossed by those who have the sensitiveness and the intuition. Such men as Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Conan Doyle, the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, and many others, have openly made this assertion. And only recently Director Herbert Brenon

Jadaan,' the last steed ever ridden by Valentino, leads another movie charge

and some other members of his troupe who invaded the Sonora desert, near Yuma for location shots on "Beau Ideal," claimed that Rudolph Valentino's spirit seemed to ride again with that production.

It all happened this way. Mr. Brenon was directing "Beau Ideal," the sequel to "Beau Geste," and in his demands for realism he wished not only the same principals but even the same horses which were used in the former screen success. Arrangements were therefore made with the well-known W. K. Kellogg Arabian Horse Ranch at Pomona, California, for the use of two of their rare pure-breds. 'Jadaan' and 'Raseyn,' whose family trees go back to those splendid horses bred by the Bedouin tribes of the Arabian desert, were selected. 'Jadaan' had already established a name for himself in motion picture

(Continued on page 98)
Clara faced the world with a brown-stone front
That muffled her laughter.

II

She craved a frock for a high school ball,
And there was no money.
She fancied new slippers to kick at the moon,
And the money went for medicines.
She wanted a scarf to blend with her hair,
And the money passed to doctors.
She counted the dimes and the pennies
While her father hunted a job
She longed to dance with smooth-stepping boys,
Yet tarried with death at her mother's bed
On the shady side of the street.

III

In the living-room back of the brown-stone front—
There from the days of the Civil War—
Stood a full-length mirror.
Clara stopped and asked a question.
She knew a mirror answered fact with truth:
In glassy candor:
Nothing less and nothing more.
She smiled.
She tossed her head from side to side
And loosed a shock of tawny hair
In ravishing abandon.
She raised her skirts—
For skirts were longer then—
To judge the contour of her legs.
She rolled her eyes and out hopped
Love and Laughter:
Merry devils, shy from long seclusion.
The mirror answered "Yes,"
To smile, to hair, to legs, to eyes.
The mirror said, "You're all O.K."
In answer to her question.
The judges of a beauty show
O.K.'d the mirror's verdict.
Be-Gay!

What is hidden in the heart of the hoyden from Brooklyn? Here's the real Clara Bow!

IV

In two free leaps, she crossed the street From shadow into sunshine. As winner of a beauty show, She won a place in pictures.

V

The white lights in the studio Warmed her soul. From out a brown cocoon, She flitted about like a butterfly. Into the glamorous heat She winged her way. Forever and a day, she must be gay. The director said, "Now weep real tears, The girl you're playing has lost her lover." And Clara wept. It was fun to weep when she didn't mean it. The tears were real and they spoiled her make-up. "Too bad, I'm sorry," the director said, "You nearly killed the picture."

Clara folded her butterfly wings And placed them in a closet.

VI

Back in the chill of the brown-stone front, Clara faced the shadows. The butterfly wings, torn from her shoulders, Left an open wound. "Forever and a day, she must be gay," Kept rippling through her thoughts. She would be gay: not now; but soon. She would refit her red-gold wings And fly— Fly to the top of the studio sky, Above brown stones and shadows. Fly with a man who gave love for love, To the jazz of a sizzling band. And if she crashed in a shaded street, She would laugh at her damaged wings. She would order more For another flight With a man who gave love for love.

VII

And Clara crashed in the years to come While dullards crawled on the ground. She arose each time On the crest of a laugh To the lift of a red-hot band. She arose each time From a brown-stone past To a kiss on the Cross of Fame.
Hollywood High Jinks!

Theater parties, buffet suppers, house warmings and three weddings open filmland's early spring social season

"I MAGINE having a perfect little jewel of a theater in your own home!" exclaimed Patsy, the Party Hound. "Ramon Novarro has, and we're invited over there to hear a famous European artist sing. She is Povla Frijsh, the Danish artist. There's to be a party afterward, too, over at Ruth Chatterton's house in Beverly Hills, with Ruth and her mother aiding Ramon in receiving."

Jose Crespo, the noted Spanish actor, who is playing all the star roles in the Spanish versions of John Gilbert's pictures, was our escort.

Ramon welcomed us in his charming way, and we found a lot of people ahead of us, including Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Straus, Malcolm St. Clair, Kenneth Thomson and his wife; Elsie Janis, Edna West, F. W. Murnau, Mrs. Tillie Chatterton, Charlotte Greenwood, Martin Broone, Miss Greenwood's husband and head of a studio musical department; M. Strothart, musical composer; John Roche, Max Ree, art director; Marie Dressler, Bodil Rosing, Robert Law and Florence Barnes, aviators; Mrs. Ferdinand Pinney Earle, Mario Ramirez, and others.

The theater was all it had been described to us, and we found that it has the most perfect lighting system of any theater in the West.

The singer proved entirely charming, and the concert went off beautifully.

"It's wonderful," remarked Jose Crespo, "to be able to have not only your own theater, but your own audience, who appreciates both theater and entertainment."

Ramon lives with his family in an old, aristocratic part of Los Angeles, in a (Continued on page 115)
Profile of a Popular Young Man

Being the first of a series of flip pen portraits of cinema celebrities.

Next month, Greta Garbo!

Robert Montgomery has been leading man for some of the most glamorous women in screen history: Shearer, Crawford, and now we see him with Garbo in "Inspiration."

There's a reason why screen actresses—and all other girls, too—seem to fall for Bob Montgomery. It's not his good looks or his caressing ways. It's his sophistication!

A SCHOOLBOY reaching for jam on the top shelf.

And expecting to be caught. Round eyes, pale blue. Walks on springs. Even his best friends admit he can't sing like Tibbett. Or Cliff Edwards. Always has a muffler flying around his neck. Can you imagine him walking the floor nights with offspring?


Determined to keep feet on the ground. Loves the nectar of success but wants to stay sober. Vows he will never be hammy. Answers own telephone. Breeds Scotties. Likes green hats. Don't tell him he looks like Buddy Rogers. Or make any bets with or against him. Picked three winners at Agua Caliente with a table fork. Great pal of the Chester Morrises and the Nugents. Also from N'Yawk.

Thinks Irving Berlin's music swell. Reads Russian and Roman history. Also the Bookman and Whiz Bang. Aching to clip Jim Tully's hair. Been in England, France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany and didn't save any menus. A hound at riding, golf, tennis and flying. Also swings mean polo mallet. Played on team at Pawling School. Won't wear garters.

Knows how to jibe a sail into the wind, which sounds hard, anyway. Wonder if he can spit curves, too? Has patent-leather gaiter shoes for evening wear. Lives up Hollywoodland way and coasts four miles before he switches on the engine. Last Broadway play, "Possession." All his suits are double-breasted. Fencing, his pet hobby right now. Has shirts tailor-made so the collars will fit. Hasn't any jewelry. Ambitious to be writer. Sold some stories already. Now wants to write a moving picture for himself.

Hasn't been on Broadway since he left to try his luck in talkies. One of the few stage importations to make good. And how! Likes to read his fan mail but looks at postcards first. Got the kick of his life when first asked for autograph at the Hollywood fights. Smokes a pipe and mixes his own blend. Has no interest in politics but enthuses over stock ascensions. Isn't over-keen on parties or whoopee socials. Hates manicures. And woolen socks that scratch. He once wore a high hat in public.

Starts lunch by ordering light salad. Winds up with porterhouse steak for desert. We shouldn't tell it. But he is fond of onions and garlic. Not wild about candy but will go for chewing gum. Never saw him with clean white pants. Has had more interviews in past six months than perhaps any other actor or actress in business. Studio can't take enough portraits to satisfy magazines.

Hopes some day to retire to farm. Bet he never does. Likes to work in pictures and doesn't moan for holidays and vacations. Didn't expect to stay more than six months and left his furniture in storage. If he starts to tell you a joke it doesn't make any difference how many times you've heard it before. He's a very determined young man. That's why he is where he is.
The Barrymores' Vacation

The exclusive account of the cruise of the Infanta.
Who was the best sailor? Why, Baby Dolores!

By Carlisle Jones

FULL of fish lore and quinine John Barrymore returned recently from the longest cruise yet attempted in his new yacht, the Infanta, bringing his wife, Dolores Costello, and their baby, the nine-months-old Dolores Ethel Mae, back to their rambling and interesting home high on the flank of one of the Beverly Hills.

The Infanta had poked her sharp nose into strange ports and had wallowed in unusual seas. Her storage spaces held an odd collection of souvenirs: a part of the vertebra of a whale, picked up from the sands of Asuncion Bay; the skin and skeleton of a 500 Marlin sword fish, the stuffed remains of a giant tortoise; a collection of woven baskets, purchased in Guatemala; and cages containing a dozen new birds to add to the actor's aviary.

Boating with the Barrymores becomes an adventure of real significance. There is no loitering about the sheltered coves in placid water. The Infanta was built for speed and distance and new experiences, and the family threesome are all trained for the sport.

It was the first long trip for the baby and many extra preparations were made for her introduction to the life on the Pacific which her parents love so well. As a matter of fact, Dolores Ethel Mae shamed her parents and her nurse and the doctor who was taken along as an extra precaution and the only guest, by proving to be the best sailor of them all!

The Infanta provides an unusual combination of strength and comfort. She is built along the low-hung lines of a man-o'-war, with a minimum of superstructure and an appetite for heavy seas.

The passenger quarters are luxurious in a sturdy fashion. The owner's cabin is spacious and located deep in the center of the boat. The color scheme is blue and gold. It might be a room in a luxurious home save for the port-holes that serve as windows and the fact that the big footless, double bed is anchored, as are all other furnishings, to the wall and floor.
Close by is the baby's cabin. Built permanently into one corner is a stout crib, padded and with rounded corners, to safeguard the child in heavy tossing seas. In the same room are quarters for Smith, the nurse who has cared for Dolores Ethel Mae since her mother brought her home from the hospital.

Across the corridor Dr. Ida-noel Gibbins, feminine child specialist, occupied a guest cabin on the long Southern trip, and the second large guest cabin was empty save for a personal maid.

The ample cold storage rooms were stocked with fresh vegetables and canned goods. Science has provided safe methods for carrying the vitamin foods for a child in cans and cold storage, and the route was planned for the necessary stops to replenish the supply.

A high chair was added to the equipment of the dining saloon, anchored in place beside the mother's chair. The tray is wedged to keep the silver mug and porringer in place.

With these extra precautions the Infanta slid out of Long Beach Harbor and headed south for ports unknown!

Barrymore's is a change from landsman and actor to sailor and fisherman is simple. He takes off the disreputable slouch hat that he has worn off and on, ever since arriving in California, and puts on his yachting cap at the same rakish angle. That is all.

Life is easy and living is simple aboard the Infanta. The crew of eleven includes an excellent cook and 'Casey,' a handy man who combines the arts of cocktail making with ability to wait on table. An effective combination!

Barrymore's favorite spot while the boat is on the ocean is the combination smoker, library and cantina which centers the main deck and into which he has incorporated all the interesting sea equipment which he has collected.

There he can have a real fire in a real fireplace; there he has the lockers that hold his fishing tackle and his guns; there is the ship's library; and there is the antique Mexican bar of old driftwood inlaid with mother-of-pearl which he tore out of the old schooner yacht Mariner, which preceded the Infanta in his affection.

The bright and comfortable observation saloon and the deck saloon aff furnish comfortable quarters for the long leisure hours for Dolores and her baby.

Breakfast is informal and uncertain as to hours, luncheon is served at noon, and dinner, more formal, at night. Rest for the family is organized, with the boat speeds to its destination.

There is a wealth of comfort and convenience, and with the boat speeds to its destination, for March 1931

One hundred and twenty feet long, with a cruising speed of some thirteen knots, driven by two 275-horse-power Atlas Imperial Deisel motors, the Infanta rides easily if sometimes lightly on the swelling Pacific.

Even experienced sailors find rough going on small boats in heavy weather, and the Barrymore family and party were all affected on the trip south, except Dolores Ethel Mae, who rolled in her crib and bounced about in her high chair in high glee as the Infanta dipped (Continued on page 113)
YOU needn't think you're the only one economizing now! Since the stock market crash nearly all of us have pulled in our spending horns. But even before said crash nearly every person had some little secret economy which he practised on the sly. I know I did. And do. But never mind about that.

This pet economizing has spread even to the social leaders of New York's 'Four Hundred.' I personally know that one of the biggest and broadest—socially speaking—dowagers of this city hates to pay money out for having her table linen laundered. After every big dinner party, she has her personal maid dampen the used napkins and press them out. If they're too soiled, then the maid must soak them in a little Lux. But never are they sent to the laundry. And it's not because madame fears the laundry will ruin them. New York has plenty of careful blanchisseries, as the French call them. It's because madame wishes to save those few pence!

If a society matron can have her little economizing weakness, why can't a screen star? Answer: they do. Take Joan Crawford for instance. She's as open-hearted and generous a girl as there is in the film colony but even Joan hates to spend money on hats. Now there is an awful graft in hats—every woman knows that. Somebody takes a pinch of felt and a whisk of ribbon—the result is twenty dollars. Joan has rebelled. She loves felt hats but refuses to pay exorbitant prices for them. So she went out and found herself a woman who can make exquisite little felt models for about one-tenth

HOLLYWOOD'S

By Rosa Reilly

Joan Crawford's economizing weakness is hats—she refuses to pay high prices.

Norma Shearer, well dressed woman as she is, economizes on her gloves.

Clara Bow saves all her old shoes. You'd be surprised what she does with them. Read the story and find out.
Favorite Economies

Every little screen star has a pet economy all his own. Read how the picture players hate to spend their money on certain things!

Leila Hyams breaks down and sobs when her pocketbooks wear out—no kidding!

Robert Montgomery hates to buy new golf balls. He has his old ones patched.

Lawrence Tibbett counts as lost any dollars spent for neckties or mufflers.

Janet Gaynor keeps her cut flowers fresh a long time by putting aspirin in the water.

Constance Bennett loves French lingerie—but refuses to pay the high prices.

Janet Gaynor keeps her cut flowers fresh a long time by putting aspirin in the water.

Constance Bennett loves French lingerie—but refuses to pay the high prices.

Ramon Novarro spends hundreds of dollars each month on his family but he won't spend a nickel on a shave. "Millions for defense but not one cent for the barber's chair," is his slogan. When he visits a barber shop for a manicure or hair cut, he will take everything offered in the way of service—except a shave. No matter how rushed he may be—never will he let a barber lay a razor to his brunette beard.

Constance Bennett loves French lingerie. But we all know how high those handmade wisps come. So, I'm told, Miss Bennett buys marvelous models from the best Parisienne ateliers, and has them copied by the half-dozen by a little French sewing woman.

Joseph Schenck, Norma Talmadge's husband, who can buy and sell a dozen ordinarily rich business men, hates to leave lights burning when there's nobody in the room. He goes around after everybody (Continued on page 121)
Ethel Barrymore recently played a Negro heroine—the title role in "Scarlet Sister Mary."

"Scarlet Sister Mary"

I DO not know Julia Peterkin's "Scarlet Sister Mary" in book-form; but the play is the most fascinating study in dullness that even these ears and eyes have been fanned with.

The Gullah South. Burnt-cork whites making mad stabs at talking like negroes. They got as near to it as Henry Ford has to comprehending Kant.

Ethel Barrymore, who was made by God for sophisticated, drawing-room comedy, appears in blackface first as a Liza that got married and was then deserted, then as the town Lula Belle; then, finally, going back to the Church, leaving the country boys flat.

This is the best comedy we have had on Broadway since Bugs Baer played Hamlet.

"Overture"

William Bolitho in "Overture" has taken the drama of political ideas as they are being played out in Europe today and put them all in a proletarian revolution in a small German town in 1922.

He has written a tremendous, gripping, memorable drama of ideas and action. It is grim, stark and breathless. It is, in my opinion, one of the great dramas of the times, the one great play of this season.

Karl Bitter leads a revolt of the working classes. They seize the town hall. It is occupied later by the soldiers.

Bitter goes to his death. But the construction, the character work, the blaze of ideas, the quick-fire action are things to be seen, not described.

Power, Fatality and Beauty bathe every scene of this play. There are no villains, not even the government. Each does what he must do. The play strips humanity naked.

Colin Clive's English accent played against him in this
in Review

Benjamin De Casseres

German atmosphere. Patrick O'Brien as the Robespierre of the Communists was terribly and brutally superb. Barbara Robbins as Katie Tauler, a Red, was morose and terrific by turns. In fact, no such fine mass acting has been seen on Broadway in years. A great play, a great production, a rare event on our blowzy stage!

"This Is New York"

The best thing in Mr. Robert E. Sherwood's new play, "This Is New York"—at least to me—was a new kind of bootlegger. He is human, sobby, liberal, has no gun, and, in fact, makes you want to keep the Eighteenth Amendment on the books so that we can have more of these Harry Glassmans, overplayed a little by Robert Barret.

The play is no great shakes; but will make a corking talkie of the popular kind. It's about a South Dakota Senator with his family in New York. They hate New York, all except Lois Moran, the daughter, who not only takes on a rich male cutie but gets mixed up in a drinking party with a window-jumping suicide for intermezzo.

South Dakota versus New York, you see? Who wins? Why, we do of course—we, old Jimmy Walker's town! Oh, but South Dakota's all right!

The play is about the shakiest thing Mr. Sherwood has done—full of advertising lines. Walter Winchell gets twelve free ads. alone. Robert Haines was the Senator, and pretty good, too.

"A Kiss of Importance"

Basil Rathbone is the latest emigré from the talkies to the livies. He is the very Vére de Vére of matinée lovers—just swarming with sex giddap!

In "A Kiss of Importance," a French—a very French—farce, Mr. Rathbone takes the part of a professional co-respondent. But—maybe you've heard of this plot before, Linda—the co. really falls in love (amour) with the lady, and all is hunkydory as the curtain goes down on a triangle that even Walter Winchell would have guessed blindfolded.

Mr. Rathbone was at his snappy best. Those losing their souls in Original Sin with him were Montagu Love, Ann Andrews, and Frederick Kerr.

(Continued on page 127)
The Discovery of Dick

Another one of those Hollywood romances! Richard Cromwell, an unknown hero, shoots from obscurity to fame in three months

By Merle Carver

"Goodbye, Dick—see you soon again!" Richard Cromwell as he left New York on his way to Washington to make a special call on President and Mrs. Hoover who, as soon as they had seen "Tol'able David," expressed a desire to meet the California boy.

All unknown heroes are not buried in national cemeteries to the strains of stirring, martial music. Most of them just live and work—with very little hope of ever doing anything else. Such a one was Roy Radabaugh.

Out of money—no prospects—mother working as a typist at ten cents a page—three younger sisters and brothers needing things—that was the picture twenty-year-old Roy Radabaugh faced at Long Beach, California, on September 8th, 1930.

On December 8th, 1930, Roy Radabaugh was walking into the Blue Room of the Executive Mansion—yes, the White House, to meet President and Mrs. Hoover, at their special request. With money in his pockets—more put away in the bank—a long-time contract in his hand, Roy Radabaugh in ninety days had lifted himself—and his family—from obscurity and poverty to a financial, social and artistic front-page position. And it all came about through that little old miracle worker, the movies, plus one twenty-year-old American boy's ability.

But you say you don't know Roy Radabaugh.

Of course you don't. Roy's just been home minding his business for four years and helping his mother support her family. Besides, Roy's no name for a screen hero. But how about Richard Cromwell, star of "Tol'able David?" Does that mean anything to you? Ah, that's better. I thought that name would ring the bell.

Richard Cromwell is Richard to his film fans, but just plain Roy to the folks at home. Of medium height, blue-eyed, brown-haired, with the most whimsical mouth and the most artistic hands you ever saw, this youngster has been visiting New York City for the first time and knocking the big town's best and bravest right out of their seats into the aisles with his sex-appealing ways.

The Main Stem has seen a lot of screen juveniles in its time. The fact is, you can hardly step out of your office door without falling over two or three. But up until now, it's never seen one quite like Cromwell, that I can recall. He's just a natural—a sensitive, enthusiastic kid, with tremendous possibilities and enough gumption to admit he doesn't know everything there is to be known in the world.

Richard Cromwell and his sister and pal, Opal, had a couple of little rooms in Hollywood where the boy was trying to make a living for his sisters and brothers out of painting. His mother and (Continued on page 98)
George Gershwin, now writing original tunes for Fox Movietone.

De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, the trio who wrote many musical movies, including "Sunny Side Up" and "Just Imagine."

Irving Berlin's Hollywood hit was There's Danger in Your Eyes.

From Movies to Microphones
Radio acknowledges its debt to Hollywood
By Louis Reid

"THAR'S gold in them hills," they used to say of Hollywood. With the advent of the talkies and the radio that's also music. Most of the popular music that is heard today in the front parlors of the republic had its origin in Hollywood.

As secure, seemingly, as the announcers themselves is the place of the Hollywood tune in the musical life of the nation. You cannot escape it in your armchair any more than you can escape the hat check pirate at the restaurant door. Early and late it is dinned into the ears by the maestros of the dance bands, by crooners moaning low and sentimentally, by baby-voice singers, by a thousand-and-one entertainers massed before the microphones.

It seems to me the talkies deserve a deep and grateful bow. They are succeeding in bringing us songs that are civilized, that for the most part are infectious in melody and snappy in rhythm. They are revolutionizing Tin Pan Alley, turning it away from its old maudlin banalities into ballads and fox-trots which though amorous have been touched with a wise-crack brush.

Most of the songs out of Hollywood—they were cursed at one time with the prefix 'theme'—are so far superior to the Tin Pan Alley numbers of yesterday as to win a special order of merit, if not from Damrosch, at least from Paul Whiteman and Vincent Lopez and B. A. Rolfe and Rudy Vallée.

The reason of course, lies in the fierce competition now in progress on the West Coast. Not only has Broadway trekked in army strength to Hollywood, but the studios have summoned the leading tunesmiths of Europe. And the race is not only to the swiftest and most melodious but, thank Allah, the most sophisticated.

One of the most successful tilers of Hollywood's musical soil is Nacio Herb Brown. He it was who wrote, while the moon was hanging low, a dreamy waltz called Pagan Love Song. It featured a talkie. Indeed, it was the life blood of a talkie. Soon America, and not long after the whole of Europe, was voicing its amorous philosophy. It became the example of what every theme song should be—a modern sentimental tribute to youth when it is combined with beauty and constancy, particularly constancy. It made Brown famous over night. Studios began to clamor for his services, hoping his lyrical palpitations over love would not diminish.

And Brown soon turned the trick again. The first big musical talkie, "Broadway Melody," came out of Hollywood, by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and it contained not one but two first class tunes—a song named after the title of the film and The Wedding of the Painted Doll. The latter also (Continued on page 119)
“Goodbye, Hollywood—Hello, Paris!” said Buddy Rogers as he arrived at the new Paramount Studio at Joinville, a short distance from the French capital. Buddy’s host is Robert Kane (left), in charge of Paramount’s European production.

**My Trip Abroad**

By Charles ‘Buddy’ Rogers

October 8, 1930. On board the S. S. “Paris.” At six o’clock this evening, we were all ready to sail—aboard the good old ship “Paris,” of the French line. There was a grand brisk breeze blowing off the water front. The west was a mass of red. A lot of friends came down to the Fourteenth Street dock to see mother and me off: Mary Brian and her mother, who is a great friend of my mother’s; Gregg Blackton, who was at the Paramount School with me; Paddy de Cisle, another one of my side-kicks; Kathryn Crawford, who played in “Safety in Numbers” with me; and at least a dozen others.

I was glad to go but I felt kind of sad, too. Must have been the music the band played as we cast off. A rollicking march but glad music is sometimes sadder than sad music—if you get what I mean. The decks were crowded with people, last-minute trunks were being hoisted aboard. Everybody was kissing everybody else, and finally, there came that last call which almost makes your heart stand still: “All Ashore! That’s Going Ashore!” A dismal sound!

My hands were full of bon voyage presents and letters, everybody yelled last-minute advice, goodbyes and wise-cracks. Mother shed a few tears and before I knew it, she and I were leaning on the rail watching the water grow wider and wider between us and the dock.

So much excitement today guess I should turn in, but before I do I want to describe our suite. It’s one of the nicest on board—but old-fashioned! There’s mother’s bedroom, my bedroom and a sitting room between, all filled with heavy draperies, heavy furniture, and heavy carving. Why even the doors are carved. It isn’t cheerful a bit. But it’s the only suite on the “Paris” which hasn’t been re-decorated. Mother decided even before she’d had any dinner that she was
going to be sea-sick, so I tucked her in bed. She looked real sweet in a heavy padded lavender dressing gown with her lovely grey hair shining in contrast. I told her she was a humbug—she didn’t look sick at all.

I didn’t dress for dinner tonight. Nobody does when the sailing is so late in the afternoon. The first person I bumped into in the dining room, I mean dining salon, was Alan Hale, and maybe it wasn’t good to find a friend among all those strangers. We decided to sit at the same table. The ship’s orchestra played soft music all during dinner. Everybody seemed happy at all the little tables which one always finds bottles of vin ordinaire, every day wine, I call it, which the French Line provides free. The French drink it like we do water. As I sat there, I could hardly believe that it was only a few years ago that I crossed the ocean on a mule boat, not as a movie star, but as chambermaid to four hundred jackasses.

October 10th. A grand day but the ship’s rolling a bit. Mother’s still seasick. I feel sorry for her. I had had a grand walk, eight times around the deck—which is a mile. I felt so good I went down and ate a big breakfast—ham and eggs, marmalade, coffee and fruit. I was telling her about it—and it didn’t improve her a bit.

Not many young people aboard. It’s kind of off-season. But Alan Hale had a lot of fun with a pretty blonde girl at the next table. She couldn’t figure out how we could have fresh milk and cream for the whole way across. Alan told her they had special Jersey cows on board and that he would take her below after breakfast and show her the maritime stables. She believed it, and I almost did myself for they have such efficient refrigeration on board that everything keeps scrupulously fresh—even flowers.

October 11th. Mother’s still seasick. Can’t raise her head. Lots of others, too. Dining room is almost deserted even at lunch time. The sea isn’t really rough but there’s a mean sideways roll to it and a drop afterwards that makes even the toughest stomachs do gymnastics. I keep busy—doing nothing—just resting, walking, eating, reading and playing bridge. General Gouraud is the most interesting person on board. He’s really the Pershing of France and has a chest full of medals. Every night we have movies, One night French, the next American. But no talkies. The American and English lines have talker equipment but not the French. Tonight I saw an old Harold Lloyd picture; must be years old.

October 14th. We land tomorrow. I can hardly believe it. Tonight is the Captain’s dinner. Everybody is dressed up like a Hollywood premiere. These little Frenchmen in their full evening dress—long tails—certainly do look funny. It’s hard enough for a tall man to get away with full dress.

Before dinner tonight you could see the stewards running up and down the companionways (stair cases) with trays full of sherry, since most of the people aboard drink a glass of it before dinner rather than cocktails. It’s nicer, too. People don’t act so crazy. I sat at the Captain’s table for the first time. And what a dinner we had—and what wines! I don’t see how they stand so many. There was sherry with the soup.
some kind of white wine with the fish, and champagne with the roast, and port with the dessert. Everybody was given little presents and we wore paper caps and blew whistles and horns. Real gay, believe me. And afterwards plenty of dancing.

About eleven o'clock I left and went to see mother—she was in bed the whole way across. Her light was off but she was still awake. We sat there in the dark and talked. She sat up a bit and just as we were looking out of the porthole, all of a sudden through the dark night we saw another boat pass—real close to us. I wondered if it was a mule boat. And I thought how lucky I was to be there on that big comfortable liner. I remember when I crossed on that mule boat, it took fourteen days. And I was sick as a dog. One night I looked out and saw a big steamer going by. People were dancing on deck and I could hear beautiful music. I made up my mind, right then, that the next time I crossed it would be on a real boat. And here I am. And so I'm turning in tonight a pretty grateful and a pretty humble fellow. But for the grace of God, I might be on a mule boat—right now.

October 15th. Carlton Hotel, London. We're actually in jolly old England, and it's pouring cats and dogs. We landed at Plymouth at midnight. Got off in a dark drizzle. Couldn't see anything. A priest was the first person to recognize me. He was on the dock to meet some of his American relatives. And a lot of his nieces and nephews were with him. He pointed me out to the kids and I got a great kick out of it. Hope they did, too.

But the greatest kick was getting on the dark train—the boat train, they call it, which runs from Plymouth up to London in about seven hours. There were no lights for the first two hours. It seems the lights don't come on until the power is worked up by the momentum of the wheels, or something like that. As we sat there in the dark, big wicker trays of food were shoved in to us. As the train started, we started to eat. When we were through we put the trays under the seats where there were little compartments for them.

Before we turned in to our sleeping compartments, I looked out the window and in the dark saw what looked like a telephone pole. "Is that a telephone pole?" I asked Alan. "No," he replied, "that's just a match for the Prince of Wales." At that moment a beautiful English voice spoke up—it was a lady's voice—and said:

"There is no match for the Prince of Wales." Pretty clever!

(Continued on page 110)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

From "THE SOUTHERNER"
The beautiful 'platinum blonde' has just signed a new contract with Howard Hughes, who featured her in "Hell's Angels." Jean is one of the most provocative sirens on the screen.

One of the chief reasons for the renewed popularity of 'Westerns': Dick Arlen. But we hope that in your enthusiasm for his athletic prowess you won't forget that Mr. Arlen is a very able dramatic actor.
Glenn Tryon is an ingratiating comedian on the way to bigger and better characterizations.

Below: William Bakewell, a favorite juvenile, adds to his dramatic prestige in "Dance Fools Dance."

Gavin Gordon, since his screen début with Garbo in "Romance," has progressed favorably.

Stuart Erwin—unjustly nicknamed "Stew" by his friends—has scored with his own special brand of comedy.
Meet the boys who are supporting our pictures in the manner to which we are accustomed...
He's gone nautical, this young man about Hollywood! Arthur bought the boat to match the cap and now he's happy. More than just a juvenile—he's a splendid actor.
After her two-year engagement in Charlie Chaplin's "City Lights," Virginia steps out on her own in "Girls Demand Excitement," in which she plays opposite John Wayne.
THREE HOLLYWOOD GRACES

Here are two of our Three Graces—only their names are Barbara and Evelyn. Let's see—where's the other one? Look around you!

Ah—here's the missing Grace—Miss Claudia Dell. From left to right: Claudia, Evelyn Knapp, Barbara Weeks. Take your bows, girls.

All photographs by Fred R. Archer, Warner Brothers
Golden California sunshine, golden girls, golden motion picture salaries—no wonder Hollywood is such a popular place! (Adv.) Misses Weeks, Dell, and Knapp all appear in Vitaphone productions, meaning they are pleasantly vocal as well as opulently optical.
The girl who is making every Main Street glitter like Broadway! She's been a musical comedy sensation ever since she was billed as 'Miss Sugarplum.' Now Marilyn adds to her audiences with "Sunny," her new film.
REGINALD DENNY

He staged a great come-back in "Madame Satan." Then he scored in "A Lady's Morals." And now, they say, Denny is studying "The Merry Widow," in which he may play Prince Danilo, once acted by Gilbert.
**A SEVEN-COURSE KISS DINNER!**

Just a quiet little dinner for two. But when those two are Claudia Dell and Walter Pidgeon, the suspense, not to say the soup, thickens!

First course. Celery, soup, polite conversation—and then more celery. But even celery can be romantic in the right circumstances.

Fish! That's the next course, not the conversation. All is progressing, if we may judge by Walter's expression, swimmingly!

"You look perfectly charming tonight!" says Walter. "Do you really think so?" murmurs Miss Dell. That's more like it.

The meat course is served. And very nicely, too. Walter doesn't know whether he's eating lamb chops or capon; he only knows it's the best dinner he ever ordered.
Walter has ordered his just desserts. Claudia has a far-away look but she may be only trying to decide between peach melba and biscuit tortoni.

The salad course. Miss Dell is one 'girl' who isn't on a Hollywood diet. Walter isn't on a diet, either, but he'd rather contemplate Claudia than a lot of lettuce, even with French dressing.

The demi-tasse gets colder and colder. But what have such mundane things to do with romance?

"Mr. Pidgeon—please!" says Miss Dell. And Mr. Pidgeon pleases.

Ho-hum, that's life—in the movies! We don't advise young men to emulate Mr. Pidgeon's technique unless they know their menus.

All photographs by Elmer Fryer, First National
Estelle Taylor and Richard Dix

in "CIMARRON"

As Dixie Lee and Yancey Cravat in the film version of Edna Ferber's famous novel, Estelle Taylor and Richard Dix, the star, give vivid performances. You'll want to see this exciting picture of pioneer days, with its pictorial beauty and robust drama and splendid acting.
On the opposite page is a scene from the new R. K. O. picture, "CIMARRON" in which Estelle Taylor is featured.

"I observe that under stage and studio lights especially, one's hair becomes a keynote of beauty and appeal. Directors realize this and favor girls whose hair is alive and lustrous," says ESTELLE TAYLOR.

Lustrous hair is always an important beauty factor. You, too, can easily have hair that shines and sparkles. Hennafoam Shampoo — the shampoo that contains a pinch of henna — will bring out all the alluring softness of your hair. Hennafoam will not affect the color or make your hair dry or brittle. Your dealer can supply you with Hennafoam Shampoo.

NOTE: Men, too, realize the importance of beautiful hair. Richard Dix says: "I find that real beauties — the girls that quickly outgrow the 'extra' class — always seem to have that live, lustrous type of hair. It registers so well under studio lights . . ."
Leading New York Beauty Experts endorse olive and palm oil method to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Pierre, Rose Laird, Dumas, Robert, members of world group of more than 20,000 beauty experts who declare Palmolive essential to complexion care.

"Other soaps may irritate," says Rose Laird. "Palmolive is safe and protective. Its vegetable oils make soap and water safe for all skin, however sensitive."

NEW YORK, our most sophisticated capital, is adopting a simple rule of complexion care, on the advice of its well-known specialists in beauty culture.

Pierre, whose 57th street salon invites only the elect. Rose Laird, with her exclusive patronage and her reputation for performing marvels. It is such specialists who've taught New Yorkers how to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

Their method is simple

These beauty specialists—and others (indeed, more than 20,000, when one includes the thousands all over Europe)—find in Palmolive Soap a skin cleanser and beauty protection that just can't be equalled.

They like, first of all, its olive oil content. They like the gentle but thorough fashion in which it cleanses—and the soft, smooth, fresh feeling it gives the skin. "The glamorous freshness of youth," they call this much-desired texture.

Use your hands to make a fine lather of Palmolive and warm water (not hot water—that's hard on the skin). Massage this in, then rinse it off and you'll find you're rinsing away dirt and impurities that would otherwise cause serious skin blemishes. Rinse first with warm water, then with cold. Use this treatment as a base for make-up . . . and you'll keep that schoolgirl complexion.

New Yorkers are taking this advice seriously. So are smart Parisiennes. So, in fact, are millions of women the world over. You'll find it both an inexpensive and delightful treatment, since Palmolive, as you know, costs only 10 cents the bar.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday—9:50 to 10:30 p.m., Eastern time, 8:50 to 9:30 p.m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p.m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., Pacific Coast time—over WEA F and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

ROSE LAIRD
Where charming salon looks out on the spot where Fifth Avenuement Central Park.

DUMAS
Beauty specialist of the Savoy-Plaza, New York, recommends Palmolive to his patrons.

PIERRE
Of the fashionable Plaza district, says: "Don't experiment with beauty. Use Palmolive."

ROBERT
Whose Fifth Avenue salon is extremely chic, is another New York beauty specialist who emphasizes the value of Palmolive.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Retail Price 10c
Southern Charm in the Kitchen

Dainty desserts and choice confections from Dorothy Jordan's book of recipes

By Emily Kirk

DOROTHY JORDAN can cook. And well, too!

Of course she can, having been born in the South, where cooking is an art instead of a necessity and where recipes are handed down from generation to generation with infinite care.

In the cool, sunny, green kitchen of the oceanside house at Playa del Rey, where Dorothy lives with her mother and her younger sister, she concocts an amazing variety of dainty desserts and pastries and candies. When the three Jordans moved their trunks from Tennessee to California, they did not forget their precious book of southern recipes.

Very frankly Dorothy admits that she prefers making cakes and pies and candies to any other kind of cooking. Chocolate cake is her specialty. And what a cake it is, tasting like nothing which anyone has ever tasted before.

It's a combination cake, so Dorothy says, a mixture of various recipes from many cooks. Each one has added her own touch to it.

Dorothy puts the finishing touches to her Southern specialty, buttermilk custard pie.

Dorothy Jordan makes her favorite candy, 'Divinity.' When it's just right, Dorothy rolls it into balls and dips it in thick chocolate coating.

When Dorothy makes a big trayful of her famous candies she doesn't have to urge anyone to come and help eat them.

Dorothy along with the rest of the family.

Dorothy Jordan's Favorite Southern Recipe

**Peach Leather**

Select very ripe, free-stone peaches. Peel, remove stones, mash thoroughly and put through a sieve. To this pulp, add one cup granulated sugar for every four cups of peach pulp and juice. Bring this mixture to a boiling point and boil gently for two minutes. Spread mixture very thinly on a large platter and place in the sun for three days. When the mixture is thin and leathery, sprinkle it with powdered sugar, cut it into strips and roll each strip like jelly roll. Place these tiny rolls on a platter, put in sun and let remain for two more days. This confection is a truly southern delicacy.

Dorothy, herself, has exercised her own culinary ingenuity in its fashioning. So it's a cake that is a cake. And it grows better as it ages.

To make this cake Dorothy uses one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, eleven eggs, one pound of flour, three grated nutmegs, two teaspoons of mace, one teaspoon of ground cloves, one-half cup of rose water, one and one-half cups of cooking sherry, four pounds of seeded raisins, four pounds of currants, two pounds of finely chopped citron. Now for the making!

First Dorothy creams the butter and the sugar, adding the well-beaten eleven eggs. She dredges the fruit with part of the flour and sifts the rest with the spices. She adds the flour and the liquids alternately to the first mixture and stirs in the fruit last of all. When the mixture is poured into pans, she bakes it for about three and a half hours in a slow oven. This makes about fifteen pounds of cake, which, like regular fruit cake, grows better as it ages. When ready for serving, Dorothy ices it with a creamy chocolate icing.

The first cake which Dorothy learned to bake and which has always been one of her favorites is her Marble Cake. For the white part of the cake she uses one-half cup of butter, one and one-half cups of (Continued on page 102)
HAVE you ever looked into the mirror and felt with such features as yours you could never be really beautiful?

Well, at such times, go brush your hair. Just brush your hair, regularly and faithfully, and watch your face take on a new and exquisite beauty.

Simple, isn't it, but it's really true.

The hair is the frame for the face and it's just as effective for making an exquisite picture of you as the carefully chosen frame of a genuine picture. Great artists know that the finest painting doesn't look like much unframed and that the simplest little etching, well framed, takes on new value. But no artist lets a frame get all dusty and wavy in outline. And a girl's face is certainly the picture of herself that she shows the world, so to neglect the great, flattering value of the hair above it is just plain dumb.

That's one of the great lessons the movies can teach us. Did you ever see girls who knew so much about making their hair beautiful as the motion picture stars? They change the style of their hairdress constantly. When they are playing an innocent they go in for curls, or long amusing bobs. When they are playing sophisticated, they go sleek and shining of head. Greta Garbo is always showing, by her hair, the kind of woman she is playing. And any girl at home can give herself a similar, thrilling variety of appearances if she learns how to handle her golden or dark brown locks.

For there are two things that make for beauty, irrespective of features or coloring. One is a real glow to the skin, and the other is a real gloss on the hair.

To get the glow on the skin requires a bit of work. You have to be careful about your diet, take some exercise, be very clean and know how to use your cosmetics. But to get a gloss on your hair requires only about five minutes' work a day.

Now just think of that—five minutes a day and you get one of the real attributes of beauty! Increase that five minutes a day ten, plus a fairly regular visit to the hairdresser, and you will secure for yourself—and secure for your whole life—a beauty more important to the face than all the gowns, cosmetics or treatments ever devised. Our faces age as we grow older but the beauty of the hair is ageless. Its color changes, of course, but the luxurious quality of the hair may be kept from babyhood to senility if we treat it half way properly.

Naturally it hates neglect. If you neglect to brush your hair, if you twist it and burn it with irons, if you...
LOVELY HAIR!
By
Anne Van Alstyne

You all know this coiffure. Ann Harding's hairdress is unique on or off the screen.

Ginger Rogers has live, luxuriant locks, beautifully marcelled, lightly curled.

The Park Avenue debs have endorsed this hairdress, demonstrated by Joan Bennett.

A blonde coiffure that is young and feminine without being fussy
—Anita Page's.

shampoo it negligently; if you wear tight little airless hats in winter, and no hat at all in summer; well, it will just get drab and hateful then and who could blame it?

I'm sure all of you know, generally speaking, about the structure of the hair—its follicles, its little oil glands, its 'erector pilus' muscles that make it stand erect, in the case of surprise or shock, and hold it firmly under ordinary conditions. So I won't go into that, but I do want to repeat to you the oh-so-simple rules that are the real hair-raising secrets.

The first big thing to remember is that the hair is just as definite a part of your body as one of your arms. If you let yourself run down, your arms will get thin—and so will your hair. If you are too tired or running about too much, you'll be tired and show it. So will your hair be tired and show it. All the hairdressers in the world can’t take that tired look from your hair, if your body is tired too. Your body is like a great corporation of which you are sole owner. You must keep it all running perfectly, if you expect it to pay you dividends. In the case of the hair, you must guard your health, build up your circulation, eat wisely, and take sufficient exercise—but that goes for all beauty, too.

All of us have been taught from earliest childhood to brush our teeth at least once a day—and twice is better. Yet we are quite proud of ourselves if we brush our hair, hastily, five times a week. And think of our poor scalps, exposed to dirt and dust constantly. The very best rule a girl who desires beauty can make is to brush her hair at least five minutes by the clock. (Be sure there's a clock within watching distance. Otherwise your mind will begin thinking about tomorrow night's date, your right arm will begin to get tired and the first thing you know, you'll stop with only two or

(Continued on page 100)

BEAUTY and the BEST
Why not have the finest skin, the most graceful figure, the most flattering makeup and the lovelyest hair of any girl in your crowd? Anne Van Alstyne will be glad to advise you as to the best means of acquiring such beauty, or to help solve any of your personal beauty problems for you. Won't you give her a chance by writing to her in care of SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, N. Y. C. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope for her reply, please.
Reviews of the

Six Best Films of the Month:

PAID REACHING FOR THE MOON
THE BLUE ANGEL THE ROYAL FAMILY
THE DEVIL TO PAY TOM SAWYER

The Devil to Pay
United Artists

RONALD COLMAN'S best picture! What about "The Dark Angel?" You would remember that! Well, this is Ronnie's best comedy, then—and he's forget for the moment that he is a grand serious actor, too, and just have a good time. Here is a picture proving that it isn't at all a bad idea to turn a first-rank playwright loose in a studio. Sam Goldwyn let Frederick Lonsdale have his own way and the result is bright—brisk—and not too terribly whimsical. Colman plays a prodigal son, one of those irresistible British boys who whistles his way through life. Loretta Young and Myrna Loy are decorative. Fred Kerr contributes one of his grand irascible gentlemen of ye olde English school.

The Blue Angel
Paramount

EMIL JANNINGS and Jimmy Durante have one thing in common, Both boys are "just the tool of a beautiful dame." Jannings' latest misere is his first talker, with Marlene Dietrich as the siren who lures him from the straight and narrow. This is not one of my favorite Jannings films. Emil is excellent, as always, as the plodding professor who loses his job, honor, and self-respect for a dance-hall charmer; but Josef Von Sternberg's direction is more than usual of the slow-motion school. Still, this picture has its moments, thanks to the Jannings artistry and to La Dietrich, who is not only a compelling and potent personality but an amazingly good actress.

Paid
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

YOU'LL meet and welcome a new dramatic Joan Crawford in this talker transcription of "Within the Law." You may have seen Alice Joyce and Norma Talmadge in the silent films and you may have seen Jane Cowl in the stage production but you haven't seen anything until you see Joan in "Paid." You'll never forget her as Mary Turner when she speaks that famous old line, "You took away my name and gave me a number"—she's splendid. The Crawford retains all her glamour of "Our Modern Maidens" plus an added dramatic depth. You'll like Robert Armstrong, too. Kent Douglass, the leading man, is new and nice. John Miljan, Hale Hamilton and Marie Prevost deserve applause for their portrayals. Recommended!
Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:

Joan Crawford in "Paid"
Jackie Coogan in "Tom Sawyer"
Ronald Colman in "The Devil to Pay"
Emil Jannings in "The Blue Angel"
Marlene Dietrich in "The Blue Angel"
Ina Claire in "The Royal Family"
Fredric March in "The Royal Family"
Barbara Stanwyck in "Illicit"
Leon Errol in "One Heavenly Night"
Edward Everett Horton in "Reaching for the Moon"

The Royal Family
Paramount

How you'll enjoy this one! It's even better than the stage play, about the celebrated royal family of Broadway—I didn't say the Barrymores, did I?—their glittering careers and slightly mad private lives. There's crazy Tony, played by Fredric March; beautiful Julie, Ina Claire; her daughter, Mary Brian; and Fanny, the grande dame, Henrietta Crosman. Grand cast—pungent dialogue—sparkling situations. Drama, too—all the material and the trappings of the more roman of the setting. It's a fascinating picture and you must not miss it. March wins our page of honor for his performance. Ina Claire looks magnificent and her performance matches. One of the much, much better films.

Reaching for the Moon
United Artists

Robin Hood in Wall Street. D'Artagnan in a penthouse apartment. Doug Fairbanks in modern dress! You'll want to see "Reaching for the Moon" because it presents the original Doug in a new rôle; because it's directed by Goulding; because gorgeous Bebe Daniels is the heroine; and because it gives Eddie Horton his best screen chance. This Park Avenue comedy moves at a mad pace; it's as wise-cracking as Walter Winchell; it's even 'blue' in spots. It's as though the hitherto chemically pure Mr. Fairbanks were thumbing his nose at the cash customers as a final gesture—for this is said to be his last picture, you know. Lots of laughs, for the sophisticated. It's the first Fairbanks film which doesn't invite the children!

Tom Sawyer
Paramount

If you think this is just a 'kiddie' picture, look around you at the dignified, responsible adults rolling in their seats when Tom and Huck attend their own funeral. Mark Twain was a spell-binder. He captivated the parents first and then they made their children read his 'boys' books. Now whole families will have a chance to compare notes when they see this delightful film. It has been intelligently directed and perfectly cast. Jackie Coogan is an engaging Tom—one of our best actors, big or little, this boy. Junior Durkin is just right as Huck, while Mitzi Green proves she's a great trouper by making Becky a real little girl. Please support this splendid picture!
Critical Comment

One Heavenly Night
United Artists

Welcome, Evelyn Laye! The radiant lyrical aristocrat from England is a vision in this somewhat creaky story of love in the Hungarian hinterlands. John Boles sings and swanks opposite. But Leon Errol deserves the most hearty applause for his riotous clowning. Those legs!

Fast and Loose
Paramount

Amusing froth, adapted from stage play, “The Best People.” You’ll meet Miriam Hopkins of the stage making her movie début as a flighty society gel—you’ll like her piquant blondeness and charm. Another newcomer, Charles Starrett, opposite. Carole Lombard is among those pleasant.

The Princess and the Plumber
Fox

Nice, light, innocuous! To us, Charlie Farrell without Janet Gaynor is like Amos without Andy. Not that we don’t like Maureen O’Sullivan—she’s a sweet child and quite engaging on her own account, as the princess of one of those mythical kingdoms. Enter Charlie—and there’s a romantic revolution.

Follow the Leader
Paramount

If you don’t know Ed Wynn here’s a grand chance to make up for lost time. If you do, you’ll attend his movie with no urging from us. Wynn was never funnier. In addition, there’s romance by Ginger Rogers and Stanley Smith and ‘blues’ by Ethel Merman, current Broadway sensation.

Illicit
Warner Brothers

A smash hit for Barbara Stanwyck! This lovely young actress plays a broad-minded girl who defies convention and shies at marriage. James Rennie is the man in the case. But it’s the Stanwyck girl who makes the picture worth seeing. Judge Lindsey would approve of “Illicit!”

The Boudoir Diplomat
Universal

Betty Compson, Ian Keith and beautiful Mary Duncan get off to a flying start in this filming of the stage play, “Command to Love.” Romantic background, diplomatic intrigue, beautiful gowns, and splendid individual performances—but the picture drags. Andre Beranger, as a funny secretary, is great.
New Moon
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

You can't say this moon is made of green cheese, but you can't get excited about it, either. Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore are glamorous and gloriously vocal. The operetta is magnificently produced, with Adolphe Menjou and Roland Young lending noble support. But—not hot!

Free Love
Universal

A marital tragi-comedy directed by Hobart Henley in which a spoiled wife, Genevieve Tobin, deserves a sock on the chin and gets it from her husband—Conrad Nagel, of all people! ZaSu Pitts does a marvelous housemaid. Monroe Owsley and Slim Summerville contribute additional humor. A good bet.

Remote Control
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

William Haines hands out the laughs as a radio announcer. A band of crooks kidnap him and even his flippiest wise-cracks don't weaken the gangsters. But, of course, he gets away—he always does! Mary Doran, John Miljan and Charles King are pleasantly present. Thrills, comedy and romance here.

Sunny
First National

Here's a screen musical to which you youngsters may take mother and dad in perfect safety. They will like Marilyn Miller's grand tap-dancing and graceful blonde beauty. They'll enjoy Joe Donahue. And so will you, though you may be bored by some of the comedy—and who'll blame you?

Only Saps Work
Paramount

There's no story in this talker and a very slim romance by Mary Brian and Richard Arlen. But if you go for grand nonsense then Leon Errol is your tonic. As a light-fingered, lovable crook, Errol dominates the picture. It's illogical but who cares? Stuart Erwin as a bell hop with a detective complex is a laugh, too.

Passion Flower
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

A fine cast: Kay Francis and Kay Johnson, Lewis Stone and Charles Bickford, make this somewhat slow talker worth your while. A wealthy daughter marries the family chauffeur with dire results. Little Mickey Moore and ZaSu Pitts pep up the party but William De Mille directed with too hesitant a hand.
Gossip from the Camera Coasts

WHICH is the 'Greta'—Garbo or Dietrich? It looks like this innocent little question is going to develop into one of these big important screen controversies. Not between the girls themselves, you understand. They seem amused at it all. But it is an issue on which any one of ten million fans will argue, fight, bleed and die. Dietrich, naturally, does not like to be compared to Garbo. No real actress cares to be regarded as an imitation. Garbo, on her part, expresses no opinion one way or the other. But there are those who say that in her free moments, Garbo spends a lot of time listening carefully to Marlene's German phonograph records, to see just how the new film favorite's voice stacks up with her own.

Marlene sailed to visit her husband and little daughter in Germany. She has made it an important clause in her contract that she shall be released after every two pictures for a flying trip back home.

Other stars please copy! Joan Crawford arrived in New York with her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., for a vacation. Metro asked her to pose alone for some train pictures. "I'll be glad to pose—without Douglas," she answered. "Otherwise—no pictures!"

Just before the young Fairbankses left the coast, Mary Pickford rang up Joan and asked her over to Pickfair to celebrate young Doug's birthday. When Doug and his wife arrived at Pickfair, weren't they surprised to find dozens of starry ones who had been invited to do him honor instead of the little family party he was expecting!

Mary and Big Doug entertain in a big way all the time. Recently the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, England's most important youthful ducal couple, have been their house guests. Four years ago, Mary entertained delightfully for the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, the young Duke's mamma. The young Duke, by the way, is no dallier. He has held numerous responsible jobs in the British government. When he and his wife left Pickfair, they went for a deep sea fishing trip. Doug is planning to leave for a tour of the Orient and a big game hunt any day now.

Are they or aren't they? That's the big question about the Jack Gilbert—Ina Claire alliance. It has been reported, despite Ina's emphatic denials, that she has already filed papers for a divorce from the screen star.

Dolores Costello is home-sick for the studio! Two years ago she said she had washed her little hands of the intricate film world for good and all and proceeded to go home and be Mrs. Barrymore. But after little Dolores Ethel Mae was born, and after she had scoured all the Pacific waters

No matter what you may have thought of the weird strains from a musical saw, you'll change your mind when Marlene Dietrich plays hers. Under her trained musician's hand the saw becomes an instrument of real beauty. Anyway, Vic McKagen thinks so.
Mary Astor has lost five pounds!

America has dozens of funny ways of pronouncing the name of Maurice Chevalier. But the prize goes to Turkey for the most novel spelling. Recently in a playhouse along the Bosphorus White Way, Maurice Chevalier was billed as 'Moris Sovalye.'

Constance Bennett always drives her own open roadster during the daytime. Democratic!

What makes Marion Davies the most popular girl in Hollywood? That's easy—it's her thoughtfulness. Just recently she made a splendid gift to Marie Dressier. Miss Dressier at fifty-eight works

with her husband in his yacht Infanta, she happened to drop by the Warner lot one day to show the staff the youngest Barrymore. Whether it was the glitter of the lights or the smell of the make-up we couldn't say. But then and there Dolores made up her mind to stage a screen come-back. And why not? She comes from a trouping family. So now Warners are looking for just the right vehicle for her return.

Jesse Lasky, the big flicker magnate, has an exceptionally gifted wife. Not only is she an artist, having had her paintings exhibited several times in the New York shows, but only recently she had a volume of poems—and very good poems, too—published. These were titled: "And I Shall Make Music." Mrs. Lasky has another job, also: mothering three children. In addition, she's pretty, with a grand, svelte figure.

Did you ever hear of anybody sitting in his own lap? Well, Ruth Chatterton does. Also talks to herself and pats her own back. In her current picture, "The Right to Love," Ruth plays three different people: mother, daughter and granddaughter.

Garbo at work. You can't catch the elegant Swede on the set very often but here she is, toiling in "Inspiration" with Bob Montgomery, while Clarence Brown—on the camera stands—directs.
as hard as the youngest ingénue on the lot. So Marion had a marvelous dressing room on wheels constructed for her. It follows the modernistic motif and is decorated in silver and green, fitted up with all the necessary appointments of a stationary boudoir. Now Marie can powder her nose whenever she wants to—and be sure of the effect!

Richard Cromwell, one of the newest and nicest stars to twinkle on the Hollywood horizon, has a new Ford Cabriolet, named Katya. (He just loves these dear Russians.) His old car was a Star to begin with, but it had Nash gears, Dodge wheels and axles, and countless unidentified spare parts. He called it Greta, because "When I think how beautiful Garbo is," he explained, "I could forget the noise and rattle of my ailing old bus!"

Ruth Roland owns a dancing academy.

Gloria Swanson looked really regal the other night at the opening of "Ghosts," the old Ibsen play revived by Mrs. Patrick Campbell—England's most famous actress of twenty years ago—at a Hollywood theater. Swanson in a subtle white satin gown was speaking with Mrs. Campbell after the performance; "I have a dear little girl at home," Gloria said. "How sweet," replied the visiting celebrity. "I, too, have a dear little girl back home in England—a dear little girl of forty-three!" The amazing Mrs. Pat. makes no secret of the fact that she is seventy-two and bubbled with mischief when a snippy lady said: "Heavens, that Mrs. Campbell must be at least sixty."

Mrs. Pat. is retiring from Hollywood in comparative defeat, after but one rôle in "The Dancers." It was Mrs. Campbell who brought George Arliss to this country many years ago as her leading man at $3000 a week. Now George is a great picture star and very wealthy, while Mrs. Campbell is having to harbor her resources carefully and give lectures to eke things out.

It was not her lack of art, but her lack of tact which undid her in Hollywood. For instance, when she was a guest at the Breakfast Club and a yellow-garbed siren hove in sight, Mrs. Pat. remarked that it made her feel...
like a chewed cigar.

However, Mrs. Campbell brought her god-child-niece, Stella Moore, to Hollywood with her. Stella is tall, fair, very English, and has a gay sense of humor. After playing bits for Fox, Miss Moore has now gotten a good role and will remain to carve out a picture career.

Lina Basquette, former widow of Harry Warner, is just about to receive her divorce decree from Pev Marley, at which time some say wedding bells will ring out for her and Harry Richman. Lina has been dancing at the Club Richman all winter—and enjoying it.

Quite a load of responsibility for a pair of young shoulders! Escorting a lady of eight or thereabouts to a stage premiere in a full-fledged dress suit was what Leon Janney had to do the other night. But he carried it off with éclat at the recent opening of “Peter Pan” at the Hollywood Music Box. He greeted all his old friends in the lobby and gravely introduced his lady friend, June Grey. But something in his face, just for an instant, betrayed that he was bored—not with the lady—but with all his gentility.

In the meantime, wonder how Mitzi Green feels about his defection? Mitzi proclaimed quite publicly lately that Leon Janney was her most particular special boy friend!

When interviewed two years ago and asked what she expected to be doing ten years hence, Norma Talmadge said she hoped to become a stage actress. Perhaps that’s the reason this great star of the silent movies is willing to play second fiddle on the legitimate stage! Norma is rehearsing to play the lead in a road company of the New York stage success, “The Greeks Had A Word For It.” This is the first time, to our knowledge, that a cinema celebrity has ever done such a thing. But Norma hasn’t had a whole lot of luck in talking pictures. She wants to make good in them more than anything she has ever wanted in her life. So she is not only willing but anxious to take up this arduous work on the road, hoping it will lead her back to screenland.

Chester Morris is asking sixty-five thousand dollars a picture!

Dorothy Sebastian and Bill Boyd slipped off to Las Vegas, Nevada, by airplane, and took each other for better or worse. They returned immediately to Hollywood where Bill had to complete a picture. Bill’s former spouse was Elinor Fair. It was when Bill and Dorothy were cast as sweethearts in “His First Command” that the romance began.

Natalie Moorhead and Alan Crossland have both taken a second plunge. A Christmas wedding, in Yosemite.

There’s such a thing as too much popularity. George Gershwin, at Movietone City, has disconnected his telephone and locked his office doors. He has so many visitors he can’t work.

Screen stars have Sylvia to keep them fit and now the male players, execu-
tives and writers are looking into the matter. Jim Davies, who for three years kept George Bancroft's weight down by sledge-hammer massage, has become the official Paramount masseur. Bill McNutt, David Selznick, Herman Mankiewicz, and many of the male stars, who are such shrinking violets they don't want their names mentioned, are closeted with Jim for an hour or so each day—object, that slim waist line.

The world's largest known ironing board can be found on the Radio Pictures' lot. It is twenty feet long and five feet wide. The cord is so long it operates on a trolley line like a street car. Object—pressing the huge draperies for the sound stages.

Charlie Chaplin's main pride in "City Lights," his new picture, is that he composed and orchestrated all the music himself. One of the ways in which Charlie charms his visitors is by improvising soft music to the mood of the occasion on his lovely organ, built into the walls of his library.

One time Charlie was cross with a newspaper woman for marrying a second time. (Now, Charlie!) He cut her off his visiting list for a few months but then relented and invited her and her husband to dinner. The new and wrathful spouse felt like socking Charlie and went to the party very reluctantly—prepared to hate the little comedian. But Charlie sat down at the organ and played so magnificently that the guy who came to fight remained to praise.

Charlie always seems to order Chinese dishes when attending restaurants these days. Kono, his faithful Japanese servant, has been with him fifteen years, and is probably responsible for Charlie's gastronomical tastes, as Chinese dishes are said to be nourishing, easily digested, and very good for highly nervous people. Kono has long since protected Charlie's nerves to the best of his ability.

Clara Kimball Young has been dieting steadily and is shedding her too, so solid weight rapidly these days—forty extra odd pounds of it. It was this avoirdupois that kept Clara out of pictures for so long, and now she has been signed by RKO for "The Private Secretary."

Diane Ellis, after having been married only a few weeks to the social light, Stephen C. Millett, died suddenly in India. Miss Ellis did splendid work in "Laughter" with Nancy Carroll just before her marriage. Paramount held an option on her services which it is said they were to take up when she returned from her honeymoon.

Pauline Frederick's fourth marriage is on the rocks. Hugh C. Leighton, millionaire hotel man, is asking for a release from the bonds of what he says is a kissless marriage—after eight months. Her former spouses were: one, Willard Mack; two, Frank M. Andrews, architect; three, Charles A. Rutherford, doctor. A couple more matrimonial séances and Polly will have caught up with Peggy Joyce.
Tom Mix is ready to return to pictures if anybody will pay him his asking price of seventy-five thousand a film. No takers yet.

Mix seems to be having lots of trouble just now. Directly he got out of the hospital his wife, Victoria, sued for divorce. She says Tom is dangerously fond of waggling guns, is loud and boisterous in their home, and embarrasses her in public places. Tom denies all!

Cast-off galoshes, potatoes, eggs, and old clothing are used for currency when the roubles run low at Leningrad movie houses. Leningrad, you know, used to be St. Petersburg, formerly the capital of Russia.

Everybody is glad to have Colleen Moore back in Hollywood again. And it’s good news to know she has already had several offers to make talking pictures. She deserves it after troup ing all over the middle west in her play, “On the Loose,” to say nothing of the weeks she had to spend in a Battle Creek sanitarium to recuperate.

Once we were out with Colleen when she had her fortune told—just for fun. The fortune teller said she saw heartaches galore for Colleen but we just laughed, for at the time Miss Moore and her husband, John McCormick, were wild about each other. She used to call him “My John,” and every time she started to make a new picture, he would send her gorgeous bouquets of flowers. But that’s all in the past now. Colleen has a clean emotional slate to write on since her divorce from McCormick. And as for John—he is reported about to marry Mae Clark, ex-sister-in-law to Fannie Brice.

Gloria Swanson auctioned off part of the furnishings of her Beverly Hills home the other day. Lots of fan bidders.

Cupid is being very artful with Carole Lombard and William Powell. They have been seen together all winter and now Paramount has selected her to play opposite Bill in his next picture, “Cavalier of the Streets,” which was originally written by Michael Arlen for Chevalier. But Paramount considers Bill better suited to the rôle.

It’s interesting to know how Carole acquired the extra ‘e’ on her first name. It seems she went to a numerologist who changed the spelling to Carole, the extra ‘e’ being put on evidently for extra luck—or something. And Carole was originally just plain Jane Peters—only not so plain, at that!

The other night at a Mayfair party in New York, Ernst Lubitsch could hardly keep his eyes off Ona Munson. She’s his ‘heart’ all right, and there’s a rumor around the big town that as soon as her shackles are cast off from Eddie Buzzell she will become Frau Direktor Lubitsch. This makes us wonder if Ona will be borrowed from First National to play in the coming Lubitsch-Chevalier production.

Everybody likes Eddie Buzzell. He is doing things in a big way on the Columbia lot, both writing and directing, and it looks like he is about to blossom forth into one of the big-timers of the business.
THE Houbigant man has been knocking at my door—not the Fuller Brush man—and what a lot I have learned about compacts from him! It seems Houbigant claims the compact record for American sales. Do you remember about two summers ago when the little octagonal-shaped, basket-of-roses-in-the-center compact first made its appearance? Well, that was Houbigant's and they proceeded to sell five million of them in one year.

Naturally, after that, they got pretty steamed up about this compact business and yearly have been putting out new models. I have seen them all but I think their very newest one, which has its photograph on this page is quite the prize. Houbigant found that gold and nickel compacts scratch up quickly so they've put out this newest one in a choice of colors and enamels. You can have it in heavenly tones of green and yellow, blue and silver, or red and black. It costs $3.30. The powder is delightful and clings affectionately to your nose, and I think you'll find it very worth the owning.

Houbigant is also putting out a nice new powder and a new face this month, both with the same fragrance, called Fleur Reinaîtrance, which carelessly translated, is Beloved Flower or Flower of My Beloved, or something like that. Both are slick and the prices are pets—one dollar for the powder, which is very soft and comes in any shade your little face desires—and six dollars for a very generous-sized bottle of the perfume, and one dollar for the purse size. This would make a nice gift for Easter, or some such occasion. The odor is spicy and woody and very, very chic.

This month's cutest gadget—and I do love a gadget—is the Cutex Nail White Pencil. It looks like a pencil and acts like a pencil only instead of making black lines it makes clean white lines under your nails —and very effective it is if you ask me.

The way you work it is this: Immediately after you have washed your hands, you pass the Cutex pencil underneath each of the nail tins.

This cleanses and whitens them in a very smart way, and I can think of nothing sweeter for the working girl who wants to look like the pink of perfection during office hours. The price is a mere thirty-five cents. Not of course, to be used to fool the office help into thinking it's a real pencil, or such. You could—but jobs are so scarce.

Cleanliness keeps right on getting smarter and smarter! Two new methods of attaining that spotless look have come to my attention this month—to say nothing of a great big heavenly box of Lux soap, but the grand qualities of Lux soap you all know about, so I'll pass over it until Anne Van Alyne chooses to write about luxurious bathing. Then she'll rave about it.

The two new products are Madam Helena Rubenstein's Water Lily Liquid Cleanser and some new little tissue paper handkerchiefs, called, appropriately enough, 'Tish.' It was a little less than two years ago that Ambrosia hit the big cosmetic trade and just about upset the business. For Ambrosia was a fine liquid cleanser, coming along at a time when we had all been creamed to boredom, if not to beauty. Ambrosia, because it really does do what it promises, went over in a big way. And so a demand for liquid cleansers was created which the older beauty houses began answering at once.

Madame Rubenstein has held out longest, but now her answer is here in the Water Lily Cleanser. Where other liquid cleansers are clear, Madame's is opaque and milky, with a lovely scent, and apparently has less drying tendency than most of them. It goes on the face very smoothly and removes the soil of the day from your countenance without seeming to take all your skin with it. By that I mean it's smooth and soft and most refreshing. It comes in various size smart bottles at a price range that's very satisfactory.

'Tish' looks like a handkerchief, each separate square of it being hemstitched iner. It feels like silk and it behaves like a thoroughbred. You can use it for everything from removing cold cream to acting as picnic napkins. It comes in six colors and three sizes so that each square costs a little more than a cent apiece. I tried it out one wintry day when my face was all chilled and wind-burned. I found it so agreeable I went right out and sunk a whole dollar for a box of it—and felt it was a good bargain.

Well, haven't I been the enthusiastic little darling this month? It must be the influence of spring around the corner or something. But the articles really have been great. One final burst of praise and I'm finished.

Remember the Terri Company which more or less started the compact business a few years ago? They've been rather quiet of late, but now new blood and loose powder have come into the firm and they're coming out with new compacts. They are Swiss-watch thin, with unbreakable mirrors, in coral, turquoise, jade, black, red and tortoise-shell. The case has two little jeweled rings on it as its only ornament. Very doggy. The compacts are either single or double, for loose powder alone, or powder or rouge. The price for either is one dollar. And when it comes to a choice between loose or compact powder for one's countenance—well, why be foolish? There isn't any choice. Every girl goes on the loose given the chance.

This compact by Houbigant is in heavenly tones of yellow and silver—tres distingué.

Terri compacts, Swiss-watch thin, with unbreakable mirrors, are the last word in urban smartness. They come in coral, turquoise, jade, black, red, and tortoise-shell.
ASK ME
(Continued from page 12)

Doug Jr. has a rival! Douglas Fairbanks the first returns to the screen in “Reaching for the Moon”

Morris; and “Little Caesar” with Robinson and Doug Fairbanks Jr. They’ll make you afraid to go home in the dark.

June Bug. Have I an assortment of June birthdays of the stars to offer? Just cast your heavenly eyes on this list: Clive Brook, William Austin, Virginia Brown Faire, Lois Wilson, Martha Sleeper, Hedda Hopper and Barry Norton. Barry is making French and Spanish versions of various Paramount films. He will also play in American flickers.

Katherine H. You ask, “What is this thing called love?” Never mind, that’s a phonograph record. Janet Gaynor’s first notable success was with Charles Farrell in “Seventh Heaven” in 1927, followed by “Two Girls Wanted” and “Sunrise.” In 1928 she made “Street Angel” and “Four Devils,” “Christina,” “Lucky Star,” and “Sunny Side Up” were released in 1929. Her latest picture is “The Man Who Came Back” with Charles Farrell.

Miriam F. If you have a hard time trying to stop asking questions, what kind of a so-and-so do you think I have trying to answer all these non-stop frights? John Boles gives one of his best performances in his new picture, “One Heavenly Night,” with Evelyn Laye. John was born Oct. 28, 1900, in Greenville, Texas. Nancy Carroll and Charles Rogers had the leads in “Follow Thru” with Zelma O’Neal, Jack Haley, Thelma Todd and Eugene Pallette in support.

Bob B. So you think a sock on the hand is worth two on the feet, do you? You should ask me! Raymond Hackett has brown hair and blue eyes and was born in 1902. Malcolm MacGregor has black hair and brown eyes. Charles Bickford, Chester Morris, David Rollins and Kenneth Mackenna use their own names on the screen. Don Alvarado’s real name is Jose Paiga.

Belle of H. C. I do not know the age of Hedda Hopper but she doesn’t look it by a long shot. Ruth Taylor was married to Paul S. Zuckermandel on March 17, 1930. There’s a Zuckerman Jr., born in December, 1930. Marie Prevost is 32 years old. Thelma Hill is 24 years old. Her real name is Hilleman, Lawrence Tibbett was born in California. Nancy Carroll’s daughter is about four years old, and was christened Patricia Kirkland.

Eleanor K. You want to know who Ramon Novarro’s and Buddy Rogers’ best girls are? As far as my scouting and detective ability goes and that is going some, Ramon’s and Buddy’s best girls are their mothers. Ralph Emerson and Lee Moran were the ‘other two’ men in “Dance Hall” with Olive Borden and Arthur Lake.

Claire F. If everything goes well and why shouldn’t it, you’ll see your favorite, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in a new picture one of these days: “Reaching for the Moon” with Bebe Daniels co-starring. Gloria Swanson is 5 feet 3 inches tall. Ramon Novarro has five brothers and five sisters. A recent Novarro release, “Call of the Flesh.”

Nancy S. I’m too busy answering questions to try for pictures—not that I’d have any difficulty in getting a scream test, oh my no! Charles Rogers was born Aug. 13, 1905. He has black hair, brown eyes and is 6 feet tall. He has a married sister but she isn’t in pictures. His latest release is “Along Came Youth.”

E. Ne, Mme. Meeney, moe, catch Mitzi Green before I let her go! Step right up, Mitzi, and tell the lady all about yourself. She was born 10 years ago in New York City. Her parents are Joe Keno and Rosie Green, well-known vaudeville team-mates. Mitzi’s first stage appearance was when she was 3 years old, with a Gus Edwards’ sketch. She is the first child to be placed under contract by Paramount. Her eyes are grey and her brown hair is worn in a straight bob with bangs. She has played in “The Marriage Playground” with Mary Brian and Fredric March; “Sweetie” with Nancy Carroll; “Love Among the Millionaires” with Clara Bow; “The Santa Fe Trail” with Richard Arlen, and “Tom Sawyer” with (Continued on page 123)

The new crop of fans know Doug Jr. better than they know his dad. But wait until they see the one, only, and original Fairbanks in his come-back film. Doug Jr. had better watch out!
the younger children lived at Long Beach. Cromwell had done some mural work for the Pantages Theater and he was known in a certain little circle for the beautiful caption of celebrities which he was always making. But sometimes celebrities forget to pay. And sometimes—they didn't pay at all. And every penny he could collect went to the younger children, so that he and Opal had a pretty sorry shift to get along in the toil of heartbreak.

Along about the fall of 1930, things looked bad for the boy. It looked like the fall of the house of Radahough if money wasn't forthcoming—and soon. The rent was overdue. There wasn't much left on the pantry shelf. And, to make everything quite, quite, perfect, Richard was sick. He had almost killed himself trying to do something different in the way of making a mark. He had remained, "are made on the theory of death masks—by spreading the clay over the face. But, of course, when you're working on living models you leave the nostrils uncovered. Afterwards, I paint the hardened clay, slit the mouth open, color the lips, and then it is. But one unfortunate afternoon, I decided to cover my entire face, except for an air tube in my mouth. I began great, but along in the course of the afternoon the tube slipped out. My sister—my time later and the Hollywood pulmonist squad brought me back to life and debt."

"While I was recuperating, I couldn't paint. I had just lost interest in everything. One afternoon a high school friend of mine came over and said they were casting a talkie version of Richard Barthes's silent picture, 'To'able David,' on the Columbia lot and needed a youngster for the leading role. 'Why don't you try it?' he asked.

"I had always wanted to act but was scared to death of the very idea. Didn't think I'd ever have a chance. My hair's straight and I don't look like one of these big wide-open spaces' guys. But I went. "Well, it just happens like that in Hollywood. For no good reason that I could see, I was picked out of I didn't know how many kids by Harry Cohn to play the part of David, the mountain boy. I didn't know anything about acting. I never had been in a picture or on the stage. But I wanted to play Mr. Blystone, the director, I got by."

And how he got by, he got by so well that as soon as prostate Richard Hoover saw the talkie, they wanted to meet Richard. So after personal appearances all the way across the country, storytellers in New York and Chicago, Richard slicked down his hair and went to shake hands with the big ex-mining engineer, Herbert Hoover, and he got the part.

Cromwell is related to Howard Chandler Christy. He went to Long Beach High School and had a few months at the Chautauqua Art School in Hollywood. He likes meat well done; coffee, buckets of coffee; swimming, and sophisticated girls who he hasn't unsophisticated.

Richard's favorite actress is Garbo. But he likes the finish of Ruth Chatterton. Joan Crawford is another of his female favorites. For men, he prefers Fredric March, Gary Cooper and Lew Ayres.

Romance Rides Again!

Continued from page 51

he had no fear. He felt a sense of protection around him!

As soon as the scene was taken, some Arabs who played the roles of hostile tribesmen, rushed to 'Jadaan' and surrounded him exclaiming: "He's a real Arabian! He wouldn't leave his rider!"

'Jadaan's' stable mate and fellow actor, 'Raseyn' one of the latest champions belonging to the Kellogg Ranch, also has a colorful story. There is no finer blood line in the world than his. 'Raseyn' was sired by the English stallion, "Skowronek," whose owner, Lady Wentworth of Crabbet Park, Sussex, England, refused two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for him.

"Skowronek" and his sire were owned by a famous Polish family at the time of the World War. When the Communists revolution swept into power they hanged the sire of 'Skowronek' on a scaffold, as they would a man, because they associated the royal line of horse heritage with that of Kings. But 'Skowronek,' plastered with mud and dirt, was smuggled out of the country and sold to an American.
Lock your door on Birthdays!

SAYS

Hugh Trevor
famous screen idol

Learn the Complexion Secret
9 out of 10 Screen Stars know

"The WOMAN who wants to win and hold adoration should keep youth," Hugh Trevor says. "And nowadays there doesn't seem to be any reason why she can't. Everywhere you go you meet women no longer very young in years, but radiant with that glowing alive sort of charm no man can resist.

"Stage and screen stars, as you know, hold the admiration they have won year after year. Birthdays don't matter at all. And nowadays I notice that other women are learning their complexion secret!"

What is the secret of staying young the lovely actresses know?

Guard complexion beauty the Hollywood way

Important actresses throughout the world remain young, lovely, alluring, year after year! In Hollywood...on Broadway...in Europe...they guard complexion beauty—KEEP youthful allure—with Lux Toilet Soap. They have made this fragrant, very white soap official in all studios...it is found in theatres everywhere. Your skin will love it, too!

The caress of dollar-a-cake French toilet soap

Lux Toilet Soap...10¢

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
three quarter minutes upon your head.) After all this brushing, give yourself a good scalp massage. The best way to do it is to hold the sides of the head firmly with the palms of the hands. Resting the fingers on the crown of the head, rotate them firmly until the scalp beneath them becomes glowing and pliant. This stimulates the oil glands to proper activity and loosens up any dandruff and dust that your scalp may have collected during the day.

If your hair seems to need it, a good hair tonic will help. There are many excellent ones on the market, made under the finest conditions and the most exacting standards. Some are for dry and some for oily scalps, and they can speed up the process of getting your 'crowning glory' into the best possible stage. Their chief value is in their stimulating the blood supply and the massage required in using them.

You don't need to spend much time on scalp massage. Three or four minutes will suffice, if you can't afford more time, and you will be perfectly amazed at the beauty results. Particularly in cases of light dandruff, the massage so stimulates the scalp and tones up the erector muscles, that the dandruff is soon routed. Dandruff of longer standing needs more thorough treatment, of course. It requires too much space for me to go into here but if you will write me, I'll be glad to give you detailed advice by letter for curing dandruff.

Now all this brushing and massaging may frighten some girls, particularly those who have permanents or marcelled hair. There is an illusion that has grown up in the beauty parlors that you can brush the 'made' wave out of your hair. Well, that's true in one sense and untrue in another.

A girl who has a natural wave, of course, is lucky. There is no need to brush it out. If there are the slightest signs of a wave breaking, however, you should use a gentle massaging with a hand towel. It is probable that the wave will break out, and the hair will go back to its natural wave. If it won't, you can try brushing it out with a comb or a brush. This will help, but it is not a cure. A wave that is not well established cannot be brushed out.

The oil soap is excellent for dry hair, a pure castile for oily. Tar soap is beneficial, though better for brunettes than blondes as it has a slight darkening tendency. It is best to make a jelly of the soap by melting it in a little water and adding a pinch of borax. This prevents your getting bits of soap on your scalp which might not rinse off easily.

Dry your hair carefully with warm towels and let the sun dry it, too, if possible. Never dry it under intense heat, such as some unscrupulous beauty parlors use. If you prefer to go to a shop for your shampooing—and it's often more convenient, particularly when you are going to have your hair set afterwards—be careful about the soap you permit them to use on your hair and if necessary pay an extra quarter and get your hair hand-dried. It's a splendid beauty investment.

Someday I shall write you an article on how to dress your hair and before summer comes I want to write you again about permanents and such things and how to care for your scalps during the vacation months—since while the sun is wonderful for one's health it is hard on one's beauty, particularly on the beauty of the hair.

But here I have had space only to tell you the basic rules for good care of the hair and the beginning of its beauty. The principles I've pointed out are those followed by the best dermatologists and by those smart women who care most about presenting an exquisite appearance.
“I've found a perfume to register Me”
says LILLIAN ROTH

“I'd heard there were such things... perfumes that just fitted certain types... but never quite believed it, don’t you know.

“Until that day... what a find!... I discovered Seventeen. Just a little vagrant whiff, straying from a perfume counter...

“Why, hello Me!... I gasped. For... it's an honest fact... that perfume said to me 'I’m young as you are... I like thrills... and madcap fancies... I dance and sing...’

“Well, I adopted Seventeen right then and there! Now, we're always together... and I hardly know, when I'm gay, how much is me and how much Seventeen!”

Keeping the Mood of Seventeen:
Face Powder... in smart, subtle shades. Dusting Powder... an exhilarating finish for the bath. Compact... in which alert sophistication is combined with Seventeen’s naive charm. Brillantine... both solid and liquid; the solid is non-alcoholic and non-drying. Sachet... like a haunting breath of Springtime, to freshen clothes and lingerie. Toilet Water... the characteristic Seventeen scent. Talcum... fresh, clean, fragrant. The Perfume... the mood of Seventeen itself, translated into a perfume.
Southern Charm in the Kitchen

Continued from page 83

sugar, one cup of sour cream, two and a half cups of flour, one-half teaspoon of soda, two teaspoons of cream of tartar, two teaspoons of lemon extract, four egg whites.

For the brown part of the cake she uses one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of brown sugar, four egg yolks, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of sour cream, two and a half cups of flour, one-half teaspoon soda, one-half teaspoon cream of tartar, one-half teaspoon cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoon each of mace, nutmeg and cloves.

Sometimes Dorothy bakes the whole mixture in a large loaf pan, but usually she bakes it in layers, putting first a spoonful of light and then a spoonful of dark batter into the pan. It requires about a half hour of baking in a moderate oven.

Dorothy's pies and tarts are as good as the cakes which she bakes. For special little luncheons she loves to make raspberry tarts. The shells which she constructs are half-way between shortcake and regular pie crust. She doubles the amount of shortening and adds a little sugar to the flour. For the filling of the tarts, she cooks raspberries in a syrup of sugar, butter, grated nutmeg and a dash of lemon juice. Then she tops the whole with a mound of whipped cream. There is little wonder that, when the word is whispered that Dorothy's luncheon dessert is raspberry tarts, the guests make a brave attempt to eat lightly of the other food.

Dorothy's favorite pie is buttermilk custard pie. The filling for this pie consists of three eggs, two-thirds cup of sugar, three-fourths cup of butter, three tablespoons of flour, two cups of buttermilk, grated rind of one lemon. Dorothy cream the butter and sugar and adds the well-beaten egg yolks. Then she adds the flour, the grated lemon rind and, finally, the buttermilk. She folds in the fluffy beaten egg whites and pours the mixture into the pastry-lined pans, the shells having been baked fifteen minutes in a hot oven before the filling is added.

Much has been spoken and written about the girl of today, who considers her "culinary knowledge complete when she knows how to make candy and how to operate a can opener. Dorothy is a thoroughly modern girl who thoroughly contradicts this statement. She can cook almost anything but she can also manipulate a can opener and make candy. You should taste the candy she makes when she feels sweet-hungry or when she is making ready for an outbreak of candy-loving guests. One of her concoctions she calls 'fudge,' but it should be named 'Ambrosia' or 'Heaven's Delight' or something like that.

The base of this fudge is brown sugar. To this she adds cream, butter, a dash of salt and a dash of vinegar. After it has been cooked to the proper stage, she permits it partially to cool. Then she adds marshmallow cream, chopped nuts, chopped raisins and chopped dates. She heats it until it is a smooth, golden cream and pours it into shallow pans to harden. Never before did candy taste like that.

Another favorite sweet is Dorothy's 'Divinity,' which is unlike any other divinity. For this she uses one pound of powdered sugar, two unbeaten egg whites, one teaspoon of vanilla and chopped figs, nuts and dates. This mixture is not cooked but is beaten until it is thoroughly creamed. Then Dorothy drops it in blobs on oiled paper and permits it to harden.

Sometimes she eats or serves this candy as it is. Sometimes she rolls it into balls or oblongs and dips it in a thick chocolate coating. For this she uses sugar, eggs, the prongs making the indentations which serve to decorate the finished candies.

Little Dorothy can cook. There's no doubt about that.

Yum, yum! If Dorothy Jordan can cook like she can act—why, just cut us a piece of cake, Dot.

Does Education Help?

Continued from page 26

Dick Barthelme is a Trinity College man and a Psi Upsilon. James Rennie went to the College of Toronto, Canada, and Sidney Swezey holds A.B. and L.L.B. degrees from the University of North Carolina.

Dear old George Fawcett is a Phi Kappa Psi of the University of Virginia, the same fraternity that President Wilson belonged to. Young John Wayne, hero of "The Big Trail," was a University of Southern California man.

Although precious few producers are university men, most of the directors are. There's something about directing that calls for the sort of mind that can absorb learning, although Cecil De Mille's college probably asks for at his "Madam Satan" tastes.

Actually this is merely a partial list, for hundreds of the less known players these days are college graduates. For that matter you can find them among the extras, the technicians, the office staff, and the press agents. Oh, the press agents are strong on college educations—they have to be such charming fellows!

We haven't even included that band of collegians by name who made the serials for Universal, but they were all the genuine article.

Of course, if you have the beauty and talent of Garbo, it won't make any difference if you have a collegiate sheepskin or not. Garbo is one of the great stars who never had an A.B. But she has what is just as good—a couple of years training at the Swedish Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. But to be on the safe side, dear screen aspirants, don't play hookey at school. The best road to motion pictures these days is a first-class education, as well as good looks and a nice personality. You are going to feel an awful ignoramus when you get to Hollywood if you've been a school dodger—so if you want to be a screen star you'd better jump on the college bandwagon.
THE NEW STYLES ARE ALLURING—BUT SO EXACTING

It's no secret that the new clothes demand good looks. There's no secret about anything, in fact! We stand revealed in bathing suits; in trim sports togs or backless gowns.

Never has a good figure meant so much. A figure slender—yet softly rounded.

For every girl who possesses such a figure, there are thousands dieting to gain the rounded slimness they'd give the world to have. And so many lose the very beauty they are trying to achieve! For most reducing diets lack sufficient roughage.

The result is improper elimination. Poisons clog up the system and take a terrible toll of youth and beauty.

This danger can be avoided by including one delightful food in an adequate reducing diet: Kellogg's All-Bran, a non-fattening, ready-to-eat cereal. All-Bran provides the roughage necessary to keep the system regular.

A great aid to beauty. It also contains iron, which puts color in cheeks and lips—and helps prevent dietary anemia.

There are so many ways to enjoy Kellogg's All-Bran that you'll welcome the new interest it brings to your reducing menus. Try it with milk as a ready-to-eat cereal. Cook it into omelets—or bake it in bran muffins or bran bread.

Be sure you get the red-and-green package. Recommended by dietitians. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, broadcast over WYZ and associated stations of the N. B. C. every Sunday evening from 10.30 to 11.00 (Eastern standard time).

SEND FOR THE BOOKLET
"THE MODERN FIGURE"

It contains helpful and sane counsel regarding the modern styles 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.

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

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Address

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
What Makes a Girl Popular?

Practical Advice on the Modern Girl's Problems

By Lillian Montanye

Have you a problem to solve—something you would like to talk over with someone who will understand? Write to Mrs. Montanye, Screenland, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Every letter is confidential. If you want a personal reply, please enclose stamped, addressed envelope.

I had made love to other girls, but when he told me he loved me he did it so convincingly I believed him. My family and friends thought we were engaged, and I began, in my mind, to plan our wedding. But it seems he didn't mean that at all. He never mentions marriage although he still tells me he loves me. I have not changed. I do everything I can to please him. In return to his skimpy notes I write him long, loving letters. I never make dates with other boys, though I have many chances, and I know he goes out with other girls. I suppose I'm old-fashioned but I thought that when a boy told a girl he loved her it meant something. But it seems that it doesn't. Is there anything I can do that I haven't done?

Yes, there are two things you can do. You can take the modern method of direct attack and have it out with him. I don't mean you are to hold him up and demand to know if his intentions are honorable or otherwise. Don't be emotional about it; men, even the youngest, hate that sort of thing. Simply tell him that your friends look upon you as engaged to him and that he's not being fair. Tell him that if he's not serious about being in love with you to stop talking about it—and that you can go on being friends with the mutual understanding that you are both quite free and independent of each other.

Or, adopt his tactics. Be casual, friendly, but don't depend on him. Men don't like to account for every minute not spent in your company. Don't write long, loving letters in answer to 'skimpy little notes.' Don't write at all. Don't stay at home, keeping yourself in readiness to his whims. It's too obviously trying to hold him. Stop trying to do everything you can to hold him. It's fatal, especially with that kind of man. There's a saying that love is not the handmaiden of duty. Years ago, a privileged colored servant impressed this upon me. "Let your love to-day you, honey," she said, "don't you try to toot it; if you do, it'll (Continued on page 124)
QUALIFY FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO WIN $3700.00

"STAGE Coach Days" were great old days. The stop at Ye Old Inn was a great event. Here gathered the rich, the poor, society's belles, government leaders and the town crier. Gossip, song, the minuet and politics prevailed.

Our artist has pictured here an interesting high spot in the lives of our forefathers as a test of your powers of observation. He has purposely drawn two people exactly alike in size, height, pose, costume or dress. Test your skill. See if you can find the TWINS. It will cost you nothing to try for the Grand Prizes which will be awarded according to the contestants' standings when the final decision is made in this unusual new advertising plan. There is no obligation whatever.

If you can find the "twins", send their numbers, together with your name and address. Two thousand eight hundred fifty dollars, or a brand new 90 h.p. airplane and actual flying instruction to be awarded as FIRST PRIZE, with an extra promptness prize of $850.00—making a total FIRST PRIZE of $3700.00 cash, if you prefer. In addition to the first prize there are dozens of other well chosen prizes and duplicate prizes to be awarded in case of ties. Solutions will not be accepted from persons living in Chicago or outside of the U. S. A. Mail your answer today.

M. J. MATHER, Advertising Manager
Room 104, 54 West Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
Joan Crawford and John Mack Brown Score This Month

Sez She!

I have heard people say they do not care for talking pictures because the players do not speak perfect English. I wonder if they ever stop to wonder what makes a character real to the audience. Just how much notice would little Helen Twelvetrees have gotten when she played "Trouble in "Her Man" if she had said "I really cawn." Would it have helped put her over?

Would "Sarah and Son" have been such a huge success if Ruth Chatterton hadn't said "Ya?" And would people have lined up for blocks at every showing of "The Cock-Eyed World" if Eddie Lowe and Victor McLaglen had spoken with an Oxford accent?

Youngsters Come Back With Tom Sawyer

Since Hoot Gibson, Tom Mix, Buck Jones and Harry Carey no longer delight the children by their remarkable screen antics, the producers find cause for worry because Young America does not turn out to the movies as it used to do.

So Paramount fires the first shot in the campaign to bring back the youngsters by producing "Tom Sawyer." And what a shot! It surely struck home. All over the theater one hears chuckles from the oldsters and squeals from the kids as Mark Twain's story comes to life again with Jackie Coogan as Tom, Junior Durkin as Huckleberry Finn, Mitzi Green as Becky. Take your children to see this delightful picture and if you have no children, borrow two or three and see it anyway.

M. J. Sonnerleiter
1919 Breitwert Avenue
Baltimore, Md.

Cheers for Crawford!

Three rousing cheers for Joan Crawford in "Our Blicing Brides." A picture and an actress all wool and a yard wide! I enjoyed every minute of it and I want to tell the world that it would be a better place to live in if more mothers, sisters and friends could be as broad-minded as Jerry showed herself to be toward her little, wayward friend, Connie. And oh, boy! — what a beautiful soul she handed the two rich, soul-wrecking heroes. What a girl! All snap and zest, she covers everything we modern girls would desire.

No one, no matter how deep down in the depths, can leave the theater after seeing that picture without feeling happier; feeling that somewhere in this old world some one cares and wants to help. Let's have more of Joan!

Mrs. R. H. Burger
1339 Hull Street
Louisville, Ky.

Loud Praise for Walter Huston

Allow me to pay tribute to the greatest actor, the best director and a wonderful production. D. W. Griffith's "Abraham Lincoln" is by far the best production I ever have witnessed. I no longer regret that I was not born in Lincoln's time that I might actually have seen this man I have always admired. There is a motion picture theater, over a hundred years after his birth, Walter Huston fulfilled my wish. Here before me was the real Lincoln as he fought, lived and loved. Huston's acting is superb. When he arose and quoted the immortal words of an immortal man it seemed as if Abraham Lincoln had really come to life. It was perfect. It will never be equalled. What a thrill to think that those you love and revere may come to life before you on the talking picture screen! Let's have more of Walter Huston.

George G. Morano,
1349 Pendleton Street,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

She Still Likes Singles!

This talk about the public disliking operettas and musical plays is all bosh. Scores of us patiently await pictures of stage origin—plays we never would see otherwise. The best pictures I ever saw were "The Desert Song," "Rio Rita," "Song of the Flame," "Sally" and "No, No, Nanette."

To my mind, the best actress and actor in film operettas are Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray. Mr. Gray has an extraordinary voice, is good-looking and a good actor. Miss Claire is attractive, a perfect actress and her voice is golden, unsurpassable. As to plot, surely these singing-talking pictures have as good plots as many of the talkies, particularly cheap pictures with phases of night club life and impossible stories. Let's give this marvelous singing team a break. They're too good to lose.

Emily George,
934 Dayton Street
Hamilton, Ohio.

Good Kid, Billy!

I have seen and heard "Billy the Kid." A fine cast, perfect photography, sound and acting. A good story and in the most critical part, praise be, the lovers do not break forth into song, nor do the cowboys gallop over the plains to the strains of a symphony orchestra.

"Billy the Kid" comes as a welcome change from pictures that give up all thought of story so that the hero or heroine may warble a song or play the ukulele. Johnny Mack Brown gives a splendid performance and I have never seen so many perfect characters gathered together in one picture. If the producers will give us more pictures like this one I will become a movie fan all over again.

Gladys A. Davis,
1020 Howell Avenue
Sacramento, Cal.
The Security of Kotex is what you value most

It absorbs correctly, safely; it is shaped to fit; it is adjustable.

What you really want in sanitary protection—more than any other one thing—is a feeling of perfect safety and security. This is one of the most important assurances Kotex gives you.

Kotex, in the first place, is so tremendously absorbent... by test, five times more than the finest of surgical cotton. And the way it absorbs is important—"lateral absorption"—a process which makes the pad effective not in just one area but over the entire surface.

The delicate fibers of which Kotex is made carry moisture swiftly away from the surface, leaving the protective area delicate and comfortable for hours. This distinguishes Kotex from the ordinary pad. Gives it far greater efficiency—and you far greater comfort.

Wear it on either side Kotex may be worn on either side with equal efficiency, equal comfort. No danger of embarrassment, no fear of inadequate protection.

Its softness lasts. It deodorizes thoroughly and effectively. Hospitals use it because of its hygienic safety, its amazing absorbency. You'll find it wise to specify Kotex next time you buy sanitary protection. All stores have it.


IN HOSPITALS...

1. The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 83% of the country's leading hospitals.
2. Kotex is shaped to fit. It gives inconspicuous protection.
3. Dispirable... instantly, completely.
4. Can be worn on either side with equal efficiency, equal comfort.

Regular Kotex—$1.65 for 2
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

See the new Kotex Belt! Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting. (U.S. Patent No. 1,770,741)

KOTEX
The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

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John Mack Brown
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Kent Douglass
Marie Dressler
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Sreta Garbo
John Gilbert
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Helda Hopper
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Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.

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Send Birthday Greetings to These March Stars:

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Jean Harlow
Dorothy Mackaill
Conrad Nagel
Betty Compton
Joan Crawford
Gloria Swanson
Warner Baxter
Eddie Quillan
Doris Hill

March 1st.
March 3rd.
March 4th.
March 16th.
March 18th.
March 23rd.
March 29th.
March 31st.
March 31st.

James Gleason
Russel Gleason
Alan Hale

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Lewis Ayres
John Boles
Kathryn Crawford
Robert Ellis
Hoot Gibson
Jean Hersholt
Rose Hobart
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Ruth Roland
Edward Everett
More New Faces
Continued from page 27

bet. Joan has been on the stage since she was four months old, her father having been a trouper for forty years. Her cradle was a property trunk, and at the time when other children are taking walks around the local park, the little Blondell played split weeks in China, Australia and Germany. Her first important screen role was in "Office Wife," with Dorothy Mackail, in which she scored. Her pictures to follow are "Other Men's Women," "I'll See You in Hollywood," and "Ex-Mistress." She is a gay type, a splendid comedienne, and looks like a smooth combination of the best features of Clara Bow and Alice White.

Martin Burton, who is just about to burst on the screen scene in "Confessions of a Coed," is a Hoosier. His father had a grocery store back in Indiana and on Saturday afternoon Mart used to put on a show for the farmers and their wives when they came to do their shopping. When he got to be a big boy he went away to summer camp. Ina Claire happened to be in the vicinity playing in stock and right away Mart had to see Broadway—where he had considerable luck and the movies saw him and nabbed him!

Edmund Goulding claims credit for Luana Walters, eighteen years old and very lovely. He met her at Catalina Island, took her to lunch—and, presto, a contract with Joseph Schenck followed! It transpired she had applied to Fairbanks senior for a screen test two years ago and had been told to go back to school and study dramatics. Now she is in "Reaching for the Moon"—with Fairbanks. She is tiny, a brunette, and shows great promise in romantic roles.

Universal found Genevieve Tobin already a success on the New York stage. "Fifty Million Frenchmen" was her very first picture. For Universal, she is revealed in "A Lady Surrenders" and "Free Love"—both with Conrad Nagel. Universal is very proud of her.

Karl Richter is leading man in Universal's "Leatherpusher" series, and before that was a film salesman. He graduated from the University of Minnesota, and is an athlete.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's 'discoveries' are not inexperienced! Douglass had Little Theater training and New York stage experience, before they 'fished' him for "Paid" with Joan Crawford. It is the Pasadena Community Playhouse which really feels it discovered Kent.

Lester Vail had to make good in New York stage circles before Hollywood could believe in its home-town boy. A Stanford University scholar, he won his way into numerous Broadway productions, toured the Orient with the good old Frawley Company, and now has the leading masculine role with Joan Crawford in "Dance, Fools, Dance," for M-G-M. Tall, dark, gentlemanly, he's getting talked about a lot in Hollywood—in a nice way!

Other 'finds' coming along nicely are June MacCloy, Phyllis Crane, Peggy Howard and Thelma Clark. Phyllis and Peggy gave hints of talent in "College Lovers," Thelma made a lot of a small part in "The Bad Man," and then there's Lucille Williams, the newest Pathe blonde.

These new players are not just our guesses—directors, producers, and fellow actors have all contributed their opinions of the good work and future promise of these people.

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My Trip Abroad

Continued from page 66

Despite the lights, this is a very modern train, with all kinds of little dinges or should I say digis, on the wall: one to open a window, another to lower it, a third to change the direction of the train. The lights are all on a rheostat idea—you can keep turning them brighter or lower. They have any sleeping train I've ever been on like it.

I slept a bit but woke up as soon as it was light. I couldn't wait to see the beautiful English country again. Honest, I never as the sun goes down fairly, they look like garden plots, and all under intense cultivation. Mother was crazy about it, and I had never been so happy in her life before. And it is a big thrill—the first time you ever set foot on foreign soil!

October 16th. What a break! When we landed in London, through a cable mix-up, nobody from the Paramount Company was there to meet us and they didn't find me until the day before I left the city. We all three, mother, Alan and I, went the hotel straight away.

What a town! What a marvelous city London is. There's nothing like it in any place in the world, I imagine. No place that gives you such an air of solemnity, such a refinement, such an air of things being 'right' not only for now but for generations gone and generations to come. Honest.

Almost too tired to write tonight—sight-seeing takes the starch out of you more than a stiff day on the lot. This morning we saw the King's guard changed before the Palace. This afternoon we went through the government departments. I mean where the majority of state is transacted. First, the House of Office, the Foreign Office, which is the same as our State Department, and all that. Tonight, mother and I went to Cochran's revue. Cochran is the English Ziegfeld. But we were disappointed in the show. Girls beautiful, with lovely fresh complexion; but they lacked something.

I pulled a bonier, too, my first day in London. I wore a dinner jacket to the theater. My astrologer says that when every man in the 'stalls'—as I think they call the orchestra seats—was in full evening regalia. While I'm in London, as soon as the sun goes down fairly, they going to rush home and jump into full evening finery.

Took a taxi home after the theater and went on to the Kit-Kat Club. That's where the Prince of Wales goes and is one of the smartest dance clubs in London. A friend of mine, Johnnie Hamp, living there in the California Orchestra, got me initiated.

October 18th. Haven't had a moment to write in my diary. So much happened. The next day after the Kit-Kat, I met Noel Coward. I'd met him before in Hollywood. He sent us seats to his play for tonight, "Private Lives"—one of the most charming things I've seen. He was a King's College Boy. Only four people in the cast. Gertrude Lawrence was one. After the show we went to Beatrice Lillie's private dining room. Beatrice lives in Ivor Novello's apartment in London and Ivor is using hers in New York. Ivor's apartment is a most attractive place. Not modernistic, Liberal. But could the music room's a knockout. But the elevator was what impressed me! It's so small the operator can only take one person up at a time. But that has its merits, I guess.

Met Lady Mountbatten at Bee's party. She is one of the most distinguished persons in England—a cousin of the Prince of Wales. And you now know who I think, after my mother, is the most wonderful woman in the world. She's so sincere. And serene. Tall, aristocratic, dark, lovely. And it's not because she has a title that makes me think she's so grand. She's really a democrat at heart, and she knows just what to say to make people feel at home. She's terribly interested in Hollywood. In music. In politics—the stage—why she can talk about everything on earth. At Bee's party, we danced and talked and sang and played the piano. Nobody was bored. Nobody drank too much. It was gay and informal and light-hearted—the way every party ought to be.

The next day mother and I called on Lady Mountbatten—she had asked us the night before at Bee's. She lives in a beautiful old house on Brook Street, west of the Park—I reckon the architecture is Georgian, but I'm not sure. Prince George was at Lady Mountbatten's. He's a fine fellow about my age—25. Tall, blond, handsome. He'd just made a speech dedicating a hospital. Somebody asked him how his speech was, and he replied: "Rotten—as usual." He is very much interested in jazz. I told him how I had learned to play lots of instruments in a few lessons just by following a chart, that if you could count you could learn this method. He wanted a chart right away and I'll send him one.

Mother was charmed with Lady Mountbatten and her beautiful home. Tea was served before a big crackling fire. The china was lovely—I had never seen any better like it—and the thinnest silver spoons you can imagine. It reminded me of the second act of a Noel Coward play. I couldn't believe that I wasn't in a picture. It was too good to be true—that we were actually there!

My biggest London thrill was when a certain British doctor drove us in his 'thirteen,' don't know how he managed to play golf. This is where the Prince of Wales plays. It's very confusing when you start to motor over here because in England they drive on the left side of the street. Add to this the fact that the doctor drove about eighty miles an hour, around corners, through little villages, us, so that geese and chickens flying on all sides.

My most embarrassing moment was when we came back from London. As we got out of a taxi—I had taken one at the outskirts of the town—the streets for blocks around the Carlton were jammed with cars and people. I asked the driver for my key and said: 'It's quite a crowd here.' He said: 'Yes, they're actors here for their annual dinner—why don't you join them?'

October 21st. I'm up in the air flying from London to Le Bourget, just outside of Paris. It's one of the most beautiful sights I've ever seen in my life. The air is crisp and cool and they're out on the hotel trying to be nonchalant—it was jammed. I asked the clerk for my key and said: 'I'll be in quite a crowd here.' He said: 'Yes, they're actors here for their annual dinner—why don't you join them?'

October 22nd, at A. M. George V. Hotel, Paris. Mother has been a wildly good sport about flying to Paris. She knew I wanted to go and so, said, "All right, go ahead." I've had a hundred hotel in the air already—A lot of it in making "Wings," but she never had been up before. We got into the plane, whisked up in the air, and a moment later were flying over the English countryside. Then over the treacherous English Channel and finally over a Belle France hotel before we landed in the airplane kept changing signs every time we passed over a different village. And in less than an hour we were making a pretty smooth landing at Le Bourget.

We didn't see anybody around to meet us, so mother and I got in a big bus which took the passengers into Paris. But just as the bus driver took off his brake, a Paramount official came running up and told me to get out; he had arranged a press lunch for me there on the flying field. In my excitement I jumped out, with regret. I'd never her at the George V Hotel, where we planned to stop, and went to meet the reporters. We had a fine champagne lunch at the flying field restaurant, and when we reached the hotel rooms two hours later, I saw a woman in the most terrible argument with a taxi driver. It was mother. She was almost in tears. I had left her in such a hurry and I didn't know she hadn't any money with her. She had left the bus, taken a taxi and driven into the hotel before she realized she didn't have any funds. She was so glad to see me that for the next two days she wouldn't leave my side for a moment.

October 24th. I've been in Paris two days without a moment to write. What a city! As different from London as beefsteak is from French pastry. What an air the French have! So jolly and
light-hearted. Nobody seems to worry or be in a hurry about getting work done, yet everybody works hard and thriftily, but they take time off—two hours for lunch—for rest and play.

The first night in Paris, mother and I went to the Folies Bergere. We'd heard so much about it but we left a little while. It wasn't the women without hardly any clothes on that upset mother so much as the white girl who came out and danced with a colored man.

I don't know how to put down all that's happened here. The two restaurants that stand out are Ciro's and the Ritz. Both very smart. At both you see such beautifully dressed women, covered with jewels. And every woman seems to have two and sometimes three dogs. Before she is served with lunch, a major domo will come in with a big tray from which he fills a couple of bowls with food—for the dogs. After they have eaten, madam orders.

Ciro's is a bar, with a V-shaped dining room, in which two orchestras play alternately, of course. It's quite the most exclusive place in Paris. Friday night is the night at Ciro's. You see pearls as big as walnuts. Honest. And when you first go into the place, you're so stunned with color and—and all that you can hardly walk.

The Ritz at tea time, too, is a wonderful spot. You see such marvelously lovely Spanish women. And the East Indian girls—are exquisite! There they sit in their beaded gowns with long white veils embroidered in gold. They have such sweet, mellow voices. And they speak English beautifully.

Zelli's Cafe is a zippy place, too. At each table there are individual telephones. With a number over each table. If you see a pretty girl you just look at the number over her table, and then dial her. I got a lot of calls. But mostly they said the same thing: "Hello, Buddy. I'm from Holyoke, Mass.," or "Dubuque," or "Tulsa"—while I wanted to hear some girl say: "Je suis—" well, you know, being in France, I wanted to meet some of the local talent.

I had only one what might be called romantic adventure the whole time I was in Paris. A little Spanish girl had called me up at my hotel several times and talked with mother. She said her brother back in Madrid had always wanted to meet me; that she was here in Paris on a visit and would love to know mother and me so she could tell her brother all about us. She said she and her mother would be at Ciro's on Friday night. She would wear a green dress. Wouldn't I please be there?

Well, Friday night, I was at Ciro's. And the first person I saw was an old dried up lady in a diamond dog collar and enough pearls to choke a cow. And she had on a green dress. I thought: "Holy smoke! Somebody is playing a joke on me." But in the next second, I saw just behind her the loveliest little Spanish girl. She was with her mother and my mother went over and spoke to them. We had a jolly evening and just before we left for the south of France, she and her mother came and brought my mother some lovely laces.

October 26th. Today I went to Paramount's new studio at Joinville, right near Paris, and had a peach of a day. Met loads of pretty girls: There's Ann Ann, a stunning German actress. Maryla Wayno, an interesting Polish player, showed me around. And the quaintest cutest girl of all was little Signorina Dessena who was playing the lead in a
new Italian talkie, "Television." It was strange to have Mr. Kane, Robert Kane, who is in charge of our production over here, walk up to me and say, "Buddy, this is the French 'Buddy Rogers,'" or "This is the Italian 'Buddy Rogers.'" Enrique Rivero who plays exactly the same role I played in "Halfway to Heaven" was working on the French version and it gave me a great kick to watch him.

October 29th. Here we are on the Riviera. And not a chance to write anything for three days. We've seen Cannes, Juan-les-Pins and are now at Monte Carlo in which I am so disappointed. Of course, I know it's the off-season, but to see tourists in the Grand Casino gambling in rough tweed knickers when I expected at least a princess or an arch-duke is too much. Well, better not say any more. Everything's been so hurried I didn't have time to mention going pheasant shooting just before we left for the south. We stopped off for lunch at a little country inn and ate for hours—for thirty-five cents a piece.

November 5th. Genoa, Milan, Venice—like a dream I've been passing through all of them. We're leaving Venice tonight and I hate to tear myself away. What a heavenly spot. From the moment we stepped off the train and got into a gondola, I felt it was my town. When we came to a corner in the gondola, the gondolier made an awful noise—'Whoo-ooo'—to let other gondoliers know he was coming around—just like we honk horns on our motor cars at a corner. We stopped at the Gneveudal Hotel and as the porter was taking our bags in, a little boy recognized me. He started jumping up and down and shouting to another boy. I gave away more fan pictures in Venice than in any place. I really must stop now. I haven't told you half of the beauty and grandeur and color of this town but there just aren't words. We leave tomorrow early for Berlin.

November 9th. Have only been in Berlin three days and like it better than any place in Europe. I like Germans and they seem to like Americans. They don't overcharge us as some did. People in Berlin seem so happy. They smile a lot. Oh, it's a beautiful spot: the big Tiergarten, that wonderful park; the modernistic buildings; the street—Unter den Linden—It's the loveliest boulevard in the world.

Earl Allvine, brother of Glendon Allvine of Fox, is here. He has taken us every place. Last night we went to the Vaterland restaurant. It is seven stories high and has a restaurant on each floor, indicative of a different country. There are Russia and France and England and other countries represented. On the American floor—it's a wild west floor—the waiters come to meet you with a gun on each hip and bandannas around their necks. We didn't stay here long but went to the Bavarian floor. Here bare-kneed waiters in short trousers, funny little vests and Alpine blouses sang old folk songs. In one of them they sing "Trink, trink," and everybody must take a taste of beer.

At last I've decided who is the most beautiful woman in Europe. Her name is Anna Aihers and she sings in "Victoria and Her Hussar," an operetta. She is a young prima donna from Budapest, playing in Berlin. She looks like Joan Crawford, has wonderful eyes, dances heavenly, and has the most emotional voice I've ever heard. It's a good thing I'm leaving tomorrow! I heard a wonderful tenor, too. His name is Talbot. I think they call him, and he's supposed to be the greatest tenor in Europe.

November 12th. My last night in Europe. I went to the opera tonight, to hear Tosca. It was glorious. When Tosca jumped off the prison wall because her lover Mario had been killed, I felt like I would die too. It was that beautiful. After the opera, I walked all through the Tiergarten by myself. I thought about everything. How when I go back to America I want to do better things. I'd like to do an American Tragedy. I want to grow—develop. People have been so good to me in the past and I want them to be good to me in the future. I will try to deserve it. But, I hope so much that they'll let me be a man. I'm through with being a smiling curly-headed boy—I'm grown-up now and I've got to make the world believe it. That's my solemn vow to myself as I leave the old world behind me.

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Joe E. Brown's latest 'squawkie,' and very pretty and endearing, too, is his little five months' old daughter, Elizabeth Ann.
The Barrymore Vacation
Continued from page 57

and reared against a very cross wind.
Off Cape San Lucas, the tip end of Lower California, the Infanta dropped anchor and Barrymore put off to the fishing grounds in one of the two motor launches carried on the upper deck of the yactl.
Sail fish in great quantities were available but the actor-turned-fisherman wanted a try at the Marlin swordfish known to be in the vicinity. Earlier in the year he had landed one near Catalina weighing 145 pounds. Now he wanted a bigger one.
Marlin fishing is the sport of kings and captains of finance. Good equipment runs into money. A reel costs from seventy-five to three hundred dollars. Rods cost as much more. It is very easy to invest ten to twenty thousand dollars in fishing tackle if one takes his sword-fish seriously.
And Barrymore takes them very seriously indeed.
An old Japanese fisherman interested Barrymore and they became acquainted. The old fellow finally told Barrymore a fisherman's secret, a new method of baiting the Marlin hook, which the star brought back to Hollywood with him as the most valuable discovery on the trip.
"But I'd be all kinds of a fool to describe it," he added, as fishing rivals pressed him to divulge the secret.
With the newly baited hook Barrymore found a great fish in tow in short order. For six hours he battled the Marlin while members of the crew circled about in the second power launch, waiting for the time to come to assist in the landing.
After four hours, during which time the fish made several dozen leaps completely out of water, Barrymore signalled that he believed the Marlin could be landed. But he guessed wrong. With another mighty jump the big fish began the battle over again, and only at the end of the sixth hour did help come to ease the strain from Barrymore's arms and back.
Unless one has stood in harness in a tossing small boat and fought for six hours against a plunging, maddened monster weighing, as this one did when it was eventually landed, 500 pounds, one has no idea of the physical exertion deep sea fishing requires.
Battered and bruised but content, Barrymore reached the Infanta shortly before dark. An altogether lawful highball, since these were Mexican waters, and a steaming dinner followed as the Infanta got under way again, hugging closer to the Mexican coast—as she slid southeast along the edge of the continent.
Then one night they dropped anchor off the coast of Guatemala and the next day took a train from the little port to Guatemala City, the capital and principal municipality of the tiny country.
Word of their coming had preceded them. They found the streets decorated and the city officials out to meet them. Every theater in Guatemala City was featuring Barrymore or Costello pictures.
Guatemala City is one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen," Barrymore said later. "It is delightful, modern, with every advantage of climate and setting."
His enthusiasm for Guatemala led him to accept an invitation to make a trip into the interior on horseback, a difficult and somewhat dangerous undertaking.
The result was that three days after his

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The Girl Stood on the Burning Deck

Continued from page 27

in managers' offices. I expected that they would, of course, call me up. But after a time, I decided that perhaps they thought that they had no part in it, would accept it and that I had better stroll around and intimate that I didn't care what I was offered, that all I ever wanted to do anyway was to bounce on and stretch myself without knowing it happened to be. And in musical comedy it never took much to upset it, anyhow.

I will admit that I was somewhat flabbergasted, not to say 'non-plussed,' when even this brought no messengers on horseback from the managers.

Then playwriting friends of mine went to see them with plays written for me only to bring back the somewhat appalling verdict, which was apparently more or less universal: "Nice story, splendid, of course, but she's through now. The public wants youth. I'd just forget about it if I were you." Even then I was not dathed. My friends were always lugubriously optimistic. "You'll get something else, Marie," they said, or, "The stage is awfully hard work anyhow, dear. There is something easier than that. You'd be a wish selling real estate." Well, I had tried selling real estate—some of my own—and I came out of a deal that cost me over $20,000 with a check for $50, some worthless notes, and a grateful woman's tears. I knew I would be no good at that, but I was willing to try—and did—and then the boom burst and my real estate deals went.

I think it should be said to my credit that I didn't buy some kitchen tables and chairs, paint my bathroom black and start a tea shoppe with sandwiches cut by a thimble. I did, however, take a flying at nearly everything else. The worst of it was I could never imagine any scale of living. I realized that if there was to be any future for me at all, I had to present the front of a well-dressed show window, that I had to keep my end up!

Human stars must be seen without aid of telescopes if they want jobs, but the managers were looking for undiscovered planets. I discovered another curious fact. It is more difficult for a person with a reputation in one line to hunt a job in another than it is for an individual unknown in any line. I am, for instance, a conspicuous person. Nature made me so. Five-and-twenty years ago I set out and have always had. It would be impossible for me to escape the police and do an incognito. If I got a job scrubbing down dusters in a soap factory, no one would dare to talk to me that I couldn't earn my salt as a scrubber, and I'm a good scrubber. After you have been before the public as long as I've been, you are good only in your own job, or as a curiosity. I don't expect anybody to believe this, but it's what I ran up against.

My good friends developed insomnia lying awake trying to think up ideas that would make me rich quick. I tried some of the schemes. There was the idea of an all-diggings—beginning at reception and landing at the bottom. I struck bottom several times, but being an adept at stage falls, I managed to land without any serious casualties except a growing confusion as to what could be the matter.

I decided that no vice is so bad as advice. If I had kept on taking all that was offered me, I would now be waving at my friends from Welfare Island as they passed in their yachts. Of course, I know my well-wishers have my welfare at heart. They meant their advice kindly, but it always hurt me more than it hurt them, as any kid who has been spanked will tell you.

I had always petted the theory that anybody who wanted work could find it. I never gloried in being out of work. It allowed myself to think that I couldn't support Marie Dressler after working so hard for her so many years. She had always been a good provider and the only person who took care of 'the little woman.' She couldn't be through. But she was.

(In Part II, to appear in the next, the April issue of SCREENLAND, Miss Dressler tells how she discovered and trained thetippy stairway back to Broadway—to success; and of her introduction and hard struggle to win first place on the screen and in the hearts of film fans.)
Hollywood High Jinks!

Continued from page 51

charming house—not a Spanish house, either, by the way, but one of good, plain, American architecture. The theater is situated at the back of the house, with its entrance on the side, approached by a special path and gateway through a high latticed fence, and flanked by lawns, so that its privacy as well as charming approach. Although our invitations had been of the most formal, the announcement as to where the party was to be held was given verbally, and some of the guests didn’t catch the name. So when we arrived at Mrs. Chatterton’s, Martin Broone came over and inquired with comical ceremoniousness—“Can you tell me whose house we are in? Some of the boys would love to know?”

Mrs. Harry Langdon is a perfect Hollywood hostess. She received her friends recently at a house-warming party.

A buffet supper was served, and never were more cordial hostesses than Ruth Chatterton and her mother, Mrs. Tillie Chatterton, and Edna West, who aided in receiving.

We chatted with Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thomson, and Mrs. Thomson told us about Jetta Goudal’s wedding. She said that Jetta was to have been wed on a certain day, but, when Kenneth and Mrs. Thomson asked her and her fiancé over to dinner and the theater, she obligingly and calmly put the wedding off!

Young Walter Strauss, son of Oscar Strauss, isn’t going back to Europe with his parents, we learned, but is delighted by the fact that he has a studio artist job, and is going to remain in the United States. He is only eighteen, very gifted as an artist and writer, and a most charming young man withal.

“We think he is very lucky,” Mrs. Strauss told me, “that he has such a nice position.” The Strauses themselves were very sad.
at leaving California, although naturally they looked forward to Christmas with their relatives in Berlin.

Marie Dressler told us that she had thrown one of her finest and most beautiful concert. She is a very fine artist herself, you know, in the realm of music and even of verse writing, despite her broad comedy on the screen.

Mrs. Reginald Hammerstein, engaged with young Law, the aviator, adored flying. 

"She goes up with me every few days," he said, "and never is a bit frightened."

"Oh, yes," Ruth spoke up, "She is much younger than I am!"

Reginald sang some of his lovely Spanish songs in that delightful voice of his, and as we kept asking for more, it was very late when we left.

"I WONDER where those chimes are playing!" Patsy asked us wonderingly, as we turned away from Harry Langdon's door after ringing the bell, in order to see where the music was coming from.

The butler opened the door then, and the chimes stopped playing a tune.

So that was the explanation. The Langdons have one of those new door bells which can be filled with sweet tunes whenever the doorbell is rung.

"But can't you imagine some of the awful tunes I could play?" suggested Harry Langdon. "Just imagine if it played I Don't Care If You Never Come Back!"

"Well, of course you know the tune that can always be put on when a creditor shows up," suggested Harry Langdon, whimsically—"I Can't Give You Anything But Love!"

"But Come and Make Whoopee would be all right, wouldn't it?" put in Glenn Tryon, who had just arrived with his wife.

"And of course the servant who got away with all Harry's best silk shirts and ties that time could play Something to Remember You By," suggested Jean Hersholt, who had just come with his pretty, brunette wife.

Connie Keefe put in that Please Go Way and Let Me Sleep wouldn't sound sohositable, but Mrs. Harry Langdon, who was looking gorgeously pretty and radiant in a new white satin gown, exclaimed that the only tune her chimes would play for her guests would be There's a Light in the Window Brightly For You, and we let it go at that.

The Langdons have moved into their new Beverly Hills home, and were giving their house a waingift party.

The house is a beautiful Italian structure, as to exterior, and a portion of the interior is Italian, too—that is, some features of it are, but Mrs. Langdon is too wise a lady to use any ponderous or uncomportable or dreary-looking furnishings in her home, and so, though harmony exists, there is the maximum of comfort and homeliness to be found in the big living room and other rooms of the house.

Thelma Todd and Harvey Preister, the latter the young millionaire to whom Thelma is engaged, were there; and Renaud Hoffman and his charming wife, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Schertzinger, Durante, the famous violinist, and Helen Morton, the young woman who lately gained world wide celebrity by accompanying Durante, and near California, where she is founding a yacht club; and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Harris—Harris has written a lot of popular plays, including "So Long, Lollipops," "The Great Neckers," and just recently "Young Sinners;" Hobart Bosworth and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Hammerstein; Mr. and Mrs. Victor Halperin; Eddie Halperin and his actress wife—Jean Barry, Reginald Hammerstein,

Vernon Rickard, John Reinhardt, and others.

Reginald Hammerstein, you know, is the son of Oscar Hammerstein, noted producer, and therefore Reginald is still a very young man, he has staged several important New York hits.

Virginia and Edith Langdon, Mrs. Langdon's daughters, helped Harry and Mrs. Langdon to entertain. The girls adore their step-daddy, and have taken his name, you know.

"Of course this house, to be properly unvelled, as it were," announced Renaud Hoffman, "will have to be pervaded with music, and who can make music like Duci de Kerekjarto?"

Therefore Duci was elected, and acted as seedholder for several classic numbers.

Vernon Rickard, musical comedy lead and radio singer, sang, and of course Harry Langdon had to bring forth his ventriloquist dolls and give us some comedy.

Supper was served at tête-a-tête tables, there were dancing and bridge for those who liked them, and then we all went home, deciding that the new Langdon home had been thoroughly and appropriately warmed, both by hosts and guests.

James Cagney, a screen newcomer, has distinguished himself as a young character actor.

BRIDES should always," remarked Lew Ayres, "be blondes."

And he looked at Lola Lane. And Lola blushed.

Even though we were at another blonde's wedding, Lola blushed. They do say, you know, that Lew and Lola are engaged.

Patsy and I had gone with Jose Crespo over to James Cruze's lovely old Spanish home in Plitridge, to see Gaston Glass wed to a lovely young society girl, who had been playing extras and bits in pictures. Her name is Lyoba Karlin.

"Lyoba is a funny name," remarked Jose.

"That's exactly," declared Lola, "what Gaston said to her when he met her. She was playing a bit in one of James Cruze's pictures, and Gaston, as Jimmie's assistant, was taking her name along with those of several other young actresses. Lyoba answered, 'Well, maybe I'll change part of it some day.' From then on they were great friends. That was over a year ago." James Cruze, who abhors evening clothes, had, however, donned them for this occasion. But later, after the cere-

THE RIGHT TO LOVE. Paramount. Ruth Chatterton, down on her luck work of her screen career. The new Western Electric 'noiseless recording' makes this a great improvement over the average talker.

PART TIME WIFE. A dog story bringing back little Tommy Clifford, Edmund Lowe is the real star, with Leila Hyams as the gold-playing wife. Good entertainment.

THE TRUTH ABOUT YOUTH. First National. A pleasing drama nicely directed, and nicely acted by Loretta Young, Conway Tearle and David Manners. You'll enjoy it.

THE WIDOW FROM CHICAGO. First National. Edward G. Robinson's remarkable acting makes this the most pleasurable real attraction since White, the vamping widow, is excellent.


Short Features:

ALASKA. Universal. A clever burlesque of the Klondike salmon with Oswald, the rabbit, as a substitute. Good fun.

ALL FOR MABEL. Pathe. College comedy in a comedy college with Sally Starr as the co-ed. Nothing new about this one.

A TRIP TO MARS. M.P. Fleischer Cartoon. A cartoon dog takes a trip to Mars on a rocket—good idea—full of laughs and funny situations.


IN AGAIN. OUT AGAIN. Paramount. Brecky comedy about girls who walk home from automobile rides, with Lillian Bond and Allen Cook. Packed with laughter.

JUNGLE TERROR. Pathe. A trip through the jungle in India on the back of a huge elephant. Interesting and thrilling.

LADY, YOU SLAY ME. Paramount. A potboiler comedy with Johnny Perkins and a male quartet. Good vocalizing.


MICKEY'S BARGAIN. RKO. Mickey McGuire in a burlesque on the 'Covered Wagon' theme. Fun for the kiddies and grown-ups as well.

POLITICS. Vitaphone. George Jessel in a smart comedy-drama with a good punch at the finish. Sentiment and comedy equally distributed.

THE CRYSTAL GAZER. Columbia. A racy yarn with clever dialogue. Eddie Russell's voice and mannerisms will click with you.


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But deep in the eyes of Garbo we shall find a sadness, moodiness, indifference, whereas it will take all the best directing to suppress a hidden twinkle of fun from the eyes of Dietrich, who really gets more satisfaction out of comedy than out of tragedy.

Now let us take yard stick of numbers and measure and compare the outer general temperaments of these two favorites and see just to what degree the comparisons will meet them by personalities and an adoring public is excited in this angle of their personalities.

Greta Garbo at birth was given the name of Greta Gustafsson, started in life under a number 3, and, although to her modern public with the name of Greta Garbo she has had her greatest success under the number 4, it is to the original 'Expression' number of 3 that we must refer to explain her personality, her ability to express her self and to come into a position of prominence.

Marlene Dietrich has had her success under the 'Expression' of number 9 and a contrasting explanation of these two expressions is of interest to the student of character by numbers and also to the numbers themselves in the personality of his favorite the effect of the cause to which the numbers are the key.

Three and nine, both cold numbers, which bring them into the same class which is that of the artistic, expressive, indicating success and progress in dealing with the world upon a sympathetic, social and artistic basis.

Nine, however, is 3 times 3, but let us not jump to the conclusion that this means that Dietrich is 3 times as good as Garbo in her expression. The real meaning is that the expression of Dietrich under the number 9 is threefold as broad; has three phases to Garbo's one. The roles that Dietrich will be able to portray will be of a greater variety than those through which Garbo would find her success.

The number 3 is more distinctive, more distinctly a type, and as such must be limited somehow to its own class or else its success is quickly affected; whereas, the 9 is more general, capable of the portrayal of human emotions over a much wider sphere. It has the capacity to express the whole gamut of human feeling from refinement to vulgarity, from comedy to tragedy, and in this expression to give the impression really of living and being the character. There is nothing cold about number 9.

The number 3 is a high ideal of its own type. The number 9 is cramped in its expression when it is forced to be limited to any particular style. A 3 personality acts with reserve and gives not over-generously of itself, but a 9 personality can take on almost any personal mood and express it all, with almost an equal degree of feeling which is often too extravagant. Its tendency is to give of itself too freely and without reserve.

In the consideration of the comparative value of the numbers 3 and 9 we see where the similarity between Garbo and Dietrich lies in the expression of their talent than in their viewpoints of life and their deeper natures. With much of the same indifference and inner detachment from their circumstances which both of these women possess, Dietrich will be the more able to appeal to a wider public, to touch the heart in a greater variety of ways which the masses

An informal picture of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, snapped on location while indulging in an impromptu lunch. Bebe's best girl friend, Marie Mosquini, is at the left.
From Movies to Microphones
Continued from page 63

beaut be displayed around the world. It was not more of a dance than a song—a dance that in its sharply etched notes, its sparkling originality would not have been scorned by a Victor Herbert or a Rudolph Friml.

To make his place even more secure in the songwriting world Brown then followed up his earlier hits with his greatest song—"Singin' in the Rain," a ditty that held sway on the microphones for six solid months and penetrated every crossroads of the civilized world.

It was a song, more than anything else, that put the talkies on Broadway and kept them there. Al Jolson, withdrawing from Shubert-sponsored stardom, chanced upon a number called "Sonny Boy" as an ari to his entry into the talkies. A typical Jolson tear-jerker, it gave the talkies the push they needed to seize the popular imagination. Jolson sang the number for the screen—sang it with full tremolo stop. And Broadway took to it, poured its shekels into the box-office, made it possible for Jolson to surrender any last fleeting desire to return to the stage.

"Sonny Boy" was acclaimed by the movie magnates as the perfect song. Indeed, it proved too perfect for them. They tried to duplicate its success by fastening a tune upon every production whether the picture warranted it or not. They impeded their own progress with their insistence upon a sentimental theme song.

Gradually they saw the light, helped by the ridicule of wise-cracking columnists and revue writers. The theme song went out, and in its place came musical numbers that were given shelter only when it was deemed action called for them.

Why does she always keep her hat on?

Probably because her hair is not as attractive as she would like to have it. Surely you realize that beautiful, wavy hair is the most vitally important part of your whole appearance. And now, you can have really natural wavy hair. By following the simple instructions that come with each bottle of Jo-cur Wave-Set, you can set the most beautiful waves in your own hair, irresistible waves. It's as easy as combing your hair. Then, brush a little Jo-cur Brillantine through your hair to bring out the alluring beauty of every perfect wave. You'll be delighted with the result. 25c and 50c sizes at your Drug-gist's, 10c sizes at most 5 and 10c stores.

The Price of a Good Time

Do you want a good time, the gayest, most romantic, most fascinating few hours you've had in months? Then spend ten cents and buy the March issue of Silver Screen. Silver Screen is the new, peppy movie magazine, edited just for movie fans who love Hollywood and motion pictures.

Here's just a glimpse of what the March issue contains.

EX-WIVES MAKE THE BEST WIVES. Betty Compson tells frankly what she looks forward to in her marriage with Hugh Trevor and why she didn't succeed in her marriage to James Cruze.

THE PRICE THEY PAY FOR FAME. It's Friends and Health and Even Life Itself that Hollywood Demands.

WHAT CHANCE HAS A KID IN HOLLYWOOD? If you've been wondering about your little darling with the golden curls becoming a second Mitzi Green, this will tell you how to go about it—or not to go.

HOLMES, SWEET HOLMES. Just a rave about Philips Holmes by a girl who had a heavy date with him.

These are just examples of what the March Silver Screen holds. There's lots more. A great analysis of the handwritings of a dozen different stars—THE YOUNG MAN ABOUT HOLLYWOOD; SILVER SCREEN'S peppy departments on Beauty, Opinions of the Fans; SILVER SCREEN's Movietown Topics, which are quite the breeziest gossip you ever read. And pictures and pictures and more pictures, of all your favorites.

All this for a dime. Ten cents handed to your newsdealer on the tenth of February. The Price of A Good Time is ten cents. Buy the March Silver Screen and prove it.

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A camera silhouette of Clive Brook. His next picture is "Scandal Sheet," a newspaper yarn with George Bancroft.
to put out money for new ones. She doesn’t mind a bit spending any amount of money necessary to present a properly accoutered person to the world, but it burns her to spend for the accessory known as—gloves.

Charles Bickford, despite the fact that he owns an automobile, will never let his mechanic put a grimy hand into the interior of any of his cars. He is mechanically-minded himself and looks after all his own machinery. He’s a man who knows that the trouble is too deep-seated for this domestic mechanic to find and adjust.

Dick Whiting, on the other hand, owns an economy that is owning Fords instead of Rolls Royces. He has a Ford town car and a Ford station wagon and he says they save him—well, a good deal of trouble. He calls it ‘your ancient Iron Horse.’ But come to think of it, he believes he goes in for Model A’s.

Kay Francis is another person who owns, and drives, a Ford instead of an Isotta or a Mercedes or one of those other ten thousand dollar buggies. Miss Francis not only cuts down on her motorizing expenses but she lives in a very plain bungalow when her position and salary warrant her to have a place that is most Glamorous of Lares and Penates.

Young Russell Gleason is another who drives a Ford. Also papa and mamma, Gleason.

Leila Hyams—the little beauty—refuses to spend money on pockethooks. She keeps her handkerchief pure and new, owned. And when her latest purchase gets too shabby—she almost breaks down and weeps.

Oma Munson refuses to buy a home, as her contribution towards economy. ‘Why should I,’ she frankly asks, ‘when I can rent any one of a hundred?’ But her profession is the most uncertain in the world—in New York one minute, in Hollywood the next. Why get gray hairs mortgaging a mortgage every time you go out of the front door of a house you can’t occupy more than two or three months a year?

Bob Montgomery thinks it’s a waste of time and money buying golf balls. He plays a great deal of golf, and, alas, loses countlessly on the links. He tries to get out double figures for new ones and so has his old ones fixed up. What happens when they can no longer be repaired? He says, ‘I will then have to ask Mr. Montgomery to solve.’

Regis Toomey joins hands with Tibbett on this craving question. He uses his ties almost to the nape, and when his good tie finally breaks down, he just adjusts the knot higher up—to avoid the worn spot or hole. He never throws a crayon away and it’s said that his old ties, knotted end to end would reach from Hollywood—well, to almost any place you care to name.

Gorgeous Clara Bow, who most of us imagine throws money around pretty extravagantly, has a picture of what it comes to shoes. She never discards a single pair. Some she wears around the house when nobody’s looking. The others she saves to use in some character part in a movie.

June Collyer is not wasting any of her money more or less because she lives on salary. She loves the cheesest and most expensive ones—and buys them. But she has a pension system for looking after them. Whenever anything is bought or run up appears, she sends them immediately to a special woman who mends them by a re-creating process. If she wants to get rid of a pair, she has to retire it.

Jack Whiting, recent in the talking pictures “Top Speed” and “College Lovers,” and husband of the former Beth Sully Fairbanks, first wife of Douglas Fairbanks, has a hate against paying too much money for gasoline. He’ll drive twenty miles to save a penny a gallon.

Let’s not forget Anita Page. She has earned and saved, we understand, many thousands of dollars. Her favorite pet economy is not dropping the kid’s clothes until she really has to. She seems to feel that ever she happens to be travelling she goes to the best and most conservative hostleries but she usually takes a single room instead of a suite.

Mary Brian is not wasting any money on chauffeurs. She doesn’t drive a car herself, but she is reported to have seen a chauffeur there just to take her any place she goes. Real brotherly love I call it! Mary also saves by living in a small, modest Hollywood apartment.

Jean Arthur never throws away any portion of writing paper which can be used for writing business letters. And, at the rarest times, she’s even been caught saving clean wrapping paper for her laundry notations.

And Buddy Rogers—would you think America’s boy friend would ever squeeze the pennies? Well, if he doesn’t do exactly that, he’s determined to get his money’s worth out of his dollar razor and out of every razor blade. He never throws one away as long as he can scrape it across his face and show a clean and shaven appearance!

Richard Arlen is not paying any handsy dollars and cents a day for doing work that is not really worth the price he gets. All that himself. Jack Oakie wears sweat shirts and trousers to save the expense of suits. He also refuses to pay ‘gyp’ prices for his clothes. When there are two offers for the same thing, he gets the lower one.

Richard Cromwell saves his paint brushes. For what he doesn’t exactly know. But he has used them to cast at cats who get too quarrelsome at midnight hours.

Bill Haines saves firewood. Not firewood but any bit of mahogany or old oak that comes into his hands. His hobby is an antique collector and some of these old pieces matching up some of his rare furniture finds.

Janet Gaynor loves flowers and hates to throw them away. She will save the empty flower pot and plant fresh water twice a day and always puts salt or aspirin in the vases as she believes the plants like it.

Alison Skipworth saves umbrellas. She lived so long in England where it rains nearly every twenty-four hours that she can’t count the ventures she has thrown over the sea to California. The California sun is apt to do an eclipse any time—so she’s all prepared.

Sylvia Sidney says she’s the most extravagant person—and underneath you’ll find the yen to save in some little way or other. It all goes back perhaps to the fact that everybody has the age-old desire to get his money’s worth.
Ask Me
Continued from page 97
Jackie Coogan—and almost 'stole the show' in each picture.
Ruth M. Your brother swears up and down that Jack Oakie played with Charles Rogers in "Young Eagles"—oh, tab. I can swear, too, but not for publication. It was a Screen Erwin. He was Buddha's buddy, Pudge Higgins, in "Young Eagles."
Robert M. You like to think of the movie stars as a group of people who are trying to make someone happy, putting the fun into the end of the night—do you? I. Ramon Novarro came to the United States from Durango, Mexico, to study dancing. He was supposed to have sung operatically, but the Marion Morgan dancers on the stage, he played in an artesian screen poem, "Omar Khayyam." A year later he was signed by Rex Ingram to play the lead in "The Prisoner of Zenda" with Alice Terry. And the rest is screen history!
Susan D. Jeanette MacDonald, the girl with the golden voice, red-gold hair and blue-green eyes, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., of Scotch-American parentage. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. She has never taken to coffee, nor smoked, nor taken a stimulating drink. She studied singing and dancing as a child and her first ap- pearance was in the chorus of a Ned Wayburn Revue at the Capitol Theater in New York City. She played with Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade" and with Dennis King in "The Vagabond King." Jeanette plays in "Oh, For a Man." She is under contract to Fox.
Truie R. More praise for Barry Norton, the South American who made good in North America. He is a native of Buenos Aires, Argentina, born June 16, 1905. He has dark brown hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 11 1/2 inches tall and weighs 158 pounds. His first screen appearance was with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. in "The Black Pirate." He has played in "Ankles Preferred," "Heart of Salome," "The Wizard," "Legion of the Condemned," "Three Boys," "Four Feathers," "Sins of the Fathers" and "Exalted Flapper."
Edith. I seem to be the friendly arbitrator in all movie disputes so bring on your points and we'll try to remove them. Norma Shearer is a Canadian by birth, Ramon Novarro is a Mexican, descended from Aztec royalty through his mother's family. His family name is Samaniegos. Antonio Moreno's father was an officer in the Spanish army and his mother came from one of Spain's oldest families. Tony was born in Madrid, Spain, in 1888.
Virginia L. You are a cinema lover if you wait in line one hour and fifteen minutes to see your favorite on the screen. That is true, but I also deserve a pin, saxophone, zither or what have you, with your next brace of tickets. Step aside and start filling the box office, says he. Clara Bow's new picture is "No Limit"—oh, Clara! Nancy Carroll's latest is "Stolen Heaven."
Emma B. Wallace Beery did not change his old-time pictures. It was Gloria Swanson's first husband. Some years ago, he married Rita Gilman. He is a licensed airplane pilot and one of the most popular citizens of Hollywood. His latest release is "Min and Bill" with Marie Dressed. Lon Chaney passed away on August 26, 1930. His last picture was his first talkie, "The Unholy Three."

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MINT LEAF FLAVOR

Good and Good for You.
What Makes a Girl Popular?

Continued from page 104

just natchly bash your back.” Go out with other boys, develop a new technique and get it in good working order. Let this boy know you are a popular girl with so many claims on your attention that even standing room is taken. See how he likes that.

From your letter, I judge this boy is the sort who just plays around. The sort who loves to select a girl who is inexperienced, and who speaks the same language he does, because there is less zest in making love to a sophisticated girl than to one less experienced. The sort who would keep right on phlan- dering even though you were married to him.

Don’t be a Victorian maid. You may think you are madly in love, but heart ache isn’t as hard to bear as heart break. Check up. Be a singing-in-the-rain person out for a better break. To be en- gaged or married isn’t the whole object in life. If you’re a movie addict you know every picture doesn’t end with “And so they lived happily ever after.” Neither do all books end that way. Life goes on. Even though you marry the boy you like, marriage may not be the end of trouble and the beginning of happiness— it may be the other way round! And remember, you can’t turn back in life.

Here is another letter, from a quite different type of girl.

While home from school on my summer vacation,” writes Marie J. D., “I had the greatest times at dances and making whooppee in the country. I was by far the most popular girl in our crowd. I looked forward eagerly to Christmas holidays but when I got home I found myself deliberately out of things. At least I was not invited to everything and made much of as I was during the summer. “I can’t understand it. Without seeming to boast, I am the most attractive of the three girls in the whole bunch. Last summer I knew some of the girls were jealous because I sat out dances and was not motoring with their regular boy friends. But why shouldn’t I if I wanted to? Isn’t all fair in love and war? Can it be possible that these girls get so jealous they decided not to keep me out of things? As far as they are concerned I don’t care. I don’t like girls anyway, but I do want boys to like me. Mother says it’s just as important to be popular with girls as it is with boys. If I want to have a good time. But I can’t believe that just can’t be the matter with me? Please tell me.”

Well, since you have asked me here goes. Don’t you think looks may be a bit self-centered, selfish and incon siderate? You may be just as attractive as you think you are—but that’s not everything. Being dumb and not funny? Are you a good sport, always ready to do what the crowd wants to do? Are you sympathetic and considerate of others? Or, do you make capital of the fact that you wear nice clothes? Do you use your wit to get a laugh at the expense of others? Above all, and if the answer is no to the first three questions and yes to the last two, we hardly believe you can get on together on this. As a rule girls are not as catty as that, and anyway, they may not think you that important! You may have had a silent understanding, a song-with-
out-words to hand you to put you back in the right key. And maybe you had it coming to you.

It is true that if you are going to be popular you must be liked by girls as well as by boys. Go home and tell your mother—no, I'm not being flippant, that she can quit worrying—when you go home for your vacation this year, cultivate the girls. Take especial pains to be agreeable. Don't be a bit meek and humble, it won't hurt you at all. Get the girls on your side. Let their boy friends alone and concentrate on getting the girls.

Get over your foolish notion about not wanting girl friends. It's absurd to believe that a girl can't be happy without a male eternally trailing at her heels. Look at the dozens of girls' clubs where girls form grand and lasting friendships. Look at the women's clubs, the interesting things they do together, the good they accomplish. Remember this is getting to be not only a man's but a woman's world and 'us girls' have to stick together!

Write to me, frankly and sincerely, your views and your experiences. A few letters or parts of them will be printed each month (without names—just initials—and only with your permission). Letters asking for personal replies will be answered as promptly as possible. Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

Send your letters to this department, in care of SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. I'll be glad to hear from all of you!

**George Arliss Says**

*Continued from page 29*

"When the technical part is perfect, the rest will follow like day follows night, for already great authors are writing for the screen. And what that means to an actor! There is a decided advantage in playing dialogue written by an artist. There is a certain playfulness in speaking fine lines. A great pleasure in listening, also. I enjoyed playing in 'The Green Goddess' for it was written by William Archer, a very famous dramatic critic and play-doctor. He was the one who translated Ibsen into English. Also, the same man who translated Sigrid Undset 'Kristin Lavransdatter' into magnificent English prose.

"But do not misunderstand me when I say I enjoyed playing in 'The Green Goddess.' I do not mean that that is my favorite role. My favorite role is the one I am playing at the moment. I put every ounce of energy I have in the role of the moment. You cannot—you dare not cheat an audience by allowing any personal preference to appear.

"I shall not return to the stage this winter. I plan to take a break from acting for me to divide my energies. You must give the best you have no matter to which audience you are playing. Some actors play down to their listeners. That is a grave mistake. I never have done it and I never shall do it, for whom I am to judge the intelligence of an audience?"

"Mr. Booth Tarkington is writing my next picture and I feel very well satisfied to know the dialogue is in his hands, although this is his first work direct for the screen. My second picture will be 'The Devil,' a drama by Franz Modnar in which I played some time ago. After that I hope to return to the stage—for a time at least.

"Americans love Arliss and Arliss loves Americans. "I'm delighted to be back here. There's something in this American air that makes meenergetic. And New York is a storehouse of nervous energy. I'm always full of plans when I'm here. But, of course, like most people, he smiled, "I have a little of the devil of unrest in me. When I'm here I flatter for a sight of my own land but no sooner do I get back to St. Marguerite's Bay than I begin to miss the United States. And before you know it, Jennifer begins to bring out our bags and boxes, and Mrs. Arliss and I are on our way back—to California, which is our second home."
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PATS and POKES

Get in on the fun—and the money! Give us your opinion of SCREENLAND

Our Newest Contest!

We want to know what you think! Write your opinions of the contents of this magazine. For the best letter—and it must be brief—giving us your constructive criticism of our features, art, and departments, we offer $10.00, first prize; $5.00, second prize; $1.00, third prize; and $.50, fourth prize. Mail your letter so they will reach us the 10th of each month.

I would like to end this letter with a word or two of constructive criticism but actually can think of none.

D. H. Chapman, 1337 Shatto Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

You Wouldn't Fool Us?

The new Radio Department is working. Another department, too, which I find absorbing is Anne Van Alstyne's. I noticed it some months ago and since then I've been getting SCREENLAND every month. Here's to your success. I don't know much about movie magazines but my personal opinion is that your publication is by far the best.

Ethel Ayres, 510 Lincoln Street, Sayre, Pa.

Huh-Heh!

It appears to me that your editor must have been a comic strip artist before she was an editor! I never laughed so much over any movie magazine as I did over her very humorous editorial page in the January issue.

However, I should like to see the comedy cut in half and in its place inserted items of general interest, such as optimistic views on the movies; who, in your opinion, is the best worker for the industry; why women actresses are more popular than men, and so on. But please continue to publish so few humorous items on your page. We all love to laugh.

Reginald De Voe, 620 George Street, New Haven, Conn.

Frankly—She Likes Our Frankness!

SCREENLAND is frank, sophisticated and human. If Sally Stender is threatened with illness because of too strenuous dieting, we feminine readers are greatly interested, and she appears more human to us because she has the same faults we have. SCREENLAND shows us, too, that Jack Playboy, our handsome leading man, is human. Yet we like him better that way.

Mrs. Alberta Cannon, 2115 S. Jefferson Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
CASTS OF CURRENT FILMS


**Stage in Review Continued from page 51**

"The Vinegar Tree" 

Paul Osborn hit it out for a home run in "The Vinegar Tree"—or the Troubled Virgin, or, Mrs. Malaprop, who got not beat by her losses rolled up right under her company-hating old husband, played delightfully by H. Reeves-Smith. 

She is that old stand-by, the country home. Little. Leonie Merrick is sick of being a virgin. She has a mamma—and this is the laugh of the evening. This mamma is played by Mary Boland, who whizz-hangs through three acts like a crazy, over-dressed mistress of ceremonies to the wild laughter of we-all. 

Do not ask me to tell you the plot. It will be a pleasure to you, as you make and all perfectly funny. Not a cough in this carload of fun. Besides, in the five principal characters there is no thing more by the playwright. They have the breath of life.

"Alison's House" 

This is a play by Susan Glaspell built around the now famous life of Emily Dickinson, one of the great modern poets—a woman who died in 1881 almost entirely unknown, but who lived a life hedged in by inherited and social inhibitions. 

Miss Glaspell has transposed the scenes from Massachusetts to Iowa, where there is a place called Little House. Alison St. John (Emily Dickinson) has been dead eighteen years, and the three acts merely tell us just that, with a row in the last act as to whether the famous love-letters shall or shall not be burned. Miss LeGallienne and Miss Josephine Hutchinson were both ineffective.

"The Lion and the Mouse" 

This is a play by Maxwell Anderson. It is a story of Aesop's fable. "The Lion and the Mouse" are boys and girls, and the moral is that you never know when to laugh and when to be serious. 

"The Women" 

This is a play by Eugene O'Neill. It is a story of a group of middle-aged women who have a holiday at the sea. The plot is familiar, but the acting is not. Miss Lea Greenaway and Miss Hilda Smerdon were the highlights of the play.

"The Whitefriars Theatre Dinner" 

This is a play by Tennessee Williams. It is a story of a dinner party given by a rich man to his guests. The guests are all middle-aged, and the play is a comedy of manners. The acting was excellent, and the play was well received.
The next issue of SCREENLAND will be on sale March 1.
Try Your Skill--Pick the Winner

Become Eligible for Unique Prize Distribution

- 10 Prizes of $700.00 Each -

"They're off!" Have you ever leaped to your feet at a race, cheering for your favorite—in the crowd shouting "Come On! Come On!"—as down the stretch—hoofs thundering—gay colors streaming—serve stables—the horses come with a rush—each rider and horse straining every muscle to flash across the finish line FIRST? Have you? If you have, then you've known the "Sport of Kings"—a thrill you'll never forget.

Do you think you can PICK THE WINNER in the great race pictured above—if you can, you will have a chance to win $700.00 cash. The total "purse" is $79,409.00. Think of it! And a share of this purse can be yours—$700.00. What an opportunity for you if you can Pick the Winner! Read the instructions below now—then see how your luck is.

Here are a few pointers to follow. All but one stable has entered two horses in this great racing classic. As you know, the color and design of the "silks" which a jockey wears identify him as a jockey from a certain race horse owner's stable. Each owner has his own colors and designs which only jockeys from his stable may wear. Thus, it is evident that for every jockey pictured, with one exception, there will be another jockey wearing identically the same cap, blouse, sash and trousers. For example, two and nine are twins. But, there is one jockey—AND ONLY ONE—who is dressed differently from all the others. He rides for the owner who has but one horse entered.

This picture was sketched shortly after the race started. When the jockeys had "brought their horses home," the lone entry was THE WINNER—FIRST to cross the finish line! Can you find this lone entry—the jockey who is different from all the rest? If you can Pick the Winner, by all means send his number on a postal card or by letter—Today! There are ten First Prizes to be awarded in this new publicity prize offer—ten new 1931 Chevrolet Sedans or ten prizes of $600.00 each. There are many other extra prizes of $100.00 each, too, for being prompt, making the ten First Prizes a total of $700.00 each. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties. Answers will not be accepted from persons living outside U. & A. or in Chicago. Send no money. There is no obligation. Just—PICK THE WINNER NOW AND RUSH HIS NUMBER TO W. C. DILBERG, Publicity Director, Room 53, 502 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois

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SOUNDS like the title of an old thriller!

But it's only the thing that's going on today in the world of entertainment.

This lure of Hollywood for stage stars, and the call of New York for Hollywoodians is having a tremendous effect—and one that will make itself felt in every hamlet that boasts a movie house.

The stage stars—including the most scintillating—have gone cinema!

They don't even apologize for it any more. They just proudly wave a contract written in molten gold under Manhattan's nose and board the first Transcontinental Air Express westbound.

And somewhere about the Mississippi, they bow in passing to one or two or a dozen of the silent film idols east-bound "for some stage experience."

It is a radical change in mental attitude from that held a few years ago, and equally, it is a good thing for the industry and its lovers.

With the coming to the screen of legitimate players came the acceptance of dramatic standards which had been polished and refined (at least in the technic) by centuries of tradition.

With it came an infusion of new blood, new ideals, new technic, new talent which, even though the movies themselves are not so very ancient, have stirred into them a new substantiality.

While previously the one necessity for the movies was to make a flair—a stupendous show—now, it is taking thought to its craftsmanship in a way which has surely been stimulated by a feeling that, after all, the theater (including movies), is not just a passing moment's entertainment, but has centuries ahead—as behind—and a tradition to build as well as to keep.

Within the last year, three big ventures—the most notable of which was Mary Pickford's "Forever After"—have been scrapped after much work and time had been lavished upon them.

Howard Hughes worked four years on "Hell's Angels." Charlie Chaplin has spent two years in making "City Lights."

Such sincerity of purpose arises out of a conviction of permanence, a standard of tradition, an ideal of worthy artistry. It would not be fair to give credit for this change of heart to the stage stars who have invaded Hollywood, but certainly the dropping of the barriers which kept the movies outside the pale of what was considered true theater has given the impetus to this kind of confidence and assurance.

And surely, the entry in a whole-hearted way, of the world's greatest stage stars into the world of films has done much to break down these barriers.

Paul C. Hunter, Publisher.
there comes a new, mysterious GLOW

Into cheeks touched with almost magical Princess Pat rouge, there comes mysterious new beauty—color that is vibrant, intense, glorious, yet suffused with a soft, mystical underglow that makes brilliance natural.

No woman ever used Princess Pat rouge for the first time without being amazed. Accustomed to ordinary rouges of one flat, shallow tone, the youthful, glowing naturalness of Princess Pat gives beauty that actually bewilders, that thrills beyond words to describe.

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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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"Duo-tone." Why? Because no other rouge in all the world is composed of two distinct tones, perfectly blended into one by a very secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a mystical underglow to harmonize with the skin, and an overtone to give forth vibrant color. Moreover Princess Pat rouge changes on the skin, adjusting its intensity to your individual need.

Every Princess Pat Shade Matches Any Skin Whether you are blond or brunette, or any type in between, any shade of Princess Pat you select will harmonize with your skin. The duo-tone secret gives this unheard of adaptability. And what a marvelous advantage; for variations of your coloring are unlimited. There are shades of Princess Pat for sparkle and intensity when mood, gown or occasion dictate brilliance; shades for rich healthful tints, shades that make cheeks demure; a shade for wondrous tan; an exotic, glowing shade for night—under artificial light.

Be Beautiful Today as You Never Were Before Princess Pat’s thrilling new beauty is too precious to defer. And words cannot adequately picture the effect upon your cheeks. Only when you try Princess Pat duo-tone rouge will you realize its wonders. Today, then, secure Princess Pat and discover how gloriously beautiful you can be.

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with the
HOLE

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THE REAL GARBO!

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with HARRY CAREY, DUNCAN RENALDO, EDWINA BOOTH

is completed and has been proclaimed greater than "THE BIG PARADE" greater than "BEN HUR," in fact

"THE GREATEST ADVENTURE PICTURE OF ALL TIME!"
See it at your favorite theatre

A METRO GOLDWYN MAYER
All-Talking Picture
"ONE YARD TO GO"
MACK SENNETT COMEDY, with Marjorie Beebe and Frank Eastman. A football story that will throw Old Man Gloom for a touchdown of laughs.

"A HAPPY LITTLE HONEYMOON"
FAMILY COMEDY, with Glenn Tryon. They wanted a quiet honeymoon, but what they found will keep you shrieking with thrills and laughs.
An AL CHRISTIE Production.

"GIRLS WILL BE BOYS"
TUXEDO COMEDY, with Charlotte Greenwood. Lanky Charlotte tackles her husband's job as piano mover. "It's a natural for laughs... Watch for this one," says Photoplay. An AL CHRISTIE Production.

"THE COLLEGE VAMP"
MACK SENNETT COMEDY, with Andy Clyde and Yola D'Avril. The new "drawna" teacher called it Shakespeare, but the co-eds disagreed. As funny a college comedy as you ever saw.

"THE COLLEGE"
GAYETY COMEDY with Ford Sterling. This is Sterling's greatest comedy performance, with a background of beautiful girls, headed by Eleanor Hunt. An AL CHRISTIE Production.

"PETE AND REPEAT"
IDEAL COMEDY, with "Sheen-n-Leehan." (Those Two Naturals, Popular stage blackface comedians in a comedy that is one long bowl.

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DANGER AHEAD for CLARA BOW!

In the January 1931 issue of Screenland we put the question: "Another Chance for Clara Bow?" We reviewed the red-head's hectic life and career and asked if she would maintain her place on the screen.

You all know what happened. The newspapers played up the latest episode in the fortunes of the It Girl. Clara, herself, was to have played opposite Gary Cooper in "City Streets"—but Sylvia Sidney from the Broadway stage was rushed into her part instead. Clara was given a vacation by her company, with the announcement that when she was rested she would start work in "Working Girl." Meanwhile the battle rages: can Clara Bow, after all her unfortunate publicity, really come back? Will the public accept her? Or will she be consigned to oblivion with the other screen stars whose indiscretions made front-page copy in the past?

Can Clara Bow Survive? Watch for the May issue of Screenland for an entirely new angle on the case of Clara!
In the twenty years of my experience as a producer of motion pictures I have never been prouder of any production than I am of "Rango." With a definite idea and story in mind, we sent Mr. Ernest Schoedsack, co-producer of "Chang," "Grass" and "The Four Feathers," into the densest jungles of Sumatra, to film this story in sound. There Mr. Schoedsack spent a year, grimly enduring great privations and danger. The picture he brought back gave me one of the most amazing experiences I have ever had in the theatre, and it is with the greatest personal pride that I, with my associates, offer it to the American public.

Paramount Pictures
PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES.
PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK CITY

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REVUETTES

Screenland's guide to the current films—dependable help to an evening of good entertainment

Class A:
★ CIMARRON, Radio. Richard Dix scores a personal triumph in this Fox-Faber best seller. Irene Dunne and Estelle Taylor are splendid in a "must."*
★ INSPIRATION. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Greta Garbo is lovely as a French siren in a modern but weak story with Robert Montgomery, Bernhard Bresslaw, Lewis Stone and Marjorie Rambeau.*
★ LITTLE CAESAR. First National. The best crook drama to date with Edward G. Robinson scoring. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Clara Bow provide the romance.
★ THE BACHELOR FATHER. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. An amusing comedy with plenty of laughs supplied by Marlon Davies, C. Aubrey Smith and Ralph Forbes.*
★ THE BLUE ANGEL. Paramount. Emil Jannings' first American talker—with Janings and Marlene Dietrich splendid.
★ THE CRIMINAL CODE. Columbia. A powerful drama about a boy sent to prison on circumstantial evidence. Walter Huston, Philip Holmes and Constance Cummings are excellent.*
★ THE DEVIL TO PAY. United Artists. Remodel Colman at his best as a lovable prodigal son. Good picture—good cast including Loretta Young, Frederick Kerr and Myrna Loy.
★ THE EASIEST WAY. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A grand film about a girl who loves the line of least resistance and repentis. Constance Bennett, Lewis Stone and Robert Montgomery are at their best.
★ THE ROYAL FAMILY. Paramount. Garbo's favorite vehicle about a famous theatrical family with Fredric March, Jna Claire, Mary Brian and Heirróża Crosman.
★ TOM SAWYER. Paramount. Enigma for the whole family, this Mark Twain favorite with Jackie Cooper, Mitzi Green, Jackie Stieie and Junior Durkin.

Class B:
ALOHA, Tiffany. Love in the tropics supplied by Royalty Torres and Ben Lyon. A satisfactory film with capable acting.
ALONG CAME YOUTH. Paramount. A pleasing comedy about mistaken identity with Charles 'Buddy' Rogers, Frances Dee and Stuart Erwin.
BEAU IDEAL. Radio. A sequel to "Beau Geste" with an interesting story but an excellent cast. Ralph Forbes, Loretta Young, Lester Vail, Irene Rich and Paul McAllister are top-notch.*
CAUGHT CHEATING. Tiffany. Charlie Murray and George Sidney as a couple of chiselers are at their best in this bright farce comedy. Very funny in spots.
CHARLEY'S AUNT. Columbia. Films may come and go but "Charley's Aunt" goes on forever. Charles Ruggles, June Collyer and Doris Lloyd are in the cast.*

See Page 97 for complete casts of current films. Note the pictures selected as worthy of SCREENLAND's seal of approval. Make your guide to the worthwhile screenplays.

ILlicit. Warner Brothers. Barbara Stanwyck in an extremely sophisticated drama with James Cagney—both do excellent work.
JAWS OF HELL. Soon Art-World Wide. A fine picture based on Teneyssy's "The Charge of the Light Brigade" with Cyril MacLaglen and Benita Hume.
KISS ME AGAIN. First National. A pleasing operetta with Victor Herbert's music and Berne Claire, Walter Flanders, June Collyer and Everett Horton.
MAN TO MAN. Warner Brothers. A good picture of crime and father and son devotion with Ralph Holmes, Lucille Powers and Grant Mitchell.
MY PAST. Warner Brothers. This is modern, lighthearted, entertaining, Ben Lyon, Bebe Daniels and Lewis Stone represent the eternal triangle.
NEW MOON. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A charming operetta with Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett singing beautifully, Adolphe Menjou and Roland Young are present again.
NO LIMIT. Paramount. Clara Bow in an illogical tale about gamblers. The smart dialogue aided by Stuart Erwin and Norman Foster make it interesting.*
ONCE A SINNER. Fox. Dorothy Mackaill in a story about: "Shes my past master." Films not worthy of her talents. Joel McCrea and John Halliday are the male supports.
REDUCE. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Marie Dressler and Polly Moran "now 'm in this one also." A beautiful beauty establishment. Anita Page and Sally Eilers supply the serious moments, if any.*
RESURRECTION. Universal. Resurrecting the Tolstoy classic into a powerful drama with a new dramatic Lupe Velez. John Boles is opposite.*
SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED. Tiffany. A slow moving comedy-drama with Betty Compson as its bright spot. Leo Tolles, Dorothy Christy and Alan Hale in the cast. Fair.
THE COMMAND PERFORMANCE. Tiffany. Satire on a modern mythical kingdom which you'll enjoy with Neil Hamilton, Una Merkel and Albert Gran.
THE DAWN TRAIL. Columbia. A good western with action and suspense and Buck Jones as the star. Miriam Seegar is the heroine.
THE RIGHT TO LOVE. Paramount. Ruth Chatterton plays three different roles with her usual finesse. Paul Lukas and David Manners are the male support.
THE PAINTED DESERT. Pathé. An outdoor western drama packed with action and thrills including Bill Boyd, Helen Twelvetrees and William Farnum. For "he-man" picture builds.*
THE ROYAL BED. Radio. A smart social comedy drama about royalty. Lowell Sherman directs and acts; Mary Astor and Robert Warwick give distinguished performances.*
★ Reviewed in this issue.
★ These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of Screenland's seal of approval.
(Continued on page 119)
The $7.70 Show that Thrilled Broadway for Two Seasons
Now Bigger, Grander, Funnier on the Vitaphone Screen
— and most of the original Broadway Stars are in it!

Why do Americans go to Paris? To taste the wine?
To meet the girls? To see the shows? Perhaps—
but especially to find out just what it is that fifty
million Frenchmen can't be wrong about!
Here's your chance to learn the secrets of
la vie Parisien without crossing the ocean
and getting your feet wet.

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN
is based on the play by Herbert Fields
The screen adaptation was made by
Joseph Jackson, Al Romeberg and
Eddie Welch
Photographed by Technicolor
Directed by LLOYD BACON
CLAUDIA DELL  WILLIAM GAXTON
HELEN BRODERICK  JOHN HALLIDAY
OLSEN AND JOHNSON

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

When you write advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
Slams and Salvos

Let's have your picture opinions!

A SALAAM, NOT A SLAM
(First Prize Letter)

I have read so many letters by the readers of those magazines rendering slams galore at Greta Garbo. Seemingly, the cause of these criticisms is her aloofness, and desire to keep her offstage time her own business. Even though I, as a bit of the public, would like to know more about her, I cannot help but admire the fact that she has the brains and ability to understand human nature as well as she does and keep herself exclusive.

I am very glad that Marlene Dietrich insists that there is only one Garbo and is not going to try to ride to fame on her likeness to Greta. I should imagine she would flop if she does. Why do the directors keep on comparing her with Garbo—don't they want her to succeed? I do!

Miss Florence Johnson, Owosso, Michigan.

PAGING ROMANCE
(Second Prize Letter)

I appreciate gorgeous gowns, symphony orchestras, English accents, sculptured forms, sophisticated repartee, educated horse-play and all the complicated repertoire of a modern movie—but I miss an honest-to-goodness heart-throb!

Where is this thing called love? Soulful looks result in songs or wisecracks. Talkies pendulate between sexy, morboid, murderous muddles and sexless (often womanless), intellectual propagandistic films.

The quick-shootin', hard-drinkin', clean-lovin', Western picture is the most decent movie medium in America.

Everything glitters, but there is little golden romance, cinematically speaking. Familiarity with the stars' private lives does much damage, I never see Fredric March looking pensive that I don't imagine he's waiting for a fried sardine from Provence!

I wish some millionaire would quit collecting antiques and try preserving the romantic aura that once upon a time surrounded 'stars' and 'movies.'

Phyllis-Marie Arthur, Box 127, Lowville, New York.

A DIETRICH RAVE
(Third Prize Letter)

Writing a letter to a screen magazine is an entirely new experience for me. Many years I have been a devout movie fan, and all during that time I have religiously read your magazine to get the 'inside' on the pictures, but I have never attempted to contribute anything. Now I am going to break my silence.

I have just been delighted with Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco" for the second time, and it has been many months since I have been greater pleased with the second time I have seen a picture than the first. The German actress is an inspiration for greater things on the American screen. She is destined to be a great success here.

I don't feel that she has to dethrone Greta Garbo, however. There is plenty of room for such inspiring actresses. Josef von Sternberg is to be congratulated for bringing such an artist to America.

John Sembower, 702 Ballantine Road, Bloomington, Indiana.

FOR THE DEFENSE
(Fourth Prize Letter)

Why a successor for Greta Garbo? Why all this publicity for every female screen 'find,' importation or what have you, that brushes her hair off her forehead and tries to look mysterious—about as mysterious as a concombre? Will the powers—hat she—never realize that for the fans there can never be another Garbo? No matter how much money they spend in ballboxing. And it only antagonizes us—this vast body of movie addicts which makes up that great god box-office—against such really worth while actresses as Marlene Dietrich. Let Dietrich stay Dietrich—she's all right as she is—but never think that she will take Greta's place in our hearts. Impossible!

Mrs. E. M. Nytkos, 1117 West Jefferson Blvd., South Bend, Indiana.

GREAT VERSUS MARLENE

I want to express my opinion on two of my favorite actresses—Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich.

I think Garbo is a great artist. But I have seen Dietrich in two pictures—"Morocco," which I saw eight times, and "The Blue Angel." I have read so much about Miss Dietrich threatening Garbo's throne but that is not possible. There will only be one Garbo as there was only one Lon Chaney. But I consider Marlene Dietrich a fine actress in her own right.

Everyone remarked how much Marlene resembled Greta in "Morocco" but I didn't think so, other than her eyes. In my opinion, her hair, mouth and nose resemble those of the late Jeanne Eagels. In "The Blue Angel" I didn't think there was the slightest resemblance between the two girls. Probably because the picture was made in Germany, where they let her be herself. Anyway, there's room for both!

Miss Carella Remington, 311 Plymouth Road, West Palm Beach, Florida.

SOFT PEDAL THE MUSIC!

My girl friend and I have just seen Richard Barthelmess in his latest picture, "The Lash." It was an excellent picture with one exception. Why didn't someone pay more attention to the sound recording? Just when we were all set to hear the sound of galloping horses' feet, the crashing music drowned out that particular thrill.

(Continued on page 102)
A Booth Tarkington comedy-drama for the whole family from sonny to grandpa.

LEWIS STONE
IRENE RICH
LEON JANNEY
JOHN HALLIDAY
MICKEY BENNETT
And a lot of great kiddies

From the story "Old Fathers and Young Sons," by Booth Tarkington.
Directed by WILLIAM BEAUDINE
"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.

If you're the kind of father who got more fun than the kids did out of the electric train you bought them for Christmas . . .
If you're the kind of mother who believes that boys will be boys . . .

IRENE RICH
If you're the kind of sister who has a demon kid brother . . .

If you're the kind of brother who still remembers when you were a kid . . .

Beg, borrow, or steal all the kids you can get hold of and take them to see this picture. You'll have the time of your life!

"Let's all go to the movies."
"I know what I wanna see."
"Hey, get a move on, Fatty!"
"Where you all a-goin' so fast?"
"We're all gonna see Father's Son!"

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

When you write advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
Miss Vee Dee is here to serve you. If you wish an answer in the Magazine, please be patient and await your turn. If you prefer a personal reply enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.

Dot of Mass. No questions, no letters; no letters, no job for your favorite answer lady; so jump right in with your question. Joan Crawford is starring in “Dance, Fools, Dance.” Norma Shearer was born Aug. 10, 1904, in Montreal, Canada. She has brown hair, blue-grey eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. She is the wife of Irving Thalberg. They have a son, born Aug. 25, 1930. Norma’s latest release is “Strangers May Kiss.”

Dorothy F. Lew Ayres is one of the leading young men of the hour and headed straight for stardom—and only 21 years old. Birthplace, Minneapolis, Minn. This handsome heart-breaker is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Before he made pictures, he was a jazz banjo player with an orchestra. (Banjo plunkers, take this to heart!) Richard Barthelmess has been married twice. One of his first big successes in pictures was with Lilian Gish in “Broken Blossoms,” directed by D. W. Griffith.

Bernice Z., Helen L. and Mae C. The player you ask about, Albert Conti, is one of the many sincere actors who remain unsung but contribute much to the success of films. He appears in “Morocco” with Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich, and with Jack Oakie in “Sea Legs” and “The Gang Busters.”

Miss Lonesome. Where’s your chance to be a movie star? I don’t know—did you lose it? Betty Compton’s address will be found elsewhere in this issue. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Betty is in “The Boudoir Diplomat” with Mary Duncan, Jeanette Loff and Ian Keith.

M. P., of Fullerton. Interested in the screen kiddies, are you? There are Junior Durkin, who is fifteen; Leon Janney, thirteen; Jackie Coogan, fourteen; and Mitzi Green, who is ten. All talented youngsters who are not afraid of hard work, hard play or hard study. Jackie plays the title role in Mark Twain’s immortal story, “Tom Sawyer.” Mitzi is Becky Thatcher and Junior Durkin is Huckleberry Finn. Harold Lloyd’s real name is just that.

Jane S. Sorry I can’t announce your fan club in my department; haven’t the space and most of my customers want personal news about their favorites. Armanda, the little Mexican pepper-pot was born in Sonora, Mexico. She was the Gipsy Girl in “General Crack” with John Barrymore, and played with Frank Fay in “Under a Texas Moont.” She is now appearing in a musical comedy, “Nina Rosa,” on the New York stage.

M. C. S., Jersey City. You know your stars all right if you haven’t missed an issue of SCREENLAND for several years. Helen Kane, the hoop-a-doop girl, was born Aug. 4, 1908, in the Bronx, N. Y. Real name, Shroeder. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 117 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. Alice White is 5 feet 2 inches tall. Nancy Carroll is 5 feet 4 inches and weighs 118 pounds. John Boles was on the stage in musical comedy before the Kleigs got him. His first screen part was with Gloria Swanson in “The Loves of Sunya.” His first big chance was in “The Desert Song.”

C. and A. Where have you been hiding that you do not know Charles Farrell is one of our best-loved cinema stars? Come out and meet the big shot of Onset Bay, Mass. Among Charlie’s pictures are, “High Society Blues” with Janet Gaynor; “The Princess and the Plumber” with Maureen O’Sullivan, and his last release with Janet Gaynor, “The Man Who Came Back.”

Miriam C. So I’m one of the few persons who have a real sense of humor? Look around you, there are a lot of others just dying to be laughed at. Greta Garbo was born Sept. 18, 1906. Her first American picture was “The Torrent,” followed soon by “Flesh and the Devil,” “Love,” “The Divine Woman,” “The Single Standard” and “The Kiss,” all silent films. Her first talkie was “Anna Christie,” then came “Romance,” and her latest is “Inscription.”

Helene, Peoria. Are you a dumb-bell? My word, what a question. At this distance, I’m not prepared to commit myself. Gary Cooper’s life story to date is most interesting. His age on last birthday, May 7, 1930, was 29 years. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 180 pounds. His hobbies are fishing, hunting, riding, swimming and taxidermy. He attended a private school in London, Eng.

Consult the following service departments before asking your questions, please. Stars’ addresses on Page 99. Casts of current films on page 97. Thank you!
Seven thousand eight hundred dollars in prizes will be given in our unique new advertising campaign. The first prize will be $1785.00 cash (or the Studebaker eight-cylinder Sedan shown to the right) and there is an additional prize of $715.00 to be added to the first prize on the proof of promptness.

There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for the prizes, which will be given in accordance with the contestants' standings when the final decision is made. Can you pass this difficult test of observation?

Here is the test. The picture above portrays a young woman awaiting the arrival of her guests. Unknown to her, eight of them are already there. Their faces are concealed in the foliage around the door. Can you find them?

Look carefully. If you can find the faces of five or more of the guests who are present, lose no time but mark them with a cross, tear out the picture and send it. 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.

T. A. HUGHES
Dept. 9, 500 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

When you write advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
The Discovery of the Month

From society to the screen! Katherine Leslie, New York Social Registrarite, signs for films

She's a real, not press-agent, society girl, this tall, dark, lovely Miss Leslie, whom Paramount has just signed to a contract. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Leslie of New York City, Katherine has played an important and popular part in Manhattan's junior Mayfair. But society wasn't enough for 'Kay' Leslie. Last season she stepped out on the Broadway stage in a principal rôle of "Rebound," the Donald Ogden Stewart play, starring Hope Williams, another girl who left luxury for hard work as an actress. Miss Leslie's beauty and dramatic ability attracted much attention. When Paramount asked her to take a screen test she submitted more as a lark than anything else—but to her surprise the film company offered her an imposing contract. She will play a society girl in her first picture, and her statuesque loveliness will form a splendid foil to Tallulah Bankhead's blonde and sultry beauty.
The First All-Woman Picture!

We've had pictures with all-men casts, but "Women Like Men" is the first all-woman cast in the history of Hollywood. William Beaudine is directing, and says he feels like a sultan surrounded by such pulchritude. Just get a load of the imposing cast: Evelyn Brent, Marceline Day, Irene Rich, Lilyan Tashman, Louise Fazenda, June Clyde, Fritzi Ridgeway and the Keating twins—Elizabeth and Helen. The title of the film may be changed.

It's a story of war and all its tragedy from the women's angle. But Louise Fazenda supplies the light moments. The girls dress in smart uniforms, that is, all but Louise, who is called upon to wear funny pants, large, baggy bathrobes and other comedy props.

Evelyn Brent is the hard-boiled, heart-of-gold heroine. Fritzi Ridgeway plays a snooper and is generally disliked. Irene Rich is the nice New York woman who raised the unit. June Clyde is the sweet southern girl. Lilyan Tashman is a chauffeur who always fills her hot-water bottle with cognac before 'going out.' The Keating twins are a couple of kids collecting marriage proposals. Marceline Day is another sweet girl and Louise Fazenda is a corn-fed damsel from Iowa.

The Keating twins were the cross-word puzzle of the lot—nobody could tell them apart until someone discovered that one of the girls has a mole and the other hasn't.

Every afternoon, tea is served to the ladies by a husky disillusioned male who obviously regards this as the final insult to his sex. It's one of the most hilarious sets ever with the girls swapping smart repartee between scenes.

There's nary a man in the cast, although the masculine hubbub of war is heard going on outside all the time.

Director Beaudine flaunts a leather strap and vows that he whips his feminine cast into discipline.

Here's to the first all-woman picture, and to Liberty Productions for producing it!
S O S — LADY in DISTRESS!

Or Kay Francis in a torn dress. Kay couldn't go on with the show until her evening dress was mended but the seamstress came to her rescue. This is between scenes of "Ladies' Man" in which Miss Francis appears opposite William Powell. Note the café set and the studio props.
Screenland’s Honor Page

Won by Richard Dix

Richard Dix has at last lived down “The Vanishing American.” For years his every performance has been compared with this silent epic but now he has surpassed himself. As Yancey Cravat in “Cimarron,” Dix gives one of the best performances of the year. He lives the part and plays it with power and pathos. The story starts in 1889 with a land rush to Oklahoma, and ends in 1929—and Rich moves right along with the times, from a young adventurer, a leader of men, to a pathetic, heroic end. Incidentally, ‘Cimarron’ is an Indian word and means wild and unruly. Richard Dix does justice to Edna Ferber’s best seller and Screenland is proud to present him with this Honor Page.

Richard Dix as he appears in “Cimarron” a splendid picture with a splendid cast. Below, Irene Dunne and Dix in a scene from the film.

Richard Dix as Yancey Cravat, the adventurer and two-fisted pioneer and the talkie sensation of the season in “Cimarron.”
"Dear Clara Bow":
(A cross-section of her public.)
YOU'LL be seeing stars from now on. And like it!

You may have thought you went to the movies to see a well-directed drama, or a sparkling comedy, or the transcription of a favorite stage play. Wrong! Whether you knew it or not at the time, you were going to see Garbo—Chatterton—Powell—Bow—Colman—Shearer—Haines—Francis—and, of course, Mickey Mouse. And I can prove it.

The producers, who have been doing a little quiet and intensive star-gazing for months past, have pounced. They are convinced, this time, that stars fill the theaters. For a while there they labored under the delusion that audiences didn't care who played in a picture so long as it was a pretty good picture. So they sent to Broadway for stage talent and pretended that they didn't care when the home-lot actors sulked. In fact, those actors began to feel like step-children after a while. They'd had everything their own way for so long that it was funny to see their startled faces when the Broadway upstarts got the gravy. They needn't have worried. The public has always known what it wants; and if it doesn't get what it wants, it knows just what to do about it—stay away from the theaters en masse. And somehow that annoys the producers.

So the star system which was never really threatened, just a little shaky now and then, is back full force. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell broke Roxy house records in their come-back picture, a not-so-good melodrama. Chaplin gets $10 a head for the New York premier of his "City Lights." Little Mitzi Green gets herself insured for one million dollars. And—

Warner Brothers began their 'talent raid.' They lured Connie Bennett over to make two pictures a year for them, at a reputed salary of $30,000 a week. (A stipend we won't quarrel with after seeing the Bennett in "The Easiest Way." This girl, who can wear a fifteen-dollar dress and make it look like a Lanvin original, is worth any amount she asks of any producer.) Then Warners signed up Ruth Chatterton, William Powell, and Kay Francis, in rapid succession, to start work when present contracts expire. And they are said to be on the trail of other big stars who are box-office panics.

Of course the other producers are busy, too—Fox is pushing Elissa Landi—Paramount has its Dietrich—Metro its Garbo, its Crawford and Shearer. All box-office—all stars. And you should see the fan mail. You have—you wrote it!

The most popular star in pictures, the one star about whom there is no argument, only applause, has at last received a deserved reward—stardom, with electric lights. Mickey Mouse is the name!
THERE are certain charms for a male screen star in having a non-professional wife at home, who makes his interests her sole concern in life. Competitive glory in the domestic menage is not necessarily the ideal arrangement for happy marriage in Hollywood.

Some of these gentlemen guard the privacy of their wives with positive ferocity. This is particularly true, for instance, of John Boles, who can get really mean about it. Any poor scribe asking for a picture of the fair Mrs. Boles is promptly smubbed.

All the same, Marcelite Dobbs, born and raised in a small town, met John Boles when they were both attending the University of Texas, and their marriage was a graduation celebration. She is a sweet domestic person, who relieves her John of all the tiresome business of an artist’s life and the responsibilities of running a home benignly. They have two little girls, whose names are withheld for all the world as though publication would occasion some fearful blight. Mrs. Boles plays bridge and is an excellent hostess, both at the town and beach houses.

This matter of publicity for the private families of the stars is a controversial subject. The Montgomerys are in the secretive class—positively no pictures of wives and babies, if you please. Even their two new babies are to be kept rigidly out of print.

We asked with affectionate interest for a picture of Mrs. Jack Mulhall. But it was a picture of Jack, with a voluminous biography which arrived—and even in the biography, Mrs. Jack wasn’t mentioned anywhere! Dear, dear, and she such a nice girl, too, so popular socially.

Lawrence Tibbett, on the other hand, is immensely proud of his Grace, as well he may be. She was Grace Mackay Smith of Los Angeles, and they met when both were attending Manual Arts High School. They married right after graduating from there. When they arrived at the conclusion that Lawrence’s voice was worth investing in, there were a couple of twin boys also to be considered. Grace undertook to support the twins while Lawrence went to New York to study. It proved a highly profitable investment.

Grace Tibbett writes charming poetry and magazine articles. But her home always comes first, even since Lawrence’s phenomenal success have made servants galore possible. Their home in Beverly Hills is a delightful social center, when they are not

Mrs. Skeets Gallagher gave up the stage for matrimony. Now there’s a Gallagher, Junior.

Left: Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown, née Cornelia Foster, with little Jane Harriet and the proud papa.

Mrs. Claude Allister—right—says one career in the family is all that any home can stand!
PRIVATE WIVES!

Introducing some of the little-known but nevertheless important non-professional wives of the film colony. In other words, meet the Missus!

in New York. Grace returned from a trip to Paris just before Christmas, to be plagued with eager inquiries from reporters anent a projected divorce! Anyone who knows Grace will appreciate the horror of any such supposition. No wonder she denied it indignantly.

Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown was Cornelia Foster of Tuscaloosa, Alabama. They too met in college and married when Johnny graduated. They have a little bungalow in Hollywood and are positively mushy over their daughter, Jane Harriet, seventeen months of age and already making a stylish social impression wherever she goes. The more the world adores his Cornelia, the better Johnny likes it. And it would break his heart if people didn't know about Jane Harriet.

Victor McLaglen is prepared to brag about his domestic appendages any day. Enid LaMont, Andrew, nine, and Sheila, seven, these being Mrs. McLaglen's main interest in life, together with the suitable petting of Victor after a hard day at the studio. A distinguished appearing person, this Enid, who does her spouse infinite credit.

Mrs. Clive Brook is the one who feels that publicity is undesirable for private "For Clive's sake," she says. And this in spite of the fact that she was formerly a successful actress on the London stage, as Mildred Evelyn. It was when she and Clive performed in the same play that the romance began. They have been in the States five years now and have two children. These and Clive form Mrs. Brook's most compelling interests in life, with tennis as her pet recreation.

Mrs. Skeets Gallagher is another girl who gave up the stage for matrimony. It was when she and Skeets played a show together in Chicago, that they decided to slip off and be married in Mexico. But by that time...
she had made her name of Pauline Mason well-known in theatrical circles.

Bert Wheeler's wife was a professional dancer. Now Miss Dolores Patricia occupies most of her attention. Bert likes this picture of the Wheelers used with this article because, in a hasty glance, it looks as if he has a huge family. See if it doesn't!

Mrs. Robert Woolsey made matrimony her career from the very beginning. Bob is her whole life; she watches his every mood, anticipates his desires, smooths out the day's irritations, and is generally the arch-gentleman-petter of Hollywood. Just being a fond background for Bob is completely satisfying.

These comedians do get the faithful wives! Where could any man find a more devoted better-half than Joe E. Brown, to whom Mrs. Brown has lately presented a baby daughter, in addition to the two boys Joe already bragged about?

Mrs. Brown is one of those large women that little chaps like Joe just naturally gravitate to—large in physique, generosity, understanding, good humor—oh, quite a dear. She loves Joe's prosperity and revels in his handsome huge apartment. Bridge is her pet diversion, when the baby will permit. She won't even mind if the baby girl developes Joe's mouth. It's beautiful to her!

Mrs. Claude Allister took on another kind of a comedian, Claude being a super-success as the Archie-Algy-Percy type of aristocratic vacuity. No one can do as much as Claude can with a monocle. Mrs. Allister was Barbara Fay. She says one career in the family is all that any home can stand.

Robert Armstrong is another lucky man, for Jean Kent really can claim to have sacrificed at least the promising beginnings of a career for him. She was studying music and dancing in New York when the advent of Robert disturbed the routine. Then he went to London with "Is Zat So?" and kept the cables sizzling with pleas. So Jean went to London and married Robert. Then someone dropped out of the play suddenly, and Jean hopped into the emergency role with happy success. But Bob's the whole show now.

Another much-to-be-envied fellow is Laurence Grant, who besides being occupied with parts in two pictures in the making at this writing, is vice-president or director of all sorts of actors' organizations, including the Academy, and chairman of endless committees, and forever in demand as a witty toastmaster. Fancy having to live with a person like that! But Hegge Hay gave up a good interior decorator business to marry Laurence last year. She is a remarkable combination of sophisticated charm and domestic sweetness. And oh, boy, she can cook!

Her garden, tended by herself, is a ducky place. Birds galore visit her daily on the most intimate terms and the only time she ever nags Laurence is when he forgets to bring the bird seed home.

Edmund Breese has nothing to complain of either—just celebrated his eighteenth anniversary of marrying a completely devoted spouse. Mrs. Breese says she would not dream of trading on Edmund's fame; the background is quite pleasant enough.

Of course Mrs. George Arliss is the arch-dowager of Hollywood. She had been an actress herself for years, until she finally submerged her life completely in George's interests. It was quite a gala occasion when she appeared in "Disraeli" with her George. She is a come-

ly, placid lady, with a comfortable philosophy, and carries a pet parrot around with her wherever they go.

Of course you know about Mrs. Eddie Cantor. Mother of the six Cantor daughters, manager of comedian Eddie's homes in Beverly Hills and Great Neck, Long Island, and New York. N. Y. Mrs. Cantor was an east-side belle when Eddie besieged her for her hand. She married him despite the opposition of her family, who couldn't see much of a future for a boy who made a living being funny on the stage. But the Cantor marriage turned out amazingly well. She's his best audience and, in the words of the old saw, his severest critic. If the Missus laughs at any of his jokes, Eddie knows it must be funny, so he's not surprised when Broadway audiences howl later on.

And you've all heard how happy the former Mrs. Jessica Sargent is making your Richard Barthelmess. Yes—Mrs. Dick is an exquisite hostess, an ardent sportswoman, and an all-round good sport. Her little son by her first marriage, Stewart Sargent, and Dick's little girl, Mary Hay second, are great pals, and all in all the Barthelmesse menage is one of the smoothest and sanest in Hollywood.

(Continued on page 122)
WILLIAM POWELL is disgruntled. The suave, polished, debonair Mr. Philo Vance—Street of Chance—Powell is ruffled. Indignant. He's not a "Ladies' Man"! He can't see himself as a ladies' man. He's not a Casanova. No sheik. No handsome heartbreaker. Neither in character, nor off the stage. And yet he's knee-deep in making into a talkie that sensational novel "Ladies' Man" by Rupert Hughes.

"I'm offering a direct challenge to the movie public, playing this part," he declares. "I'm throwing down the gauntlet. How can they receive me in such a naïve part? I'm not a ladies' man. I haven't the physical characteristics for one thing. Not handsome. Someone like Valentino should have played this part. Not Bill Powell."

"But don't you think Jamie Darricott of 'Ladies' Man' was a villain?" I ventured.

"Never! He was just weak. Passive. He had to be. He hasn't any of the characteristics of the parts I like to play, that I feel I can play best. No mentality. None of those sparkling facets of character which make personality."

But most actors like a diversity of rôles, I reminded him.

"I have no particular desire to show off m`histrionicabilities," he said. "I like to do a part well, and think when it is finished that it was a good job, well done. I take satisfaction in that. But there's no use putting a round peg in a square hole. Not that I always want to be the same kind of peg, you understand. But there are plenty of square pegs for square holes. So keep the round pegs for the round holes."

"But Mr. Powell," I objected, "I remember your part in 'Romola.' Wasn't that character something the same, after all?" He disagreed. "Not the same thing at all. Tito in 'Romola' was an ambitious man. He married the woman he loved and because he found her cold, he took the little peasant girl—remember Dorothy Gish in the part?—and had with her the simple peasant-like life he craved. But he didn't go around making fools of women just because it was easy, or he could."

"Then acting to you is a business, not an ambition?"

"Perhaps, yes. I went on the (Continued on page 119)
HERE'S
THE REAL
GARBO!

What's the truth about

Hollywood's
Mystery
Star?

Which of the many stories about her can you believe? Is she a cold, moody woman—a contemptuous genius? Or is she a nice girl who happens to have a great talent? This story answers your questions. It gives you more of the real Greta than all those 'Garbo Legends'!
AN actor once called her ‘Honey.’ She likes spaghetti. The living soul of Friml’s L’Amour, Toujours, L’Amour. Long and alabaster. Melts into any background.

Would be a bad poker opponent. Cool on the edge of a volcano. Greatest eloquence is silence. Timid as a gazelle. Five years ago put down ambition on biography ‘to be a great star.” So did a hundred others. No one knows who they are.

Worships the sun. Has no time for prudishness. Her eye-lashes are real. Never said “Me I go home.” Might have said, "I think I will go home," but never uses grammar as bad as most writers say in talking about her. Walks like a Prussian soldier, Rides roller coasters. Had same cameraman for twelve pictures. Seldom agrees with critics. Even when they say she’s good. Rents her house. Has a dog. And cats. And a parrot.

Wild about children. Once said she wanted a family of six. Looks on conventions with profound, sincere contempt. Likes jazz records. Loves solitude of sea. Yet sometimes it makes her nervous. Her eyes are gray-green with black pupils. Like most talked-about personalities, knows all the Garbo gags as well as De Mille knows his bathtub. Doesn’t like button shoes.

Abhors small talk. Reads anything that might yield a clue for a picture. Looks less like Garbo off the screen than any other hundred or so girls on Hollywood Boulevard. Has freckles. Smokes non-nicotine cigarettes. Never had a dentist work on her teeth. Stockings annoy her.

Doesn’t give interviews. Same old flub-dub of love and inhibitions and sorrows, etc., etc., exhausted patience. Doesn’t think she’s mysterious. Is only twenty-three years old. Wants to play boy’s part in Wilde’s “Dorian Grey.” Don’t think she’ll ever do either. Didn’t collapse when John Gilbert married Ina Claire. Devours ice cream cones on warm days.

Polly Moran’s buffoonery. Never saw “Anna Christie” until it played local theater. Autographs few photos. Doesn’t sulk. Rowed ten miles to sea and gave director leaping-lenas on location. Has a swimming pool for bathing au naturel. Wonders what Amos ‘n’ Andy is about. Won’t have visitors on set. Raw vegetables and anchovies her pet salad.


Actual height, 5 feet, 6 inches. Weighs 122 pounds at least standing. Sits for two hundred or more portraits at once. Tireless worker. Does not dislike publicity and never said she did. Won’t do anything for it. Reads all fan magazines and picture reviews. Never had a press agent.

Real name Gustafson. Brother Sven in films in Stockholm. He’d be a rave here, pictures show. She’s very thrifty, lives modestly in comparison usual Hollywood splurge. Never entertains outside small circle. Goes to opera or theater or concerts. Usually stops show at intermission. Won’t be stared at. Changes her course when stranger hoves in view off her bow. Likes crusts of French bread and sweet butter. Never known to be rude.

Likes to laugh and have good times. How? We don’t know!
Beginning the delicious diary of the son and heir of two famous screen stars. Fiction—spiced with humor, and truth!


Saturday. Met mother for the first time—socially. Imagine my surprise when she turned out to be Gloria Latour, the famous movie star. She is beautiful. Flowers everywhere. They smelled swell.

“Here’s baby, Miss Latour,” Nursie held me out. It gave me a shock to hear mother called ‘Miss.’ These moving picture people get away with anything.

She took a look at me. “Is that mine?” she cried. “Take it away. I never want to see it again.”

That was the start I got in life. Let out a yell they could hear down on Hollywood Boulevard. Know I’m little and new. Can I help it? Give a boy a chance!

Sunday. Nursie’s a peach. She’s going home with me when we leave the hospital. Glad. Like her better than Miss Latour. (Just can’t learn to call that woman ‘mother’). One of the interns said Nursie was the prettiest little blonde he’d seen in a long time. Asked her why she didn’t go into the movies.


Monday. It’s all right. Miss Latour’s married.
Nursie says that a moving picture actress never uses her husband's name. Dad's coming to see me tomorrow.

Tuesday. Met Dad today. His name is William W. Regan, the same as mine. He's been on location so couldn't get in to see me before. Poked me and called me 'Bill.' Like him. He's big and hairy and smokes cigars that smell terrible. But he takes a boy seriously. None of this baby-talk stuff. Dad and I will get along fine when we've had a chance to get acquainted.

Nursie says Dad directed 'The Prairie Schooner' which was the biggest box-office hit of 1927. 'Out-door stuff's his specialty,' Nursie told me. 'You're a lucky kid. It'll be duck soup for you to break into the movies.'

Wednesday. Had a bottle today. Say, I was hungry! First I've had to eat since I arrived in Hollywood. "Here, drink it up, sweetheart," Nursie told me. "It'll make you big and strong like your father."

Thursday. Doctor came. Nurse undressed me. Doctor poked me with a funny black thing hooked onto his ears. Said: "If'm! H'm! A re-mark-able child!"

"You bet," Nurse agreed. "And nobody's going to mistake him for a girl."

Doctor left in a hurry.

Friday. Called on Miss Latour again. She let me lie on the bed. Smelled wonderful. Told Nurse we'd be on our way to the bungalow before long. "Sure be glad to get out of this dump," she said. "Supposed to start work on a new picture the first of the month. Got to get my strength back."

Saturday. Nurse showed me a pile of telegrams Miss Latour received after I was born. Fans telegraphed from all over the country. You'd think Miss Latour had done something pretty wonderful. Huh, she didn't invent babies! Nursie counted the telegrams—427. Makes a boy feel important.

Tuesday. Two new kids arrived. Nurse says they're twins and belong to a red-headed cop. They look terrible; red and wrinkled. All they do is yell. Glad I'm not like that. Nurse says we'll be going home soon. Says she wants a look at that famous bungalow of Miss Latour's.

Wednesday. Home! Mike, the chauffeur, came for us. We rode on the back seat. Could see Mike watching Nursie in the overhead mirror. Stopped in front of the house and Nurse made a funny noise. "Call that a bungalow?" she said. "Looks like Sid Grauman's Chinese Theater!"

My nursery is swell. Has windows all around and a lot of blue furniture. Nursie says it's big enough to barrack a regiment. Asked me what I thought of Mike. Didn't feel like listening to foolish questions. A boy of my age has got to get his sleep if he wants to put on weight.

Saturday. Hollywood is swell. Nursie and I made a tour of inspection. You ought to see my perambulator. Nursie says all it needs is a ninety-horsepower motor and a chauffeur and it would be a limousine. Went for a ride around the lawn. There's a funny man who takes care of the grass. Must be a foreigner. Can't understand what he's talking about.

Tomorrow we're going back to the garage and see Mike.

Sunday. Big day. Went to see Mike. He's got a garden of his own behind the garage. It smells swell. Mike says no garden is worth a damn unless it's got a good smell.

Mike poked me and called me 'Spooks.' Funny name but I like it. Most people call me 'Baby.' I hate it! Don't mind Dad calling me 'Bill.' Mike and Nurse talked. Thought I was asleep. Catch me sleeping when there's anything going on. Mike asked Nursie why she had come to Hollywood, and what did she think of the climate.

Nurse said: "Swell! I'm going to be a star in the movies some day."

"Listen, sister," Mike told her, "forget that movie racket. What you need is a handsome husband and..."
A Hollywood baby reveals to be his cat. Say, that cat of hers is so refined it won't drink out of anything but a silver bowl and it has to have a blue ribbon around its neck or it feels undressed.

"What kind of a house is this to work in?" Nurse asked Mike.

Mike winked. "Stick around, sister," he said. "You'll find out. They have parties of a Sunday afternoon that make them Roman revels look like a butterfly chase by the Young Ladies' Aid Society!"

"Hope Spooks and me don't get mixed up in any of them," Nursie said. "We're not that kind."

"Listen, sister," Mike told her. "Wait till some of them studio hounds lay eyes on you. They'll be offering to star you in the next picture if you'll have 'em some night."

Went to sleep. A boy's got to rest sometime. Life in Hollywood is certainly a strain on the nerves.

Tuesday. Met Mitzi. Don't like that cat. She spit at me when I tried to pull her tail.

Wednesday. Embarrassed. A boy of my age has not more privacy than a canary. Nursie was dressing me when Miss Latour arrived with a bunch of friends. All women. Famous movie stars, Nursie told me. Made gurgling noises and talked baby-talk. Sickening. Stood it as long as I could. Yelled. Nurse told them too much company was bad for me. When I got excited I whoop up my formula. Lost two good meals, I guess Miss Latour will know better than to run a bunch of sightseers in to see me when I'm not dressed.

Friday. Getting acquainted around the place. The foreigner who takes care of the garden is a Japanese. His name is Ozaki.

Cook's name is Bridget. She's Irish. Polly's the maid. She used to be Mike's girl until Nursie came. Don't think she likes me.

Sunday. My first cocktail party. Had on a blue dress and a blue beret. Looked pretty nice. Everybody crazy about me. Met some nice people—and some of the other kind. Doak Williams was nice. Nursie said he'd been a popular comedian but got into a row with the producers and hasn't worked in three years. He's fat and jolly. Nurse says he's been living on a liquid diet ever since he got fired. He winked and asked how I'd like to go for a swim in the pool. Later he fell in with his clothes on and everybody laughed.

Miss Grace Rhodes was nice. Used to be on the stage in New York. Made a great hit in Hollywood. Nurse says she's the only movie actress alive with a sense of humor. Grace is trying to reform Doak but nobody thinks it will do any good.

Met one of the other kind. His name is Roland Del Santo. He's a South American. Making Spanish versions in Hollywood. Tall and slick-looking. Has a little mustache and wears the funniest pants. Nurse said they must have been tailored by a blind woman under water.

Del Santo hung around Miss Latour all day. Nursie said Miss Latour had better lay off that gent or she'll get her name in the head lines.

Dad found me at the edge of the swimming pool with a bunch of girls in bathing suits. Raised the devil with Nurse. "Take that kid away from here!" he yelled. "Want to spoil him? You're not going to put him on exhibition."

Didn't get to sleep until almost six o'clock. Nurse says these parties are not good for me.

Monday. Started having sun baths. Embarrassed at first. Had one minute on my face, two minutes on

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Miss Latour is making a new picture called "Boudoir Brides." She's famous for her bathtub scenes!

some kids of your own."

Nurse asked Mike what he knew about the movies, anyway.

Mike said, "I was an electrician at World-Famous before I got a real job. You come up to my room over the garage and I'll show you an invention I'm working on that will revolutionize the industry."

"I don't think I know you well enough," said Nurse, and giggled.

Then I yelled.

Mike said I had a war whoop like an Indian. "Some boy you got there," he told Nurse. "Might know Bill Regan would have a fine kid. He's a swell boss. I'll get Bingo. Maybe Spooks would like to play with his Old Man's dog."

Met Bingo. He bounced out of the garage, jumped right into the perambulator and began to lick my face. Liked it. Bingo's a grand dog. Mike says he's only a mutt and that nobody knows who his father was, or his mother either. Don't care. Like Bingo. So does Dad. Mike says that you'd think Bingo had a pedigree as long as your arm. the way Bill Regan carries on about him. "Bingo's a real dog," he said. "Not like Miss Latour's
the private lives of the two movie idols who happen parents! And Baby doesn’t miss a thing!

my back. Feel swell. Going to like sun baths.

Tuesday. Nurse and Bingo and I took a ride down the street. Met those two red-headed twins who belong to the cop. Awful fresh. Waved their arms and yelled. We all yelled. Bingo started to bark. The cop, their dad, came over from the corner. Wanted to know who was disturbing the peace. Nurse told him who I was. He grinned and shook hands. “Bill Regan’s kid, eh? Sure, an’ didn’t Bill an’ me pound a beat together down in the old Sixth? ’Tis pleased I am to meet the son of me old friend.”

Going to have a tough time with those twins. Can lick them separately. When they stick together it’s going to be a hard job. Their name is McGuire.

Thursday. Spent the day with Nurse and Mike and Bingo in Mike’s garden. Talked about everything. Miss Latour’s making a new picture called “Boudoir Brides.” Mike says that she’s famous for her bathtub scenes. Dad is working on an outdoor epic which is supposed to be greater than “The Prairie Schooner.” Miss Latour’s working at the studios. Gave her a lot of advice. Said when his new camera is finished a lot of punk directors and actors are going to be out of jobs. Mike’s working on a camera that has two lenses and makes stereoscopic pictures in natural color with the sound track cut into the edge of the film. Says it can do everything but write dialogue and lay out billboard advertising.

Nurse asked him if his invention was so good why the studios hadn’t snapped it up.

“I’m so far ahead of the rest that they won’t believe me,” Mike told her. “All I want is a chance to show what my camera can do. I talked to Bill Regan about it. He said every mechanic and electrician in Hollywood has a new camera in his hip pocket. If the studios gave them all a trial, they wouldn’t have time to make pictures.

Nurse said when she got to be a big star she’d have all her pictures made with Mike’s camera.

A good day. Bingo slept under the perambulator. Mike smoked his pipe. Nurse sewed on a new dress. Sun was warm and Mike’s garden smelled swell. That’s the kind of life I’d like to lead all the time. First peaceful moment I’ve had since I arrived in Hollywood.

Friday. One month old today. Weigh nine pounds. Four ounces. Not bad for a bottle baby. Dad came to see me. He’s been on location again. Haven’t had a chance to get acquainted. Asked me what I thought of the family. How I liked living in California. Said he knew where he could find one native son. Put me over his shoulder and took me for a walk. Grand. Went to see Bingo. Afraid I goozled over his coat. Couldn’t help it. He asked me how I’d like to have a pony when I got a little bigger. Dad’s swell. Wish we knew each other better.

Saturday. Grace brought me a stuffed rabbit that squeaks. Nurse put it away until I’m old enough to play with it. Would like to get hold of that thing and bite its ear.

Family had a telegram from Grandfather Hinkle. He’s coming to visit. Wants to have a look at me.

Sunday. Cocktail party this afternoon. Didn’t go. Nurse and I were in Mike’s garden while the party was going on. Mike was driving Dad on location. Been asleep all afternoon. Something woke me up. Couldn’t make out what. Started to yell. Stopped. Somebody was talking to Nurse.

I was Del Santo. He was bending over Nurse and his face was flushed. Oh, these Latin lovers!

“Ah, you American women,” he said. “How can we Latins resist you? Such hair, such eyes, such a figure. You are the nurse, eh? But that is a shame. You must be in the moving pictures. What is your name, little one? I will see that you get a job.”


Del Santo only smiled. “You do not like me, eh?” he asked Nurse. “In the future, it will be different. Some day you will love me.” He put his hand under her chin and tilted her head back. “One little knees to celebrate our meeting!” He put his arm around Nurse.

This had gone far enough. Yelled again. Bingo began to growl.

“Stop it, you fool!” Nurse pushed Del Santo away. Kept on yelling. Bingo barked. Could hear somebody coming. Was what I wanted. Del Santo wasn’t going to get away with anything as long as I was around to protect Nurse.

Miss Latour came running into the garden. Saw Del Santo and Nurse together. Her face got red and then it got white. “So!” She looked from one to the other.

“This is where you’ve been, Roland? You didn’t come back? Perhaps you like blondes better than brunettes.”

Del Santo talked very fast. “It was the baby,” he said.

“I hear him cry and come to see what the matter. The little blonde girl do not know” (Continued on page 108)
STAR COUPLE:

A close-up of “Hollywood’s happiest youngsters”—Joan and Doug, Jr.—at breakfast!

BEARING up under the title of Hollywood’s happiest young couple cooperatively engaged in matrimony, the junior Fairbankses behaved themselves as well as Emily Post or even the more austere Saturday Evening Post could ask. In fact they acquitted themselves splendidly, exercising such artistic restraint as to lapse only once into what is euphemistically termed Baby Talk.

Before going on, perhaps we should place them, for the purpose of the records. There is the elder Fairbanks, also Doug, married these many years to America’s Sweetheart. (Gaffers among us will remember when the lady actually was America’s Sweetheart, in a nice way.) They do not go in for picture-making save sporadically, but let a visiting bit of royalty so much as show his monocle in Hollywood and he is immediately tried at the ancestral halls of Pickfair.

The former Mrs. Fairbanks, Junior’s mother, married a young musical comedy hero, who is now young Fairbanks’ stepfather, which is not a pun, despite the fact that the nimble Jack Whiting does hoof a bit.

Thus we come by easy stages to Doug, Jr., himself, in pajamas, quite as much in person as you may ever expect to see him. Also in pajamas, also in person, we find Joan Crawford at his side, breakfasting lavishly upon skimmed milk and Post Toasties or Bran Flakes or something—which is an idea for Mr. Ripley.

They were in New York on a holiday at the newly risen St. Moritz, facing Central Park in an extravagant manner.

They are two attractive young people. Master Fairbanks and his Joan, the dancing daughter of Culver City, the flaming prom-trotter who became a devoted wife addicted to hook rugs, the musical flash who settled down to act.

Doug, Jr. is collegiate, naive, ingenuous, and handsome in a boyish way. He writes sober little tracts about his friends in Hollywood, dabbles in drawing, and acts with a range that bears no slight resemblance to the stock market. He can be very good, as he was in “The Dawn Patrol,” and he can be distinctly Crane Wilbur upon occasion. Those of you who have seen “On the Spot” will know that that is not intended as praise.

Joan is still youth itself, but no longer inflammable. She is a domestic flower bent upon seeing that Doug gets his calories, stays out of draughts and gets plenty of sleep.

She calls him Darling, and he calls her Billie, Baby, and something short and sweet that escaped my good ear.

They seemed to be very happy, without overdoing it for my benefit. That was by way of pleasant surprise to one who had seen more than his share of magazine pictures featuring the young people caught in affectionate poses that had apparently been directed by Dan Cupid and Harry Beaumont. Even a supervisor with an eye to the box-office might conceivably have had a finger in the composition of those highly impromptu shots of Doug kissing Joan, Joan gazing at a bust of Doug in silent adoration, and other bits calculated to demonstrate precisely how reciprocal love can be, even among the married.

In New York they were happily free from exhibitionism.

“This is the first vacation we’ve had together in years,”

Doug, Jr. is collegiate, naive, ingenuous, and handsome in a boyish way. He writes, dabbles in drawing, and acts...
said Joan. "I left New York when I was sixteen. I'd been here just six months, fresh from a convent, when Hollywood got me. I've been there ever since. They had me working on my next picture, 'Dance, Fools, Dance,' up to within a half hour of train time."

She didn't see a Fairbanks picture until after she married young Doug. Then she had some screened at home in order to be up on family lore.

She was excited at hearing from Marlene Dietrich, who cabled congratulations on Joan's work in "Paid," the new version of "Within the Law." "I think she's simply marvelous," Joan will tell you, in hushed tones. "And she likes my work! That simply thrills me."

When the senior Fairbanks' name cropped up in the course of idle conversation, Joan launched into a eulogy of his acting in "Reaching for the Moon." According to her, he is the most perfectly groomed male on the screen as we go to press; his love scenes are, to quote his daughter-in-law, divine; and the whole picture is a super-jewel that is just too ducky for words. She liked it.

Doug, Jr. takes gym exercise daily to keep fit. He told me he misses the football games he was accustomed to playing with Johnny Mack Brown, Doug, Sr., and other coast athletes.

Both the young stars enjoy yet dread being recognized by strangers. They don't want anyone to be disappointed in them. "Our taxi driver turned round after driving us up from the station and said, 'Jeez, I didn't know ya! Ever since then he has cussed us all over town," said Doug.

They had been seeing New York at the Mayfair dance the night before. Peggy Joyce, Texas Guinan, Fannie Ward, and other landmarks had been there, much to the childlike delight of the youthful pilgrims. They even saw Walter Winchell.

After coffee, Joan decided to smoke. Her lighter was not to be found.

"You left it on your dressing-table, dear," said Doug.

"I brought it in here," said Joan.

"It's on the dressing-table," said Doug firmly.

"Go and see, darling," suggested Joan. "Wait! Five bucks it isn't there."

"You're on," said Doug.

"Wait a minute. You must shake on it to seal the bet."

They shook hands formally, then Doug disappeared into one of the bedrooms, to come out grinning. The lighter was in his hand.

"Oh, you had it in your pocket all the time!" said Joan.

"It was on your dressing-table," said Doug.

"Oooky booky beeches?" queried Joan.

"Oooky booky beeches!" replied Master Fairbanks, leading one to assume that 'Oooky', etc. is Indian for 'Cross your heart.'

They both manage to be quite serious about their means of livelihood. Joan is ambitious to appear in something dramatic on the New York stage, nothing daunted by the fate of Colleen Moore, Vilma Banky, Olive Borden, and other Hollywood moths who have been singed by the bright lights of Broadway.

In pictures Joan has been cast in a series of pure commercial gems. Only in "Paid" was she permitted to be a legitimate actress. A less fortunate venture was the musical comedy "Great Day" which was filmed as a Crawford vehicle and shelved (Continued on page 127)
WILL
Norma Shearer Retire?

Startling revelations by numerology of the future of this popular star

By Clifford W. Cheasley

According to the method of practical numerology the complete name given at birth is analyzed from the two important angles of the inner nature, the number of which is decided from the total of its vowels and the outer nature, or general temperament, which is found by the addition of every letter of the name.

The inner nature is technically known as the 'Ideality' or motive number, the outer nature as the 'Expression' or method number.

According to your original name, Miss Shearer, I find the interesting calculation which gives the same vibration and number to your inner motives as to your outer abilities and this number is 9, arrived at through the combination of 7-11.

The general affect of this upon your temperament caused you to be born with the ability to express rather easily any thing or desire you might become really conscious of being interested in; but number 9 is the broadest number in the scale of Numerology, which means that usually your ideas are so general that you find it rather hard to decide why you should concentrate your thought and attention upon any one thing in preference to something else. Therefore, your mind is still often cluttered with a great many half-formed, intangible ideas which cause general emotional congestion and make for moodiness.

You must have been always interested in human be-
Norma's Numberscope by Cheasley, famous authority on the fascinating science of numbers

ings. A '9 person' will often have to admit that the only consistent interest he or she have ever had has been in some way or another desiring to champion the cause of the weak and oppressed, educating other people to a higher ideal, or contributing something to the artistic inspiration of their fellow beings.

When it came to putting your attention to the ordinary ambitions, which interest so many people in the acquisition of a certain social position or a certain amount of financial freedom, you would originally find it hard to awake very much interest in your mind; but you could dream about being of great inspiration to large numbers of people through the things that you might do and say, and the harmony and beauty which you might reveal through artistic efforts.

Nine is a very artistic number but it would never be very clear in your mind whether you actually preferred color, drama, music, or literature as the vehicle through which to express your talents, for with such a vibration it is always easier to decide what we do not want than it is to decide what we do.

The presence of the number 9 in both your inner and outer natures makes you very friendly disposed toward the whole world, but when it comes to personal friendships it is likely to cause you some difficulty and disillusionment. This is because the 7-11 or 9 is a combination of ideals, dreams, and emotions and the usual opportunities for love and friendship serve only to convince you that you have placed too high a value upon the other person, which they are unable to live up to.

You ought to be very well liked by everyone, but with the meaning of your 7-11 combination, recognise that you can intuitively understand the motives of nearly everyone as well as measure their worth, very few individuals can really be permitted to penetrate into your deeper nature.

The generality of the number 9 which predominates in your name would also account for the fact that as a child you would not be particularly anxious to push yourself to the front in any very individual matter or to be ambitious to improve the circumstances around you.

If circumstances of your (Continued on page 115)
Charles Spencer Chaplin, Esq.—com-ic genius, talented composer, talkie hater, and devoted father!

Charlie in his long-awaited new comedy, "City Lights," with Virginia Cherrill. This feature will have sound and synchronization, but Chaplin won't talk.

The TALKIE

By Alma Whitaker

CHARLIE insists that pantomime, his pantomime, will survive long after the public has tired of talkies. "City Lights" will confirm or break his faith. He has staked a huge proportion of his fortune on this faith. And he has put every ounce of his heart's blood into it—that was left over after his two small sons had annexed their full due!

It's the general impression that, during the throes of creation of "City Lights," Charlie Chaplin almost renounced the world. No new love affairs or court suits, and the minimum of sociability.

Of course, there has been dear Georgia Hale, but she is a quiet, companionable soul who seemingly does not crave the bright lights and asks for nothing better than to respond sweetly to Charlie's moods.

But there have also been the babies—aged four and five respectively—the jolliest little boys you ever imagined! In spite of the fact that Lita Grey Chaplin was given their custody after the last agonizing court case, Charlie is a devoted father. He adores these youngsters and gives them every available moment of his time. When they are in New York with mamma, and dad is in Hollywood, there is almost daily correspondence.

Lita is of Spanish extraction, so the small boys are learning Spanish easily. Voila, then Papa Charlie must learn Spanish, too. He can say "Buenos Dias" and "Como Esta?" with no end of a dash, and puts more emotion into "Adios" than the small boys quite realize.

So besides creating "City Lights," besides composing all that intriguing music for his 'silent' sound picture, besides taking most practical interest in the business matters pertaining thereto, this remarkable Charlie has been learning Spanish, and reading up studiously on child culture—the Parent-Teacher Association has high hopes of a new stylish member at no distant date!

Photographs of these small boys at various ages adorn Charlie's bachelor home, and Kono, his faithful Japanese majordomo, sees that they are kept neatly dusted, that no whiff of their baby smiles (Continued on page 124)
TEETOTALERS!

Lights," will test the pull of views of two famous artists Chaplin and Lillian Gish

By Rosalie Lieberman

The talkies have become the pied piper of Hollywood. They made a few mechanical noises and the people of the movies were immediately charmed. They made some bigger and more elaborate noises and the people of the stage, practically en masse, followed. But one sensitive player didn’t hear these sounds as music. Charlie Chaplin was not charmed. He continued to go his pantomimic way even though there was gold in that tin microphone. And for awhile it seemed that he would go the way alone. But now things are changed. He has a would-be companion in the determined person of Lillian Gish. For, she too, has faith in silent pictures.

True, she made a talking picture. True, that film, “One Romantic Night” did something beneficial for her. It caught something of the real Gish personality and it smashed something of the false Gish tradition. For it helped to prove that lily maids could laugh as well as languish, and that even years of cinematic suffering did not necessarily make for a beaten person-ality. Yet, Lillian Gish does not believe in the talkies because they are not to her a pure medium. She cannot embrace this hybrid child, part stage, part motion picture, as her own. The mechanical imperfections, in themselves, loom up to her as something large not only because they record unnaturally the sounds that the voice in reality does make, but because they record as well, sounds that in life, do not come from the voice at all. She does not believe talkies artistically sound, and because of that, she cannot sincerely identify herself with them.

But her multitudinous admirer, the movie-going public, need not come to any hasty conclusion that Lillian Gish has stopped forever being an expressive shadow. She has not. Instead, she hopes for and believes in the re-birth of silent pictures. And with them lies her film future. But as strong as her hope is for the second coming of non-talkies, equally sure is her realization that the new silent film will differ from the old. If talkies obviously sound out their own faults, they point, too, a mean- (Continued on page 106)
Let the

HOLLYWOOD STARS
be your Fashion Guides!

The screen's smartest women advise you here on your clothes problems. Read this story before planning your new wardrobe—it will help you in your selections.

By
Helen Ludlam

WHEN I started out to ask what characterized a well-dressed woman it was tremendously interesting to find that all the Hollywood girls I interviewed, authorities on clothes, had exactly the same principle—trimness and simplicity. Gloria Swanson, Hedda Hopper, Kay Francis, Lilayan Tashman and others.

Most of the girls started out with almost exactly the same words—and if they didn't start with them they got around to them sooner or later—which were: "Well, of course, I always love a smart black suit," and, "black velvet or black lace is best for evening, that is, if black is becoming to the wearer. If not, then a solid neutral color."

"If one has a limited income it is best to avoid materials that are patterned," Kay Francis said. "Solid colors are better, more inconspicuous and much smarter usually. Every woman should study herself and decide what style to adopt. One woman cannot wear strictly tailored things; another does not look her best in anything else."

"One can always be well-dressed if one's wardrobe includes a dark suit," Kay went on. "Changes in vests or blouses give variation to it. In my work I find that afternoon dresses are utterly useless. During the time I am making a picture I leave my house at an early hour and go to the studio where I put on the costume my part requires. I do not leave the studio until seven or after and if I go home I go straight to bed, and if I go out I wear an evening gown. When I am not working, if I am at home I like lounging ensembles; if I am on the boat I wear dungarees; and if I have errands or shopping to do, I wear a suit. I like either to be very much dressed up or not dressed up at all.

"But some women have a great need for afternoon gowns. If I were a woman not in public life and had to watch my budget I'd have a smart suit, two well-chosen afternoon gowns for bridge or afternoon teas, and one, or two if I could, evening gowns and a wrap. If you choose black velvet or black lace for this you will be able to wear it twice as long as you would anything else without tiring of it. It can be relieved by two or three sets of very good costume jewelry, which is inexpensive and very smart. With black velvet your choice must be very discriminating, however, or you will ruin the whole effect of the gown."

Gloria Swanson, reclining gracefully on a day-bed in the boudoir of her Beverly Hills home, said practically the same thing. She was wearing a beautiful black velvet negligee that fell away in the most unexpected places and with every movement of her arms hiding and revealing at the same time, if such a thing is possible, her lovely shoulders. Gloria thinks that line and material are very important and accessories more important than the costume itself—in fact, they all said that. I really could write the entire story and begin it by saying: Gloria Swanson, Lilyan Tashman, Hedda Hopper, Kay Francis said—so and so. Because, except for a few individual touches, they all had the same idea which, since they are said by those who should know, to be the best-dressed women in Hol-

(Continued on page 113)
Greta Garbo introduces this special spring fashion section looking even more alluring than usual in her favorite negligée pajamas of soft blue transparent velvet, made with very wide trousers so long in the back that they form a train, and unusual treatment of sleeves and belt.

Clarence Sinclair Bull
It takes a girl of Kay Francis' statuesque loveliness to look charming in a hostess gown like this! But its green and gold lame with medieval sleeves and individual neckline sets off Kay's commanding beauty perfectly.

And only a dewy ingenue like Loretta Young can wear this type of luscious negligee. It's fashioned of eggshell satin, with a train—and note the clever use of lace.

Fryer
June MacCloy, one of the blonde newcomers, wears these pajamas of brilliant flowered design in white, green, and yellow.

Barbara Stanwyck wears this two-tone green pajama ensemble, with pale satin trousers and dark green coat. The vest is doubled and duplicates the pale green used in lining the coat.

A jaunty jacket appliqued in silver oters a distinct note in this lounging costume of Barbara's in chartreuse chiffon velvet with lower side flares contriving a skirt effect.
Street Clothes for Spring

Garbo proves that she can wear clothes as smartly as any of her American screen sisters, when she poses in this clever crepe frock in two tones of beige. Note novel neckline.
Fay Wray's bolero ensemble is a two-timing affair! In black and white canton crepe, it's a smart little suit. And then—

Fay removes the bolero and appears in an afternoon frock, with black gloves and a black and white hat to complete the effect.

There's a military air to Dorothy Jordan's new spring suit achieved by the cut and button decorations of the jacket.
Marian Marsh, left, wears a parrot-green three piece wool crepe suit, with linen straw hat of the same shade.

Fay Wray likes her street frocks of tweed mixtures. This one she is wearing, left, is bright blue, with piqué accents.

An all-occasion frock in the new 'Greer green,' designed by Howard Greer of Hollywood and worn by Evalyn Knapp, is trimmed with beige fox.

Leila Hyams wears this black and white straw hat with its clean-cut, off-the-face line.
**Daytime Clothes**

Right, Clara Bow's new suit is of beige twill, with collar, belt, and elbow cuffs of leopard fur. Note pleated skirt.

Below, Kay Francis selects a coat of green tweed trimmed at the elbows, pockets and collar with natural lynx fur.

Above, Loretta Young wears a three-tone wool lace street frock in black, delft blue, and gray. Its somewhat severe lines are relieved by elbow-length cape sleeves and a self-tie at the yoke. Accessories include a black felt hat, black fur scarf of baby foxes, and a calfskin bag.

A close-up of Dorothy Jordan's youthful and novel tricorne hat with pom-pom trim.
HATS—

HATS—

HATS!

Right: Marion Davies demonstrates what the well-dressed equestrienne should wear. Her felt hat is simple but smart; her gloves are of pigskin, with perforations.

Every girl wants a hat with a veil! Evalyn Knapp's nose veil has a dotted chenille pattern.

One of the smartest straw hats of the new season: Hedda Hooper's, with its interesting feather trim.

Left: Leila Hyams saves this black lace straw with its bandeau across the forehead for 'supper hour' wear, with a black lace frock.
Greta Garbo’s new felt has a novel brim fulfilling the new fashion dictations but remaining individual.

Below, a lovely hat, worn by Leila Hyams, boasts a bandeau of a cluster of pearl flowers.

Black lace and ostrich feathers in black and white fashion this newest of evening hats, worn, above, by Miss Hyams.

Large lacy straws will set off the summer dresses, says Dorothy Jordan, looking even prettier than usual in this sheer braided straw.
Loretta Young illustrates the importance of accessories. The same frock may be enlivened with different hat, shoes, and bag. Above, carrying out the all-white idea.

And still another change—a close-up of shoes of snakeskin and patent leather.

And, right, black suede pumps with reptile trim. As Gloria Swanson says, choose your shoes and bags with discrimination.

Photographs of Miss Young by Elmer Fryer

Loretta changes to a black beret and patent leather shoes to match.
White and sapphire-blue three-piece beach pajamas are worn by Marian Marsh—blouse, trousers and shoes of white, jacket of blue. Pretty, too!

A decorative young golfer is Dorothy Jordan in her costume of brown jersey with beret and oxfords blending. A gay scarf sets off the ensemble.

Ideally suited to the business girl is this 'two-in-one' costume worn by Joan Crawford. Worn with the jacket either tucked under the trim skirt, buttoning down the front in double-breasted effect, or as a smart little jacket suit with blouse underneath. The initials on the lapel are smart.

'Ric Rac' is the name of this tan and white-trimmed crepe frock with its deep box pleats and fitted hipline, worn by Evalyn Knapp and designed by Howard Greer.
Very important in this dinner frock is the fur motif, expressed in the sweeping black chiffon in cape-sleeve cuffs. Greer-designed—and becoming to Evalyn Knapp's blonde beauty.

A gown of piquant formality, this, fashioned of tulle and silver sequins, with a shoulder-line conforming to the new trend. Doesn't Fay Wray look lovely in it?

Girls of demure personalities—like Dorothy Jordan—should choose evening frocks like this, of flower-designed chiffon with graceful wide flounce and short sleeves.
Picture girls present their latest and loveliest evening frocks

Lace is still—and always—very smart. And white lace is particularly good when it is fashioned into a gown as sophisticated as Loretta Young’s. Just a word of warning: don’t choose the tiered frock unless you are, like Loretta, rather tall and willowy!

One of those 'romantic' frocks—and you have to be a romantic-looking lady like Evalyn Knapp to wear it, too!—has quaint long sleeves with lace puffs, and interesting tucked treatment.
There's a ripple to every ruffle of this dainty frock worn by Dorothy Jordan. Cascading from the form-fitting line to the instep it gives grace at every step. There is an accompanying ruffle outlining the sleeveless bodice which fits to the figure with a velvet sash. Perfect for dancing!

Clara Bow has wisely chosen a gown of white satin that uses tucks and bias folds to achieve its chic. Clara wears with it a sparkling crystal necklace.
You've seen the clothes of a perfect day—now consider the clothes of a perfect evening, worn by Hollywood stars!

Flowered taffeta is revived with the spring season. Fay Wray has selected cream taffeta printed with clusters of roses and lavender flowers.

Howard Greer's beautiful white 'Butterfly' gown, with its sleeves edged in gray fox, is classically lovely as worn by Evalyn Knapp, the new Warner star.

Only a Clara Bow would dare to wear a wrap like this! Of black velvet and white fox, it depends upon its extreme lines for its startling effect.
That blonde from Alabama! Meet Tallulah Bankhead in the story opposite. She'll make at least two pictures for Paramount; and if we like her—and she likes us—she'll make some more!
What's a Tallulah? It's a beautiful blonde named Bankhead who returns to America after triumphs in London, to give our old talkies a new thrill!

As the Aquitania steamed up the much-ploughed New York harbor, a sprightly young woman, sloe-eyed, droopy-lidded, svelte and sophisticated, mounted to the bridge, adjusted her mite of a beret and saluted Manhattan and America with a cheery "Hello there, you chaps!" And the buildings bent forward and the mother of Liberty dipped the torch in salute, the tugs shrieked and the movie palaces girded themselves to house another star's first talking picture.

It seems that Tallulah Bankhead's in town, honey.

The honey business is the McCoy, too, because she springs from below that well-worn Mason and Dixon line where Mamies have nothing to do besides waiting for the choo-choo to bring their boys back to them from the Northlands.

Yes, and we wondered what that name 'Tallulah' meant, too, until the Bankhead herself described a scenic spot in Georgia named Tallulah Falls. It seems that Tallulah's grandmother had a memory in connection with the falls and wanted to perpetuate its name for generations to come. Besides taking it for her own front one she passed it on to the present Tallulah who in turn says she delights in seeing it in electric lights.

Well, Tallulah arrived and found it good to be back on the auld sod after an eight-year leave during which time she became the darling of London's Mayfair and the adored of Piccadilly. It is gospel that she cannot walk down any street in London without attracting a crowd that trips after her in boisterous adulation.

New York, she told me, is "Too, too divine," in a voice that retains a sugar-cured Southland accent in combination with London's broadest Oxford. Like many another she breathes evenly and deeply through her nose, droops her lids most fascinatingly and is a completely engaging conversationalist, having given and received with the world's best.

Of wit she has a plentiful store and shoots loads of wise-cracks right back at anyone who might care to bandy with her. At a press luncheon she thinks nothing of entertaining newspaper and magazine people by the dozen, keeping them all ears for her next anecdote, most of which concern famous personages.

Her acquaintanceship, stretching from Huntsville, Alabama, through New York and across to England, where she is known from the rough-hewn boards of the country inn to the oak-panelled walls of the swank West End flats, is so varied she keeps a woman secretary for appointments alone.

She cares nothing about appearing beautiful and does it by sheer neglect. I saw her one moment before she was ready to meet some people, attired in lounging pajamas (they were English ones), and then, after a moment's disappearance into an adjoining room, she once more came on the scene in a black dress—a very plain (Continued on page 111)
The GIRL stood on the
Burning Deck

By
Marie Dressler

Continuing the true life story of our greatest trouper

Editor's Note:
This second installment of Marie Dressler's story is even more fascinating than the first—and funnier! Last month Marie told you of her early days, her struggles to succeed on the stage, her triumphs. Then the lean times—and her gallant efforts to keep her flag flying. Now, this month, she plunges headlong into the merry movies—and her intimate account of her Hollywood experiences is at once hilarious and moving. Now, go ahead and laugh with Marie Dressler!

PART II

I began to consult my bankbook with increasing frequency. The reading was less and less good. Still no word came from importunate producers nor did any ideal workless job present itself as my friends so fondly predicted.

I began to worry some for fear that in the near future I would have to borrow or go in debt. Faith and Hope were with me and they are fine girls, but deliver me from Charity. Charity never turns out a very good girl anyhow, if we can trust the story. Perhaps you remember how Faith came to the city, got a job in the chorus and was glorified. She got pearls, a Rolls, a vermin coat, and a Peke. Having made good she sent home for dear little Hope to give her a chance. Hope made good in the city, got pearls, a Rolls, a vermin coat and a Peke. Then she decided with Faith that something must be done about poor little Charity so they sent for her to give her a chance. Charity arrived in the city with pearls, in a Rolls, wearing a vermin wrap and carrying a Peke. You see, Charity began at home!

Well, I stayed home, but nothing happened to me. I was living at the Ritz and broke!

To make matters worse, my telephone rang constantly for enthusiastic good-byes of friends who were off for Hollywood with fat contracts and all expenses paid. If I had wanted to feel sorry for myself I never had a better chance. I just wasn't wanted anywhere—except at parties—and you can't live on banana cake! I'd been in pictures myself when Charlie Chaplin was a pup. In fact, Charlie, Mabel Normand and I spent fourteen weeks working together in the early movie days making "Tillie's Punctured Romance," which is revived every so often even now despite the fact that it was hawled about for nine weeks in an attempt to sell it after it was made and despite the fact that eight men have since told me that "Tillie's
MARIE DRESSLER'S OWN STORY

Punctured Romance" built their theaters. This was followed by "Tillie Wakes Up," "Tillie's Tomato Surprise," and several two-reelers. That was supposed to end me for the pictures, but I still felt that there were laughs in the old girl yet. I refused to believe that a person schooled and trained in all the tricks of the trade couldn't cope with new conditions which were proving the Waterloo for the beginners of the business. Beginners' luck makes a good start, but it doesn't win championship games. I was standing on the sidelines just clawing the air to get into the scrap and nobody would let me make a hit. I might have been reconciled to a restful shelf if strangers in the street hadn't stuck complimentary pins into me by accusing me of sitting down on the job.

"Why don't you come back to us?" was the universal plea. "We need to laugh." One timid woman even went so far as to say, "Miss Dressler, I've been trying to get up courage to speak to you for a long time. Do you know that you've done my liver more good than all the doctors in Carlsbad?" This public clamor increased rather than diminished, but somehow the managers never heard of it. I can say this without vanity since subsequent events proved that these were not empty compliments.

I decided then that I would start out on a little voyage of discovery. I would go in search of that colorful dame Opportunity, and when I found her I would waltz right up, grab her by the feet and shout, "Baby, I'll have this dance with you!" Then I would hang on no matter how hard she kicked. Yep, she could even scratch and I'd still hang on!

Reasoning thusly, I breezed out with some of my remaining nickels and a penny or two and purchased a crop of the best-looking luggage that was to be had and announced to my friends that I was going to Hollywood. Yes, Hollywood—the land of the wave and the home of the fee!

First, my friends scolded me for undertaking such a crazy venture, but what really annoyed them more than my going was the extravagance of my bags, but I had a right to my luggage complex. When I first left home to join Nevada's stock company, my father built me a trunk out of some lumber. It was a cross between a tool chest and a summer house. I'll never forget it. I always felt that since my father was a marvelous musician that the least he could have done was to make it look like a piano. In its neither here-nor-there-ness it caused only laughter wherever it was taken and brought me acute embarrassment. This explains why I didn't want to go to Hollywood in a dog house!

After I had climbed over the luggage hurdle with my friends, they wouldn't give up. "Oh, Marie," they protested, "in your position you can't go to Hollywood with no contract. Besides, you are so well known for your kind of comedy—and they don't do that kind any more."

"New things are coming up in the pictures all the time," I retorted. "The talkies are still in their infancy. I see tremendous possibilities ahead. The picture producers used to sit in their swivel chairs and think they had the world by the tail, then the talkies came and the tail broke off. Now they're running around with the tail in their hands trying to catch the animal. I've always been good at blindfold donkey games; maybe I can help them pin on the tail."

Despite pleas and warnings, I bought my ticket. I arrived at the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles, March 7th, 1927, and I stayed there for two months shooting the roll but no pictures. I saw people you see on the screen every day going by in handsome cars; I heard guests in the different restaurants murmur with awe the name of some passing girl who had been in my
Miss Dressler having her first taste of what it means to be lionized. Marie was in the movies, as she says, "when Charlie Chaplin was a pup!"

No professional jealousy here! Marie Dressler and Polly Moran have co-starred in "Caught Short" and "Reducing" and they are still friends.

choruses and who had flopped on the one line that I had tried to give her; I saw the magnificent homes in which the great and the near-great live.

I passed fruit and vegetable stands succulent with appetizing bright-colored wares. I never can pass bunches of bananas and fuzzy okra without wanting a home. Nobody will ever know how I yearned for a little house, but I was lucky to have a room. Here again it looked like better business to stay at an expensive hotel than to go out to a three-room bungalow which would have been nearer my heart's desire.

Meanwhile, I declared myself in the movie haunts. I was not in the West as a star—just star dust. I didn't ask for the whole milky way. I was perfectly willing to look at it. I didn't even aspire to be a lightning bug, the glow-worm would be enough—and if I didn't glow to the extent I ought to, well, then it could get dark!

It grew embarrassing to live at the Ambassador. When I arrived there, everybody assumed that I was up some company's sleeve. I naturally let this assumption ride. Then I would meet some friend who would say, "Let us in on the secret. What picture are you scheduled for?"

In reply to these questions, I had to smile and look mysterious and it's mighty hard to say nothing and look mysterious for two months with my open nature. Everybody could see that if I was up some company's sleeve, it ought to begin to bulge by then. Finally people began to inquire when I was going back to New York. This made me decide to look permanent—so I leased a house.

Now I had owned houses before. I bought a place in the rush of enthusiasm and extravagance when I was making a lot of money in "Tillie's Nightmare." How well I remember it! The barn had sixteen stalls so I bought sixteen cows and I was perfectly entranced with any I had known in the hey-day of my former success. I had been feeling like a regular Jonah. I didn't like the burning deck, but I was afraid to jump lest a whale should come along and swallow me. But a miracle lay ahead! This time Jonah was going to swallow the whale!

Of course, I first had to catch the whale. I'd been angling for any small fry that might come the hook—a bite from a shiner would have thrilled me at this stage! But the cork sat on the top of the water and even my angle-worm wasn't nibbled. A fisherman doesn't feel discouraged if his bait is swallowed though he doesn't land his fish. To tempt a whale's appetite it seems you can't use the pickled minnows one sees in fishing tackle windows nor the sardines from delicatessen stores. Moreover, few people fish for whales so no one has bothered to write a book on whale angling.

Then one day the bait for the whale appeared. Frances Marion, who I think has contributed more to the movies than twenty other writers, sent for me. I could have a part—a part, at last! Right on top of that I was offered one hundred and fifty dollars per week for eight
Hollywood once ignored Marie Dressler! She confesses:

“I just wasn’t wanted anywhere except at parties, and you can’t live on banana cake!”

weeks to play the rôle of the Queen Mother in the stage version of “The Swan.” Since these opportunities were simultaneous it was a great temptation to inform the producers of the play that I was through with the stage, but I didn’t. One can never tell what form opportunity will take. One object that may look like a button sometimes proves to be an acorn—and one can sit pretty under the shade of the oak later. I do love to mix my metaphors. I may employ burning decks, whales, acorns and Congress to dress up my thoughts, but I use them on the principle that if you don’t understand one, another might be more enlightening, just as one of my great theories of life is to go around driving contact tacks—if one goes in, fine and dandy, if none goes in that’s all right.

Well, when Frances Marion sent for me, I went off in a body. I was to be Ma Callahan in “The Callahans and the Murphys” in which Polly Moran and I established our game of give and take which has appeared in “Caught Short,” “Reducing,” and other pictures since. We are like that old idea of a perfect match—“Him so dark and her so fair.”

One thing leads to another, as they always say. I next appeared in “Bringing Up Father,” then in a picture with Constance Talmadge called “Breakfast in Bed.” “The Divine Lady,” “One Romantic Night,” etc., followed. I felt contented and happy and grateful. I was working again. No part was too small, no gratitude was too great for having been given this chance. I was willing to have all work and no play because it made lots of jack and I could likewise write home to my friends in the East that I was in pictures.

Here’s another detour! We all do more for the good opinion of our friends or the envy of our enemies than we do for ourselves. Funny, isn’t it? Folks who have neither severest critics nor dearest enemies sit on a park bench and don’t mind it. If you can’t make friends to make good to—get a successful enemy. I was fortunate to have friends who saddened me, but, honestly—I am sure there is no human being who doesn’t need a gallery, either friendly or unfriendly, to play to. If you were on a desert island and never expected to be rescued, you wouldn’t exert yourself beyond getting food and shelter. Make friends—for they make you! Even a mild enemy is an asset. He’s gasoline in your tank to feed your speed.

Fortunately I wasn’t spreading any peacock feathers, just emulating the hardworking hen, when there came another year of idleness. Perhaps this was harder to bear than the long hyphen of nothing-to-do which went before. People kept writing me to ask what my next picture was and told me how they had followed my films around from de luxe house to where-were-they. Although I did only bits and was not starred, in many cases the house managers had stuck my name out in front in the great open spaces underneath the stars.

Now followed another low tide. It was so low there wasn’t enough water to float a pollywog, much less a whale.

After a lapse of a year, I was sent for to play in a picture called “Dangerous Females.” I may have looked dangerous in size, but goodness knows I was tame in spirit.

(Continued on page 114)
Belittling

The Puppet Theater proves that the stars enjoy a good joke even when it's on them!

The puppet of George Arliss in his famous role of "Disraeli" is the master of ceremonies for the puppet show which belittles the Hollywood stars and makes them like it.

And now they're belittling Hollywood.

Can you imagine that?

No, they don't do it maliciously—it's all in fun—and it's accomplished by means of knee-high puppets of the stars, who are the most enthusiastic of audiences to their own puppet selves.

Getting down to facts, 'they' are the Yale Puppeters, a quartet of gifted young men who run a puppet theater on the little Spanish Street in Los Angeles, where their nightly programs of comedies, dramas, musical numbers, fantasies and satires draw capacity houses.

Harry Burnett, director, who has practiced puppetry for ten years, here and in Europe, is at the head, and Forman Brown, author of several books of poetry, writes both lines and music of the lyrics used in the shows.

Teatro Torito is the name of the theater. That means, according to my Spanish, Theater of the Little Bull—take that any way you please! It seats about 80 people, anywhere from one to 80 of whom are picture people as a rule. Sometimes Colleen Moore or Leatrice Joy or an actress intensely interested in puppets takes over the playhouse for an evening and then the little Spanish Street becomes a starry lane.

Gloria Swanson was "belittled" about a year ago, but her tiny duplicate wasn't used in the show until she came down to view it herself last week. The puppeters maintain an atmosphere of gracious informality always, but, of course, nothing can control the manners of the general public, who sat and stared at Gloria avidly, whispered to each other, nudged one another, took in what she wore and marked when she laughed.

But Gloria has tremendous aplomb. Not by so much as a wink of an eyelash did she show that she knew herself the center of attention. Under 78 pairs of curious eyes, she autographed the brown wall and went backstage to examine the animated actors. She was interested in how they worked, which strings effected which actions and so on, an item not so much noted by the average actor.

"I'd like my little girl to see the show," she observed, at length.

Mr. Burnett spoke of the children's matinees featured every Saturday, to which no adult may go unless accompanied by a child.

"Oh no!" said Gloria. "She wouldn't care for that. She's much too sophisticated for a child's performance. She must come at night."

Little Leatrice Joy 2nd, on the other hand, has a zestful interest in the children's shows. In fact, so intrigued is the small daughter of Leatrice and Jack Gilbert that the puppeters have arranged to permit her to keep...
HOLLYWOOD!

By Ruth Tildesley

one puppet at her house all the time—a different puppet every few weeks. Just now it is Gretel, of “Hansel and Gretel,” that enraths her.

Leatrice herself sang for her puppet when she gave a party at the theater, and can manipulate it quite expertly.

Leatrice and Colleen Moore impress the puppeteers as being two of the loveliest and most unspoiled girls, able to enter into the spirit of things with unaffected joy.

Colleen’s tremendous love for dolls, of which she has a noted collection, softened her heart at once to these doll-size figures. She was the first to take up the puppeteers, whom she invited to entertain a big party of stars at Bel Air, shortly before her divorce broke up her home there. Colleen’s puppet wears a bright red dress and can tap dance with animation. Colleen spoke and sang for it at her party.

Greta Garbo has the unique distinction of being beloved doubly—once in the role of “Anna Christie” and once in her part in “Romance.” In the latter her puppet clad in black velvet sings a romantic song. As Anna, in sweater, skirt and beret, she confides that when talkies came along people said “Back to Sweden for you!” but now if she went back she could buy a half-interest in Stockholm and sing “Shoal!” to that ol’ devil sea.

Greta’s visit caused more commotion in the Teatro Torito than had ever been heard before. She sat at the back, dressed in dark beret and plain overcoat with collar turned up, and smiled every now and then. The puppeteers, in common with all mankind, thrilled at her nearness. They’d put on an act, drop the curtain and rush to the peephole to see if she was still there. There she sat. They’d put on another act, and repeat the peeping. Still she sat. And so through the performance. With the final curtain she fled, Mr. Burnett pursued her, carrying her puppet, and found her at Adrian’s shop next door.

“Oh, Miss Garbo, do you mind our making a puppet of you?” he gasped.

Greta smiled her slow smile. No, she didn’t mind. She thought it very clever. She had enjoyed it very much, thank you.

If your own boy friends don’t wear you out raving about Greta’s special charm, you might apply to the puppeteers for their version. They think she’s great.

Greta’s attitude is in contrast to Jetta’s, in spite of the rhyme of their names.

The first puppet made was of Jetta Goudal. It hangs on the door, of the theater now, stretching out imploringly, dra-

(Continued on page 117)
Loretta Young's Theme Song:

"They Made Me What I Am Today!"

In which Hollywood's prize ingenue gives credit to those who helped her to stardom—and she hopes they're satisfied!

By Wilton Chalmers

Loretta Young is an even-tempered young lady who looks at the world with the tolerance of her sophisticated generation. But she does hate persons who are ungrateful.

She is striving to avoid being classed in that category herself. She blushes for some of her stellar contemporaries because of their lack of sense of proportion.

"I'm a self-made star!" they boast.

"Rot!" snaps Loretta. "There isn't any such animal."

Indeed, she is watching herself like a hawk, she declares, to see that she doesn't go 'Big I am' now that First National has torn up her old featured-lead contract, and has substituted a very grand starring agreement with a fat salary.

"I've even heard some of our best celluloid people boast that they succeed in spite of everything and everybody in the motion picture industry!" exclaims Loretta, a note of wonderement in her voice. "That's so absurd it's amusing. I can name at least fifty persons who helped me so vitally that I should credit every one of them as a necessary factor in what progress I have made, and what luck I have had."

Someone told Loretta, the other day, that she must "forget that stuff about people helping." Geniuses are rare, said he; people who help them may always be replaced and those who claim credit for having discovered them are legion.

More rot, says Loretta.

However, that brought up a point on which she is sensitive. She is deeply grateful to the various big stars who helped her, but even now she is a bit bashful about linking their names with her own in this way.
Of course, many another budding luminary in the motion picture firmament has credited great stars as his or her 'inspiration,' or even admitted that they "had the good judgment to see my possibilities before the rest of the world awoke to them."

Not so Loretta. She is too honest with herself. She says:

"Linking your name with that of a big star when you're of no importance smacks of a publicity dodge, because the name of the star makes that of your comparatively insignificant self worth printing and speaking about.

"Therefore, while I have always been grateful for the splendid things Colleen Moore, the late Lon Chaney, Florence Vidor, Richard Barthelmess, Otis Skinner, Charlie Murray, and several other famous persons did for me, it was the publicity men who sent out stories to that effect and not myself.

"Colleen Moore saw me when I played an extra bit in 'Naughty but Nice,' gave me a bigger part, and praised me where praise counted when the picture was finished. That won a contract for me and the publicity men called me Miss Moore's protegée!

"Then I seemed to stop moving for a while. I was afraid I'd pass out of the picture, contract or no contract, with no chance to show whatever ability I had as an actress.

"A test I had made, however, thanks to Mervyn Le Roy, who directed it, Dev Jennings, who photographed it, and the costumers, make-up men, the hairdresser on the set and others who made me appear well and confident in myself, attracted the attention of Lon Chaney.

"Now if there's anything more disagreeable and generally pitting and unimportant in the cameraman's, make-up man's and costumer's line of duty than making tests of unimportant players, I don't know what it is. Only altruism, sportsmanship and pride in their work makes them turn out good tests instead of bad tests.

"Then came a second lead in Florence Vidor's 'The Magnificent Frit.' Again the press agents helped me. They called me 'Miss Vidor's gifted protegée.'

"After that I came back to my own studio and appeared as romantic lead in Charlie Murray's comedy, 'The Head Man.' That grand and dear old comedian laughingly said he couldn't claim me as his 'discovery,' because Miss Moore, my original 'discoverer,' still topped the studio's list of celebrities. We compromised. I became his youngest pupil.

"It is true that Charlie Murray has been teacher to more ambitious young players than almost anyone else among film celebrities. Among directors, William A. Seiter and Edward Cline probably tie for the same honor. Louise Fazenda is also a dear in that respect. They are all ex-Sennett fun-makers and therefore grand scouts.

"Just recently I played for the first time in a picture directed by Frank Lloyd, one of the most famous directors. It was 'The Right of Way,' in which I played the feminine lead, and I was particularly glad to do the part, chiefly because of being able to work with Mr. Lloyd.

"John Francis Dillon, who directed me in 'Fast Life,' was one of my most patient and sympathetic teachers, and it happens that I owe Mervyn Le Roy, director of many popular pictures, more than anyone else. That came about in a funny way. (Continued on page 112),"
There's Beauty in Your Eyes!

Whoever originally said that the eyes were the windows of the soul was just a little bit old-fashioned, even though poetic.

The eyes can be the windows of the soul. Sometimes they are. But more often, now-a-days, they are the charming show-cases of personality.

Of course, I have to break down, right here, and admit my enthusiasm for modern beauty and beauty methods. I think it is just grand and glorious. Beauty used to be such a hopeless proposition. You either had it or you didn't. And to have it was almost as tragic as not having it. A beautiful woman of fifty or a hundred years ago was looked upon with suspicion.

Men were afraid of her and other women hated her. Still and all, she did get along, since beauty has a way with it.

But the poor little girl who was just naturally plain had to take up school teaching or become the best cook on earth in order not to ruin her life.

And now, hurrah! If you are beautiful, you can be more beautiful—(and maybe, go into the movies!) If you are plain, you admit it and immediately do something about it—and the next thing you know you are no longer plain, but very fascinating and interesting in appearance. And the way you get that way is by studying beauty methods, taking care of your appearance and learning all the marvelous cosmetic tricks. Isn't it true?

Now there is no cosmetic trick quite so new and effective as the things we have learned, just in the last year or so, about cosmetics for the eyes. Do you remember the successive stages our make-up education has gone through—first, a bit of talcum for the nose, applied with a chamois cloth? (How awful that was, too.) Next, a tiniest touch of rouge on the cheeks, and replacing the talcum with rice powder, usually white. Next, a more vivid use of rouge and the acquisition of the lipstick, and the banishing of white powder for the subtle shades of pink, rachelle, suntan or even lavender.

And this article tells you how to bring it out!

By

Anne Van Alstyne

1. You've heard about the eyes having it; now you're seeing eyes that have it. Whose eyes are they?

2. The clever use of cosmetics makes the eyes ever more enchanting than nature did originally! Above, the eyes of a lovely imported star.

3. Left, interesting orbs that belong to a lady popular for her exotic portrayals.

4. Do you know which to? For their names
IT'S EASY TO BE BEAUTIFUL!

Beauty, today, is no longer restricted to perfect features. We have grown wise and make our own beauty. Still we need rules to guide us. Anne Van Alstyne knows those rules. Write her, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a personal answer to your particular beauty problem. Address Miss Van Alstyne, in care of SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

And, currently, the use of eyeshadow and mascara, on the eyes. Personally, I feel if I could only have two aids of make-up, I'd select lipstick and eyeshadow. These two, more than all the others, can remake your face. And if I could only have one, I'd say, concentrate on the eyes. For the beauty of the eyes is less dependent upon shape or color for beauty than upon expression for beauty. Teach your eyes a few tricks and your beauty problem is solved.

The magic, the beauty of the eyes! In the old silent days of movies, the greatest actresses used their eyes to express their every emotion. Have you ever watched Garbo in a love-scene, particularly in a scene where she expresses love and something else—fear, perhaps. She does it all with her eyes. Put her in a close-up, where her gown, her figure, her hands do not show, and still you get every value of her emotion. The eyes have it.

Well, your eyes can have it, too! Now that old business about their being soul window-panes is right to this extent. If you're tired or ill or discouraged or sleepy, your eyes will give you away just as plainly as they will when you are weeping. But there are times when our eyes look dull and tired, when you yourself don't feel that way at all. You may not even know that you look as though you found life just a wash-out and that you wanted to get away from it all.

Occasionally, a well-managed house has dusty windows, but they never stay that way for long. If they remain uncleaned for a long time, you know the house is neglected. So it is with you. If you let your eyes stay dull, you are just being careless, careless with a possession more valuable to you than all the jewels in the world.

The first principles (there I go again emphasizing first principles—but they really are just as important to beauty as to life) of caring for the eyes are to stay in the best of health. Then you must get your eight hours' sleep just as many nights as possible—and if you can catch an occasional nap at noon or before dinner at night, that's just so much money in your beauty bank.

And you must avoid eye-strain. Of course, business girls in these days of desks in crowded corners and artificial lights are subjected to a lot of eye-strain that they just can't dodge altogether. The only thing to do in such cases is to take better care of the eyes than ever. If your job keeps you at a desk all day, looking down, gradually gathering little wrinkles under your eyes, you must train yourself to look up occasionally. From time to time throughout the day, look about, out of the windows, up at the ceiling. When you go home at night, don't read on the car. Look out of the windows, or if that's impossible, shut your eyes. Either way, let them rest. If you have a tendency to little puffs under the eyes, see a physician. It means you aren't in tip-top condition.

Those are the first principles. The next step is to keep the eyes, and the skin about them, quite clean. Lots of girls get discouraged from (Continued on page 104)
Tune In!

By Louis Reid

Of all classes of American audiences, that which cups its ear to the voices in the air is the most loyal in its devotion. On stage and screen, in opera and the concert field, stars shine brilliantly for a period and then make way for new stars. And they make way chiefly because the public has directed its gaze and its glory and what the professors call the heavy sugar, to new personalities.

In the radio heavens, however, all in constancy and fidelity. Let a new microphonic figure flash upon the ether and if he manages by reason of an unusual personality or a characterization of tremendous appeal to capture the imagination of the ear-cuppers throughout the land, his star is secure.

Most of the secure luminaries in the radio constellation are old-timers as broadcasting is reckoned. They came to the microphone in the early days of its history, came unheralded and practically unknown, and almost as quickly as it takes a theme song of Hollywood to reach Podunk Center, became household gods.

And household gods they remain, despite the growing sophistication of listeners and broadcasters alike; despite the access to the armchairs of every leading pooch-bah in the world; despite the recognition of the microphone by the greatest artists of the day as the foremost means of communication. You can take them or leave them. And most people take them, turn the dial regularly to them, listen rapturously to their programs.

Who are some of the old-timers of the loudspeakers, who sit as securely in the radio heavens as, say, jazz sits in Harlem? Taking up the binoculars, bending the ear-trumpet, we find an imposing list. We find such names as Graham McNamee, still, in spite of his decline as a sports announcer, the big shot among the noun-and-adjective men at the cashier's window; Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, once known as the Happiness Boys and still the foremost trappers of the wisecrack; Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson, clever composers and crooners; Vincent Lopez, dispenser of rhythm and one of the half-dozen foremost jazz Jehovahs in the republic; Rudy Vallee, the shah of the sentimentalists, the first of the microphonic army to capitalize by a low and languorous crooning voice the loneliness and restlessness of American women; Jessica Dragonette and Olive Palmer, sopranos.

There are others, my comrades. There are Amos 'n' Andy, whose impersonations of bewildered Harlem oafs are still a household ritual throughout the land. There is Walter Damrosch, most expert of the musical historians on the air. There is Milton Cross, plaintive darling of the academicians who could even make the announcing of "Turkey in the Straw" a melancholy affair. There is Ted Husing, the accurate, if not exciting, sports commentator. There is Phil Cook, impersonator of various voices. There are Elenka Kazanova, interpreter of the sombre music of the steppes; May Singhi Breen, strummer of the ukulele, and Dad Pickard, foremost exponent of the hoedowns of the countryside.

All of them are the leading stars of radio. There are only three or four other names that can be added to the list whose effulgence in the microphonic sky is as brilliant as it is seemingly permanent—Floyd Gibbons; Phillips Lord, of Seth Parker fame; Bill Munday, the soft and drawling-voiced announcer from Jawjah, sah. These are comparative new- (Continued on page 121)
Fashion's Made a Star Out of Mary!

By Helen Howard

Miss Astor's metamorphosis. (It's an expensive word, but Mary rates it)

WHERE are the flappers of yesterday?

The hey-hey girls, the dizzy, giddy, good-time girls? Where the wind-blown bobs? The perky short skirts? The tantalizing knees? The slab-like figures?

Gone!

Gone as much as pantalettes and hoop skirts. As much as Rosetti angels and Burne-Jones maidens. Gone with the wail of the saxophone, the Charleston, the black bottom. Gone—if not forgotten!

Sleek, lady-like hair appears where the Dutch cut once reigned. Graceful long skirts, discreet ruffles, bows and ribbons. The flappers have become 'ladies.' It's the fashion to be dignified. Romantic—if not sentimental.

A new era is here. The age of the smart moderne. The sophisticate. The 1931 lady. That's the change Fashion has made in us.

And it's made a star out of Mary!

It's the innings for the tall, willowy, ladylike girls. Clara Bow must tame her ways. She's going dramatic. Where now is Colleen Moore? Alice White? We ask you, where?

But Mary Astor is a star. It's the style!

Now that fashion has changed, she has come into her own. All this talk of what has happened to Mary! No doubt she has grown up. Years will make of any shy young thing a woman of maturity. But perhaps it's the wheel of fashion that has whirled and caught up with Mary!

Certainly she typifies the new model for 1931. With her delicate features, her sleek hair, her poise and dignity. No wonder she shines now, when in the age of the flappers, five years or so ago, she was just an also-ran.

Working in her newest picture, at present called "The Private Secretary," she doesn't play the part as it might have been played a few years ago if some flapper star had portrayed it. Not a jazzy little tyiptist who falls for her employer or anything in that manner. She plays the part of a womanly woman working in an office who unobtrusively spurs on to success a young salesman whom she loves.

If Mary has anything to say about it, and doubtless she will, all of her future pictures will be played in this same key.

"Probably this 'return to the lady,' especially in pictures, will affect the younger generation," mused Mary. "Already flaming youth is taming down. Perhaps there will be less jazz, less 'hey-hey.' It might be a good thing, I think."

Not that there is anything of the crusading reformer about Mary. She's a 'good scout.' Everywhere in Hollywood you hear, "Oh, Mary Astor, she's great!" and "You'll like Mary Astor!" She's human, sympathetic. She believes the best of people.

Why, even during the filming of her present picture, she confesses she's 'between' (Continued on page 125)
The STAGE IN REVIEW

By Benjamin De Casseres

"The Truth Game"

Up pops Novello!

I didn't like this jack of all theatrical trades till I saw "The Truth Game." Well, he's a real light comedian, spontaneous, clownish, bubbling. Of course he wrote the play, so he knew what he wanted as the comic cave-man, Max Clement. So all he had to do was to interpret himself.

The play concerns the pursuit of a Mayfair widow (played rather beautifully by Phoebe Foster) down to the quarry of a country house by the impecunious and window-climbing Max.

He has a terrific It. She is rather cold. But you know how the Spirit of Fun will thaw out any woman? Max does it—barefaced nerve and runaway glands!

Billie Burke gurgled around the stage as a commercial Mayfair dealer in anything you want. And Viola Tree—a terrific chunk of a woman who batters everybody to a frazzle.

The play is not a Nobel prize-lifter; but if you want to laugh somewhat, it's good stuff.

"Tomorrow and Tomorrow"

Philip Barry runs thin and artificial. He can make a sound with tinkling glass that sounds to the uncritical like a tocsin to a 'new art'—and all that sort of thing. But a thrust of the brain through his creations reveals a vacuum surrounded by tinsel.

"Tomorrow and Tomorrow," (the title is without any meaning that I could discover—but it is high-hatty and Shakespearean), Mr. Barry's latest play concerns a couple in an Indiana town who are fairly happy except for the fact that she wants a baby. Well, she gets the baby—and the play is all about that. And a famous scientist who appears, reappears and finally disappears.

The play starts well, but trickles out its petty pace to nothing at all. The characters are all wooden and commonplace with the exception of the doctor's valet, played by that incomparably fine actor, Osgood Perkins, who can in a simple word convey a brainful. He is a fine intelligence. Zita Johann was a sweetly-sickly artificial being as the wife. Herbert Marshall is excellent as the doctor—here is screen material. You may remember Marshall with the late Jeanne Eagles in "The Letter." His wife, pretty little Edna Best, has been signed for Metro pictures, by the way.

"Five Star Final"

The revenge of Louis Weitzenkorn! A double revenge—for in his "Five Star Final" he not only takes a dirty and heart-deep dab at the tabloids but he's going to clean up on it both as a stage play and as a picture. He may even sell it as a serial to the Graphic. It is gripping stuff, a powerful and take that! satire on the habit of certain tabloids of
digging up a woman’s past and planting old stuff on her for the sake of the great god circulation.

In this instance, the Gazette is going to retell the story of how a woman—now married to a bank employee and whose daughter is about to be married—murdered Chocolate King Rogers twenty years before. She was acquitted.

The story gets on the street before the eyes of the daughter (who knew nothing about her mother’s past), and the mother and her loyal husband commit suicide. Ethically, it is murder, as Kenall, the managing editor, says. It was he, nagged by the proprietor, who ordered the story.

This latter part in the hands of Arthur Byron is a somewhat memorable creation: a man tortured between decency and circulation. Byron is simply perfect. Other shady tabloid characters are well, and often humorously, done.

There are 21 scenes. It keeps your brain and nerves buzzing. It’s a real ‘document,’ spittin’ fire. The author, by the way, has been signed to write for pictures. And you’ll see “Five Star Final” on the screen.

“Petticoat Influence”

Helen Hayes is the petticoat in this comedy by Neil Grant, and, figuratively, she whisks it so effectively that she heart-nicks and knocks out the Earl of Darnaway, and gets the British government to give her husband the colonial job he wants—and floors us all by that charm, that beauty, that comic-pathetic, childish note that is all Helen Hayes, whose voice in “Dear Brutus” still rings in my sentimental, bald-headed bean.

“Petticoat Influence” is a light thing, but delightful in its very nothingness. The cast in this play is the whole secret, and when I name, besides Miss Hayes, Reginald Owen, Eric Cowley (who does immaculately a half-witted lord) and Henry Stephenson, you know the play is critic-proof from the acting standpoint.

“Meet My Sister”

Harry Wagstaff adapted “Meet My Sister” from the French, and did a rattling good job of it. Good, did I say? Almost a miraculous one, for here is a musical comedy without a chorus and with all the usual hokum ruled out.

Read these comments on the Broadway plays which you may see later on the screen

Result: one of the best entertainments of its genre of the season.

“Meet My Sister” actually tells a story, which is again unique for a musical comedy. And, more astounding yet, it sticks to it right down to the final curtain! It isn’t a story that will take the laurels from the brow of Wagner, but it is fetching enough to start something in the musical comedy field. What is it? Go see the show!

The cast is perfect. Neat and charming Walter Stezak; Bettina Hall, stately and well-gowned; George Grossmith, odd, eccentric, quite English, and Olive Olsen, a blonde who is so sexy and come-onish that you will hear a lot more about her.

The picture, “Meet My Sister,” is waiting for a smart, quick-witted director to plant it for a knock-out.

“Philip Goes Forth”

Of course, we all expect George Kelly to do another “The Torch-Bearers,” “The Show-Off,” or “Craig’s Wife.” But even Shakespeare couldn’t write a “Hamlet” or a “King Lear” every crack.

In “Philip Goes Forth” Mr. Kelly gives us a play superbly directed and perfectly acted. But the theme is of no importance or public interest. It lacks universal recognizability and pull.

Philip goes forth from the home of a rich papa in a small town to write plays in New York. The story tells how Philip fell on his face, took it on the chin like a lil’ man, and how papa took him back home to Big Bizz.

There is plenty of humor and big gobs of yawns in “Philip Goes Forth.” But—if you want to see the perfectly acted and perfectly directed play, all done by George Kelly in person, see this bit of nothing interpreted by Thais Lawton, Harry Elender, Cora Witherspoon, Thurston Hall, Harry Gershman, Marion Barney, and, above all, a memorable and unforgettable picture of a New York boarding-house poetess, a kind of Forty-

(Continued on page 110)
THERE'S a 'Geste' on every trip! No! Not a jest! Everyone will be talking about the 'Gestes' again when they see "Beau Ideal." Because John Geste has come back. The idealistic youngest brother who killed Sergeant Lejune, escaped into the desert and was the only one of the three Gестes to return to England. Remember Ralph Forbes in "Beau Geste" of five years ago? Now, we'll see him in a sequel to "Beau Geste."

Beau Gallant! And that's not a 'geste.' Ralph Forbes would probably love to rescue maidens in distress, slay serpents with a sweep of his sword, fire-eating dragons. But he lives in Hollywood. So he goes big-game hunting!

He went on the stage because he thought actresses were the most delightful, interesting women in the world. Charming. Without affectation. He still thinks so. He married one. Ruth Chatterton. Well? John-Geste-Ruth Chatterton Forbes is at home in one of the most charming places in Hollywood Pardon, Beverly Hills. Dignified. Full of charm, Italian furniture and crystal chandeliers. Meet him in his own smart and correct 'apartment' with hunting wallpaper and framed English prints. See his small 'hunting room' dedicated to big game and the High Sierras. Here he can revel in his fancies. Guns.

He's English. He'd like to fight fire-eating dragons, but he lives in Hollywood. So he goes big-game hunting on his vacations.

Swords. Pistols. Gadgets for this and that. Aha! Ralph was one of those small boys busy with meccano, who had a workshop, loved to build things! Here are shelves for bullets and what not. Fishing tackle. Bait. A kit for first aid. He admits to being interested in medicine. Big maps line the wall. Framed pictures of Ralph and his 'kill.' He handles his rifles lovingly. Every day, he explains, the wood must be 'nourished,' the barrels polished. His heart may be in Hollywood, but his thoughts are in the highlands.

He longs for the West of fifty years ago when men were the gold diggers and the wilds were really woolly. He sneers at macadamized roads through the woodlands; little mountain rivulets full of tin cans. Civilization has spoiled things. He longs for the trailless underbrush where nature is uncurbed and the four-footed deer gambol!

He's ambitious to hunt in Africa. He and a pal have a signed and written agreement to take a hunting trip in 1932 to the dark continent where the lions roam and the tom-toms beat. In the meantime there is Arizona and the High Sierras. Hunting in England is child's play to this. There it is valeted. Beaters get up the game for you, like a duck-shooting club here.

Ralph Forbes wants to be 'American.' Well, he is American. His mother was Scotch, his father Italian and French. (Continued on page 128)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Robert Montgomery and Constance Bennett

in "THE EASIEST WAY"
The movie empress of moods and emotions is shown here in her very latest portraits. We think they show you a more human and sympathetic side of Garbo than her usual 'costume' photographs—and the most modern Greta since "A Woman of Affairs." She wears this smart hat in "Inspiration," her latest flicker.

All these portraits of Miss Garbo by Clarence Sinclair Bull, exclusive to SCREENLAND.
The super-suave Clive Brook is playing opposite the super-sophisticated Tallulah Bankhead in "New York Lady," by that irresistible wag, Donald Ogden Stewart. It should be a superlative picture!
What with pledging her private life to Kenneth McKenna—an actor-director too distinguished ever to be labelled 'Mr. Kay Francis'—her cinema present to Paramount and her future to Warners, Kay is in demand!
"My heart belongs to Warners, my soul to Pathé," might be Constance Bennett's theme song. She'll do "Lost Love" for the latter company, and "Jackdaws Strut" for the former. You'll be seeing her!
A former queen of the Broadway stage, now carving out a new career in Hollywood: Marjorie Rambeau. She is in the casts of two forthcoming films, "The Secret Six" and "Strangers May Kiss."
Here's John on the octagonal balcony opening off Mrs. Barrymore's private apartments, and overlooking Los Angeles and the Pacific.

The patio, with terraces leading from the low-roofed 'lower house' to the two-storied wing known as the 'upper house.'

Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore's home in Beverly Hills hangs perilously on the side of a mountain. It is almost impossible to find a spot from which the entire rambling house can be photographed. However, this view gives you some idea of the lovely vistas it commands.

These entrance gates with their spikes do not encourage sightseers!
The formal drawing room. Walnut paneling with interesting weathered walnut beams, gold-brocaded furnishings, deep mulberry floor coverings and drapes of old gold give the room a quiet elegance. These are the first pictures of the Barrymore home ever published.

Below: the Barrymore library. Among the books are first editions of “Alice in Wonderland” and “Moby Dick,” which the star is reading here. John considers the library his sole and particular property and manages to keep it in delightful chaos.

Dolores Costello Barrymore’s bedroom, which with its dressing-room, sitting room and bath occupies almost the entire second floor of the upper wing of the house. The colors are blue and gold.

Left, the lower hallway of the upper house. White-washed walls and weathered timbers, old mission and cantina doors vie with the Barrymore collection of prints in interest here.

Below, one of the fascinating rooms of the John Barrymore house, with its antique firearms and ship models, and its portrait of Mr. Barrymore by Sargent over the mantel.
The aviary is John Barrymore's pride and joy. It houses 300 birds including birds of paradise and king vultures, keeps one man employed full time, and lures the master of the house for daily visits.

Mrs. Barrymore in the trophy room. While her husband was despatching the larger crocodile on the floor Dolores killed the one shown mounted on the wall behind her.

Left: the newest addition to the Barrymore estate is the trophy house, which, while entirely separate from the other buildings, is reached from the garden by a winding stairway. Note the huge stone Indian-built fireplace.

Back in 1921 John Barrymore climbed Mount Blanc in the Swiss Alps and here's his certificate and picture to prove it!

Below, one of the interesting smaller rooms, with many family heirlooms, fine old prints and firearms.
Just one wall of the new trophy house, showing a part of the Barrymore collection of stuffed birds and fish. See the tall, unusual lamp on the table? John designed that himself.

Below, the formal entrance to the Barrymore house, with antique church furnishings secured by the actor himself while in Italy some years ago.

The only bit of dinosaur egg in the world outside the American Museum in New York belongs to John Barrymore, sent to him by the explorer, Roy Chapman Andrews. Here it is, under glass!

The trophy-house is no place for a nervous sleepwalker. A giant tortoise, weird monkey skulls and strange monsters from Central America lend interest to one section of the walls.

Magnificent carved doors swing between the formal entry way and the drawing room of the Barrymore house.
A very rare portrait of Marion Davies—without the smile! Marion, having made an amusing movie of "The Bachelor Father," will next be seen in a screen version of another stage success, "It's a Wise Child."
Bill (Screen) Boyd hates to have his picture taken; but Mrs. Boyd—Dorothy Sebastian—went along, hence this grin! Bill is starring in "Lonely Wives," Dorothy's latest picture is "Danger Ahead."
Ever since "In Old Arizona" Warner Baxter has held his own as one of our strongest—but not silent—heroes. Now Cecil B. De Mille has borrowed him from Fox to play in the new screening of "The Squaw Man."
Her performance in "The Great Meadow" definitely re-established her as an actress who can't be spared—and now Eleanor Boardman has been signed to play the heroine in "The Squaw Man" opposite Mr. Baxter.
If you want to know how Anita Page keeps those bright little eyes and that trim little figure, read the story on the opposite page. Then glance at this 'ingénue breakfast' of bran cereal and black coffee.
ANITA PAGE has discovered her own formula for health and beauty.

One day she sat down with a sharp pencil and a pad of paper and concocted a complete diet list to fit her own desires. To this she added a schedule for a regular system of daily exercise.

Then, wonder of wonders, instead of laying the paper aside, she followed the rules which she had made for herself! It is so easy to make good resolutions and it is so hard to live up to them. But Anita is the possessor of a keen sense of determination. Very rarely, and then only on extra-special occasions, does she break any of her self-made regulations.

"Everyone knows that the real secret of the success of any schedule is regularity," the twenty-year-old Anita stated. "When you try to live according to one of these radical and difficult diets which are so popular today, you usually 'fall off' with a vengeance and undo all the good for which you have suffered."

"So Mother and I read all the books on diet and the theory of correct eating that we could find. Then we made up our own. We tried to formulate one which would be reasonable and not too difficult to follow."

Anita, being a very sensible girl, realizes that the real foundation for beauty is health. Her eating and exercising schedule has been planned with one main purpose, that of preserving her health.

"I feel ever and ever so much better since I have been following our schedule," Anita said. "Of course, on working days I can’t manage the full quota of exercise. That’s one of the great problems of girls who work. Finding time for the exercise which is necessary for their health. Between pictures I never miss my daily three hours of outdoor exercise."

Anita is not trying to lose weight by the diet which she has formulated. Her idea is to keep her weight at its present figure as well as to eat foods which are most healthful.

"I was born with a sweet tooth," Anita explained, "so giving up candies and desserts is the hardest part of my diet. I love whipped cream and fancy cakes. I’m glad that I don’t have time to go around to many afternoon teas and luncheons where my will power would be constantly tested!"

"Eating is a habit, anyway, and most girls eat too much simply because the food is there and it is easier to accept it than to reject it. Girls who work in offices and in studios don’t need a laboring man’s rations. And there are more calories and energy-producing properties in the fancy desserts and sweets (Continued on page 106)"
Reviews of the

Six Best Films of the Month:
CIMARRON  THE BACHELOR FATHER
THE EASIEST WAY  THE GANG BUSTER
THE CRIMINAL CODE  INSPIRATION

Turn to page 97 for casts of current films

Cimarron  
Radio Pictures

HERE'S a magnificent picture! The spectacular screen history of Oklahoma in land-rush days and the particular personal record of Yancey Cravat, pioneer, poet, adventurer. Richard Dix is a revelation as Yancey. You've known him as an able actor and engaging comedian. Suddenly he smashes through as an amazingly fine player, engrossing you with Cravat's dynamic character, dominating the picture. Wesley Ruggles has directed, and manages to make this story of the building of a state always human and stirring. Irene Dunne as Sabra is splendid. Estelle Taylor is a vivid Dixie Lee. Here's an 'epic' that really lives up to all its advance ballyhoo. See it!

The Easiest Way  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

SHOWING what a great cast and spirited, modern direction will do for one of those good old stage plays. Those of you who remember "The Easiest Way" as a play will be disappointed not to hear the heroine cry: "I'm going to h—l or to Rector's!" but there are compensations. Constance Bennett is a lovely 1931 Laura Murdock—it's her very best performance; she's not only glamorous; she's poignant and appealing. The tear-jerking drama unrolls against a gorgeous background, with Bob Montgomery, Adolph Menjou and Marjorie Rambeau standing out in splendid performances. Director Jack Conway has turned the oldest stuff in the amusement world into lively entertainment.

The Criminal Code  
Columbia

POWERFUL, gripping tale of prison life which you won't forget in a hurry. Phillips Holmes is sent to prison for manslaughter by an ambitious district attorney, Walter Huston. Holmes gives a fine, sensitive performance as a lad whose spirit is broken by oppressive prison life but who maintains the 'criminal code' of silence when given a chance for freedom by becoming a 'stool.' Walter Huston is excellent as the district attorney who later becomes the prison warden. Constance Cummings is a real adroit instigator heroine and she and Phillips Holmes provide adequate romance. Phil really rates another Honor Page! Howard Hawks is to be commended for a fine directorial job.
Best Pictures

SCREENLAND's
Critic Selects the
Most Important
Screenplays of
the Month

Inspiration
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Her fans lift the latest Greta Garbo picture into the 'Six Best' class by sheer force of their wild applause. It isn't a very good picture. It's simply a shaky vehicle for the Garbo personality. The old-fashioned, tawdry tale of a Parisian artist's model who forsakes her old life and loves for Mr. Robert Montgomery, a nice young man. Her trials and tribulations will move you according to the extent of Greta's influence over your emotions. She never looked lovelier, and she wears her 1931 clothes with a new grace. But "Inspiration" is hardly the type of picture calculated to keep the Garbo legend growing. It will do—thanks to its star.

The Bachelor Father
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Every time, it seems, that a screen heroine plays in a movie version of one of David Belasco's plays, the Old Massa of Broadway himself writes a letter to the little lady, commending her fulsomely for her artistic performance—the best she's ever given, etc. Well, this time Massa David is right. Marion Davies does give her best performance in a long, long time in her screenplay from the Belasco stage comedy. Her 'bachelor father,' played by C. Aubrey Smith, decides to do right by her and take her into his home. It's a rather racy little piece, almost always genuinely amusing. Ralph Forbes is chief contender for Marion's hand. It's all gay and smart.

The Gang Buster
Paramount

Jack Oakie is at his howling best in this satire kidding the gangster films. He's a sappy insurance agent from Arizona and his first victim is also a gangster's next victim to be put on the spot. Jack finds himself in the midst of gang wars and what not—but he sticks it out all for the little woman, Jean Arthur, whose father is the condemned man. It's a riot from start to finish. William Boyd, of the stage, is splendid as the racketeer. Jean Arthur is charming as usual—in fact, the whole cast turn in admirable and laughable performances. Recommended as the best mirth-provoking, rib-tickling talkie of the month.

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:

Richard Dix in "Cimarron"
Irene Dunne in "Cimarron"
Constance Bennett in "The Easiest Way"
Phillips Holmes in "The Criminal Code"
Walter Huston in "The Criminal Code"
Greta Garbo in "Inspiration"
Marion Davies in "The Bachelor Father"
Jack Oakie in "The Gang Buster"
Eleanor Boardman in "The Great Meadow"
Charles Ruggles in "Charley's Aunt"

Garbo's fans are acclaiming a smart, modern Greta in "Inspiration," with Bob Montgomery.

Marion Davies in "The Bachelor Father" has the support of C. Aubrey Smith, from the stage.

Jack Oakie's latest, "The Gang Buster," is an hilarious burlesque of all the gangster films.
Critical Comment

Fighting Caravans

Paramount

This is the talkie brother of "The Covered Wagon"—only not so big and robust. The pioneers trek from Missouri to California with plenty of hardships and 'Injins.' Gary Cooper and Lily Damita carry on a nice but unexciting romance. Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall, as scouts, practically steal the picture.

Charley's Aunt

Columbia

This farce is 40 years old but it wears well. Charles Ruggles is a riot when he pinch-hits for a chaperone who is delayed. The guffaws are loud and plentiful particularly when Ruggles, dressed as Charley's Aunt, is 'on the make.' June Collyer is a cheerful little earful and eyeful.

Resurrection

Universal

Scenically, splendid. Dramatically, not so good. Lupe Velez works hard as the heavy dramatic heroine of Tolstoy's sombre tale, but she's miscast. The debonair talents of handsome John Boles are hidden—in some scenes literally, behind a set of prop whiskers. Hollywood Russia.

Reducing

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Marie Dressler and Polly Moran are concerned with a beauty parlor in this film with hilarious complications. Marie is the poor sister from the country and Polly is the dough girl. There's romance supplied by Anita Page, Buster Collier, and Sally Eilers, but mostly laughs by Marie and Polly. See it—try and keep you away!

The Man Who Came Back

Fox

This screen reunion is smashing attendance records everywhere. You'll want to see your Janet and Charlie as two wild young things, even though they, and their story, aren't always convincing. Now let's see them in a film worthier of their talents, please!

The Command Performance

Tiffany

Love, intrigue, mythical kingdoms are all in this film with a very pleasing result. You may not approve of the plot but you'll surely laugh at Albert Gran's antics as a comedy king. Neil Hamilton plays a prince and an actor—and does right by both rôles. Una Merkel is the princess charming.
No Limit
Paramount

Too bad this picture wasn’t as good as its cast; fine talent wasted on a poor story. Clara Bow starts out as an usherette and in no time gets an apartment on Park Avenue and a Rolls Royce—oh, but it’s all on the up-and-up! Stuart Erwin acquits himself admirably. Clara and Norman Foster are grand.

The Great Meadow
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Another out-door film and one of the best, too. A very human story with Eleanor Boardman scoring a dramatic hit as a pioneer woman. The story deals with a band of settlers going in caravans from Virginia to Kentucky with the Indians as the menace. John Mack Brown and Gavin Gordon are splendid male support.

My Past
Warner Brothers

You will find modern and racy filmfare in this adaptation of the best-seller, “Ex-Mistress.” Bebe Daniels is the fascinating lady whose past and present is linked with Lewis Stone, and whose future eventually leads to happiness with Ben Lyon. There are yacht parties, boudoir scenes, and what-not!

Fifty Million Frenchmen
Warner Brothers

Practically the original cast of this Broadway hit, plus Olsen and Johnson, are on hand to make this good entertainment. William Gaxton is amusing as a rich American in Paris who wagers he can win the girl—Claudia Dell—without cash on hand. A hilarious tour without baggage troubles.

The Painted Desert
Pathé

The big open spaces, he-men, feuds, and all the ingredients that make a good western are here. Big-boy Bill Boyd falls in love with Helen Twelvetrees, and we don’t blame him, but her father (J. Farrell McDonald) is Bill’s father’s (William Farnum’s) rival. Trouble! But all ends well. It’s exciting in spots.

Beau Ideal
Radio

Another sequel to “Beau Geste.” There’s a slight romance and a slighther story. Ralph Forbes is again John Geste. He joins the Foreign Legion to help his pal, Lester Vail, get back to civil life and Irene Rich—noble boy! Loretta Young and Paul McAllister are fine in small assignments. Herbert Brenon directed.
Bachelor of Hearts

By Rosa Reilly

Phil Holmes, the most sought-after young man in the movies, explains why a screen contract is the only kind he's signing, thank you!

Marital happiness—but nobody likes to contradict a screen star, so I didn’t put up an argument—just listened while Holmes’ deep, intense voice went on.

“Take a star’s life and examine it carefully,” he said. “He has to be made up and on the set by nine o’clock in the morning. That means getting up before his wife is thinking about turning over. Then the chances are he will never leave the studio until seven o’clock in the evening—in any case, he can’t be home for another seven hours, because he has to be on the lot until eight or eight-thirty; sometimes even all night. And by the time he gets home and takes off his make-up, all he wants to do is roll into bed.

“Sometimes a screen player, because of sound recording conditions, may have to start work at nine o’clock at night and work until four in the morning—never seeing daylight for two weeks at a time. He has little energy left for reading or listening to music, for visiting or sports or the theater.

“It’s no use talking—no man or woman can keep regular hours in pictures. That’s why I never was awfully keen for a screen career. Although my father has been a well-known actor for years, and my mother, Edna Phillips, was leading lady at Daly’s Theater— which was the Theater Guild of its day—my leanings were all away from anything dramatic. I wanted to be a stock broker, and had had quite a good offer which I planned to accept after I finished at Princeton. But I had only been there one year when Frank Tuttle, the movie director, came to college to make ‘Varsity’ with Buddy Rogers. They decided to get a college man to play Buddy’s roommate—just to give the right atmosphere. I was the lucky one selected, and in case people should say after

(Continued on page 123)
Screen Society

"All the older aristocrats of the stage and screen and some of the younger ones, too, are sure to be at the party which Joseph Cawthorn and his wife, Queenie Vassar Cawthorn, are giving," announced Patsy, the Party Hound.

We were welcomed in the big, hospitable drawing room by Joe and Mrs. Cawthorn, both warmly cordial as always.

John Barrymore, who, with Dolores Costello, had been invited, was still suffering from the fever which he contracted during his recent yachting trip to South America, and so he and Dolores were not there.

However, we learned from Mrs. Cawthorn that baby Dolores, almost a year old now, is able to raise herself on her little legs, as she sits in her high chair close beside her father at breakfast, and to pull his paper away from before his face, laughing mischievously as she does it. And though John is as devoted to his morning paper as any merchant, and won't be separated from it by anybody else in the world, he thinks that it is just wonderfully cute when little Dolores does it.

The Cawthorns are old friends of the Barrymores, and spend a great many holidays with them. We were thrilled to learn that Ethel Barrymore Colt, Ethel's daughter, had sent little Dolores a pearl cross to match the pearl necklace that was started for her when she was born.

Lionel Barrymore was a guest, but kept to a quiet corner, as he always does, just absorbingly interested in discussing pictures with anybody who happens to come his way. He is most enthusiastic about directing.

We espied Joseph Santley and his sweet wife, Ivy Sawyer, on a sofa, and went over to say hello to them. We find there is a likelihood that Miss Sawyer will return to the stage, probably in Los Angeles, as her husband has a play for her, and he is in pictures out here, directing and writing.

It is hard to realize that Miss Sawyer has a son of twelve, who is as tall as she is, but such is the case. She is petite, blonde, bright and interesting as ever.

"She is one of the most understanding women I have ever known," remarked Patsy, afterward. "She seems to see right through you, and if you have any faults to know them, but all the same to excuse them."

She told us, when we asked her about her life as a child actress, how her mother, in London, used always to buy a seat in the gallery every night when she was playing Tiny Tim in Dickens' "Christmas Carol," and sit there and weep silently when Tiny Tim died!

The Santleys are living at Malibu Beach, and the recent fire which destroyed so many film players' homes was not (Continued on page 120)

Edmund Lowe—let's call him Eddie, everyone does—is the perfect host when he and Lil entertain.

Below, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cawthorn—Queenie Vassar—whose parties include the Broadway stage exiles.

Stepping out with your favorite stars

By

Grace Kingsley

Lilyan Tashman
Low's 'Sunday afternoons at home' are attended by the smartest stars in Hollywood—we mean Beverly Hills!
HERE'S your chance! Warner Bros. and First National have opened wide the barriers to prospective screen talent. Rufus La Maire, formerly a stage producer, has undertaken to receive and interview all comers for these two studios. Any applicant can have voice tests and give a demonstration of his talents. Youngsters preferred. If they show any promise they will be drafted into the studio school for training. Now, dears, don’t all flock at once!

Constance Bennett, together with her adopted 2-year-old boy, Peter, her two Scotch terriers (named Peter and Pan), and her cook, has moved into a lovely new home at Beverly Hills.

Kay Francis tried to dodge newspaper men by getting her marriage license under the name of Gibbs and denying who she was! Can’t be done, Kay. Kenneth McKenna did the same by using his real name, Leo Meilziner. Kay marrying right out of the hospital, from a jaw ailment! Gave her age as 25.

Saw Jean Harlow, escorted by Paul Bern, at a party given by Count and Countess Hamon. Jean looked tall and sumptuous with her radiant light blonde hair, a long slithery black velvet gown, and a wreath of white camellias across her shoulder.

When Jean is seen in "The Secret Six" no one will guess the turbulent times on the set, which occasioned re-writing some scenes for the heroine of "Hell's Angels." In "The Secret Six" Jean is a gangster's moll, and in some reels she was required to rise to great emotional heights. But rehearse as they would, Jean remained more Hell's Angel than ever! (You see, they rehearsed "Hell's Angels" for over a year.) Finally, the scene was re-written, Jean proved equal to appearing stunned very nicely and the picture proceeded.

Saw Lupe eating Mexican beans with Gary Cooper recently. You’d be surprised how sentimental that couple can get over beans.

Mary Pickford says Doug can go wild-game hunting if he wants to. In the meantime, she wants to make a picture while he’s away—husbands can be such a distraction when one’s really busy! While Doug is in Siam or somewhere, Mary took a New York vacation
and then returned to begin a new picture.
Temporarily at least, Hollywood has stopped divorcing Doug and Mary.

When Buddy Rogers had his appendix out, Tom Geraghty made a joke. He insists that the surgeon accidentally sewed an Austin car up in Buddy!

It was rather amusing how the morning papers in Los Angeles all carried two stories in big type—on the same day. One told us that "Affluent Vista Opens for Screen Players" and the other "Stars Face Cut in Fancy Salaries."
The 'cut' looks bona fide. From now on very few stars will receive more than the President of the United States. Who was it once said that no actor could ever be worth more than $500 a week? On the other hand, the few top-notch box-office attractions can, as always, name their own figure. For instance—Marie Dressler can count upon her $2000 a week any old time. She has received $4000 a week for certain pictures, it is said.

And then there's Chester Morris, who is to receive $75,000 for one picture, "The Front Page," which Howard Hughes is producing.
It is probably only the newcomers to the screen who will find salaries not what they were cracked up to be.

Make-up for men in pictures is vanishing. Ronald Colman's became messy in the heat during the filming of some scenes at Yuma, Arizona, several years ago. So he worked without it, with such excellent results that the men are all trying it now.

A great day when Dr. Albert Einstein visited Universal to see "All Quiet on the Western Front." at his own earnest request, because

*Miss Clara Bow and Mr. Rex Bell. An informal—and recent—portrait.*

*How fast will water roll off a duck's back? Mitzi Green and Jackie Searl put the problem to the test between scenes of "Finn and Hattie Abroad." Mitzi has just been insured for a million!*

it is barred from the screen in Germany. He said it was the greatest movement for peace he could possibly imagine.

Never before has any visitor to a studio caused so much eager excitement. Actors from other studios flocked just on the chance of meeting him, including Will Rogers and Wally Beery. But they didn't, as they had to leave before the picture was over. Einstein wished to meet Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin. He complimented Lew Ayres through Mrs. Einstein, and his conversation with Mary was likewise through this amiable interpreter.

Charlie Chaplin gave a dinner in the evening for the Einsteins at which Papa Carl Laemmle was also an honor guest, together with a few executives of Charlie's studio, Marion Davies, and others.

As this goes to press it looks as if Clara Bow has won her case against her secretary, Daisy De Voe; but how does she stand with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Public? Will she meet the same fate as Mabel Normand, Fatty Arbuckle, Mary Miles Minter and other stars whose private affairs attracted too much public attention? Will small-town exhibi-
Louise Fazenda will never see her collection of autographed pictures again! They were lost in the fire that destroyed the comedienne’s home at Malibu.

Edward Everett Horton, bachelor, built a twelve-room house, then added to it, then tore it all down and rebuilt. So Eddie’s home is now known as Horton’s Folly.

Incidentally, Eddie is so busy that he says the only time he has to enjoy his friends is Sunday. So he has been giving jolly Sunday morning breakfasts at his bachelor home in Van Nuys, which are proving any amount of fun. Gloria Swanson is an occasional guest, for instance. As Eddie has lived in Southern California for so long, however, many of his friends are not picture people. So you can guess what a thrill these private citizens get out of meeting Eddie’s more celebrated guests.

If it can be proved that Mrs. Hazel Jamieson did not kiss Marshall Neilan when Marshall kissed her, she will probably win custody of her children. But her parents-in-law have other ideas and it isn’t at all a pleasant case.

Every year for their five years of married life, George Webb has given Esther Ralston a gorgeous anniversary gift, rather grander than the one before. This year it was an exquisite diamond ring, a square-cut, perfect blue-white stone, set in numerous smaller stones.

Esther says if this keeps...
up he will have to secure the Great Mogul for her some day. The Wehls anticipate a ‘blessed event’ in June.

Harold Lloyd is passing around the cigars and throwing out his chest—he’s the proud papa of a baby boy. Harold Lloyd, Jr., weighs four pounds, at this writing, and is in an incubator; however, both Junior and Mrs. Lloyd are said to be doing nicely, thank you.

A set of small white beads inscribed Harold Lloyd, Jr., were taken to the hospital six and one-half years ago—but instead of a boy, Gloria Lloyd was born; now the beads have been brushed off and are being used. Harold and Mildred Lloyd just recently adopted a little girl named Peggy to be a playmate for Gloria.

George Arliss returned from England in good time to make an address at the Los Angeles premiere of “Outward Bound.” Always in character, this popular veteran looked every inch a “Disraeli,” even unto that pose in which he seems to be supporting his left kidney. He told us the British censor had banned “Outward Bound,” because all the characters are dead.

“Which surprises me,” said Mr. Arliss, “because, having seen so many British pictures, I should have supposed they were used to dead ones!”

And George is English himself!

Lew Cody keeps bachelor house at Beverly—an adorable place. (“All paid for seven years ago, thank heaven,” says Lew), which includes a gorgeous swimming pool and a private beach in the garden. Corned beef and cabbage forms the main pièce de résistance at the stag dinners. There’s a basement billiard room, with an old piano and a big fireplace, where the men congregate. (“That’s to save the best piano upstairs from cigarette burns,” grins Lew.)

The door down there is completely covered with carved signatures of picture celebrities, for which Valentino once offered $5000. His own signature holds place of honor.

This was a triumphant gesture on the part of Valentino, for Rudy and Lew had been friends in the days gone by when the Latin lover was known as Guglielmi. Valentino was living in an $8-a-week room then and buying $30 suits that he made the tailor deceive the world into thinking were $100 ones. He asked Cody about changing his name to Rudolph Valentino. “Don’t do it,” advised Lew. “No one will ever remember a name like that.” (!)

The case of Lew Cody is interesting. After being a famous husband-menace in silents for years, and presiding at pretty nearly every theater opening, Lew was ill when talkies burst upon Hollywood. Charlie Chaplin offered him a good rôle in “City Lights” which he couldn’t accept. Came a dismal period during which it seemed there was no place for Lew. Then Gloria Swanson gave him his talkie chance in “What a Widow!”—a pleasant drink.

“And that’s funny, too,” chuckles Cody. “When for years I was all sorts of an amiable drunk, I never played a drunk rôle. Then after being on the wagon for 18 months, I’m cast for drunks galore. Another drunk in ‘Divorce Among Friends’ and now ‘Three Bad Men.’ And I had to take screen and voice tests for those. I felt like an amateur beginning all over again!”

Quite apropos to have Lew in “Divorce Among
Friends," for Dorothy Dalton was his first two wives, since they remarried after the first separation. Later she married someone else and Lew married Mabel Normand. Dorothy wired at once offering Lew and Mabel her Long Island home for the honeymoon!

William Powell gave Carole Lombard an eight-cylinder convertible coupé. Carole gave Bill an expensive watch.

Bill says he's going to South America for a vacation directly. "Cavalier of the Streets" is completed. Then he starts on his new Warner Brothers starring contract.

Sam Goldwyn is bringing Michael Arlen back to Hollywood, his peculiar form of smart sophistication being deemed likely to make a hit in talkies. Michael wasn't happy in Hollywood before. He found himself crudely joked about 'rugs' because he is Armenian born, although very English in thought and manner. In fact, I asked him if he were really Armenian.

"My dear lady, do you suppose anyone would say he were Armenian if he were not?" he replied with a wistful twinkle.

It was Michael too, who, when asked by this anxious interviewer how one became so famous, with five best sellers and two plays winning glory at the same time, replied archly, "I went down to meet trains and interviewed stupid celebrities." He was being interviewed at the train.

The curtain has rung down for the beautiful Alma Rubens. Her tragic death was mourned by the film colony. Miss Rubens was one of the most beautiful girls ever seen on the screen—and her death, at the age of thirty-three, ended a career once as promising as any beauty in Hollywood.

Her mother, Mrs. Theresa Rubens, a sister, Hazel, and her husband, Ricardo Cortez, from whom she was separated survive her.

Mae Murray, that perennial charmer, comes back to the screen in "Bachelor Apartments." Being the Princess David Mdvani has entirely agreed with Mae, whose figure is more svelte and gently undulating than ever, and her lips more luscious.

Hollywood gave Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers a fancy send-off for their vaudeville tour, for which the baggage included a couple of ponies, silver-mounted saddles, etc. Sally is not in the act, but just had to tag along.

They have a big ranch in Southern California and expect to return to it in April.

Jose Crespo, handsome Spanish actor, popular in all the Spanish versions of pictures, gave a very Spanish party recently, at which Dolores del Río, (Mrs. Cedric Gibbons), made her first social appearance after her illness. She was dressed in green and gold metal cloth, and seemed very much in love with Cedric who was duly on hand. Raquel Torres, Don Alvarado and Dorothy Jordan were all there. Raquel went with the Gibbonses, but Dorothy Jordan said she just couldn't remember who had brought her to the party!

Beg pardon, Maude Eburne! We credited ZaSu Pitts with the well-acted comedy rôle in "The Bat Whispers" instead of Miss Eburne, that splendid character actress and comedienne. Sorry—our error.

The unpleasant libel suit between Victor McLaglen and his brother Leopold is just one of those things. Leopold is suing Victor for $120,000 damages for slander, in which he declares Victor was jealous of his appearance in Hollywood as a competitor. The situation was complicated by Leopold getting a teaching job at a military academy in which Victor's son was a student.
Victor, however, discreetly avoided making any adverse comment against Leopold when the reporters interviewed him.

Victor is one of seven brothers, all as tall as himself. Their father is a British bishop. Victor served with distinction during the war and was made Chief of the Police of Bagdad when the British controlled that territory.

There was a time when Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan entertained with corned-beef and cabbage dinners at a charming Beverly Hills home. But even corned-beef failed to steady that matrimonial bark. Six months ago Kenneth married Doris Hilda Booth, a childhood sweetheart. It's all over now. She went back to mother in January. It was Harlan's third matrimonial venture—even if he did give his age as 34 for the last one!

Lots of fun at the surprise party given Marion Davies on her birthday. Colleen Moore appeared as a little girl in a gingham dress, looking so sweet and wistful. Another married lady to look absurdly young was Eleanor Boardman, with a bow on her hair. King Vidor went as a little German boy, and really managed to look little. Bebe Daniels was another cute baby. Gloria's Marquis, now shed, seemed to be having no end of a good time as Little Lord Fauntleroy. And imagine Lewis Milestone in checked rompers! They all talked kid talk, too, and kept it up pretty well.

Gloria Swanson is now making "Indiscretion," with Ben Lyon and Arthur Lake supporting. It's a light romantic story, gay and piquant, and Gloria feels it will be no "Queen Kelly." This picture will also see a promotion for Leo McCarey, formerly director of Hal Roach comedies, but now entrusted with "Indiscretion."

If Tommy Clifford, the Irish youngster who was brought to Hollywood for "Song O' My Heart" doesn't get another job by April, he must return to Ireland and resume his former status as one of seven children in an Irish family of very modest circumstances.

Tommy was accompanied by a spinster aunt who had never been out of Ireland before. He led her an awful dance. Who was she to tell a successful motion picture actor to go to bed at 8 p. m.?

After the first glamor wore off both Tommy and Auntie became dreadfully homesick. Now they are worried sick for fear they will jolly well have to go home.

One can imagine Tommy's hauteur with those brothers and sisters when he gets back!

At this writing both Dorothy Mackaill and Maureen O'Sullivan are on probation for speeding. If they get one more tag, their drivers' licenses will be revoked. No two more cautious drivers than these in all Hollywood—at the moment.

A young lady who is proclaimed as beautiful as Garbo and Dietrich is Sylvia Sydney, a Broadway stage actress, now signed by Paramount to play with young Phillips Holmes in "Confessions of a Co-Ed," instead of Mary Brian.

Which reminds us, young Phillips, whose papa is Taylor Holmes, is making big strides. His work in "The Criminal Code" raised him to the starry heights. He's a nice boy, with a pleasant sense of humor, and not at all swell-headed—as yet.

Hector V. Sarno will be seen in "The Secret Six." He's an interesting old dear and brags that he played in the first motion picture ever made—the old flickerer. Then he went to California with the very first producers in that sunny clime. He's a mine of historical information on the subject.
The Truth About Cosmetics

By Mary Lee

QUITE the most beautiful shop in all America is the Lentheric salon on upper Fifth Avenue, New York. It's enough to make a girl go mad! Situated where the Avenue meets the Park it is the very center of one of the richest spots in the world. The very high-hat Plaza hotel is across from it. The equally high-hat Savoy-Plaza is right beside it. The golden Sherry-Netherlands is on the opposite corner—hostelries where you can get a nice little room for a mere thirty dollars a day—while directly before it, in delicious contrast, is a tiny city garden, riotous with tulips and hyacinths and daffodils in gay profusion.

Glittering in the midst of all this, like an impudent jewel, is the Lentheric shop.

Now being a giddy gal at heart it gives me a terrific kick to see this very chic corner of a deliberately exquisite spot dedicated to cosmetics. For after all, cosmetics divide into two sharp classes—the utilitarian cosmetics—those rouges, and powders and creams that we just must have to appear our best; and the dreamlike cosmetics—the perfumes, the powders, the scented soaps, the lotions that we all want just because they are so foolish, so lovely and so completely romantic.

Lentheric's is no place for a girl on a budget to go. But for a girl on a beauty spree—or a girl with a young man in tow who doesn't care how he spends his money so long as it is on her—well, what a little palace it is!

I went visiting there by special invitation this month and what these eyes saw and this nose smelled! Their perfumes are divine, created, I'd say, by a poet with a glorified sense of smell. They have, for instance, Ashphodèle, which they call a Gardenia Kissed by Moonlight. Can you hear that? They have Miracle and Lotus D'Or, and all three are heavy, sweet, pungent odors that make you feel that had you possessed them you could have given Cleopatra a run for her money in the race for Antony.

Pure aesthet- ics for per- fect beauty — the new Lentheric products. Note the powder box and the smart new lipstick in the fore- ground. Aren't they honeys? Their prices are in the accom- pany- ing article.

But when it comes to the price, I'd rather not bring that up.

Be forewarned, it's terrific.

Still, just to prove their hearts aren't entirely made of diamonds, Lentheric has now added to its line and is putting out some beauty products, that have all the perfection of their beautiful perfumes at prices that are reasonably moderate. (That's what I got asked up to see.)

They have, for example, a heavenly soap, scented with any of their fragrances, softening to the water, and selling for one dollar for a box of three. Of course, you can get darned good soap for ten cents a cake. I know that and you know that, but if you are a bit crazy occasionally, as I am, you may want to indulge in grand soap, just for the joy of it.

Then there's a loose powder vanity with a patented roller to feed the powder to the puff in just the desired amount. And it really does work, putting the powder on the puff and not all over your best gown.

It comes in a simply stunning black enamel with silver, or jade and silver, for green outfits; and brown and silver if those are your colors of the moment. Very, very chic and all for one-fifty!

They also have quite the most spiffy box of powder I have ever seen, in white suede cloth, bound with a metal silver band and edged with black. There's a swansdown powder puff also, and, of course, the powder. This comes in delightful shades of beige—five different ones, is just heavy enough, deliciously scented, and priced at three dollars. Gaudy, I assure you!

You've all heard of the Princess Pat line of cosmetics, I'm sure. It's such a reliable, well-established line. In contrast to Lentheric, it isn't extreme in price, but oh, how good it is! Mrs. Fannie B. Gordon, the talented woman who created and runs this line, is a very real student of cosmetics. She feels there is a psychology of make-up and very right she is, too. In her own words, she feels that make-up has left behind the "blatant, obvious Easter egg age" and has now come to be the cleverest possible simulation of natural beauty. To help us girls get our faces just at this perfect state—and also to help us 'dress up' our faces occasionally to match our gowns, or even the occasion, Mrs. Gordon has brought out in the Princess Pat line seven shades of rouge and seven shades of powder. She also has eye-shadow, an ice astringent, and naturally, lip rouge. It is really an innovation to get such a complete color range in cosmetics on the general market. Of course, actresses have long had such selections to make them beautiful but the Princess Pat rouges are the first of which I've heard that are released for average souls (and purses). The price is so very moderate you can afford to buy all of them, if you really want to, and after having tried them all, I recommend them highly.

Are you following these helpful special articles on cosmetics? Mary Lee is giving you an unique beauty service, in which she tells you the truth and nothing but the truth about the newest, the nicest, and the most important powders, perfumes, lipsticks—in fact, all the aids to modern loveliness. The smart girl keeps up with the beauty parade by reading Mary Lee!
AND they come! Letters deploring absence of charm, lack of popularity. I look about at all the beautifully groomed, radiant-faced girls and wonder where these unpopular, uncharming girls are keeping themselves. Then I see one with lovely features and all the attributes of physical charm, yet so shy and diffident, so unbecomingly gotten up that I want to take her apart and put her together again into the sweet, confident, attractive young person she could be. Again, I see a girl who would be bewitchingly pretty if she had not spoiled her perfectly good face with too much badly chosen make-up.

Then once in a blue moon I run across a little mouse of a girl with indefinite features and not too tastefully dressed, yet with a kind of baffling charm that wins hosts of friends and admirers with no apparent effort on her part. Yet I happen to know that effort, directed by courage and intelligence, is necessary to any achievement. In that one little word, effort, lies the secret.

"I firmly believe," writes Leonora, "that one can't be popular without being beautiful. My best friend is lovely. She has hair like spun gold and naturally curly. She has a clear, white skin, big blue eyes with long dark lashes, a stunning figure and she wears the most divine clothes! Gowns and hats so simple they look like anybody's poison, yet perfectly finished and so expensive ordinary people can't buy anything like them or even copy them. Yet she is not at all vain, spoiled or selfish. She likes to share everything she has and is always laughing, light-hearted and having a grand time. I am devoted to her, so is everyone who knows her. The boy I expect to marry some day admires her immensely. He says she's a 'knock-out, a wow,' and that her gay, happy ways makes everyone around her happy, too. He likes to be with her because she makes him laugh, he tells me."

"I try not to be, but I'm fiercely jealous and I'm envious, too. I admire my chum yet I resent her. I'm red-haired with green eyes and am considered 'interesting.' But I'm nothing beside her. If only I could make myself into her type, or if I even could be a contrasting type—dark and poised and sophisticated like Kay Francis for example, or deep and mysterious like Garbo—but I can't do either. I can't always be gay either. I'm a business girl working hard at my job and making good and sometimes I'm tired and feel and act like anything but a bubble of joy. She has beauty, charm, leisure—oh, there's no use trying to compete!"

Now, now, Leonora, be careful. Remember what envy, spite and jealousy are. Remember that no girl will care to watch you and your admirers laugh at her and look down upon her because she is not as pretty as you."

"For me to be popular, I must first be myself. I must be happy with myself and do my best at what I feel I can accomplish."

"If you do that and hold your head high and be yourself, no matter what anybody else does, you will be all right."

My best friend is lovely. She has hair like spun gold and naturally curly. She has a clear, white skin, big blue eyes with long dark lashes, a stunning figure and she wears the most divine clothes! Gowns and hats so simple they look like anybody's poison, yet perfectly finished and so expensive ordinary people can't buy anything like them or even copy them. Yet she is not at all vain, spoiled or selfish. She likes to share everything she has and is always laughing, light-hearted and having a grand time. I am devoted to her, so is everyone who knows her. The boy I expect to marry some day admires her immensely. He says she's a 'knock-out, a wow,' and that her gay, happy ways makes everyone around her happy, too. He likes to be with her because she makes him laugh, he tells me.
Write to the Stars as Follows:

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

George Arthur, Dorothy Jordan
William Bakewell, Buster Keaton
Lionel Barrymore, Charles King
Wallace Beery, Gwen Lee
Charles Bickford, Barbara Leonard
Edwina Booth, Joan Marsh
Jack John Mack Brown, Adolphe Menjou
Harry Carey, John Miljan
Joan Crawford, Grace Moore
Karl Dane, Polly Moran
Marion Davies, Conrad Nagel
Reginald Denny, Ranon Novarro
Mary Doran, Edward Nugent
Kent Douglass, Anita Page
Marie Dressler, Marie Prevost
Cliff Edwards, Esther Ralston
Julia Faye, Duncan Renaldo
Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer
John Gilbert, Gus Shy
Gavin Gordon, Lawrence Tibbett
Ralph Graves, Lewis Stone
William Haines, Ernest Torrence
Hedda Hopper, Raquel Torres
Leila Hyams, Roland Young
Kay Johnson

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Richard Arlen, Harry Green
Jean Arthur, Mitzi Green
William Austin, Phillips Holmes
George Bancroft, Miriam Hopkins
Clara Bow, Helen Kane
Mary Brian, Dick Spring
Clive Brook, Carole Lombard
Nancy Carroll, Paul Lukas
Ruth Chatterton, Frederic March
Maurice Chevalier, Rosita Moreno
Claudette Colbert, Barry Norton
June Collyer, Jack Oakie
Jackie Coogan, Warner Oland
Gary Cooper, Zelma O’Neal
Frances Dee, Eugene Palette
Marlene Dietrich, William Powell
Leon Errol, Charles Rogers
Stuart Erwin, Lillian Roth
Norman Foster, Stanley Smith
Kay Francis, Regis Toomey
Skeet Gallagher, Fay Wray

First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Richard Barthelmess, David Manns
Sidney Blackmer, Marilyn Miller
Joe E. Brown, Ona Munson
Bernice Claire, Dorothy Peterson
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., James Rennie
Gary Cooper, Otis Skinner
Alexander Gray, Vivienne Segal
Fred Kohler, Jack Whiting
Laura Lee, Edward Woods
Lila Lee, Loretta Young
Dorothy Mackull

Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Frank Albertson, Elissa Landi
Luana Alcaniz, Dixie Lee

Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Amos ‘n Andy, Dorothy Lee
Henry Armetta, Everett Marshall
Mary Astor, Joel McCrea
Evelyn Brent, Jada Mullah
Sue Carol, Edna May Oliver
Joseph Cawthorn, Roberta Robinson
Betty Compson, Lowell Sherman
Bebe Daniels, Leni Stengel
Richard Dix, Hugh Trevor
Irene Dunne, Bert Wheeler
Joan Blondow, Louis Wolheim
Ivan Lebedeff, Robert Woolsey

Warner Brothers Studio, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Robert Allen, Winnie Lightner
George Arliss, Lucien Littlefield
John Barrymore, Lotti Lodi
Monte Blue, Ben Lyon
Claudia Dell, Marian Nixon
Irene Delroy, Walter Pidgeon
Louise Fazenda, H. B. Warner
James Hall, Lois Wilson
Leon Janney, Grant Withers

Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong, Ann Harding
Constance Bennett, Eddie Quillian
Bill Boyd, Fred Scott

Send Birthday Greetings to These April Stars:

Wallace Beery, April 1st.
Harry Green, April 1st.
Carmel Myers, April 4th.
Mary Pickford, April 8th.
Dick Stewart, April 10th.
Claire Windsor, April 14th.
Charles Chaplin, April 16th.
Mary Brian, April 17th.
Dorothy Sebastian, April 26th.

James Gleason, Gloria Swanson
Russell Gleason, Helen Twelvetrees
Alan Hale, Barbara Kent

Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lew Ayres, Barbara Kent
John Boles, Jeanette Loff
Kathryn Crawford, Mary Nolan
Robert Ellis, Eddie Phillips
Hoot Gibson, Joseph Schildkraut
Jean Hersholt, Slim Somerville
Rose Hobart, Genevieve Tobin
Dorothy Janis, Glenn Tryon
Raymond Keane, Lupe Velez
Myrna Kennedy, John Wray

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

William Collier, Jr., Buck Jones
Joe Cook, Bert Lytell
Constance Cummings, Joan Peers
Richard Cromwell, Dorothy Revier
Jack Holt, Barbara Stanwyck

United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado, Eleanor Hunt
Joan Bennett, Walter Huston
William Boyd, Al Jolson
Eddie Cantor, Evelyn Laye
Charles Chaplin, June MacCloy
Ronald Colman, Una Merkel
Lily Damita, Chester Morris
Dolores Del Rio, Mary Pickford
Douglas Fairbanks, Gilbert Roland
William Farnum, Norma Talmadge
John Holland

Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Charley Chase, Harry Langdon
Mickey Daniels, Stan Laurel
Oliver Hardy, Our Gang
Ed Kennedy, Thelma Todd
Mary Kornman

Educational Studios, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.

Marjorie Beebe, Patsy O’Leary
Ann Christy, Daphne Pollard
Andy Clyde, Lincoln Stedman
Harry Grabbon, Nick Stuart

Sono Art-World Wide, Metropolitan Studios, 1041 Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Ruth Roland, Edward Everett Horton
Get in on the fun—and the money! Give us your opinions of Screenland

A Few Pats, A Few Pokes

First Prize Letter

YOUR cover girls possess real vitality, the kind that almost leaps out from the book with a frank invitation to purchase. Sometimes you feature an ultra-conservative on your cover. Such women seldom smile and usually look bored. Keep your cover girls smiling always!

'The Most Beautiful Still of the Month' is without doubt your best feature. Every one you have selected hangs on our office wall. I would prefer less conservative poses of women in your rotogravure sections, however! I like your reviews and clip them to help me decide on my monthly movie menu. As for Screen News, it would be sacrilege to criticize a thing about it. Your magazine is conservative, but not too conservative. That's why it holds its own.

Gilson Willets, 800 Geary Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Ahem!

Second Prize Letter

To keep posted on pictures I read four film magazines monthly. I do welfare work among juveniles in a city where movies are looked upon with suspicion, and for this reason I must know all about pictures before they arrive in my town.

I consider Screenland the best film magazine because it is always intelligent! The reviews always click with me. I also enjoy the fine, origami convoluted rotogravure sections. The publisher's page, too, seems to me worth the price of the magazine. I wish I might cram the January publisher's page down the throats of all people who see one or two pictures annually and then shout that movies are beneath intelligent notice.

I have no criticism, only a warning: keep to your standard.

Dorothy M. Springer, 541 E. Platte Avenue, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

We're A Columbus!

Third Prize Letter

It certainly is sporting commendable for you to be so generous in boosting the new picture players who show promise and talent. You are always the first to give credit where it is due. You do not hesitate to dedicate the Honor Page to such young players as Helen Twelvetrees and John Wayne, those promising newcomers.

A widely-read magazine like yours becomes the meeting ground for picture player and picture public, and I am glad to see so many of its pages boosting the new players and future stars of motion pictures.

Mrs. Julia Bentley, 420 Johnson Street, Charlotte, Michigan.

With Pleasure!

Fourth Prize Letter

Can't we have more interviews like the one with Walter Huston written by Marie House which appeared in the January issue? I am interested in acting and am studying dramatic art. So quite naturally I am interested in knowing how the actors act. How they study a character, how they know how to portray it. One with Kay Francis or Ann Harding would be nice.

And Marlene Dietrich! Such perfect poise! Don't forget Marlene. Let's have more of her.

Margaret A. Cornell, 659 41st Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

We Have It!

Your editorial page is the best part of your magazine. It is the 'it' page. I instinctively turn to the editorials to see what new and different ideas I may read there in regard to Hollywood's movie life. Your editor has the unusual 'ability of making screenland seem really close to us. Those editorialists are peculiarly human and sympathetic. And, after all, isn't it the human touch that counts?

Nona B. Montgomery, Long Beach, Cal.

A Poke!

I wish you wouldn't say so much about Garbo in your Magazine. Every page, it seems is Garbo—Garbo—Garbo. Now, I like this actress all right, but I do get tired of seeing her pictures all over the place. Why not rave about somebody else for a change?

Lesley Smith, Utica, N. Y.

Welcome To The Fold!

This is my first fan letter, and therefore, I am going to praise my favorite magazine, I could, of course, 'rave' about my special stars, Greta Garbo and Joan Crawford, and the talkies I like best, but I really want to congratulate you!

First, for interesting and novel departments. There is something of interest on every page. Second, for up-to-dateness. You seem to have the news almost before it happens. Third, for your lightness of touch. You appeal to the feminine world, and intrigue the men as well.

Mrs. J. D. Lockaby, Tampa, Florida.

There, There!

Why not have something in a more serious vein in your editorials, just a step higher than the rest of the magazine? Walter O'Ree comparing Bridgeport, Conn, with Hollywood is very far-fetched. I am familiar with both places and can see not the slightest reason for such a comparison.

Maude G. Howarth, Woonsocket, R. I.

Do You Mean It?

Your Editor can make an editorial something to be reckoned with—clever, concise and to the point. They say plenty without offending anyone and that is what the movies need—good, honest criticism. Miss Evans has the courage of her convictions.

Lorraine Turner Burrell, Shepherdstown, West Virginia.

Glad You Like Us!

Yours ranks as the highest movie magazine published—I know, because I read all of them.

It is different, which makes it a little better than all the rest. It has many delightful and charming photographs of the players and you are sure to find a picture of your favorite among them. And there is plenty of interesting reading material written by the best writers in Hollywood. I also praise you for securing the first posed pictures of the Glamorous Garbo in her own clothes.

L. Russell, Glasgow, Montana.

Don't be afraid to speak your mind! Write in and tell us what you think of us!
Lew Ayres is the Young Man of the Hour! "Doorway to Hell" clinched his popularity.

Ask Me! (Continued from page 10)

Here's the boy you're all writing in about, in a tragic moment from a scene in "Doorway to Hell." Mr. Ayres!

hattan" Foster), Dixie Lee and Stuart Erwin. Clara has fiery red hair, agate brown eyes, 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds.

M. H. C. You'll find addresses of the stars in our service on page 99 of this issue. That page will keep you busy and out of mischief for many a full moon. Mary Brian plays with Jan Clayton, Henrietta Crosman and Fredric March in "The Royal Family of Broadway. Martha Scott appeared in "The Magic Lantern" with Reginald Denny and Kay Johnson.

Little Eva. What did you do to Uncle Tom? I'm sorry I can't say why Joan Crawford doesn't send you her photograph. Enter that in your 'believe it or not' column. Joan's in "Paid" with Robert Armstrong, Kent Douglass and Marie Prevost. It was made under the title of "Within the Law," from the stage play. Joan's latest is "Dance, Fools, Dance."

Murray G. B. Along with my numerous other accomplishments, I have the reputation of being a first-class detective—finding long-lost sisters, old screen productions that have been buried for years, lost characters and other melodies, so why not try to locate your brother? I would suggest you drop Will Beery a line, as he befriended your brother after he left home. He took the name of Allan Whitney and was on the screen for a time. Speak up, Allan, and give the world a break.

Dorroll F. Of course, I like to hear from 11-year-old girls and boys for it hasn't been so long ago that I confessed to that many years. Lack-a-day and ho-hum! Nona Carroll was born in New York City 24 years ago. She was christened Nancy LaHiff. She is the wife of Jack Kirkland and they have a four-year-old daughter, Patricia. Nick Stuart's real name is Nickolas Prata. He was born April 10, 1906, in Roumania. Richard Arlen's home town is Hotchkissville, Va. He is 31 years old.

Alice E. What is a freckle or two between friends as long as the photographer knows his business, and I think he does. You'd be surprised how many of your favorite screen stars have a freckle or more on their pretty faces. Billie Dove is 27 years old. It is said that Billie has a perfect camera face—meaning that she photographs well from any camera angle.

Sally. You are a booster for Mona Maris or I'm a poor detective. Mona was christened Marie Rose Amidee Capivelle; pronounce that if you can. She was born 21 years ago in Buenos Aires. She has black hair, brown eyes, weighs 118 pounds and is 5 feet 5 inches tall. She was educated in England, France and Germany and appeared on the screen in Germany before making pictures in Hollywood.

Andrew S. If I don't get your letter I'm to let you know, as you can write again—good idea, so if you don't see this reply, write to the lost and found department for the port of missing letters for instructions. Mary Pickford's new picture is "Kid." Anita Page is "Reducing" with Mary Dressler, Polly Moran, F. O. Diehl and Buster Collier, Jr., June Collyer is in "Charlie's Aunt" with Charlie Ruggles.

Foolish One. Are there any more at home like you, if not, why not? Nils Asther is 29 years old, has black hair, dark greyish eyes, 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 175 pounds. He is the husband of Vivian Duncan. His last release and first talkie was "The Sea Bat" with Charles Bickford and Raquel Torres.

(Continued on page 125)
At another time while Dick was breathlessly holding a crowd at the point of his revolver, the music shattered a terribly tense moment. This happened repeatedly throughout the entire picture. In a silent picture the music would have been perfect, but in the talkies, we want to hear all the natural sounds.

Dick has a nice habit of acting his part so well he really succeeds in making you think he is the character he is playing. We also loved Marian Nixon, Mary Astor and James Rennie. (Rennie is a real lover.)

Walter Huston in the yacht which he owns with Richard Arlen. Huston has definitely left the stage for pictures. His next is to be "The Dove."

"Sunny Side Up!" Can fifty million movie fans be wrong if they applaud when the coming of the Farrell-Gaynor team is announced? We say emphatically, "No."

Screen PRESERVES
CLASSICS
As I have watched George Arliss and Cyril Maude in talking pictures, the conviction has steadily grown upon me that one of the most interesting and valuable accomplishments of talking pictures is the recording of performances by celebrated stage artists whose work would perish with them were it not for this new form of expression. These productions of famous, even legendary talents of noted stage stars should please our elders, and the youth of our generation to whom these great artists have meant little more than names.

Otis Skinner has now joined the ranks in his great classic, "Kismet," and we have no reason to believe that John Barrymore will reveal himself in some of his greatest stage hits. My own greatest wish in this respect is that the incomparable Maude Adams will immortalize one of her great Barrie heroines in screenland.

Adrian Anderson, 1903 14th Ave. N., Apt. 9, Birmingham, Ala.

Rollin' Up from Rio
The constant improvements in talking pictures show that they will soon satisfy. Vitalized by sound and speaking, the newer films are produced to triumph. Because of their scenic advantage they will surpass the stage itself.

Hollywood is so well conscious of this that it is engaged in producing talking pictures in different languages.

Because of the similarity between the two languages, Brazilians enjoy Spanish-talking pictures as they appreciate their own language. Portuguese Accustomed to French stage companies, they receive enthusiastically French talking pictures.

But do not deprive us of talks with Hollywood and English stars. I am sure the English and American colonies in Rio de Janeiro include enough people to prevent loss to anyone.

Still there is one star I would not care to see go far from us. Let Charlie Chaplin keep silent pictures as his specialty. Let him devote his whole intelligence to eloquent expression of posture, to his stick and his boots!

Maria Luisa Torres, Rua Tunel 38, Batalho, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

It's fun to be able to speak your mind now and then—not only to speak it, but to see your opinions in print. Join the SCREENLAND Slams and Salvos Gang!
The years can make any girl more alluring "if she keeps Youth!"

SAYS

WILLIAM POWELL

Learn the Complexion Secret
9 out of 10 lovely Screen Stars know

No one measures Youth by birthdays any more!" says William Powell, star of the Paramount production, "Ladies' Man."

"Nowadays a man doesn't even try to guess a woman's age. Women know so marvelously how to keep their fresh, young charm that is so irresistible.

"Feminine stars of the screen and stage, especially, seem to know the secret!"

Indeed they do, for they seem always young, charming, magnetic-you can't believe they ever have birthdays. What is their secret?

"We guard complexion beauty above all else," the lovely actresses will tell you. "A skin aglow with the fascinating freshness of youth is always alluring."

Important actresses in Hollywood—on Broadway—in Europe—use Lux Toilet Soap. Regularly! That is why it is found in theatre dressing rooms everywhere—is the official soap in all the great film studios.

Actually 605 of the 613 important Hollywood actresses are devoted to fragrant Lux Toilet Soap. Some have the skin inclined to dryness; some the skin that tends to be oily; some the in-between skin. All find this very white soap the perfect complexion care.

You, too, will love its effect on your skin!

Claudette Colbert, beautiful Paramount star, says: "To keep the appeal of Youth, exquisite skin is essential. Lux Toilet Soap is an invaluable help in keeping mine smooth."

Nancy Carroll, Paramount star, has a skin of marvelous beauty. She says: "For the very smooth skin required by the close-up, I find Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful."

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap Youth Lux Toilet Soap..10¢

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There's Beauty in Your Eyes

Continued from page 61

washing their eyes for fear they will get some soap in them. Well, soap in eyes is horrid and disagreeable. I admit but not half so horrid or disagreeable—or weighted with unpleasant results—as darkened, neglected skin about the eyes. I see many girls, perfectly groomed otherwise, who neglect to keep their eyes properly. That last night's mascara in a line under the lashes—dusty eye-sockets—these things harm a girl's appearance enormously. Take time to cleanse around your eyes carefully and you will add a look of healthy brilliance to your eyes that will more than repay you. To wash the eyes themselves—after a train journey or a ride in an open car or some such jaunt, a few drops of very, very mild salted water is excellent. Use a good nourishing cream to cleanse the eye-sockets and the eyelids. And always, always, remove any mascara you have on at night.

Of course, nothing makes the eyes look less cared for than eyebrows that are out of line. Do learn to brush your brows. It only takes an instant and it works miracles. Really. About plucking the brows, I'm very much in favor of it if you have great, heavy eyebrows. They overbalance the face so, if they are too thick. But I don't like eye-brows plucked down to the vanishing point, and I don't like them pulled out into all sorts of shapes that aren't natural to them. The best rule is to have them follow their natural contour, with the scraggily hairs pulled out. Also, I think it is wisest to go to a professional for this. One hair pulled out incorrectly can spoil the whole line, and it is, obviously, awfully hard to see your own brows, when you are tugging at them. It usually costs less than a dollar to have them plucked in a beauty parlor, and once in every two months ought to be sufficient. If you happen to have those brows that tend to be a continuous line over the bridge of the nose, do pull them out in the center, for that's very ugly. If you prefer to pull your own, as I do, apply witch hazel over the brows first. Let it soak in thoroughly, then pluck the hairs with tweezers. Plucking too many at a time will make your eyes quite tired. So be sensible and gentle about it.

Although it is wise not to use a great deal of make-up on the eyes in the daytime—saving your best make-up tricks for the evening, like very smart little girls—a dash of make-up will help, particularly if you are wearing an off-the-face hat, or one of those dashing little greens which are practically off-the-head. First, do get the right shade of eye-shadow. It should match the color of the shadows under your eyes, not the color of your eyes themselves—unless both happen to be the same. Apply the eye-shadow very carefully, and lightly, over the upper lids, darkest where the lashes grow, and paling back into the eye-socket. Or, if you are very blonde, you may prefer to use a tiny bit of white vaseline over the lid. This adds no color, but makes them glisten. Both are good tricks.

Mascara may be either brown or black. This depends upon the shade of your eyes, and to some extent, the color of the gown you are wearing. Don't get your lashes too black, when you are wearing light things. A smart new vogue is coming in for wearing blue mascara on the lashes. Of course, this is just as artificial as very dark red nail polish. And it is just as effective, if you are one of those extremely exotic maidens who can get away with such things.

One of the loveliest stars in pictures once told me that she never used any make-up off the screen.

"Not even around your eyes?" I asked, for her lashes were marvelously long and curved ever so charmingly.

"Well," she answered, "I don't wear mascara on my lashes, but I do apply a bit of oil to them, just to keep them in good condition.

That was her little secret of beauty. And she was very wise. For with care and attention lashes can be made to grow. They, too, are dependent on general health, but if you will be patient and apply petroleum jelly or one of the better eyelash growers, or the tiniest drop of olive oil, they will be encouraged to glossiness and health.

The sum and substance of it all is that we don't pay enough attention to our eye beauty. And when our eyes get tired, we don't try hard enough to rest them. Nature being as wonderful as she is, she adjusts to this generally. But a little conscientious care does help.

Because of Nature's care, I am cautious about advising eye-exercises. Don't bother with them, if you do not really need them. But if your eyes are really tired, I know they will help.

Here they are: Hold your head erect. Look as far right as possible without moving your head, then as far left. Now describe a complete circle with the eyes, again without moving the head. Count ten and repeat, count another ten, and repeat, doing the exercise in all, three times.

If your eyes are very tired, and you haven't time for a nap, dip cotton pads in witch hazel and put the compresses over the eyes. Lie quietly in a darkened room for ten or more minutes. This is very restful.

I do hope you will find all this will help. But if you want further advice on the care of the eyes, or on any other beauty subject, do write me. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope and I shall be only too happy to write you personally.

The Eyes on Pages 60 and 61 belong to:

1. Clara Bow
2. Greta Garbo
3. Marlene Dietrich
4. Myrna Loy
5. Kay Francis
6. Claudette Colbert

Bessie Love making herself lovelier! (As if she had to.) Bessie says a little dash of perfume adds an intriguing touch.

Bebe Daniels is always well-dressed, well coiffed and well-groomed both in and out of pictures. "The Maltese Falcon" is her next film.
A group of highly distinguished American scientists explain why Colgate's penetrating foam cleans teeth better.

Three great scientists take the stand to talk about toothpastes! And all three publicly approve Colgate’s!

Dr. Hardee Chambliss, world-famous scientist; Dr. Allen Rogers, research scientist of renown; Jerome Alexander, consultant. These and other outstanding American scientists have recently performed an unique experiment.

They have examined, tested, analyzed a series of modern toothpastes. And they have come to the unanimous conclusion that Colgate’s is superior.

Let them say why. "Colgate’s," says Dr. Hardee Chambliss, "has greater cleansing ability."

"It has no equal as a cleansing dentifrice," Dr. Rogers announces after tests, "because it has the ability to get into crevices between the teeth and remove decaying food."

And Jerome Alexander speaks for his colleagues when he lauds Colgate’s special ability to flood away the impurities which cause tooth troubles.

During its 30 years, Colgate’s has been more universally recommended than any other dentifrice. More people use it than any other.

Scientific approval is reason enough for you to use Colgate’s. The price is another reason—since this superior toothpaste sells for only 25c the tube.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M 1004, P.O. Box 373, Grand Central Post Office, New York City. Please send me a free tube of Colgate’s Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________

25c

When you write advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.
Anita Page’s Health and Beauty Menus

Continued from page 83

which we eat than in the good, sturdy food eaten by the average man who works with his body in the open air.”

Anita begins her day, every morning in the week, by drinking two glasses of hot water and by taking fifteen minutes of energetic setting-up exercises. She drinks no water with her meals but takes several glasses between eating hours during the day.

Her breakfast consists of a glass of orange juice or a dish of uncooked fruit, sugarless and creamless, a dish of corn-flakes mixed with bran, and a cup of black coffee. On her cereal she pours a small amount of skimmed milk and uses a tiny bit of sugar in her coffee.

For luncheon she eats either a bowl of clear soup or a fresh vegetable salad, a bran muffin, a cup of tea with lemon and a dish of uncooked fruit or a baked apple, cooked without sugar. She concocts her own salad dressing of lemon juice, vegetable oil, salt, pepper and marjara.

Her dinner consists of lean meat, steak, roast beef, lamb, chops or fowl; two vegetables, cooked without butter; a bran muffin, a salad, and a dessert of uncooked fruit or fruit jello. One of her favorite desserts is made of dried apricots, cooked without sugar, into which is whipped the

Anita Page baking the bran muffins which are an important item in her health and beauty menu.

The Talkie Tectotalers!—Lillian Gish

Continued from page 33

ingul finger at the flaws of their silent predecessors. Such an absurdity as movement of lips with no sound uttering from them, will never return. Lillian Gish believes. Rather, she thinks the new picture will have sound and music synchronization but will be otherwise purely pantomimic. The Chaplin picture will prove whether or not the public is ready to take its pantomime straight. Lillian Gish thinks it is. She finds the Chaplin film with more difficult. But she is certain, too, that she believes in it, and that its coming is worth waiting for.

Meanwhile, Lillian Gish is upholding some ancient pet theories. Broadway used to entertain one to the effect that no art could come from Hollywood. Last year, she gracefully swept away that prejudice when she came to the stage in the Jed Harris production of “Uncle Vanya.”

The critics filled their columns with superlatives and the fans filled the theater with applause. Enthusiasm was so general that now her name is again on the Harris banner. She has been constantly going forward—constantly striving to keep the Gish name alive and the Gish artistic honor unblemished. And the fans have deemed those efforts worthy of admiration.

Fan enthusiasm, generally, is born and grows into a quick maturity at the adolescent age. It may not express itself sublimely—it may be the target for the sophistatuer’s jeers, but it has to be acknowledged, and sometimes at an early age! At seven, I saw “The Birth of a Nation” and noticed a certain girl in several scenes—at one time she asked a friend of Mr. Lincoln, and again she spoke to the President as he entered the theater on the night of his assassination. Her name was Lillian Gish.

And those same scenes in which she appeared, and which startled my attention at seven, remained such vivid pictures that when I saw the film many years later I

was amazed at my accurate remembrance of them.

From that time on, I followed the career of Miss Gish closely. I saw her do unforgettable good work under Griffith. I saw her leave him, and shock a dubious public, by proving a greater capability under other directorial hands. I followed a period where Griffith tricks were forgotten and Griffith wisdom retained. I saw an excellent actress become an artist. It was my great desire to meet Lillian Gish, because I felt she had so much to offer. And finally, I did meet her!

During tea, we talked of Griffith, motion pictures in general and particular. She spoke in a personal way of her mother and sister, and referred to the Fairbankses as “Mary and Douglas” as if I knew them too. It gave me a feeling of warmth to see this in her—and her sincerity. It sounded out an unmistakably clear, firm note. There is no conceit about her; no smug satisfaction at an enviable record, and no false modesty. She talked little of herself, but when she did, she said true things. If she thought a film of hers was poor, she would say so. On the other hand, if one pleased her, she would not hesitate to say it had merit. And moreover, she has that passionate interest in her work which can only be described as thrilling.

But so much has been written of Lillian Gish’s charm and so many poetic comparisons have been made about her, that everyone knows Lillian Gish—and believes in her. Yes, everyone has heard by this time that she is like mignonette and a violin solo on a wintry night. But everyone doesn’t know another fact evident in the off-screen personality—her delightful sense of humor. For years, pretty phrases have been written about her beauty, but never has her sense of fun been an interviewer’s subject. Just because she has kept her way to fame, there is no reason to assume that she isn’t a sense of fun, and one remarkable enough to smile a little at her own roles when they become a bit too large. And further there has been an opportunity, that sense of comedy has flashed on the screen. There were a dozen of it in “The Adam’s Rib” and “The Wind.” There was a great deal more of it the day I met her. She does not expect to find incense burning to her everywhere she goes! She is a charming, knowing sense of humor, a humor which belongs to the wise.

I learned a great deal about motion pictures. And I learned that Lillian Gish is something more than mignonette.
The figure's the thing... says Fashion

This season's styles are more exciting. Dresses are feminine and clinging. Lines are revealing. Of course it is all marvelous, but trying, on careless contours. For we must be slender—yes—yet softly rounded.

And so... many of us will diet from time to time during 1931. But we must be careful when counting calories not to curtail roughage. Whatever the diet, it should contain sufficient bran to guard against improper elimination, which may result in clouded complexions, listlessness, and even impaired health... which actually may defeat the very purpose of all our dieting.

This danger can be avoided by adding one delightful food to your diets: Kellogg's All-Bran, a non-fattening, ready-to-eat cereal. All-Bran provides the roughage necessary to keep the system regular and healthy.

A great aid to beauty. It also contains iron, which brings the glorious color of health to cheeks and lips—and helps prevent dietary anemia.

There are so many ways to enjoy Kellogg's All-Bran. Try it with milk as a ready-to-eat cereal. Sprinkle it over salads—in soups. Cook it into omelets—or bake it in bran muffins or bran bread.

Be sure you get the original All-Bran—in the red-and-green package. Recommended by dietitians. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek, and greatly improved in taste and texture.

You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, broadcast over WWA and associated stations of the N. B. C. every Sunday evening at 10:30 E. S. T. Also KFI 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 styles 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.

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Confessions of a Hollywood Baby

Continued from page 27

Trouble is keeping the stuff down. A boy's stomach is pretty delicate and if he gets jiggled around much he's liable to throw up everything. Monday, Dad's woke me up. I can't explain what I'm thinking about. Got Nurse pretty well trained. She knows when I want my bottle. When I want to be picked up. When I want to take a nap. Can't make her understand the important things. Cop's red-headed twins and I understand each other. Same with Bingo. We get along swell.

Well, a boy of my age has his responsibilities. Not going to let any home-wrecker come between Dad and Miss Latour if I can prevent it.

Nurse says she's never seen me so quiet. Told Mike I must be sick. Haven't yelled once.

Tuesday. No time to make plans today. Am trying a new formula. Been using S. M. A. Doesn't seem to agree with me. Switched to Cream of Wheat, pasteurized milk with two teaspoons of Dextro-Vitavose, which is rich in Vitamin B and iron salts. New formula is thicker than the old one. Don't hoop it up, so easily. Things getting to like it after I get used to it. Nurse says I've been lucky so far. Most bottle babies have to change formula a lot before they find one that suits them.

Wednesday. Tragedy! Nurse's gone. A long story. Last night Mike asked Nurse to go for a ride. "Better get some air, sister," he said. "Do you good. Hang'in' around the nursery all day ain't very healthful. A boy like Spooks wears a girl down."

"Shouldn't leave the baby," said Nurse. Looked at me. Just had my bottle and was comfortable inside. All set for a good nap. Wanted Nurse to go. Pretended to be asleep.

"Look, the kid's poundin' his ear," said Mike. "Four hours until his next bottle. We'll take a spin down Hollywood Boulevard."

"I'll get my hat," said Nurse. Both went out. Almost asleep when I heard voices in the hall. Believe me, I woke up in a hurry. Miss Latour and Del Santo were talking very quiet. Something I couldn't understand.

"No!" said Miss Latour. "Leave at once, Roland. Bill is due home any minute. If he catches you here, he'll break your neck." Del Santo rumbled: "Think I'm afraid? This Irish policeman that is your husband cannot frighten me. I am a Del Santo, you understand. Finest family in all South America. From Spain our forefathers came."

"I know all about that," Miss Latour said. "You've got to get out of here! Don't! Someone will see us. Stop, Roland, have you lost your head?"

Was wide awake now and worried. Something going on out there I didn't understand. Knew it meant trouble. Dad might arrive. There'd be a grand row. What Nurse calls 'headlines in the papers.' Had to do something.

"No, no," said Miss Latour in a muffled voice. "Stop it! Are you mad?"

"Yes," breathed Del Santo, "mad with love of you, my beautiful one. I've waited long enough."
Thought fast. If I yelled, they might not pay attention. Miss Latour would think that Nurse was with me. Had to do something desperate.

Side rail of my Kiddie-Koop was down. They thought I couldn’t move much. Did it. Rolled over and began to wiggle. Feet went over the edge. Kicked all the covers off. Gave another wiggle. Could feel myself slipping. Yelled! Was faking at first. When I hit that hard floor I yelled in earnest. Didn’t know I had it in me. Bet the neighbors thought I was being murdered.


“Baby,” screamed Miss Latour. Snatched me off the floor and rocked me. Felt tears falling on my face. Stopped yelling. Big bump on my head. Right arm hurt. Didn’t mind the pain.

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(U. S. Patent No. 1770741)
Guess we won't have any more trouble with Del Santo. Dad and Miss Latour spent the morning together. Very friendly. Was beginning to think they didn't like each other. Seems I was wrong.

Saturday. Mike feels the same way I do about the new nurse. "You're responsible for this," he said. "If you hadn't told on your head, she'd still be here."

Sunday. No cocktail party. Dad and Miss Latour went for a long drive in the country. I had a rotten time. Spent the day in my perambulator. Beginning to think a little excitement now and then is good for a boy. Don't like my new nurse. Got to get rid of her and get Nursie back. Going to try it tonight when the family's at home.

Monday. Nursie's back. My scheme worked. Last night I wouldn't take my bottle. The new nurse tried to force the stuff down but I whopped it up. Then I yelled. Put on a real show. My face got purple and the nurse got scared and called Dad and Miss Latour. Dad walked me up and down. Liked it but yelled just the same. Refused my ten o'clock bottle. Was going strong at midnight. Figured I could last until morning.

Doctor came at two o'clock. Listened to my heart and chest. Frowned and looked puzzled. "Can't find anything wrong," he said. "What have you been feeding him?"

He wanted something, said Dad. "I can tell from the way he squalls."

Nurse said she'd done everything and that I wasn't a normal child, anyway.

Dad told her to get the hell out of there. He went into the hall. Could hear him telephoning. Called Mike and gave orders. Half an hour later Nursie rushed into the room. Grabbed me out of the Kiddie-Koop. Quietly down right away. Took my bottle without spilling a drop. Sure was glad to have Nursie back. Mike was glad, too. Could see him looking thinking through the door. Had a big grin on his face. "Atta boy, Spooks!" he said. Guess I was the only one who understood what he meant.

"Clear out, everybody," Dad said. "Let's get some sleep. That kid's as stubborn as a mule. But he knows what he wants."

(In the next hilarious instalment of "Confessions of a Hollywood Baby," to appear in the May issue of SCREENLAND, the baby continues "to tell all" about its movie-star mother and father and their Hollywood friends. It's a howl!)

The Stage in Review

Continued from page 65

eighth Street Ophelia-Sappho, done by Dorothy Stickney. It's the gem of the current stage. I admire George Kelly tremendously because he writes to suit himself.

"Colonel Satan"

Here is a new Aaron Burr—alias "Colonel Satan." Booth Tarkington says talk! and into your hat! with the old wheeze that Burr was another Benedict Arnold.

In his play, Burr becomes a lovable rascal, stranded in Paris, who borrows money, makes love in an ancient and gallant way, and finally blows up a conspiracy against Napoleon by trapping the woman conspirator in the band as a police spy—and making her love him to the extent of getting him a passport back to America! (What does Mr. Ripley say?)

This is pretty old-fashioned stuff, but a throw-back once in a while is decently interesting. The click in "Colonel Satan" is making the audience guess who the spy is.

McKay Morris was a debonair and Apolloesque Col. Burr, while Jessie Royce Landis was the gal.

"Colonel Satan" is all set for a big costume picture. With a script and director of sufficient imagination, here is a chance for a great American epic about Burr, Jefferson, Napoleon, and the Louisiana Purchase.

"Midnight"

The Guild went melodrama (frankly) with a vengeance. And why not? A good melodrama is the noblest work of God: look at the city of Chicago. But a melodrama must be first-class.

This play is by Claire and Paul Sitton, and tells a tale about an honest jurymen whose vital question sent a woman to the chair. She is to be executed at midnight when the curtain rises on the home of the jurymen and his family. Freesure from all quarters has been brought to bear to make him appeal to the Governor for a commutation. But Weldon is strong on law and justice cannot be budged.

He lets the woman go to the chair just as his daughter arrives home with a gun, having killed her lover, who was playing round with another woman. The District Attorney arrives, and after more bocus-pocus, which is obscure and clumsily satirical, the girl is not to be prosecuted. Yeah?

The play is shaky, wobbly in theme and anguish in its details. But there is one thing which saves it (if it is saved), and that is the fine acting of Frederick Perry as Edward Weldon, the distracted jurymen. In acting, it is one of the high points in the Guild's career. Linda Watkins was very good as the daughter who bumped off her gangster side-kick. The rest were just so-so.

Madame Cotopouli

There should be recorded here something I want to get off my chest. It is this: one of the greatest actresses in the world, one who ranks with the greatest I have ever seen, is Madame Marika Cotopouli, who plays in Greek, but who is so vital, artistic and profound—at least in "Elektra," the old Greek tragedy done over by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, in which I saw her—that the words that are uttered make no difference when you know the story of the play. She is Elektra.

Cotopouli is a vision of blood vengeance such as I have never seen. What a mighty Lady Macbeth she would make! Her art will stand the test of that old musical word sublime.

Some critic said, "Madame Cotopouli is so Latin." Well, all the great actresses of the world have been Latin. The great actresses are straight Anglo-Saxon. The Latin has an intellectual heart and an emotional brain: that is the reason the Latin actress always ranks first.
Tallulah’s in Town
Continued from page 51
black dress that had only a string of turquoise beads to relieve its severity. And did she look like what the smart woman is wearing? She did! And in effect achieved that careful nonchalance that so many of the stylish try so hard to get. It’s natural with Tallulah.

We rode through the traffic-gorged streets of New York on the way to tea and our car was stopped at an intersection awaiting the lights to go on in our favor. An apple vendor approached the car and offered us unemployed apples. Tallulah took a hand full out of her handbag and offered it to the man. The apple seller looked suspiciously at it. “They’re only a nickel,” he said, not recognizing the English currency. “Oh, bother!” from Tallulah, “I’m forgetting already.” She fished for a dollar bill and gave it to him. “But I haven’t that many apples, ma’am.” “Oh, bother the apples,” the actress said in a brusque manner, “I never cared for them, anyway.” And the car drove off leaving the apple man a dollar richer.

She’s full of those tricks. But you could never get her to tell you about them. Somebody has already tagged her an “ultra violet,” but she is more aptly the shrinking one of the species.

As a matter of fact, try and get her to confess that she is the daughter of Congressman William B. Bankhead of Alabama or the niece of John H. Bankhead, the senator-elect who defeated Helin in the last political fracas. Or even that she is the grand-daughter of John H. Bankhead, U. S. Senator.

Tallulah’s mother died during her infancy and she was cared for by her grandmother. The stage aspiration is from her father who was a stunt-chimp in his youth but who was stayed by the dignified Southern family hand that thought the stage an undignified profession and acting just too bad. But the father helped the daughter and I am telling you straight from Tallulah that her family aided her in getting started on the Broadway stage some nine years ago. Contrary to the usual run of rumor that gets around, she was chaperoned to Broadway by an aunt and she did not, as reported, run away from home to get within the calcium’s glare.

Once landed on Bored-way she was engaged, in the days, “Nice People,” “Every Day,” “Danger” and some other successful stage pieces. But success came to the young woman only after she had traversed the blue expanse and landed on the London Strand. Even that didn’t stir much of a response until she appeared in such productions on the London stage as The Green Hat, They Knew What They Wanted, The Gold-diggers, Her Card-board Lover and other more recent and highly successful plays.

Her first talking picture appearance on the American screen is to be Nancy in “New York Lady,” an original screen offering written by Donald Ogden Stewart and which is being made at the Paramount New York studio. Clive Brook, the suavest of the suave, is to appear opposite her, and Katherine Leslie, a young society girl, is to have her picture début in this production.

All in all, Tallulah says she will do what she can about dropping her English accent of which she has but a trace, and will do all in her power to stop saying ‘clerk’ for clerk and ‘ducky’ when she really means cute, you know!

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*Loretta Young

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Loretta Young’s Theme Song

Continued from page 59

"I was a child actress but had tired at the gawky age and didn’t intend to go on the screen again. Mr. Le Roy didn’t know me but he had met my sisters, Polly Ann Young and Sally Blanc. One day he called for Polly Ann to play a role in Miss Moore’s picture, and I happened to answer the phone. Polly Ann was in Salt Lake City, so he asked about myself, and as a result I got the bit in ‘Naughty But Nice.’"

"Mr. Le Roy was a comedy constructor or ‘pug man’ then, and shortly afterward he became director. He put his youthful point of view into his pictures, and it not only made him famous but it gave young stars like myself and Alice White and Arthur Lake a chance to act youthful roles."

Loretta places near the top of the list of her ‘people to be grateful to’ Percy Westmore, head of the make-up department at First National; Edward Steven son and Max Ree, costume designers; N’Wass McKenzie, head of the studio wardrobe department; and Hulda Anderson and other fitters in the woman’s wardrobe. Hairdressers and maids supplied by the studio come in for their share, too.

"A youngster trying to act,” declares Loretta, “is likely to be more embarrassed and nervous than a débutante, so she needs the poise and confidence that advertisements say perfect clothes and make-up give. That’s just one of the big reasons why I’m so grateful to the wardrobe and make-up folk. They seem to take an interest in me, and put real inspiration into their costume fittings, make-up and hair dressing.

"Unlike the big stars and directors, they were not likely to be credited for this and their perception of some additional sincerity or other value in me. No publicity man would bill me as their discovery. But they did it, anyway. They could just as well have earned their money by concentrating their best work on the important folks, and leaving the little unknown with just enough effort to pass inspection.

"High on my Santa Claus list are the cameramen. I received almost as much good advice on sitting and more hints that had to do with camera angles from John Seitz, Sol Polito, Faxon Dean, Art Miller, Lee Garmes, Arthur Todd, Sid Hockox, Huller and other cameramen who have photographed me than from actors and directors.

"Then there are the ‘still men.’ On each set there is one with a still camera, who has nothing to do with the motion photography. He is the man who takes the advertising pictures you see on big billboards, their in front of theater lobbies, and in the magazines and newspapers. I owe a lot to the fine still photography of John Ellis, Henry Freedman, Bill Fraker, Bill Walling and others.

"Then there’s the man who gets your picture in the papers and magazines again and again by his skill in doing difficult things for you to do. It’s the publicity ‘stunt’ photographer, Buddy Long, whose brain is always weary of devising such stunts as this.

"Here, Loretta, sit on the lion’s back. No, he won’t hurt you—he’s a nice friendly lion. Hold it—still he’s a tiger! It’s in the box. Now he down and let him walk over you. What, it’s too warm in the studio? Then we’ll go down to the beach and get some shots if you riding surf boards. Hey, mister, hold that lion! Steady now—hold it! Socko! It’s in the box."

"Then there’s the art portrait photographer who makes you beautiful for the various magazines, and for your fan photographs, and so on. There’s really no end to what Elmer Fryer has done for me, with his patience in getting me to hold it! for hundreds of negatives which bloom into flattering art studies.

"With talking pictures came a host of other experts for me to dish my hat to. Chief among them were the ‘mixers,’ who might call me aside and say, ‘Loretta, I think your voice would be more effective if you lowered it just a bit in volume and pitch for your love scenes with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.’ This and many other valuable words of advice I have received from Earl Sitar, Joe Kane, Glen Romin ger and other ‘mixers.’"

"I could go on and on giving credit where credit is due, but what I have said surely proves that Hollywood has made me self-made. He or she gets the cream of the glory and the biggest financial reward, but the work could not have been done without the help of those many other highly-skilled and willing associates.

"The self-made star is like the one-man football team. Some guy carries the ball and make the touchdown, but he wouldn’t get far if it were not for the line and the men making interference.”

"Does this story give you a pretty good idea of the sort of girl Loretta Young is? I hope it does. She is lovely to look upon. She is entirely natural hence my advice of the studio. She seems to have no illusions of the so-called glamour which is supposed to be a part of her glittering world. When her work is done she could go back to her gay young husband, Grant Withers. Perhaps you saw them together in ‘Too Young to Marry.’ Well, they are both very young and they will tell you that it’s never too young to marry.

Lester Vail, new to the screen, played the lead in "Beau Ideal. His next is "Dance, Fools, Dance" opposite Joan Crawford.
Let the Hollywood Stars Be Your Fashion Guides!

Continued from page 34

lywood, seems to point toward the fact that good dressing, as such, is not a haphazard assortment of wearing apparel but an art with a basic principle.

“One should be very careful about accessories,” said Gloria. “They should either match one’s costume as perfectly as possible or lend the right note of contrasting color to bring out the background. What one should do is to take the gown and match it, not depend on the eye for color. It doesn’t do to pick out carelessly a blue hat, purse, costume jewelry, scarf and shoes just because the dress is blue. When you get them all home you will find just enough difference in the shading of color to make the ensemble a jazzy number instead of a symphony.

“It pays to get good gloves and a good hat. It may be a temptation to carry home a smart-looking and inexpensive purse and think you have a bargain, but in a fortnight the smartness will have completely vanished and in its place will be a weary look.

“My wardrobe includes a variety of sports clothes and evening gowns, these being the things I wear most. Sport clothes are very comfortable and very practical in the studio and always look smart!”

Gloria likes to change the dressing of her hair with her extreme costumes. Sometimes a knot at the nape of the neck gives a more harmonious effect than one high on the head or coiled flat. By the way, she wears her hair very long now, below her shoulders. But you know that if you saw “What a Widow” it is a thick beautiful blanket of bronze.

Hedda Hopper declares the most perfect taste in dress is to be gowned so inconspicuously that people will not think of the dress at all, but just how lovely you look. “Good materials and well made simple lines give a woman an air of elegance that impresses the most casual observer,” she told me.

“Good dressing is a matter of geography, I find,” Hedda continued. “A girl perfectly gown according to Fifth Avenue standards would appear plain and a great disappointment to the little factory worker outside of the great metropolis whose idea of a perfect costume is some gaudy material loaded with lace. Lace must be given expert treatment in any case. A simple black or white lace gown is very smart for either afternoon or evening wear and is the most practical thing a woman who must watch her budget could invest in. It will serve for summer or winter, being delightfully cool on warm days and easily covered with an evening wrap in winter. At least one evening wrap is a dire necessity in one’s wardrobe. It can be reversible, black velvet on one side for winter or formal occasions and ivory or some delicately colored satin for other occasions. A metal cloth is stunning but the silver or gold threads tarnish after a season’s wear.

“A whole chapter should be written about neatness. No matter how low the old bank account is, if a woman has any money to put on her wardrobe at all she can afford to have her shoes well heeled and polished, her gloves clean and well mended; her clothes well matched.

---

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Will Norma Shearer Retire?
Continued from page 31

earlier life had been different or you had been surrounded up to your 20th year or so with a good deal of money, comfort and opportunity to indulge the more poetic side of your nature, you would have found yourself perfectly content to let the practical world go by and to turn your interest exclusively to creative and artistic activities without very much concern as to whether they were going to make money or not.

All of this shows that whatever you might think about your life and experience, from the standpoint of the psychologist who is more concerned with having each individual show some definite improvement and balance in their temperament as the result of experience, you early began to receive just the right kind of training and opportunity to build in your character the elements missing at your birth.

To go further with this angle of your chart I should like to consider the numbers given by your birthdate of August 10, 1904, because just as the numbers of the name given at birth are indicators to every physical, mental and emotional reaction of which an individual is capable, so the numbers of the birthday are keys to the destiny, to the development which is being extracted from association with the people, places, and things which make up a lifetime.

The first number that engages our attention here is the number 8 of August, always a month that brings the individual who is born into it into a strong relation to business, to experiences which make necessary the acquisition of better judgment, and the need of learning how to handle economic situations successfully.

With your number 9's coming from your name you were not suited for a business career, but you certainly could afford to acquire and use a little better judgment especially in your handling of human relatios and money.

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CIRCUMSTANCES which Numerology regards as instru- mentally the building of character brought financial reverses to your family and the most natural thing was that you should, with your sympathetic nature, desire to help out in this emer- gency. Business was the easiest and the most natural line of endeavor for you, but you took it up and held on to it just long enough to make you more practical in your dealing with actual conditions, to give you more courage and a greater ability to or- ganize your ideas so that you could handle even the financial side of your future ar- tistic work to better advant- age.

This business and fully half number 8 was quite a force in your experience un- til your 21st year, but it should only be considered as a background to the broden- er, social, artistic, public and emotional number 9 which remains as a more force- ful undercurrent of your experiences up to your 31st year.

A reference again to your name numbers shows a subconscious urge to be rather thorough in any work that you undertake, to be a little confined, in as much as you are afraid of the rather generally poetic and emo- tional 9 could give you a somewhat morbid viewpoint of life.

I should certainly say, Miss Shear- er, that this is a phase of your numbers which you must set out definitely to change into optimism, to develop that youth and energy of mind, which will make you feel more hopeful about your own future and that of other people.

When I make an addition of the num- bers of the month, day and year of your birth, August 10, 1904, as follows; 8 for August, 1 for the tenth, and 14 or 5 and 100 and 1, I observe the number 5.

This number 5 is the number which the ancient wise men called the symbol of eternal youth. In application to your Numberscope it points to your path through life and indicates what you must learn to follow, and being the key to the kind of thought and action which alone can bring you happiness, suggests that you must recognize and associate with these opportunities and people who help you to be optimistic, joyful, more happy-go- lucky. Whenever you plan ahead too care- fully, take the things that people say to you too deeply into your more sensitive nature, worry, fight against, or quarrel with conditions of sudden change, you are thinking and working against your better future.

The influence of this number 5 as your "Path of Life" you build yourself in your life experience. For instance, in any unexpected reverses in your family fortunes, in the way you obtained your first business position, in your first chance in the New York studio for extra work. Then, after your return to Canada, you became disappointed and prepared perhaps to feel that your opportunity in the movies was not for you, the number 5 worked again by an un- known for instructions to return and take up your first real part.

Always the unexpected has proved to be productive of the best results for you, just as the careful planning has not always been the way. You were sometimes made the mistake of permitting yourself I have brought lots of dis- appointment. Just around the corner always something fortunate for you, so this is why Numerology would advise you against your ever taking a too serious view of your circumstances for a moment.

Five as a 'Destiny' number seldom gives anyone an uninteresting life, and this seems to apply in your case, because there are seen to be the makings of something grand- ers involved in your one life. Business and the screen until your 31st year; home life and definite domestic life which will keep you out of the public eye from your 31st to your 53rd year; and from your 53rd birthday, literature, which will fully make you a milestone directly into public recognition.

1929 was your last most important and successful year for screen work, and 1931 will undoubtedly be another and better one, so your public do well to look forward to your new mediums. From the producers' angle there is every indication that you will still prove a box-office asset in this year.

Numerology would say that it was quite fortunate for you that in 1929 you had to pass through physical experiences, to be held back from much artistic effort by develop- ments in your health and domestic life. In any other condition, or in too much effort in your screen work during 1930 you might have experienced a loss of popu- larity, such as you had in 1930, which has been restored and is still continuing.

(Edmund Goulding and his dis- covery, June MacClay, June 42nd Street, New York.

EIGHTS

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Edmund Goulding and his dis-covery, June MacClay, June
made her debut in "Reaching for the Moon."
Belittling
Hollywood!
Continued from page 57

mastic hands to you as you pass by, an enigmatic creature in black face, with Jew's hair.

Mr. Burnett had never seen a movie star when he made it. You see, he takes two photographs of his subject, one full face and one profile, models a small head of clay, casts it and then paints the result in life-like fashion, attaches it to a puppet body especially designed to take characteristic attitudes, and dresses the finished product in costume appropriate. Jetta's figurine could cast itself down on the floor with abandon, bury its face in its arms and behave with realistic sobs, among other accomplishments.

Proudly the young director took it out to Jetta's house and rang the bell. Jetta herself answered, and remarked that it was pretty late for a call. Argument being a favorite pastime, her thoughts she'd be interested in seeing her miniature self in action, she admitted her caller and allowed him to exhibit his treasure.

"What words do you say?" she demanded, unamused. "'Maybe I see you.'"

He explained that there were three verses, he couldn't remember them all, but they began with "I'm a most temperamental young lady."

No, Jetta wouldn't have herself called temperamental. He must send her at once copies of the verses. Maybe she'd see him anyway.

The verses were sent her, and she tore them up. No, Jetta isn't temperamental. Not at all!

Mary Dresser is a favorite with the Teatro Torito, her mimic self garnering more applause from audiences than any other puppet, just as she steals scenes and pictures from stars in life-size theaters. When the George Arliss puppet, as master of ceremonies, introduces Marie and she ambles onto the tiny stage in the shabby habiliments of Mary's "Anna Christie," then they tell you that what she says is almost lost. Her remarks are to the effect that there are only two reasons for talkies—one of 'em is Greta, and the other Marie!

"O, Marie! O, Marie!"

Producers get corns on the knee From begging me just to walk on for a while.

I can grin, I can frown, I can blink, I can smile,

And if I should hiccup, they roll in the aisle!

"O, Marie! O, Marie!"

Marie enjoyed her first visit to the show so much that she returned the next night with a large party, was very cordial to the young men, declared she must "know you boys better," and arranged to have her puppet made from Mary's photograph.

Charlie Chaplin stayed an hour after everyone else had left on his initial visit. He was interested in puppets from the standpoint of pantomime and had ideas about them that kept the young men awfully urging for days. His puppet can use its cane, characteristically, knock off its derby hat and shamble about in the famous big shoes.

Lawrence Tibbett came down with his wife and surprised them, so that his puppet was made later, but they usually try to belittle each star who enters, rushing it...
into production if given the leeway of an hour. Douglas Fairbanks and Richard Barthelmess are among those whose images await their arrival, Doug smiling his famous smile, Dick grave and handsome. Doug will probably be seen leaping and bounding over tables and trees, but Dick will have the distinction of being the only puppet to wear a business suit.

The Tibbets figure can swell out its chest, shake itself tremolo-style while it sings its stuff, all about how it can say "I love you!" and be heard for eighteen blocks.

Ruth Chatterton gave a party at which the puppeteers entertained. As usual at parties, they worked the puppets in the open instead of behind the scenes, and Ruth sat with her eyes shaded that she might not see the strings.

"Don't disillusion me!" she begged. "I don't like to see the wheels go round!"

The party was the result of a visit to the theater where she had seen the belittled Ruth performing with the belittled Ralph Forbes. Thereby hangs a tale, for Mr. Burnett, not being movie-wise, hadn't known Ruth was married to Ralph and hadn't an idea that Ralph was coming until twenty minutes beforehand, when he rushed through a puppet of the actor to whom Former Brown gave lines composed on the spur of the moment.

"The most brilliant man I ever met," is the exclamation given by Mr. Burnett to Milton Sills, who visited them two weeks before his death. He was well informed about the art of puppetry and with Doris Kenyon, his wife, had discussed his own puppet which was being made when he died.

Talking of 'mosts,' Kay Johnson is the "most stunning girl" who has set foot in the house, say the puppeteers.

Ramon Novarro had a puppet show of his own in Mexico and is still interested in them, but explains that the action of his figures was not so intricate nor so well characterized. He is belittled as "The Pagán."

Anna Q. Nilsson's autograph appears on the brown wall, too. Her last act before she left for Sweden was to arrange that the boys give a Guignol show for the children's hospital as a present from her. Anna Q. knows what it is to lie helpless and lonely in a hospital bed.

Gary Cooper sent his mother down to admire the performance of his puppet when he had seen the minute representation of "Thé Texan" in action. Gary said nothing himself, being a strong, silent he-man.

Younger players, including Arthur Lake, Russell Gleason, Billy Bakerwell, Mary Brian, Marguerite Churchill and Lola Lane are frequent attendants, who usually make an evening of it by dining first at La Colombrina or the Italian restaurant on the Street and coming in in a body.

But not only the starry folk of Holly-
wood have found the Teatro Torito. Alfred Hertz, director of Hollywood Bowl, where the symphonies under the stars have grown famous all over the world, comes down and sits in front to conduct his knee-high orchestra.

Stuart Walker, who not so many years since was travelling about with his Fort-
manente Players, is an enthusiastic visitor.

Harold Bell Wright has autographed the wall.

And the well-known evangelist, Aimee McPherson, has a puppet with bright gold hair and flowing robes named for her. It falls on its knees, throws out its arms, takes theatrical attitudes and proclaims: "Hallelujah, let's take a collection!"

You might think that Aimee would take exception to so naive a duplicate, but she liked it! She had it brought out to the Temple, where it was shown during a healing service. However, when the belittled Aimee flipped forward on one knee, someone cried: "It's dancing" in great horror, and the evangelist suavely swept puppet and puppeteer out of sight.

Among the new puppet crews for early production is Marlene Dietrich. Then perhaps we shall be able to find out which girl really looks most like the mystery star of M-G-M, Greta or Marlene?

In the meantime, if you visit California and want to go to the theater of the little bull, reserve your seats. It's sold out every night!
stage because I was stage-struck as a high school kid. I did amateur theatricals and liked them. Besides, I felt I had more aptitude for the theater than for anything else. I certainly preferred it to a mercantile career. I abominated mathematics and was best in English. I decided my talents, if any, were for the stage. If I weren't an actor, I think I could direct, or my third choice might be writing."

"Do you think anyone could act, or should they have a certain flair for it?"

I asked him.

"I think some could do better than others, certainly. I know I couldn't be a mechanical engineer to save me. Why try?"

William Powell, let's call him Bill, certainly hasn't the reputation of being a ladies' man off the screen. Much has been written about him as the recluse, the aloof and elusive, who prefers going off on yachting trips with Ronald Colman and Richard Barthelmess."

"It's true, I like the companionship of men," he says, "With men you can be yourself. Let down. Be comfortable. They talk the same language, have the same viewpoint. With women, you must be more formal. And besides we like to keep our private lives to ourselves. Because we do not choose to parade our amours, if any, to the show gaze of the public, we are labeled 'women haters.' That is such a farce.

"I think the ideal relationship is between a man and a woman. The one woman, who could be everything to you. It is deeper, more elemental than any friendship could be. I won't say more lasting—but it satisfies the soul hunger, the heart hunger. It's the second most important urge in the world."

An idealist. A one-woman man! William Powell, the sophisticate!

"Perhaps. Certainly I have an 'idea' of the companionship possible with one woman. Not that I expect ever to fully attain that perfect idea, or ideal. It wouldn't be an ideal any more then, would it? But certainly I am optimistic of finding something like the perfection of this idea. In fact, I'm afraid I'm getting to be an incurable sentimentalist—in my old age!"

Bill would like to be economically independent so that he could do the things he wants to do. Travel, live with dignity, make a picture or two every year, the kind of story he wants, something that appealed especially to him. Now, whenever his contract doesn't call, he's off exploring places, doing things.

"Between pictures what do I do? Generally, more pictures! No, I like to do something I suddenly take a fancy to do. I spent several months this summer traveling in Europe. I went over with Ronald Colman and Ernest Torrence and his wife. We intended going to Spain and suddenly decided one night the chateau country should be 'done.' We packed and the next day we were off. We had three weeks and then went back to the Riviera. We had no set itinerary. Decided one day to go some place and were off. Vagabonding.

But a civilized vagabondage, I reminded him.

"Not always. Perhaps tomorrow, if I could get away tomorrow, it might be a fishing trip. I like to fish spasmodically. Or a camping trip, something out of doors. Anything just so it isn't a Cook's Tour."

You can see Bill isn't a ladies' man; nor, on the other hand, a big outdoor athlete. He's the polished gentleman of his screen characterizations. And in spite of his modesty in admitting his histrionic abilities, he has made many difficult characters live on the screen. Remember him in "Forgotten Faces," "The Great Gatsby," his Philo Vance stories, and "Street of Chance?" Perhaps because he cannot 'feel' Jamie Darricott of "Ladies' Man," naturally, comes his reluctance to play such a character. Certainly the Jamie as conceived in the novel is not such an admirable person. A gigolo, a handsome wastrel whom women ran after. Supported practically by a wealthy woman and adored to distraction by her own daughter, he was the despair of the men and the darling of the ladies until vengeance found him. But then to one, Bill Powell makes of "Ladies' Man" another real character.

Not a Ladies' Man
Continued from page 21

Jules White and Zion Myers, directors of the 'barkies,' coaching one of the 'stars' for a scene. Note the miniature sets.
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BROWNATONE

TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

Screen Society

Continued from page 89

far away from them, but the wind changed before it reached their house. And though the boy worked to get things out while the fire was threatening, the little girl slept all through the night.

Joe Santley, noted on the stage as dancer, actor and director, may go into the acting ends of pictures, he said.

And by the way, the little daughter had a chance to go into pictures, but her dad wouldn't let her. However, she takes after her mother by taking to dancing like a duck to water.

Genevie Hobin was there, too, with her mother. She had been so happy, she said, to have her mother and her brother and sister-in-law with her. They are going to take a house. There weren't very many young boys for her at the party, but she is a quiet, old-fashioned sort of girl, and seemed to enjoy her talk with the older people.

That sweet, lovely Ann Harding, whom everybody adores, was present with her husband, Harry Bannister. She talked as usual about her daughter. Even in the winter time Miss Harding has a fine, rosy complexion, due to the fact that she works a great deal in her garden at home, and never wears any make-up, not even any powder!

Grace LaRue, well known to the vaudeville and musical comedy stages, arrived shortly with her husband, Hamilton Hale. He is in pictures, and it is just possible that Miss LaRue too may adopt them.

Virginia Hartman, who was on the stage, now in pictures, was among the guests, too. She was the original Trilby, you know, on the stage. She and John Barrymore were married in the picture, "Trilby," when he plays Svenoglo, had had many talks about the old play. Supper was served, a la buffet, quite late, after which everybody gathered in the big dining room and joined in singing Old Logy Sync.

Joe Cartier has been making a very big hit in pictures, so that there is little chance of his returning to the stage.

After supper we sat beside Mrs. Leslie Carter, who, by the way, is returning to the stage and David Belasco's management. She is looking fine, and is as fascinating as she can be.

Mr. and Mrs. David Butler were there.

Mrs. Winifred Farrum, widow of Dustin Farrum; Donald Crisp, Ralph and Vera Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford Kent, Martin Burton, David Torrence, Philip Klein, son of Charles Klein, noted playwright; Mr. and Mrs. Lamden Hare, and others.

EDDIE LOWE's and Lillian Tashman's Sunday afternoons at home are always so ways delightful, and so when Patsy and I were reminded of the pleasant event, we went over there gladly.

John Davis came with us, and we found a number of charming people already gathered in that most livable of rooms, the Lowe-Tashman drawing room.

There is a big fireplace, with upholstered seats at right angles to it, and there we found ensconced the chic Kay Francis and the gallant in every way Mr. V. V. and who had arrived together. They will be married by the time you read this.

Sandwiches and fruit were loaded on the dining room table, and you helped yourself if you desired, or a maid brought trays of cakes and sandwiches to you as you sat close to the fire.

Kay Francis was living up to her reputation as an unusually well-groomed young lady by wearing a smart sports suit of dark red.

She declared she would like to work to Paris just to see if there really was going to be any change of fashions.

However, she is rapidly becoming known for her acting as well as her clothes, and we had a nice little chat about talking pictures.

Dashiell Hammett, author of "The Maltese Falcon," was there with his wife, and proved to be a quiet, unostentatious young man with not a trace of the ceremoniousness that characterizes his books.

Lillian Tashman was wearing rose-colored velvet pajamas, so loosely cut that they looked like a divided skirt, really, and a rose velvet jacket. Lillian always manages to make whatever she is wearing look as though it were exactly the right thing from a fashion standpoint. And it always is!

Bill Haines brought Mae Sunday, and together the two kept everybody shouting with laughter.

Edward Knopf came in shortly afterwards. His wife, it was said, was in New York, and he was feeling a bit lonely. And when he felt lonely, he declared, came over to see Eddie and Lillian, because their warm friendship kindled a glow in his heart.

His wife had had to go East to see about some business, he explained.

Johyna Howland, there, and Walter Hagen, golf champion, and Lynn Starling, the playwright. Lothar Mendez brought Lady Inverclyde. Jetta Gondal with her husband, and Gery Grier; and there were David and Myron Selznick, Roland Young, Sol Wurtzel, Barney Glazer, Eileen Fry and others.

"COLONIAL houses all lighted up just..." do seem like real party houses, don't they?" demanded Patsy, as we journeyed up to the home of Paul Sloane, the director, and his lovely wife, Lillian Sloane, who, once on a time, you know, was a grand singer. They were giving a party, and we had been invited.

"Beau only," Patsy went on, "a colored butler in a long-tailed coat opens the door, it will be perfect."

And there, sure enough, was the colored butler in all his beauty. Mrs. Sloane was looking beautiful in a white evening gown, and she and Paul bowed us the pleasantest welcome.

"There are a bride and groom downstairs," Mrs. Sloane whispered to us excitedly, as she accompanied us to her bedroom to rest our wraps, as the colored maid said.

Leni Stengel and Boris Ingster, the Russian director, were the bride and groom in question. They had stolen a march on their friends and got married that day, instead of waiting a week, as they had told everybody they were going to do.

We found the bride wearing a smart black evening gown, but even the black seemed to be accentuated by her radiant beauty. She told us in amusing fashion how they had gone to a judge to be wed, and had found him half asleep over a love story they had made him perform the ceremony.

They aren't going to have a honeymoon until later, but will go to Canada this summer. "Beau" is the vamp in "Beau Ideal," you know.

We found the big living room full of guests, and as there were a couple of birthdays, many gifts were piled in a corner.

Patsy Ruth Miller was there with her husband, Tar Garnett, the director, and...
we had a nice chat with her. They had lately returned from Mexico, and had some amusing things to tell us.

"We couldn't speak Spanish," said Patsy, "so when we heard that we were to meet a personage named Pat Healy, we were all ready to fall on his neck and jabber in English. And especially when we saw him, and saw that he was fair and red-headed, we felt that here at last was a haven from all the Spanish we were hearing talked every moment. But alas, he turned out not to be able to speak any English at all! You see, when General Scott left Mexico, a company of his soldiers, Irish, deserters and settled in Mexico. And he was a descendant of one of those Irish soldiers.

"We advertised to Mexican people, as they were most hospitable. One custom of theirs is charming, but a bit wearing after a long evening's entertainment. Everybody shakes hands all around when arriving and departing! No matter if a man goes away for an hour and returns, he shakes hands with everybody when he enters and when he comes back. We decided that the Mexicans are, after all, a very energetic people."

Patsy Ruth is coming back into pictures, you know, just as many other former picture stars, somewhat relegated to the background by the stage stars, are doing. Kenneth Thomson and his wife were there; and Mr. and Mrs. Crawford Kent, Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, the composers; Mr. and Mrs. Ray Hatton, May Robson, James Creelman, Bertram Milhauer, and many others.

Mildred Harris was there with Leonard Silman, of the stage and pictures. Mildred has been working very hard of late on her voice and dancing, and is playing in an after-theater show known as the "Eleven-Fifteen Revue."

Her little son is about four years old now, and though she is divorced from her husband, Terry Mc Coy, she has the little fellow with her all the time. She says he reveals some signs of wanting to be an actor, but is very fond of drawing, too. She has developed greatly from the frivolous, thoughtless child who was married to Charlie Chaplin. That seems a long time ago!

Of course there was some delightful impromptu entertainment at the party. Mrs. Jolson made the announcement quite seriously that a certain noted Hungarian prima donna would appear, assisted by two Hungarian male singers and a Hungarian pianist.

She disappeared and returned clad in a lovely Hungarian costume, which she explained afterward, she had bought from a lady in Budapest during her recent trip there. Then Messrs. Kalmar, Ruby and Steiner all appeared, also wearing Hungarian native costumes, and looking funny enough in them, one must admit, according to our American way of thinking. They sang together most melodiously, doing comic folk songs, and were a riot. A real gypsy orchestra was one of the features of the evening. Its music is fascinating and stimulating, and one wonders why more gypsy orchestras don't come to this country. It's an idea!

**Tune In**

**Continued from page 62**

corners to radio but their place in radio is not only fair, it is fixed.

Since Gibbons flushed upon the micro- phone scene as a fast-spouting chronicle of news and adventure in various parts of the world, radio has halted in its welcome of spectacular stuff. In the words of the current song it is bidin' its time, waiting for something to turn up, some new personality who will capture the fancy as well as the ears of the public as a score of others have already done. It looks like a long wait.

Of the score of others, of the old-timers, all are exclusively the products of radio with the exceptions of Lopez and Damrosch. All were obscure figures in the entertainment world until the broadcasters seized upon them and made them known wherever radio penetrates.

McNamee was a church baritone when he entered the old studio of WEAF on lower Broadway one day and asked for work. The M. Vallee had been driven from the screen in search of employment before his special style of crooning captivated all ages of women from eighteen to eighty. When the M. Vallee's imitators swarmed upon the air the leader of the crooners, able showman that he is, did not strike an idea of desiring. He quickly abandoned his amorous tribute to deep night and the vagabond species of lover and with a stein song rode in on the anti-prohibition train.

Jones and Hare had had some small measure of success in Broadway revues. Hare had been an understudy to Massa Jolson, such an able one, indeed, that once when the Massa was missing from a per-formance he assumed the rôle without detection from the customers. Radio brought Hare the fame and fortune he was denied on the stage.

We might take full pages to tell you that OLD GOLD is the finest, throat-easiest cigarette. But why waste space when all we want to say is:—"TRY THEM!" One pack is worth a thousand words!

O. G. has defeated every other leading cigarette in public taste tests. Your throat... your taste will tell you why. And no double page ad could tell you more.

**A SMALL AD**

... BUT OH MY!

John Boles is going dramatic, not operatic, in "Skerd," his next. He has two leading ladies—Lois Wilson and Genevieve Tobin.
Her little secret!  
(Would you care to share it?)

Nobody knows just what Helen does to keep her hair so attractive looking. It always sparkles! It never seems dull (like so many other girls' hair).

What is her secret? - You'd be surprised! A simple little shampooing hint that a famous beauty specialist gave her. Yet you may share it, too! Just use Golden Glen Shampoo! It will show you the way! As your dealers’, 25¢, or send for free sample!

*(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely clean. Golden Glen Shampoo, in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "dry-sheen" - a wee little bit- not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shades of hair!)*

J. W. KOB1 CO.  
633 Rainer Ave., Dept. D, Seattle, Wash.  
Please send a free sample.

Name  
Address  
City  
State  
Color of my hair

Likewise, La Dragonette was once the lyric but invisible Angel in "The Miracle" and later, as if to demonstrate her physical substantiality, played the part of the earthy Kathie in "The Student Prince." Radio, too, brought her acclaim that had not been forthcoming from Broadway. Today she is reputed to be the highest paid soprano on the air.

The history of Amos 'n Andy is familiar. Obscure actors and impresarios of amateur productions in the south, they recognized in radio the promised land to renown and riches. Though they are nearing the end of their second year on the networks, their popularity shows no sign of diminishing. Madame Karzanova is the best known Russian artist on the microphone, airing on violin and to the accompaniment of balalaikas the folk songs of her native land. Dad Pickard was a traveling salesman in the south who used a facility with the harmonica as a means of zarzuela bigger and better orders before the broadcasters hunted him down with their dotted lines. Today Pickard has his whole family in a radio program, a program in which he regularly revises the picturesque jigs of a more primitive America.

Cross, like McNamee, was a church soloist. Husing developed his gift for gab as a salesmen of wicker furniture. Cook had been engaged in written musical shows and Miss Breen had been busy recording ukulele music for the phonographs.

Of the later recruits to radio stardom, Gibbons and Julia Sanderson were, of course, well known before they joined the microphonic hosts. Today, Gibbons, while remembered as a newspaper correspondent, is known primarily as a radio personality. Miss Sanderson has come into a new reward as a sentimental balladeer. Lord and Munday are exclusively radio products.

Radio, like the movies, has developed the majority of its magnificoes. It will continue to do so or we are facing more than ever through our gray drabery. It is about time, right now, that some new star appeared in the broadcasting heavens. But even when that time comes the old stars will continue to hold their place. Radio stars are not easily dislodged.

Their Private Wives  
Continued from page 20

Although Bob Montgomery is so silent about his private wife, we know that she is an extremely pretty girl, who was Elizabeth Bryan-Allen before marrying his Bob. A sister, Martha Bryan-Allen, was well known on the New York stage before she, too, married and retired. The Montgomery heiress is named Martha for her.

Chester Morris’ spouse, Sue, is petite and pretty. There are two children who are such grand camera subjects that it’s a shame Chester’s screen fans won’t have a chance to see and admire their photographs. Oh, come on, Chester—ask us over, won’t you?

In a general way, however, it’s a pretty hectic matter to be a private wife to a famous star. You are in it but not of it, as it were. You participate in the merest glimmer of the glory, but jolly well share all the responsibilities and calamities to the very hilt.

Such wives often get very restless, as for instance the first Mrs. Adolph Menjou, who had the strongest objection to backgrounds appertaining to herself. It takes no end of amiable philosophy to be a private wife in Hollywood and an almost divine selflessness to make a genuine success of it. Her husband must be her sun, her moon, and all the electric lights for her life. It’s easier when there are children, for the most essential thing for a private wife is plenty of exciting preoccupation!
picture was released. 'Such things never happen in a university,' I was to be the living refutation.

"After the picture was over a couple of fellows in my group said: 'Why don't you go out to Hollywood during vacation and look for work?'

"I thought that was an excellent idea and did go. Only when my vacation was over I couldn't leave. I was badly bitten by the Hollywood bug. But for a year I could get nothing to do—just playing bits here and there—until suddenly 'Devil's Holiday' dawned upon me. It was made with Nancy Carroll, Edmund Goulding, and a good story, to say nothing of the fields of wavering corn. I woke up one morning and for the first time in my life I used the dotted line of a contract.

"From that moment on, every producer seemed to want me to work in a picture—after a year of nobly fighting egerness. I finished 'Devil's Holiday' one Saturday afternoon at five o'clock. Started another picture that same night at nine. Finished one for Fox at two o'clock the next day, started at Warner's the next morning. Worked there twenty days and began the next scene at Columbia on 'The Criminal Code.' Remained until the picture was completed—eight-thirty one Tuesday night—and then dashed off the lot with a police escort to catch the eight-forty train for New York. Missed it. Didn't reach New York until Saturday morning. Began work that afternoon and have been on the go ever since. So you can see how much good I'd be to a wife.

"The trouble is you get so wrapped up in your work you forget everything. It is the most selfish profession in the world for if you want to be any good you've got to give all of yourself to your films and if you do that—where does a wife or a family come in?

"I got so excited when I played the sailor in 'Her Man' I could think of nothing else. It was my first tough part and I was crazy about it. Nobody believed I could do it. Everyone said: 'Gee, Phil, you won't be very good as a sailor.' But it comes natural for even the most conservative person to have his tough moments. The difficulty I had was to get my voice right. I had to have a certain tough tone which can only be gotten by adopting a peculiar nasal quality. After I had done it, I enjoyed the pictures more than anything I've ever experienced in my life. Particularly the scrap which put twelve people in the hospital. That film was real, all right. But any good melodrama is, for it goes back to primitive living.

"It was sheer luck that got me into pictures, and looking back over my life I've been lucky all along except for one mishap which occurred the day I was born. My mother was on her way from the West back to New York where I was to have made my first personal appearance. But being a premature infant even then, I decided to come into the world in Grand Rapids, Michigan, instead. And you can imagine the blow that was to my Broadway Thespian parents! However, it was a great bit of luck being born into a stage family for, no matter what people say about talent not being inherited, after all there is a certain sensitiveness which a son of artistic parents is bound to have handed down to him. He's bound to be the same type of emotional being. But a son of an already famous actor has to work like the devil before people are willing to admit he can stand on his own.

"Although I had absorbed a certain amount of stage technique from watching my father all these years, when I went to Hollywood I had to learn that most important part of all screen acting—how to project myself. How much to give out—how much to hold in. When you're before the mike you can't tell if you're any good. You have to see your scenes played back first. When you're actually before the cameras you get so tied up in your part that you're apt to overdo it. It's only by keeping a tight rein on your emotions that you can give a good performance. Which seems strange to outsiders since most of them think it's by cutting loose and letting your emotions carry you along that you earn the great big villa in Beverly Hills and that large red roadster!"

"Of all the women in screenland, Holmes likes Swansen best. "Gloria has a magnificent mind and she exudes a certain romantic flavor which is absolutely fascinating to me," he explains.

"Gary Cooper and Dick Arlen are his pick among the men. For sport he likes flying but doesn't own one gadget from another. He's not one bit mechanical. He has no hobbies. Doesn't care to read. Doesn't play the piano—or the zither. Can't work himself into a froth of excitement over golf, tennis or polo. But he does like athletic girls with nice sun-tanned skin who don't insist upon his being athletic! Nice, good-natured girls whose idea of a swell afternoon is to sit by his side on the Pacific sand and listen to the rollers breaking on the more or less stern cinema coast.

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You probably know Mrs. White yourself...have often remarked how clean and attractive she keeps her whole house...and her children, too...and yet always has time for other things!

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plaining. Laugh and we'll all laugh with you, but weep and you weep alone, is their usual attitude. Cheerio!

Don't be so unintelligent as to be envious of your friend's good looks or clothes. And don't try to make yourself into her type or anybody's type. Gentlemen may sometimes seem to prefer blondes but brunettes have a good chance, too, and so have red-headed girls!

I remember a demure little blonde with curly hair and peaches and cream complexion. She used light rouge and powder to go with her skin and when other girls became sleek-haired she let her continue to fluff. But as she grew older she became more modern, and feeling that nature had tipped her she envied her taller, darker, more sophisticated friends who conveyed by their appearance that they were all grown up and knew their way about. So she modeled her hair into sleek, graceful lines, darkened her light brows and deepened her flesh tones with skillfully blended powder. Her cheeks were unrouged but a vivid lipstick gave sophistication to her curving mouth. She changed her style of dress which had been charmingly feminine and wore slender tailored suits and smart little hats.

But, a man whom she liked very much and who liked her because of her old-fashioned femininity was puzzled at the change in her appearance and frankly disapproved. "What's the idea?" he wanted to know. "You used to be in a class by yourself. Now, you look exactly like every other girl I know." So, not too promptly or too obviously, as it's never wise to let a man know you're trying to hold him, she let her hair go fluffily again, went back to the skirts and sweaters that became her so well, back to pink rouge and powder.

Be individual, Leonora! In a class by yourself. With red hair and green eyes you're in luck because yours is a most interesting type and with infinite possibilities. Bring all your cleverness into play. Wear green and black. When you want to be particularly devastating wear reddish brown to bring out the red in your hair, with green accessories to make your eyes look greener. In the evening wear creamy white with green earrings and necklace. Be glad and proud of your lovely friend and her endearing ways. Be glad you have a devoted boy friend and a job and are making good. Never mind about lack of leisure. Leisure is all right if one knows how to use it, but how many do? A bird in a gilded cage, a flock of gold fish swimming about in a shiny, iridescent bowl are nice to look at but who wants to be one of them?"

---

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**The Talkie Teetotalers!—Charles Chaplin**

Continued from page 32

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Betty Compson is blonde, beautiful and charming—all the attributes that make a girl popular.
contracts." No written agreement of her status, her salary or anything. She just laughs about it.

"I just discovered," she is amused, "that my old contract has run out and my new one doesn't start for a week or so yet, so now I'm working—oh, under the old arrangement. If my dressing room was all falling apart, wouldn't that be too bad for Mary?" And this from a Hollywood star where business is business and you demand things done in black and white!

It was just a little more than a year ago that Kenneth Hawks went down to an untimely death during the filming of "Such Men Are Dangerous." For months Mary was confined to her home with a nervous breakdown. Weeks of a milk diet. Then back to the movie lot a broader, fuller career, "Holiday," "Adios," with Richard Barrymore. Just the cycle of fashion has whirled around again—into Mary!

Away back in 1921 her very first picture was "Regrets," said. "She's a sweet heroine. That was the character Mary was to portray for many pictures to come.

For her first big recognition came as the sweet ingenue in "The Bright Shawl." Never did she do the flaming youth parts. Coleen Moore was then high in the cinematic heavens.

Remember her with John Barrymore in "Beau Brummel?" Remember her in "Don Q" with Douglas Fairbanks? In "The Rough Riders" she was again the sweet, appealing heroine. All honors for Mary, but not great honors.

Then came the era of the flappers. The going was not so good. She tried the high stepping kind of role, "Dressed to Kill," "Dry Martini," "Romance of the Underworld," "Lady from Hell." Mary wasn't that kind of girl. Applause was not for her. Alice White, Joan Crawford, Clara Bow held the stage. Mary was lost in the wilds of Cimarron.

But Mary has become the woman the young girl promised, and a new age is here. Mary has come into her own. She's given a hand to the mature, 1931 style. Mary is on the crest of the wave!

**Ask Me**

Continued from page 101

Window B, of Hawaii. We do not send out pictures of the screen stars but if you'll write to them, using the addresses you'll find in SCREENLAND and ask for a photograph, you may get what you're looking for. But don't blame me if you don't write a "come-hither" letter.

S. S. S. What intriguing combination have you concealed in your initials or is it a stuttering habit hard to break? "Lights Out" was released in 1923 with Ruth Stonehouse but I have no record of her leading man. Lou Chasey passed away August 26, 1930. You may be able to obtain a photograph of him by writing Metro-Sound-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Sweet Sixteen.** I'm not supposed to give advice on etiquette or beauty culture but here is a quiet tip before the Editor catches me. If you want to play the piano, don't get a finger wave. Roland Drew appears in "Ex-Flame," adapted from the novel "East Lynne," with Neil Hamilton, Marian Nixon, Norman Kerry and Cornelius Keefe. Roland is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds and has black hair, dark grey eyes and is about 27 years old. He is not on contract to any one company.

Rate N. D. Charles Rogers was born August 13, 1905, has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. He is not married or engaged. His next picture is "Along Came Youth" with Frances Dee and Stuart Erwin. John Mack Brown was born Sept. 1, 1904. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds and has black curly hair and brown eyes. He is in "The Great Meadow" with Eleanor Boardman.

Mercedes K. William Collier, Jr., is one of the busiest players in pictures, having appeared in many of the banner films in the past two years. He has been active in stage and screen work about 16 years. He is in "Cimarron" with Richard Dix, Irene Dunne, Estelle Taylor. He's known as 'Buster.'

Nicholas G. A list of screen stars who have had stage experience would take too much space but I'll give you a few. Clive Brook, Nick Ather, Richard Dix, Robe Ames, Robert Armstrong, George K. Arthur, George Bancroft, Joe E. Brown, Wallace Beery, John Bebes, Charlie Chaplin, Charlie Chase, Leo Cody, Ronald Colman, Ralph Forbes, Neil Hamilton, Oliver Hardy and Stan Laurel. I could go on to the end of time but time's up.

Helen Jean C. Karl Dane is very much alive and is likely to bob up in most any picture to supply the comedy relief. He is co-starring with George K. Arthur in short comedies. He had a fine chance to do some "funny business" in "A Lady's Morals" with Grace Moore and Reginald Denny. Karl was born Oct. 12, 1886, in Copenhagan, Denmark. He is 6 feet 3½ inches tall, weighs 205 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes.

Sophia B. I'm sure Constance Bennett never played in "Ten Sears Make a Man" with Jack Mulhall—I can't locate such a film and the delicious Connie would look askance at such a suggestion. She is 23 years old and the sister of Joan who is 20 Connie has golden hair and blue eyes. She's in "Sin Takes a Holiday" with Kenneth MacKenna and Basil Rathbone; and "The Easiest Way," with Bob Montgomery and Adolfpe Menjou.

Larry. I wouldn't call you silly for being madly in love with Clara Bow—there are many others who are "this way and that way" about her. She once played opposite Glenn Hunter of stage fame in "Grit," a silent picture. She has been one of Paramount's stars for a long time. Her latest release is "No Limit." Her new one will be "Working Girl."

Blue Eyes. Does Ramon Novarro like blondes and brunettes? I wouldn't be surprised for Ramon is a very discriminating

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person. He was born Feb. 6, 1900, in Durango, Mexico. He is devoted to music, playing the violin, piano and organ, as well as composing. He is also an accomplished dancer, having appeared on the stage with a famous dancing act, when he first came to the United States.

Jean A. You want to give the Vee Dee Department a big hand, do you? I need many a big hand to answer all the questions you fans ask. Nils Asther hasn't made a picture since "The Sea Bat." I'll let you know through my department when he signs for a new picture.

Kit of Penna. You want me to settle a heated argument over the color of Colleen Moore's eyes. Your friend is right, Colleen has one blue and one brown eye, though they photograph the same color. Colleen and Tom and Owen Moore are not related; neither are Joan and Kathryn Crawford or Barbara and Larry Kent.

Charles Rogers with Annny Ann, Continental screen star, at the Paramount Studios near Paris.

Movie Fan from N. Y. John Gilbert is one of Utah's boys who made good in a big way in Hollywood and the rest of the world. He is 33 years old, was married to Leatrice Joy in 1923, and their daughter was born Sept. 6, 1924, Leatrice divorced Jingo; and on May 9, 1929, John married Ina Claire. His real name is John Pringle. Douglas Fairbanks' real name is Ulman. He was born May 23, 1984, in Denver, Colorado.

Cary L. In case you haven't heard, Joan Crawford's name has become household word, like Santa Clara, Am' n Andy and what not. Joan's picture will be a distinct departure from her previous roles as portrayed in "Modern Maidens" and "Blushing Brides." In "Paid," her new film with William Bake- well, Robert Armstrong, Marie Prevost and Polly Moran, she has her first emotional heavy role. And she's splendid. Later of course, she'll do more of her popular Whoopie films, following up the "Brides" series. What will it be next, Joan—"Our Dashing Divorcées"?

M. B. of N. O. If you are movie-mad as you say, we have a lot in common and I don't care who knows it. It's true that Richard Arlen has a young daughter by a former marriage. Charles Farrell is into only son as far as I know. Hedda Hopper is 5 feet 10 inches tall; John Ralston is 5 feet 1 inch; Nancy Carroll is 5 feet 4 inches; Lupe Velez is 5 feet 6 inches and Lloyd Hughes, 6 feet tall and weighs 155 pounds.

New Haven Friend. Will I let you write again? Try from not stopping your correspondence! Hugh Allan, whose family name is Hughes, was born Nov. 5, 1903, in Oakland, Cal. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. His first screen appearance was in "Sally" in 1924—that is, the first and silent version, with Colleen Moore. "Morocco" introduces Paramount's newest sensation from Germany, Marlene (pronounced Mar-la-sa) Dietrich, who will cause many a male heart to flutter.

Charlotte E. With thousands of extras working in films who step out and do a song, a dance and a bit of funny business, I would have to have a more detailed subscription than you've given, to establish their identity. Victor McLaglen and Mona Maris appear in one of Vie's latest releases, "A Devil with Women."

Buddy W. You can find Betty Compson's address in Write to the Stars Department, see page 99, a service our readers will welcome. You will be in "The Boudoir Diplomat" with Ian Keith, Mary Duncan and Jeanette Loff; and in "She Got What She Wanted" with Lee Tracy, Gaston Glass and Alan Hale.

Elaine K. You're right, I'm not an ad- visor, a casting director or what have you and to ask me about getting into pictures is simply futile, that's all! If I knew the answer I'd break in myself. Ronald Col- man is in "Raffles" with Kay Francis. Bebe Daniels' next will be "My Past", with Ben Lyon in support.

Miss I. S. Sorry I don't know the birthdays of Clive Brook's children—I have more fun keeping the dates of your favorite stars' names right and I'd laugh myself to death if I tried to keep up with the kiddies, too. Clive Brook's next film is "East Lynne", starring, Conrade Nagel and J. M. Kerrigan. Mr. Brook was borrowed from Paramount and Miss Harding from Pathé for this Fox film.

Bubbles. So you're just bursting with joy over the thought of seeing your favorite, Robert Montgomery, in his next picture, "Inspiration," with Greta Garbo. That's something to feel all this and that everyone hasn't, is it? I know it sounds interesting but not missing single men.

Helen of Detroit. You only want to ask a few questions, do you? Can I de- pend on that? Fie, fie, how should I know who has the prettiest legs in Holly- wood! After all, how can she miss? I do not know her age but I know she doesn't look it. Both Bards are now in vaudeville.

R. O. L. So you are the one who has been following me for a long time—and a bit lively or you'll never catch up with my shadow. Where have you been not to know Sue Card is still in pictures? Her
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THE MOST POPULAR GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD
Who Is She? WHAT MAKES HER POPULAR?

The answer is in the April Silver Screen On sale on all news stands March 10th.

latest release is “Check and Double Check” with Amos ’n Andy, Irene Rich, and Charles Morton.

Elizabeth A. B. The whole movie fan world was all hot and bothered over Janet Gaynor's long absence from the screen but now everything is 'hooey-tody' and the little Gaynor will be seen with Charlie Farrell in “The Man Who Came Back.”

Balle A. You are not alone in your warm admiration of Robert Montgomery—he has a wife and a baby who are 'rooting' for him, too. One of his latest releases is “War Nurse” with Anita Page, Marie Prevost, Zasu Pitts, Martha Sleeper and Robert Ames. Sorry I can’t give you his home address. His wife might not like it. Besides, I don’t know it.

Eddie Lowe Fan. Edmund Lowe had the record of being the youngest student to graduate from the Santa Clara University, 39th in college from which he graduated in the Law Department. He was a noted baseball player as well as a fine student. He was on the team three years before going into pictures. He has never played anything but leads—his first was with Dorothy Dalton in 1918. He was in “Scotland Yard” with Joan Bennett.

Star Couple: Intimate View

Continued from page 20

without ceremonies. That Without a Song and Great Day are lost to the screen is a minor tragedy. They were torchy tunes of the first fire.

Which brings us to the announcement of Joan’s next 1931 picture—Torch Song—a dramatic affair that flared briefly this past Fall on Broadway. In it Joan will impersonate a Salvation Army lassie who forgets her darlings in the arms of a travelling salesman. The screen version will probably metamorphose her into a Park Avenue debutante in love with her uncle’s chauffeur. “Torch Song” will still be a good title. Things are figured out that way in Hollywood.

When speaking of his own career, Fairbanks, Jr., was inclined to be a trifle dour. Following “Dawn Patrol” he had been promised big things—even stardom. So he was disappointed to find himself engaged in “One Night at Susie’s” with Billie Dove. It seems that it is the custom when playing opposite Miss Dove to use only the back of one’s head. Then there was “Little Caesar”—a good story, Doug pointed out, on which he was employed seven weeks. “But worked only six days. A bit. Gee!”

“I know exactly how it feels,” said Joan. “They were all set to star me. Then had to keep me from losing my head, they put me in a Tim McCoy picture. Horse Clara. And what horses!”

Doug, the Colbert was expected for tea in the afternoon, which moved me to talk of our trust in a cup-custard teaspoons, and familiar to the readers of Silver Screen.

This led the young couple to ask that very soon I show them some of the more general speeches, and elegant and elegant. "Now that we'll drink," said Doug. "But we want to see what they're like."

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Continued from page 60

Beau Gallant
Forbes

So that makes him practically American, he contends. Even now he talks like us except for an unconscious and authentic British accent. His mother, also of stage fame, lived on this side of the Atlantic for years, and he himself while still in school, made several trips to the United States, so he understands American ways and speech. At school, he confesses, they even called him the Yankee.

"When I first came over," he says, "I understood America better than America understood me. But when I came West for the first time I must have been pretty much of a 'sap.' For instance, I thought a cowboy was a valet or something!"

He was born in good old London, the crown of the Thames. He received his formal education in Denstone College. His family was opposed to his going on the stage. He was destined for the law. But the footsteps willed to him.

"Of course," he tells you, "the acting profession is recognized and respected in England now. But it was only in King Edward's time that a law was repealed which made it unlawful for 'strolling players' to act without a special grant from the King. It was a dead law, hundreds of years old, which had never been taken from the statutes. In those enlightened days when a king could do no wrong, if a stroller was caught performing without such a royal grant, his cars were cut off summarily! Lupino Lane's—" the little comedian's—family had such a grant from the King centuries ago!"

But Ralph decided that debutsates without color and that actresses were the most charming women in the world, so he became an actor. Isn't that a 'beau geste'?

He came to New York for a short time originally to play in "Havoc" at the Maxine Elliott Theater. But he met Ruth Chatterton and that played hell with him! He'd sworn to be a bachelor, but nine weeks later he married her. That was in 1926. He has never gone back to England. Not even to visit!

He thinks New York is incomparable to any other city. Hectic. Gargantuan. London is more of a type but gives London a New York is American. Manchester and Liverpool are typical English cities that are comparable to our Pittsburgh and Chicago. San Francisco is more like London than any other American city. And Hollywood like nothing else in the world. But life in Hollywood is just the same. You have the same friends, do the same things, talk of the same things. No orgies here!

Ralph's stage career began in 1922. It was then he made his first movie in England. Then he went on the stage in London, appearing in "The Flame" and "Far Above Rubies." Then came his trip to New York to play in "Havoc." He remained to play in "The Little Minister" and "Marriage of the Century." And more recently in Los Angeles in "The Green Hat" and "The Swan."

His first prominent screen role was that of John Geste in "Ben Hur." Since then he has been one of the screen's most sought-after leading men. The talkies were no menace to him, equipped as he is with a fine English accent and a good voice. He has been seen in "Manana," "Inside the Lines," and "Her Wedding Night" with Clara Bow. He played with Ruth Chatterton in "The Lady of Scandal." He is enthusiastic about his new-old role of John Geste.

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Rochester, N. Y.
Peel Off The Ugly "Thorns"  
Get Rid of Those Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, and Blemishes This New Way  
Have a New Skin and Youth-Like Complexion

Revetues  
Continued from page 6


Short Features

ANYTHING BUT HAM. Paramount. A comedy about a butcher and a woman by Smith and Dale. Doesn't quite make the grade.

A TOYLAND TALE. Fables-Fath. The old story of the doll in the toy shop's maker, but well chosen.

CLEANING UP. Universal. Slavonic comedy with Chester Conklin in a "white wing" role. Slow moving and not particularly funny.

DON'T LEAVE HOME. Educational. Johnny Hines brings out his old gags in this one but you'll enjoy it nevertheless.

FISHERMAN'S PARADISE. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A Sinking story that you won't find boring. Something 'reef'-ly different. See it.

HELLO RUSSIA. Universal. Slim Summervile and Eddie Graham soldier in Russia with Lucille Huston getting all the 'attention.' Funny.

HIGH C. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Charley Chase does some skidding in this and, of course, his comedy is okay.

MARRIAGE ROWS. Educational. Lloyd Hamilton in a rick-taki-busting comedy with Al St. John and Addie McPhail.

NINE NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM. Tiffany. A very entertaining comedy with an all-clip ham cast. Good plot and lots of laughs.

ONE GOOD TURN. Vitaphone. A light drama, with songs by Bing and sitting nearly woven in to make a pleasing whole.


SERVICE STRIPES. Vitaphone. A good comedy with a war background and Joe Penner supplying the laughs in fine style.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS. Universal. A series of oddities on the 'Believe it or not' order. Very interesting and entertaining.

TAKE YOUR MEDICINE. Educational. A color comedy with Andy Clyde as a hypochondriac. This proves to be the wrong machine for Andy or anyone else.

THE SHINDIG. Columbia. A cartoon comedy of the barnyard style. Good entertainment for the kiddies.

UP A TREE. Educational. A slapstick comedy about marathon dancing, tree-sitting and what you have, with Lloyd Hamilton cavorting.

Castes of Current Films

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Marjorie Rambeau; Ben J. Farrell MacDonald; Agnes, Clara Blandick; Nick, Clark Gable.*

"THE GANG BUSTER." Paramount. From an original story by Watty Heath. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: Charles Cale, Jack Oake; Sylvia Martin, Jane Arthur; Sudden Shade, William Boyd; Andrews, Mantle; William Morris; Gopher Beall, Tom Kennedy; Zella, Wynn Gibson; Pete Calley; George Seaton; Frances Dee; Eileen Burke; Tom, Carlisle Com, Fisktart, A.J. Rubble; Sam; queen.

"THE GREAT MEADOW." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the novel by Elizabeth Rabina Roberts. Directed by Charles Brabin and Edith Eller; Directed by Charles, Eller; cast: Charles, Edith Eller; Mark aka, John North Brown; Henry, Edith Eller; Sandra, Frederick; Alice, William Welsh; Thomas Hall, Russell Simpson; Miss Harriet Hall; Sarah, Pudden; Sally, Jollett, Helen Jerome Eddy.*

In 3 Days

Read Free Offer Below

LOOK in your mirror in just a few days after you do as instructed and behold the clear, new youthful skin and beauty complexion, instead of seeing those awful "thorns in the flesh" called pimples, blackheads, large pores, freckles, signs of acne and other disfiguring blemishes that hide the true beauty you possess, but do not know it.

This new discovery actually peels them off harmlessly, and they're gone for good, not covered up with paint and powder. It's the most amazing, yet simple way of removing skin blemishes you've ever read of, and all contained in a new treatise called "BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS" which now is being mailed to readers of Everyday Life ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send no money, just name and address and you will receive it by return mail, in plain wrapper. If pleased, simply tell your friends who may wish a clear, new, spotless skin and youth-like complexion. Addvors, Marv Beauty Laboratories, Dept. L-63, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Don't delay; write now!

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing (including many invalids), go to Thanhur Church because they have heard that the Ear Drum which resembles Tiny Megaphones is in the Ear and causes a lot of light. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and spare (statement of the inventor who worked himself deaf) A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 594, 725 Fifth Ave., New York.

LEARN PRACTICAL NURSING

At Home in 12 Weeks

Marvellous calling. Many earn $20 to $30 weekly caring for invalids in their vicinity WHILE LEARNING. We help secure positions. Write MISS H. TULL, 1624 Winthrop, Chicago, Ill.

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"Mail me now! Are you nervous, bashful or shy? mail for FREE book "Bashful to bashful." Write and send 25c, for this amazing book. RICHARD BLACKSTONE, 8-404 Flatiron Bldg., New York.

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Blonde by Name and Nature

By Myrene Wentworth

She's the newest blonde. And her name’s Blondell! Both the blonde and the Blondell are real.

She is five feet four inches tall, with grey eyes and hair the color of corn-silk in the sun. And she's the hottest little dynamo in that torrid little town of Hollywood.

Perhaps you saw her as the breezy sister of Dorothy Mackaill in “Office Wife.” You will see her again in “Illicit,” “Other Men’s Women,” “My Past,” and “When the Devil Was Sick.” Before these pictures were out of the Warner Studio projection room production officials threw their hats in the air in honor of Joan Blondell and trotted out the well-known contract for her to sign.

She is new to the screen, but not to the stage. A property trunk was her cradle. At the age of four months her father carried her on the stage of the Globe Theater in “The Greatest Love.” Since that time she has been on the stage for all of the twenty-odd years of her interesting life. Her favorite stage rôle is Ella in George Kelly’s play, “Maggie the Magnificent.”

She has played tank towns in China with repertory companies, split weeks in Australia, one-night stands in Germany. She has been a circus hand, a clerk in a New York department store for the shortest period any one ever held a job—fifteen minutes—and now she is on the road to movie stardom.

Joan was born in New York City in 1909. She attended the College of Industrial Arts and she did her bit on the swimming team. She wanted to get school all washed up in a hurry and start work, so she shipped to Australia and that, my dears, was the beginning of her career.

When the globe-trotting era of her life finished she came to New York and secured a rôle in the stage play, “The Trial of Mary Dugan.” Her fine work led to a screen contract. Her earliest movie ambition was to play opposite Frank Fay—and that ambition is now being realized for she is playing opposite Fay in “The Devil was Sick.” Her favorite rôle to date is in “My Past,” with Bebe Daniels.

Her present ambition is to be a combination of Ruth Chatterton and Helen Hayes. Her favorites of the screen are Ruth Chatterton and James Cagney; and of the stage, Helen Hayes and Leslie Howard. Her favorite playwright is George Kelly and George Gershwin is her favorite composer.

She prefers the screen to the stage, declaring “There is more money in the movies. Not that money is everything!” She does not do anything in particular to keep fit. She likes to take long walks and she enjoys swimming. She doesn’t bother much with beauty formulas, but washes her teeth with peroxide and water once a week, and uses the Amos ’n’ Andy brand of toothpaste between times. Her pet economy is to shampoo and dress her hair herself.

She dislikes beets, bridge, diets, getting sand in her fingernails, masculine mashers and ritz people. She is in favor of domesticity and declares it is very nice to go to a ‘real home’ after a day’s work at the studio. To date there is no ‘Mr. Blondell.’ Which is entirely her own fault!
The Candy Mint with the HOLE

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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.