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PREVIEWS:

MONTHLY
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Hear Ye! Hear Ye!
See Films—and
Earn Money!

Did you ever hear anything to equal that? You know you haven't! It's Picture Play's surprise contest for readers of this old, reliable—and different—magazine. Like everything else between its covers, the first contest ever to be sponsored by Picture Play in the nineteen years of its existence is honest and on the level. And it is a challenge to the intelligence of readers and their ability to express opinions rather than doing kindergarten work—cutting out and pasting together pictures and what not.

February Picture Play will give full particulars. Prizes of real money will be offered to real people at real addresses. You can compete as freely as your friend. All you have to do is to see films, write what you think of certain stars and, if your eye and mind are keen, earn money. Don't fail to get Picture Play for February.

Richard Cromwell gets his best chance in a long time in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," and he's as happy about it as his fans are.

To facilitate handling, the author should include a self-addressed envelope with the requisite postage attached.

STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC., 79 7th AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.
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WHAT THE FANS THINK

A VOICE FROM ACROSS THE SEA.

I READ an article in October Picture Play in which Laura Benham states that there are no real men stars, and I am wondering just exactly what she means by that.

Denying that there are no men who can carry a picture unaided by a feminine star, E. Wilson says that Robert Montgomery is an exception in England.

Personally, I disagree with her. I can name quite a few men who carry a picture on their own shoulders. I have seen Robert Montgomery's "Hide-out," and I enjoyed it immensely. I say that he needs no glamorous star to assist him.

On the other hand, even Norma Shearer never makes a picture without making sure of two big names to help her. Bob is very popular in England—his name alone fills any theater.

He is usually billed first, no matter who the lady may be, except in the case of Norma Shearer, and then he shares honors. We, in England, don't think very much of lady stars; they are so artificial, even their eyelashes. They are elaborately dressed and photographed and publicized, but except for an occasional fit of hysterics, few of them know how to act.

I can assure you that "The Mystery of Mr. X" did more for Elizabeth Allan than any other picture. Although she is English, many people here had never seen her before. I saw that one three times. They put only

Jean Harlow’s eyebrows are championed by Hannah Shepard who explains their "incredible arch" and rebukes Charles D. Bonsted.

Pictures will always maintain the highest standard of decency when Helen Hayes appears, says Alfred R. Parr.

Continued on page 10
TWO BRILLIANT STARS IN A HEAVENLY PICTURE!

"ONE NIGHT OF LOVE" charmed you! "LADY FOR A DAY" won your acclaim! "IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT" gave you happiness!
The same producers now give you the charm and joyousness of all in this grand and glorious romantic comedy!

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"Broadway Bill"
A FRANK CAPRA Production
By ROBERT RISKIN
Based on the story by MARK HELLINGER
with WALTER CONNOLLY—HELEN VINSON
A COLUMBIA PICTURE
Ask at your favorite theatre when this picture will be shown

ABBEY ANDREWS.—Nils Asther comes from Malmo, Sweden. That is his right name. He is in England at present making "Abdul Hamid." Franchot Tone will be twenty-nine on February 27th.

PETER.—Edna May Oliver is five feet ten, and Aline MacMahon, five feet eight.

Dorothy Gish seems to be the only actress whose birthday is March 11th.

Clark Gable was born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1, 1901. Mary Carlisle is five feet one; Elisa Landi, five feet five; Kay Francis, Thelma Todd, Pert Kelton, Elizabeth Allan, five feet six; Patricia Ellis and the late Lillian Tashman, five feet seven.

M. M.—Danny Ross began his singing at the age of six in the choir of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City. Enrolled in the Taft School for Boys at Watertown, Connecticut, when fourteen. From there he went to Yale, and after graduation entered Columbia University Law School. Although he received his degree and was admitted to the bar, he preferred a musical career. He has been on the air since 1926. Has made a number of "shorts," but his first full-length film was "Melody in Spring," followed by "College Rhythm."

B. MoX.—Evelyn Venable is nineteen, and Cincinnati, Ohio, is her birthplace. Her first film was "Cradle Song." For her photo, address her at Paramount Studio. For one of Robert Young, Metro-Goldwyn Studio.

JEANNE RUSSE.—You might address your inquiry about "Managed Money" to the Publicity Department, Fox Film Corp., 444 West 56th Street, New York City.

GERRY.—Frankie Darro recently completed the serial, "The Wolf Dog," for Mascot Pictures. He was born in Chicago, Illinois, December 22, 1918, and has dark hair and eyes. Next is "Racing Luck."


JAMES LACEWELL.—Now that Ken Maynard has finished "In Old Santa Fe," he will start work on the serial, "The Phantom Empire," for Mascot Pictures, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood, where you might write for his picture. That was Frank Rice as Pinwheel in "Wheels of Destiny." Mary Brown in "College Rhythm" and Nancy Carroll in "Spring 3100." Janet Gaynor is playing in "Servants' Entrance" and is to make "One More Spring."

P. C. G.—Harry Green was Herman, the tailor, in "This Day and Age." Jean Muir celebrates her birthday on February 13th. Shirley Temple in "Bright Eyes." Ginger Rogers is with RKO.
Bob's name up on the hills because they know he is the main attraction. John C. is another favorite in London, also Warner Baxter. I have never heard any one rave about Bing Crosby, Clark Gable is, I think, rather popular, but people have read so much about him that they think he is being pushed too much.


Neil Hamilton's Generosity.

RECENTLY I wrote to Neil Hamilton for a photograph (not inclosing a coin) and received one, accompanied by a very nice letter. Why isn't we do see more of him on the screen? He is a very good actor.

Now about Caulette Colbert. I wrote to her congratulating her upon her good work, and she thanked me for looking for a photograph (not inclosing a coin). To my disappointment, I received a mere post card stating she photographs were for sale at all prices.

Although I have always admired Miss Colbert, I consider it very impolite and unreasonable for her to go out and circulate her public in that manner, since she depends upon us for publicity.

I don't think any uncle finished a picture at the British General studio in London, so you have it on authority that English performers are only too pleased to send free photos as they consider it an honor to be sought after.

So let us give Mr. Hamilton a vote of thanks for showing the others the way to appreciate their admirers.

MARIE J. HUGHES.

403 West 48th Street, New York City.

Journey's End.

I HAVE to drive at least sixteen miles to see a movie and often it is more, but I honestly believe a hundred miles to see Franchot Tone and Madeleine Carroll in pictures like "The World Moves On!"

The picture itself was so refreshing and clean—like lavender and old lace—that I like to go to the theater and drive the sixteen miles the next day to see all over again the film, understanding, loyal love and marriage of Mary and Robert which touched us for once and did not end in the usual divorce court.

There was not one sordid or suggestive sequence in the whole picture; it was all fine and sweet and beautiful.

The gentlemanly, charming, and sensitive Richard was superbly portrayed by Franchot Tone and the sweet, seductive, and strong character of Mary Warner was magnificently enacted by Madeleine Carroll.

Surely, producers, you will give us more of this lovely, refreshing couple. Surely you realize now that clean, sweet pictures with worth-while plots and film moralities and acting that are clean and very tasteful go over well to the fan public.

FRANCES L. DOWLIN.

P. O. Box 65, Frazer, Pennsylvania.

A Mixed Quartet.

I HAVE nothing but praise for two up-and-coming young players. One is the rather well-known Richard Cromwell, the other is William Henry, not well-known as yet. Richard is one of our typical American young ones. Being the boy-next-door type, his appeal is universal. His boyishness and well-known appearance are refreshing. He was at his best in "That's My Boy" and "Emma," in which he gave sincere and lovable portrayals.

William Henry, in "The Thin Man," is a comparative newcomer and has appeared in only a few films, yet his appearance has attracted a lot of fan and cinematic fans. Those who saw "Best of Enemies" will recall him—the young cello player who has so extraordinarily good-looking face. His features are angelic. His small part in "Coming Out Party" was outstanding, and his better role in "The Thin Man" proved his versatility. This part, however, suppressed his intrinsic masculine charm.

There are two other young men deserving of honor mentioned. Buddy Rogers and Lammy Ross. I liked the latter in "Melody in Spring" tremendously, and hope to see him on the screen. His beautiful voice and appealing ways made the picture very enjoyable. I hope Paramount gives him the proper stories to insure his success.

It is a shame that "America's Boy Friend" should become lost to the screen after that brilliant and unforgettable performance in "Wings." I should like nothing better than to have him return to his first love, the screen.

G. M. J.

11724 Kitsilano Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

Irene Dunne Off Screen.

BING CROSBY, a grand actor with a colorful past, has at last appeared in Bing's pictures from "The Big Broadcast" to "She Loves Me Not," and I think his acting has improved tremendously. I went to see "Wings" for pursuit and I could still see it a hundred more. Carol and Bing made this picture successful, and I hope to see them together again.

I read Martin Prouty's column and "Brickbats, All Brickbats" in September Picture Play and I wonder why she ever goes to a movie if she criticizes so many beloved stars. I wonder if she heard how thousands of people crowded a New York theater to see the first showing of Ruby Keeler's "Dames." Ruby may look innocent, but she's a swell little troup and one of the biggest drawing cards in the film colony. Here's hoping we see more Keeler specials.

If Irene Dunne and John Boles were co-starred in a musical production they would certainly make a hit. In my opinion, both are big successes and the same. Recently, when Irene appeared in person in San Francisco, I was so bent on seeing her that my mother let me stay out of school to go. I've heard people say she is a lovely off-screen and on I wanted to see if it was really true. After seeing her, I quite agreed with the screen. ALICE FOOR.

229 North Hawthorne Avenue, North Sacramento, California.

Hollywood's Gain.

TO Marjorie Payn: The acclaim you choose to describe as "all this fuss" Katherine Hepburn receives from her audience is justly awarded merit for her marvelous and unique performance. It is bliss, perhaps 'tis folly to be wise about your disparaging criticism in September Picture Play. It conveys a complete lack of understanding of the characterization portrayed by actors and actresses in their varying roles, your strongest point of objection is their physical appearance on the screen.

"A Bill of Divorcement" and "Little Women" were not intended as fashions in acting, but as works of art. "Beauty is only skin deep; neither the features nor the clothes make the actor or the actress." The exquisite Katharine Hepburn they have complete understanding in rendering her impersonation of Jo March was excellent. Her unaffected and extremely graceful walk and carriage are very admirable.

Hollywood stars may not know what they are missing, but I do know what they are missing. J. C. CARR.

San Mateo, California.

Not Fair At All.

I'LL say a few words in praise of that charming and unusual young actress, Ann Dvorak. Since returning from her honeymoon, she has displayed her versatility in a variety of roles. She has beauty, sincerity, of delicate intelligence, and a captivating smile. In addition, she has real histrionic ability.

Nevertheless, she has received a series of stupid, insignificant roles. Why, Ann's part in "Midnight Alibi" was merely incidental! If given good stories and parts worthy of her talent, she would be a knock-out.

Here's hoping we see a great deal more of Ann in the bigger and better roles she so richly deserves.

PATRICIA M. New York.

Jean's Browns Distinctive.

I AM writing in answer to the letter by Charles D. Bonsted which was published in September Picture Play.

Mr. Bonsted, in your search for real eyebrows in Hollywood, you seem to have overlooked those of Ruby Keeler. Don't you realize that each star is a definite type? If, for no other reason, the natural, unpainted brows are ideal for the sweetly innocent type of Miss Keeler, they would be as much out of place on Jean Harlow as a set of false teeth.

Jean never intended to give the impression of being just Johnny Jones' girl friend. On the contrary, she made her think of something too gorgeously beautiful to be real, and the 'incredible arch' of her eyebrows merely helps to carry out this illusion.

You seem to be the only one who finds them repulsive and, although we have a right to our own opinions, I hardly think any of us are so perfect that we are priggish enough to find fault with the personal appearance of others, even if they are in the public eye.

HANNAH SHEPARD.

5962 Hooper Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

A Recipe for Clean Movies.

WITH all this "Clean Up the Movie going on, I wish to stress my opinion that the movies are very wonderful in whole—the way they have cultivated interest in all the finer things of life. To be an education in themselves. They have made the world a better place in which to live, and have lifted us out of a world bored into a world of beauty and grace. They stimulate our interest in literature, music, art, history, breed; style and correct manners. Can there be anything more elevating to the bourgeois and the cannal?

Pictures will always maintain the biggest standard of excellence with women as Elissa Landi, Katherine Hepburn, a Harding, Margaret Sullivan, Nori Sheard, and others. These women can portray artistry in any sex situation which mirrors life. I am starting these women to education and, at the same time, their intelligence and artistry can take all smutiness out of sex.

On the other hand, I think only fair to stop in time certain types of ballyhoo. Women are too rapidly turn our movie houses into cheap burlesque shows.

Joan Crawford—a brazen burlesque What a husky voice. Will she ever tivate? Continued on page 89
MATCHING each other in smooth humor and intelligent sophistication, William Powell and Myrna Loy made a joyful success of "The Thin Man." So perfectly were they teamed to the satisfaction of everyone, that they combined for "Evelyn Prentice" and made a celebration of that, and now they are in "The Casino Murder Case," with Mr. Powell again Philo Vance.
Frequently some one pops up with a list of the ten—why always ten?—most beautiful women in filmland, or in the United States, or in the world. Of course, any such list may logically be challenged since taste in beauty, as in other things, varies greatly. Still, there are certain fundamental standards in the matter of feminine pulchritude which cannot be ignored or disputed.

Very often it appears that the selector of such a list has chosen his examples, not from personal scrutiny, but from fine photographic poses. Only so can I account for the inclusion of Norma Shearer in a recent ten-most-beautiful list. I take issue with any one who asserts that Miss Shearer, whom I admire and respect, is a beauty. Certain definite defects of face and figure must, it seems to me, render her ineligible.

An actress who is a photographic beauty is not necessarily lovely in the flesh. Perfect make-up, skillful lighting, and expert photography will often transform a sunflower into an orchid. When I tell you that Mary Astor, who screens like an houri, is surprisingly plain in real life, and that the exotic beauty of Myrna Loy is a photographic illusion, please think twice before calling me a liar.

Having inspected Hollywood’s romantic actresses in person as well as on the screen, I offer you my rating of fifty of them. Their cosmetic artifices make such an attempt hazardous at best, but I have tried to make such allowances in the matter as seem just.

As I see it, Hollywood’s beauty brigade may be divided into five classes: pretty, picturesque, bizarre, distinguished, and beautiful. In this group of fifty I find that we have no less than twenty-six actresses of varying degrees of prettiness, sixteen of whom are blondes. These pretty blondes include:

- Anita Page, the most dazzling of her class, a girl who just misses being a beauty. Nose not so good and eyebrows inartistically drawn.
- Sally Eilers, who lessened her individuality by bleaching her hair.
- Pat Paterson, a vivacious Britisher with a blooming complexion.
- Marion Davies, a former beauty.
- Una Merkel, trim, graceful, and intelligent.
- Adrienne Ames, who made the mistake of bleaching her hair and darkening her skin.
- Miriam Hopkins, with her lively, interesting face and curly hair.
- Carol Lombard, who is entirely too artificial in appearance and self-satisfied in manner for her own good.
- Toby Wing, whose eyes are unattractive and who is too consciously cute.
- Alice White, with her fine Italian eyes and pleasing olive complexion. Her new Dietrich eyebrows are pretty terrible though.
- Madge Evans, whose classical features very nearly put her in the beauty class. Her face lacks animation and her eyes are ordinary.
- Joan Blondell, whose frank and wholesome grin is a little too much in evidence.
- Bette Davis, a poster girl. Eyes too prominent and lips too heavily enameled.
- Joan Bennett, with her lovely eyes and hair. Much more attractive than sister Constance.
More or Less

undergo scrutiny and are separated into five distinguished, with only ten that are really you to say about this?

Lilian Harvey, dainty, fairylike, exquisite. Upper torso undeveloped, however.
Helen Twelvetrees, whose fine-featured but childish face lacks fire and forcefulness.
Fay Wray, whose hair was originally dark, then yellow, now auburn. Fay's eyes are not large and they are a little too closely set. Her head seems too large for her undernourished body.
Janet Gaynor, once brown of hair. Originally rather plain, the dentist, beauty specialists, et al, transformed her into a vision of pictorial loveliness.
Barbara Stanwyck, merely pretty and not ambitious to be otherwise. With her talent, beauty is not so necessary.
Myrna Loy is an embarrassment. Surely that glorious person we see on the screen should not be dismissed as merely pretty! Well, in real life Myrna is a nice, sensible girl with sandy hair and freckles. Much could be done with her unusual face and heavy-browed, green eyes, but Myrna doesn't bother with artifices other than lip rouge.
Joan Crawford is another reason why this article is not so easy to write as it seems. Originally a merely pretty girl with an ordinary figure, Joan has gone through so many physical transformations that classifying her is a problem. The color of her hair has been repeatedly changed, her figure has been reduced to classical perfection, and just about everything has been done to her face. Fundamentally, I suppose Joan is still in the pretty class, a girl who enjoys dramatizing herself.

Jean Parker, whose eyes also are a little too close together, giving her a poor expression.
Sylvia Sidney, a luscious-looking girl whose full face does not measure up to her perfect profile. Womanly figure, tiny feet and hands.
Evelyn Venable, chubbily, healthily attractive. Fine shoulders.
Ruby Keeler, fresh-looking and attractive, with exquisite legs.
A fan wrote to ask me if I did not consider Mary Brian the most beautiful of all actresses. I'm sorry to disappoint Mary's admirer, but I don't feel that Mary quite makes the grade. Many fine points has Miss Brian, but her features are a little out of proportion.
Then we have five women whom I classify as being picturesque. Vividly suggestive of beauty and employing every known device of the fashionable world to accentuate their charms, there is not a real beauty among them. These include:

Constance Bennett, whose chief defects are a heavy, square jaw and a chilly expression which seldom dissolves.
Norina Shearer, a social diplomat, whose eyes, ears, and legs contradict her supposed beauty.
Jean Harlow, whose defective profile and eccentric eyebrows mar an otherwise sumptuously attractive actress.
Kay Francis, the two sides of whose face do not match. Still, Miss Francis has such warm coloring that she stands out as the most attractive of this group.
Marlene Dietrich, whose squarish face is much unlike that of the shadowy, ethereal enchantress whom we view.

Continued on page 69
WHY DOES RAFT

Here, for the first time, the secret of George Raft is revealed. Tight-lipped, withdrawn, he is in Hollywood but not a part of it. He is the loneliest man in the gay colony, shy, naïve, sentimental—the greatest paradox of all contradictory stars.

"A bodyguard!" said Hollywood, "Well, really!" And Hollywood loved the implication of excitement.

George mingled almost not at all with Hollywood's social set and the legend grew. Beauteous and famous ladies made elaborate efforts to insnare his attention.

George met them with politeness, took them to dinner, called upon them at the correct hours, wearing the correct clothes. And that was that. There was that quality of danger about him which fascinated them. But after they met him, most of them were puzzled and bewildered.

It never occurred to Hollywood that George was merely shy. It never occurred to any of us that the bodyguard was possibly a defense against loneliness, that the sinister, dangerous Raft was really homesick to a point of boyish pathos.

Despite his atmosphere of danger, despite the apparent threat in his countenance, George Raft is one of the loneliest persons in Hollywood. One of the most naïve and sentimental men you have ever met, and homesick as a college freshman.

The beautiful ladies made slight difference to him because George does not approve of most of the women he has met in Hollywood. He has the Latin dislike of fem-

His insistence on beauty, elegance and refinement in women finds answer in Virginia Pine, who is most often seen with him.

Impassive inscrutable Mr. Raft's character as well as his features lend themselves to convincing make-up for "Limehouse Blues."

This article, if you believe what it tells you, is going to puncture, destroy, a legend. Perhaps you will be disappointed. Personally, I think that the truth is much more interesting than the legend. That is why I tell it to you.

It has to do with George Raft.

You probably became acquainted with George, as did Hollywood, after "Scarface." You saw him silently tossing that coin, taking that frozen-faced walk after he had murdered a man.

You probably thought that no man with a face like that, a manner like that, could be anything but a dangerous character. There were stories that he was mixed up somehow with the underworld. He never rounded a corner, it was said, without first peeking cautiously. He had a bodyguard, a male companion who never left him, who assisted in the conduct of his growing affairs and who advised him about any major issues which might arise.
independence and most of the women he has met there are earning their own living and doing pretty well at it.

To George, all women are divided into two classes. Good women. And bad women. The good women are to be treated with an elaborate and distant and rather pained politeness. I don’t know exactly how he deals with the bad ones. We didn’t go into the subject.

I attended a cocktail party not long ago. A gay and successful cocktail party. It reached that stage when every one thought that every one else was extremely witty. Laughter grew louder and a beautiful haze of optimism enveloped the guests. Then George Raft made his entrance.

Some paused in the middle of a sentence to consider him. There is that arresting quality in the man. He greeted his hostess diffidently and looked about him. Then he seated himself—guess where! In a corner beside an elderly, invalid gentleman in a wheel chair. George shook his head as cocktails were proffered, he chatted a few moments with his chosen companion and then disappeared—almost melted—from sight.

“George is the loneliest man at a party!” remarked a blond thing pensively. “It practically breaks your heart just to look at him!”

Well, George is a lonely man anywhere in Hollywood. And this despite the fact that success seems to be coming to him faster than to almost any other young actor in our midst. He is bitterly unhappy, morose, suspicious, withdrawn. When I saw him last, he was desperately, seriously tired. That was just before he left for Europe.

He has made almost no friends in Hollywood and the ones he has made are, for the most part, not in pictures. He feels, rightly perhaps, that he doesn’t belong there, that these circles are not for him. He has been aware of the gossip and the speculation about him. He is extremely sensitive and the awareness of

Continued on page 56
That Fabulous

A new, up-to-date and highly sophisticated report of Hollywood.

No missionary work is needed to purify night life in the film belt. Hollywood is still in rompers when it comes to supper clubs and whoopee parlors.

No matter how seriously you approach Hollywood you wind up with a slapstick in one hand and a bladder in the other. It's a mad place that still features such things as a Lové Brassieré Shopp-e, a meat market run by Cashis King, and a beanery labeled Stopnup.

It's a slightly deranged town, it always has been, and as long as it's the cinema capital it probably always will be. Pictures must be made by temperamental people, and all temperamental people are inclined to be servely.

Purity is in the saddle, and has been there for months. "Sapolio" is the watchword. Every studio is watching its product carefully. The slightest double entendre is squelched.

Dietrich is being photographed with a screen about her ankles, Harlow with a screen from the waist up. Only Will Rogers gets the same treatment he always got. There are no more "Gold Diggers"; they will become "Little Women." Cagney is wooing with rattles instead of brass knuckles. Only George Arliss, Jackie Cooper, and Janet Gaynor are unchanged.

No missionary work is needed to purify night life in the film belt. Hollywood is still in rompers when it comes to night clubs and whoopee parlors. Will Hays must feel very proud indeed when he makes his weekly tour of inspection. The town is another Oskaloosa, Iowa, for all around sobriety in public places.

The El Rey, for example, is a stuffy, stall crowded with tables facing a bar. Gene Austin croons lugubrious tunes and you wonder how he became famous ten years ago chanting "My Blue Heaven." Time flies.

Helen Twelvetrees comes in, looking less than beautiful; Wheeler and Woolsey practice gags at the bar; Lilian Bond has a Howard on her arm, one of the directing Howards. You meet an Eastern orchestra leader without his orchestra; you miss the orchestra. Then a stringed trio starts to strum badly, you have another side-car, and your hosts suggest the Fifty-fifty Club.

This turns out to be another gaudily upholstered place hanging on the side of a hill. There is no crooner here, which is in its favor, but there are two dapper lads imitating Dwight Fiske. As a result the picture colony wonders why Fiske is so popular in New York.

The celebrities are more numerous here, and of higher caliber. On your left Bill Powell and Jean Harlow discuss Soviet Russia and the single-tax system. Across the room Madge Evans explains things to Lowell Sherman. Janet Gaynor slides in unobtrusively with Gene Raymond, looking singularly undistinguished.

Marian Nixon shares an alocove with William Seiter, her new husband, while her ex-husband escorts Rochelle Hudson at another table.

The place is quiet. So is the Coconut Grove at the Ambassador, and the Bowl at the Biltmore. Occasionally a star shoots meteorlike across the room, but for the most part it is humdrum, mild, and unexciting. The stars don't go out much. That was the old-fashioned way.
It takes an occasional flight to the Coast to convince one how deceitful the camera can be once it focuses on feminine beauty. The most alluring screen personalities sometimes cause no second glance when caught in the uncompromising light of midday. Other merely pretty screen faces prove to be really beautiful, off stage.

If you met Genevieve Tobin, for example, or Ann Harding on the street you would never suspect them of picture importance. You would not look twice at gaunt, freckled Katie Hepburn in her dilapidated station wagon, Anita Louise and Jean Parker are fresh young beauties. And Jeannette MacDonald and Madge Evans are even lovelier off screen than on.

The men are equally deceiving. The two most unlike their screen personalities are Chevalier and Jim Cagney. The French star is grim, moody, difficult, and somber as soon as the camera stops grinding. He reserves his sparkle exclusively for the screen. Cagney is soft-spoken, modest, and charming, in direct contrast to the brassy, blatant young niggles he plays so well in pictures.

The men most like their screen selves are Bill Powell and Bob Montgomery. Both are smart, amusing, well-informed citizens taking their work seriously, but not to the exclusion of a timely laugh.

The best mind I encountered in Hollywood reposes in the picturesque skull of that superb English actor, Charles Laughton. He talks on any subject intelligently. Hollywood has had its face lifted, geographically speaking. What used to be the smart residential sector, peopled by Mary Pickford, Dorothy Dalton, Chaplin, and other stars, is now devoted to business shops, with here and there an inimitable skyscraper.

Beverly Hills is the tony spot at this writing, and all signs point to a further westward movement in the development of the swanky Bel Air district, along the coast. From there the next step is obvious: penthouses on the Pacific.

If you are looking for stars at lunch time, your best bet is the Brown Derby in Hollywood. The Russian Eagle, presided over by a genuine ex-Russian general, was lonely and forlorn, save for sad-looking Ivan Lebedeff. The modernistic Sardi's was not at all like its prototype in New York. It was thronged with an assemblage more Iowan than Thespian. Levy's Tavern boasted only small fry; assistant directors and winners of beauty contests.

But at the Hollywood Brown Derby we saw Charlie Chaplin animatedly telling a story to Paulette Goddard, twisting his hands high over his head, laughing and grimacing; George Raft, wooden-faced and saturnine, with his bodyguard; W. C. Fields on crutches greeting every other table in the place; Ernst Lubitsch arguing heatedly with a fellow countryman over something; Carol Lombard lending color.

Out on Wilshire Boulevard the Brown Derby attracts the dinner crowd in the evening. You may see, as we did, the Bennets supping with their husbands, or escorts, Laura Hope Crews bubbling in with Eddie Goulding, Jimmie Durante giving a young admirer a ticket to his Sunday night broadcast, and Ned Sparks contemplating the menu with that same dead pan which trade-marks him in pictures.

Quickies, those amazing films produced on the proverbial shoestring, continue to serve as a haven for players who are no longer as popular as they once were. Many a competent actor is found in the casts of these independent productions. Louise Dresser, Mary Brian, Sally Blane, Aileen Pringle, Wallace Ford, Monroe Owsley.

To console those who can't get into pictures, Mr. Oettinger points out that no one in them seems to be very happy because of jealousy, gossip and discontent.
It wasn’t until Phil Regan’s ambition to be a policeman had been realized that his singing talent was discovered. Known first on the radio as “The Singing Cop,” he is now launched on a successful film career. You’ll see and hear him again in “Sweet Adeline.”

In one of the poorer sections of Brooklyn, New York, lived a boy with Irish-blue eyes and a flashing smile. Like most children in such surroundings, he had already given serious thought to the matter of making a living. Let others have their dreams. Little Phil Regan was certain of one thing. He was going to be a cop.

Across the street lived a pretty girl by the name of Ruby Stevens. Later that same little girl was to become famous as Barbara Stanwyck.

Phil never thought of the stage as a career. His private opinion was that all actors were sissies. Even now, he wonders how it all happened. He says it was just plain luck. The luck of the Irish.

After Phil completed his courses in St. Patrick’s parochial school he set about getting work. Starting as an office boy, he went from one job to another, always for more pay. When the chance came for him to make a trip to Europe, he lost no time in getting ready. He’s glad now that he did. He says that travel is the best education in the world for any young fellow.

Phil embarked for Europe on the maiden voyage of the Bremen. Fifteen glorious days in Paris gave him a taste of what it meant to be rich. The trip hadn’t cost him a cent. All his expenses were paid by a wealthy friend who had sent him over to bring back a foreign car which he later engaged Phil to drive.

Most fellows would have been satisfied. Not Phil. He still had in mind his great yen to be a policeman. A chance to drive for Judge Martin looked like an opportunity and Phil grabbed it. His hunch had been correct. The kindly judge, hearing of Phil’s ambition, arranged for him to enter the New York police force.

A much-elated young man joined a hundred other rookies in the training school at Pelham for the three months’ course of training. Just twenty-nine days later, he was tipped off as to where a murderer, for whom...
SHE'S a fairy? She's an elf? 
Or is she just her own sweet self? 
A baby sunbeam comes a-dancing, 
With shining eyes and smile entrancing, 
Bright ribbons threading hair so curly, 
Screen's dearest gift, our little Shirley.

FAVORITES of the FANS
SHIRLEY TEMPLE
ONE of the most exotic-looking newcomers, Hazel Forbes is also one of the richest actresses in Hollywood, tooth paste having amassed millions for her but nature gave her the will to succeed. So she's beginning in a musical short, "If This Isn't Love," with Walter Woolf.
MARTHA SLEEPER

BECAUSE of her increasing skill as an actress and her ripe, dark beauty, Martha Sleeper, who has served a long apprenticeship in small rôles, is now promoted to a lead. She is Richard Dix's heroine in "West of the Pecos" and Picture Play is glad of it.

Photo by Russell Ball
FAY WRAY

The time has come when there is more to say of Fay Wray than to proclaim her inexhaustible activities which have exceeded those of any other actress in Hollywood. Ever since she stopped long enough to give a brilliant performance in "The Affairs of Cellini," she's ace-high among the artists.

Photo by George Hurrell
MARGARET LINDSAY

THOUGH she passed as an English actress in making a successful Hollywood début, Margaret Lindsay has stayed on and won a permanent place for herself by being American. She goes from one picture to the other, always giving an excellent performance, gaining in looks and proficiency. Her next will be in "Devil Dogs of the Air," with James Cagney and Pat O'Brien.

Photo by Elmer Praver
The beauty of Del Rio is truly patrician. You've often heard that, but it is proclaimed anew by Picture Play who considers her the outstanding aristocrat of Hollywood—poised, gracious yet reserved, with an intelligence so keen that she discusses her films impersonally when she mentions them at all.
MADGE EVANS

QUIETLY, surely Madge Evans is recruiting an army of fans so loyal and so fervid that their admiration—and activities—must surely warm and comfort her heart in the face of roles that are often commonplace—and disheartening. Anyway, she is playing in “David Copperfield” and that must surely be a grand opportunity.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull
THE case of Betty Furness is another of the strangenesses of Hollywood. With everything to give and her ability already proved, she languishes while awaiting opportunity, with only her contract to console her. However, she's actually to appear in "Wicked Woman," with Mady Christians, and that may be the turn in the road of her crooked career.
READY TO SOAR

Betty Furness has everything it takes for screen success, including several excellent performances and a contract, too. But she spends her time in being “groomed.” For what? Here is the story of Hollywood’s newest forgotten girl.

My young sister came home from boarding school a couple of years ago with news of the school play. This time they had done “Alice in Wonderland.” She said it was good.

“The most marvelous part about it was Alice,” she told us enthusiastically. Betty Furness played it and every one thought she was simply great. They swear she’s good enough to be on the regular stage. I mean, they’re sure she has genuine dramatic talent, and they are going to try to get her a chance on Broadway. And Betty’s the sweetest thing you’ve ever seen, and I bet some day she’ll be a big star like Ethel Barrymore or Helen Hayes. She’s simply swell!”

My sister liked Betty Furness.

Between semesters Betty whiled away the time in New York by posing for the Powers Company, that highly specialized concern that furnishes lovely ankles, beautiful hands, shapely torsos and patrician necks, for the benefit of those who have wares to advertise and want them shown to the best possible advantage. Betty served not only as Girlish Youth, Pretty Feet, and Radiant Eyes; she was also Misses Size, Lustrous Hair, and Débutante. She advertised dresses, eyeglasses, perfume, and undies.

In other words, she had such a complete equipment that Mr. Powers, who has a pretty good eye himself, decided one day that Betty should have a screen test. RKO sent for her, shot scenes of her opening a letter, cooing at a canary, greeting a long-lost friend, and on the strength of what resulted, signed her.

When I arrived in Hollywood, Betty had progressed from RKO to Metro-Goldwyn, which is equivalent to moving from a flat on Thirty-second Street to an apartment overlooking the Park at Sixtieth East. She was looked upon as one of the more promising ingenues, a youngster with ability, charm, and enough of that certain element to send her far on the sound tracks.

She lives in a garish pink stucco house in the foothills of Beverly. There is a dog who barks but never bites, flowers in confusion, and a mother who did not appear, but who Betty assured me was her best friend and confidante.

As a matter of fact, mother had left a note with the Senegambian maid, for me. “Please excuse Betty’s lateness,” it said, “she is at the studio for another test. Make yourself comfortable in the patio, and pay no attention to the dog. He’s harmless.”

Inside, the house was lovely. Mrs.
Broadway’s season is in full swing, with Hollywood stars flocking to town. Here are impressions of them you won’t find elsewhere.

Constance Bennett, left, fled the Waldorf-Astoria via freight elevator.

William Gargan returned from London professing himself a reformed character.

Erin-O’Brien Moore awaits the frank opinion of picture-goers before continuing in films.

GAUMONT-BRITISH pictures have invaded America in a large way. Having three important productions to show here, they brought over a cargo of stars, directors, and executives, and invited a few hundred people to meet them at luncheon.

Jack Hulbert, Britain’s favorite comedian, bent his six feet four halfway to meet a microphone and offered amiable jokes about the British sense of humor. Robert Flaherty, who every few years comes back from the wilds with an unforgettable folk drama recorded on film, nodded his magnificent head.

For two years he has been filming “Man of Aran” among the struggling, starving islanders off the Irish coast and it must have made him slightly ill to see his hunger epic launched by feeding the already overfed representatives of the press. Then Nova Pilbeam was introduced and her first picture, “Little Friend,” shown.
By Karen Hollis

The Awkward Age.—Nova Pilbeam at fourteen makes monkeys of all who prate of technique, experience, elocution, or the gangling, awkward 'teens. She is an instinctive actress. In so far as she resembles any one, she suggests a much younger and prettier Hepburn. She is an ingratiating child, simple and direct. Being dressed by that old master of simplicity, Schiaparelli, does her no harm naturally. But even in a home dressmaker’s dream of dimity and ruffles she would be a lovely, candid child.

Benita Hume displayed her crystalline brilliance to the delight of jaded interviewers.

Marian Nixon, honeymooning again, saw eight plays in ten days.

Another British Invasion.—Staging an American conquest all by herself, Benita Hume has come back again after appearing in “Power” and Douglas Fairbanks’s “Private Life of Don Juan” in England. With engaging candor she dismisses her American films, particularly “The Worst Woman in Paris,” as “simply too awful.” As a dramatic actor rather than an athlete, Douglas Fairbanks is “simply too awful.” New York is glittering and exciting from its taxi drivers who speak French to her, its judges who invite her to attend murder trials, to the agents who want her to come back to Hollywood and pictures and the Theater Guild that wants her to stay here for a play. There is a sort of crystalline brilliance about her that suggests Riviera villas and London drawing-rooms rather than grease paint.

In Person, Not a Moving Picture.—If film stars still persist in social climbing, they need not say they weren’t warned. Look where Douglas

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Mr. Montgomery says that his real ambition is to marry and have children and to travel. Tut, tut, "Dubs," that line isn't worthy of you!
By Louise Williams

That Gibson Girl

Wynne Gibson candidly faces the world, showing bad angles as well as good ones.

Obviously Wynne Gibson does not read the publicity blurbs that studios send out about her. They maintain that she was born in 1907, but she holds forth brightly about shows of twelve and thirteen years ago in which she was a dancing and singing soubrette. Maybe she was a child prodigy, but if so, you will never get her to admit it.

She does not go in for the petty evasions and showcase poses that are an almost inevitable part of an actress. At a recent first night in New York, she was very smart, cosmopolitan, and inconspicuous in simple, dark clothes. The rest of the picture contingent fairly billowed with ermine and white fox.

"Maybe I am wrong," she remarked, as another Hollywoodite swished by in full sail, gleaming with diamonds, "but I'm doing as I please and enjoying life."

When she first went into pictures, some five years ago, she did all the usual things—bought a large, rambling house, went to premières with prominent people, dressed to proclaim financial success. One day she asked herself just whom she was trying to impress. Then she blithely gave the house to her parents and grandmother and moved to a small apartment, gave parties and first nights a wide berth in order to stay at home and model with clay, and started ordering clothes over the phone.

After she finished her part in "Gambling" at the Long Island studio, and before a plane whizzed her off to the Coast where RKO had a story ready for her, we lunched together at the Coq Rouge, where all New York was lunching that week.

In person she is tiny, has that strawlike blond hair that never seems quite natural, and probably isn't, and a face that reflects moods with lightninglike rapidity. All her motions are simple, direct, and wonderfully expressive. She may go where the crowd goes, but pays no attention to them when she gets there. When she is with you, she is with you intently. Men must love that.

Directors, I know, appreciate her complete concentration on the job in hand. "She keeps her head" they will tell you, adding, "and it's a swell one to keep."
A NEW and brilliant personality has reared her lustrous red head above the cinematic horizon.

She is Josephine Hutchinson, Eva Le Gallienne's prize protégée, temporarily deserting the art theater to lend her exceptional histrionic ability to the movies.

She made her screen début opposite Dick Powell in “Happiness Ahead.”

With only this one vehicle to her credit, Josephine is to-day one of the most talked about actresses in Hollywood, much to the discomfort of reigning feminine satellites. And, let it be known, there is reason for their upset mental state. Josephine Hutchinson is “different.”

Mervyn Le Roy, ace director, looked on with amazement as Josephine went through her initial scene. Never before in his many years on the celluloid lots had he seen a newcomer master silversheet technique as did this one.

After shouting to the camera and sound crews to “Cut!” he strode over to where she was seated, and extended his hand.

“My dear girl,” exclaimed the normally uncommunicative Le Roy, “your niche in pictures is already carved and waiting for you. Within a year, you will be one of Hollywood's outstanding stars!”

But that wasn't the only thrill the fates had up their sleeves for the accomplished Josephine.

Director Le Roy had invited the two principals—Josephine and Dick—to dine in the studio restaurant that evening, and to view the day’s “rushes” later that night. Jack Warner, production chief, and other company executives, were already gathered in the projection room when the trio arrived.

Josephine sat silent as the three sequences were flashed upon the drop, but not so the others in the tiny showhouse. They applauded, even cheered their latest find—most unusual deportment for hard-boiled film magnates.

As the lights went up after the unreeling of the final bit of footage, Jack Warner turned to Josephine.

“I realize this has been a long and trying day for you, Miss Hutchinson,” he said, “but we would like to have you stop in the front office for a few minutes.”

“What now?” she wondered.

When she departed for home an hour later, she carried a brand-new contract, the terms of which she had dictated herself—three pictures annually for three years, her salary automatically leaping with each production, and her working schedule so arranged that she can devote six out of every twelve months to the stage.

Her original pact with Warners had provided for a single vehicle.

Even a super-pessimist would have to admit that this was fairly good progress for twenty-four hours of a new career.

No less a personage than Eva Le Gallienne, however, has tagged Josephine “the joint reincarnation of Bernhardt and Duse—the most talented actress behind the footlights.”

Yet famous stage directors have shuddered at the thought of working with Josephine.

“She's psychic,” they insisted. “Why, she can read any
director's mind, and put into action his instructions before he has an opportunity to give voice to them."

That, though, is not the real secret of la Hutchinson's success. Rather, the keys that opened fame's gates for her are her brilliant, artistic brain, her eagerness to learn and her diligent application to any task, whether it be large or small.

She is of the type that makes history, regardless of the line of endeavor. Josephine Hutchinson—that's her true cognomen, too—was born in Seattle, Washington, thirty years ago.

Her mother, Leona Roberts, had been an actress in roving repertoire troupes before she married Josephine's father, who was not of the stage.

A future on one of life's upper levels was the dream of the Hutchisons for their only child from the moment of Josie's birth. They agreed to scrimp and save that she might have the training necessary to make her a great dancer.

When she was old enough to understand, Josie also became imbued with the idea.

Finishing the grades with honors and in less than the allotted time, Josie then attended Seattle High, where she majored in English and art.

As she emerged from her sophomore year into that of the junior, Josie's family tapped the savings account they had so long been building and enrolled her for a terpsichorean course in Cornish, Seattle's widely known academy of the arts.

Because Josie was advancing so rapidly with her toe dancing, Mrs. Hutchinson reentered her for Cornish's summer session—a move that was destined to change the course of her offspring's future.

Cornish had imported Ellen van Volkenburg, founder of Chicago's Little Theater movement, and Maurice Brown, both noted dramatic tutors, to head the school's dramatic department during the extra semester.

A chance meeting stirred Miss van Volkenburg's interest in Josie.

"Your child has a remarkable intellect and an inbred flair for the dramatic," Miss van Volkenburg told Mrs. Hutchinson afterward. "I'd like to take her in hand this summer and do what I can to develop this talent. She has the makings of a great actress."

So Josie became a Van Volkenburg-Brown pupil.

Meanwhile, Robert Bell, young, handsome, and extremely rich grandson of the late Alexander Bell, founder of the Bell Telephone System, arrived in Seattle for the avowed purpose of studying under the same instructors. Acting, it seems, had intrigued him while he was in college, and now he was following amateur theatricals as a pastime.

It was a case of love at first sight for Josie and Robert. Incidentally, it was Josie's first and only romance.

When she returned to high school the following September for her senior year, Bell lingered on in Seattle.

Originally engaged for a single picture, la Hutchinson was given a three-year contract before her first film was completed. Her next will be "The Right to Live."

They became engaged with the understanding that they would go to the altar immediately following Josie's graduation in June.

Josephine Hutchinson was only eighteen when she became Mrs. Robert Bell in the summer of 1922 and went to live on the estate of her bridegroom's parents on the outskirts of Washington, D.C.

There she found waiting for her a completely equipped backyard theater, a surprise gift from the elder Bells.

Josie and Robert wired Leona Roberts to journey East for an indefinite stay and assist them in the productions.

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Ida Lupino, off on a vacation in her native London, pauses to leave a favorite photograph so you won’t forget her.

It's a workaday—though a smiling—world for Bing Crosby, Kitty Carlisle, and Lynne Overman as they trudge to toil across the Paramount lot. They're bound for that swell sequence in "Here Is My Heart."

Intimate titbits of news and gossip about the bright movie ensemble.

Two solos and a couple of duets at a Hollywood party, the elegant conversationalists being Warner Baxter, Elizabeth Allan, Frank Lawton, Herbert Marshall, Gloria Swanson, and Evelyn Laye.

*Photo by International*
THE romance of Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr, the cameraman, is scrapped. Hollywood broke it up. Evelyn told us so herself, "You simply can't keep on flying in the face of everybody in this place," she said. "It's too devastating. I've learned a lot about what Hollywood can do to a person in the past year. Happiness isn't a thing to be found here as you will and wish. There are too many horrible rules to observe."

And there's something to that.

We know that Evelyn really loved Hal, would perhaps have sacrificed her career for him. But the forces were fearfully arrayed against her, and a career isn't to be sacrificed just like that. The whispering campaign of opposition to the wedding won out. Hollywood is just as good a match-breaker as it is a match-maker.

The opposition was chiefly due to the fact that Evelyn is regarded as the supremely unmarriageable girl of the screen, and that Mohr had already been married. It must be a perfect youthful romance or nothing in her instance.

Mrs. Pat Whacks Screen.—Mrs. Pat Campbell is shooting daggers at pictures. She says they aren't art—"They have no continuity, no sequence. They're a little of this and a little of that."

"That's the reason George Bernard Shaw never could write for the screen. He couldn't put up with anything that moves so illogically." And Mrs. Campbell is by way of being a spokesman for George Bernard, since they were very, very good friends. And are yet.

Incidentally, Mrs. Pat doesn't like Shirley Temple.

Erin Go Bragh!—What a romance this is! True Irish! By descent, at least, John McCormick and Margaret Sullivan. They've seen here, there, and everywhere together, and everybody is saying that they both have at last found their true hearts. We wonder if John will eventually take a special interest in Margaret's career, as he did in Colleen Moore's. He used to be a producer of pictures, and really should be back in that game again. Miss Sullivan would be a perfect type for whom to build up great glamour and success, though she already has a goodly portion of these.

How Katie Has Changed!—Has Katharine Hepburn suddenly turned meek, humble, and mild? She wasn't that during any past stages of her Hollywooding, but a great change has come over the

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Housekeeping, especially bachelor housekeeping, would be one grand, sweet song with a maid like Toby Wing, now wouldn't it?

Bing Crosby's twins, Dennis Michael and Philip Lang, get their first taste of publicity and love it.

Photo by Wide World

Soberly, sadly, Ruth Chatterton receives her decree of divorce from George Brent.

Photo by Anne
Under the guidance of Adrian, such stars as Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer, have emerged as definite personalities. When you read how this ace designer creates such individual styles, no doubt you, too, will wish to follow his formula and thereby perhaps improve your appearance.

This is to introduce you to Adrian, the gentleman whose highly original clothes on Greta Garbo and Joan Crawford have been copied from one end of the land to the other.

I bet there's still a Letty Lunt dress or coat or pajama set in your wardrobe, and that you've implored your milliner to copy the funny little hats that Jeanette MacDonald wears in "The Merry Widow." If you have, let me beg you before I go any further, not to do it. If there's one thing Adrian, great designer of Hollywood, deplores more than anything else, it's the way clothes are copied by girls whom they do not suit.

But supposing you're the image of Crawford or Garbo or MacDonald? Still, it won't do. Not unless you think like her. For Adrian's clothes are designed primarily to suit the innermost thoughts of the star, not her looks. It is true that body lines cannot be ignored, but they are secondary in Adrian's "formula."

It was hard for this slim, dark young man with sympathetic eyes to give me a formula, for as any artist will tell you, it is next to impossible to explain how he gets ideas. But Adrian is so anxious for us all to look our best that he refused to give up until he had managed to convey abstract thoughts that could be written about.

Born in Naugatuck, Connecticut, thirty-one years ago, he dresses like any young man in the bond business. It is only his long artistic hands, understanding eyes, and the difficulty of expressing his ideas in words rather than drawing them, that tells you at first glance that he is not in the bond business.

At the age of three, Adrian began to spoil all his books by drawing in them. Both his mother and father had an interest in art but never took it up actively, so they looked favorably on the artistic inclinations of their son. When he was seven, his mother took him to an old artist so that he might prove his talent and begin drawing lessons. The old man took out two stuffed sparrows and bade the youngster convey them to paper.

To his mother's horror, Adrian looked at the birds in disgust, grabbed his hat and coat and ran out. Even now he cannot copy anything. When he attended the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts, the life classes did not interest him, yet he did such original and imagi-

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IN SPITE of HIMSELF

Frank Lawton, after his hit in "Cavalcade," refused Hollywood's contracts as earnestly as others seek them. Here is a faithful pen portrait of a most retiring young man and his reasons for yielding to the lure of the studios at last.

**UNANNOUNCED,** unheralded, and practically unknown on this side of the Atlantic, Frank Lawton arrived quietly one morning at the Fox studio to begin work on "Cavalcade." He had been brought from London to play the younger son, Joe Marryon. Although he already had established a reputation on the stage and screen in England, few people in Hollywood ever had heard of him.

I lunched with Lawton and Ursula Jeans on that first day. They were both like bewildered babes-in-the-wood. They were amazed by the vastness of California, terrified by the mechanical efficiency of Hollywood, frightened by the anxiety of "Now we're here, we've got to be good!"

In addition to all this, neither was publicity-conscious. In British studios, somebody may drop around casually one day at an actor's leisure to ask a few questions. They are not the sort of questions that Hollywood asks. I'm certain that neither of them enjoyed the order of lobster salad with me firing away.

I happened to be visiting a set several days later where both were working. Suddenly discovering a camera "dollying" toward me to take a panoramic view of Ursula dancing in a night club, I stepped back—and tripped over an outstretched foot. Lawton picked me up with profuse apologies and offered me a cigarette. We became friends from that moment on.

Quiet, incredibly modest, and preferring to talk about anything rather than himself, you have to meet Frank several times before you begin to crack through his natural reserve. The unusual circumstances of our second meeting accomplished this quickly. The third time we met on the set he greeted me as if we might have been old college friends.

Upon completing "Cavalcade," Frank departed as quietly as he had arrived. He didn't even wait for the preview. Studio executives, watching the daily "rushes," realized that they had made a real "discovery." They offered him a contract. But he quietly said "No, thank you." The entire film world was astonished—and regretful—when the picture was released and everybody saw what a fine job he had made of his role.

Back in London, he made two or three films and appeared in a revue with Beatrice Lillie. He was rushed from the theater to a hospital one night with an attack of appendicitis. During his convalescence in a nursing home, Hollywood still implored him to return. He continued to say "No!"

Frank again crossed the Atlantic last winter, but it was to appear in an English play, "The Wind and the Rain." It was his first appearance on Broadway. Both critics and the audience on that first night joined in unstinted praise. Hollywood heard, wired, and begged, but the answer was still "No!"

I visited Frank in his dressing room several nights later. He was delighted over his success in New York and because people liked him. He always had wanted to play on Broadway. It was a new experience, a change.

**By Frederick Russell**

Once you are received in London, that is that. People there are very loyal to their favorites. They will go to see them in every play, two or three times. After ten years of success, an actor is likely to let down a bit, to take it for granted that he is a success. In a new place, he must work harder.

"In London," he explained, "a first night is a social event. In New York, it is just another first night. You stand or fall on your own merit."

Frank had attended every opening for three weeks before his own. He studied the plays and the reaction of the audience.

"I learned that the action in a play, as in pictures, is much quicker on Broadway than in London," he noted, "and I was jolly nervous. I was almost as frightened as on that first day when we lunched together at the studio.

"Broadway has done the same thing for me on the stage that Hollywood did in pictures," he said. "It has continued on page 79"

Of course, the big news in Mr. Lawton's film career is that he was chosen to play David Copperfield after all England was combed for the ideal type.

*Photo by Huff*
The cowled neck of matching fringe gives this jade-green chiffon evening gown worn by Virginia Bruce a note of sheer loveliness.

Evelyn Venable’s three-piece woolen sport suit is practical because of the variety of ways it may be worn.

A lilting brim gives a saucy mood to Kitty Carlisle’s greenish-blue felt hat, trimmed with a cocarde of ribbon.
SIMPLICITY

A jeweled belt of square emeralds lends a fillip of sparkle to Kitty Carlisle's silver cloth evening gown, the ultimate in lamé.

Another smart three-piece suit is that of Marian Nixon's, left, of dark-green wool crêpe, with brief bolero jacket concealed under a three-quarter-length loose coat.

When June Knight, right, removes the white satin jacket, she displays a simple dinner dress.

In excellent taste is Evelyn Venable's semiformal evening dress of black crêpe with yoke and sleeves of net.
H
ave you ever paused to consider, as you sit in a theater watching your favorite star, and exclaiming to yourself or your companion on how natural said star is, that that "naturalness" is really nothing more than mannerisms such as you have seen friends of yours exhibit in real life?

No matter how good actors are, they all have their little bag of tricks. Ruth Chatterton once told me she never reads reviews of her plays or pictures because she is afraid some critic might comment on a characteristic of hers that particularly pleased him and she would unconsciously remember it and use it again and again until it became a mannerism, a habit.

Other players are not so careful, and many of them are known by their mannerisms.

Edna May Oliver, for instance, has pulled her mouth over to one side and sniffed until many people in Hollywood refer to her as "Sniff-sniff" Oliver.

When Joan Crawford is in conversation with two or more people she has a habit of always looking at the person who is speaking. There is never a gradual turning of her head from one person to another. As soon as one finishes talking, she jerks her head around to the next to hear what he is ready to say.

Clark Gable shoves his hands into his pockets at every opportunity. Close-ups frequently prevent the audience from noticing this, but it is quite apparent in long shots. Clark always gives the impression that acting is a silly business for a man and that he never feels quite at ease when engaged in it. And when a man is ill at ease it's the most natural thing in the world for him to stick his hands in his pockets.

Spencer Tracy has the reputation of being the most natural actor on the screen. Yet, even he has two pronounced mannerisms to which I have often called his attention. When he is supposed to be thinking he will grab hold of his nose or upper lip and pull it. Another mannerism is sticking out his lower lip when he's puzzled.

Every star has a mannerism, a little trick of individuality that creates personality, distinction. Here is a check-up of traits noticed by a keen observer. Compare it with your own discoveries and see if any are missing.

**TRAITS that**

Constance Bennett's mannerism consists largely of using her hands to express. They have often been described as the most beautiful hands in pictures and, in the beginning, it is not unlikely she thought of ways and means of exploiting them. There is no one, however, so critical of her work and her good and bad points as herself. She has always maintained that she is far from beautiful and it is a source of wonderment to her that people like to see her on the screen. Feeling that her hands might possibly be one of her good points, it is quite probable she used to clasp them on every occasion in order to draw attention to them. Then she realized she was using that gesture to excess; that it had become a mannerism and that, instead of helping her convey emotions, it was acting as a drawback because it distracted attention from her face and also from other members of the cast when they were trying to get a scene across. Lately she has entirely overcome this.

Even Will Rogers, who is supposed to be a person-
By Samuel Richard Mook

ality and not an actor, has a mannerism. When he wants to convey the impression of shyness or self-consciousness, particularly when he has some funny remark to make, he grabs the back of his neck and hangs his head.

And have you ever noticed how, in moments of great stress, Gloria Swanson calmly turns her back to the camera? Most players act the reverse and gaze straight into the lens so the audience will get the full benefit of their emoting. Gloria manages to express more feeling with her back than most actors with their faces.

I've got to the point where I feel more sure of myself when I have a handkerchief in my hands. It gives me an outlet for nervous energy and enables me to put my mind on the scene.”

Jimmie Cagney is a hand-waver, although I never noticed it until he called my attention to it. But he uses his hands for an entirely different reason from Constance Bennett. When Jimmie forgets his lines he starts gesticulating with his hands in order to distract attention from his face. In other words, he stalls with his hands until his mind starts working again and he remembers what he's supposed to say.

Quick now, what's Joe E. Brown's mannerism? Right! Go to the head of the class. That trap of his and the way he opens and closes it without making a sound. In bygone days he used to yelp, no less. A yelp that sounded something like the bark of a seal. But it became associated with him in the minds of the public. Joe got tired of it, though, and for about three years he refused to yelp. It got so that if directors wanted a yelp in their films they had to hire a yelper to do it and then "dub" the sound in. Joe E. is back in form again in "Six-Day Bike Rider" and if you don't think yelping pays, get him to show you his salary check some day and you'll goggle at the size of it.

A Lady V'ere de V'er Like Loretta Young is not supposed to have any mannerisms, but she has. It's a Continued on page 54

Chester Morris flattens one eyebrow and raises the other.

Edna May Oliver twists her mouth and sniffs, sniffs.

Clark Gable thrusts one or both hands in his pockets.

Gloria Swanson never fails to turn her back to the camera.

When he was playing in “The Royal Family” and giving an excellent imitation of John Barrymore, Fredric March acquired the Barrymore walk. Rather, it is more of a lope than a walk, but it has stuck with him and to-day I'm not sure but what it is more characteristic of him than of John.

Whenever any one mentions Lewis Stone to me, I picture him, mentally, scratching his upper lip directly beneath the septum that divides his nostrils and then, with his forefinger, smoothing down his mustache—first on one side and then the other.

Many of you, I know, have noticed how William Powell twitches his mouth and sniffs when some one else is speaking. Maybe it's because Bill likes to act and is consumed with restlessness until his turn comes.

If you have ever watched Joan Bennett in an emotional scene you can't help but have observed how she pulls and tears at a handkerchief. "I know I do it," she said to me once, "but I think most girls do the same thing. It seems a natural mannerism to me and
Sara Haden, who impressed with the remarkable range of her acting in "Spitfire" and "The Fountain," is really neither half-witted nor unkind, but is simply a clever actress.

By Molly Lewin

SARA HADEN is a trifle apologetic—that is, toward the public. She’d like people to know that she isn’t quite as mean as she appears to be in "The Fountain" nor nearly so half-witted as she seemed in "Spitfire." Not that she has a hard time convincing you. Just a few minutes with her leaves the emphatic impression that she is gracious, well-poised and, above all, courageous.

Courageous because she dares not to be beautiful. Because she eagerly plays character roles that do not rely on superficial pleasantness for their appeal, but demand genuine talent to enact. Because she is one of the few young women in Hollywood who succeeds on the basis of ability rather than good looks.

Usually an actress is the last woman in the world to admit she is no longer young. Hollywood is too familiar with the pathetic sight of the past-forty-and-plump woman clinging frantically to the right to play an ingenue. Sara Haden reverses this procedure. Winsome, charming, graceful, she willingly dons the guise of maturity, ugliness, even simple-mindedness in the interest of the role she is playing.

After a year in Hollywood—and a very successful, busy year—she still has an air of "Speak softly; this may be a dream and I don’t want to awaken."

"Hollywood and pictures were things I had never counted on," she explained. Not that acting was new to her, for she comes from a theatrical family, her mother being Charlotte Walker, a David Belasco star.

"But I had been on the stage for ten years, doing the usual routine things—Shakespearian repertoire, stock, road companies of New York successes—and it seemed silly even to think of pictures. Almost every one on the stage was trying to get a screen test, but I thought mine was a hopeless case. I was neither beautiful nor did I have a sensational part in a great stage success. And yet—here I am—and she spread her hand as if to grasp the California sunshine streaming through the window of her home.

"If I didn’t have another part in another picture, I’d still think it had been a grand year." Not that there’s much danger of idleness.

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Her amazingly lifelike acting in "Spitfire" was her first on the screen and was encouraged by Katharine Hepburn, who sympathized with Sara’s nervousness.
That is what generous Joan Crawford asked Edward Arnold after he had stolen honors from her in "Sadie McKee." This is the story of the man behind the actor.

Mr. Arnold at forty-four, and after thirty years on the stage, finds himself admitted into Hollywood's inner circle of celebrities.

By Dudley Early

HOLLYWOOD is buzzing again with a new topic of conversation. You hear them talking about it in cafés, at parties, and on the Boulevard. Not scandal, not only the censorship problem. Hollywood is excited about the sudden rise to prominence of one of their own—Edward Arnold.

"Sadie McKee" did it. He was the drunken husband of Joan Crawford, you remember. Although he did not touch a drop of liquor during the making of the picture, he says he still has a hangover; and on the last day of production, the troupe solemnly presented him with a bottle of bromo-seltzer.

"It was just one of those breaks that come once in a lifetime," he said to me, speaking of that part. "Every actor dreams of that break, and I got mine."

True enough. Every actor does dream of such a break, but not every actor has the ability to take advantage of it when it comes. It was simply a case of the right man for the right part in this instance, and when such a combination of circumstances occurs, the result is a quick rise to fame.

Had Edward Arnold not been cast in that part, he would have rocked along as he had done for two-and-a-half years, appearing in picture after picture, doing bits and small parts, waiting for the big chance, like hundreds of others in Hollywood. But his chance came, and he was ready for it. You can't beat that combination.

He first came to California in 1931, with the touring company of "Whistling in the Dark." Los Angeles was the end of the tour, so, liking California instantly, he decided to stay a while, until the Eastern producer who had an option on his services for the next season should send him a good actor likes to act, so he thought he'd try his hand at picture work, and landed a part in "O. K., America," which Universal was producing.

He portrayed a gangster with a passion for Dickens, and when this picture was released, Metro-Goldwyn sent for him to do the priest in "Rasputin and the Empress." Although his part did not run clear through the picture, so much time was spent in production that when he received the expected call to return to New York for a show, the studio was not finished with him. They decided that it would be cheaper to buy up his contract than to replace him. So they bought the contract, just like that! He's very glad now that they did.

Next he did the Emperor in "Roman Scandals," then was called back to MGM for the part of another priest Continued on page 57
Fearing that he might not make a favorable impression with his first screen portrayal in "As the Earth Turns," Donald Woods signed a contract with a stock company. But Hollywood did recognize his ability and Don is now a permanent fixture.

**MR. ZINCKE PLAYED SAFE**

By William H. McKegg

W ARNER BROTHERS has been called a man's studio. But times change, I'm glad to report. One man goes here, another there. Dick Barthelmess came East when his contract expired. Bill Powell slid over to Metro-Goldwyn to reap fresh honors in "The Thin Man." Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., left for London, after his separation from Joan, his erstwhile soul mate.

But Warners put out "As the Earth Turns," and two new personalities were instantly spotted—Jean Muir and Donald Woods. Since this is to be Don's story, we must reluctantly leave Miss Muir, and her Mother Earth aura, where she already is, in the front rank of new discoveries.

You may have missed Mr. Woods for several months after this picture was shown. He had to go to Denver, Colorado, to play in stock at Elitch's Gardens. Elitch's has been famous for over forty years, giving Hollywood many players. Six years ago, Fredric March. To-day, Donald Woods.

His brief appearance and disappearance did not go unnoticed. Hollywood wondered.

When Hollywood wonders about a player, let that player thank the gods!

The town eventually caught a glimpse of the young actor's whereabouts. A picture of domestic bliss appeared in the local papers. Don Woods and Josephine, his wife, with their two-year-old son and heir standing dramatically between them.

"I didn't know, when I came to work in my first picture, whether I'd be a success or a failure," Don explained, intentionally for my enlightenment, at the same time unconsciously revealing his dominating trait. He likes to play safe!

"I signed a contract to play again in Denver last summer. I thought it much better to have something to go back to, rather than to leap blindly at Hollywood and find myself out of work after a brief flash in movies."

To be prepared for his Hollywood début, Don was full from tip to toe with acting experience. In fact, he did quite a lot of things before he landed, fair and square, in the film market. I learned this when I paid that eventful visit all newcomers hope to get—an interview.

Mr. Woods would see me, I was informed by Bernie Williams, Warners' aid-de-publicity.

"Don's a swell guy, You'll like him," Bernie added, quite without any enticement.

Like him I did. Though this was not caused suddenly by my arrival. I had seen his work on the screen. In "She Was a Lady," for which he was lent to Fox, he revealed a rare sense of humor and naturalness. Even though it may sway and bend a Twelvetrees' fans, I insist that Don was the best in the picture.

The front door of his modest Beverly Hills home was open. I always make a habit of walking through open doorways, so I found myself in the living room.

Since great minds recognize one another immediately, Mrs. Woods got up from her chair, tying the infant's shoes, and greeted me. Then Don stepped in and, without any introductions forthcoming, we all met and started to talk—but not at once, you understand.

That's the kind of meeting I enjoy. Let's have no nonsense, no ceremony!

The room was as bright and as sparkling as the people in it. Though it was not yet dark, the curtains were drawn. The lamps glowed beneath their white shades.

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Don's motto is "have something to offer if you want to succeed." You'll have a chance to know what that means when you see his "Sweet Adeline."

Photo by Fryer
"Forsaking All Others" has a trio of stars to challenge, compel and captivate you. They are Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, and Robert Montgomery who promise to dazzle and delight their fans in a worldly comedy of wit and witlessness.

Undoubtedly the most popular couple in pictures, Miss Crawford and Mr. Gable have glamorous roles here and Mr. Montgomery has opportunity for his glib and flippant comedy.

Miss Crawford is a petulant Park Avenue heroine who is jilted at the very altar by Mr. Montgomery while Mr. Gable stands by to counsel and console. His wife bought off, Mr. Montgomery again prepares to marry Miss Crawford. Capriciously she jilts him this time and sails away as the wife of Mr. Gable.
A grain of salt should be taken with everything you hear about the stars, even if the words do come from the lips of the favorites themselves. They change their minds too often! But have you already heard that inconsistency is their middle name?

Naturally, it is a name that belongs to most of us, but we’re able to speak our little inconsistencies in peace and private. It’s different with the picture people. When they express an opinion on one occasion, then turn around to talk or act to the contrary in another instance, they are liable to exposure for their contradictions.

These conflicting effects are decidedly confusing to fans, and sometimes stir up writers to such an extent that they wail right out in public, "Why can’t stars be frank?"

As if there would be any good copy left if they were! The championship cases of Velez and Hepburn proved this.

Then there is the milder example of Helen Hayes. Now don’t be shocked—read on! When Helen was queening it before enraptured audiences in the theater as *Mary of Scotland*, she was the subject of many interviews which meant being treated to repetitions of the inevitable query, “Did she prefer playing on the stage or the screen?”

Several sources quoted her as declaring that the stage was her first love and her last, and success in the theater meant infinitely more to her than success in pictures.

Just as the idea registered completely all around, a story appeared in which Miss Hayes admitted, “I’m the one actress in captivity who is much happier working for the screen than in the theater.” Another time it was, “I find the movies a more joyous medium for my own artistic expression.”

*Lilian Harvey* avows periodically that she wants to have a baby, but she still denies she is married.

Rumors that he and his wife might part were silly, said Spencer Tracy, yet their separation followed.
LITTLE LIES

Because the stars persist in offering conflicting opinions, we have come to regard them as not dependable for the absolute truth. We wouldn’t have them otherwise, but sometimes it is a little annoying. Let’s quote a few instances.

And she was described as confiding that she would renounce the stage for the screen any time if she were compelled to choose between them. What do you make of that? I give up and leave you to select for yourself Helen’s more favored medium of expression. Don’t be too sure about it, either, or she may again exercise her feminine prerogative.

That’s what little Lilian Harvey must have done. When she first arrived in Hollywood two years ago, she quietly announced, “I want to have a baby and I want to have it within the next two years.”

She has been making the same avowal periodically, but she still denies she is married, and there doesn’t seem to be a chee-ild, as yet. However, any girl has a right to contradict herself, so they say.

After becoming adjusted to the circumstances, you aren’t surprised to find that Glenda Farrell suggests dissenting ideas to different scribes. Thereby being the pivotal point in stories whose themes are not coincidental. In the beginning, articles told of Glenda’s unhappy marriage, when very young and idealistic, which left her embittered and “afraid of love.”

It was an episode which she didn’t like to discuss, preferring to talk about her cherished son, Tommy, instead. That is, until recently, when the past was taken out of the closet, dressed up and called a beautiful, lost romance. Her ex-sailor husband was described openly, not as a genuine rogue as formerly hinted, but as an irresponsible romanticist. It was even written that Glenda’s face went softly aglow when she spoke of the old love.

No collaboration there. But did I infer that Miss Farrell was entirely to blame? If so, it’s all a mistake.

The masculine practice of reversing a decision has never been as widely touted as the feminine custom, but it is in just as good usage. Among its followers is Clark Gable. While visiting New York last winter, he affirmed, in answer to my puerile question, that he was glad to get back to the big city. He also went on to say that back there in Hollywood he always felt as if he was missing something.

Then, bless my soul—pardon me, but New York is Dickens-conscious these days—if he didn’t confide to a newspaper reporter that he wasn’t especially anxious to return to New York. (Continued on page 70)
"WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS."

One expects Helen Hayes to work a miracle of acting when she brings one of her great stage portrayals to the screen, and she does here and now, but Brian Aherne is the dynamite in this picture. Brilliantly he steps from leading man to costar, which was more than Richard Bennett and Kenneth MacKenna did when they played the same rôle on the stage. From now on you may as well place the British actor high on your list. He’s headed for the heights. The picture is a quietly charming slice of Scottish life warmed by Barrie’s whimsicality of phrase and understanding of human nature. The mouselike wife is the power behind her husband’s success and he thinks he did it all himself. You have heard this theme before and that is the trouble with the present revival. It has been accomplished with perfect taste and admirable restraint, but it is not positive enough to rate as high in entertainment values as the splendid acting entitles it to. Miss Hayes will break your heart, though, and Madge Evans will surprise as a husband-snatcher in paradise plumes.

"WE LIVE AGAIN."

Tolstoy’s "Resurrection" has been modernized, vitiﬁed and gloried as never before by the superb performances of Anna Sten, and Fredric March, and the marvelous resources of Samuel Goldwyn’s organization. Even more than "Nana" it proclaims Miss Sten an actress of remarkable power and understanding and does even more for Mr. March, whose acting is nothing short of dazzling. Familiar though the story and characters are, they acquire new depth and meaning because the present adaptation is more than the usual tale of a peasant girl seduced by an ofﬁcer, and his remorse and atonement. Instead, we have a vivid, glowing picture of the conﬂict of social orders in Russia under the czarist régime and an early sowing of the germs of revolution. In this way the story becomes more than a romance although it is heartbreakingly romantic, too. Naturally, the character of Katusha is ideally suited to the Russian star whose beauty seems to have sprung from the soil and whose intelligence is that of the instinctive artist and earnest student of life. A shining example of the rare, poignant talent occurs when Prince Dmitri gives her money and she is bewildered, then hurt to tears. And you have never seen the depth of Mr. March’s earnestness until you hear his prayer for guidance in righting the wrong done to the innocently yielding Katusha. C. Aubrey Smith, Jessie Ralph, Ethel Griffies, Gwendolyn Logan, and Sam Jaffe are only a few of the names in a perfectly distinguished cast.

"MADAME DU BARRY."

A sumptuously beautiful rewrite of the familiar affair between Du Barry and Louis XV is a feast for the eye and rather lean fare for the mind. It lacks form and decisiveness, particularly in the moods and dimensions of the central character. The spectator neither sympathizes with nor resents the power of Du Barry over the king, but ﬁnds entertainment in watching her excesses and admiring the beautiful ﬁgure that Dolores del Rio presents. Never has she looked more ravishing nor indulged in more spirited tantrums. It isn’t a real character, though, but a lithograph swept by a bold brush. This version of the historical affair begins when Jeannette Vaubernier, the milliner, has already become Madame Du Barry and is ready for a rich conquest. Presented to the king by a discerning courtier, she is installed in the royal palace and at once becomes the terror of the court and the delight of the doting sovereign, triumphing over her enemies and ﬂouting convention until Louis’s death causes her banishment. The piece is capitaly acted, but when Hollywood plays at kings and queens the result always is hollow, because it is thrown out of balance by pomp and pageantry.
PICTURE PLAY'S HONOR LIST
The honorable drama reaches its finest estate in "We Live Again." The holiday spirit is captured by Eddie Cantor's "Kid Millions," the most entertaining musical of the month.
Compelling performances are given by Fredric March and Anna Sten, in "We Live Again," and by Brian Aherne, in "What Every Woman Knows." Josephine Hutchinson, Nova Pilbeam, and Pauline Lord are most significant newcomers.

"THE MERRY WIDOW."
Lehar's gay, seductive melodies and his character names are still intact, but a new version and a new viewpoint have been applied to them. In short, the famous old operetta has been modernized to the point of almost disguising the original. Why this should be, I do not know. Anyway, the star now is Ernst Lubitsch, the director who mocks the proceedings in a succession of "Lubitsch touches" at the expense of characters. It is all very smart, even though tufted-satin beds serving maids who wink knowingly are hardly subtle and certainly no novelty in these Continental close-ups of sex in elegant uphols. The chief trouble, though, is that the picture isn't romantic and that what, of all things, "The Merry Widow" should be. Erich von Stheim's silent version also rewrote the original libretto, but it was doing, captivating romance as well as a dance poem. Here the fam waltz is almost reduced to parody by Maurice Chevalier's clumsiness although Jeanette MacDonald, always exquisite, does as much as can to uphold tradition. She is a beautiful picture in Adrian's in parable costumes of 1880 and her singing is pure enchantment, but lieve it or not, she is subordinated! Sonia herself is a puppet at w Mr. Lubitsch aims his darts of satire. The new show is gorge sumptuous and melodious, but it is "The Merry Widow" in name o

"KID MILLIONS."
Each Eddie Cantor picture seems better than the last as his strength as an institution increases. He is a messenger of joyousness, an exemplar of carefree youth, the incarnation of the holiday spirit in such a film as this. It sends one away in a glow of optimism. But don't think it is a Pollyanna picture. Broadway appeal is skillfully combined with what is required for family trade, with enough music, fantasy and beautiful girls to make it a spectacle, ending in a climax so beguiling that it wins new applause for Walt Disney, who devised it, as well as those who participate in the harmonious riot of Technicolor. It is an ice-cream factory of a child's dream where sodas in glasses twelve feet high are free and where Warren Hymer, in baby blue, shoots cherries out of his machine gun into the frozen sweets. But before this, Eddie begins on a Brooklyn barge, inherits millions, goes to Egypt, and returns in a plane which magically spans the desert and the island of Manhattan and deposits him back in Brooklyn to dispense ice cream in a big way.
"LADY BY CHOICE."

A companion piece to "Lady For a Day," this is a variation on the same theme and is equally effective. That is to say, it is a far-fetched story related with bold assurance minus subtlety or nuance. But it is entertaining because it moves swiftly and is played by likable performers who know how to ring all the changes and wring everything out of them. It has Carol Lombard a notorious fan dancer adopting for publicity purposes a gin-soaked hag of the streets as her mother, the latter becoming an abstemious grande dame when she clasps on May Robson's beaded choker. Then the daughter becomes the boss of her "daughter's" life, lovingly, shrewdly guiding her through pitfalls and excitements into a happy ending. Miss Robson is vigorous and sure in this showy part, making all the changes of mood as well as the transformation from matted hair into a permanent wave smoothly and sympathetically. Miss Lombard is equally successful as the distraught dancer. When both describe mature Roger Pryor as a "nice kid" you know how sentimental are their roles.

"THE AGE OF INNOCENCE."

This grave, stately picture of New York society in the '80s interests on several scores though it excites on none. Faithfully it recaptures the period both in its physical aspect as well as its outmoded viewpoint and there is charm in it all, but it is doubtful if follower of the emancipated heroine of "Rip Tide," will understand the conscience of the heroine played by Irene Dunne. You see, the American Countess Olenska refuses to divorce her brutal husband and marry her childhood love because it couldn't be done in those days without hurting both. And so she bids a sad farewell to relatives and lover and returns to Europe to wander from place to place eating her heart out. The mournful ending is softened somewhat by an epilogue which has her graybeard sweetheart pointing to a loft in a modern apartment building though actual sight of the aged Countess is tactfully denied us. Fine acting, perfect settings and quantily fashionable costumes as well as literary dialogue give life to all this, but the pulse beats slowly. Irene Dunne gives her best performance since "Cimarron." John Boles is romantic.

"LITTLE FRIEND."

Not a precocious child, but a sound actress, an artist. This is Nova Pilbeam, the fifteen-year-old English girl who makes an auspicious début in her first film to reach America. It is an excellent picture, too, a bit too harrowing for complete comfort, but good for pathos and tears. The happy ending, though necessary, I suppose, is the only false note about it. It seems to me that even the appeal of Miss Pilbeam couldn't bring together parents so completely severed as hers are in the picture. For this is a story of divorce and the effects of doubt, distrust, quarrels and separation upon a sensitive child whose parents only drive them further apart. Finally, when she is forced to testify in court, the shock causes her to attempt suicide. Aside from Miss Pilbeam, the picture is interesting because of the curious brooding quality of the direction and because, too, it gives us insight into English life and the upbringing of a child of well-to-do parents. It is rather different from what our native screen describes just as the juvenile star is unlike any Hollywood player. She is a star that should be seen.

"THE GAY DIVORCEE."

A gorgeously staged dance festival, tasteful, infectious and joyously carefree, this should do much to enliven all who see it. The incomparable Fred Astaire dances with Ginger Rogers who, bless her trooper's heart, proves that she is no slouch in following the steps of the foremost ballroom dancer on the stage in "The Continental," the big number that dominates the show. Otherwise there is a tepidly polite drawing-room story back of the proceedings in which Miss Rogers is a pampered ingenue wife who wishes to rid herself of a vaguely "cruel" husband who is so unimportant that he isn't seen. You feel that her grounds for divorce must be that he wears bow ties or something like that. Anyway, a professional correspondent is hired and Mr. Astaire, who has been pursuing her with a lover's high-mindedness, is mistaken by Miss Ginger as the mere hireling. If you've seen this before, don't blame me. The story captivated stage audiences in New York and London. Erik Rhodes creates a little masterpiece of impersonation in this rôle, actually the most truly comic in the cast, and Alice Brady is a noisily futile nitwit.
The Screen in Review

"The Case of the Howling Dog."—Ward, Warren and a murder mystery entertains but does not come up to the standard of a well-knit picture. Certain details and relationships are left out, so much talk. But it is well acted and the plotly plot is new, with a baying dog actually starting the trail. When the character who is annoyed by his howls consults a lawyer to stop the nuisance, the attorney is Perry Mason, well-known to readers of magazine stories fea-
turing the character. By Warren William it is not only one of the actor's better roles but a believable, engaging portrait of a sleuth who knows all the tricks of the trade—and uses them to the advantage of his clients. So much so, indeed, that Mr. Rogers' endeavor to be ac-
quitted and the most guilt-looking character in the long cast is found to be harmless. It is the acting, though, which are the most vital elements. när the plot turns new, a heroine, Helen Trenholme, has distinction and charm, with Mary Astor and Dorothy Tree nicely mis-
leading the spectator. Last but not least, there is Gordon Westcott who is vivid and compelling as the sinister complainant against the howling dog.

"Judge Priest."—Fox. This best of all Will Rogers' pictures is uncom-
monly appealing and is well worth seeing whether Mr. Rogers is your pet star or not. It offers a rounded and convincing portrait of a small-town Southern jurist, shrewd and amiable, but the picture provides more than that. Mr. Rogers' humor is a sort of shyness and sentimentality. It is the players who are most exciting and amusing. They are, as usual when Hollywood attempts the rural, too. It is the actors' charm rather than the story that is appealing. The reaction will be reflected wherever it is shown—whether parents chaperone the kiddies or not? They don't need to go along by any means, but they'll be entertained if they do. This is a quietly appealing, homely cross-section of family life brilliantly acted by Jackie Coogan, who never done anything finer, and Jackie Searl, who may be the most disliked boy on the screen but who must find his reward in being recognized as a fine actor. Thomas Meighan is young Cooper's adopted father, Dorothy Peterson the disman of love and withheld under-
standing, and Gertrude Howard, the colored actress, is their all-im-
portant cook, with a beautiful perfor-
mance by O. P. Heggie.

"Peck's Bad Boy."—Fox. This is a valuable and significant picture at the present time, as attract-
cing crowds such as are rarely seen these days, but because fully half of the theatergoers are children accom-
mpanied by their parents. Broadway's reaction will be reflected wherever it is shown—whether parents chaperone the kiddies or not? They don't need to go along by any means, but they'll be entertained if they do. This is a quietly appealing, homely cross-section of family life brilliantly acted by Jackie Coogan, who never done anything finer, and Jackie Searl, who may be the most disliked boy on the screen but who must find his reward in being recognized as a fine actor. Thomas Meighan is young Cooper's adopted father, Dorothy Peterson the disman of love and withheld under-
standing, and Gertrude Howard, the colored actress, is their all-im-
portant cook, with a beautiful perfor-
mance by O. P. Heggie.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."—Paramount. Pauline Lord, one of the brilliant actresses of the stage and the original Anna Christie makes an interesting performance, but the individual film debut in a quiet, pleasing picture. Miss Lord's performance is greatly haunting and admirably restrained, so she is rather a bad choice. That at times it is inaudible, but there never is a moment when you are lost, and what she is conveying, so com-
pletely has she made the character her own. In case you have forgotten, it is the desperately poor but incredibly optimistic mother of a large loving family ekes out a miserable existence in shanty-
town. The slight, appealing story shows their struggles and their cheer-
fulness in the face of endless privations and adversities. Their chronicle is both amusing and pathetic, but it is never stimulating. Finely acted, it is very much a picture that will appeal to children, and Mr. Taylor takes one sip of gin and water and Miss Venable, angered by the telltale breath some time afterward, breaks her engagement to marry him.

"The Lemon Drop Kid."—Param-
ount. Lee Tracy is a race track follower given to sharp practices in this ordinary tale of regeneration through the influence of a child, Baby LeRoy. The slang is pungent, the acting good and the incidents lively, but they do not add up to sufficient strength to make the picture more than rou-
tine. One feels that it has been seen and heard before, and even the same characters go through their paces many times before, the exotic novelty of Car-
tracy's fondness for lemon-flavored confectionery counting for nothing in giving the character individu-
ality. Mr. Tracy, too, refuses to go out of his way to supply it, con-
tinuing to play the fast-talking, gesticu-
ting type for which he is so well known. Anyway, he meets a nice, innocent small-town girl, marries her and reforms. Then he holds up his employer to get a job, but the doctor who attended his wife in her last illness, is sentenced to prison and eventually earns a parole after his wife is discharged. But the picture fails to lift the picture into a higher rating.

"Man of Aran."—Gaumont-British. Robert Flaherty, whose "Nanook of the North" and "Moana" made cin-
ematic history in their day, offers an-
other unique picture to take its place besides his others. Without a form-
lated story and having neither hero nor villain in the usual sense, it is taut, dramatic and absorb-
ing. But it is without Hollywood touches and is minus make-up, sex and love. Thus will cause it to be considered as a travelogue by those who demand entertainment. The film is a simple story to rule while others will respond to the grandeur and truth of this stark revelation of life as it is lived on the Aran Islands off the west coast of Ire-
land. Bleakly beautiful, they are washed by seas so furious that on the wastes of rock there are neither trees nor grass. The film is a struggle for existence of the few inhabi-
tants. Though primitive, they are un-
fettered by dependence on any phase of life. For a moment or two when the sea, sometimes their friend but more often their enemy. Two years spent by in filming the picture and when you see it you will understand why.
HOLLYWOOD need have no fear of the future. That, and its Great Lover, are already taken care of nicely. When Dickie Moore grows up, watch out, shades of Valentino and ye living heroes of the screen to-day!

Women throw themselves at his feet, great stars unashamedly admit, nay, proclaim it from the hilltops—their impassioned love for him. What is even more to the point, the men, without exception, think he's pretty swell.

And all the while young Mister Moore, aged seven, insists upon leading an even-tenored existence—with romance as many corners away as possible.

You've seen this Don Juan time and again with such stars as Dietrich, Stanwyck, Harding, and Sidney. And invariably a murmur of appreciation, a thrill of expectency, runs through the theater as he makes his appearance. He can cast a spell over the hardest-boiled audience, inspire laughter or tears with equal facility, and mold the spectator to his mood.

To list the feminine stars with whom he has played in their intimate moments would be like chronicling "Who's Who in Hollywood." Those mentioned in the preceding paragraph are only a very few of the famous personalities who have mothered him, showered him with their love and affection, devoted all their wiles to making him happy and contented.

Dickie, a born diplomat, is exceedingly cautious about his statements in regard to "his women." When asked his favorite, he replies that he likes 'em all, the while eying the interviewer with owl-like solemnity. He is always serious when writers ply him with questions.

Through underground channels, however, it comes to light that Barbara Stanwyck and Ann Harding head his preferred list. He played Miss Stanwyck's son, you will recall, in "So Big," and Miss Harding's long-lost boy in "Gallant Lady." Those, too, are his favorite pictures.

"Miss Stanwyck writes me letters," he confided, while we were talking, man to man, on location. "After 'So Big,' she sent me a solid gold wrist watch with my name on the back and a swell inscription." He didn't even stutter over this three-syllabled word.

"She writes very nice letters, too, and she says she'd like to make another picture with me. Gee!" he exclaimed, with a sudden grim, "that'd be swell. I had a keen time when we were in the other picture together." His expressive eyes danced in happy recollection.

"I'd like to play with Miss Harding again, too. She talks to me as though I was her own little boy. We talk about hunting and fishing and baseball and a lot of other games most girls don't know anything about. Aren't girls funny?"

"Miss Harding started me on my stamp collection, and say, you should see it. Dad told me it was worth five dollars—I could get that any time. But I'm not selling it now, though, and I won't, unless I need the money." Dickie's salary is several hundred dollars every week.

"Marlene Dietrich gave me a boat, when we finished 'Blonde Venus.' It's got a motor and can go twenty miles an hour. It could, probably, but now it leaks. I've got it in my play room, along with the electric train Tahlulah Bankhead gave me. I don't play with that, either, very much. Dad and some of his friends broke it.

"Miss Dietrich and Tahlulah are all right, but they're always kissing and hugging a fellow. And a man can't stand that, you know; very long. Can you?"—and he gazed inquiringly, the very soul of earnestness, straight into my eyes. I agreed with him.
"I like Lupe Velez," confesses Master Moore. "She makes lots of noise and it was pretty keen running around after her."

"A girl's all right as long as she doesn't bother you, but gosh, women are always making a fuss about you. They try to kiss you and they're always asking silly questions. When I grow up I'm going to be a lawyer, a corporation attorney. Dad says they make lots of money. I was going to be a criminal lawyer but I don't want to monkey around with crime. So, I'm going in for the other kind." Dickie is definitely set on this plan for his future—as set, that is, as much as a seven-year-old boy can be.

I asked him what age he liked his leading ladies. "About Miss Harding's," he replied, solemnly. "About thirty-four?" I insisted. "'Bout," he parried, owlishly. "I like Lupe Velez," he continued his discourse for my benefit. "She makes lots of noise and it was pretty keen running around after her. I was her little boy in 'The Squaw Man,'" he explained.

"She'll buy a fellow ice cream and candy and she was always bringing me things. Karen Morley's nice, too. She knows how to treat a fellow." He is fond of Lila Lee, too. He was her son in "In Love With Life." Suddenly he broke away, his professional reminiscences forgotten. "C'mon, let's play ball. Know how many home runs I've made in six months? A hundred and forty-five!

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Although Dickie Moore, at seven years, is as pictorial as a Christmas card, he is the leader of his gang, an inventor of odd contraptions and intends to be a corporation attorney when he grows up.
habit of straightening up and then
drawing her chin in and her neck
back like something or other—I can't
think what. A swan, maybe.

Just how well posted are you fans
on the subject of your favorites' man-
nerisms? What's Bette Davis's?
Uh-huh. That twisted smile. It's as
much a part of Dick as that off-
center part in his hair. And I've
never seen any one make a little smile
express as much as Dick can.

How about Charlie Butterworth?
His mannerism, I mean, and not his
smile. You don't know? Shucks,
that's easy. He puckers his lips and
blinks his eyes in an astonished sort
of way that makes you think he's
dumb and doesn't know what it's
all about. But don't kid yourselves.
That lady has been places.

But Barrymore's you must know
—unless there are some of you who,
like me, are tired of him and his pro-
file and who don't go to see his pic-
tures any more. In that case, you
may have forgotten, so I'll tell you.
He works one eyebrow up and down
like an elevator, to express every-
thing from passion to boredom.

Chester Morris's is similar. He
flattens out his right eyebrow and
arches his left one into a perfect bow.
But in Chester's case this only means
one thing: he's mad—and look out!

Carol Lombard uses both eyebrows
for all they're worth. But, as she has
attractive brows and is an all-around
nice girl, anything she does is pretty
much all right with me.

Do you know what Lew Ayres's
is? It's pulling down both brows
into a beeting line and looking out
from under them at you. When he
was making "All Quiet on the West-
ern Front" the other boys in the cast
used to kid him about it and call it
his "John Gilbert expression." It
may be that that's where he got it
from, but it's much more effective
with Lew than it is with John, so it's
O. K. with me.

What about Scene-stealer Merkel?
She giggles! Now a giggle sounds
silly, doesn't it? But it's a part of
Una and, somehow, when she giggles
she gets you giggling, too, whether
she does it on the screen or off. So
it must be a good mannerism.

Norma Shearer used to do the
same thing until every one began
razzing her about her giggle, which
she promptly stopped.

Richard Arlen has one I have
never seen any other player use and,
because it is a natural one, it is gen-
erally effective. In any strained situ-
ation he is pretty apt to put his finger
inside his collar and run it around
his neck as though his collar had sud-
denly become too tight. How often
have you seen the boy friend do the
same thing when you've caught him
two-timing and called him to ac-
count?

Robert Montgomery has a manner-
ism peculiarly his own. He smiles—
but he keeps his lips tightly closed
while he's smiling so you rarely see
his teeth.

Then there are the forehead crin-
kles—Adolphe Menjou and Clive
Brook. If you're a close observer
you must have noticed the quizzical
quirk Dolphie gives his eyebrows
and forehead. It expresses surprise,
disbelief, or disinterest much better
than anything else he could possibly
do.

Clive Brook employs the same
trick, but it is not always effective
with him—possibly because he over-
works it.

I could ramble on and on like this
for hours. But you get the idea.

Next time you have a rainy after-
noon on your hands and nothing to
do, go to the theater and sit through
three or four shows and see what new
mannerism you can discover in your
favorite that you haven't noticed be-
fore. It's great sport!
They Say in New York——

for house furnishings and clothes, and then just ran around exploring as excitedly as if they would never have a chance to see New York again.

Theater Magic.—Zita Johann, here from Hollywood, is rehearsing a play called “Waltz in Fire,” and Douglass Montgomery has been hanging around the theater wistfully. Set to do another Universal picture on the Coast almost at once, he so longs to get back behind the footlights that he just can’t stay away from New York.

Miriam Jordan is another who craves to do a play, and so is Marjorie Gateson. The radiantly pretty Mini has bought herself a Ford and goes careening through Broadway traffic, parking in forbidden theater zones, arguing traffic officers out of giving her a summons, wheedling wood factories. I won’t attempt to describe Erin to you, because I know I would gush, and anyway I would need some new superlatives. So, I will just dismiss her casually as the most vibrantly young and beautiful, sensitive, candid, lilting-voiced, responsive, and humorous young person I have had the good fortune to meet. If she is not superlative in pictures, the camera is a liar, the director a fiend, and the cutter a vandal.

Paramount Bags Big Game.—At last Mary Ellis has signed a contract to make pictures, which will give Grace Moore, Jeannette MacDonald and all the other songbirds a good run for their money. Miss Ellis defies description. She is young, beautiful, and a dynamo of energy. She sang at the Metropolitan when very young, abandoned opera for the sensationally successful musical comedy “Rose Marie,” walked out of that because she was tired of singing and wanted to go dramatic. For months she worked at a trifling salary with the Neighborhood Players in New York, winning acclaim in “Dybbuk.” For the past few years she has been in London, now singing, now acting heavy dramatic roles.

Some day I will tell you about the remarkable guide and practical philosopher, Alice Bentley, who has had such influence over Mary Ellis and others. By a special educational system of her own, she endows pupils with confidence in their ability. One naturally expects big things of Mary Ellis, but I wish that Paramount could give a better account of their stewardship over the film destinies of Kitty Carlisle before they acquire another lark.

The Stage Loses Two.—Weeks ago Dorothy Mackaill agreed to appear in a Broadway musical comedy, but since then the show has been rewritten until her part bears no slight resemblance to what it was. So, she has walked out, and is none too happy over it, either. She went to Helen Hayes’s home at Dobbs Ferry for the week-end only to find that Helen had changed her mind about touring this season in “Mary of Scotland.” Their nostalgia for the theater tuck away in motoballs, both girls are headed for Hollywood and more pictures.

The Unseen Picture Star.—Ketti Gallian, boomed the past year by the big guns of Fox as a great discovery, is sailing for a European vacation now that she has seen her first picture “Marie Galante.” Maybe that is a form of criticism. The picture will be shown to the public after she has gone.
Why Does Raft Brood?

He is incurably sentimental. The two battles he has had with Paramount have been because of that ingrained characteristic. He was very meek about pictures, did what he was told to do in the most amiable fashion until they asked him to play in "The Story of Temple Drake." Then he amazed every one by running amuck.

For the first time Paramount had collided with George's idealism and astonished executives learned that he would rather sacrifice his salary than, if necessary, his entire picture career—rather than betray his principles.

The second battle was brief and consisted of an argument over a line of dialogue, terminating with George's punching the supervisor in the nose with efficiency and dispatch. The line had to do with the grave of the mother of the character George was portraying and George refused, with fistic emphasis, to say it. That sentimentality again.

He wants so terribly to be liked. No matter how rich in acting opportunities a part may be, he will not enjoy it unless it is what he calls "sympathetic." He was very discontented over his rôle in "Bolero." "This guy was always loving girls and leaving them!" he complained. "Now, people won't like a fellow like that. Folks won't like me if they see me in parts like that!"

Clothes mean to him what yachts and power and social distinction mean to other ambitious people. He has suffered acutely in rôles which forced him to wear untidy outfits. Between you and me, I think that it was the fear of a "funny hair cut" and gay '90s pants which caused him to duck the Mae West picture, much more than the fear that he would be overshadowed by the boxum star.

Complaining that the bullfighter's costumes in "The Trumpet Blows" weighed seventy-five pounds and that the trousers were so tight that he could not sit down in them, he added, with especial bitterness: "The hat was not only heavy but it was most unbecoming. How can you do good work in a get-up like that?"

When he told me how much he disliked Hollywood and that he stayed on only because of the "swell money" he was earning, I asked him what all this money would mean to him. What did he want?

He told me, in all seriousness, that he wanted "enough shirts." He meant it. He meant dozens and dozens of custom-made shirts. He never wears a suit the second time without having it cleaned and pressed, and he changes all his clothes several times a day.

He has a small fortune invested in
Why Does Raft Brood?

a beautiful wardrobe, and he adds to it constantly and earnestly, as other people sometimes collect antique furniture or stamps. He owns one of the largest assortments of elegant lounging robes in America.

He lives modestly and entertains almost not at all. He invests his money in his wardrobe, assists relatives and friends, and tucks away a bit for that rainy day. He is irritated by California's space and sun, the stretches of ocean and the vistas of tawny desert. The color and informality of the landscape annoy him.

He moves among us, carefully tailored and groomed, unresponsive to the first-name-at-first-meeting camaraderie of the colony, tight-lipped, withdrawn, dreadfully, dreadfully shy.

Between his holidays in New York he barely and discontentedly exists.

The "dangerous and sinister Raft" is the loneliest man in Hollywood.

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in "The White Sister," B. P. Schulberg saw him in this and placed him under a personal contract, using him immediately in three consecutive pictures. Then Metro-Goldwyn borrowed him for "Sadie McKee," and ladies and gentlemen, B. P. Schulberg is the wimah.

That's gold in them there heels—as long as Edward Arnold can stand on them. And that should be for a long, long time, for he's only forty-four, which, for a character actor, is young enough to allow long service.

He has been acting for thirty years, first appearing on the stage at the age of fourteen, as (this is how he said it, laughing) "Philistramaster-of-revels,mamidsummernight'sdream."

"Mr. Arnold," I said hesitantly, "would you mind repeating that?"

He chuckled. "It's a mouthful, all right. But that's the way I said it at that time in all my youthful pride, when any one asked me what I was doing. Translated, it is, Philistramasterof-revels, mamidsummernight'sdream."

Following this jaw-breaker, he went into the repertory company of the Shakespearean actor, Robert B. Mantell, where he stayed for a year; then with Ethel Barrymore and with Maxine Elliott, finally settling down into stock for eleven years. He was doing romantic leads in those days; character roles were thrust upon him in this way:

He was playing the red-blooded, blue-shirted hero in "The Storm," a lickety-split melodrama which has twice been made into a picture. The Broadway run ending, he went on the road, and when the company returned to New York, he was informed by all producers that the day of the two-fisted, big-chested, basso-profundo hero was over.

Typed as such, he couldn't get a job, so he and the writer of "The Storm" condensed it into a dramatic skit, and Arnold took it into vaudeville, touring the country for two years. It soon got to be like beans for breakfast every day in the year, and, in desperation, he turned to character roles. A variety of such parts finally brought him to Los Angeles.

He is married, and has three children, the eldest sixteen: the other two are fourteen and nine. He says he has been too busy providing for them to take up any hobbies. Most fathers will understand.

How Does It Feel To Be Great?"

"They're trying to get me to make up horseback riding now, though," he said. "We ride two or three times a week."

He had remarked previously that he was trying to reduce, so I asked, "Won't that help to take off weight?"

"No," he said, then added, chuckling "it only seems to drive my stomach farther down into my lap!"

I asked him how he had liked working with Joan Crawford, knowing how little some stars like another of the cast stealing all the honors.

"I don't think I have ever enjoyed working with any one as much as I did with Joan," he said. "She did everything she could to help me."

But that, as every one knows, is typical of Joan Crawford.

"After the picture was previewed," he went on, "and I had begun to receive congratulations, I passed her on the lot. She stopped me and asked, 'Now, darling, how does it feel to be great?'

"We fell to discussing studio politics and professional jealousies."

"It doesn't bother me," he said, "when any one tries to hog the camera. If the star insists that I show my back to the camera, it's all right. I believe that I can act well enough with my back to hold my own."

It is only the incompetent who is driven into a near-frenzy by one of such ability. His presence on a set will make those with talent rise to their own full heights in order to keep up. The result is sure to be a good picture, all other things being fairly equal.

He was working with Ann Harding in "Biography of a Bachelor Girl." They had just started, but up to that time he thought Miss Harding very nice to work with. His next assignment was for a part in "Wednesday's Child."

It came time for him to get back on the set. Maurice Chevalier walked into the studio restaurant and, seeing Arnold, came over to the table. He, too, complimented the newest Hollywood sensation on his performance in "Sadie McKee." When stars of Chevalier's magnitude go out of their way to extend such compliments, the recipient must be good!

The time, the place, the part—that's how stars are made. There's always room for a good character star. Perhaps Edward Arnold will be the next one.

CHOOSY

You may have your lovers rough,
With a hardened, twisted smile:
But I'll take one whose tender glance
Does quite my heart beguile.

If I could have my choice of beaus
From all the different poles,
I'd let you have your racketeers,
But I'd prefer John Boles.

Jean Douglas.
MARK the PERFECT MAN!

He is Otto Kruger whose wife can’t find a fault in him after eight years, whose daughter adores him, whose servants lower their voices when they speak of the master, and whose critics have yet to find a flaw in his performances.

By Maude Lathem

Mrs. Kruger is extraordinary, too. She expects her husband to think he is in love with every actress he plays opposite. Daughter Ottilie says, “Dear, funny little old daddy”

I have been meeting wives of famous stars for years, but rarely have I met one with the intelligence, sincerity, and humor of Otto Kruger’s partner. She reminds me of the wife of a famous stage star who was once approached by another beautiful woman on the subject of divorcing her husband, “so he could have his happiness.” Without batting an eye, the wife replied, “Why, my dear, you have taken him seriously! How tragic! He can’t help making love to all his leading women.” I know Sue Kruger would have answered just like that.

Not only has she never been jealous, but it was Otto who went through this dreadful period. You see, he married beautiful Sue MacManamy, well-known actress, who had been engaged to Richard Dix. Otto wouldn’t have married a woman other men weren’t crazy about, but he couldn’t enjoy seeing men make love to her on the stage.

After the green-eyed monster had disturbed the couple for about a year, Sue said to Otto one day, “Let’s sit down and talk this out, and have done with the thing. You’re making me utterly miserable and I know you are wretched. Now, you’re intelligent, and you know I love you better than any man in the world, or I wouldn’t have married you. I know you feel the same about me. Can’t we be sensible and remember this and never doubt again?”

That’s just what they did, and from that day to this, there has been no more jealousy in the Kruger household. I know you want to hear what she said about his saying he was in love with Madge Evans when they made a picture together.

“Certainly he was. He loves them all, but there’s safety in numbers, you know,” she explains. “I understand it...”

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OVERLOOKED after a studio had placed him under contract, Otto Kruger decided to publicize himself, and this was accomplished in such a clever way that by the time the studio recognized his ability, he was already considered one of the most appealing men on the screen and fans were excited. However, it is the description of Mr. Kruger's home life, opposite, that will endear him anew.

PHOTO BY GILMOR
"The White Parade" shows the interesting, human side of a training school for nurses, with a heroine so nobly bent on serving humanity that she refuses marriage with a rich polo player!

LORETTA YOUNG, the charming, idealistic heroine, is seen with John Boles, above. Muriel Kirkland is with her, left, and at the bottom of the page the interesting line-up includes Astrid Allwyn, Elizabeth Young, Jane Darwell, Miss Kirkland, and Miss Young.
"The Little Minister" proved Katharine Hepburn with her awaited opportunity to achieve the success of "Little Women." The play might have been inspired by her. For Laura is mercurial, whimsical and tender, with flashes of fury, and it is Pict's opinion that Miss Hepburn equal the beauty of Adams's portrayal of the same role first seen in the play of her own in "Gertown." Laura is a human whose heart echoes to love and sorrow, to laughter and tears and to the madest passion. To-day, to-morrow, and every day will reach to heaven.
Forsaking Vergie Winters and her sacrificial love, Ann Harding gracefully steps into the world of sophisticated comedy in her new picture, “Biography of a Bachelor Girl,” in the congenial company of Robert Montgomery, Una Merkel, Edward Arnold, and Edward Everett Horton.

THE gayly distinguished group of players is concerned with a rather notorious portrait painter with a reputation for using her charm to induce celebrities to pose for her, the threatened publication of her autobiography causing all sorts of trouble.
When the star's horse is nosed out and fails to win—that's news, and the unusualness of it promises that "Broadway Bill" will smash conventions and win at the box office instead.

**HERO'S HORSE LOSES!**

*Cast* as a small-town girl instead of a sophisticate, Myrna Loy gets a new deal, too, and Warner Baxter is ideally cast. Frankie Darro, whose Picture Play admirers are many, is the jockey.
"THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL" offers Leslie Howard a dual rôle. In London he is Sir Percy Blakeney, in Paris he is nicknamed The Scarlet Pimpernel, leader of a band of fearless Englishmen bent on protecting aristocrats from the bloodthirsty Republican leaders. A highly dramatic and colorful subject, this famous story is bound to be exciting on the screen.
Hollywood High Lights

Seems that Marshall used a word which he shouldn't have used without smiling, according to the best social traditions.

Anyway, Hollywood has written another battle into its books, and this one, of course, occurred during a very elaborate party given by Ernst Lubitsch, the director. Saunders is the husband of Fay Wray.

Eddie's Fine Thought.—Whether to retain Lilayan Tashman's clothes, hats, and other beautiful belongings seemed to be a puzzle for Eddie Lowe. He debated the matter for long before deciding what to do with them, but finally turned them over to the Assistance League, with the proviso that they be used to aid girls who were just getting a start in pictures. That was a happy thought on Eddie's part.

Jackie Coogan, once the greatest of all boy actors, is now a strapping fellow of more than 150 pounds. He's making a trial comeback in "Code of the West" while still going to college.

Eddie, who used to spend time between pictures morting about the State, says that pleasure has lost all its kick for him since Lil died. They enjoyed those trips so much together. He does go to parties occasionally, however.

Astaire Turns Censor.—Fred Astaire, the dancing and musical star, recently settled in Hollywood, has got the interview-supervising yearn already. It appears that he didn't like some remarks once made about the ritziness of his sister's marriage to Lord Cavendish, also references to himself being of a snooty-tooty social sort. He's really a very friendly chap after you get to know him, and just has that one pecularity about publicity. He is also one of the few actors in Hollywood who has a good memory for faces.

"My Old Flame!"—Just when everybody thought that all was ended between Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland, up pops the devil! Or is that the way to say it? Anyway, Connie and the Marquis de la Falaise returned from abroad, and then, just after she got back to town, Connie and Gilbert were again seen places together. Tsk, tsk!

Evelyn Laye's Swain.—We wondered and wondered, now that Evelyn Laye is free, who the gentleman might be who would seem to have the inside track with this lovely lady. Well, it looks like Frank Lawton, who plays David Copperfield. When she visited previously in Hollywood, Evelyn was still married to Sonnie Hale, or just about to become unmar- ried from him.

Subsequently he wed the English actress, Jessie Matthews. And there was a lot of hullabaloo about that, too.

Evelyn, by the way, admires Ramon Novarro most heartily and sincerely. She played with him in "The Night Is Young.

Game and Set for Loretta.—It was Loretta Young who captured the interest of the tennis champion, Fred Perry, and was there competition about that, too! We aren't considering this as a terribly serious romance, but then there's never any telling. The heartaches still go on concerning her break-up with Spencer Tracy, on Spencer's side anyway.

Approving a Sample.—Mary Boland now refers to herself as a first-class-sample. Anyhow, she can. She, Katherine DeMille, and Frances Drake recently tripped to Mexico City by airplane to take part in the dedication of a magnificent memorial theater in the capital. The question came up of inviting movie stars to a certain function. Overtures of a preliminary character were made to Miss Boland by some of the dignitaries. They desired to meet her, really to look her over, before extending invitations to the group. "I was the sample," she said, "and apparently they liked the sample, because we were all invited." But aren't those Mexican folk choosy!

A Truce at Last!—One thing that Hollywood is being spared—and oh so happily, oh so happily—is the terrible bother over those fights between Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller. Still the colony does have to
Hollywood High Lights

and will probably sing Musetta’s “Waltz” from “La Bohème” in her next film, while “Vissi d’arte, Vissi D’amoore” from “Tosca” was the outstanding selection in “Enter Madame.” That just about cleans up the good and suitable Puccini offerings.

Warning His Friends.—Ross Alexander, seen in “Gentlemen Are Born,” had to pay sixty dollars at one of Hollywood’s more regal restaurants for himself and wife—just a dinner with Rhine wine. And he did the unheard of thing of asking for a receipt for the bill. The waiter and subsequently the headwaiter tried to demur, but Alexander insisted. And now he flants the receipt in front of everybody so that they may be forewarned of what may happen to them if they go to the same place. It’s something new in picketing.

A boy in ten thousand is Freddie Bartholomew. That’s how many MGM looked over in a maddening search for the right kid to play David Copperfield in childhood. Then Freddie was sighted and seized upon. He’s English, of course.

A Disappointed Lady.—Fay Wray had a terrific time becoming an American citizen. She learned the answers to about one hundred and twenty-five questions, crammed like the Dickens, and was terribly anxious to prove that she knew a lot about the Constitution and everything else.

And then when she went up for her examination, like a young girl ambitious to get a collegiate degree, she was perfunctorily asked only ten very easy queries, and wasn’t able to demonstrate even one-twentieth of what she knew. What a let-down!

Money for Mickey.—Mickey Rooney, who looks as if he might be the next youngster to arrive in a big way in pictures, is being paid $150 at the start of his contract with MGM and winds up at $1,000. Well, it’s a tidy sum for a youngster, providing he stays with the company for the full time, seven years. The life of a child star is, however, generally somewhat shorter than this.

By the way, Mickey is to play Puck in the screen “Midsummer Night’s Dream,” which Max Reinhardt will produce. He made a great hit in the stage presentation of the Shakespeare play on the Coast.

Opera Tunes Scarce.—Producers are getting terribly worried about the musical-picture craze. The thing is that there aren’t enough grand-opera selections to go round. Only about a dozen or so are sufficiently well known and attractive to be rendered in pictures, and Grace Moore used up about a third of these in “One Night of Love,” and Elissa Landi an almost equal number in “Enter Madame,” in which, of course, Madame Nina Kosloetz sang her songs.

The old-fashioned Donizetti and Verdi operas are not regarded as very suitable for the screen. Puccini works are considered the best, but Miss Moore did the “Entrance Song” and “One Fine Day” from “Madame Butterfly” in “One Night of Love.”

No” May Mean “Yes.”—Funny of Kay Francis to say she’d wed again “when I am doddering.” We don’t believe a word of it. Just watch if something doesn’t happen between her and Maurice Chevalier in the next few months. The marriage chimes are ready to ring.

Jean Harlow’s “Denise.”—Jean Harlow is the latest star to get “killed.” The rumor was all over town one afternoon and evening. Somebody in a radio station started it, and people kept calling up the newspapers and bothering the life out of city editors and the like, who investigated and discovered that Miss Harlow was enjoying herself at Marion Davies’s big home-coming party. The Davies return from one of those European jaunts is, by the way, always triumphantly celebrated, and most of the colony manages to pay tribute, when duly induced.

Panther Girl’s New Innings.—Kathleen Burke, the “panther woman,” said good-bye to a husband and hello to a contract on the same day. She was more or less out of the movies following her appearance in “The Isle of Lost Souls,” but is thought to have a real future now.

Boyer Going Hollywood.—Charles Boyer, star of “Caravan,” will have his revenge on Fox. He has been signed by Walter Wanger and will continue his American career. Boyer and Fox parted company with plenty of fireworks filling the air, and it was thought that the French luminary had turned his back completely on Hollywood. But that wasn’t the case. He likes Hollywood and, besides, his wife, Pat Paterson, is bound to be kept busy there, and with the Fox organization, curiously enough.
on the screen. Her best points are her hair, mouth, teeth, and legs.

Now come four whom I can only classify as *bizarre*. Either by nature or design they do not fit into any definite beauty classification, yet each possesses individuality and challenges the attention of the masses.

Garbo, a unique combination of artistic beauty and peasant plainness. In this instance numerous physical imperfections seem to spur the imagination and increase her phenomenal charm.

Katharine Hepburn, a brash, lean, ambitious woman whose countenance is in harmony with her feverish energy and rare talent. Her hair is not red, but medium brown.

Maie West, buxom, thick-waisted, flamboyant. In no sense a beauty, her wit, courage and voluphtuousness have been her principal assets.

Gloria Swanson, with a dozen beauty liabilities, is a man-charmer of the first water. Here personality, shrewdness, and a spectacular clothes sense triumph over such defects as sharp features and an ill-proportioned body.

Another group of five I have labeled *distinguished*. In these, quality, refinement, and womanliness take precedence, in most instances, over beauty.

Gracie Moore, a charming, good-natured prima donna who does not scorn to answer a studio employee’s telephone for him if said employee has left the room.

Dana Wynyard, whom some one rightly called “a plain beauty.”

**Fifty Beauties—More or Less**

Elissa Landi has many good points—to say nothing of curves—but on the whole she is not sufficiently outstanding to deserve one to exclaim, “What a beautiful woman!”

Ann Harding, whose rare and vital screen beauty is not equaled in person. Lovely hair and complexion, but eyes, teeth, and nose could be better.

Claudette Colbert is another embarrassment, being too arresting to be classified as merely pretty, yet lacking the uniform loveliness of a real beauty. Forehead too low and cheek bones too high.

Now arrive at the place where we may introduce those whom I find, after exhaustive comparisons, to be more beautiful than their sisters. Imagine my chagrin when I have to admit that there are exactly ten of them. The list does not, incidentally, represent my favorite actress. None of these women is perfectly beautiful for the reason that there is no such thing as perfect beauty in human form. These ten do, however, have a higher percentage of points individually than have any of their competitors.

Madeleine Carroll carries off the honors for England. With her classically perfect features, rose-and-cream complexion, thick golden hair, flexible expressions and womanly figure she is about everything that a beauty should be.

Maureen O’Sullivan, with her fine, graceful figure, charming features, violet-blue eyes, fair complexion, and thick, dark hair is ideally suited to represent the Emerald Isle.

Dolores del Rìo’s dusky, patrician beauty is a credit to Mexico. Not the least of her attractions are her hands and legs.

Lupe Velez, although seldom referred to as such, is a real beauty, despite her inherent blankeyness. Her eyes are finer than Miss Del Rìo’s. Good features, splendid teeth, and beautiful hair are among her winning points.

Six members of this group are Americans, which does not indicate national supremacy in the matter, but a preponderance of material from which to choose.

Irene Dunne is a stately beauty whose eyes, hair, complexion, and teeth are a joy to behold.

Frances Dee is what the typical American girl should be like. Her lovely features are glorified by a dewy freshness that I hope motherhood will not destroy.

Helen Vinson is another stately beauty with naturally curly hair, fine figure, and perfect hands.

Loretta Young has many excellent points—beautiful eyes, mouth, and complexion. Her beauty lacks what might be called soul, but that may develop in time.

Jeanette MacDonald is another who makes the innocent bystander forget what he is saying and stare. Intelligent, graceful femininity done in gold, carnation, and ivory.

Gloria Stuart completes the list. Excellent features, figure, and expression enable her to hold her own in any gathering of beautiful women.

**Luck of the Irish**

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police were searching, was in hiding. Another lucky break. The tip had been born in the chance remark of a girl friend.

Phil hot-footed it to headquarters and was assigned to capture the fugitive. Within nine days he made the arrest, narrowly escaping death in the process. The result was that Phil received a citation and was immediately assigned to plain-clothes duty working out of headquarters.

For months he tracked down clowns. At last he achieved his ambition. He was a full-fledged policeman. Surely there was no higher success to hope for. Yet at that moment fate was already choosing him for a greater rôle. One which seemed as remote as singing at the Metropolitan.

For Phil had always sung. And it was his fine Irish tenor voice which was to lift him from obscurity to the covered position of film star.

It all happened quite by accident. A friend of Phil’s who led the orchestra at a Broadway movie house had been robbed of some personal belongings. It was only natural that he should call on Phil to help recover the loot. In the course of the investigation he was invited by his friend to attend a party.

Phil was then very much the playboy. Let it be said he has since settled down to a quiet existence even to the extent of swearing off liquor and smoke. He attended the party and agreed to find among the guests such well-known picture people as Conrad Nagel, Mervyn LeRoy and William Haines. Also present was a tall, distinguished-looking young man, known to the profession as having taught Joan Crawford, Cary Grant, Miriam Hopkins, and others how to talk properly. He was John Hutchens, noted voice coach.

As the party progressed, each guest was called upon to do a number. Without too much hesitation, our hero stepped up to the piano. Proping himself against its side he sang, with appropriate gestures and much gusto, an old-time ditty called “I Lost the Hand That Rocked Me to Sleep.” Much to his surprise, and not unlike those fabulous ads which one reads occasionally, he became the sensation of the evening.

The outcome of all this was that Mr. Hutchens agreed to coach him in his spare time. Phil eagerly accepted and spent a full year developing and expanding his vocal powers under the watchful eye of his mentor. At the end of that time, Mr. Hutchens felt that the young Irishman was ready for radio and took him over to the Columbia Broadcasting Studio for an audition.

Here Lady Luck again smiled her fairest on Phil Regan. The agents for the Robert Burns program happened to hear him and immediately signed him for that important program for which half the singers in New York had been angling. During the ensuing twelve months he appeared every Wednesday night, along
with Burns and Allen and the Guy Lombardo orchestra, as “The Singing Cops” And it was as such that he became known to radio fans. The career of a policeman was thus lost in the many duties attendant on his position as an air attraction.

When the program finally disbanded, Phil was put on a sustaining program and booked for personal appearances including the Fox Theater in Brooklyn. Here, in the city where he had once been simply another poor boy, he found himself a celebrity.

Life began to pull after such exciting experiences and Phil, following a lunch, decided to go to Hollywood. It was right before Christmas and he spent that most personal of all holidays in the impersonal atmosphere of a Pullman car. He recalls that as one of the unhappiest days in his whole life. He was blue and discouraged, assailed by the constant fear that his luck might suddenly desert him.

Arriving in Los Angeles the day on which Guy Lombardo and his band were scheduled to open an engagement at the Coconut Grove, Phil went, one might almost say, from the train to that famous rendezvous. His spirits were revived by the sight of his old friends and also by the presence of Gracie Allen and George Burns, out there to make a picture.

Gracie, noting his mood, was her very weldest that night. She dragged Phil out on the floor and made him dance. Soon these two children of Erin were the center of attraction with their exuberance and high spirits. Phil may have been dancing with Gracie, but his real partner was still Lady Luck, Clarence Brown, the director, spotted him and sought an introduction. The next day he found himself at the MGM studios being tested for the role in “Sadie McKee” which Gene Raymond later played. Although he lost out, an enterprising agent, sensing his possibilities, obtained a contract for him with Warners. Several months later, he had the satisfaction of being borrowed by MGM for the juvenile lead in “Student Tour.”

With several other pictures to his credit, he is well launched on his screen career. He is still unmarried but has a girl in Brooklyn whom he has known since boyhood. He lives quietly and is saving his money, his one extravagance being a new roadster. Best of all, he has no illusions about himself, “I was just lucky,” he explains.

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“I didn’t miss it at all,” said he, “I had forgot all about it.”

Leslie Howard must belong to the same wise-people-change-their-minds fraternity. In advance of his arrival in America, after his last ocean trip, he sent word, “I’m hurrying from England in order to eat Christmas dinner with you tomorrow.”

It seems he found he would “rather shoot quail in the desert than ride to homesteads.”

All good Americans were delighted to hear that this charming actor, and Englishman, to boot, had expressed himself that way about their country. However, there appeared to be some exaggeration. As the latest reports had it, Leslie was back under the old standard again. While he likes Hollywood because it gives him a “sensation of space” and all that his heart is in England and he wants to get back there as quickly as possible.

Ah, these artists!

There’s temperament in them still, as Maurice Chevalier proved very satisfactorily. It all came out during “The Merry Widow” fracas. Word came across the sea that Chevalier didn’t care to work with Lubitsch and MacDonald any longer. He didn’t mind being directed by Lubitsch, but he didn’t want to be costarred with Jeanette. He didn’t say anything of the kind.

Back on American soil once more, he repudiated all those grievous reports. He was hurt. He had nothing but the deepest admiration and respect for both Jeanette and Ernst. Why, he wouldn’t think of talking “bad” about them. The cruix of his remarks was, “I will play with whom Thalberg and Lubitsch decide. If they decide that Jeanette is the one for the part, then with all my heart I will play with Jeanette.”

So they took him at his word. But it wouldn’t be advisable to do the same with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Just after his separation, he vowed he still loved Joan and would try to win her back, even if it took a year or more. And yet not twelve months later he was raving about Gertrude Lawrence and how he had discovered true love for the first time in his life.

Are we disillusioned! There doesn’t seem to be anything left to this youthful constancy any more.

In completion of this particular set of contrasts, young Doug asserted, “There is no one I admire more than Franchot Tone.”

The feeling was supposed to be mutual, too. However, neither of these two could agree to the other when, during Yezar’s last flying trip to Hollywood, they both happened to be shopping in the same place.

As has been often suggested, there must be something in the Hollywood air which transforms a man into something he wouldn’t otherwise be. Though you wouldn’t expect atmosphere to affect a good-natured, bonniest egg like Spencer Tracy. Nevertheless, not so long ago there was a story published headlining Tracy’s comment that he was very glad he married before he came to Hollywood. He stated, “Sure, I’ve heard rumors that Mrs. Tracy and I might separate. They’re too silly even to deny.”

The next month Mrs. Tracy told the printed story of their separation. Every one speaks out of turn in Hollywood, but they get called down and live to regret it sooner or later, stars and scribes alike. That’s the way it was with Warner Baxter and the writers who depicted him as a brave man with a secret sorrow. The burden was his invalid wifé for whom he sacrificed all his desires for a complete life and a social one because she couldn’t participate.

Now we discover that the items which contributed to that impression were false. Warner called them a lot of “devilish nonsense” and you can’t blame the gentleman for being heated about it. The latest news is that, compared to Mr. Baxter, Mrs. Baxter is almost a social butterfly, as well as being a normal, healthy, happy woman. As for wanting children, for whom he was supposed to yearn, well, it seems he isn’t particularly keen, since a child was brought home for adoption and it had to be returned because its violent behavior kept Warner from learning his lines.

Before she became Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller, Lupe Velez was continually giving interviews about her love affairs. Gary Cooper shared most of this publicity, he being her great passion at that time. Even now the repeated quarrels with her Johnny and her rep’ted split-ups and reconciliations are no longer considered front-page news.

Then there is the player who professes absolute distaste for parties and merrymaking of any kind, when, as a matter of fact, no sore is complete without him.

So, all things considered, it doesn’t look as if we’ll ever know the truth about what our movie personalities think or say or do. But we may be sure they’ll be as variable as the weather. Would you be interested in them if they were any other way?
1. It is true that billions are being spent by the Government in order that people may not die of cold and hunger.

2. But these billions, divided among the families in need, average for each family only about $24 a month.

3. And 70% of the free hospital services in the United States for the needy sick are provided by voluntarily supported hospitals. The sick among the unemployed number 48% more than among the employed.

4. Likewise public health nurses, also supported by your voluntary gifts, report that 66% of all their visits in 1933 were in homes unable to pay for the service rendered.

5. 30% more children have had to be removed from their own homes and cared for by voluntarily supported children's agencies.

6. Two-thirds of all the arrests for crime involve persons between the ages of 15 and 24 years. Millions of boys and girls living under conditions destructive to character need the character-building services of your recreation agencies.

7. A man may die of despair, as well as of hunger, for suicides, numbering 15,368 in 1928, grew to 20,927 in 1932. This shows that more and more people are ceasing to value the only kind of life they are able to attain.

8. America cannot be rebuilt by relief measures alone.

9. Your local community chest needs your support during this year of rebuilding human hope and morale. It supports hospitals, clinics, child-care organizations, character-building agencies and many other social services.

10. When you give in your city, you strengthen the forces of civilization in the neighborhood in which you live.

1934 MOBILIZATION FOR HUMAN NEEDS
His Motto Is Money

In the future I shall work only for the money I can make, and I won’t expect my career to be my main interest in life nor to afford me my greatest pleasure in existence.

Though he was trying most manfully to sound old and blasé, Mr. Montgomery’s words betrayed his extreme youth and immaturity. For it is only the very young or very stupid—and he certainly is not the latter—who expect to receive from their accomplishments joy other than the inner glow experienced while engaged in work one loves, and in seeing that work developed into success. The supreme thrill of achievement is one’s only reward, but it is enough.

However, it was somehow disillusioning to hear the young man whose every screen portrayal has been characterized by honesty and sincerity and sensitivity, voice sentiments which must ultimately be reflected in his work. I asked him how he expected to maintain the high standard he has set for himself now that he has had this change of heart.

He pondered for a moment before replying, gazing thoughtfully out of the long windows which face the famous East River several stories below. We were sitting in the living room of his Beekman Place apartment—a lovely, gracious room decorated in warm, rusty reds and deep purples and soft chintzes, its walls lined with books and a log fire crackling on the hearth against the early autumn chill.

It was a room that bespoke fine but simple taste, genteel idealism and an innate sense of the fitness of things, not a room which had the lighter of gold outshine the deeper, more enduring light of real and fundamental values. For six years it has been Mr. Montgomery’s New York home and wordlessly it told the story of the boy he had been.

His voice broke into my musings when at last he was ready to answer the last question. “I hadn’t thought of my future work from that point of view,” he confessed. “And now I’ll admit that it does present a problem. For the camera has great penetration and it may capture and transfer to the screen this detachment I now feel, and may change the quality of my screen personality.

“I can’t help the way I feel, of course. But I can control my thoughts and actions; I can be certain that I do a technically perfect job in every part I assume. I shall simply have to depend upon technical skill to disguise the fact that my heart is no longer in my work and that I have lost the idealism I once had.”

Yet Mr. Montgomery is frank in conceding that his fortuitous position to-day is the direct result of his wholehearted devotion to an intangible ideal.

Born in Los Angeles, with his family he moved to the socially important suburb of Pasadena at an early age. When he was about six years old, and still in kindergarten, he first conceived the desire to go on the stage—a desire which was destined to become for a time, at least, the consuming passion of his life.

Why he turned to the theater, he does not know, as none of his forbears had ever dreamed make-up. But as soon as he was old enough to toddle downtown alone, he managed to visit managers and in a short time obtained child parts in a stock company that was at that time playing in Los Angeles.

That he met with enough success to spur him on to bigger and better things, and to convince him that he had been right in selecting the theater as his vocation, he attributes to one fact.

“I was utterly and completely ruthless in my determination to make a name and position for myself on the stage, and I am a firm believer in the old sentiment, trite though it may be, that if you want a thing badly enough you can get it.

“Whenever any one disputes that fact, offering various proofs, I feel it is simply that though he may not realize it, he has not wanted the thing, really wanted it enough, or he could have got it. His desire has not been a burning, consuming passion that thrusts all else before it, strong enough that he would kill to achieve it. That’s the way I felt about the stage and amounting to something on it. Of course I don’t feel that way any longer.”

Regardless of his present cynicism, he was intense enough when he was seventeen to forsake the certainty of work in stock on the Coast, where he was established, in favor of trying his luck in New York. Bag and baggage the youngster arrived, without knowing a soul, but with the unconquerable optimism of youth singing a pan of hope and confidence in his heart.

Followed the usual trek to booking agents and managers, with the ultimate result that he won a juvenile lead on Broadway. Not because of his ability, he modestly avers, but because he looked like a hick and that was what the rôle required.

However, he met with enough success in his initial venture on the Great White Way to assure him further work, and he continued in several other plays in New York and did several seasons of stock in Baltimore, with never a backward glance toward Hollywood.

His advent on the screen was in reality occasioned by the accidental fact that Pasadena lies in close proximity to the cinema capital. For, after he had been away from home about five years, he decided it was time to pay the family a visit. And when he arrived in California, he found that his name and fame had preceded him.

To such extent that he was offered the lead opposite Joan Crawford in “Paid.” Sincerely disinterested, his attitude naturally quickened the eagerness of film producers. Result: He did “Paid,” was lent to Universal for “Waterloo Bridge,” and returned to his first love, the stage, a wealthier, but no happier young man.

In fact, he still prefers the stage to the screen, despite his waning interest in his career. But that is partly because he considers his film future definitely limited.

“I’m not a type,” he explained.

“Of course, I’m versatile and can play almost any kind of male rôle. But it isn’t as if I stood for one certain kind of characterization—and that’s what the screen needs.

“I’m not a gangster, a singer or a dancer, nor a great lover. I’m just an average young man.”

Immediately I thought of Mr. Montgomery’s proclivities for touring the night clubs and cabarets with New York’s socially elect, and could not resist reminding him of his fitness to play young sophisticates.

Of course, in my personal life I may be pretty much of a young-man-about-town, but I’m not quite old enough and do not look enough like what the public expects a young-man-about-town to look like, to establish myself definitely as that type.

“No, I shall just keep on working, and doing my best, glad there is a call for my services and glad to make all the money I can.

“Then, some day I may direct, or I may achieve my real ambition, which is to marry and have children and be that.

“But don’t you think you’d be unhappy giving up your work completely, and just stagnating?” I asked.

“Well, you couldn’t call marrying and having children and traveling stagnating, could you?” he countered.

And as I couldn’t think of the right answer to that, I decided to finish my tea and go home. After all, I had had a lovely visit with a very charming young-man-about-town—a young man so very young that I’m hoping I have another visit with him in five years to see what he’s like then. I bet he’ll be swell!
Gowns by Adrian

Of course, for the screen, Adrian has to blend a star's personality with the personality of the character she is portraying. If the star is well cast, Adrian's job is that much easier. Garbo has the old-world repose and maturity as a basis for her clothes, but because she is a great artist her clothes, no matter what they are, must express the originality of the creative force.

To Adrian, Norma Shearer is the typical American woman—a conservative at heart with the longing to do something daring. Adrian satisfies that longing by letting Norma wear daring evening gowns. But, remember, she wears them only on the screen. In private life even her evening dresses are conservative.

Joan Crawford spells "action" to Adrian. Not even for a fitting can she stand still, so all her clothes are designed to express action at the least movement. The Letty Lynton style came into being solely to express this quality in Joan, so if you are not animated, always on your toes, vitally interested in something, these clothes are not for you.

If you are a demure ingénue who can turn into a purposeful woman when the occasion arises, you may wear the sort of clothes Elizabeth Allan does. But if you are an ingénue like Marion Davies, Maureen O'Sullivan, or the hundreds of girls everywhere, who are spoken of as "charming," do not try exotic or action clothes.

Stick to simple things that become charming because of the prominence of one note, be it color, cut of sleeves, a sash or accessories. If you are in doubt as to what group you belong, Adrian still advises simple things with a flair and suggests that you wear sport clothes whenever possible.

But your personality ought to be so well-defined that you will not belong to the "in-betweens." Even if you are young and your life is not fully developed, there can still be one characteristic that expresses you and which your clothes express. Many young girls make the mistake of trying to change their type every now and then. It is a waste of valuable time that can be saved by analyzing yourself and sticking to the truth.

Adrian thinks Katharine Hepburn is a perfect example of a young girl whose personality is not blurred. You must agree that the quality which stands out most in her is her definiteness.

"All her clothes should and do express this very quality," he said; and went on to confide, "She's the one young girl of the screen for whom I do not design and for whom I should like to, because she so thoroughly expresses in her personality and acting the tone of her mind.

There you have Adrian's first point in a nutshell!

As to body lines, Adrian, contrary to other designers, emphasizes bad features for purposes of camouflage. This may seem like a paradox until you see how it works out.

You probably remember that before Adrian costumed Garbo, one always noticed that her shoulders were too broad. Now your attention is called to some other feature. Adrian, instead of putting narrow things on her, added shoulder width to her clothes until now her shoulders seem so wide that they have become unnoticeable.

Her long arms are usually covered by longer sleeves of wide and interesting cut, so we notice the sleeve and forget about the arm.

I always emphasize the bad features of a woman to the point where they suddenly disappear." Adrian said. "It is foolish for a little woman to wear broad-shouldered effects for it merely calls attention to her narrowness. Show the public your bad points and they won't notice them, particularly if another part of your dress holds the attention."

Before I left, Adrian said, "I'd like to stress the point that what I do in my designs is to try to bring common sense to clothes. I admit that some of my creations may have seemed mad at first, but they all had a definite idea of personality behind them."

"It is the mind of a woman that counts. If that is dull, the most exotic frock as well as the most simple will somehow look ridiculous. An active mind develops a definite personality with one character trait that a woman must dress for. If she expresses it, she cannot help but be smartly gowned whether she wear gingham or velvet."

Continued from page 36 native work that he made his teachers gasp. It was at the zoo, watching the animals, that Adrian absorbed a knowledge of muscle in play. With it was a riot of colors not to be found on the human body but which he could apply to it.

While Adrian was attending the Paris branch of this school, he took a girl to the Grand Prix Ball. He had designed a Persian costume for her to wear and he was surprised to find that it stood out with entries from the greatest dress houses in Paris. At the ball was Irving Berlin, who was so impressed with the young student's work that he engaged him to design the costumes for the first "Music Box Revue."

So Adrian left school, returned to America, and designed the clothes for the two "Music Box Revues," the "Greenwich Village Follies" and George White's "Scandals."

Like so many others, he became associated with pictures quite by accident. One day he left some of his sketches on the reception room table of a costume house and Natasha Rambova, Valentino's wife, found them. She showed them to her husband who immediately sent for Adrian and took him to Hollywood to do costumes for "Cobra," "Son of the Sheik," "The Eagle," etc.

Sid Grauman wanted a spectacular prologue for Charlie Chaplin's, "The Gold Rush." One day after the picture opened at the Egyptian Theater with Adrian's prologue, he had six contracts to choose from. Adrian went with Cecil DeMille because he felt that DeMille was more interested in the spectacular than any one else. For three years, he worked with DeMille at the "Valué" studio and when he went to Metro, Adrian went with him. Under his guidance, Garbo, Crawford, Shearer, and many others emerged as definite personalities.

But now to get back to his methods. Suppose you, like Constance Bennett when she did "Outcast Lady," were a new subject for Adrian. What would he do? Bring out the tape measure or begin sketching right away? Not at all.

First he would talk with you and find out what you think about life. In other words, he would get the key to your real personality. Miss Bennett, Adrian decided, was fundamentally American in spite of the years she had spent abroad. But during her years on the Continent, she had seeped in European ideas and conventions. So in "Outcast Lady" Constance wears clothes that Adrian thinks are American yet with daring touches that suggest the Continental atmosphere that has become a part of the star.
in her life, since her versatility has put a premium on her services.

"And I wouldn't have been here at all," she mused, "if it hadn't been for Lula Vollmer. I suppose in every one's career there is one person you can point to as the pivot upon which everything revolves. Lula Vollmer is that person to me. It began one day when I walked into an agent's office in New York, and Lula Vollmer, seeing me, assured Lucille La Verne, with whom she was working, "But I think Emmy should be a brunette.'"

"Out of that meeting came my engagement to go to London in 'Sun-up' — which was the high spot of my stage career. And out of it also came my chance to go to Hollywood."

Because after that one play of hers that Sara played in, no Lula Vollmer drama was presented without a part in it being offered to Sara Haden. She even played Lula Vollmer characters over the radio. And when "Spitfire" was brought to the screen, Miss Vollmer, in her quietly insistent way, had Sara brought across the continent to play the role she had created in the stage production.

"And so I left New York on two days' notice, flew across the country, knowing nothing about pictures, and started to work, scared to death, of course."

Making a picture début in the same film with Katharine Hepburn doesn't sound particularly soothing, but Sara insists she was a great help. "She saw how frightened I was, and told me that when she first came out here, she was just that bewildered herself. Most of my scenes in that first picture were with her, and she spared no effort in helping me overcome camera fear."

With her first picture finished, Sara encountered a second bit of luck, for, having done a part as eccentric as her first rôle was, she ran the risk of being "typecd." But the public mind was about to start his career as director, and he believed firmly in Sara's talent.

"Surely," he insisted, "you don't have to wait until another half-witted rôle comes along. And to prove his faith, he gave her a part in his first picture, "Finishing School." With this evidence of her unusual range established, her picture career was well under way.

And Sara has settled down in Hollywood. Only she doesn't live in Hollywood, but has a charming home in a residential district of Los Angeles — she and her husband, Dick Abbott.

Technically, I suppose husbands don't belong in interviews, but this husband has a way of creeping in, because these people are married folks first and show folks afterward.

And while we sat in the shade of the Mexican-blue walls of the garden, combating the heat of California's Indian summer with raspberry ice, husband Dick spoke his piece. He's by no means his wife's severest critic — he's a staunch devotee of her talents. An actor in his own right, he hasn't a crumb of resentment against the rôle of Sara Haden's husband. Instead, he blithely insists she's about the best thing he's ever seen on the screen.

Still a trifle homesick for New York, not particularly inclined toward strenuous social life in Hollywood, Sara and her hubby, who are "Dicko" and "Queenie" to each other, assiduously explore Los Angeles. They are both connoisseurs of food and can tell you offhand all the remote and little-known places that excel in unusual foreign foods.

They quietly play host in the best Mr. and Mrs. fashion to friends from back home who want to see the sights. And they daily discover that the world is a smaller and a smaller place after all, because all the people they used to know on the stage are going to Hollywood to make pictures. It's people like Sara Haden that make one particularly glad that pictures have grown up, that talking pictures placed proper value on acting ability in place of glamour and put an expressive voice on at least a par with a persuasive body, and that dignity is replacing dizziness. For people like her lend mellowness, cordiality, and quiet humor to the town, and bring to the screen moments of real depth.

**Queenie Is No Meanie**

Dickie Moore is thoroughly boy, to the core. He might be the next door neighbor's son, with a love for those things so dear to a growing youngster's heart. He is far from being spoiled from so much attention.

He thinks Lindbergh is a great aviator and Tom Keene is his favorite cowboy star. Some one asked him one day if he would rather have an airplane or a horse. "Depends," he replied. "Depends on what kind of a plane." He'd like a seaplane.

He's the leader of his gang, and whenever he's home from school or the studio you can find a large crowd of boys around his house. Across the street lives a dainty little miss who until recently was his "girl." Now, he isn't going to marry her, after all. She's too old for him, he's decided, and she's too tall. Anyway, he says "she's dumb." So that seems to settle that score.

With the aid of his tool chest he has invented some rather amazing contraptions. One of the most novel is an automatic match lighter, which works if you have the patience to put it into operation. Another, more breath-taking still, performs five different functions. It sharpens pencils, makes a paper cut-out dance, punches holes in paper. He can't remember what the other two uses are that he invented it for, but it was a good idea.

Directors and players enjoy working with him because he is so natural, and cameramen swear by him because they say he is the easiest child to photograph they have ever shot. Once you have glimpsed him on the screen, you can never forget those large dark eyes that glow like live coals. In fact, his extraordinary eyes were the means of first bringing him to popular attention. "When a tiny sister arrived at his house some months ago, Dickie took one look at her, then returned to romping with his Scottie, Rags. He had wanted a brother, and Rags seemed better as a playmate than the baby."

He told a caller, who inquired about the newcomer, "I'm willing to feed her bottle but if she spills anything on my pants, I'm through with her."
Mother thought she would like a pink house, but she has been sorry ever since they took her at her word.

But we are ahead of Betty’s story, as she patiently told it to me.

She always harbored the ambition to be a movie actress or a stage star. It didn’t much matter. When she was eight or nine she was taken to “Poppy,” in which W. C. Fields starred with Madge Kennedy and Luella Gear. Betty’s mother was a friend of Miss Gear’s, and took the little girl backstage to meet her. From that day forth she was determined to act, somehow, somewhere.

So when RKO signed her on a modest contract she went to Hollywood with high hopes, her mother, and the barking dog who never bites. RKO let her do a small part in “The Scott, Buster Crabbe, and Frank Albertson; Mitchell and Durant were quietly summing, without so much as a handstand to identify them; Virginia Cherrell and Joan Marsh were shopping for sunglasses.

Betty and I dug seats in the sand and resumed our talk. Fate played a quaint part in the next chapter.

She was visiting the RKO lot one day, shortly after severing relations, and went into the commissary for lunch with Tom Brown. Al Santell, director, happened in. “Who’s that girl?” he asked, spying Betty. “She’s just the one I want for ‘Virgie Winters.’” A test followed and Betty got the part in the Ann Harding picture.

This bit of fortune had further results. Metro called her to talk contract.

“Just to show how independent I was, I went to New York,” said Betty, “for a vacation. I didn’t want to miss out on the MGM chance, so I let an agent work it up from New York. Six weeks passed, nothing happened. And I did want to work for Metro. So I returned to Hollywood, went to their studio, and signed.” She sighed. “I wonder if they remember me. I shouldn’t complain. I’m not complaining.” She let some sand trickle through her fingers. “But I’m twenty-one and anxious to start.”

Judging by ordinary standards, Betty has made a rather auspicious start. She has attracted critical attention even in such oddities as “Let’s Fall in Love” and “Beggars in Erin,” she has shown promise and a certain amount of fulfillment as well.

She likes to collect match boxes, telegrams, ivory elephants, and favorable press clippings. She designs her own costumes, goes out twice a week but no oftener, weighs 109 pounds in her pajamas, and thinks the present generation has sobered up in the past three years.

She wants to do all kinds of parts in pictures. Metro is grooming her thoroughly. Oliver Hinsdale, former Shakespearean actor, gives Betty daily lessons in diction and shadow boxing. “We’re doing Wilde now, and I read all the roles. Jolly. But I guess it’s the right system. Who am I to question it?” she asked.

Everybody on the beach knew Betty and it was apparent that every one liked her. She has personality, vitality, and youth. With this trio of attributes Furness should mean something more than a steamship line; it should spell box office!

Johnny Downs, now twenty-one, used to belong to “Our Gang,” so the current gangsters give him a rousing welcome on his return for “Babes in Toyland.”

Great Jasper.” Then she was thrown into a couple of short comedies, after which they forgot all about her for a few months.

“I finally persuaded them I could do a lead, and they tossed me into ‘Midshipman Jack’ opposite Bruce Cabot. Very few people ever saw it, and those who did failed to like it. I would call it a sensational flop. Feeding that I wasn’t destined to do things for RKO, I asked for my release and got it.”

At this juncture we decided to go to the beach. The Santa Monica swimming club was only a quarter of an hour from Betty’s house, the sun was waxing hot, so we were off.

Others had had the same idea. The chubby Toby Wing was cavorting with Jackie Coogan, now a manly youngster of eighteen; Cary Grant was playing ping-pong with Randolph...
they were planning for their mini-
ture theater, with members of the
national capital’s younger social set
making up the casts.

Before the dawn of 1923, the plays
presented on the fashionable estate
became a topic of conversation for
all Washington. High governmental
officials, members of Congress and
the diplomatic corps, as well as the
city’s “400” went out of their way in
quest of invitations.

A famous New York producer,
opening a play in Washington, sought
and won an invitation to see Rob-
ert and Josie as Romeo and Juliet.
That was in 1923. He signed
Josephine to appear under his banner
on Broadway the next year.

In the interim, Miss van Volken-
burg had discussed Josephine with
Eva Le Gallienne, who made a trip
to Washington for the purpose of
witnessing a performance by this
neophyte.

When the curtain fell on the last
act in the little theater, Miss Le
Gallienne made her way through the
crowd to congratulate Josie, and in-
roduce herself.

She bade the erstwhile Seattle girl
to come to New York and join her
Civic Repertory Theater.

The offer surpassed even Josie’s
wildest hopes. But there was that
Broadway contract.

“You are young, and we can wait,”
volunteered Le Gallienne. “Broad-
way and the commercial theater will
be an experience for you. My offer
will hold good until you are free to
accept.”

Josie began her studies under the
star while she still was appearing in
“A Man’s Man,” and when the play
finally closed, she and her mother
joined Le Gallienne’s group.

Josie responded quickly to Le Gal-
lienne’s master touch. Her rise to a
lieutenancy in the Le Gallienne ranks
was meteoric.

Within a brief space of months, Le
Gallienne followers found their idol
submerging herself to give Josephine
leads. And always the younger one
came through with flying colors.

Broadway impresarios slipped into
the Le Gallienne theater almost
nightly, gazed in astonishment as the
pupil matched ability with the teacher.
They offered flattering contracts—
and stardom—but Josephine turned
deaf ears.

The talkies, too, sent out their
scouts, but Josie remained adamant.

Money meant nothing to her. Art,
the Le Gallienne standard of art,
meant everything.

But the economic upset had
brought about financial reverses for
Le Gallienne’s organization. A road
tour was arranged, but even that did
not sufficiently replenish the treasury
to permit a speedy reopening in New
York.

Before Los Angeles had been
reached on the troupe’s cross-country
itinerary, Le Gallienne had made an
important and heartbreaking decision.
She would have to disband her
organization—for a while.

That is the only reason Josephine
Hutchinson signed for the flickers.

“I don’t exactly know what I ex-
pected of Hollywood, but I didn’t
anticipate anywhere near the atten-
tion I’m getting,” she went on.

“Honestly, if this keeps on, I can
understand how my head could be
turned. They do so much for you
out here in the interests of develop-
ing your best personality that one
could easily begin to feel very im-
portant.”

“Just at the moment, I feel like a
piece of bric-a-brac.”

Modest Josephine Hutchinson!

But you are quick to realize that
she is far from being bric-a-brac
when she speaks, for there is a force-
ful candor as she chats of the dif-
ference between stage and picture
technique, the thing to which she is
now devoting her thoughts.

I was lunching with Mervyn Le
Roy the other day.

“If there’s any truth in that old
wheeze about every dark cloud hav-
ing a silver lining,” interposed Le
Roy, “then Josephine Hutchinson
certainly comes as the recent depres-
sion’s gift to the movies.”
Robert Armstrong, Monte Blue, and Noah Beery all do an occasional quickie.

The short-bankroll producers pay well, but they get their money's worth. Where the average major studio takes three to eight weeks to shoot a feature, Monogram or Majestic or Mascot considers seven shooting days overboard. It should be done in six.

One quiescent star told me how she played the second lead in a quickie based on an immortal story; she was finished in four days. But she was at the studio, in make-up at eight in the morning, and some nights she worked under the Klein lights until ten thirty.

Queenie Smith, soubrette star of the stage, has received a new face from Paramount for her film début in "Mississippi," but no one could improve her marvelous dancing.

"They shoot a scene once and if it isn't right, it's up to the cutter to salvage it somehow," she told me.

"Lines aren't learned, of course. We wing 'em. While we wait for the lights to be set or the camera to be angled we look over the script. Then we walk onto the set, speak our part, sneak off for another look at the lines, back on to spout, and zowie! They have a picture before you know it!" After saving every possible nickel on production, however, the independent producers launch the finished picture at a press showing which is a masterpiece of open-handed extravagance. A lavish buffet luncheon or supper is served, drinks appear that would dazzle Bacchus himself, and another quickie is born.

Every star, from Shirley Temple down, has her stand-in, as you know if you are up on your home work and required reading. The stand-in suffers silently while the lights blaze from new, untried angles, the cameraman squints critically, the property man arranges a curtain, and the director sits in moody contemplation.

Sometimes this goes on for hours, but nobody thinks of the patient, stationary stand-in, so long as the star is kept fresh and cool.

The height of efficiency was reached at the studio that employed a stand-in for the stand-in as well! The platinum-haired star of the picture was scheduled to fall into a pool. While the preliminaries were being worked out, another platinum beauty stood before the camera.

When the director decided upon an action rehearsal, to gauge the splash perhaps, the stand-in's stand-in appeared, clad in a brief bathing suit.

The fall was accomplished, the water splashed, the lights were right, the cameras were satisfied, the sound was O. K., and the star was called from her portable dressing room for the take.

Pictures are still impenetrable for outsiders, regardless of how much ambition is on tap. In reply to letters asking "What are my chances for crashing the studio gates?" there is only one answer, "Slimmer than an extra's pay envelope," and that is about as slim as anything can be.

But there is this angle to report, if it is of any consolation to you. No one in pictures seems to be very happy. There is so much jealousy, so much gossip, so much underground wire-pulling and wire-tapping that the higher up the stars are the more they suffer.

This unhappy attitude extends through the directing and writing ranks as well. The five-hundred-a-week boys feel that they are worth seven hundred and fifty; the thousand-dollar writers want better billing; the twenty-five-thousand-per-picture directors don't like the stories they are handed; and the five-hundred-a-week stars resent the attitude of the front office for one reason or another.

It's a place of fabulous incomes, upon which fabulous demands are made. It's the land of opportunity, but opportunity doesn't knock; everybody else attends to that. It's the breeding ground of unrest, slander and greed. And anyway you parse that rather melodramatic sentence, it has truth shot through it. Ask anybody in Hollywood!

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Mark the Perfect Man!

Continued from page 58

stand him so perfectly, because I've been through all that. I know he couldn't work with a woman whom he did not think he was in love with at the moment. I remember what a crush I had on Ralph Morgan when I played with him. He will probably laugh when he reads this. He and his wife are among our closest friends now. Also, I was much interested in Lowell Sherman, to say nothing of other leading men—Richard Dix, Douglas MacLean, Warner Baxter, and David Butler. So, you see, I know how much—and how little—stage romance can mean in a man's life.

"Otto and I knew, from the minute we met, that we loved each other. We met on a Friday, he proposed on the following Sunday, and less than three weeks later we were married. Wasn't that taking a chance? I'm glad to report, though, that I'm ten times as much in love with him now, after eight years, as I was the day I married him. If he has a single fault, I have yet to discover it."

This, then, is the man we have pictured as eager to sneak away from home and make love to another woman any time he has a chance!

I inquired for Ottie, the little seven-year-old daughter that Jackie Cooper is crazy about at the moment. I wanted to see if she were like her father.

"Dear, funny little old daddy," she calls him, "I gave him that name one night when he was acting as nurse when mother was away, because he put my pajamas on wrong, so I've just called him that ever since." The tender look on her face when she spoke of her father was all the evidence I needed of their devotion to each other.

I thought if I could question the cook or any one of the seven members of the household, I might get some inside information. I did. The lot of them think Otto Kruger is just about perfect. They lower their voices when they speak of him. They remember that he never raises his. They vow, by all the saints, that he has never, under any provocation, been irritable; that he has never spoken an unkind word to a soul.

It was good business for Mr. Kruger, when he found himself seemingly forgotten by MGM for months after they signed him, to publicize himself in the best Hollywood manner. Certainly he achieved this result, whether it was intentional or not, and by the time the studio began casting him in worth-while parts, he was already being talked about as one of the most appealing men on the screen.

He has sex-appeal all right. We couldn't discredit that if we would. He has such an intensity in his voice that you feel the fire and vigor of the man back of it—always as if he were suppressing more energy than he is giving out.

When Hollywood women recognized this, they wanted to know if he was in love with his wife. They wanted to think they might have a chance to win him. And he answered them! With the most marvelous stories—stories of his infidelity, disbelief in marriage, of the absolute necessity of freedom for the actor, and so on.

But his hold on the hearts of women will not be diminished by the knowledge that he is a devoted husband and model father. It was well enough to intrigue Hollywood, and quickly catch its interest by fabricated stories, but nothing will make women admire him more than to learn that no woman can tear him away from his wife.

But I must tell you something about Otto Kruger outside his love life.

Golf is his real hobby, so far as outside sports are concerned. Music, however, is his real outlet. He plays beautifully, not only on the piano but almost every kind of instrument.

He is a competent, experienced forester and an expert electrician. And he thinks all these things have helped to make him a better actor.
taken me out of a rut. It has given me confidence in myself. "I've learned a great deal from Hollywood," he explained. "When I made my first picture in England, I knew nothing of the technique of film acting. I had played the title role of 'Young Woodley' on the stage and was engaged for the cinema version. I hadn't the slightest idea what to do. "On my first day at the studio I was made up and went for what I thought was a make-up test. Instead, I found that they were actually shooting the picture! Consequently, I played the entire thing as if I had played it on the stage. And it happened that on the stage I played almost every scene with my head and eyes down!"

Edmund Lowe recently made a generous gesture, one of many. He donated the late Lilian Tashman's magnificent wardrobe to girls struggling to gain a foothold in films.

"I was exceptionally fortunate in working with Frank Lloyd in my first Hollywood picture," he continued. "Apart from being an excellent director, he was wonderfully considerate. We watched the 'rushes' at the end of each day. Often, when we were not satisfied with our work, he would let us make a scene again and again. That is unusual. But he, too, was aiming at the best, at perfection, as nearly as possible."

I asked about his repeated refusals to sign another Hollywood contract. "I don't believe that I'm being unreasonable," he replied. "It's just that there are other considerations in the world besides contracts. I should like to make two or three pictures in Hollywood every year, but I do not want to be tied up for films exclusively for the next seven years. I want to be free to come and go—to do a play in New York or London, or a picture occasionally in England.

"Hollywood's keen interest in pictures has taught me a lot. Of course, you hear nothing but pictures, pictures, pictures, from the moment you step off the train. "I want to go back to Hollywood," he confessed, "and I'm not being temperamental, but I'd like to go back on my own terms. I said 'no' the first time because I wanted to do a play on Broadway. I have done that play—and was offered a better contract."

As the play was nearing a close, it looked as if Frank would sign a contract. Hollywood is determined to get what it wants. The studio seemed willing to grant all time-betweentimes concessions. But when the dotted line was actually presented, it was an agreement to remain for seven years. It was Friday, the 13th, and Frank put aside his pen. Still they wouldn't take no from Frank Lawton. The play closed and he had booked passage to England. But Hollywood wanted him on his own terms. He was to make one film, "One More River," again playing opposite Diana Wynyard. Then he could go home for a rest. You see, he had not fully recovered from his appendicitis operation when he had begun rehearsals for "The Wind and the Rain."

But representatives of Metro-Goldwyn had returned from a special journey to England without a David Copperfield. Somebody thought of Lawton, right in Hollywood. He was given a test—and borrowed for the title role. So again Frank canceled steamship bookings and remained.

"It's easily the biggest thing I've tackled yet in pictures," he writes from the Coast, "and I'm terribly keen to get to work on it and do something big."

"Copperfield" should prove Lawton's greatest picture success to date. He has that touch of retired modesty that characterized Dickens' portrait of David, and also a reserve of force in keeping with the character.

It looks as if Hollywood will become Frank's more or less permanent home in spite of himself. He already has rejected two play offers for the coming season. "I love it out here," he confesses, "and am thrilled at the way things are turning out."
### Addresses of Players

**Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.**

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<tr>
<td>Jean Arthur</td>
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<td>John Mack Brown</td>
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<td>Nancy Carroll</td>
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<td>Raymond Walburn</td>
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**Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.**

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<td>Claire Trevor</td>
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<td>Hugh Williams</td>
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**Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.**

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**Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.**

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**RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.**

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**United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.**

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**Universal Studio, Universal City, California.**

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<td>Donald Woods</td>
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**Free-lance Players:**

- Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood.
- Ralph Bellamy, Sidney Fox, 6615 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood.
- Ralph Forbes, 1011 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood.
- Joan Bennett, Lila Lee, Marian Nixon, Sharon Lynn, Mary Brian, 430 California Bank Building, Hollywood.
- Lionel Atwill, Estelle Taylor, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood.
- Neil Hamilton, 351 North Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.
- Alan Dinehart, 2528 Glendower Avenue, Hollywood.
SMART MODERN FICTION

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE ILLUSTRATED FIFTEEN CENTS

AINSLEE'S

A STREET & SMITH PUBLICATION
Here's the way I write Chesterfield —

They Salish
1. It is true that billions are being spent by the Government in order that people may not die of cold and hunger.

2. But these billions, divided among the families in need, average for each family only about $24 a month.

3. And 70% of the free hospital services in the United States for the needy sick are provided by voluntarily supported hospitals. The sick among the unemployed number 48% more than among the employed.

4. Likewise public health nurses, also supported by your voluntary gifts, report that 66% of all their visits in 1933 were in homes unable to pay for the service rendered.

5. 30% more children have had to be removed from their own homes and cared for by voluntarily supported children's agencies.

6. Two-thirds of all the arrests for crime involve persons between the ages of 15 and 24 years. Millions of boys and girls living under conditions destructive to character need the character-building services of your recreation agencies.

7. A man may die of despair, as well as of hunger, for suicides, numbering 15,368 in 1928, grew to 20,927 in 1932. This shows that more and more people are ceasing to value the only kind of life they are able to attain.

8. America cannot be rebuilt by relief measures alone.

9. Your local community chest needs your support during this year of rebuilding human hope and morale. It supports hospitals, clinics, child-care organizations, character-building agencies and many other social services.

10. When you give in your city, you strengthen the forces of civilization in the neighborhood in which you live.

1934 MOBILIZATION FOR HUMAN NEEDS
CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1935

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WHAT HAPPENS TO YOUR FAN LETTER?
When you take pen in hand and indite a letter to your favorite, you consign it to the mystery of the mail chute, knowing nothing at all of its fate when it reaches its destination.

Who opens and reads it? Is it ever seen by Joan herself and do the lovely compliments you pay to Douglass ever reach his eyes? How can you write a letter that really will be seen and appreciated and enjoyed by your favorite?

Jack Smalley, in March Picture Play, not only answers your questions, but tells exactly what happens to fan mail and how stars react to it. Every fan who has written to Hollywood or wishes to do so, will find valuable information in this article.

FRANKIE DARRO
At last that interview with Frankie which his fans have demanded these many months will appear. This is a promise.

ARE YOU IN OUR CONTEST?
This month Picture Play's great contest starts with a bang on page 18. Follow it and win a prize. Next month five more baffling backs of stars will be pictured for you to identify. It's a fascinating puzzle. You mustn't stay out of it.
You've been waiting to see her in a picture like this

SHIRLEY TEMPLE
in Bright Eyes
with
JAMES DUNN

Produced by
SOL M. WURTZEL
Directed by
DAVID BUTLER
A Plea for Operatic Talent.

Recently I saw "One Night of Love," and found it so wholly delightful as to demand a second viewing. But there's one thing it made me think, and that is this: Grace Moore is charming and talented, but she cannot be considered a first-rank operatic artist. Together with Gladys Swarthout, Louise Bernhardt, Queena Mario, Nina Morgana, she belongs in the second rank—talented singers all, but missing true greatness.

Now, why not let us have some of the really great singers on the screen? Rosa Ponselle, Eide Norena, Lucrezia Bori, Claire Clairbort, Conchita Supervia, are all lovely to see as well as hear, and there are plenty of stories that might be filmed.

Willa Cather's "Song of the Lark" would be an ideal vehicle for the Swedish soprano, Gota Ljunberg.

The colorful life of Malibran would make a charming film for Miss Supervia. And think of hearing from the screen Ponselle's divine Norma, Bori's exquisite Mimi, Norena's lovely Desdemona. Lily Pons has already signed up for films, a step in the right direction.

If this letter sees print, won't all the music-loving fans join me in a plea for more great voices?

J. Norris.
Phoenix,
Arizona.

Grace Moore's "One Night of Love," is applauded by J. Norris, a musical fan who makes a strong plea for "really great" singers on the screen.

It's a pleasure to introduce Russell Hopton to H. McCabe.

Mae West—"We love the woman and admire the actress," says Irene McLarnin.

William Ernest Meryman declares that he would rather see Anita Page in a "quickie" than any other actress in a big film.

F. Marion Crawford's novel, "The Prima Donna," might be done for a coloratura of the Noël Eadie type, or tailored to suit Miss Moore.

Shirley Temple is too famous to escape arrows of criticism, Paul Boring rebuking the public for "placing this fatuous mite on a pedestal."
**Mother's Delight.**

We are two young mothers who feel it our duty not to let the evil influence of the cinema contaminate the innocent young minds of our children. You can imagine our distress when we found that our 5-year-old, Nicole, aged ten, and Johnnie, aged eleven, had wandered into the neighborhood theater during the showing of "Dancing Lady." We feel that such pictures are a menace to civilization and that they should be abolished.

Our little ones now prefer to attend an evening show instead of hearing bedtime stories. Peter Rabbit and Buzzy Brown are being sadly neglected these days.

We wonder, if such actresses as Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, and Clark Gable can really exert evil influence upon the youth of America, and such actors as Clark Gable and James Cagney—we shudder at their very names. Let us have more of Janet Gaynor's pure, wholesome films so that we may take the kiddies to an occasional clean show.

The one player who has our vote for the kiddies is that young actor, Max Baer, whose etereal charm makes him the ideal of the mothers of America. Let us have more of Max Baer. We think he's cute. **Two Wounded Mothers.**

Beach Haven, New Jersey.

**She Has What It Takes.**

Now that a campaign has been started for clean pictures why not start another, even more important, to bring our old favorites back to the screen?

In this instance I am picking Alice White as an example because I feel that she is being overlooked by the powers-that-be and I, for one, do not understand why.

Last fall I chanced to see her in the stage version of "Dinner at Eight." She portrayed the character Jean Harlow played in the screen adaptation, and Alice so far surpassed Jean's characterization that there is no comparison. She literally brought down the house at every performance and every one in Hollywood who ever doubted Alice's ability was shown then and there that the little White girl has what it takes.

Why hasn't she been given any roles to show her singing and dancing ability? I remember when she went on a personal-appearance tour and played to packed houses.

Surely some Hollywood producer is shrewd enough to recognize the talent Alice possesses. Or must we fans rise in a body and beg a chance, let her prove we are right? **MILLIE WEST.**

177 S., Citrus Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

**Has Mae West Run Her Course?**

MAE WEST is through! Most people don't apparently Mae don't. According to articles I have read, Miss West thinks her future is as secure as she decrees. The public liked "She Done Him Wrong." It was a novelty, but one picture like it was enough. "I'm No Angel" was a flop. I have yet to meet any one who liked it.

Jean Harlow could be called a young Mae West, but Jean is successful; she can act and doesn't have to be typed. Jean's life is a picture as is her screen portrayals. I predict that in less than two years Mae will be but a dull memory. Of course, one can't blame Paramount for keeping this house that her last picture saved them from financial disaster. They should keep her on their payroll, but her future pictures will cost them more than they receive.

**What the Fans Think.**

Even if Mae was the success that was predicted for her, with the new clean-up campaign on, she should wash off her grease paint and portray mother roles.

I think the best that Mae West could do would be to save her money. She'll be needing it soon.

I'm afraid Shirley Temple has shown you up, Miss West. **NANCY WELFORD.**

Cape Elizabeth, Maine.

**Critics Not Dependable.**

I've come to despise movie critics and their narrow-mindedness. They're absolutely "nuts," and I find that if I missed every picture they rated poor or fair, I'd miss some dour good shows.

Take for instance "Doctor Monica," "The Big Shake-down," "I Give My Love," "Mandahay," "No Greater Glory," and so forth. Those pictures weren't supposed to be so hot; well, I think they were among the best of the year!

Pauline Garon, who has been chattering in French pictures, resumes her Hollywood career in "The White Cockerel."

I hardly ever agree with a critic. His ideas differ from mine ever so often. I'm sure if fans were allowed to judge their own movies, producers would become millionaires overnight. I'm requesting fans not to judge pictures by their titles or their rating. See the pictures and then comment. After all, they are believing. **HEDRETTA CLUBFS.**

2423 McCulloch Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

**Overdoing Girlish Sweetness.**

JANET GAYNOR's sugar-coated sweetness is beginning to cause nausea. Sweetness in its place is all right, but there is such a thing as an overdose, and that is even worse than indigestion.

For genuine girlish sweetness I'll take Frances Dee, Jean Parker, Mary Brian, Ruby Keeler, and Evelyn Venable any day of the week, in preference to Gaynor.

Who could forget Evelyn's beautiful performance in "Cradle Song," or Jean's in "Little Women"? Evelyn, to my mind, is the only one capable of portraying Jean of Arc on the screen. As for Little Jean, all she needs to bring her fame that will rival that of Janet's, is a story of the "Seventh Heaven" type, which helped put Janet across.

And then there is Ginger Rogers. Now there is a girl for you—pick and personality plus!

My favorite actors are Will Rogers and Gene Raymond—Mr. Rogers because he represents Mr. American Family Man, Gene because he is the American youth type. **IRA A. MARTIN.**

15 First Avenue, Huntington Station, Long Island, New York.

**Fascinatin' Mr. Tone.**

I HAVE just seen "The World Moves On" with Franchot Tone as the hero. As I had never seen him on the screen before, but heard so much about him, decided that I should see this picture. I never took much interest in the stars, but now that I have seen Mr. Tone, it will be hard to find a more sincere admirer than I am. I can hardly wait until his next picture comes to my town, I would break any engagement to see him, because I'm quite sure there is no actor as fascinating as handsome Franchot Tone. **MARTIN K.**

10th and Main Streets, Upland, Pennsylvania.

**Movies Going to the Dogs.**

I THINK the movies are going to the dogs—and I don't care who knows it. This is all this film moguls like Loy and Shirley Temple—those insipid little chits! Such pictures as "Little Women" and "Ragged Island" are having a bad effect on the older generation, making them childish and irresponsible.

Granma went to see "Little Women" and ever since has been carpeting about like a child.

Any doctor will tell you that Garbo's grunting and fluttering of the eyelids denotes certain conditions. Garbo was disgusting in the bedroom scene of "Queen Christina" where she walked around the room stripping her hands on the walls and furniture while John Gilbert looked on. Didn't they have any guest towels in Ye Old Tavern?

Why doesn't Ann Harding try to acquire some of Jean Harlow's physical attractiveness? She'd be so much cuter looking if she'd cut off that mop of hair.

A gardenia to Joan Crawford for the brave way she "concelled" her suffering from the public. Poor Jean, life has certain been hard on her.

Another star whose pictures I always avoid is Bing Crosby, whose bay window sickens me. Send him back to radio where we won't see him. **WILLIE K.**

Why doesn't Leslie Howard develop some of the many qualities of James Cagney? Let's see Leslie throwing grapefruit for a change. I hope that the directors and stars will read this letter and find my suggestions helpful. **COMMANDATOR.**


**The Queen of Queens.**

WE women may be funny, as men say. It is true that when we go to see a movie we go to enjoy it and forget our troubles. People say that life is sad enough without going to see a drama.

But when Helen Hayes supplies the drama, what can we do? We have to go. Never, since Sarah Bernhardt, have I seen such acting. When she acts it is not acting. She is actually living the part. She is not emotional. Helen Hayes is far too simple to be emotional. Can words describe her? No, for here is the beauty of the setting sun, No one can analyze it or put it into words.

In every picture she gives a miraculous performance. **Continued on page 10**
M. E. F.—Irene Dunne's next is "Sweet Adeline," with Donald O'Connor. This will be followed by "Robert." She was born in Louisville, Kentucky, July 14, 1904; five feet four, weights 115; brown hair, blue-gray eyes.

MVR.A GARDNER.—Henry Wilcoxon was born in British West Indies. September 8, 1905; six feet two, weighs 190, brown hair, hazel eyes. Carl Brisson in Copenhagen, Denmark, December 21, 1896. Paramount will supply photographs of these players upon request.

ROSELLA.—Maureen O'Sullivan has an important part in "David Copperfield" and you will see her opposite Robert Young in "The Band Plays On."

RUTH DOUTT.—The talkie version of "East Is West" included Lupe Velez, Lew Ayres, Jean Hersholt, E. Alyn Warren, Tetsu Komai, Henry Kolker, Mary Forbes, Edgar Norton, Edward G. Robinson. The players in "Riders of the North" were Bob Custer, Blanche Mehaffey, Eddie Dunn, Buddy Shaw, George Rigos, William Walling, Frank Rice.

MARITZA K.—Katharine Hepburn and Anna Sten are five feet and a half; Greta Garbo, five feet six; Dolores del Rio, five feet four and a half; Ruby Keeler, five feet four; Edna May Oliver, five feet ten.

JEROME MATRAILLES.—A trade paper like Variety, published at 154 West 40th Street, New York City, or the Motion Picture Herald, at 1700 Broadway, New York City, will give you full information about forthcoming productions.

E. S.—Carlotta King played with John Boles in "The Desert Song." It is almost six years since this picture was released, so it is likely that another version would have to be made if the film were shown again. Jean Bennett had the lead opposite Mr. Boles in "Cardinal Lady." John was thirty-six last October.

OLIVER BROWN.—Miriam Hopkins has blue-gray eyes, silver-haired blond; Elizabeth Allan, brown hair, blue eyes; Constance Bennett, golden hair, blue eyes; Lora Andre, chestnut-brown hair, blue eyes; Jean Arthur, blond hair, blue eyes; Mary Astor, auburn hair, dark-brown eyes; Sally Blane, brown hair, hazel eyes; Tom Brown, brown hair, blue eyes; John Boles, brown hair, gray-blue eyes.

H. ANDERSON.—An interview in October Picture Play, which, by the way, I'm sure you would have enjoyed and which may still be had by sending your order with remittance to our Subscription Department, explained that after appearing in amateur theatricals, Walter Connolly made his professional stage début in 1909, and has thirteen pictures to his credit. I'll be glad to list these for you upon receipt of a stamped envelope. The article also gives the other facts about him which you are anxious to learn. He is with Columbia. In "Harold Teen," the role of Snatcher was played by Douglas Dumbrille, whose latest picture is "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

H. M.—Loretta Young was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6, 1913; Robert Young, March 11, 1898, Racine, Wisconsin, August 31, 1898; Ken Maynard, Mission, Texas, March 14, 1907; Margaret Sullivan, Norfolk, Virginia, May 16, 1909; Warren William, Atkin, Minnesota, 1896; Glenda Farrell, End, Oklahoma, 1905; Kay Hawks, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, January 13, 1906.

LEE MOSS.—For a photograph of Shirley Temple, write Fox studio, Edmund Lowe with Victor McCallen in "East River," Baby LeRoy's real name is Leroy Winchendon. His parents separated shortly after he was born. He is of German-Irish descent. Robert Young was born February 22, 1907, and Loretta Young, January 6, 1913.

JANET BULWYN.—Frankie Darro is in the cast of "Red Hot Tires," with Mary Astor and Lyle Talbot, a Warner picture. However, Frankie is not under contract to any studio. On December 22nd he was sixteen.

MRS. KINSPORT.—You will find a list of players' addresses in the back of the magazine. Write to any of them in care of the studio indicated, inclosing twenty-five cents with each request, and you will receive the desired photograph.


M. A. M.—Gordon Westcott is not under contract, though he was formerly with Warners, to which studio you might write for his photo. He was born in Utah, is his birthplace, but he fails to give the date; is six feet, weighs 165, and has brown hair and eyes. He is married, though I understand his wife is seeking a divorce. Latest is "The White Cockatoo."

DONALDA.—Did you read the interview with Frank Lawton in January Picture Play? It answers practically all your questions about him. I might add that he was born in London, England, September 30, 1904; is five feet nine, and has dark hair and eyes. John Warburton was Edward Marr)ot in "Ca valcade."

LA RAY.—Gene Raymond is one of two brothers, and is still single. Five feet ten, weighs 157. With Nancy Carroll in "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round" and with Sylvia Sidney in "Selled My Wife." Mary Brian is still Dick Powell's big moment. Dick was born November 14, 1904; six feet, weighs 172. I understand that Buddy Rogers and Jeanne Lang are very fond of each other.

H. O.—Robert Donat's first American-made film is "This Man of Monte Cristo." You may recall him as Thomas Culpeper in "The Private Life of Henry VIII." Mr. Donat made his stage début in England in 1921, and has appeared in a number of British films. Born in Withington, Manchester, England, March 18, 1905; six feet, dark hair, brown eyes. At present making "Flirtation Steps" for Gaumont-British Pictures.

Information, Please

CAROL.—Madeleine Carroll was born in West Bromwich, Staffordshire, England, February 26, 1906. Adrienne Ames, Fort Worth, Texas, August 3, 1909; Pat Paterson, Bradford, England, April 7, 1911; Tobi Wing, Richmond, Virginia, July 14, 1915; Bette Davis, Lowell, Massachusetts, April 5, 1908; June Clyde, St. Joseph, Missouri, December 2, 1909.

M. G. M. RAYMONDE.—Gene Raymond is of French descent, his real name being Raymond Gouin. Born in New York City, August 13, 1908; five feet ten, weighs 157, platinum blond hair, blue eyes. Still single. Picture Play for July, 1934, contained an interesting interview with him, which will give you all those other details you wish to know. Next is "North Shore."

BETTY.—Gavin Gordon is playing in "Bordertown." He was born in Chico, Missouri, April 7, 1901.

JANE CHENEY.—Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery in "Forsaking All Others." James Dunn in "Have a Heart," "365 Nights in Hollywood," and "Bright Eyes." Patricia Lee is his big moment. Do you refer to "All I Do the Whole Night Through Is Dream of You" in "Sadie McKee?"

MARY NOLAN FAN.—Miss Nolan was born in Louisville, Kentucky, December 18, 1905; five feet six, weighs 112, brown hair, blue eyes. She was christened Mary Imogene Robertson, and at three was an orphan living in a Louisville convent. She was posing for artists at fourteen. For six years she was a Broadway showgirl, using the name Imogene Wilson. In the UFA studios in Germany she learned the art of movie acting. Made her American picture debut as Mary Nolan in "Sorrell and Son." She makes an occasional picture but is not under contract to any particular studio.

LANDOR GORELIE.—I answered your questions by mail, but the letter was returned from Switzerland, unclaimed, so I trust this comes to your attention. Clara Bow was born in Brooklyn, New York, July 29, 1905; five feet three and a half, weighs about 110, red hair, brown eyes. Married Rex Bell, December 3, 1931. They have been awaiting the arrival of a little Bell, which is the reason you haven't seen Clara on the screen since "Hoopla."

M. L. S.—Richard Cromwell was born in Los Angeles, California, January 19, 1910; five feet ten, weighs 148, light-brown hair, green-blue eyes. Write to him at Columbia Studio for his photograph, including twenty-five cents to cover cost. I have no complete record of the size of gloves and shoes of the stars.

FLORENCE W.—Donald Woods was born Ralph Zinke in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, in 1906; six feet one, weighs 160, dark brown hair, grey eyes. Married to Josephine van der Horck, whom he met in college. They have a two-and-a-half-year-old son. Besides those you mention, he was in "Christie of the Dardanelles," "Merry Wives of Reno," and "She Was a Lady."

M. Q. P.—Joyce Compton was born in Lexington, Kentucky. Charles Bickford's birthday is January 1st; Paul Cavanagh's, December 8, 1895; Lola Lane is twenty-five; Madeleine Carroll is twenty-eight. Molly Cody was born February 22, 1885, and Robert Ames, March 2, 1889. Eleanor Boardman weighs 120; Alice Brady, 108. Sally Blane has hazel eyes; Bruce Cabot, gray; Betty Bronson, blue; Olive Borden, brown, five feet one and a half, weighs 105. Sally Blane has brown hair. Tala Birell is five feet six, weighs about 115.

SAN FRANCISCO FAN.—Mae Murray is five feet three, weighs 113; blond hair, blue-gray eyes; Patsy Ruth Miller, five feet two, 108; brown hair and eyes; George Barbier, five feet nine, blue eyes, gray hair. Ernest Torrence was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, June 26, 1878; six feet three, weighed 200, dark-brown hair and eyes. Mabel Normand, Boston, Massachusetts, November 10, 1894; had dark hair and eyes.

BILLY BOY.—"In the Cat's Paw," Harold Lloyd as a boy was played by David Holt, who was born in Jacksonville, Florida, August 14, 1927.


Minna Gombell lives up to the title of her new picture, "Ladies Must Dress," by looking handsomer than ever. You'll see her first, though, wearing this pink satin gown in "Cheating Cheaters."

FRANCES BROWNE.—Bill Boyd seems to have made any picture since "The Cheaters." He is now making "Federal Agent" at Talisman Studio.

C. ORCUTT.—Following a short vacation in Europe, Ralph Bellamy returned to Hollywood to resume his picture career. His next film is "Broken Soil." I doubt if he will appear on the Broadway stage, for the present at least.

MARTHA STUART.—Elissa Landi will be twenty-eight on December 6th. She is five feet five, weighs 117, has light-auburn hair, grey eyes. Married David Murray, ex-wife, Suzanne Bushnell, is not an actress.

G. MILLAR.—A letter directed to the Metro-Goldwyn Publicity Department, 1540 Broadway, New York City, may bring you the desired information. The young assistant doctor is not listed in the cast of "You Can't Buy Everything."


DONNY.—Duck Jones has just completed "When I Marry Red." Reta Logan, with Dorothy Lee and Wallace Ford in "The Mysterious Mr. Wong."

J. C. T.—Margaret Sullivan in "The Good Fairy," with Herbert Marshall and Frank Morgan. Elissa Landi with Cary Grant in "Enter Madame." You will have an opportunity to see her and hear Rudolph Valentino's brother, Alberto, in this film. He plays the part of an Italian opera singer.

S. L. E.—Drue Leyton was born in Galdajalaira, Mexico; five feet six, weighs 118, golden-blonde hair, brown-green eyes. Karen Morley in "Wednesday's Child."

LILA LOERING.—Gertrude Michael with Paul Cavanagh in "In the Dark." An interesting story about Miss Michael appeared in December Picture Play.

BERNARD SPENSLEY.—"Song of the Eagle," was released by Paramount in 1933 with Charles Bickford, Richard Arlen, Jean Hersholt, Mary Brian, Louise Dresser, and Phyllis Haver. George E. Stone, Gene Morgan, Bert Sprotte, George Hoffman, Julie Haydon, Harry Walker.

S. M. T.—Leslie Fenton was born in Liverpool, England, March 12, 1903; five feet nine, weighs 150, brown hair, gray eyes. Married to Ann Dvorak. In "Marie Galante."

ROSELLA.—Maureen O'Sullivan opposite Robert Montgomery in "Hold-out." How many Tarzan pictures are made, no doubt Maureen and Johnny Weissmuller will be teamed again. In December, 1933, we published an interview with Miss O'Sullivan.

ALMA P.—Anita Page married Nacio Herb Brown, song writer, July 26th last. This is his third marriage and her first. Anita plans to continue in the movies. She was twenty-four on August 4th.

A GRATEFUL FAN.—Like a number of radio stars, Bing Crosby was off the air for the summer. He's on again, as you probably know. Lew Ayres is playing in "Servants' Entrance," to be followed by "Lottery Lover." Robert Young and Elizabeth Henderson were married on December 13, 1933; Frances Dee and Joel McCrea, October 20, 1933.

A JEAN MUIR FAN.—In the March issue of Picture Play we published an interview with Miss Muir, accompanied by a 20x20 picture of her. The June issue was Elizabeth Taylor. Jean Muir to Jean Muir, New York City, February 13, 1911; five feet seven, weighs 122, blond hair, green-gray eyes.

VIRGINIA E. TANNER.—Since I keep no record of home addresses, you'll have to send your letter to Joan Crawford at the MGM studio. Her right name is Lucille LeSueur.

IRENE PUGH.—Virginia Brown Faire was born in Brooklyn, New York, June 4, 1904; five feet two, dark hair and blue eyes. Arletta Duncan is five feet one, brown hair, blue eyes. Marceline Day is a native of Colorado Springs, Colorado. Priscilla Dean is thirty-nine. There is a Jill Dennett in pictures.
The Fans Think

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 7

characterization. She has a great beauty of feeling that holds one in a trance. Helen is no vamp, yet she holds you in her power, a slave to her slightest whim. Not because of the way she says her lines, but because of her sincerity. She makes you love her, and draws you to her like a magnet. She is so tiny that one years to protect her.

She is so persuasive that one believes every word she speaks. She has something breath-taking about her. Sometimes she is a woman living her part and sometimes her face flashes beauty that is a painter’s dream.

I would love to see her with Una Merkel in “Coquette.” What actress could better portray the part, perhaps something like that?

Tired of seeing her die in her pictures? No, of course not, Who could tire of Helen when the more times we shall cry one hundred times more.

A toast to Helen Hayes! A toast to the Queen of Queens!

GABRIELLE LEFEVRE

3184—43rd Street,
Astoria, Long Island, N. Y.

No Reformers, Thank You!

I WISH to protest against this so-called “purity” crusade. This is positively the silliest, most narrow-minded and fanatical farse since prohibition. Trust a blue-nosed reformer to find something like that! We positively refuse to be dictated to by reformer or clergyman. Choosing one’s own movie fare is a personal liberty we refuse to give up. These people do little or nothing about movies anyway, as is proven by the fact that they have banded as “indecent” some of the greatest pictures of the year, among them “Of Human Bondage,” “Men in White,” “Sadie McKee,” “Rip Tide,” “Little Man, What Now?” and others—all hits in spite of being blacklisted.

These pictures were stamped with the seal of public approval at the box office. They are the kind of pictures we demand and let no blue-nose tell you different. These pictures are not “indecent” as claimed. True, they deal with adult subjects, but then the movies are for adults, not ten-year-old children or nitwits. But filthy? Never.

The reformers are a lot of stiff-necked bigots and they certainly will get nowhere. They have merely succeeded in arousing public indignation to a high pitch, as is proven by the way they are being recorded in various magazines and newspapers.

Let’s fight for our movies!

“AUNTIE CENSORSHIP.”

Buffalo, New York.

The Crusade a Blessing.

I WOULD like to voice my praise for the group of people that had the courage to tell Hollywood how vile some of their pictures were demoralizing the films.

I am not a prude, nor do I even attend church regularly, and I have been an ardent reformer of the last few years. My favorite actors and actresses have been doing pictures of such a suggestive and disgusting nature that I do not go to see them anymore. For example, my adored Ann Harding, beautiful and lovely as she is, is cast in such a picture as “The Lion’s Share.”

I am sure they will find their box-office receipts will be much greater when they give us clean, wholesome pictures, with spirit enough to make you laugh. The crooked men have been growing hollower each year. Theaters have a following only because people crave entertainment, and they go to a movie just because it is a movie, regardless of what is being shown.

I do hope that we have seen the last of the Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow pictures. I have heard many, many people say they are weary of seeing their faces in the magazine pictures. That is the reaction to the type of pictures in which they play.

So, I join the crusade for better and cleaner pictures.

ELIZABETH M. ALDEN.

436 Algonquin Place,
Webster Grove, Missouri.

In a Class By Herself.

A BOUT a month ago I saw “The Lady Is Willing” and while it was definitely another Leslie Howard triumph, it also gave the audience a glimpse of a fair lady whose queenly grace and winsome charm are incomparable. I am referring, of course, to Binnie Barnes—England’s delectable gift of femininity to the American fans who have already taken her to their hearts.

It is useless to liken her to any of the other stars because her natural beauty, vibrant voice and radiant personality put her in a class by herself. Binnie has the

How do you like Virginia Reid’s profile? There are those who say it is the most beautiful in Hollywood. But see for yourself in “Grand Old Girl.”

fresh, dewy, untainted look of an active young woman not yet touched by gaudy, treacherous Hollywood. May she always stay that way!

Ordinarily, I would say “Keep out the foreigners and proclaim work for our intelligen
tent American future stars”—but when any one displays the pleasing appearance and undeniable talent of Miss Barnes, then I humbly bow to that alluring importation.

So, lovely lady, it is with thrilling antici
pation that I await your next film.

DIANE FLEMING.

7112 Higgins Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Regulating Sex.

SINCE Adam, the history of mankind has been one long battle of right against wrong. And using the Book of Books as a reference, it is certainly an enigma that generation after generation has not taken heed and profited by its errors. But, it was ever thus, hence, to

today we are faced with the ever old, ever new, conflict between the dogma of “Thou shalt not,” and the philosophy of “Come up n ‘n see me sometime!” One offers a noble serenity, a calm peacefulness, and sublimity, the other, a temporary thrill, a so-called “sware” sensation is odious, yet there are those who refuse to or are unable to see the difference. That

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"LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER" gives Gary Cooper not only a picturesque turban to wear but a splendidly heroic part to act, which will leave every right-minded fan in tears at the finish. He is a brave lieutenant in a British regiment stationed in a dangerous section of India, his associates Franchot Tone, Richard Cromwell, and Sir Guy Standing. Their menace is Kathleen Burke, who is pictured here.
PATHWAY of

Nella Webb, famous astrologer whose advice influenced the career of Marie Dressler, makes surprising predictions of what this year has in store for players you all know. Compare your birthdate with theirs and see what the planets foretell.

we go off the handle when things are delayed or seem to go contrary to our expectations. If we knew that these were merely passing vibrations we wouldn't give up so easily.

Miss Webb has looked at the birthdates of the stars and given a résumé of conditions they may expect during 1935. This is a very general reading which will be of as much value and interest to you as to them, for she has simply given the vibrations that govern persons born on any day of any year.

The year will bring back some old favorites to the screen, and you will be pleased to see some new favorites step into the success you feel is due them. Some will have to wait a little longer for their place in the sun, and you will find new names springing into prominence during the next twelve months.

Of the come-backs, the most interesting will be William Farnum.

H A V E you ever stopped at a branch in the road and wondered which one would take you where you wanted to go? Both roads look alike, but there is no sign to guide you, so you follow your hunch. Sometimes you are right and sometimes you have to turn back to the fork in the road and start all over again.

There are certain moments in our lives when the right course of action is of greater importance to our future than others. We sense this and try hard to act with wisdom, and yet sometimes we miss the way.

You may not believe in astrology, but certainly there is something scientific that governs this world and a principle upon which we can rely in moments of darkness and fear and doubt. Our business is to find it and work out our difficulties with patience.

According to Nella Webb, famous astrologer and lifelong friend of the late Marie Dressler, whom she guided through the years preceding her brilliant screen career, the position of the stars and their fixed pathway have as much effect upon our lives as the sun and the rain have upon the soil. The difficulty is to understand it.

We all have our good and our adverse times which are helpful if we use them to gain more knowledge or to perfect what we already have. It is only because we are ignorant of fundamental laws, Miss Webb declares, that
the STARS
By Laura Ellsworth Fitch

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., William Haines, John Gilbert, Anna May Wong, Bebe Daniels, and Marjorie Rambeau.

People born in January are the most fortunate this year. Their luck is unbounded, and if they have not given in to depression which has been theirs for the last few years, they will find 1935 the best they have had in their lives. No matter what day or year they were born or what adverse conditions may govern their personal charts, some good must shine through. Theirs is the golden ring in the merry-go-round.

A number of film people were born during this month. Bill Haines is one of the fortunate ones; also Marion Davies, Anna May Wong, Lanny Ross, Anita Louise, Bebe Daniels, Charles Bickford, Nils Asther, Tom Brown, to mention a few. Bebe Daniels will find herself too busy with film offers to think of domesticity for a while. Anita Louise will forge ahead. Bill Haines will suddenly find himself much in demand at the casting offices and so will Anna May Wong. Marion Davies and Lanny Ross will have greater success than ever, and so will Tom Brown.

This influence of Capricorn affects all persons born between December 21st and January 21st. In October, 1934, things changed for the better and after March of 1935, and for the next one to seven years, according to their personal charts, they will have it in their power to achieve great things.

The Aquarius people are born between January 21st to February 19th. Under that influence come Ramon Novarro, Robert Young, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, and Adolphe Menjou. It hasn't been all beer and skittles for these stars during 1934, and during 1935 they will have to watch their step or the restlessness that they will feel will be wrongly directed. Instead of using this power for expansion they will think that they have to throw up the job and travel, or divorce, or dissolve partnership. If they know beforehand that their restlessness has nothing to do with the job, their conjugal mate or their business partner, but merely a spirit of change and progress in themselves that, taken advantage of, will give them tremendous benefit, maybe they won't be fooled into doing the wrong thing.

From February 19th to March 22nd are the Pisces people. All those born the first five days of March of any [Continued on page 73]
The life story of Harold Lloyd is one of the most amazing and fabulous in Hollywood. Because it is apt to be taken for granted by fans who are excited over newcomers, Picture Play offers it as a stimulus to ambitious youth—and a tribute to the comedian's twenty-one years' service on the screen.

By Myrtle Gebhart

PART I.

Harold Lloyd as a smiling, friendly little small-town fellow gave no promise of becoming a world celebrity and a rich man.

Harold's heroine in one-reel comedies was Bebe Daniels, aged fifteen.

He began as an extra, a red-letter day in Harold's life coming when he played this scene with J. Warren Kerrigan, then a popular hero.
WILDEST DREAMS

machine company; he was a photographer in one town, a shoe salesman in another.

For a while Harold tagged the footsteps of Gaylord, five years older. But soon he sprouted ideas of his own. His was the usual American boyhood of the pre-movie era: such studying as he couldn’t squirm out of, swimming, the circus, marbles, horseplay and "lickings."

On his fifth birthday he ran away with another kid. In the course of their ramblings along the river, they came to a paper mill. Harold returned home with bits of pulp in each stage of the process. A thorough lad, even then. Proud of his acquisitions, he was astonished and grieved when his dad contributed a whacking. Foxy, too, was thorough.

Freckled, a slim, black-haired boy, he always was swift of foot, usually "up to something," and was early nicknamed "Speedy." No, he was not named later after the picture; it was named for him.

"Yabble" was another nickname. He called his pup, a mastiff, "Ya Bill! Ya Bill!" until the family acquired the habit of thus paging him. Incidentally, his hobby of breeding great Dunes and St. Bernards is a result of that period. Some one poisoned his dog and he vowed that he would get rich and own a lot of dogs, and love them all. The champions in his kennels have taken many prizes.

When finances were uncertain, or the family was on the move, Harold was sent to worry a grandma or an aunt. More or less he attended school, excelling at mathematics and history, being deplorably backward at grammar and English, and fishing excellently on all the hokey days that he could manage. The classics never concerned him.

He earned his occasional treats by doing odd jobs—collecting for the junkman, moving lawns, selling candy at baseball games, stoking furnaces.

Later he delivered milk, jerked sodas, worked in a pet shop, was cash boy in a Denver department store, was a messenger boy, and ushered in theaters. In Omaha he rode a paper route on his bike, and sold corn that his mother popped for him. He was making fifteen dollars a week at his various jobs.

The domestic sense which gives him such peace today perhaps had its origin in the family spirit that prevailed among the Lloyds. Foxy cherishes seventy agates that Speedy’s skill won in marble battles. And for years he has kept scrapbooks of Harold’s professional progress.

An interest in mechanical puzzles led to the development of considerable art as a magician, and gave baby brother Lloyd top-notch standing with the gang.

His was the tomfoolery of the born comedian, who invariably "plays it straight." His jokes owed their humor not to crude slapstick methods but to clever situations. Such as the time he taught another boy how to hypnotize and revive him, and then refused to wake up.

Continued on page 71
TEARS BEHIND

Witty, gay, gleaming, and a trifle hard—a successful star with an eye wide open to her own advantage—this is the Carol Lombard whose quips delight Hollywood. But the other side of her, when she weeps alone, is surprising because it is carefully concealed.

By Drummond Tell

She plays the game. There's a speech she has in that picture, when she's been trying for seven years to run away from life and realizes she can't, and her lips tremble when she says it: "I know what I want, but I can't get it. So"—with a brave smile—"I'll just have to take the next best thing." And I think that is what she's doing with her life. Taking the next best thing.

Carol loves company. She shines in crowds. People are the breath of life to her. If, at times, there is a forced note to her laughter, if at others her smile is a little too ready, one has the feeling it is all part of that game she

Self-centered on the surface, Miss Lombard never forgets anniversaries. At Christmas time her dressing room looked like a gift shop crowded with presents which she wrapped and tied herself.

In a place noted for its artificiality, its tawdriness and tinsel glitter, there are a few things which strike the observer as real. Friendships are more apt to be based upon expediency than upon a community of interests, and marriages more likely to result from a mad quest for some new thrill than from mutual respect and affection.

Yet, out of all this hypocrisy and make-believe there is one who strikes a bystander on the side lines as genuine. And she is Carol Lombard. The most real, down-to-earth girl I know.

I don't believe there are many people in Hollywood who do know her. Oh, she's well acquainted and counts her friends by the hundreds. She's asked everywhere and she's always good for laughs. But that isn't the real Carol.

I do not intend to write about her "dual personality." That's the easiest story in the world to write. And hasn't every one a dual personality? I think there's only one Carol, but that one has a side she seldom shows—the real Carol.

You saw it in "Now and Forever." Carol could never make me believe she was acting in that picture. She was playing herself—and that's the reason it's her best characterization to date.
A TINSEL MASK

is playing; that the moles one meets in her home are invited so she won't be alone with herself and her thoughts.

People help her to forget. Forget what? Memories? Disillusions? Who knows? I doubt that any one will ever know for, although Carol chatters constantly, her talk is mostly of surface things. Of what she feels down inside she says nothing.

Carol always gives me the impression of having drained the cup of life; of being sadly sane and weary wise, yet clinging desperately to the ragged edges of happiness.

If, sometimes, in an unguarded moment, you glimpse a hurt, disillusioned look in her eyes with the suggestion of tears lurking just behind, you just look the other way. You have the feeling she wouldn't want you to notice, that you've got to play the game with her.

I remember on the set once, a girl and I were talking to her. How the conversation ever happened to take a serious turn I don't know, but it did. "Life doesn't owe me a thing," Carol averred.

"Doesn't owe you anything?" the girl echoed. "Look at you! It's true you have money and you're a hit, but you're ruining your health by dieting and running around too much. I'd say it owed you everything."

"No," said Carol positively. "If I had to diet to make a hit in pictures, I'd do it because I wanted to be in pictures. If that's the price of screen success, I paid it because I wanted to. I didn't have to go into pictures. And if I enjoy staying up nights and running around with the result that I don't get enough sleep, that's my own fault, too. It's a poor sport who can't pay without whining."

She has the reputation of being one of Hollywood's premier practical jokers and her wisecracks are as freely quoted in the colony as Dorothy Parker's are in New York. But I always have the feeling it's part of a game she's playing—the game of running away from herself.

Not long ago a friend of mine mentioned a person she wanted me to meet. "Is he good for any laughs?" I demanded.

"That's all you care about any more, isn't it?" my friend demanded bitterly. "You don't care if a person has a fine character or a good mind. You're only interested in laughs."

It brought me up with rather a jerk. It's true. When I'd got over the initial shock my first thought was of Carol. It's as true of her as it is of me. More so, probably.

I thought of her on the set, always clowning. Catching sight of some one on the lot, in a restaurant, at a theater, some one she knows and likes, "Come over and have lunch with me. We'll have some laughs."

Always laughs and more laughs.

If, occasionally, she becomes serious it's never about herself. It's more likely to be about something that pertains to her—roles, contract, something like that, as when she and Columbia went to bat over her part in "Lady By Choice." And another time when she said to me, "I'll never marry again as long as I'm in pictures," and went on to give her reasons.

Yet I have the feeling that if Carol ever really fell in

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She is none of the things you would expect her to be and all you would never dream she is. A thorough housekeeper, for one thing.
Here are particulars of Picture Play’s exciting contest, the most unusual of any competition sponsored by a film magazine. It will appeal to intelligent movie-goers because it invites their opinion of acting as seen in current pictures. Read the conditions and compete for prizes.

WHAT well-known players are pictured on the opposite page? In what films do they stop and turn their backs to puzzle and mystify you? You tell!

Is it possible that you don’t know the characteristic backs of your favorites as well as you know their famous faces? Perhaps not! But you will soon enough—and you will find it very much worth while to get acquainted.

Five hundred dollars, two hundred and fifty, two hundred, or even a mere century for seeing films and naming the stars whose baffling selves are turned the wrong way on the next page.

Any of these amounts may be your reward for diligent attendance, sharp eyes, and a positive opinion of the acting of one—just one—of the players whose photographs appear in Picture Play’s extraordinary contest.

Now for particulars—and conditions. Read carefully. They are important, but simple.

Fifteen pictures will be published in all. Five this month, five in March Picture Play, five in April. Each will be of a player who is appearing in the same costume in a current film. You must identify them all.

It is possible you may say, “Oh, boy, that’s Bing Crosby! I’d know him anywhere.” Or, “Well, that looks a lot like Janet Gaynor turned around.” But you must be sure! And the only way to settle all doubt is to see pictures—see films in which you think the star appears—and keep on seeing pictures until you find the right one and you are absolutely sure.

Then it will be simple to jot down, for example, “Bette Davis—Bordertown” on the coupon. To help you get started, Miss Davis is one of the stars pictured opposite. So is Barbara Stanwyck, in “The Secret Bride.” And Sylvia Sidney, in “Behold My Wife,” is there, too. But remember, there’ll be fifteen of them to keep looking for until your collection is complete. It will keep you busy seeing films, but what fun minds that, especially when he may win a splendid cash prize for doing what he likes best?

This is not all that makes Picture Play’s first contest different and amazingly interesting.

A letter, just one letter, must accompany your list of identifications. A letter of not more than two hundred and fifty words. Less, if you like. A letter giving your opinion of the performance of one of the fifteen stars in the corresponding film. You may say what you really think. Whether you consider the performance perfectly grand, or unsatisfactory, or just ordinary. But you must have seen the star acting in the film that identifies his or her back. Express your opinion freely, frankly—as openly as you do in “What the Fans Think.”

Letters must be typewritten, and the name and address of the sender given at the head. Your letter—remember, just one—must accompany the three coupons on which you have written the fifteen names of stars and their films.

All should be addressed to Contest Editor, Picture Play, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., and mailed not later than March 31, 1935. We cannot return letters nor enter into correspondence with contestants.

To resume: $500 for the first prize, $250 for the second, $200 for the third award, and $100 as fourth prize. Together with a year’s subscription to Picture Play for fifty readers whose entries are meritorious. Prizes to be given for the most accurate list of stars, accompanied by a criticism of one performance in not more than two hundred and fifty words. In the event of ties, prizes of identical value will be awarded to the tying contestants.

Are you ready? Let’s go!

| Contest Editor, Picture Play, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York: |
| I identify players in February Picture Play as follows: |
| 1. |
| 2. |
| 3. |
| 4. |
| 5. |
| Name. |
| Address. |
GRACE BRADLEY

Whether she is tuning up to do the Cucaracha, or to sing some hotcha number, you may be sure that Grace Bradley will always have a willing audience. Usually the menace for some sweet-faced heroine, she can always be relied upon to give a good performance.
WHEN both the fans and the studio are enthusiastic about a new personality, then certainly it is time for cheering. Such is the case with Josephine Hutchinson, whose individual charm in "Happiness Ahead" won her many admirers. From "The Right to Live," opposite George Brent, she is preparing to do more serious acting in "Oil for the Lamps of China."
HARDLY more than a child herself, it is difficult to imagine petite Arline Judge mothering a young son, and giving such finished performances. But her determination to succeed has won her the distinction of being successful at both. Surely you'll want to see her "One Hour Late."
TALENTED to her finger-tips—that's Doris Kenyon. Two recent films, "Whom the Gods Destroy" and "The Human Side," are only part proof of it. First, it was the Broadway stage, then several volumes of poetry, then as a concert artist, and now an operatic début in "The Secret of Suzanne."

Photo by George Hurrell
Perhaps it was because Jeanette MacDonald wore widow's weeds in "The Merry Widow" that it had such an effect upon those who saw it, for it didn't appeal as strongly to some of her other roles. But we know that "Naughty Marietta" and her magnetic charm will more than compensate, and her rare voice thrill as it never has before.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull.
WE are showing you these two poses of Frances Drake to prove that the little lady can be as sweet and demure as she can be sophisticated and vampish. You'll see her as a siren of no mean ability in "Forsaking All Others," which boasts such outstanding personalities as Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery.

FRANCES DRAKE
ALTHOUGH Joe Morrison became popular by singing "The Last Round-up" and "Just Picture a Penthouse Way Up in the Sky," success in pictures has come from his candid, naive and likable personality which you first saw in "The Old-fashioned Way." You'll see even more of it in "One Hour Late." Learn something about him in the story, opposite.

Photo by Kusma Robert Richter
Mr. Mook considers Joe the most refreshingly different personality he has met in a year, with the exception of John Beal, and gives his reasons.

Joe Morrison, whose success on the air has extended to the screen, still blushes when he attracts attention in public—a good sign, if you ask us!

A FEW months ago in writing of John Beal I mentioned that, with the exception of Joe Morrison, he had the most refreshing personality he had met in a year. This was before the current Interrogation of the First Hundred of the Century. He is so competitive that the end of the game is inconceivable, and yet his golf records are not so far put on any excess poundage. He is a cautious bidder, but he has a light-brown suit, a lavender shirt, and a tie. Some one mentioned that it was a strike-able suit. A few weeks ago Joe wore purple, lavender, and brown. He wears brown, lavender, and purple on the lightest provocation. He looks better in a navy blue suit, but he has not had the nerve to tell his guests, and made a bee line for the kitchen. "Throw something on the table quickly," he instructed the cook. "It doesn't matter what it is. It's fight night. If I arrive early they won't hold my tickets." He went on to say that he既要 the fastest present from New York to Los Angeles. Most of such a trip, are willing to spend a quiet evening and turn in early. Not Joe. The fights are incessantly after dinner without necessarily stopping. When he finally does turn in he reads four and then doesn't rise until noon the next day, particularly pastries and desserts. He is not so far put on any excess poundage. He has joined any of the golf clubs, usually playing the public course because it's near home.

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Hollywood High Lights
BY EDWIN AND ELZA SCHALLERT

Pert Kelton, a regular outdoor girl after her long service in Broadway musicals, suns herself following "Lightning Strikes Twice."

Glib bits of news and gossip from the studio sidelines.

A FEUD that goes much deeper than any one will admit, provoked William Randolph Hearst and Marion Davies into leaving MGM for Warners. This was indicated when the Hearst papers commenced "playing up" stories of Edwina Booth's tribulations, and the resuscitation of the Paul Bern suicide case, as soon as the deed with the new company was announced.
Hollywood High Lights

Though called amicable, the break is regarded as one of the most sensational in movieland annals. Marion Davies had been with MGM practically since its organization, but long-rumored conflicts with other stars on the lot must have come to mean something in the end.

The success of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" really brought things to a head. That picture was once programmed for Miss Davies. Norma Shearer starred in it with huge success. Miss Davies wanted to do "Marie Antoinette"; Norma was scheduled for that. One thing led to another.

The net result was that Miss Davies moved out bag and baggage. Not a stone was left of her famous $50,000 bungalow when the transferring job was completed. Practically every blade of private grass was taken away. The cost of transporting the studio menage to its new location was estimated at approximately $50,000. It had just been enlarged prior to the transfer, with a projection room and other special accommodations. Which indicates the suddenness of the break, and its decisiveness.

Incidentally, one of the first pictures talked about for Miss Davies at the Warner studio is "Marie Antoinette," and Norma Shearer can't make her version because of an anticipated blessed event. So what do you make of that? Kinda fateful, or what?

Sidney-Schulberg Split-up.—This has been a time of splits, breaks, and what not. Sylvia Sidney and B. P. Schulberg, for instance. And after approximately two years of apparent mutual devotion, dis-agreements, and then devotion again. That, too, was abrupt, but is known to have been brewing for a long time. We trace it to a day Schulberg paid a visit to his former wife at her beach home, when his son returned from college. Old family ties proved triumphant. And maybe Sylvia didn't play "Madame Butterfly" just in vain, though that's only a guess. She's said to have another heart interest now.

Gloria "Free Woman."—Faithful as the stars—not Hollywood but celestial! Consider Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall. One step toward their eventual marriage has been taken by Gloria in obtaining her interlocutory decree from Michael Farmer. That means a year's wait, and then after all Marshall and Edna Best do remain married.

At the divorce trial Lois Wilson contributed to the more cheerful side of the occasion as a witness in Gloria's behalf. She said that Gloria's voice became higher-pitched because of the tension induced by Farmer's attitude toward her; also that he grew angered, with embarrassing results for Gloria, when he couldn't discuss American politics intelligently. The judge dryly remarked that such a discussion must obviously require a very high degree of intelligence. Ouch!

Is Joel Too Reserved?—Joel McCrea couldn't make hot love to Marlene Dietrich. Consequently he won't be seen in her "Caprice Espagnole." Joel is a reserved sort of chap, and above all can't be anything but natural on the screen. So, when he was called on to play a Latin hero with Joe von Sternberg bossing the job, it just didn't work.

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Here we have an adaptation of the Chinese coolie hat with black silk cord and tassel. The black veil is of fishnet weave.

The black felt hat with turned-up brim, upper right, is banded with grosgrain ribbon, with streamers at the back. Wide mesh veiling adds a note of allure.

This charming black velvet suit, with lapels and muff of ermine, adds glamour to the cocktail hour. The slit skirt is lined to the knee with silver cloth, as is the flared jacket. The double-breasted coat is fastened with brilliant-studded buttons.
LUXURY

Surely you will agree that these breath-taking creations worn by Gloria Swanson justify her reputation of having a flair for wearing unusual clothes to the best advantage. All the millinery was designed by René Hubert, eminent stylist.

For formal wear is this regal gown of black lace combined with printed crêpe. Yoke and sash are in autumn colors. The shawl-type wrap adds an interesting touch. What more could milady desire?

Always partial to hats, Miss Swanson is shown here wearing a large one of black velvet, with tucked brim, worn with an oxford-gray rabbit wool coat suit.

The "halo" hat, upper left, is also of black velvet. You'll have to look closely for the tiny tabs at the ears which are of white velvet. Not a wisp of hair is seen.
It wasn’t so very long ago that Reginald Denny symbolized the typical man-about-town. Now, thanks to a happy marriage, a whirlwind of parties has been replaced by a hard-working actor eager to concentrate solely on his film future.

"I've given over my title of 'man-about-town' to whoever is foolish enough to want it," said Reginald Denny recently. "I resign my position with pleasure, for I've decided to be my age."

And that is just a mild hint of the change that has come over this charming English actor. From being one of Hollywood’s most lavish spenders: a gay young blade; a typical man-about-town, he has become most conservative in his business dealings, quiet and retiring in his home life, a serious-minded actor and, as he expresses it, "just a hard-working family man."

In other words, Reginald Denny has grown up.

Credit for this change Denny generously lays in the lap of his wife, the former "Bubbles" Steiffel. "It may be maturity," he added thoughtfully. "It may be, to some extent, responsibility. But I'm sure most of it is because I'm so completely happy in my marriage. When a fellow is unhappy he feels there is no use in doing anything, but when he is happy and contented, everything matters."

Denny came from the English stage to Hollywood in 1919, and made his picture debut in "The Leather Pushers" series for Universal. Then he wrote and starred in a series of farce comedies. He became very popular, and his private life was as gay and light-hearted as the roles he played.

"There were many men-about-town in those days," he recounted. "Brilliant young stars who made and spent more money than was good for them. Hollywood was a gay, extravagant, terrifically paced center in the old days and I was a part of that life.

"Most of us had a friend or relative who bore the title of business manager, whose chief duties were to see that we invested in every wildcat scheme that was offered; to be sure that we had ringside seats at the fights and ringside tables at the most popular nightclubs. They were good fellows who helped us spend our money. There were no managers such as we have to-day, who guard our interests and safeguard our futures.

"Parties in those days were extravagant affairs and your man-about-town attended all of them and was often the host. I had a thirty-five-foot cabin cruiser on which I frequently entertained; I had four airplanes.

"I built my own hangar, costing $100,000, and of course the care of the planes necessitated a crew of men. I had a mountain lodge; I had a beach place. I spent money recklessly and, along with the other young chaps in Hollywood, I was always among those present.

"Making pictures is a strenuous job. It involves study, concentration, effort. It entails a knowledge of acting, rhetoric, the human emotions. It’s a full-time job. You can’t work from eight in the morning until six at night, tearing yourself to pieces emotionally, and then spend your nights carousing. Your body needs time to knit together that raveled network of nerves, to rest."
BOKA IS SWELL

It seems only natural to identify Jimmy Butler by the character he portrayed in "No Greater Glory." Now for some off-screen observations of this all-American boy.

By Jack Smalley

Photo by Faber:
Thirteen and husky, Jimmy is the most famous youngster in his neighborhood, though he seldom talks movies with the gang. To the right, you see our young hero off to hunt rabbits with his pal, Duke.

COME on out and I'll give you a ride on my pinto," invited young Jimmy Butler with a wide grin. "I've got a corral back of the house where I keep him. Swell horse, that Boka."

Jimmy is immensely proud of that horse. He'd much rather change the subject from pictures to his Indian pony, or talk about hunting rabbits back in the hills and going on Boy Scout hikes, than discuss the fact that he is one of the most famous young men in films.

But after all, Picture Play readers have been demanding some information about the career of this typical American boy, so Jimmy obliged.

"Hope you'll pardon the looks of my hair," he said first, hitching up a chair. "It feels as bad as it looks, too. They made me let it grow long for 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,' and before that was finished I had a job to do for RKO. The director told me I mustn't cut my hair because he wanted it long and shaggy for 'Romance in Manhattan.' But gee, I'll be glad to have those old shears snipping it off!"

Jimmy is fast learning to be cheerful about the demands of directors. If they say "let your hair grow," he does it because, after all, pictures are fun. And the money helps out the family bank roll, too.

A husky lad of thirteen, he doesn't show the strain of long weeks before the camera. And he has a big load to carry in "Romance in Manhattan"; he and Francis Lederer and Ginger Rogers are the principals.

"Well, where shall I start?" he asked. "I haven't been doing this very long, you know. Mother had some friends who were interested in the Pasadena Community Playhouse, and she told them that if a boy's part turned up, to try me in it, because I'd often said I liked acting.

"I'd done some parts in school plays, and you know a guy sort of gets a kick out of it. Finally they put on a show called 'A Plain Man and His Wife,' which Louise Dresser was going to try out at the Playhouse. There was a kid's part in it, so they called us up. I read the part for them, and I guess it was O.K.

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Broadway's social season is on in full blast and mocking Hollywood is the favorite sport, as usual.

By Karen Hollis

With pictures growing more and more honeyed and pious, Broadway is becoming more sardonic and gay. Immediately on arrival in town, Hollywood visitors rush to see the cruelly hilarious "Personal Appearance" which stars Gladys George. And in a new musical, Cole Porter has penned a song in which Sam Goldwyn, the famous word-scrambler, teaches Anna Sten to speak English. At Harry Richman’s club is a chorus of female impersonators, one of whom bears a startling resemblance to Joan Crawford, startling because every feature, every mannerism, is duplicated with the sureness of a vicious caricature.

No More Wailing.—Those sobs and laments which visiting film folk indulged in for months over the passing of the secluded and charming little speakeasies are heard no more.

At La Bijou, a cunning little bar-café, Miriam Hopkins wanders in alone, sits on the piano bench and wheedles Jimmy Rogers of Whiteman air fame, to play and sing for her even though her contract does not call for entertainment at noon.

Ruth Chatterton chose "Rebound" for her first starring broadcast. Fans clamor for her return to the screen, but she wants to be sure of the right story first.

Forget all the myths about Anna Sten. She’s a jolly Russian and not at all like what one might expect. "Broken Soil" brings her to the screen again.
pointing at something that Mary is cooking and saying “I'll have some of that and that.” Richard Bennett and his least-famous daughter, Barbara, chortle over the success and foibles of Joan and Constance.

At Chapeau Rouge, where an air of almost crystalline smartness prevails, Ruth Chatterton and Bette Davis mingle their somewhat plush voices with the raucous din of débutantes.

At Nancy Hatch’s figure-molding salon on upper Seventh Avenue, film belles linger for a cocktail after an amazing electric machine has exercised their muscles, taking off surplus girth. It's all very gay.

**A Visiting Star’s Busy Day.**—A typical morning is taken up with facial treatments, reading radio scripts, and sending telegrams of congratulation to film girls who have made good on Broadway. The telegrams fairly exude lush good wishes, but neither sender nor receiver takes them seriously. Behind many of them lurks violent envy, for although Hollywood’s monetary rewards are higher, Broadway offers more real distinction, more worldliness, and a greater opportunity for something resembling private life.

**Skin Deep Is Deep Enough.**—Hedda Hopper has abandoned both screen and stage and joined forces with the most famous of beauty salons. Visiting film folk rush to see her not only because they suspect that Hedda can impart her secret of freshness and radiance, but because they admire her tremendously. Hedda stands out in any smart gathering anywhere by her astringent wit as well as her perfect grooming. And she always knows the glittering celebrities of the moment.

**Visitors Pour In.**—Every first night, every restaurant where the fashionable world gathers for luncheon, has had more than its

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Angel Face

Once an appealing child actress, Anita Louise has grown to be a radiant beauty of seventeen whose recent success makes her a thrilling discovery on the threshold of a brilliant career. Here is proof of the good sense behind her lovely face.

By Helen Ludlam

HELLO!” sang out a girlish voice as I stepped from the elevator on the thirty-seventh floor of the hotel in which Anita Louise was stopping during her recent visit to New York, “We’re around here.”

Sure enough they were, almost above the clouds, the Marie Antoinette of “Madame Du Barry” and her mother, who looks almost as youthful as her radiant seventeen-year-old daughter.

Anita had shot up since last I saw her in Hollywood. She was thirteen then and now she stood a tall, willowy figure sheathed in a clinging gown of black velvet, her hair billowing about her face in shining masses. What a lovely child she is! Looking at her, I thought what a pity it was that the screen could only reproduce the beauty of her features but give no hint of the loveliness of her coloring.

In order to have as much time in New York as possible, the Fremaults planned to travel by plane, but when studio heads heard this they objected and suggested that they go on the streamline’s maiden trip.

“I think you were pretty brave,” I said. “I’d rather ride in an airplane any time than go on the first trip of a skyrocket like that streamline contraption. Everything’s swell till the crash; then it’s a darn shame about that defective wheel.”
Anita laughed. "We never thought about that at all. We were so thrilled to make the trip. But there must be something to what you say, because since we arrived every one has mentioned the same thing. I'd have made the trip anyway though, and I'm sure mother would have, too. It was a wonderful experience, thrilling beyond words, and the train is equipped with everything conceivable for comfort.

"I never think of accidents. Maybe I'm a fatalist, but I feel that there's a time to go and when it comes we just go, no matter in how safe a place we may happen to be. What's the sense of worrying? I always think it's best to do what comes to us to do and get as much fun out of life as we can."

How's that for seventeen?

"You see, I went through some trying years and it was good for me. I think difficulties are the best educators a person can have, that is if one tries to understand them."

I looked at this angel-faced child in astonishment and then at her mother. Anita read my thoughts and was amused.

"No, I really feel those things myself," she said, and giving her a closer look I saw not just a beautiful face with a baby stare, but clear deep-blue eyes sparkling with intelligence—and that forehead means something, too.

"For two years," Anita went on, "I was under contract and made only one picture. That's very bad for one's morale and I began to feel that I must be through in pictures. Although other studios asked to borrow me, the one I was with said they were going to use me in a week or so and I wouldn't have time to make another film. But time went on and I remained idle. I began to get a terrible inferiority complex and felt different in the presence of other people who were busy doing interesting things."

To make me crawl further into my shell, some of my friends admitted that I was pretty bad on the screen. That was a big help! Others tried to buck me up by saying that I was just going through a bad break. But I couldn't believe them. It's a good thing that a turn came in my affairs when it did; otherwise I think I should have been thoroughly discouraged."

"With 'Firebird' and 'Judge Priest' to your credit, those friends who thought you were pretty bad must have changed their minds," I commented.

Anita's nose crinkled and her eyes danced with fun. "It's amusing to hear them now, and that's a fact. This fall I've been pretty active but the bad break was a good lesson for me. I'd been rather selfish before and thought only of myself and my career and let other people and their troubles alone. I wasn't so very nice to people who were unsuccessful or were going through what I myself went through later. I'm sorry to remember. That's very bad and I'm afraid that bad I continued to be successful I'd have been an awful snob by now."

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"When Anita marries she will move into her own house and manage her own affairs," says her mother whose common sense is largely responsible for her daughter's success.
The furthest thought from Warren William was one day to be an actor. But because he so thoroughly looked the part, his friends and family urged him to try the stage, and it was only because of their insistence that he enrolled at a dramatic school.

By Mark Dowling

He looks like an actor in the grand old tradition, but he hasn't a trace of temperament on the surface, and while other actors may rant and rave, he goes through his lines with all the ardor of a well-trained machine. He could be one of Hollywood's most popular figures, but he'd rather be off sailing his boat, the Pegasus, down along the Mexican coast.

He handled strong masculine roles as in "The Match King" and "The Mouthpiece" with a skill which put him close to the top of the Hollywood pile, and then accepted without struggle a series of weak parts which made him a mere foil for women stars—the sort of thing that nearly ruined Clark Gable. Only recently, since his playing of Julius Caesar in "Cleopatra" and his role in "Imitation of Life," has Hollywood been asking, "What's the secret behind Warren William?"

For beneath a startling number of contradictions hides a personality which has baffled the movie town for nearly four years. The answer, never revealed before, is one of life's major ironies—the man never wanted to be an actor at all! He never felt the burning desire to stand on a stage in front of an audience, which had all the other stars, in their salad days, saving pennies for that trip to Broadway or Hollywood.

He looked so much like the popular conception of a grease-paint hero that his friends and even members of his own family insisted that he become one. And Warren William, well-bred son of a well-to-do father, simply followed the line of least resistance.

"I was perfectly willing to try their suggestions," he says now, "especially after finding out that to be an engineer, as I really wanted, I'd have to be excellent at mathematics—and I've always hated mathematics. This same thing kept me from going to West Point, another of my early ambitions.

"So when my sister Pauline kept after me to go on the stage, I thought I might as well try it. I've always loved tinkering around in a tool shop and I rather fancied myself as an amateur inventor, but I realized this would never turn into a particularly well-paying profession."

So this amazingly obliging young fellow, whose real name is Kroeh and whose profile is handsome and hawklike, came to New York to study acting, as he would have studied any other trade, at a dramatic school. He spent two years at this and then joined a stock company.

"I still didn't care much what I did, but I thought I might as well keep on acting as long as I'd spent the two years learning how," he admits casually. "I never suffered any particularly grueling hardships and I never had much struggle. The months in

The critics were so impressed by his performance in "Cleopatra," that Warren William hopes the studio will continue to give him such worthy roles.

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SUCCESS
By Dena Reed

memory and helped to renew our friendship when I came to New York. But that’s a story in itself which I’ll come to later.

Ralph Bellamy has been a hero and a villain in films. He has a most devastating smile and a leer all his own. He’s both a man’s man and a woman’s, but just now he was proving himself the interviewer’s delight.

“I didn’t spend all my time talking and burning down houses of course,” he went on. “I looked for work on the stage and eventually landed a job in a Shakespearian repertoire company made up of three old has-beens. I managed to eke out the barest kind of living. I toured the mining towns, often bringing my own groceries with me in a box car and playing everything from Shakespeare to Noel Coward. I played about three hundred and seventy-five parts before I entered pictures, but I’m getting ahead of myself again.

“Well, after I had run my own company for a while, I got the job of leading man with a stock company at Terre Haute, Indiana, at sixty dollars a week. That was just too much for me. I managed shortly to save a week’s salary and go to New York. Broadway, I felt, must be crying for me.”

But New York, hard-boiled metropolis, hadn’t even heard of Ralph Bellamy. He became just another actor out of work. Came the time when Ralph had no job, no money, and no food for three days.

“I walked from Seventy-ninth Street to the World Building to see Woolcott and ask him if he knew of any parts, because he often learned of plays that were to be cast before the agents did. This time he didn’t. Of course I was too good an actor to mention that I hadn’t eaten, and after reminiscing as long as my head kept clear, I trekked back to my lodgings.

“By this time I was decidedly woozy. I kept filling myself with water and somehow the reminiscences didn’t agree with it. A cup of coffee wouldn’t have been amiss just then.

“Is that when you tried to commit suicide?” I asked, having heard rumors.

“That’s when, but it wasn’t really a suicide attempt. When I reached my room, I picked up a book to read, but had to go out on the fire escape for some air for my head was spin-

ning. Maybe I did look longingly at the alley below, but when I realized that the book under my arm was ‘Crime and Punishment’ and what a picture I’d present if found dead clutching it, I went back to my room and laughed hysterically.

“I managed to emerge alive and eventually landed a stock job. In Rochester I played opposite an actress who was destined to become Mrs. Ralph Bellamy.

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SEVEN years ago a beautiful girl stepped from a convent into the life of a young man then just entering upon a successful screen career. These two, widely divided by circumstances, met on a studio set. She was an extra. He was the star. From that first meeting developed a friendship which still exists. It is without doubt the most beautiful friendship in Hollywood.

Nick Stuart, having risen by his boot straps from a poor Rumanian immigrant boy to featured roles in Fox productions, was paying his first visit to New York. The big city bewildered and bored him.

He did not care for its gaudy night life. Liquor meant nothing to him. He was ill at ease with the worldly wise members of his company. Then, one day, he noticed a sweet-looking girl on the set. To the still unspoiled boy she was like a fragrant breath of the outdoors in the stuffy, cluttered studio. He sought an introduction. Her name, it seemed, was Olive Shea. Irish. A real Irish beauty.

The girl had likewise noticed him. Of course, she stood in awe of his position as featured member of the cast. But she couldn't help noticing how lonesome he seemed. The flashing white smile which he used so generously seemed sometimes to be forcing back a tear. She sensed his need of companionship. It was inevitable that their need of each other should bring them together.

They were both kids facing life bravely. Neither had ever known what it was to be rich. Together they found pleasure in the simple joys of youth. Long walks in Central Park. Quiet evenings in the modest apartment of the Sheas, following an ample, home-cooked dinner, served without fuss or style.

A few blissful weeks. Then, suddenly, the picture was finished. Nick and the "News Parade" company returned to Hollywood. Olive remained behind. There was a daily exchange of wires and letters which gradually became less and less frequent.

After all, Nick was engrossed in his career, which was then just getting under way. It was a hard struggle, partly due to his lack of stage training and partly because the artificial round of studio life found no echo in his wholesome personality. His work done, he would start up the old Ford roadster and chug off to South

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Both Gloria and Nick have found in love only disappointment and heartbreak, but Hollywood wonders if theirs isn't another romance. Above, you see the pair with Carol Lee Stuart.

Seven years ago in New York, Nick Stuart met a girl who was later to be known as Gloria Shea. A call from Hollywood separated the pair, and it wasn't until the climax of his unsuccessful marriage that Nick realized just how much Gloria's friendship meant to him.

By Harry N. Blair

CAN THIS BE LOVE?
It won't surprise those admirers of C. Henry Gordon who have clamored for an interview, to learn that he isn't at all like the villains he plays. They will learn more than that from this story, however.

Mr. Gordon's favorite rôle was the scheming Turk in "Stamboul Quest," though he would like to play light comedy—and knows he won't because he isn't the type.

By Dudley Early

AS NICE AS THEY COME

The last act was drawing to a close. The audience stood up and cheered as the two race horses on the treadmill spurted neck and neck toward the finish line. The right horse wins by a nose! And the hero clasps the heroine to his manly bosom. That melodrama of another day, "The County Fair," had come to an end, leaving the audience gasping for breath.

Then Neil Burgess, the star, walked out on the stage, an infant in his arms. Raising his hand for silence, he said in stentorian tones:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I want to introduce a young friend of mine, and I want him to be your friend. This little nite in my arms is making his first appearance on any stage. Permit me to introduce to you Henry Gordon."

Applause; and C. Henry Gordon was launched on his theatrical career.

But it was twenty-five years later that he actually played in a stage production, which brings us to the present when he is one of the smoothest, most menacing villains who ever sneered into a camera.

Though he may threaten on the screen, and cause you to hope the hero plants a big fist in his eye, he is a considerate gentleman off.

Not every one would consent to come to the studio, just two weeks out of a sick bed after a major operation, to be interviewed. But C. Henry Gordon did. He looked very pale when I talked with him, and at times his voice would trail away, as if it were an effort to project it. But he was the soul of courtesy.

Getting back to his career and those twenty-five years between his first and second stage appearances, his was not exactly an ordinary childhood. His parents were fairly wealthy and went abroad each year. When young Henry was of school age, they took him to Switzerland, where he studied for a while, then went on to Germany for further education.

"Anyway," he told me, "it provided me with a hobby. Now I spend my spare time translating French and German books just to see how far I can get with them."

There's one of the most unusual ways of putting an education into use that I've ever run across! The study of languages, on which his parents insisted, has provided him with many an hour's entertainment.

Returning to America, he found that his sister had become an actress. He had lunch with William Elliott and his sister one day, and Elliott, after looking him over carefully, suggested that he come around to the theater and try out a part.

He went, not too seriously, and after a reading, was presented with the part of Style in the old drama, "Experience." It is safe to say that almost every well-known actor has played in "Experience" at one time or another. That rôle launched his career for the second time, and this time he continued with but few breaks.

He insists that nothing of any importance happened to him until 1919 when he went to Australia with a touring company of "Tiger Rose," with Lenore Ulric. He stayed there until 1921, when he returned, by way of Los Angeles. The picture business looked good then as now, and he decided to have a try at it. But Hollywood wanted none of him; he just wasn't the type. So he had to return to New York in order to earn his daily bread.

[Continued on page 69]
Off screen the lovely Elissa’s talents are devoted to writing novels and poetry, that is, when she is not composing music.

Dissention between herself and studio was responsible for Elissa Landi’s decision to guide her own professional career. She saw herself trampled beneath a procession of impossible heroines. Now she is an individual personality rather than a type fashioned after the Hollywood manner.

The setting and atmosphere were thoroughly Italian. Even the drives had correct Italian spelling. Capri, Napoli, Amalfi. At Amalfi I stopped, for it is there that Elissa Landi resides on her estate.

I caught a glimpse of her walking along the portico to greet me, a large dog ambling at her heels. She turned an angle and approached with hand outstretched. Her sapphire-blue lounging suit enhanced the faint nut-brown tan of her arms, face and neck, her strange green-gray eyes, her very red lips, and her mass of auburn hair, which she was wearing in the style seen in “The Great Flirtation.”

Yes, indeed, we were in Italy, not Hollywood.

“We might just as well be there.” Landi added to my allusion, as we walked into the drawing-room, “for here I am far away from Hollywood and what it stands for.”

On one of the walls, predominant in the quietness and shade of the room, hung a large, life-size portrait of the Lady Elissa, painted by an English artist. In one vivid flash it held my attention, giving me a very assertive influence as to the ruling note of my subject’s inner self.

The artist shows her seated, dressed in a red medieval gown, her auburn-gold hair parted in the center. There is a meditative look on her patrician features, an air of intense expectancy, of waiting for—what?

Red is Landi’s favorite color. It stands for courage and nobility. The color of fire, one of the four primary elements, of flame, symbol of the soul, of life, flaring upward, symbolizing aspiration.

No wonder Landi did not fit into the old rut set for her in Hollywood’s movie path!

I was anxious to ascertain if good or bad results had accrued from her decision to be her own guide in her professional career. It was a dangerous thing for her to do. Yet there is always something of the warrior maiden in Landi. Something fearless.

“There has been a conflict between me and Hollywood ever since I arrived,” she admitted as we settled ourselves in low chairs on the balcony outside, from where we beheld a panorama of the countryside. “It was as to whether Hollywood should mold my destiny, or I remain the master of my fate. I know I did right in handling it myself.”

Rare is the actress that handles her own tortuous path through Hollywood life. Once the movie Mecca gets you, and it is all too often an easy conquest, you become that terror of the select few, a “Hollywood star.”

To a great extent, Landi has done right. After four years in films, she is an established personality to be reckoned with. Audiences know her;
most like her. Her name counts. Players who permit Hollywood to "style" them, vanish into nothingness.

With one hand fingering the triple string of pearls about her throat, Landi held her tall glass of lemonade in the other, as if toasting her next remark.

"I would rather be a good actress than a Hollywood star," she declared. "You can mention most of the leading names, and in every case you will see how very hard they work, even in free time, to maintain their shadow personalities.

"Doesn't that sort of thing distort a player's life, to say nothing of her mind? I do not hold with an actress having a story or character molded to suit her adopted personality. It is not good acting, nor is it good sense.

"If I had allowed Hollywood to make me into, let us say, a simian siren, can you imagine what that would mean to me? My private life, my appearance in public, would be occasions to act. I'd have to slink across the room, with head bent forward, eyes half closed!"

No, the grotesque would never suit Landi. She is too humorous. To her, life is worth living. She enjoys laughing and naturalness. To those who are strangers, she is reserved; she draws a figurative cloak about herself. But to those she likes, her few friends, she is sparkling and jolly.

She is the first to concede that Hollywood is of universal importance, but cannot understand why the picture business does not scale the heights within its grasp—to which no obstacles stand in the way.

"Hollywood is a place of paradoxes," she stated. "There are more changes in a year there than occur in ten in other fields of work. Yet every new invention, each new idea, must be forced and fitted into the old groove. It is like having an old house and pulling down parts of it and fitting new things into them. Then having another section pulled down and something else added. In the long run, it would be better, and more sensible, to erect a new house in which all the latest improvements could be worked in more advantageously.

"So you see, I am right when I say that I do not understand Hollywood any better now than I did when I first arrived, four years ago."

It was a very different Landi who came to the Fox studio via the New York stage. An eager girl, ready to learn which way she had to go. She was sure of herself, for she was not without a good back-

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RIPE AT THIRTY-

Neil Hamilton's thirteenth year on the screen finds him active and confident that his professional life is just beginning. Also, it inspires some disclosures regarding his career and character which account for his popularity as a man.

By John G. Whidding

Fans complain that the Neil Hamiltons' happy married life is familiar enough, but photographs of Elso Hamilton are not. Here is one that they must have seen long ago.

He had the distinction of being the first player to use his voice for the talking screen. In 1928, Fox unearthed "Mother Machree," which had been shelved two years before, and added a sequence in which Neil played and sang the Irish ballad.

When talking pictures definitely replaced silents in 1929, many established players became conspicuous by their disappearance from the screen. Not so Neil. He was one of the few who was able to make the transition gracefully, without a halt in his activities.

At the end of his Paramount contract in 1930, he gave another exceptional performance in Barthelmes's "The Dawn Patrol."

Following this, he signed with Metro-Goldwyn and remained with them till 1932. The high lights of his term with that studio were "Stranglers May Kiss," with Norma Shearer, and "The Wet Parade." In the latter film, several critics voted Neil a verbal blue ribbon for his strong characterization of the man stricken blind by alcoholic excesses.

He became a free-lance player after the latter film, that is, he has no definite studio affiliation now. He is free to accept or reject roles as he thinks best. Undoubtedly his forte lies in free-lancing, for he knows what he can do, and he keeps his car to public taste.

His best work as a free lance has been in "What Price Hollywood?" and "Two Against the World," both with Constance Bennett. Neil being the only actor to play two consecutive roles with Miss Bennett—and "One Sunday Afternoon." The latter was a step toward more mature characters.

Acting is his business, and it is the only thing about which he is really serious. He occasionally clowns on the set—every one does, at one time or another. But when the camera starts turning, he becomes instantly the actor, a person utterly at odds with his other self. He expects his coworkers to do the same. He never forgets his lines, and can see no reason why any one else should.

His performances are always as workmanlike as it is possible for them to be. He studies his characters. He knows what they would do under certain conditions, how they would look, what they would think.
Off screen, he is never the actor. He has the peculiarity of taking serious things lightly and light things seriously. He is the despair of friends and the delight of acquaintances.

He will not mix with the crowd. Whether or not this may be considered a failing is matter for conjecture. In almost any other locality he would be respected and admired for this attitude, for it is no studied pose. He simply has never become accustomed to being "stared down." But alas! in Hollywood a man is judged by the places he frequents, and by the extent of his circulation among the throng.

He steadfastly refuses to play studio politics, the things an actor does to ingratiate himself with the higher-ups. Giving dinner parties, holding open house, appearing at premières—dozens of other things to attract favorable attention. Neil will have none of them. He has a small boy's hatred of sham, of deception and pretense. Whether or not he is wise to be so unyielding is something that time will determine.

In common with all Hollywood, he is given to promising much, at the drop of a hat, and to performing more slowly— if he does not forget. This habit is understood and accepted in the colony, where countless new acquaintances are made between lunch and dinner, and protestations of undying friendship are heard on all sides.

Once in a while, he will pledge something that is absurd on the face of it. And then, because it is absurd and no one expects him to remember it or keep it, he sets his jaws firmly and never rests until the promise is fulfilled. Often enough, it is something the promised one might attain for himself.

Neil is far from the worst of the promise-givers, but he does break many more than he keeps.

His business affairs are in the hands of capable, responsible people. They are many and varied affairs; he could never tackle them himself with any hope of success. He knows better than to try. His generosity and free-handedness would leave little in his pocket.

When he left home at seventeen, he carried his father's watch along. When he returned a year later, he still had that watch. How he managed it, nobody ever knew. But he left it behind when he went off the next time!

He is totally irresponsible in private life. He can't help it, and makes no attempt to correct the inclination.

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Mrs. Hamilton is entirely willing these days to let Patricio bask in sight of the camera with Neil while she busies herself looking after both.

Neil will always be remembered for his Digby in "Beau Geste," because he threw himself heart and soul into the character. Though silent, it was eloquent of charm, courage and pathetic.
“IMITATION OF LIFE.”

Full measure of one's money's worth is here in two hours of human interest, if that isn't too much of a good thing. This quiet, appealing story really covers several stories, none of them complete or satisfying, though all of the picture is interesting and some of it poignant. It has the incontestable merit of a situation that has never been seen before in films. That of a Negro mother whose light-skinned daughter rejects her because her parent is black while she can pass for white. However, this powerful theme is subordinated and we are asked to give our greater interest to a mother who gives up her fiancé because her daughter loves him. Played by Claudette Colbert, Warren William, and Rochelle Hudson, these characters are not nearly so interesting as the colored couple of Louise Beavers and Fredi Washington, whose problem throbs with sympathy for both. Miss Beavers, whom you will recognize as the maid in many films, is a finely natural actress who gives a performance that will be remembered a year from now, something that cannot be said of Miss Colbert's well-dressed promenade.

“THE PAINTED VEIL.”

Again Greta Garbo triumphs by the sheer beauty of herself and her spirit over a picture that is only tolerable because of what she gives to it. Magically, she makes her heroine sensitive, poetic, and soulful as only Garbo can, but if you break away from the spell of the actress you will find a character that is all too familiar in the movies: a wife who has to have an affair with another man to realize his unworthiness and to know that happy fulfillment is with her legal mate—until she gets restless again. The story reiterates the popular belief that a wife can have her cake and eat it, too. Of course it is invested with Garbo's glamour, Cedric Gibbons's Oriental settings, and Adrian's costumes, but it is the same story and the same set of characters which might have served Norma Shearer or Joan Crawford in their respective moods. Naturally, the mood here is more brooding and tormented and there is much more analysis of the why and wherefores of a wife's philandering and remorse and repentance. It all begins in Austria, the only charming and light-hearted sequence in the picture. It is not easy to accept Garbo as a member of the bourgeois family whose daughter is marrying a simpleton, nor does Herbert Marshall's Mayfair manner seem anything but alien and unaccountable when we are told that the village of Gratz is home to him. He and Garbo go to China as husband and wife and Mr. Marshall's absorption in biological research invites Mr. Brent to try his hand at love-making. Garbo has never been lovelier and her smile is a benison.

“THE CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA.”

A capital show as unusual as its title, this variation of the “Grand Hotel” idea is exceptionally well written, directed, and acted. Cynical, disillusioned, its bitterness is as tonic as the tang of sea air. Absence of juvenile romance and a calculated happy ending is that much more in its favor. Brilliantly effective performances by every one make the picture irresistible. But mind, it won't leave you in a glow because of the nobility of character you have discovered. That is conspicuous by its absence. The story begins when Captain Walter Connolly voices his good-humored hatred of the sea and the passengers who are about to board his ship for a cruise. Then they come trooping up the gangplank: John Gilbert, Helen Vinson, Victor McLaglen, John Wray, Wynne Gibson, Alison Skipworth, and Fred Keating, the magician-actor of the stage who makes his screen début as a crook with a new kind of cynical smoothness. All these are too tarnished by the world to be cruising for their health's sake, so presently we see their version of “Cheating Cheaters.” Mr. Gilbert, perfectly cast as a Hollywood scenario writer, is beyond criticism.
IN REVIEW
BY NORBERT LUSK

PICTURE PLAY’S HONOR LIST

“The Battle” is the subtlest and most uncommon picture of the month. “Imitation of Life” the most obvious appeal to the emotions, and “Broadway Bill” the most satisfying to the majority. “Flirtation Walk” is the ace of light-hearted musicals.

Best performances are given by Charles Boyer and Merle Oberon, in “The Battle”; Louise Beavers, in “Imitation of Life”; Dick Powell, in “Flirtation Walk”; and Anne Shirley, in “Anne of Green Gables.”

“ANNE OF GREEN GABLES.”

This pastoral of youth will touch your heart and remind you, as we all need to be reminded, that other lives are lived and other values count in a world rarely glimpsed on the screen. That world is here as surely as we were transported to another planet by “Little Women.” Rolling meadows and leafy dells, cozy households and simple people whose intelligence—and that of their director—keeps them from ever suggesting standardized rural types. Their problems are far more real than those of the neurotic wife in sophisticated pictures who lets her husband’s friend make love to her because she frets for a change. Here we have a middle-aged brother and sister who expect a boy from an orphanage and are nonplused when a girl comes instead—Anne, unwelcome, unwanted, and only kept on probation. This original, whimsical fourteen-year-old child edges her way into their affections and changes their lives as well as her own as she grows up and faces the problem of love. Anne Shirley’s performance is tender and touching. Tom Brown wins applause for his skill and likableness, and Helen Westley, O. P. Heggie, and Sara Haden offer their fine talents with splendid effect.

“BROADWAY BILL.”

The director of “It Happened One Night” offers a successor to that vastly popular picture and there is every indication that the new film will meet with equal favor. It is lively, humorous, and easy to take in every particular. A race-track story off the beaten path, it deals principally with a man chained by circumstances to business who kicks over the traces and joins the sharp-witted, colorful gent who follow the ponies in one way or another. Dan Brooks is one of them because he believes that he has a winner in “Broadway Bill,” and the horse justifies his faith in a heart-breaking climax which is more than winning the race. More than plot, though, is responsible for the extreme likableness of the film. It is rich in revealing flashes of human nature; it sparkles with barbed dialogue, and it is acted up to the hilt. The result is a rousing, popular success. Warner Baxter is in tune with the light-heartedness of Dan Brooks, sustaining his high-spirited mood remarkably, and Myrra Loy surprises in an unexplored mood. Walburn, Helen Vinson, Walter...

“COLLEGE RHYTHM.”

The famous Joe Penner’s contribution to his first full-length picture is colossal in comparison with the film itself and what others do to help it along. The little maniac comedian is likable and original, but his methods are so positive that they either appeal a great deal or not at all. But the majority acclaim him. They have reason to do so for he stimulates when visible and is missed when the other attempt to carry on without him and his duck. The story combined department stores, football, and musical comedy and is mildly farcical. Lively drills of chorus girls cheerful and pleasing and Lanny Ross sings some tuneful songs. But somehow the total of all this, including also participation of Jack Oakie, Mary Brian, Lyda Roberti, H. H. Mack, George Barbier, and others doesn’t much matter and can only be regarded as tolerable pastime. All suffer from lack of appropriate material. Without it, Mr. Oakie shows signs of too long service in collegiate roles, and the vapidity of Mr. Ross and Miss Brian causes one to fear the intellectual future of the race should the characters play marry.
"WEDNESDAY'S CHILD."
A child's reaction to divorce is the subject of this, a companion piece to Nova Pilbeam's "Little Friend," with a sensitive boy the victim of marital discord and separation. Here the boy lies on the witness stand to protect his mother and, after the divorce, is shunted from one parent to the other, his mother married again and his father contemplating another union. Ill and unhappy, Bobby is sent to military school and finds himself one of many boys with four parents, all robbed of their birthright by divorce. Bobby's father and mother overhear a discussion between their son and his roommate which opens their eyes to his suffering, and the father breaks his engagement to assume the responsibility of his son's upbringing. All this is poignantly set forth with no maudlin tear-jerking or excess of any kind. Brought from the stage, Frankie Thomas gives a finely realistic, untheatrical performance as Bobby, with David Durand, of the screen, sharing honors in juvenile artistry. Karen Morley and Edward Arnold are the parents whose human failings are skillfully portrayed.

"GENTLEMEN ARE BORN."
The struggles of college graduates to make a living are presented divertingly, if unimportantly, without lighting the way to a solution of the same difficulties in real life. The viewpoint is old-fashioned because it represents the young people as gaily optimistic over the future, assuming that they need only to make known that they are available to be taken on wherever they apply. Yet their subsequent setbacks never cause any of them to go to those great department stores where only college graduates are employed and experienced job-seekers are rejected. However, attractive, routine performances are given by Franchot Tone and Margaret Lindsay, Jean Muir and Ross Alexander, Miss Foran and Ann Dvorak, paired for romance as they are listed here. It is, in fact, a fairly attractive film, missing its possibilities because it is superficial. Fans will like Mr. Alexander, a newcomer, for his glib breeziness, and Mr. Foran is especially human and believable as a star football player who finds it impossible to become a coach on leaving college and meets with a tragic end. Miss Muir is disappointingly cast as a commonplace character.

"MENACE."
Admirers of Gertrude Michael and Paul Cavanagh, which includes most of Picture Play's readers, apparently, will find these favorites vastly entertaining in their new picture. Miss Michael is handsome, smooth, and persuasive, while Mr. Cavanagh plays with characteristic precision and elegance. What is especially outstanding in the equipment of Miss Michael is the impression she gives of being so many-sided that she could slip out of one role and into another before one's eyes. She's an actress truly. The picture is a mystery of a sort, filled with Miss Michael, Mr. Cavanagh, and Berton Churchill are threatened with death, one by one, because they are held responsible for the suicide of a guest at their bridge party. As usual, suspicion points from one to another of the large cast while terror grips them all as daggers fly and notes drop here and there. Even the most jaded onlooker is kept in suspense until the unmasking. John Davis Lodge, Robert Allen, Raymond Milland, Halliwell Hobbes, Forrester Harvey, and Henrietta Crosman are admirable ids.

"FLIRTATION WALK."
tropical luxuriance of Hawaii and the formal beauty of the States Military Academy at West Point are cleverly combined in this thoroughly delightful musical. A detail to one marvel is that the Honolulu setting for the moonlight cast is studio-made. But settings never yet made a pictureful and this has much more to recommend it. A tender romance between Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler, an excelling newcomer in John Eldredge, a glimpse of a favorite, John Arledge, and an immensely helpful performer, Ross Alexander, whose magnetic sense of humor and acting register strongly with audiences. This stage recruit for a full-fledged career if he keeps up his antecedents. The addition of all this diversion has Mr. Powell, smarting the stigma of being a mere private in the army, progressing to becoming a lieutenant commander and winning the heart of a daughter whose snubs stirred his ambition. He is better off, too.
"The Battle."—Leon Garganoff. Act-
ing of a quality you will find in no other picture this month is here to make you gasp your praise of Charles Boyer and Merie Oberon. The former is absolutely splendid as Henry VIII. You admired the skill behind his insolent gypsy, and Miss Oberon was arrest-
ing in her brief scene as Anne Boleyn, with a telling line of "Queen of England if you must say, Henry VIII." But neither picture gave a hint of what Mr. Boyer and his costumer, Rolf Kågeson, are capable of. Boyer is a modern player, and as these in his possession, he is victorious in a sea battle, but in giving the ut-
most to his country he has given the Japanese aristocrat, too. He

... but the other picture animation, too, when she is first seen off the French-owned town, but this mood ends when she is kidnaped for no reason and is next seen in Panama gently eager to return home. The main appeal is that she is not one of the sinister characters who have only to invite her to visit their shops and back rooms for her to accept. Ex-
cept for every picture is a story in itself, and though not total a good picture.

"The White Parade."—Fox. Stud-
ent nurses give this picture its title, their loves and hates and sacrifices its plot. When the many women especially en-
tertaining even though it is shrewd fiction rather than realism. As a ro-
tact, the acting suggests rather than pro-
claims. The Japanese interiors are

delays in silent agony. Irony is given this gruesome though magnificent cli-
max in the Marquis of the共同体 innocent of wrongdoing.
The fashions of this remark-
able picture are many. Most im-
portant is the masklike mask worn by

... the fire and of the hospital, on or off the screen. Miss Young is the heroine, more sensible and less disposed to mis-
chievous pretends that her fiancé is a noted polo player, John Boles, whom she doesn't even know. Teased and taunted with Dr. John
nurse, Allwyn, Joyce Compton, and Jane Git-
telson that you willingly nominate the most refreshing group you have encountered of a hos-

daily Young's performance is very fine and Jane Dar-

... the fire. He plans to install a regiments of nurses to carry out her

... and this cruelty. But her graceful acting cre-
ates illusion, if it does not explain why

... the fire. It seems when Ricardo Cortez, as

... a Viennese actor, plays it on his phonograph, women go wild and

... of musicians on men, nor do we know what it does to animals. I know,

... however, that it can put a film critic in the position of a bystander, neither here nor there. Anyway, Mr. Cortez's Herman Brand is shallow, selfish, and cruel, using what used to be called 'bedroom eyes' to indicate his irresistible appeal to the women tenants of the glossy apartment house where he lives. It fails to show the least quality that makes his Ham-

... let a stage sensation or, in fact, any quality that might make plausible his very considerable charm. At any rate, he is murdered just before a per-

... formance and there is a great hulla-

... balo, the reason being that suspicion may be aimed at every player in the cast although the most susceptible spectator can only look upon Mr. Cor-

... tez's taking off as the needed removal of an old-fashioned French nec-

... k will, Anita Louise, Helen Tren-
holme, Dorothy Tree and others are and Mr. Morgan, "One Night of Love," but Evelyn Laye's story of a songbird falls short of Grace Moore's revelations. Though

... is, but a silly story which no one could make more than tidily interesting and not at all reviving. The professional Service and a foreign spy who wants to blow up the Panama Canal, with Miss Gallian innocently mixed up in the work of the Secret Service, is a story denied. That is, all but a

... silly story which no one could make more than tidily interesting and not at all reviving. The professional Service and a foreign spy who wants to blow up the Panama Canal, with Miss Gallian innocently mixed up in the work of the Secret Service, is a story denied. That is, all but a
From picking coals along the railroad tracks of a prairie town, Helen Morgan became the greatest of all Broadway’s torch singers as well as its most madcap star. Now that she’s in pictures, her exotic, extravagant story can be told.

Helen Morgan, the last gay bloom that clung to the Main Stem, has departed for Hollywood. And the thrill is gone from Broadway. Like the Grand Canyon, the purple patch on the palid face of Manhattan depended upon color for its fame. Multihued brilliance was provided by the glittering personalities that flamed through its night life. And Helen Morgan is the symbol of Broadway’s final glory.

Now the tawdry alley, the hardened artery that pulses dully in Gotham’s heart, is given over to raucous auction rooms, catch-penny shooting galleries, dime-a-dance halls, three-cent coffee stands, reissues of lurid movies, cadging beggars—all the down-at-heels fraternity that haunts the midway of a tank-town carnival. A vastly different street, indeed, from the hectic hothouse that flowered in midnight gaudiness when Helen Morgan quit the cracker factory to come and conquer.

Other moons had waxed and waned for Helen—but seldom left her as they found her. She lived under a law of change. And she followed her star blindly. As a pig-tailed kid she picked coals along the tracks that cut a gash through the dreary prairie town. She worked as waitress, was fired for putting extra prizes in cheap confections, labored long hours as a nurse of the “practical” kind. Found a precarious foothold behind the footlights. Finally reached New York—to sleep in hallways until her first break came.

Even then it didn’t look like much of an opportunity. She sang in the first of the “speaks;” and because the floor was so littered with tables, she conserved space by sitting on the piano.

Helen’s type of weepy melody took the tense town by storm. Men and women, living dangerously, found the fear and sorrow and suffering of their muted hearts mirrored in her tear-drenched, torchy meanings for “Bill.” The torrid dew of their tears caused the champagne to overflow their

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It was only a little time ago that she was the most ingenious of the ingenues who came from nowhere to play Trilby to John Barrymore's Svengali in "The Mad Genius." And to play the exacting rôle with such charm and taste and feeling that all at once she was launched on a career. After a season in London films, she is back in Hollywood, poised, lovely and mellow voiced for whatever a Columbia contract has in store for her.
A Depression Success

He received many offers from other studios, but Mr. Schenck would neither release him nor let him appear in a picture.

"Then the day before my contract expired, I was offered the lead opposite Ruth Chatterton in 'The Magnificent Lie.' I've appeared for every studio since.

"I want to do anything that's good —any real characterization," he told me. "He will be in Anna Sten's new picture, "Broken Soil.""

He sent for Catherine in 1931, the height of the depression and his rising career, and they were married in Reno—of all places! It is a marriage that has every evidence of lasting. Catherine gave up her career to devote herself entirely to her husband.

One can feel her steady hand guiding Ralph's career, and he has given up his immature impulsiveness for a sanity to match hers. They own a fifty-two-acre farm in Connecticut.

"It's all free and dear," Ralph told me proudly.

"In this game," Catherine added, "you've got to realize you're riding the crest of the wave. If they ever decide they don't want Ralph in Hollywood, we both feel we can come back to the theater, and when we're old, there's the farm—our real home.

"Meanwhile, I took a flyer in real estate," laughed Ralph. "I never had been to Palm Springs—I thought there were too many actors and too much drinking there—but Catherine thought I ought to go once, at any rate. Well, in three days I bought a bungalow for our week-ends, and in ten days Charlie Farrell and I had bought one hundred and fifty acres of desert land. Now a number of our friends have put in bids for our piece of property no matter how we cut it up. It's nice to have a community of friends around you."

"But no more real estate," put in Catherine.

"No more," echoed Ralph, "just good pictures and the farm."

"You look awfully happy," I couldn't help but comment.

"We are!" they declared, exchanging a smile of understanding. I wondered why some folks thought there were no sane people in Hollywood!

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out. He quit the very first day, and went over to RKO to appear in "Roberta." That was another one of those amicable partings.

The funny thing was that Joel had been engaged for about ten weeks for the production before he actually got before the camera.

Barrymore Fancies.—John Barrymore is becoming almost as pipe-dreamish in his announcements as Douglas Fairbanks, who is always affected by every place he visits to the extent that he announces his intention of making a film with that country as the background. Barrymore, on visiting India, declared that he would produce a picture with an East Indian setting for Alexander Korda. He dwelt ecstatically on the mythological and cultural features of Hindu civilization. Incidentally he mentioned that he might do "Hamlet" as a picture. What—with an Indian background! Our private information is that the film will really be "Joseph and His Brethren," in color.

Barter and Trade.—May Rob-son, who gets a chance to play just about as good a part in "Grand Old Girl" as she had in "Lady for a Day," has to take it on the chin when it comes to autographs. She heard some children at a preview arguing about whether they should ask for her signature or not. One said to the other, "Aw, you've got her autograph already?" "Well, I don't care," said the other child, "I got one Fredric March for three May Robsons." And May tells that on herself, which shows what a good scout she is.

Muffled Wisecracks.—Constance Collier, reputedly just as peppery as Mrs. Pat Campbell, when she wishes to be, surprised all hands by being exceptionally tame when she went West to fill her contract for MGM. And the Dorothy Parker wisecracks also are conspicuous by their absence. Well, one does have to earn one's living, and Hollywood never could take a joke aimed at itself. So that's the reason for these bright ladies' stilled lips, in all likelihood.

Movie "Brain Trust."—The fans still hiss the "code" seal whenever it flashes on the screen in Hollywood, provided the mood also happens to strike them. But for all the hissing the power of censorship is being built up more and more. Latest acquisition of Joe I. Breen, who runs the censorship show, is a "brain trust," composed of professors, ex-newspaper correspondents, and old-time theater men. They just about say what's to go into pictures. And they're hard-boiled about it, too.

He Croons to Her.—The stories may be going out to the effect that Rudy Vallee wishes to stay in Hollywood because of picture engagements. But the real reason, we hear, is that he wants to be near his Alice Faye. Also Pay Webb has been lining up the guns for battle, but apparently Rudy is willing to take it. Oh, well, some day it will all be straightened out, and then Rudy and Alice will probably amble to the altar.

Ovation Matrimonial.—Another wedding ended to applause. That hasn't happened since Ben Bard and Ruth Roland said "I do." But the marriage of Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers reinstated the custom. Their friends insisted on giving them a big band at the completion of the ceremony. Also, the couple were fear-fully jittery during the rehearsals for the affair, but managed to preserve an "outward calm" during the actual ordeal. Lois Wilson captured the bride's bouquet. Mary Brian missed it. What means that?

Not Joan but Norman.—Joan Blondell didn't get her wish to have a girl baby so she could call her Joan Barnes. Some way or other, you know, she is determined that name will be registered on the books. It's always a good subject for discussion.
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anyway. She's more than happy over the arrival of her boy, though, who is called Norman Scott Barnes. Joan will be back on the screen fairly soon in a picture with Guy Kibbee.

Maxie Boxes 'Em Off.—Max Baer had to answer a lot of embarrassing questions when his picture "Kids on the Cuff" was called off, more or less temporarily. The folks were all saying that though Maxie might be a hot shot in the prize ring, he wasn't a box-office binger. But the good-natured pugilist—and he is that—didn't get riled, but just stuck stoutly to his point that the film would be made a little later on. We wonder.

Howard Hughes Returns.—Howard Hughes, the Texas millionaire oil man, who produced "Hell's Angels," "Two Arabian Knights" and other films several years ago, is again a figure in the picture colony. And as usual there is a heart interest. This time it seems to be Nancy Carroll. Hughes has spent the past year or two in New York and Europe. He always was one of the youngest-looking producers, and he doesn't appear a bit older than when he left. Whether he will be starring Nancy is now the question that is agitating.

Room for Both.—Margaret Sullivan and her ex-husband, Henry Fonda, will soon be living in the same village, and as far as we know, speaking to each other. Fonda has been engaged by the Walter Wanger company, and will be presented in leading roles. The marriage of Margaret and himself was dissolved before she came to movieland, but ever since their separation she has been very nice. She helped Fonda out by playing in a stage stock company he was operating, and is said to have assisted in lifting the enterprise out of the red.

Eddie Lowe's Loyalty.—The first lady we've seen Eddie Lowe pay any attention to since the passing of Lilian Tashman is Virginia Bruce. Eddie escorted her to the opera one evening, which entertainment has always claimed his utmost devotion. Virginia also never misses an opera.

Eddie has traveled alone throughout the months since Lil's passing, and the colony has admired his fine and so unusual sentiment.

Somber Winter Days.—The illness that the flesh is heir to have been greatly bothering the movie colony lately. Al Jolson, Claudette Colbert, and Gail Patrick all had had attacks of influenza, while the Marquis de la Falaise underwent an operation for an ailment contracted while he was in Indo-China, and Kay Francis was on the sick list following the operation that she suffered in New York. The Marquis' illness is of a very mysterious nature, induced by leeches existing in the Asiatic locale, which caused anemia. He was treated for the trouble in Paris, and then had to receive further medical attention on his return to Hollywood.

Their Jeweled Crowns.—There's always some new kind of blonde in Hollywood. Somebody recently suggested calling Nancy Carroll the ruby blonde. Evelyn Laye is already known as the champagne blonde. Jean Harlow has long established the platinum, and Janet Beecher the sapphire blonde. Anyway, they all sound expensive.

"Four Hundred" Surrenders.—Social bars are down so much that the lights of the "four hundred" both East and West, haven't the least hesitation any more about hobnobbing with movie celebrities. And how snooty they used to be! Twenty Little Working Girls, cream of the Junior Leaguers in old Loa Angelace, have taken up terrifically with the film crowd, and are all ga-ga about it. Film favorites are featured regularly at social salons where celebrities are entertained. A number of blue bloods are either acting in or experting in some special capacity for the cinema. Soon, very soon, the stars will all have their names in the Social Register.

Brisson's Ascendancy.—Carl Brisson is referred to everywhere as the great rival of Maurice Chevalier. And possibly it's an ominous sign that Edward Everett Horton, who has appeared in Maurice's films one right after the other, is to be seen with the Danish musical idol in "All the King's Horses." Many feel that Brisson should have been elected to do "The Merry Widow."

Tracy Going Good.—All is well with Spencer Tracy again. The trip he took to Honolulu did him a lot of good, and on his return Fox signed him to a two-year contract. That just about sets everything right because, for a time, the company debated carrying on the agreement. Tracy was terribly upset by that split-up with Loretta Young, who was one of the causes of his erratic conduct for a time. Lateness on the set, when it was not total absence, was the chief irregularity that caused him to get into trouble with Fox. But he is hitting a sure pace now.

A Faithful Escort.—Since the Marlene Dietrich-Von Sternberg final curtain, it is nearly always Rouben Mamoulian who accompanies the German star. And just a very few months ago it was Garbo and Mamoulian.

Pert Kelton makes friends with every one—and everything. Her amiability makes itself felt on the screen, too, and it is this quality which makes friends for her everywhere. The gorgeous blue-and-gold macaw is only one of her fans who can't say all he thinks.
This interesting disclosure was interrupted by a waiter who served Anita with a vegetable plate.

"Those two years were good for Anita in other ways," said her mother. "If things come too easily, young people are apt to get lazy and make no effort to improve themselves or keep on the qui vive for new ideas."

"Yes, and when one is successful every one hurries about to do things for you—and that's bad," Anita continued. "You begin to think there's nothing that you need do for yourself. I hope, if I'm successful, that I'll always remember not to be helpless."

"With all the good notices you've had lately, I imagine your days of idleness are about over," I said. "The angel smiled happily. "Things do look pretty good just now. I'm thinking of going to New York to see the new plays and the shops and some friends. But goodness!" The studio gave me a schedule of things to do for the whole time, and the telephone rings incessantly. We love it, of course. It's wonderful to be in a whirl like this, but I don't know if our friends will quite understand."

On a near-by table I noticed a pair of baby shoes, with the imprint of sturdy little toes pushing against the end. Anita's, of course.

"They were her first shoes," her mother said.

"They go everywhere I go," said Anita. "The shoes and the twins, and those two pictures"—waving toward photographs on different tables.

"These were the cutest things I ever saw. Tiny bisque dolls about two inches long dauntly dressed in infants' clothes. "Aren't they darlings? Mother brought them to me years ago. One is supposed to be a girl and one a boy—see!"

Having carefully inspected the shoes and the twins, my eyes turned toward the pictures that accompanied Anita everywhere.

"Ah, yes, and what's all this talk about you and Tom Brown? Is it serious or just a boy-and-girl affair?"

"I don't know!" burst from Anita in a delighted giggle. But the gossips had it that before Anita came into his life two years ago no girl had held the young man's interest for longer than two weeks. All things considered, it probably would have been Tom a long time to get tired of looking at Anita, or listening to her, either.

"Are you engaged?" I plowed on relentlessly.

Anita's mother came to the rescue. "Practically every day Tommy asks my permission to marry Anita, and each time I tell him that he will have my blessing as soon as they make up their minds that they really love each other. But, my goodness, how can they tell that? Tommy is twenty-one and Anita seventeen. They're having such fun together, it's better that they take things slowly. How can they tell if it will last a lifetime?"

"You should see Tommy and mother together," Anita broke in. "Tommy and I get along famously—we never quarrel. If I want him to do a thing and he doesn't want to, I never try to force or coax him. After a while, when he has had time to think it over, he almost always does what I have asked, so we're a peaceful couple. But Tommy and mother! You should see how they scrap!"

"What about?"

"Everything—and nothing. One word leads to another and they're off. They never agree on anything."

"Tommy is a darling. He has a fine, quick mind and so I enjoy arguing with him," her mother retorted.

"Well, maybe that's the reason, but you both give it plenty of exercise," laughed Anita.

The Fremaults are great home-bodies. If Mrs. Fremault is in town only a few days she goes to an apartment hotel so she can have a kitchen. She keeps dishes, silver, and linen there and stores them away each time. There are always special foods that Anita likes, and last-minute steaming or pressing to be done on an evening flock.

No personal maid or private swimming pools for these two. Other things are more important to them. They like music, languages, art, literature.

Speaking of a friend, Mrs. Fremault declared that she felt utterly stupid when she thought of the things other women knew and did. She was mending a ripped seam in Anita's sleeve as she spoke. The girl looked at her mother tenderly. "But, mother, you must remember that those people have spent years specializing in that one subject, and ever since I was born you have concentrated your whole time and thought upon music."

Mrs. Fremault is studying interior decoration and period furniture so that she will have something to occupy her when her daughter spreads her wings and flies away.

"When Anita marries she will move into her own house and manage her own affairs. I've tried to make her self-reliant. I object to mothers living with their children after they marry. That's the worst mistake of all. And when Anita is twenty-one, married or single, I want to take over the reins of her own life. I want to have some interest for myself when that time comes so I won't be lonely and so that Anita will not be worried and think, 'Now what shall I do about mother?'"

A swell pair, these two.

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The trip I mentioned, he was doing a week of personal appearances in Detroit. During the week his home town of Grand Rapids was having a "Joe Morrison Day" in connection with the running of his first picture, "The Old-fashioned Way," Joe was berserk over not being able to be there and having possibly to disappoint some friends who might go to the theater to see him.

He finally paid the charges and had one of the broadcasting companies run a fine direct from a studio in Detroit to the stage of the theater where his picture was being shown. At the proper time, Joe broadcast a greeting and a few songs to his home-town audience. He got nothing out of it except the satisfaction that comes with making a nice gesture.

Now, I'm going to let you in on his big secret, girls. He blushes! At the fights, the night of his return, the announcer called him into the ring and introduced him to the mob. There was much applause and stamping of feet. Joe blushing furiously, held up his hand for silence. "I can't dance," he explained, "and I haven't a piano on me so I can't sing for you. But if you'll come over to the Paramount studio I'll be glad to fix you up."

During this trip he was appearing in Washington, D. C. The place to go after the show on Saturday night is Childs restaurant. Joe was there after the last show, along with some of the others appearing on the bill with him. Suddenly a girl slipped into the chair beside him.

"Pah! Don't South'un accent," she began and explained that her companions had wagered that she wouldn't have nerve enough to come over and speak to him. Having made her explanations, without more ado she put her arms around Joe's neck and kissed him. Right out in public! "Pah of the waguh," she said blandly. "Ah hope you don't mind."

Only a person who knows Joe can
possibly picture what his feelings must have been. But he rose to the occasion like a little major. "Mind?" he echoed. "I think it's one of the nicest wagers I've ever run across."

When he was three his mother died. His father remarried. When he was ten his father died and his stepmother remarried. Contrary to the expected, they cared for him as though he were their own, and he couldn't be more devoted to them if they were.

Finishing high school, he studied for the priesthood. That is something I'll never be able to understand in a person of Joe's fun-loving disposition. I cannot conceive of any one with a temperament more unsuited to ecclesiastics than Joe.

During the first two years of his studies everything was fine. He lived at home. The third year it was necessary for him to live in a monastery. The hard and fast rules laid down by the fathers, the rigid orders and strict discipline had a depressing effect on our hero. At the end of the second year in the monastery, they called him in, told him he was temperamentally unfit for the life he had chosen, and it would be better if he would go out into the world and try to do something with his voice.

That was welcome news to Joe. He got into a honkatonk act with some girls and eventually found himself in Los Angeles.

There used to be a small restaurant run by a retired vaudeville couple. It was quite a theatrical hangout. They used to call on any artists in the house to perform. On this particular night they called on Joe. He got up and sang and they wouldn't let him leave the stage.

Over in one corner was a small party. I think Sophie Tucker was among them. When Joe finally left the stage, one of the men sent for him, introduced himself and said he thought Joe had something and that if he wasn't satisfied with his present act, he would make room for him in his. The man was Eddie Vine who has managed Joe from that day.

Two weeks later Joe had joined the new act in Denver. Eddie dragged him out on the stage, introduced him as his kid brother and Joe stopped the show. They played the Pantages circuit for a time and found themselves in Los Angeles once more. Joe had his eye on pictures. They hung around for a year and, although Joe was interviewed by almost every casting director, he never even got a chance.

Mona Barrie and Johnny Mack Brown while away a long wait between scenes. She's playing the lead in "Mystery Blonde" and the Alabama husky is in "Rafter's of Red Dog."

He went into the "Nine O'clock Revue" at the Hollywood Playhouse in the hope of attracting some attention. He introduced the song, "Just Picture a Penthouse Way Up in the Sky" for the first time on any stage and stopped the show nightly with it. The critics raved, but that's all the good it did him. He lived right around the corner from the Paramount studio, but couldn't get past the casting office.

After a year, they gave up Hollywood as a bad job. Returning to vaudeville, he and Eddie found themselves in Seattle one Sunday afternoon with no more bookings. Joe was all for returning to Hollywood. He liked it there.

"It's fifteen hundred miles to Hollywood," Eddie reasoned. "If we traveled in the other direction and applied that money on fare to New York, we'd be almost there and we haven't tackled that yet."

They flipped a coin and New York won. Eddie had been on the stage for twenty years and knew the ropes around the big town. He tried to interest several agents in Joe, but Joe was determined Eddie should handle him.

During the holidays a booker called Eddie and asked if he would have Joe sing at an Elks' benefit at the Commodore Hotel. Practically every tenor in town was there that night, including Morton Downey, Donald Novis, Arthur Tracy, James Melton, Charles Carlisle, Tito Guizar. Yet it was Joe again who held up the proceedings.

As a result of that appearance, he was booked for seventeen weeks as "The Beloved Vagabond" on the radio. Then he went to NBC on a year's contract, singing on the program with George Olsen. Following this, he joined Olsen's band as a soloist. One night they tried out "The Last Round-up." It didn't go over very well.

A few weeks later they were playing an engagement in Pittsburgh. Joe was sitting at a table with Ethel Shatta, who is Olsen's wife, waiting for his turn to go on. "Whatever became of that cowboy song you tried out?" Miss Shatta asked.

"George never plays it any more," Joe answered. They dug it out of the pile of music and he sang it again. People stopped dancing to crowd around the platform and listen. Returning to New York for an engagement at the Paramount Theater, they tried it again. The next day a banner stretched across Broadway announcing "JOE MORRISON." And that, my friends, is what is really known as an overnight sensation.

Success hasn't changed him and I doubt that it ever will. He will be in "One Hour Late," heading a cast that features Helen Twelvetrees, Arline Judge, and Conrad Nagel.

You're going to like this boy as much as the people around the studio do, and greater praise than that it's impossible to bestow!
Miss Vinson looks like a heroine, but the studios started casting her as a menace and there she is, a menace to this day. "I meet all the nice people," says she, "but I'm cast as the snake in the grass."

With Helen Vinson as your hostess, nothing is lacking. For she is sophisticated but not hard, beautiful but not self-conscious.

ANY monograph on Hollywood would have to include Helen Vinson, cool, gracious, and lovely.

She is one of the nicer ladies among the stellar bodies. She is slim and shapely, with Titian hair, a Mona Lisa smile, and ideas of her own regarding living, acting, and other profound problems.

Thus far her picture career has been less than meteoric. She has been a Warner captive, an RKO chatter, and a Columbia bondmaiden. She has been told to assume haughty ways, smile to hide her evil intentions, and lead men to ruin. Yet she looks like a heroine. There is no apparent reason why she shouldn't be cast as one. But it so happens that they started casting her as a menace, a more or less sinister woman, and there she is, a menace to this day.

When I called at her conservative but elegant apartment where she lives alone with her faithful dog, Nipper, I felt that sitting about sipping sherry would never do justice to the occasion. There was a special fête of some sort at the Miramar in Santa Monica, so we set off for it.

The Miramar is a spacious hostelry hard by the ocean, boasting family trade. But on Sunday nights the lid is off, and there is a dance that is the hub of entertainment for miles around. From Brentwood they come and Beverly, from Bel Air and Santa Barbara. The palms in the lobby are brushed this way and that by radiant stars in fine plumage. It's all quite gah.

"I don't go out much," said the soothing-looking Miss Vinson, as we pushed toward the shore line. "Hollywood is fairly dull at night. But there is apt to be a good crowd at the Miramar. You'll like it."

She was right. And I did.

The head waiter found us a table next to a woman who looked like Vicki Baum. As a matter of fact it proved to be Vicki Baum, because I heard Tom Brown and Anita Louise tell her how much they enjoyed playing in her picture for Universal.

Across the room George Bancroft was talking to Gus Arnheim, the Coast's favorite orchestra leader, apparently enjoying a busman's holiday watching somebody else lead an orchestra.

From behind us came an extraordinary rattle of British lingo, "Teddy boy, soddy not to've seen y'law'snigh, m'dear." "Oh, t'at was perfectly all right, y'naw. Relly."

I smiled at Helen. She shrugged, as one who is accustomed to such talk. It had come from Violet Kemble Cooper and her husband.

"I was once accused of not having a sufficiently English accent," said Helen. "I'm a Texan, and I guess traces of the drawl clung to my speech. So I practiced broad a's violently for weeks, took lessons in elocution, worked hard to acquire the right touch. I landed the part; it was in 'Doctor Harmer's Holiday' which ran a week. Shortly afterward I was being tested for a picture, but the casting director said my only fault was my accent: it was too English, and he wanted me to play an American girl."

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PATENTLY well bred, Helen Vinson belongs to that group of the select few who are charming without being forced, glamorous without being affected, and she is one of the real beauties of the screen. Malcolm H. Oettinger's appraisal on the opposite page throws new light on the little-known Miss Vinson, who is in many pictures but no headlines.
SHIRLEY TEMPLE, now a full-fledged star, finds her new picture, "Bright Eyes," altogether to her liking. One of the reasons is that she is in the company of James Dunn as her father, Lois Wilson her mother and Jane Withers, with whom she is playing lady. All are concerned in a sure-fire story which gives Shirley plenty of opportunity to show her winsome ways. And she jumps in a parachute from a plane, too!
The Mighty Barnum" promises to be of absorbing interest for it traces the career of the great showman from the beginning, when his passion for oddities paved the way for his career as king of circus men.

In the upper picture are seen Wallace Beery as Phineas Barnum, Adolphe Menjou as his friend, Bailey Walsh, and Virginia Bruce as Jenny Lind. Right, Barnum with his sizes impersonated by Tex Matson, and George and Iive Brasno. Janet Beecher and Rochelle Hudson with him, below.
MUSIC and dancing and tender romance blend in the ingratiating entertainment which brings together Evelyn Laye and Ramon Novarro, in "The Night Is Young." In order to prepare herself for the rôle of a ballet dancer, Miss Laye is said to have undergone training four hours daily for two months. In the upper picture Mr. Novarro appears with Rosalind Russell, who made her film début in "Evelyn Prentice," and Donald Cook makes his first appearance in a musical.
"SWEET ADELINE," one of the most tuneful and ingratiating of musicals, comes to screen with all the nos
tic charm of the '90s, its scene a German garden across the river from New York.

STARRING Irene Dunne, with Donald Woods as her sweetheart, the cast includes Winifred Shaw and Hugh Herbert, above, numerous chorines and many others you all know.
SURELY there can be a more popular trio in pictures than Robert Montgomery, Clark Gable and Joan Crawford! The rare occasion which brings them together in one film is "Forsaking All Other Talk About Your All-star Cast—Is Positively..."
Continued from page 35

quote of Hollywood celebrities lately. Sylvia Sidney, Bette Davis, Ginger Rogers, Ketti Gallian, Ricardo Cortez, Maurice Chevalier, and Anita Louise have all been among those present.

The Asiatic-looking Merle Oberon paused momentarily on her way to Hollywood from London. She will play opposite Maurice Chevalier in "Folies Bergere de Paris." Eddie Cantor rushed here and there convulsing every one with his determinedly worried air.

Broadway's Roll of Honor.—Lillian Gish scored the first big hit of the theater season in "Within the Gates." Her dramatic power was no surprise; disclosure of legs that rival Dietrich's—and her character name on the program as The Young So-and-so (a noun not encouraged in family magazines) was. Dorothy Gish as Emily Dickinson in "Brittle Heaven" maintained the family balance with a fervent-and-old-lace characterization. June Walker, ill-fated in films of two or more years ago, is both pungent and sweet, a rare combination, in "The Farmer Takes a Wife."

The charm of old Erie Canal days will be brought to the screen when this is filmed. And Jane Wyatt, who endeared herself to screen fans in "One More River," is the talk of the town for her beautifully direct and simple performance in "Lost Horizons."

Recipe for Greatness.—Miss Wyatt does all her acting on the stage or before the camera. In private life she is a candid, well-bred, pleasantly casual sort of person. I suspect that she is highly intelligent, but she does not force it on one. She is pleasantly inconspicuous, if that does not sound like damning her with faint praise. She is actually a highly successful creation in neutral tones.

On the stage she acquires force, persuasiveness. You are vitally interested in her from the moment she appears. Simple gestures, the way she moves, are remembered for days after seeing her. I believe that she will be one of the outstanding film players when she goes back to Universal to make pictures soon.

A Shouting Success.—It is Glady's George, in "Personal Appearance," however, who makes audiences guffaw lustily. In figure she is an exaggerated Mac West. Her face combines the effusive sweetness of Janet Gaynor with the patronizing blandness of Elissa Landi. Precise skill is in every scene she plays. Playing a film star on a personal-appearance tour, she flies into what

They Say in New York——

her actress-creation believes to be an explosion of volcanic temperament, but is actually the tantrum of a child.

All the while that Miss George was on the MGM lot last summer, when producers were apathetic about giving her roles, she must have been noting the manner of film favorites, so accurately has she portrayed some of their away-from-company explosions.

Any one who has met many stars knows that in any situation in life that they don't know just how to handle, some of them fall back on lines from one of their plays.

You will get an idea of how true to life the playwright and the actress have made this habit when I tell you that four visiting players have assured me in confidence that it was her particular rival who was being imitated. And none of them mentioned the star that I thought was being portrayed!

What Is Your Favorite Plot?—I cannot bear that old story about the will that demands that "X" marry "Y" within a given time, or the South Sea Island opus in which the dark-skinned hero or heroine turns out to be of white parentage after all. But I enjoy every cracking instant of that rusty old plot about the girl who finds she has only six months to live. She lives them viciously, gaily, and taking her horse over the most dangerous jumps.

That is the plot of "Dark Victory" which Tallulah Bankhead is playing on the stage, and it is just dandy with me that film companies are trying to buy it for Norma Shearer or Claudette Colbert. Only I wish that they would let Tallulah play it. Give the girl another chance before the camera!

Throw Out the Legend.—Anna Sten, on her recent three-day visit to New York, turned out to be nothing at all like what one expected, regardless of what one did expect. She is talkative, but not exactly articulate, because "yets" and "always" and "already" and "usually" crop up in her sentences in the most unusual places.

Not the brooding, intense Russian of legend, nor even a glamorous beauty, she is an intensely hard-working, vigorously alive, very jolly sort of person.

To help advertise her picture, a tie-up was arranged with a hat company which was to sponsor a knockout sports hat, supposedly designed by her. She confused everybody concerned by insisting not that she design one, but that the sponsors use a battered old hat that is a pet of hers. It was difficult to reproduce it since hers had acquired its shape from months of abuse and a characteristic gesture of hers. In delight, surprise, or childlike enthusiasm, she lifts her hands to her head and practically mangles her headgear.

Hurry Only for Pleasure.—Ruth Chatterton just won't be rushed into another picture contract. She intends to be sure that she has the right vehicle before she makes another film. So after resting in the California desert for a month or so, and getting a divorce, she flew to New York to see some plays and broadcast "Rebound." She rather fancies the idea of breakfasting in her California garden, then flying to New York for dinner, so she plans to buy a speed plane on her return.

Both she and Anna Sten are dead set against making more than two or three pictures a year. Is that enough to make a star a real favorite, I ask you fans who never see them except on the screen? I doubt it. It is girls like Fay Wray and Myrna Loy, and to a certain extent Loretta Young, Madge Evans, and Kay Francis that my boarding-school acquaintances rave about nowadays. They claim that they cannot even remember any actress's name until they have seen her three or four times within a few months. They are convinced that Grace Moore isn't very important or else she would have been in another picture by this time.

Ovation All Set.—All that Elizabeth Bergner will have to do is walk out on the New York stage and the clamor will begin. Reports from London have been so wildly enthusiastic, and her two films shown here,
They Say in New York——

bird on the screen, through "Even-song" made in England and the film she has made in Hollywood with No-varro. . . Ginger Rogers was so delighted with her wedding dress of pale-green Chantilly lace that she wants to repeat her trip to New York so as to have Kiviette make all her important clothes. Kiviette designed and made the first expensive dress Ginger ever wore, in her first Broadway musical. . . Whitney Bourne reduced some sixty pounds, becoming a lovely blond wraith, then went to the hospital quite seriously ill. But she's all right now.

Cloudelette Colbert lives up to the title of her new picture, "The Gilded Lily," by giving a break to the news photographers on a street at the Paramount studio. The picture snatchers are the real thing, too.

Master of Her Fate

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The picture snatcher is most glamorous and popular song-
a prophet of doom, and shout: "Run
to your houses, fall upon your knees,
pray to the gods to intermit the
plague that needs must light on this
ingratitude!"

But producers seem to be lending
an ear already. Landi has completed
another picture for Paramount, "En-
ter Madame," the story of a tem-
peramental prima donna, in which
Gilda Varest made a hit on Broad-
way a dozen years ago or so.

"It is one of my pictures I really
like," Landi said. "It is an excellent
comedy, and is well made."

In becoming the master of her
fate, turning from the blandishments
of Hollywood, Landi has heightened
her individuality and mellowed her
talent. Certainly, she goes from one
picture to another, but after each one
she retires within herself.

Even her home resembles her iso-
lation. The Ventnor home, archi-
tecture, stands on a hill which pro-
jects itself between two small valleys.

We descended the steps from the
balcony and walked in the garden
along a path between two rows of
tall trees to a white marble pergola
in which a satyr grinned in stony si-
ence from the top of a column.

Landi was gazing far away across
the green and bronze valleys, at the
mists creeping in from the sea.
Mists that were colored gold and pink
from the late afternoon sun.

"My nearest neighbor is Will Rog-
er. That's his place over there."
She pointed beneath a bough of yel-
low roses to a white splash against
the hillside.

We wended our way up another
path and sat down on a pink-and
white bench, placed conveniently at
one of the elevations. An archway of
trees stood directly before us.
Through it we could see the sur-
rounding county far below. We
seemed sitting on top of the world,
watching it evolve in many colors.

"To return to why I chose to be
the master of my fate," Landi re-
marked, staring straight ahead of her,
as if addressing the universe at
large. "I saw myself trampled be-
neath a procession of impossible
heroines. It was a temptation to
turn myself into a Hollywood star.
I could have stamp'd myself as a
type—the lady siren. A publicity
campaign presenting me as such
would have been advantageous to-
ward that end. But I never betray
my true convictions in anything I do.

"To-day, I'm glad I followed my
own dictates. The past four years
seem like a probation. A nurse on
procreation has no revolving tasks. But
in doing them it makes her a good
nurse."

"Now," the Lady Elissa exclaimed
with zest and a smile, "I feel I am
embarking on my real picture ca-
cer."

Many others think so, too. Since
Landi has been the master of her
fate, the captain of her soul, she will
now be able to launch forth on a
new phase of screen acting. If things
go well, she'll have no one to con-
gratulate but herself. If things don't
change, there will be no one to cens-
ure but those who make pictures.
Can This Be Love?

down to his last dine, successfully passed his test for the rôle in "Bad Girl," which was to carry him to the heights. The day before he left there was much talk of a hurried marriage which, somehow, never came off. Olive bade him a tearful farewell and tried again to concentrate on her career.

Once on the upgrade, Jimmy promptly forgot his little sweetheart in New York. We can't be too hard on him for that. Fame is a perilous thing and the life of a star filled with numerous distractions—both blonde and brunette. Perhaps his experience with the great Morgan had made him wary of the pain of loving too much.

Olive occasionally heard from Nick. She knew that he still thought of her for his letters were filled with kindly, helpful encouragement. When he did something especially fine on the screen she would wire him. When he came to New York he would phone her. They were jolly conversations, with no trace of sentiment. Just two nice kids who found each other interesting.

Olive continued her film work as well as appearing in several plays and a position on the radio which won her the title of "Radio Queen" for being the most beautiful artist appearing on the air waves. Such occasions would also inspire a wire from Nick: "Good work, kid. I'm rooting for you." No, he had not forgotten her.

A chance part in a short opposite Jack Haley and a contract to go to Hollywood! Olive, renamed Gloria Shea, set out for the movie capital accompanied by her mother. She tried hard in the few parts given her but her club talent was not renewed.

Discouraged, ready to return to New York an admitted failure, it was Nick who encouraged her to stay and fight it out. He seemed to sense the days she would be feeling low after failing to land work. It was then that he would be on hand to take her for a long ride, stopping for dinner at some charming spot on route. That she stayed on to become a sought-after free-lance player is due to his understanding advice.

Nick now realized fully how much Gloria's friendship meant, for he and Sue were beginning to drift apart. Even the arrival of little Carol Lee had failed to keep them away from the matrimonial shoals which dot the shifting sands of Hollywood's marital coast line.

The exquisite little doll house on Cromwell Avenue which had been the setting for what every one considered the ideal love match and which had served as the honeymoon spot for Bing Crosby and Dixie Lee, no longer spelled happiness to the bewildered couple.

Now that Nick and Sue are divorced, Hollywood is wondering if its most beautiful friendship will turn into another romance. Although close to both parties, it's pretty hard for me to say. Both Gloria and Nick have found in love only disappointment and heartbreak. Yet the fine comradeship which they still enjoy continues to bring mutual confidence and contentment.

Perhaps they have learned the secret that so few picture people have been able to find. It is possible they realize that Hollywood, not understanding her precious is genuine friendship, will leave them alone so long as they do not cloak their friendship in the glittering robes of romance which is the tattered raiment madly sought for by the vast army of the disillusioned.

Nick and Gloria are wise to Hollywood and its ways. They say little as they dance and hold hands. They want to create the impression that what they enjoy is trivial and unimportant. Yet to one who has seen their friendship blossom through years of varied disappointments and successes into the fine companionship that exists to-day, there is something inspiring about the whole relationship.

Compared to this, the famous passions of the cinema city fade into nothingness.

Gay Spender No More

The fate which overtook Wally Reid overtook a number of our cinema headliners in more or less degree. We spent our strength as lavishly as we did our money. Fortunately, having been an athlete all my life, it was natural for me to take care of myself, and I always kept pretty fit.

"Talking pictures, more exciting, infinitely more taxing than silent pictures, brought competition from the stage. The new leading men had more culture, more balance than many of the old crowd and the young man-about-town was put on his mettle to hold his position."

The talkies found Denny a ready-made star. He had years of stage experience behind him; he was a trained singer and had a cultured, pleasant-speaking voice; he was a good actor and already a popular star. It seemed only natural that he should be offered a contract with Metro-Goldwyn.
Gay Spender No More

John Ford, the director, said he wanted me. That gave me my start and 'Of Human Bondage,' The World Moves On' and other pictures followed in quick succession.

"When you've once had stardom and lost it, the climb back, the struggle to keep your chin up, is thrilling. I had stardom; I had a big fan following; my pictures were in demand. I thought I had the world in the palm of my hand. It was quite a jolt when I learned I didn't, when the bottom dropped out of everything."

"Really, then it was hard times that woke you up?" I suggested.

Margaret Sullavan gave Hollywood a characteristic surprise when she eloped with her director, William Wyler, for a Yuma, Arizona, wedding November 25th, not one of the know-it-alls suspecting a romance during the filming of 'The Good Fairy.'

"That was the big jolt," he replied quickly, "but other things entered in. I love Hollywood. It has given me most of the things I hold dear—my wife, children, home, everything."

"My daughter, Barbara, has just graduated from a young girls' school. I wanted her to go to college but she is determined on a career as an actress. She will go to England and begin her stage career there and perhaps come back here for picture work after she has gained some stage experience. So, eventually, Hollywood will probably be where she will work and play. My little son, Reginald, will soon be old enough to go to school. We have a tiny baby daughter. You see, I'm a family man now. I'm no longer the young man-about-town. I'm morally, as well as physically, responsible for my children. I'm even becoming civic-minded.

"The gold-rush days are over and the town is beginning to build to the stature of a great and splendid city. No one who loves Hollywood and wants to see it continue as the film center of the world can regret the passing of the young man-about-town and the things he stood for."

"Consider what we have here," he exclaimed enthusiastically. "The third richest and most powerful industry in the world; the finest creative brains; the most exquisite beauty. With such assets, surely we can build a reputation for being something more than just the place where movies are made."

Don't get the impression that Reginald and Bubbles have retired, with their children, to a hut; that they have forsaken all their friends and are living in a hermit existence. Such is far from the truth. They occupy the same house they have always lived in. It isn't a pretentious house but it is a very nice, large, comfortable home where a white-gowned nurse rules the children's department and a capable colored couple manage the kitchen. They entertain simply but delightfully, their closest friends being the Robert Montgomerys.

They spend vacations at the mountain cabin, which is now for sale because Regi explains, "the money invested in the cabin will do more good in the trust fund for the children. I've sold my boat and my airplanes, too, and that money is invested. I have a trusted business manager now who guards my investments as though they were his own."

"If you have seen Denny's latest pictures you don't need a magnifying glass to make you realize he is entering the most successful period of his career, and it is common gossip in Hollywood that there is no happier married couple than the Dennys."

"Why," Dori Rumor exclaims, "Reg even goes home from the studio for lunch!"

Continued from page 15

Beyond Wildest Dreams

The lad was in hysteric of fright before an elaborately dazed Harold slowly and effectively came to.

Though there was no theatrical lineage in the family, Harold and Gaylord were stage-crazy. They whisked their Hallowe'en masks on and off in protein shows; they put on wild West and cowboy round-ups in the yard. At eight, Speedy got in very bad with one aunt by cutting open her horsehair sofa and using the stuffing for beards.

When not wearing putty noses in his rear-yard repertory company, he spent every spare minute at the new nickelodeon. The first picture that he saw was Broncho Billy Anderson's "The Great Train Robbery."

His first professional acting was as a paid volunteer—one dollar a performance—in a hypnotist's show. He let loose all his genius in going through the actions of one presum-
Beyond Wildest Dreams

Do I really and truly hear you say,
A bigger and better Picture Play?
To contents, then, let there be no fetter,
But tell me, how can the best be better?
Dorothy Garrett.
year have had a hard time with their nerves, but better times are coming. 1935 is a particularly good year for those of you who are writers, actors, musicians and all whose work lies along the lines of occult science. Financially they may go as high as they will make the effort to climb.

Those born on March 4th and through to the 8th may have some trouble fighting a desire to drink, but fight it they must unless they want to go under.

You may be surprised to find that Jean Harlow, in addition to continuing her success on the screen, will also blossom forth as a writer. 1935 will give her great imaginative power, and if she is wise she will turn the restlessness that she will feel into accomplishment.

Gloria Swanson's future depends upon her personal chart, but she is bound to be heard from this year. It is a fine year for Warner Baxter and Hugh Williams. You may see Geraldine Farrar on the screen again. She could come back into the public eye if she wanted to, and she may fall for television.

Persons born between March 22nd and April 21st will find 1935 a rather quiet year. This is the sign of Aries, and these people have been through the mill the last three years from one of three angles. They have found themselves separated from their finances, their families, or their health, but they can take heart, for after March of 1935 the menace will have lifted from their heads, and it will be twenty-one years before they will hear rumbles from the particular planet that has caused their worry.

Joan Crawford, born the latter part of March, will not find things quite as strenuous as they have been. Tim McCoy will have a good year.

Taurus rules those born between April 21st and May 22nd. The most important experience of their lives will come to these Taurus people, and their wisdom in handling it will determine their success or failure.

Richard Barthelmess has been sitting on the anxious bench lately, but he is slated for financial success and a greater artistic success than he has had for a long time.

Gary Cooper will find that he has to spend a lot of money during this year. Influences surrounding his work are excellent, but he will have to watch his health, and particularly his throat.

Mary Astor also comes under this influence, and Conway Tearle.

All Taurus people will have sudden, unexpected opportunities and experiences.

Gemini rules the days between May 22nd and June 22nd. It is a negative period for all except those born the first four days. It is not a favorable influence for nerved or dealings with older people. They should shun drink, as the indulgence at this time would take a more disastrous hold than usual.

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., was born under this sign, and will find the sun of popularity smiling upon him with its old-time brilliance. Robert Montgomery, Ralph Bellamy, Basil Rathbone, and Clift Edwards are also due for a fine year.

From June 22nd to July 24th the sign of Cancer rules. These people have had a trying time, particularly during the last three years. It is a dramatic sign, and every one born under it has a tendency to dramatize any situation, which makes it emotionally very difficult for them. But they are almost out of the woods.

It is the most favorable period Cancer people have had for a long time, or will have, and must be made the most of.

Lupe Velez, Irene Dunne, Madge Evans, Ginger Rogers, Marjorie Rambeau, and William Farnum are in this sign. One of the most spectacular comebacks of the year will be made by William Farnum.

Leo people, those born between July 24th and August 23rd, will find 1935 an expensive year. They will be required to spend more money, but if they took advantage of their opportunities in 1934 this will cause them no anxiety.

A good many film people come under this sign. Norma Shearer, Madge Evans, Myrna Loy, Jean Parker, Dolores del Rio, Sylvia Sidney, Gene Raymond, and Mae West. Miss Del Rio needs to be patient, and Miss Sidney must not take physical difficulties too seriously.

Virgo comes between August 24th and September 24th. Virgo people are also tremendously lucky this year. Ruby Keeler, Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, Jackie Cooper, Otto Kruger, Greta Garbo, and Marilyn Miller.

Financially, the opportunities for Virgo people born any year are splendid, and it is an excellent time, too, for trading.

September 24th to October 24th brings us to Libra, whose people haven't found it too easy during the last two years. 1935 for them is mostly occupied with recovering from the storm of what they have been through. It is a little slow financially until after November, 1935, when Jupiter smiles upon them and things become easier. In general, 1935 is favorable. Lowell Sherman, Helen Hayes, Janet Gaynor, and Constance Bennett will be influenced by this sign.

Scorpio rules the days between October 22nd and November 24th. Will Rogers, Douglass Montgomery, and Dick Powell are all due for a marvelous year. Constance Bennett and Mitzi Green, born on October 22nd, will have a rather slow year. They will amble cheerfully along, but do nothing sensational. Will Rogers will continue to amuse and be well paid for it; Douglass Montgomery and Dick Powell will make rapid strides financially and artistically.

For all born under this influence this will be the best year in twelve—in some cases the best year of their lives. Undreamed-of opportunities and increased finances should be theirs.

Sagittarius rules those born from November 22nd to December 23rd. This will affect Marlene Dietrich, who is the only December born on our list. Continued success for Marlene. It is an influence for brilliant ideas, but in general it is a time for treading water. Sagittarians can hold their own until 1936, which is so splendid for them that they can well afford to sit back and take life comfortably and as it comes.

It must be remembered that while the stars point the way, adverse conditions may be entirely overcome by an understanding of and reliance upon Divine wisdom and power. Any circumstance can be molded for our good if we but have the patience to work it out.
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*Boka Is Swell*

Continued from page 33

"We took it on the road, but the bank holiday came along smack in the middle of it and they called the thing off. Up in San Francisco, that was. So mother and I came home. But funny thing, that turned out all right after all. Because when Universal started casting 'Only Yesterday' they asked me to play the part of the boy."

That picture was full of discoveries. The unknown Margaret Sullivan became a star overnight, John Boles, regarded as a singer, proved to be a splendid actor. And young Jimmy Butler found himself famous.

Studios immediately recognized in him the very lad they had been looking for—a typical American boy. Husky for his age, a little freckled, tousled hair, and a bright mind. There aren't so many capable boys available in pictures. Jackie Cooper, Frankie Darro, David Durand, George Breakston, and Jackie Searl head the limited list. But Jimmy Butler is right up among them now.

He was snapped up immediately for "No Greater Glory," then hurried over into "Beloved." did "Mrs. Wiggs," followed by a role as Jack Holt's brother in "I'll Fix It," and so into his current film, "Romance in Manhattan."

"I'm playing Ginger Rogers' kid brother in this picture," Jimmy explained. "I'm always being somebody's kid brother, it seems. Even at home. Fred, my own brother, is nineteen, and of course he thinks he's grown up. So you see I've had plenty of training to be a kid brother.

"Well, I was telling you about this picture. Francis Lederer plays the part of a fellow who comes from Europe and lands over here broke. Ginger feels sorry for him and says she'll ask her brother to find him a job. So Mr. Lederer comes up to our flat and she introduces him to me. It's kinda disappointing when he finds out I'm the brother that's going to get him a job. Come on over and watch us—we're doing some scenes pretty soon. You'll like Mr. Lederer, he's what I'd call a bang-up actor. I like Ginger, too. She's swell. And isn't she pretty, though? Say, I'm due on the set!"

Jimmy figured that he had told all that was interesting about his picture career, and vanished. I found his mother and walked over to the set with her. She took out her knitting and we sat down to watch the filming for a while.

"He doesn't care much about talking shop, does he?"

I asked her what sort of student he was at school.

"He's just gone into the ninth grade at Flintridge," she said. "He and I study together, because pictures have taken up so much of his time lately that we have to work that way to keep up. But he does get very good marks. He goes to a private school because it is easier to make arrangements for making up work he misses during a film."

Jimmy returned at this moment with Mr. Lederer, who gave Mrs. Butler his customary gallant salute by kissing her hand, and after he had gone to his dressing room, I asked Jimmy about his school.

"They have a swimming pool over there," he said, "that's why I like it. And they have a lot of athletics. Otherwise it's just like public school. I went to public school until picture work got too heavy and I had to skip classes. But I don't get out of any studies, you bet."

"My dog, Duke, is a big fellow—police dog, partly anyway. He likes to go rabbit hunting with me. When I finished 'Only Yesterday,' Universal gave me a swell .22 repeating rifle. The hills back of our place are full of rabbits, and Saturdays I go out hunting them."

He's a great kid, this Jimmy Butler. It's no wonder the fans like him. The fact that he's probably the most famous youngster in his neighborhood doesn't affect him at all. He seldom talks pictures with the gang, because he is afraid they might razz him. A movie actor? Jimmy is just plain American boy, and he's going to stay that way.
Tears Behind a Tinsel Mask

Continued from page 17

love and believed that marriage and pictures wouldn’t mix, she would leave pictures so flat and so fast it would make your head swim. I don’t believe it would matter if the man had a dime. I think if she really cared for him she’d live in an igloo and be happy.

Only a person who knows Carol can appreciate that her sympathy is as ready and her heart as warm as her smile.

In her attentions, Carol displays that rarest of all qualities among cinemites—imagination. Not long ago one of the workers at the studio was taken ill. Knowing the girl hadn’t any too much money, Carol, instead of the customary flowers, sent a gorgeous wool blanket.

She never forgets anniversaries. At Christmas time her dressing room looks like the interior of a gift shop.

She wraps the gifts herself and the present she is to give the humblest worker on the lot is just as carefully selected and as attractively wrapped as the one intended for the biggest star or most influential executive.

Most of the stars around the studio give presents to their fellow workers but, with the possible exception of Joan Blondell, none of them displays the thoughtfulness and graciousness in the giving that Carol does.

Unless you know her you would never suspect that hers is one of the keenest intellects in Hollywood. There are few good books which she hasn’t read and can’t discuss. Where she finds time to read, I don’t know. But she does. And she never throws her knowledge at you to impress you. The last thing in the world she would want would be to acquire a reputation for being a bookworm or an intellectual. She reads for enjoyment, rather than for show.

She plays tennis at every opportunity but there but, again, she is wholly herself. The majority of girls who invite you to play tennis get out on the court and either stand there and watch the game and forget to play, or else they give little squeals and make ineffectual pushes at the ball.

Whatever Carol does, she does thoroughly. Whatever she learns, she wants to learn thoroughly. She is a girl who never looks for a “royal road to learning.” She realizes there is none and that for anything you want to do well, a foundation must be laid. She is one of the very few people I know who is willing to put in the long hours of drudgery necessary to laying a solid foundation.

So, when she decided to play ten-

nis, she hired an instructor and learned how to play.

She is none of the things you would expect her to be and all you would never dream she is. To see her downing, to watch her on the screen in most of the parts she’s played, you would put her down as being hard, heartless, and interested in not much besides herself. I have attempted to dispel that illusion.

Probably the most unlikely quality you would ever attribute to her is the quality of domesticity. She is one of the most thorough housekeepers in Hollywood. And, don’t faint, she is also one of the best cooks. She is namely proud of this accomplishment and will cook a meal at the drop of a hat. But she will not wash dishes or pans.

When she goes to the mountains with Madeline Fields, her constant companion, as she does whenever there is an opportunity, she does all the cooking, dusting, and cleaning, whether it be for only two of them or a crowd of eight or ten.

I don’t mean to give the impression she is a home girl, an Alice-by-the-fire, for nothing is further from the truth. She’s never at home unless she’s giving a party or is so tired she cannot muster up enough energy to go out. And, in that case, she is very, very tired, indeed.

She cannot sew a button on because, as she explains, “I don’t mind doing it but they simply won’t stay and my knots look like boulders.”

She loves football games, prize fights, horse-back riding and she plays a beautiful game of bridge—when you can get her to sit down at a card table.

I have never seen her when she wasn’t in the highest spirits. Miss Fields once told me, “If you’ve never seen her at low ebb, then don’t. It would make you sick to watch her. Perhaps it’s because she is nearly always in such rare form that the contrast with her she’s depressed is so great.”

But when she’s feeling low it’s heart-breaking.”

She and Fieldsie live in a Dutch colonial house. There is usually a blue light burning over the entrance at night. Many a time when I’ve passed there very late and I know she must be in bed, with no one for her to laugh and chat with, no occasion for putting up a brittle front—

“I’ve wondered what she thinks about.

And I imagine her saying to herself with a rueful smile, “I know what I want, but I can’t have it, so I’ll just have to take the next best thing.”
Recipe for an Elegant Evening
Continued from page 58

The Miramar was filling now, and celebrities were as thick as raisins in a fruit cake. George Raft, the totem pole from Tenth Avenue, solidly whirled Virginia Pine through the mazes of a fox trot, Bert Wheeler danced soulfully with Dorothy Lee. At their table the other half of the team, Mr. Woolsey, made faces and told what must have been funny stories. Beyond the main ballroom, at an obscure table, sat Bill Powell and Jean Harlow, an altogether picturesque pair. Thelma Todd sparkled at a tall, dark gentleman who might have been Cary Grant but probably was Pat di Cico.

Reminiscing that the evening was to be devoted partially to fact-finding, I turned my undivided attention to Helen Vinson. She had started act-

ing in the celebrated Dallas Little Theater. Although her family followed tradition by faintly disapproving of her career, Helen went on with it by plunging into stock company work, for a period of two years.

She played maids and mistresses, aunts, and debutantes, gray-haired mothers and fluttering ingenues. She said that it was great practice, excellent training, but fatal if one tarried too long.

"Stock means acting one week while rehearsing next week's play. It means hurried cramming of your part, hurried digesting, and ragged performances for the first three days. Then by Friday you're worrying more or less about next week's job. But for a year or two stock is a wonderful break-in for raw talent. It toughens, it teaches, and it brings out whatever versatility a person possesses."

From stock company apprenticeship, Helen was given her first Broadway trial in a comedy called "Los Angeles," chiefly concerned with the picture colony. Alison Skipworth was also in it, and Chester Morris, but it failed in two or three weeks. After the usual waiting and hoping, Helen landed in a hit. For almost a year she was in "Death Takes a Holiday," Philip Mercivale's arresting tour de force.

"Then Warners tested me and sent me West. I didn't do a thing for months, then all of a sudden they started using me in every other picture on the lot. Always 'other women' with loose morals and attractive gowns. I was in pictures with Connie Bennett, Kay Francis, Ruth Chatterton. Finally RKO indicated a desire to take me on, then other studios became interested. I met all the nice people, but I'm cast as the snake in the grass.

"Typing isn't the worst fault pictures have," she observed, apropos of George Bancroft weaving past. "That man, for example, is only good in certain roles. Typing isn't the most outstanding evil. The thing that needs correction is the practice of rehearsing only long enough for the players to get their lines letter perfect, then shooting as if that were all that mattered. They forget that building up the character is the all-important thing."

She interrupted herself with an outspread palm. "That isn't the way all companies work, of course. Nor all directors. But that's the way the average program picture is made, and it's a great mistake."

For the most part we did not discuss pictures. We watched the dancers, joined them from time to time, and enjoyed the moonlight on the ocean just beyond the porch.

Patently well bred, Helen Vinson belongs to that group of the select few who are charming without being forced, glamorous without being affected.

She looks forward to a New York vacation. She hopes to do another picture with Bill Powell, her favorite star. She has done three pictures with him, "Lawyer Man," "The Jewel Robbery," and "The Kennel Murder Case."

She is sophisticated but not hard, beautiful but not self-conscious—in short, an ideal companion to have with you at the Miramar on fiesta night.

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Daisy Sterling

G. A. Suite 70, Forest Hills, N. Y. 

Just to Oblige
Continued from page 38

stock weren't pleasant, but I guess the beginnings of any professional career have difficulties.

He went the rounds of the New York managers, who were more impressed by his looks than by his graduation certificate from the acting school, and except for two years spent in the War, he has risen slowly and surely, without making any terrific sacrifices.

And he didn't rely on his profile alone to get ahead. He comes of a long line of hard-working ancestors, and he worked to perfect himself at his profession with methodical pains. He has none of the facility of the born actor; he can't turn himself inside out for a part, for publicity, or for the curiosity of his public.

So, many of the breaks of his career, amazingly, have come because of his applied ethics. He chose him for an important role in "Expressing Willie" because he looked the part. Hollywood producers made a great fuss over him when he first arrived on the Coast, calling him a second John Barrymore, and hoping he'd keep his profile turned to the cameras.

He was considerably annoyed at this comparison, and you can imagine him also considerably amazed at the Hollywood merry-go-round. He flatly refused to go to premières or other public gatherings, and he spent most of his time on the docks at San Pedro or Wilmington looking at the boats. Sailing has been his hobby for years, real seamanship in ocean-worthy boats—with real men who take him at his true value, and not, like the studios, at his face value.

He dislikes quarrels, whereas most actors love them, and will accept almost any sort of part rather than squabble with the studio. "I just don't like to be bothered," he says. This obliging attitude amazes other stars who know that if you don't demand the right sort of roles the producers have a way of handing you the wrong ones.

His only open rebellion so far came with his assignment in "Doctor Monica," the Kay Francis picture in which he played an erring husband. "I just can't understand how that man's mind is supposed to work," he told his wife with some bewilderment when they were discussing the character.

His disgust took the form of simply walking through the picture without especially trying, and fans who have wondered at his strange, stiff gestures in this part can understand now that they have seen Warren William in revolt.

Roles of this type have ruined many a star's career, but William's profile keeps coming to his rescue. When DeMille was hunting for a man to play Caesar he realized suddenly that right in Hollywood was a player whose features might have been stamped on an old Roman coin. Warren got the part, a Hollywood plum, and the critics raved about his performance.

Now he promises that he will really try to convince the studio that he deserves a break, but his friends are afraid that when the time is ripe, he'll decide, as usual, that fighting is just too much trouble.

Except for his appearance, he might have been quite happily settled in some saner occupation, for his tastes and his amusements are thoroughly unactorish. He hates gossip, and won't even criticize fellow actors for their screen performances: he loves classical music, and loathes jazz; he despises the radio and only turns it on, in the morning, to hear the news. Dickens is his favorite author above all others, and he reads regularly the Nation.

He lives in most unstarlike fashion with the same wife he married twelve years ago, a small attractive blonde whose wit and determination have done much to help him reach the top. And even though they have just bought a new home with a swimming pool and a tennis court, it is neither in fashionable Beverly Hills nor Pasadena, but off the beaten track some miles from the studios.

This is the real Warren William, playing with his four wire-haired terriers or sailing his boat, and the ladies who are led by his dazzling profile to expect brilliant small-talk, compliments, and even hand-kissing, will find instead a rather phlegmatic fellow whose best remark is, "Won't you have another glass of beer?"
tion. The memory that is highly trained to retain every word of any amount of screen speech deserts him outside the studio.

He will, for instance, meet a dear friend, and in the course of their conversation a bright idea will suddenly occur to him.

"You haven't been out to the house for dinner in ages," he will say. "You must come. Let me see, now—Monday we're dining out. I tell you—come Tuesday."

He is so emphatic, so sincere in his request that it is promptly accepted.

Steffi Duno leaped into prominence with "La Cucaracha," that gorgeous medley of dancing, color and comedy, and is soon to appear in "Girl of the Islands."

Comes dinner time Tuesday, and the usher ushers the guest into the living room.

"Why," says Mrs. Hamilton, "isn't this nice? We like our friends to drop in. You're just in time for dinner."

"But, my dear lady," murmurs the embarrassed and apologetic guest, "Neil begged me to come to-night."

Elsa Hamilton knows her Neil, and between them they pass it off. They are really glad to see their friends, and the friends in turn get

used to Neil's impulsive invitations, which he never really means to forget.

He is as headstrong as a little boy, and does the most astounding things on the spur of the moment.

The Hamiltons live in Westwood, the seat of the University of California at Los Angeles, and as a representative member of the community, Neil was asked recently to speak at some student gathering. He went prepared to tell a few jokes and let it go at that. He was so amazed at the enthusiastic reception given him that he offered a four-year scholarship to the boy and girl judged most worthy of assistance, the judging to be solely by vote of the student body.

At odds with the feeling that his best time is coming, that more mature roles will provide him with greater possibilities, is his absolute inability to lose his eternal-youth complex.

He explains that the child in him is responsible for the fact that acting, no matter how seriously he feels about it, is really fun. He becomes excited about every role he plays, and the excitement does not abate until the picture is completed. Youth! His exuberance is a byword in Hollywood. A man who at thirty-five can be boyish and carefree and get away with it without looking foolish, deserves credit. His youthful attitude is in keeping with his youthful appearance, and has had a great deal to do with it.

Neil laughs at life and keeps young. He has never been obliged to resort to massage, face-lifting, or any other one of a thousand methods of recapturing lost springtime.

His wrinkled forehead is a natural heritage. He has always had it, and laughter accentuates its lines. His deep, dark eyes are always bright. They have stood him in good stead, but even to-day they are against him when he portrays a character beyond his years.

There are a few gray hairs at the temples. They are not apparent on the screen; in person, they only add to his attractiveness. Gray hairs are no longer a sign of age since the advent of the platinum blonde.

And this is Neil at thirty-five. But forty-five or fifty-five will find him unchanged. Life will always be about to begin for Neil Hamilton.

He has made himself that promise. He will be lucky—if he remembers it.
What the Fans Think

What Happens to Wampas Stars?

I AM at once amused and annoyed by the frantic search of Hollywood producers for new beauty and talent, when the most charming girls in the world are in the cinema center, fairly aching for the opportunity to show what they can do. The current musicals are full of girls so lovely they make one catch his breath, and every picture is jamméd with ravishing bit players.

I am inclined to think Hollywood does not recognize or use even a fair per cent of its potential stars. Of course I realize that not all beauties are actresses but surely some of them must be. And some of the stars now in the limelight are neither beautiful nor good actresses.

The past record of Wampas stars demonstrates Hollywood's wastefulness of talent. To be chosen for such an honor certainly indicates that a girl has some-thing, but many of them have been allowed to fail. I believe in most cases it was through lack of opportunity. Producers are too impatient. If a girl doesn't knock the public for a loop in the space of six months or so, they conclude she doesn't have what it takes.

I suppose some of them will stick it out, and others will go to the stage to be "discovered." Let me say that the biggest humbug of the age is the idea that film stars must be trained on the stage. The best training for the screen is screen acting. But of course the girls have to be trained somewhere, and if the film producers won't give them a break until they've proved their ability elsewhere, they can't starve!

HUGH S. CRAWFORD.
Weehawken, New Jersey.

Stars Only Human.

Y OUR magazine is the only one which gives fans a chance to speak for them- selves, thereby giving them the feeling of being part of it. I can say it is one of the most enjoyable of my reading my magazine and voices our honest and candid opinions, good or bad, critically or approvingly, just as we say it. It's ours.

As for me, I admire them all. They deserve it. I know that the actors and actresses are only human and no different from the rest of us fans. This is one of the reasons why I like our magazine.

Bill Gargan in England.

HAVING seen letters in this column about American stars in London, I am writing to tell you about one who is now here, namely, William Gargan.

When he first arrived he stayed at Dorking, about thirty miles from London, with his friend, Leslie Howard. Two friends and I cycled there to get their autographs. They not only signed our books but asked us if we had tea, which we gratefully accepted.

When Mr. Gargan came to London we found his hotel, and we now go there every night and follow him when he goes to a theater.

Last week Mr. Gargan took us to the location where he was working on "School Days," his English film. He has promised to take us to the studios at Shepherd's Bush and show us over them.

We also went to the studio of Bill Gargan. I should like to say that I consider it mean and hypocritical of Joan Crawford to try and get William Gargan barred from MGM just because her husband thought she had no acting ability. Since Joan says that she likes plain speaking, it seems that when she is given a little she does not like it. However, Bill does not seem to have been harmed by this setback, as he has been going ahead steadily.

DENNIS DAINES.

5, Compton Terrace,
Cannonbury, N. 1,

In Memoriam.

IN August Picture Play, Beverly Hook gave the deceased Lilian Tashman full credit due her. I should like to add that she was what the present fans would term a "hot" star over here.

I should also like to say, after reading the death of Marie Dressler, that she was friends has lost its chief. Let's hope the would make the world a better place. A woman who has made millions of people feel that depression never existed. She not only made her audiences laugh, but also made them cry as only one of her acting ability could do. I sincerely hope her place can be filled on the screen, but I am afraid an actress of her high standard will not be so easily replaced.

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THOSE MAD MONTHS, MARCH, APRIL, MAY

Did you ever think that the seasons—especially the spring season—influenced Hollywood?

It seems far-fetched, perhaps, to blame the majority of the excitement that is always occurring on any particular months of the year. But if you go into the subject as carefully as Sonia Lee has done, you will be amazed at the outbreak of love, divorce and sudden impulse with the coming of springtime in Hollywood.

If you don't believe it, just make a note to get Picture Play for April and see for yourself. After you read the article, you will be prepared for anything from Shirley Temple's refusal to eat her spinach to Garbo's dancing the Cucaracha at the Coconut Grove.

GOOD REASON FOR WAITING

Of course Picture Play knew that Fred Astaire made a tremendous hit in "The Gay Divorcee." Of course we knew that fans everywhere wanted to know all about him. The Oracle has been answering questions galore for weeks and weeks.

But there has been no interview with him. Why? Simply because we knew that an ordinary story would not suffice for so extraordinary a newcomer. One that had Mr. Astaire answering routine questions sandwiched between biographical notes. But in next month's Picture Play you will find the real lowdown on Fred Astaire. It's a whale of a story that brings him closer than close to you. Don't forget!
She had dreamed about him all her life. • She wanted him more than anything else in the world and she travelled all the way from Red Gap, U.S.A. to Europe to get him! • And furthermore, she got her man, even if she had to win him in a poker game! And what woman wouldn't to get the perfect servant? • All of which explains how Ruggles, the perfect British valet, found himself pitch-forked into the rough-and-ready American frontier town of Red Gap. • All of which also explains how Charles Laughton, winner of the 1933 Academy Award for his serious screen characterizations, gets his first big comedy chance in the title role of Paramount's "Ruggles of Red Gap". He had scored effectively in this type of role on the stage. But screen producers continued to cast him in such parts as the mad doctor in "The Island of Lost Souls", Emperor Nero in "The Sign of the Cross" and as that doughty ruler of Britain, "Henry VIII". • Then came "Ruggles of Red Gap"—and Laughton's comedy chance. And how he plays it! • As Ruggles, the perfect servant in the Harry Leon Wilson story, Laughton comes to America in the employment of the socially-minded Mary Boland of Red Gap. His particular mission is to "civilize" Cousin Egbert, as played by the inimitable Charlie Ruggles. Every woman has a Cousin Egbert lurking in the background. But what happens to the prim English valet in the plots ever concocted. • Just to add to the general hilarity, the cast also includes Roland Young, Zasu Pitts and Lucien Littlefield. • But watch Laughton as a comedian. Watch he gets howls of laughter with a lift of the eyebrows, hands, a swift change of facial expression. Even that's the new and surprising Charles Laughton as a funny man in "Ruggles of Red Gap".
WHAT THE FANS THINK

Challenging Madeline Glass.

AFTER reading Madeline Glass's article in January Picture Play, I cannot restrain a few comments. Of course, every one is entitled to his own opinion, and as Miss Glass sees the stars face to face she naturally would know more about them than I do, but I still disagree with a few statements and at the same time agree with some.

I'm all with her when she says Carol Lombard is too artificial and self-satisfied; about Mae West being flamboyant; and about Madeleine Carroll and Dolores del Rio. Ah, but here's where the hitch comes in—such statements as Madge Evans's face lacking animation; Jean Parker's having poor expression, Kay Francis's having warmth; Eve's! And Evelyn Venable being "attractively healthy" (she looks like a young heifer to me) and that Ann Harding only has nice hair and complexion. Well, that's utterly ridiculous. Ann Harding's nose is perfect. Then she said that Loretta Young had a nice mouth. Oh, my ears and whiskers! Loretta Young has steaks for lips.

But the real sore spot was hit when Miss Glass said Norma Shearer's ears weren't pretty. She also stated that Miss Shearer's eyes and legs were a drawback. I'm not arguing that point, but I still think Norma Shearer has exquisite ears. Furthermore, I wouldn't care what defects others see in her because I think Norma Shearer a perfect beauty and a marvelous actress.

Miss Glass, have you ever noticed Norma Shearer's smile and that sparkle in her eyes? I guess not. And I could also say the same thing about others, but I had better stop because I can feel the bricks and bouquets flying already.

The people of Dick Powell's home town almost worship him, writes Mrs. T. J. H.

But before doing so, let me add that I quite agree with Miss Glass when she says that Jean Harlow's beauty is marred by eccentric eyebrows—but a defective profile? Then it must be visible only off screen, for my observation has been absent from the screen does not lessen Ruth Chatterton's reputation as the first lady of the films, according to L. Block.

A Chicago Fan disagrees with Madeline Glass's article in January Picture Play in which she observes that Loretta Young has a nice mouth.

Robert Donat has an enthusiastic admirer in "Lee," who deplores absence of enthusiasm for him in "What the Fans Think."

Elissa Landi is one of the warmest and most vital women alive, says Doris M. Tabois.

Continued on p. 10
His FLAMING SWORD smashed India...and the heart of the woman he loved!

Drama...when trumpeting armored battle elephants charge at Plassey...when the infamous massacre of The Black Hole of Calcutta is avenged...when Clive leads a ragged army of hundreds to victory against countless thousands of troops of the Maharajah!

Clive's "mad" army avenge the massacre of "The Black Hole of Calcutta!" First time on the screen!

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An Indian ruler's human chessboard...wars as pawns...as "Ev'ry Day" puts paying the price...

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LORETTA YOUNG

with Colin Clive - Francis Lister - C. Aubrey Smith - Cesar Romero

Directed by RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI - Written by W. P. Lipscomb & R. J. Minney

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
HEPBURN, F. A.N.—The Little Minister" was released in time for Christmas showing. I don't know the release date in London. There are any number of agencies who might be able to supply the information you desire. You might write to the International Press Chipping Bureau, 5 Beckman Street, New York City.

PHYLLIS PHILLIPS.—Even as a child dancer at fourteen, Ginger Rogers won medals and cups for doing the Charleston. "The Gay Divorcee" gives her a splendid opportunity to display her dancing ability. Ginger is five feet five, weighs 112, reddish-blonde hair, blue eyes.

M. L. M.—In the back of the magazine you will find a list of Addresses of Players. For their photographs, write to them in care of the studios indicated, enclosing twenty-five cents with each request.

MAURICE LAMOTHE.—Maureen O'Sullivan was born in Boyle, County Roscommon, Ireland, May 17, 1911; five feet four, weighs 114, dark-brown hair, blue eyes. Playing in "David Copperfield."

MAX M. ABLE.—Elissa Landi's latest is "Enter Madame." Carry Grant plays opposite. In private life, Miss Landi is Countess Elisabeth Marie Zanardi Landi Kuhelt, granddaughter of the Empress Elisabeth of Austria. Born in Venice, Italy, December 6, 1906; five feet five, weighs 117, light-auburn hair, green-blue eyes.

MABEL O.—I'm quite sure that the song, "Turn On The Heat," was from the Gaynor-Farrell film "Sunny Side Up," released in 1929.


ABSMER.—Colin Clive is playing in "The Right to Live," with "Chive of India" to follow. He was born in Saint Malo, France, January 20, 1900; six feet, dark-brown hair and eyes. Married to Jeanne de Casalis.

AN ELISSA LANDI FAN.—Miss Landi's "Enter Madame" has had no successor to date. For stills of "The Great flattation," address the publicity department, Paramount Pictures, Paramount Building, Times Square, New York City. They cost ten cents each.

AN HEPBURN FAN.—Information, Please. You're puzzled about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

A. S. GLOUGOREN.—John Boles is playing in "The White Parade" and "Music in the Air," and will be followed by "Hawk of the Desert."

Mr. Boles was born October 17, 1898: six feet one, weighs 180. The leads in "Behind That Curtain" were played by Warner Baxter, Lois Moran, Claude King, Boris Karloff; in "Isle of Lost Ships," by Virginia Valli, Jason Robards, Charssea Selwyn, Noah Beery; in "Three Live Ghosts," by Beryl Mercer, Charles McNaughton, Hilda Vaughn, Joan Bennett, Robert Montgomery, Claude Allister, McNaughton, Montgomery, and Allister were the ghosts.

KNIGHT.—Robert Ellis played opposite Evelyn Brent in "Forbidden Cargo," but I haven't the cast of "Silk Stocking." Nor am I able to tell you on what magazine covers she used to appear. It is very likely that Dorothy Herberg's first book was dedicated to Miss Brent.

THOMAS HALE.—Tob Douglas made silent pictures back in 1926. Later he went to England to make a name for himself on the stage. In 1931 he returned to Hollywood and signed up for the talkies. These include "Road House," "Broken Lulu," "Sky Bride," "Phantom of Crestwood," "Guilty Or Not Guilty," "West of Singapore." I don't know what has become of him, but he hasn't appeared in films since 1933.
THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Rudy's 1935 personality emerges in an uproarious boh-jove impersonation—

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Helen Morgan is just one of "Sweet Music's" many star thrills. Others are Alice White, Allen Jenkins, Ned Sparks, Joe Cawthorn, Al Shean.

Frank and Milt Britton's musical maniacs tear the house down putting over Rudy's new hits—"Ev'ry Day", "FareTheeWell, Annabelle", others by 6 famous Warner composers.

Just to sit and gaze at these beauties should be treat enough for anyone—but Warner Bros. add the marvel of dance spectacles created by Johnny Boyle and Bobby Connolly.
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 6

Landi Sadly Misunderstood.

WHY do Hollywood and the fans insist upon duping a legend of coldness and aloofness about Elissa Landi? Only recently I read where she was accused of having most irritable mannerisms of any star, and, of being utterly void of any honest human emotions in “The Count of Monte Cristo.”

We have Elissa as one of the warmest and most vital women alive! Obviously, she has cool composure. What some call her frostbitten manner is in reality a special touch of poignancy. She rather gave us a very unhappy and disillusioned Mercedes. She was in keeping with the character. Please be advised that Hollywood and fans alike, Elissa has been handed enough. She deserves anything, like that. She has maintained a spotless reputation, and I think she is entitled to the highest praise and commendation for the quiet and dignified life she has led.

Criticism is always appreciated if given in the right spirit, but to be forever harping on Elissa’s coldness and aloofness and giving her such nicknames as “S. O. S. Iceberg” and “Eskimo,” et cetera, is very discouraging to a sadly misunderstood star.

Donis M. Tanos.

New York, N. Y.

“Monte Cristo” Superb.

I HAVE read December Picture Play’s “What the Fans Think,” and it’s a wonder to me that none of the authorities on acting noticed the wonderful work of Robert Donat in “The Count of Monte Cristo.”

The picture was superb with only one drawback, and that was, with sincere apology to Miss Elissa Landi and Lilian Mann, Elissa Landi. She has ability, yes, but the part was too big for her and she was more of an Edwardian star. However, Donat gave the best piece of acting I have ever seen and certainly shows graduates of American dramatic schools how it should be done.

Do I bear any objections from you critics? I wish we could have more of his pictures in the near future because there lies real acting.

The Count is in England. Long live the Count. LEE.

New York, N. Y.

First Lady of the Screen.

I WANT to thank Hilda Weber of Santa Monica, California, for her letter in December Picture Play regarding Ruth Chatterton. I have seen every picture Miss Chatterton has made, and of most of them several times over. I have oftentimes wondered what it is that makes her stand out above all the other stars in the screen. Of course it is, as Miss Weber so aptly puts it, that she has a deeper sensitivity, a greater veracity than the other actresses, and she has brought to the screen the image of a great person, a great mind. Add to this the fact that she has a very definite charm of her own it is delightful to look at, as the possessor of a beautifully modulated voice, and there you have the perfect star, the true First Lady of the Screen.

I am too close to the matter of telling you about it, but how about you American fans starting a campaign for the return of Ruth Chatterton to the screen? L. Block.


A Boost for Dick.

I WANT to tell all the readers of Picture Play just what a wonderful voice I think Dick Powell has. I listen very carefully to every singer on the air, and I think his voice is the best. I just can’t describe it, but he puts so much into his songs, his voice is so strong, has so much rhythm, he just never tires you.

I have seen him off the screen and in his own home, in the same every place. The people of his home town most worship him, and the kids think he is just “it.” And does this affect him? No. He tries only that he is harder to please on the screen and radio.

Mrs. T. J. H.

Datesville, Arkansas.

Evie Is No Lady.

MRS. EVA GRAHAM, if you’re one of those so-called ladies, then I’m darn glad Mac West isn’t. Mac West may have left a few standing, but it was jealousy of her on their part, and not because they were ladies. A true lady never smuts any one, nor does she speak ill of any one. Neither would a real lady write a narrow-minded, petty, prejudiced letter such as yours. Of all the smug, conceited, holier-than-thou individuals, Mrs. Graham, you certainly take the cake.

We who really know Mac West adore her, for she is human, warm, generous, with a heart of gold. The woman and admire the actress, and a fine actress she is, too. She’s the biggest box-office sensation there is, and I’ll continue to be for a long time, for the public is wild about Mac, with the exception of a few bigoted, gutter-minded fanatics, who would find the air too pure to be around.

Most people, however, are not dirty-minded; they’re just regular human beings, who see the humor of a situation, instead of see the stars flinging around for fifth. Here’s to Mac. Long may she continue to delight us with her true womanliness.

IRENE McLEARN.

Buffalo, New York.

“New and Familiar Faces.”

WHOM is this Russell Hopkerton of Tony of England is so enthusiastic about? He sounds simply grand, and a welcome relief from the usual storybook lover. Run him on, and let’s get a look at him! I’ll bet he can’t be called the “ Koreans” of Hollywood. Why is such a likely “ big brother” as Frank Albertson allowed to sit back and play second-rate parts? I agree with Salome Kurke that Freda Franklin is the hero in a maiden’s dream. I rate him way above Gable, Tone, Raymonet, et cetera.

I can’t close without saying a word about Joan Crawford, the most gorgeous, yet the most human girl in movies. Sometimes, she does put her lipstick on too heavily. Sometimes she does pick the wrong part, but never will you be able to quench the glorious spirit of that wonderful actress in the man movies. How in the world was it that the public could have been fooled? The woman in her will always shine through. Vive la Crawford! II. McCABE.

51 Ninth Hill Avenue, Providence, Rhode Island.

Little Shirley Insignificant?

TO what purpose does this meaningless figure appear on the horizon of the cinema? Speaking as I am of Shirley Temple, one may well note that her age and mentality are ample evidence of the imbecile turn this movies. Confronted with her gaminace and ludicrous attempts to act, the public has placed this fatuous mite on a pedestal.

Morons intakes of those who are impressed by such an incredibly harsh voice, as well as by her feeble insignificance. Let us lay bare the alarming downward fall of public sense as regards films. To this infant and all of her type, I and my followers say, “Get off the screen and stay off.”

It is not cowardice to express this view of an unwanted blight which is being used as a waste of celluloid.

Paul Boring.

The Seville, Daytona Beach, Florida.

Paging Anita.

I HAVE been in my mind for some time that if enough letters were sent to the movie magazines, producers might take an interest in a certain player.

Garbo, Crawford, Dietrich—phooey! I would much rather see Anita Page in a small, unimportant "quickie" than watch any other actress in a feature film. I think Anita is the most well-acted, well-contrived trio; they are all good actresses, but Anita’s beauty and charm have a way of radiating sunshine wherever she appears.

Having seen many of her pictures, starting in 1927 when she played in “Telling the World,” with William Haines, I am of the opinion that her acting has been underrated. Despite her many fans, MGM gave her up in favor of younger hopefuls, although Anita has only recently celebrated her twenty-fifth birthday. She is as beautiful as ever, and if, anything, a better actress than she was at the height of her career. Sad roles have held her back, nothing else. Come on, producers, give her a chance. After all, we do get tired of watching these cold, thin actresses whirle around the sets of so-called big pictures.

William Ernest Meyran.

86 Bowdon Street.

Winthrop, Massachusetts.

With Reservation.

If I must resolve
to play the glad and bright New Year, I’ll promise in the movie house
New Year to seed a tear.
Miss Garbo will keep intact,
And there will be no trace
Of any known emotion—
I’ll wear a poker face.

But should la Garbo swoon
Within her lover’s arms so bold;
Should tears appear, my nose grow red,
I’ll swear “It’s just an illusion.”

Jean Douglas.

Their Private Lives.

I COMPLETELY agree with Jack McElveny in his recent letter to Picture Play. He has expressed exactly what I’ve often wanted to say.

Is one of stars to play the Hollywood game—and what a game it is! One constant round of being put on exhibition. It stars do not attend every important premiere, they are considered “high-bait.” People never stop to think that perhaps stars are human, too.

When a player has a wife and child, does that mean that they can’t be human once in a while with them? I think so.

Neil Hamilton is an example of this ruin of torture. Because Neil is not in the public eye, he is permitted to play the game. Neil, wishing to please, often goes to openings, etcetera, against his wishes. He’s much rather take a day home with intimate friends or with his own family.

Isn’t it enough that the stars work before the cameras all day and home sleeping half the night before spotlights and radio microphones?

Another point I would like to discuss is the reason of seeing stars on the screen. I have heard some fans say that a new face is a relief after seeing the old ones so many times. Not so, say I.

I. Continued on page 8.
LOOKING lovelier than ever, Marlene Dietrich bids farewell to Josef von Sternberg as her director in "Caprice Espagnole," after which the sprightly Ernst Lubitsch will take her in hand. Here Marlene is pictured in the Spanish film.
MULTIPLY that fan letter which you mailed by 600,000 or more and you'll have some idea of the staggering problem which confronts Hollywood stars.

Fans spend, on a conservative estimate, close to $18,000 a month on stamps alone. This is only a fraction of what it costs the studios and stars and their fan-letter departments to answer this mail and supply photographs, despite the fact that the majority of fans inclose stamps to help defray this overhead.

There are at this date four hundred and twenty-five stars and featured players listed on the contract rolls of the studios—big names who average one thousand letters a month. Another group known as free-lancers, affiliated with no one studio, number about one hundred and seventy-five prominent players, whose popularity is sufficient to bring them into this class, and there is still another group of featured players whose fan mail averages around five hundred letters a month.

To attempt to distribute this overwhelming flood of mail would swamp the Los Angeles post office and its branches. Accordingly, the mail goes into two great distributing centers, one at Chicago for Eastern fan mail and the other at St. Louis for the Southern mail.

Here the fan letters are "worked up" into bags tagged for the various studios. For studios situated in Burbank and Culver City and Hollywood, this tide of letters goes into bags shipped direct to those stations. Even so, the Los Angeles station handles a large share of the fan mail, and also has to puzzle out, in its spare time, about ten letters a day bearing freak addresses—pictographs which Uncle Sam must solve, to his great annoyance.

In Beverly Hills, where the majority of stars live, fan mail has just built a post office that is a marvel of modernism, sparkling with chrome-finished windows and equipped with every device.

In letters from fans, Margaret Sullavan hopes to learn just what admirers think of her elopement with William Wyler, director.

When Ralph Bellamy receives an especially helpful letter, it is given personal attention in his modernistic study.

Jean Harlow feels that it's the public's right to know all about her and to consider her a pal. Therefore, she takes her fan mail seriously.

With this white torrent of rushing letters pouring upon this center of the picture industry from all over the world, it is going to be difficult to single out your fan letter and predict its exact fate, but let us seize one as it goes by and follow its adventures.

It is directed to Miss Jean Harlow, care of the Metro-Goldwyn studio, Culver City, California. The bag that holds this letter was made up in Chicago, crammed to the top with fan mail, and it...
Those fans who take the trouble to write to stars will be interested to know just what happens to their letters from the time they are mailed until they fall into the hands of persons in charge of the studio fan mail department.

By Jack Smalley

is not opened again until the contents cascade forth upon the distributing table at the studio. Every letter in that bag is for Miss Harlow!

Not only in that bag, but in the other travel-stained and grayed sacks ranging along the wall, for it is not unusual for Miss Harlow to receive 20,000 letters in a single month. The amount fluctuates, of course, depending upon the release of her latest picture.

- But to return to our letter and its adventures. A quick glance places it in one of the two categories into which fan mail falls. If it is a routine request for a photograph, inclosing the required stamps, it passes to the proper department and the photograph is sent on its way to the fan. However, this fan letter is different. It has a message. Not just the usual one, with good wishes and a line or two of commendation, but a message which Jean will want to read herself for personal attention.

Accordingly, it is awarded the privilege of a trip to her home in Beverly Glen. Jean is a crank on the subject of fan letters, due to her rather unusual attitude that the public has every right to know all about her and to consider her a pal. And so we find Jean reading it in her lovely sitting room.

Can we look over her shoulder and read it, too? Well, you see it's this

Continued on page 70

Every day Otto Kruger makes a special trip to the fan mail department. He is particularly interested in critical comments about his work.

Mrs. Sadye Coon and her efficient organization handle such important fan mail as that of Norma Shearer, John Boles, and Nancy Carroll.

At one time it was the tremendous amount of fan mail Mary Brian received which influenced the studio to keep her on.
Strange but true are the facts revealed in this startling examination of screen history. Women stars stand the wear and tear of fame longer than men. For every queen dethroned by the fickle public, at least two kings and some jacks are beheaded.

To avoid bogging down in a morass of names, we will omit from discussion all character actors. Sorting out the romantics is a big enough job. Look at the stars who were, or are, internationally popular. The careers of character actors roll along smoothly; it is among the romantics that we find fierce rivalry and constant shifting of crowns.

Until about 1914 there were no outstanding romantic screen actors. Until then the films flickered too feebly to attract either important profiles or enthusiastic audiences. The first popular hero was Maurice Costello, whose fame in the early flickers was nothing to compare with the acclaim which has rewarded scores of actors who have followed in his wake.

Costello’s immediate successors were Francis X. Bushman, Harold Lockwood, William S. Hart, Earle Williams, J. Warren Kerrigan, Thomas Meighan, Charles Ray, Wallace Reid, and the Farnum brothers, William and Dustin. These, with a number of less famous contemporaries, belonged

A FEW hundred years ago, during the Aztec civilization in Mexico, the people indulged in the depressing business of offering up human sacrifices to their gods. One particular festival, in honor of the god Tezcatlepoca, was celebrated by the sacrifice of a captive youth of great beauty who had been chosen for that purpose.

After being selected, the youth was given a year of blissful existence. His clothing was of the finest, his living conditions were exquisite, and four beautiful mistresses helped to beguile the precious, fleeting hours. When the year had elapsed the youth was ceremoniously led to the sacrificial block. And thus ended the career of the handsome captive.

One is reminded of this pagan rite as one watches Hollywood’s popular screen heroes come and go. A few short years of wealth, glory, and adoration and then, usually, oblivion or death.

Hollywood actresses stand the wear and tear of the years better than the actors. For every movie queen who is dethroned, at least two kings—and a jack or two—meet defeat. Apparently the men can’t take it as well as the women.

For a long time Charles Ray’s great artistry made him an idol.

MEN CAN’T

Today Leslie Howard personifies the smooth, mental hero who acts with his head.

J. Warren Kerrigan held his own with the brave, stalwart, antiseptic types demanded by the public.
TAKE IT

By
Madeline Glass

Ramon Novarro's celebrity has endured for more than twelve years because he did not stop with being a Latin personality.

Edward G. Robinson looks at a canary in his new film instead of a trigger as a good-by to his famous gunman characterization.

Rudolph Valentino. Like prairie fire his fame spread. New words were coined to describe his appeal. Fans suddenly realized that they were tired of their matter-of-fact heroes. And the heroes, alas, couldn't think of a darned thing to do about the situation. One by one the former favorites were counted out. Charles Ray, Wallace Reid, and Thomas Meighan continued in favor for a while, but eventually they, too, were all but smothered by an army of dark lads with Latin fire in their veins and pockets. Ray, ruined financially by attempting a too ambitious production in the twilight of his career, left the screen. Meighan also departed, and the early death of Reid remains one of the industry's saddest tragedies.

Valentino created the iron-hand-in-velvet-glove type of hero. Women thought him WON-derful, while the men thought plenty. But there was at least one actor who steadily mounted the ladder of fame, giving way not one inch to foreign competition—Richard Barthelmess.

At the time of Valentino's passing in 1926, his own great vogue was subsiding, and of his contemporaries only Bartheimess and Ramon Novarro remained in high favor. Valentino could have avoided the oblivion which he had intentionally brought to others only by giving the public a change of characterization, and it is doubtful if his artistry was equal to that demand.
DO STARS REALLY

Who and what is responsible for the great change that has come over Hollywood's attitude toward celebrity-worshipers? You will find this important subject sensibly discussed here.

HOLLYWOOD is suffering from a gluttony of attention. Spoiled and pampered by celebrity-chasers, the colony is sinking into the depths of boredom. Spring has lost its freshness, and there are no roses on the vine. The incense of adoration means nothing to the jaded nostrils of a majority of the cinema folk. The public is a necessary evil, but "for Heaven's sake keep the doors barred so they do not intrude on our privacy!"

Such is the sentiment emphasized in the new barriers that are constantly erected between the stars and their frantic admirers. One cannot entirely blame the picture folk. After all, their devotees have been bringing this on themselves for years. They have grown more and more frenzied in their adulation.

Getting autographs, for instance, has become a game. It is played for stakes. Autographs have a value. If you are collecting them, they can be traded to advantage. Autograph-getting is a racket.

Fan mail today often goes unanswered, or receives a perfunctory reply. Why? Because everybody and his brother is writing to stars requesting everything from an offspring of the fair one's Persian kitten to the remains of the $2,000 gown she wore in her last film. Jobs and donations are asked by the thousands, especially since the depression when besieged by the press, it was proposed to censor the copy. No interview with a star would be granted unless a representative from the studio were present to watch that no idle word was spoken. And if it should happen to be spoken, every effort would be made to prevent it from being printed.

The spirit of the times was reflected in the whole controversy, which controversy probably hasn't or won't matter very much in the long run. For stars will probably continue to talk in or out of turn as the mood strikes. Because it's part of the actor's temperament to do this, and no amount of soft-pedaling is going to prevent it altogether.

At times in Hollywood the bars are let down to the general public when there is a special object. The Screen Actors' Guild threw wide the gates when it gave its annual ball recently. The public was invited—those who wished to pay $1.250 per reservation—to be present at this soirée. The polliwog could dance in close proximity to the cinema aristocrats, those joining in the festivities including Helen

Katharine Hepburn leads the vanguard of stars who brusquely cry "hands off my private life.

Hollywood spells wealth; consequently the public is eager to get some of it by fair means or—occasionally—by foul. The "foul" generally takes the form of kidnaping notes. These cause the stars an agony of fear, even though most of them are just theatrical threats rather than any real menace.

So the movies have become an unbending world—isolated, intrenched, and even formidable to those who enter its gilded precincts.

Recently a ban was put upon fan magazines. Protection was demanded for the stars. When said stars became overly talkative, as some of them do

Gloria Swanson is almost the sole remaining survivor of the old policy of obligation to the public, but even she will not discuss certain subjects.

Margaret Sullivan is a disciple of the Hepburn school of indifference.
HATE THE PUBLIC?

By Edwin Schallert

Hayes, Warren William, Mary Boland, Sally Eilers, Jean Hershalt, Franchot Tone, Edward G. Robinson, and a throng of others.

The next most intimate contacts are at premieres and at night clubs. However, in the heyday of the nocturnal rendezvous of the ultra sort, just before repeal, the colony gentry always preferred the exclusive spot. The favorite haunt was the Colony Club, and there was no bursting in there for the uninitiated. It took a real film pedigree to obtain entrance.

Since repeal there has been some slight slackening. One of the popular forfarching places makes no distinction about whom it admits providing they look right. Evening clothes generally mean "looking right." if the person seeking an entrée is not known as a person.

Bette Davis scurries in and out of theaters when her pictures are previewed, but that's only because she is abnormally sensitive, and dreads being recognized as the actress seen on the screen. She also reserves the right to hide behind dark glasses on ordinary occasions. And just generally is embarrassed by the public.

Margaret Sullivan's stormy avoidance of people has long been celebrated. She desires heartily to go about being her-

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Undoubtedly Garbo's aloofness has influenced other stars who mistakingly substitute rudeness for exclusiveness.

Most of the well-known stars don't run the risk of such exclusion. They play safe, and party at home rather than out. They are adept at dodging autograph-seekers. They even slide in and out of previews.

Katharine Hepburn is the slyest. She will go out the back door of a theater or down a fire escape to shun the crowd. She seldom goes to the popular restaurants. If she is on location, Laura Harding drives out in the little yellow truck which she and Kate have, bringing the luncheon with her.

They are hospitable about this function with the other actors, for one day I heard Miss Harding earnestly request Alan Hale to join the party. "The food is awfully good," she said, "You shouldn't miss it." It was as mundane an invitation as any ever given to a countryside picnic.

For certain stars who attend previews—getting back to that particular ceremonial—a chained-off pathway through the lobby is nowadays sometimes provided at the theater. Down this the star may walk if she wishes, and Constance Bennett so exited quite royally on one recent occasion.

Maybe she even ordered this exclusive highway, who knows?

Connie isn't a public-shunner, though, and will often chat on the sidewalk after a picture showing. Autograph-seekers don't overworry her.
Janet GAYNOR
Warner BAXTER
in
One More Spring

with this splendid cast
WALTER KING • JANE DARWELL • ROGER IMHOF
Grant Mitchell • Rosemary Ames • John Qualen • Nick Foran
and STEPIN FETCHIT

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN • Directed by HENRY KING
From the Novel by Robert Nathan • Screen play and dialogue by Edwin Burke
FAVORITES of the FANS

JOAN CRAWFORD
ALTHOUGH her recent marriage was short-lived, certainly there is no indication that such a fate awaits the movie career of June Knight. Originally from the stage, Miss Knight has already proved popular with fans. Here she is resting before beginning her next picture which is to be opposite John Boles in “Redheads on Parade.”
GLORIA SWANSON

The floral trimming on Gloria's gown suggests the literal bouquet we'd like to hand her for her excellent portrayal of the prima donna in "Music in the Air." Her return to the screen is indeed a happy event to all those who have long been under the spell of her poignant charm. Picture Play, for one, is looking forward keenly to her next.
Because she was so very young when she entered the films, Rochelle Hudson was cast in typical flapper roles, to which she seemed specially suited. However, even then she yearned to play more serious parts. When the studios finally got around to giving her this chance, she proved she belonged in the front ranks of the ingénues. Excellent in "Imitation of Life," we'll see her again in "Life Begins at Forty."
ANY event that has to do with Norma Shearer is sure to arouse considerable interest among her legion of followers. But when the event is a blessed one—well, who isn't ready to cheer and wish her happiness? We'll miss her necessary absence from the screen, but in the meantime we wish to thank her for leaving us such a vision of loveliness as "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."
ALWAYS in demand and always eager to give the very best that's in him—that's Clark Gable. He has yet to give a disappointing performance, despite those cynics who doubted his ability when first the movie world acclaimed him. All the leading ladies are happy to play opposite him, and now Constance Bennett claims him for her next picture, and Loretta Young for "Call of the Wild."
NANCY CARROLL

THERE is something childishly lovely about Nancy Carroll that makes you want to reach out and protect her from any real or reel harm. Her most recent success, "Jealousy," was followed by a brief vacation in New York, where she will rest before beginning her next picture for Columbia.
MIRIAM HOPKINS, little and blond and candyish, is the most determined—and dangerous—woman in Hollywood, says Helen Pade in her story, opposite. Step by step, she traces the career of the little Georgia cutie who now stands in the way of achieving her ambition to become the outstanding star of the screen.
VELVET DYNAMITE

With a disarming manner, iron will and Goldwyn backing, Miriam Hopkins bids for filmdom's most coveted throne. Little and blond, she exemplified the musical-comedy type, but Miriam was convinced that she had the makings of a dramatic actress, so she set out to prove it.

By Helen Pade

POTENTIALLY, Miriam Hopkins is the most dangerous woman in Hollywood. If she really wanted some other star's husband, boy friend, or job, in due time he—or it—would be Miriam's.

Even if she felt the urge to head a second American Revolution, we might soon be soldiers or Red Cross nurses in her army.

But, fortunately, the big objective in her life at this time is more conventional. Certainly it isn't a fantastic one, as it once might have seemed to skeptical Hollywood before Miriam began demonstrating, in a quiet but convincing way, that she knows what she wants and usually gets it.

Her ambition is to become the outstanding star of the screen.

Miriam herself hasn't said that she covets this exalted position. Instead, she talks about artistic satisfactions. But these and unchallenged stellar supremacy, the film wisecracks point out, add up to about the same total.

Of course, one of the main reasons why they concede the strength of Miriam's bid is her four-year contract with Samuel Goldwyn. She enjoys the distinction of being the first American woman Goldwyn has backed since, as an individual producer, he became Number One Prophet of the movies. So far, Sam has never gone wrong in the tricky business of picking the great from the ranks of the doomed-to-be-mediocre.

According to a favorite anecdote, some one once told Sam he had the Midas touch. The producer smiled and shook his head.

"Oh no, I don't turn anything into gold!" he said, "All I do is get under contract to me what doesn't need turning, and give it a chance to glitter!"

At no time in the past, even over Anna Sten, has Goldwyn waxed so openly enthusiastic about the signing of a star.

He declares that Miriam is one of the greatest actresses and personalities the screen has ever brought to light. He points out that she is very young to have reached artistic maturity. That, he argues, guarantees not only many years of triumph in the limelight, but a velocity of ascent that should carry her to a zenith of unguessed height.

Concerning Miriam's own powers, the film prognosticators like to recall how she advanced on the industry, in a relentless sort of way, undaunted by the fact that for a while she was not taken seriously.

They remember that Miriam, with no Goldwyn to guide her, conquered one obstacle after another, mounted step after step. In fact, their most popular belief is that she forged ahead despite the bungling of lesser prophets and Magi.

Before her association with Goldwyn, Miriam once remarked with typical frankness:

"I know that if I were offered fifty dollars a week and could do the sort of thing I really want to do, in the way I really want to do it, working with a small group of intelligent and congenial people, I'd be satisfied. In fact, I'd be more than satisfied. I'd be gloriously happy. I'm willing to suffer for an ideal where I am not willing to suffer for a salary."

Her new contract, however, offers her the artistic riches she sought, along with added pecuniary reward.

There is no doubt that in the past she has not been happy working under the system used by large studios. Such film plants, owning many stories which must be produced under schedules to fill releasing obligations, cannot take time to seek proper vehicles for all their stars.

While various successful rebellions saved Miriam's artistic conscience, their hubbub did not create for her the sort of environment Goldwyn promises: "a working atmosphere conducive to the expansion and development for her personality and histrionic genius."

Goldwyn also believes that if Miriam has to film

Continued on page 76
Picture Play’s thrilling contest started off with a bang last month. Here are particulars for those who may have missed them. However, to compete it is necessary that you see the photographs published in February and include your answers to the hidden identities of the players pictured. Back issues of the magazine may be obtained by addressing your order, with remittance, to the Subscription Department.

WHAT well-known players are pictured on the opposite page? Five appeared last month, and five will appear in April Picture Play. There will be fifteen in all.

Each star is costumed exactly as he or she appears in his or her current film. They have paused in the action to turn their backs to you in order to puzzle and mystify you. It will be well worth your while to study these pictures for a clue, then see films to make sure—and earn one of the splendid prizes.

Five hundred dollars, two hundred and fifty, two hundred, or a hundred dollars may be yours for being on the lookout for a glimpse of stars in current films. That, and expressing your opinion of the acting of one—just one—of the fifteen.

It is possible that you may say, “Oh, that’s Bette Davis in ‘Bordertown’!” As a matter of fact, Miss Davis was pictured in that film last month. Also, Sylvia Sidney in “Behold My Wife.” But you must be positive. And the only way to be sure is to see films in which you think the mysterious player appears, and keep on seeing pictures until you find the right one and are absolutely sure.

Then it will be simple to jot down your answer on the coupon. For example, “Barbara Stanwyck—The Secret Bride,” opposite the corresponding number.

But this is not all.

A letter, just one letter, must accompany your three coupons. A letter of not more than two hundred and fifty words. Less, if you like. A letter giving your opinion of the performance of one of the stars. You may say what you really think. Express your opinion frankly, fearlessly, as freely as you do in letters for “What the Fans Think.”

The letter needn’t be typewritten, but must include the name and address of the sender at the head. It should be sent with your coupons to Contest Editor, Picture Play, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., and mailed not later than March 31, 1935. We cannot return letters nor enter into correspondence with contestants.

To repeat: $500 first prize, $250 for the second, $200 for the third award, and $100 as fourth prize. Together with a year’s subscription to Picture Play for fifty readers whose entries show merit. Prizes to be given for the most accurate list of identifications, accompanied by a criticism of one performance in not more than two hundred and fifty words. In the event of ties, prizes of identical value will be awarded to the tying contestants.

Contest Editor, Picture Play,
79 Seventh Avenue, New York:
I identify players in March Picture Play as follows:
1. __________________________
2. __________________________
3. __________________________
4. __________________________
5. __________________________

Name. _________________________
Address. ______________________


Actually Joan Crawford leads one of the quietest lives in Hollywood and is rarely seen in public. But when she is glimpsed with Franchot Tone, they attract much attention.

Wallace Beery gets a kiss that no pay check can buy from his daughter, Carol Ann.

Rounding up the news and gossip of the movie colony.

By

Edwin and Elza Schallert

Illegality of Mexican divorces has the stars worried again. Every once in a while their quick jumps over the boundary line to obtain "their freedom" are called into question, and a district court of appeals has now ruled against the divorces. This will probably cause a great deal of mental agony among the movie luminaries until they can find a new loophole in the law. Katharine Hepburn, Gloria Stuart, Mrs. Conrad Nagel, the Jack Holts, and the Ned Sparkses were among those who obtained releases that way. Also good old Maxie Baer and Dorothy Dunbar. Reno will probably be the new point chosen for the fade-out on marriages.

Will Hepburn Be Next?—Now that Margaret Sullavan has become Mrs. William Wyler, wife of a prominent director, the colony is looking to Katharine Hepburn to take the step. She and Leland Hayward, the agent, recently traveled East together and were assailed by reporters en route. It's expected that Hayward and his wife will obtain their formal separation via the courts some time soon. But Katharine flares up the moment the subject is mentioned, and says she'll never admit she's wed even if she is. So what are you going to do with a girl like that?
Hollywood High Lights


Barbara Stanwyck's long contract with Warners has ended, leaving every one wondering what her next move will be.

Marquis On Mend.—The Marquis de la Fais-lais has finally come around after his long and enervating illness, which forced him to spend two or three months in Palm Springs right after his return from Paris. He has been cutting and editing the film that he made in Indo-China, where he contracted the tropical fever which has proved so devastating. Some day the marquis is going to make a picture that the world will talk about. Constance Bennett and he are partners in these productions; so if he does make a good one, Connie will profit by it. And you know how financially lucky she is. That's why we say that sometime he is sure to make a winner.

A Spectacular Exit.—Merle Oberon stole the spotlight at the first Mayfair Club party. But not in the conventional way; which consists of making a grand entrance. Instead, she exited in very hoity-toity fashion. But she had an unlucky break. Just as she swept across the dance floor, with Willis Goldbeck escorting her, she did a slide and a slip, and landed flat on her back. It was a terrible, terrible experience for one who had just arrived in movieland. One reason that Miss Oberon left early is that she disdains the late hours kept by the cinemites.

Landi's Divorce Problem.—Elissa Landi has a real problem on her hands. If she fights the suit brought by her husband seeking a divorce, and naming Abram Chasins as corespondent, it will cost her piles of money. The action would have to be contested in the British courts, and either require her to leave Hollywood and her career, or else entail thousands of dollars in wires and telephone calls. If Elissa doesn't battle the case, it might reflect on her courage, of which she has an abundance. So she is enduring a real dilemma.

Ann, Woman of Action.—Ann Harding makes up her mind quickly. Even her agent, Harry Edington, who is generally wise to every move his client is about to make, wasn't aware that she would dash off to Reno to fight for the custody of her daughter, Jane. Ann just upped and left when the impulse struck her, as she did on that famous trip to Cuba a few years ago. She's determined now that Jane shall be hers entirely, and that Harry Bannister's right to have the child for two months a year shall be abrogated. It threatened for a time to become a very bitter fight between the two. Sympathy seems to run mostly Ann's way, and if things are settled in her favor, she will probably be in good health again. The difficulty over the child seems to be the root of her illness that has been so much talked about.

A Publicity Triumph.—Jean Harlow's statement that Hal Rosson disturbed her by reading in bed aroused such wide publicity that the suspicion exists it was in-

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Betty Grable is one of the few remaining beauties who doesn't shy from the camera when it focuses on her legs. She's proud of them, as well she may be.

William Gargan has lost forty pounds and acquired a "new" personality and state of mind. He's sorry he talked out of turn and criticized Joan Crawford's acting.
A WAY ALL HER

Josephine Hutchinson wears clothes as few stars do—unconsciously. She is an artist, dresses for "The Right to Live."

Black velvet for the skirt, right, topped by a jacket of white velvet decorated with frogs of graduated sizes.

Miss Hutchinson's two costumes shown below are very unusual, too. The house gown, left, is white crépe silver-threaded. Brilliant contrast is offered by the Ascot scarf drawn through the front sections.

The gown seen directly below very effectively employs chiffon with knee-high gores and a taffeta jacket with pussy willow dots.

Formal mourning clothes are not dead black as they used to be. For example, above, consider the gold pencil-stripes against black used in the sleeves and front panel of the skirt.

Miss Hutchinson's tailored evening gown, above, is of blue chiffon contrasted with gay plaid taffeta at the crushed girdle, tailored cuffs and collar.

Silvery blue coin dots set off the quaintly fashioned evening gown of white taffeta, left. Looped bands of silver tissue make the novel sleeves and long sash.
OWN

you see, not a mannequin. Here are her designed by Orry-Kelly.

The Cossack influence is reflected in Miss Hutchinson's costume, right. Of shadow-checked cream and tan wool, her accessories, including the Russian turban, are of brown doeskin.

Her picturesque wedding gown, right, is perhaps too radical for ordinary use, but its rich quaintness suits the wearer. It is of nude slipper-satin flounced with real lace. A bertha of the lace fastens with a cluster of orange blossoms.

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Infininety smart because extremely simple is the street costume shown on the outer left. The frock of soft wool is worn under a gray kidskin jacket fashioned with drop shoulders.

Filmy chiffon, flesh-tinted, becomes an enchantingly feminine house robe when styled loosely and worn over a heavy satin foundation, as seen on the left. Its simplicity of line is a tribute to the taste of Orry-Kelly in catching the keynote of Miss Hutchinson's personality.
WHO IS THIS MAN?

When the stock market crashed and Samuel Hinds lost his home and fortune, he decided to give up his law practice and enter a new profession. And that is the story of how the movies gained this distinguished-looking gentleman, who has played sixty roles in two years.

On a substantial-looking door leading into a law office in Pasadena, California, where rents are high and fees are accordingly so, you will see inscribed the name: “Samuel S. Hinds.”

But it is a rare occasion when you will find Mr. Hinds at his desk, for almost every day he may be found in some Hollywood studio working in the movies.

“Indeed,” one director told me, “it has got to the point where a studio won’t take any other actor when the story calls for a distinguished-looking lawyer, doctor, judge, or professional man who can act as well as look the part.

But I’m getting ahead of my story and you are no doubt wondering how it happened that a wealthy lawyer left a lucrative practice at an age when most men are thinking of retiring, to enter a new profession.

When a lawyer, doctor, or judge is required for a scene, the studios immediately consider Sam Hinds, who is representative of breeding, background and gentility.

By Franc Dillon

When young Sam Hinds graduated from Harvard and returned to his home in Brooklyn, New York, some thirty years ago, his father said, “Well, young man, what are you going to do now?”

And Sam, without a moment’s hesitation, replied, “I’m going on the stage.”

Whereupon Hinds, senior, almost fainted. Although he had been aware of his son’s interest in high school and college dramas and had been proud of his success in amateur theatricals, it was time, he thought, for Sam to begin to take life seriously. It was time for him to prepare to carry on the family traditions as a business man. It was time for him to assume responsibility, to fit himself to manage the fortune that would be his at his father’s death. Actually, the elder Mr. Hinds was so distressed at his son’s unheard-of ambition that Sam said, “I’ll do anything you want me to, father.”

It was decided he should be a lawyer, so Sam dutifully attended New York University Law School and in due time graduated and was admitted to the bar in New York State. After practicing for a time in New York City, he went to California, and in 1905, opened law offices in Pasadena where, as I told you, you may still find his name on the door. Here he practiced law and prospered.

He did not forget his first love, the stage, however, and when a small stock company was organized in Pasadena, his opportunity came. It was the custom to load the plays with two or three professionals and fill out the cast with amateurs. It was as an amateur in a minor role that Mr. Hinds’s career as an actor began. He played many roles with this small company; he became one of the “professionals.” When the Pasadena Community Players was organized he was one of the charter members, a heavy financial contributor and one of the most enthusiastic actors in the company.

There never was a time when Gilmor Brown, head of the organization, could not go to Mr. Hinds and suggest that he would like to produce a certain play but couldn’t afford the costumes, or the scenery, or the advertising and receive the necessary financial aid. And it was to Mr. Hinds that many a young actor and actress went for advice, too. Robert Young, Karen Morley, Douglass Montgomery, Randolph Scott, Gloria Stuart, and Onslow Stevens are only a few of the graduates from that small group who profited by knowing Sam Hinds.

While keeping up his law practice, Mr. Hinds appeared in forty-six plays. In addition to experience, he was gaining happiness from the pursuit of his hobby.

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A PEACEABLE GUY

just because Frankie Darro is always cast as a scrap
er, he has the hardest time trying to live down this
eputation with the neighbors' kids. They expect him
to start a fight on the slightest provocation, when as a
matter of fact he is the soul of peace.

By Drummond Tell

He can look pretty tough, with his tousled black hair and his pug
nacious jaw, so they usually cast Frankie Darro as the boy who
throws rocks through the neighbors' windows.

That's rather hard on a lad who is just a peacemaker at heart.
Frankie doesn't like to battle. He'll go a block out of his way to avoid
fellow who might have a chip on his shoulder.

But if you get right down to cases, Frankie will peel off his coat
right. He's no slouch at it, either, because it's this way—the kids all
yet to thinking he is a hellicose boy from the parts he plays on the
screen, so they expect him to be combative off the screen as well.

That's Frankie's secret sorrow. None of the kids will believe he
hates fighting.

At the same time, "sissy" is a fighting word to Frankie. He had just
as much trouble when he was very young, trying to avoid being called
a sissy, as he has now trying to live down his screen reputation.

The way that started was, in Frankie's words, like this:

"Mother and dad were theatrical people, and traveled over the vaude-
ville circuits. Of course they took me along. Well, I was what they
called a 'cute' little boy. Gee, I hated that!

"I suppose parents like to dress a kid up and have people admire him.
But that's not all. I had long yellow curls! It was terrible!"

"Yellow curls?" I asked in surprise. "Why, your hair's jet black!"

"I'm coming to that," Frankie said patiently. "I got so sick of those
curls that one day I went into a vacant dressing room and took a pair of
heels. I had plenty of time, so I cut off my hair clean down to the
skin. Snack bareheaded, I was.

"I caught 'Hail Columbia,' you bet! But did I feel swell! Then my
hair started to grow in, and it grew in black. Just like it is now.
Funny, huh?"

Though just turned sixteen, Frankie Darro has been in pictures for fourteen
years. His parents were theatrical folks, so he comes by his acting ability naturally.

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The second installment of Harold Lloyd's life story, the most fabulous of all in Hollywood, tells of his recovery from the accident that nearly ended his career. More, it indicates the sound principles that have earned phenomenal success for him as a star and citizen.

For four days, Harold Lloyd fought the devils of despondency. If he were not totally blinded, the doctors hinted, at best his eyesight would be blurred. It was almost certain that, under the bandages, he was hopelessly scarred.

Then his natural optimism rallied. During the long, pain-racked nights he thought out his problem. Had not the photographer's delay at the last moment caused him to lower his hand holding the bomb, he would have been killed. The gesture saved his life, for the force of the explosion went upward and not point-blank into his face.

That was the first step, gratitude that he had been spared. The second was to map out a new career for himself as a director. And if he couldn't see well enough to direct, he could write, by dictation. The future looked less bleak.

Eight months later he was back at work, unscarred, his eyesight as good as ever. He applied himself intensely and, as the movie industry grew, he grew with it, graduating into the big financier class.

For ten years he has had his own company, with his uncle, William R. Fraser, as business manager. It is probably the only movie concern that never has had to ask for a bank loan, though he always has hundreds of thousands of dollars tied up in his current picture and in previous releases still in circulation.

He made a one-reeler each week for years. Now he takes his time; he has made only three films in five years. He could make more money by producing faster and cheaper. But "quality rather than quantity" is his motto.

He never yearned to be Hamlet, had no yen to go heroic. Always he was the comedian who constructed his situations carefully, even in his kid days of backyard barnstorming. He is an architect before he is an actor, a methodical person rather than a temperamental player.
"Comedy," he explains his views, "should be fairly plausible, a character true to life in exaggerated situations. My aim has been to portray an average, hashful outh, depending for laughs on his amusing troubles."

He owes his success, he says, to the fortunate circumstance of getting into the movies on the ground floor, to keen enthusiasm, and to plenty of work, accident, avidly, and application.

His pictures are clean; his is family entertainment. He has scrupulously avoided indelicacy situations, though working wholesome ones often meant harder labor.

He only message that a film should attempt to broadcast, feels, is amusement and instruction.

He has maintained his position because it hasn't been to a freak personality or to artificial glamour, but because he has trained in himself a picture mind. And, principally, because he has been real.

The greatest satisfaction that he gets out of his success, side from the sense of achievement, is his ability to provide well for his family and to help others. He always had a strong sense of responsibility.

His early ambition was to wear silk shirts. This realized, he made bold to vision a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars. That goal achieved, he raised the ante of his aim to a cool million.

Now his main desire is to travel. But it must be indulged spasmodically. Pictures are too much his life for him to retire. As the years pass he will age his character. If the public ever disowns him, he will direct and produce, earning newer talent.

He is tremendously interested in the possibilities of television. One of his closest friends, Doctor Lee de Forest, has given him demonstrations of the latest improvements. He also has been interested in the development of the third dimension in pictures and anticipates real changes in our pictorial entertainment, but not in the immediate future.

The marriage of Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis was the natural outcome of a genuine romance fostered by playing opposite each other in films, with none of the hectic publicity given Hollywood marriages to-day.

He allows himself a salary of one thousand dollars a week, his profits going into new productions and into investments. His million-dollar estate has been the one extravagance of his life. But he owned its sixteen acres for three years before he built the Italian Renaissance house, being determined that all its expense must be paid for by income. Never has he touched a cent of capital for the fulfillment of any personal desire.

Incidentally, a large share of his income goes to various charities, but you don't hear about it.

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The Lloyds' twelve-year marriage has been unspoiled by rumors of any kind nor, on the other hand, by protestations of blissful devotion. Their family life is the most private in Hollywood.

DREAMS

By Myrle Gebhart

PART II.

He allows himself a salary of one thousand dollars a week, his profits going into new productions and into investments. His million-dollar estate has been the one extravagance of his life. But he owned its sixteen acres for three years before he built the Italian Renaissance house, being determined that all its expense must be paid for by income. Never has he touched a cent of capital for the fulfillment of any personal desire.

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Continued on page 51

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They Say In

A swarm of Hollywood visitors to Broadway keeps the spotlight jumping around like a will-o'-the-wisp.

By Karen Hollis

Opportunity knocked on Julie Haydon's door and then ran. Her play didn't reach Broadway.

Evelyn Lose couldn't make up her mind to honeymoon with Frank Lawton in New York when the opening of his "David Copperfield" was postponed.

May be Wallace Beery and Shirley Temple are busy making pictures in Hollywood. At least they have not been seen around at any Broadway night-club openings. Otherwise, a roll call between theater curtain time and the breakfast hour will divulge an all-star Hollywood cast almost anywhere around Manhattan. There is Betty Furness for those who like a young patrician with jazz overtones; Kitty Carlisle for worldly veneer and a 'cello voice; Sylvia Sidney, sullen and smoldering, Lupe and John Weismuller for those who think nature should be raw rather than mild, Douglas Fairbanks—that's for remembrance—and June Knight and Paul Ames (just before their sudden return to Hollywood to signifying of divorce papers) impersonating love?"
Cagney's Difficult Rôle.—Playing parts on the screen is a pushover for James Cagney compared to finding a little peace and poise in his private life. Refusing to spend his vacations taking bows and regaling friends and the press with accounts of how he wowed 'em in his last picture, he seeks diversion at the theater, in books, in political study groups—until some reporter mentions his newest hobby and he becomes self-conscious about it. He managed recently to slip into New York under an assumed name, attend many performances of the Abbey Theater Players and make friends with the gifted Irishmen. Then he checked in at a hospital. Reporters learned that he was there "for observation."

"Yes," added one of the staff, "he's always fancied he'd like to be a doctor, so he's here to observe how we work."

Hollywood Versus New York.—"Hollywood is a very strange place," says Broadway. "It enlists people of great talent and then forgets all about them." "New York is so funny," say visiting Hollywoodians. "Half the people you see are living on past glories." Polly Moran and Fifi Dorsay are appearing at one night club, Lita Grey Chaplin at another, every tourist's first stop is at the Paradise where Sally Rand does her bubble dance, and swamped by autograph fiends everywhere are Mae Murray, Irene Rich, Lois Moran and others.

He Got the First Name Right.—Recently a commercial broadcast expanded into a five-hour program of dance music during which a party was given for all the theatrical celebrities who could be roped in. One of the executives of the sponsor company was honored to find that he was to be seated next to a glamorous picture star, whose name, he gathered, was Mae. So he launched forth and told her how many times he had seen "She Done Him Wrong," how much he enjoyed "Belle of the Nineties," and how he considered himself a real fan of hers. Unfortunately, he was talking not to Mae West, but to Mae Murray. The once tempestuous Miss Murray felt a distinct chill, but did not walk out on the party.

Social Goings On.—Nancy Carroll and Sylvia Sidney are runners-up for the title of princess of New York's night life. The month's record shows that whereas Nancy was undeniably the belle of parties at the Stork Club and Jack and Charlie's—both popular ex-speakeasies—Sylvia Sidney covered a wider range, from the big and blazing Paradise to the

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Impudently and impolitely Katherine Hepburn told reporters they shouldn't pry into the lives of "famous film characters."

Lily Pons arrived for the opera season and a musical film for RKO in the spring. It looks like a cycle of musicals this year.

Verree Teasdale and Adolphe Menjou voted each other the best-dressed person in the world.
STILL UNTAMED

Charles Bickford, the most violent rebel ever to invade Hollywood, indignantly denies that he has become peaceable and tactful. There is so much sound sense behind his rages that this is one of the most striking interviews of the month.

By Caroline Bell

scene. I feared to find him chastened in spirit and meek of manner. The most violent personality ever to invade Hollywood now crestfallen, conquered? Flattery instead of fire, compliments in place of criticisms?

"Who spanked you into amiability?" I asked despondently, as the red-haired, big man strode over to me.

"You," he accused, his eyes twinkling, "have been reading the newspapers! Naughty! Naughty! You'll be reading the fan magazines next! Can't you be content with writing tripe for them, without insulting your intelligence by believing it?"

"Oh!" I squealed and gurgled, so great was my relief. His belligerence proved that he had been maltreated.

"A damned lie!" he exploded. "The studio that sent out that publicity apologized to me for it.

"Listen! When Mussolini stops talking, I will stop—maybe. I spoke my mind through two contracts, while they tried to press me into the stereotyped mold with their publicity build-ups—and then to cut my throat professionally after I got my release. And since I have been free-lanc-

ing I'm talking more than ever.

"Why should I wear a muzzle? I never have lost a single good role through frankness. No, I have not gained by it, either, because there's nothing to gain here. But at least," he remarked, dropping his considerable weight into a camp chair. "I remain true to my convictions.

"Conditions have become worse," he continued over our box lunches. "The passing of the stock company has deprived young actors of their training. Acting can't be taught in a school—it evolves through experience.

"So youngsters gesture prettily and directors follow the formula. Pictures are just a series of exquisite photography. Technically, they are superb. The craftspeople andExtras are experts.

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What lies behind Sylvia Sidney's "fetching, mysterious smile, her enchanting, catlike smile"? A discerning, sympathetic writer tells you in no uncertain terms.

SYLVIA THE SERENE they might have called her. So far, no one has named her that, but Sylvia Sidney lives within the limits of that idea anyway. The only time she isn't serenity unruffled is when she is Sylvia the Single-track.

Hollywood per se doesn't concern her. Clothes don't concern her unduly. Love is beside the point. Her roles, be they exciting or merely satisfying, don't possess the power to disturb Sylvia. There is only one purpose of first importance in her life. Work. All the tangents that touch on that closed curve fail to interest Sylvia to any extent, at least fail to interest her to the point of upsetting her good-natured calm.

"Marriage? Oh, my God, no!" said Sylvia when I timidly suggested that there might be other reasons for living, aside from the opportunity to work ten hours a day. "I've got one contract now and it needs all my attention and energy. Marriage would only complicate my life."

Clothes? Yes, they're important because clothes are part of a characterization. This season's things? Yes, nice, but——

"Does any one really use those dramatic crepe-Sports things are so comfortable. And then the things, while they're fascinating to look at, need an impressive entrance into an impressive situation. I don't have them. I like to be comfortable."

Hollywood? The social whirl and fight for prominence in extra-studio activities? Yes, she's heard all about that but hasn't the energy to engage in it and—how could that help her work?

Perhaps it's because she's young and ambitious. Perhaps Sylvia scorches the notion of double blessedness because only her work is a vital necessity in her life. Be that as it may, Sylvia, who can be so effectively intense on the screen, is quite as sincerely intent and purposeful off the screen.

In New York just before the opening of "Rehld My Wife," Sylvia had sought and found a background totally lacking in stardust or even a suggestion of it. In a hotel apartment impressive by virtue of its unostentatious comfort, a rather tall young lady with hair of an indeterminate shade of brown, in a schoolgirlish frock of dull-green wool, bounded into the living room and, smiling her enchanting catlike smile, said "Hello!"

If it hadn't been for the smile and the unmistakable

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Paul Muni speaks his lines into a dictaphone, which records his voice and enables corrections in speech and emphasis to be made.

If you were a star, just how do you think you would go about learning your lines?
Would you sit quietly and study, as you used to memorize your "pieces" at school, would you walk about, or rehearse in front of a mirror?

There are so many methods that they leave you fairly dizzy when you stop to consider them. Ned Sparks, the dead-pan comedian, once told me—and he swore it was true—that he knew a stage actor who invariably, every time he was cast in a new show, went alone, in the eerie stillness of the night, with a flask to a graveyard to learn his lines?

The words come naturally to Baby Jane when her mother explains the story in her own words. Alice White, below, writes and rewrites her lines for the next day.

Here we see Francis Lederer seriously occupied in the business of reading the script of his next picture.

HOW LINES

Haven't you often wondered just what procedure the players go through when they want to study their lines? In this article you will learn how they do it.

By Whitney

However that may be—and who am I to doubt Mister Sparks's word?—some of the means utilized by the stars in Hollywood are almost as novel.

Lew Ayres likes to put his lines to music, making a sort of rhythm of them until they are completely memorized. He'll sit at the piano for hours and improvise as he repeats the dialogue.

W. C. Fields generally strolls through his orange grove with script in hand, learning as he rambles along. With only the birds and the bees as his audience, he tries out all his odd noises and thinks up new ways of saying, "Yes, yes, my little petunia." On the tennis court, too, the comedian always has a script on the side lines.

One of the most pain-taking actors is Paul Muni, when preparing to start a picture. He speaks his lines into a standard dictaphone, then runs the disk on which is recorded his voice as a "playback." He repeats, then, into the machine until completely satisfied. This is one of the most effective methods known to an actor, for he can hear his own voice and correct any inaccuracies of speech or emphasis.

Carl Brisson, the large, happy-go-lucky Dane who has taken Hollywood by storm with his cheery and living, also follows this procedure. Since he possesses a slight accent, he finds this the most expedient means of and as a result his enunciation now is almost faultless.
Days before a picture starts you will see Warren William carrying his script wherever he goes. A veteran like May Robson, below, uses the "photographic" method.

Joan Crawford sits and studies quietly, then walks about the stage whispering the lines to herself.

ARE LEARNED

stars follow in memorizing their parts? Where they go will learn some of the curious methods employed by need to concentrate.

Williams

lines in long hand. She continues until the part is learned thoroughly. This may necessitate her writing for several hours, but she never halts until she is letter-perfect in her rôle.

Another to subscribe to this formula is Alice White, still as pert as ever. Each night before retiring she writes all her lines for the next day, several times. The following morning she writes them from memory, and usually finds that having put them on paper the night before has fixed them in her mind so thoroughly that she meets with little difficulty.

It must be noted here that every player, before leaving the studio, knows exactly what scenes will be filmed the following day. Consequently, only the lines in those particular scenes are studied.

Immediately a star or player receives a script, he invariably runs through it to familiarize himself with the plot and the character he portrays. Seldom indeed does an actor set himself the task of completely learning the entire play, as must be the case in stage work. It would be a useless expenditure of time and effort, because many lines are changed from day to day.

A most unique plan is followed by Douglass Montgomery. He has his chauffeur drive to some outlying road where traffic is at a minimum, then step on the faster they go, the more Douglass seems able to concentrate business at hand.

On the set you will find Warner Baxter rehearsing the lines to himself, seeking a far corner to give them audible expression.

When he thinks he has sufficiently memorized his lines, he exchanges seats with the driver and then repeats them to him.

Richard Arlen practices exactly the opposite scheme. Having run through the part once at home, he will get behind the steering wheel of his machine, and with either his wife or his secretary as a companion, roar up the Malibu road. Whoever accompanies him will read the lines to him, and Dick will mull them over aloud until he masters the part.

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KIDDIES, WATCH

There's no place like the movies to learn what to do and what not to do on every occasion. Except, of course, this discussion of correct behavior which singles out films in which good and bad manners occur.

A book of etiquette has value, of course, but social behavior on the screen has the advantage of being a living example to a child.

W e once knew a country lad who spent part of each school vacation with an aunt whose city home was a dropping-in place for tea and conversation on any afternoon. On such occasions young Edwin passed spoons, cups, and cakes, lending his help with self-possession and ease.

"Where did you learn such nice manners, Edwin?" his aunt ventured to inquire when they were alone. "You don't go to tea parties at home, do you?"

"No," replied Edwin, "but I see a lot of pictures and watch how people act. They have swell manners in the movies."

And this is only one example of the adolescent who sits in the dark at the movies, detached, unobserved, storing up details of behavior for future use. He is not part of the picture as he is at home or at a party. He is not confused or humiliated or made self-conscious when asked if he hasn't learned yet to use the right fork for his salad, to break his bread into pieces before buttering it, or to stand until great-aunt Sally is seated.

Good manners, like charity, should begin at home.

Fortunate are they who early in life learn the elements of politeness along with the rules of hygiene. Among the ways in which this is done there are first, the training that goes on in the home; second, the example and attitudes of adults; and third, the movies.

Jane Addams was one of the first to recognize the responsibility the movies have in setting standards of social behavior, especially for children of foreign parents, eager to learn, pitifully anxious not to be different from other children.

"An escape from the monotony of daily living," she stated, "is provided most widely by the movie and its new child, the talkie. Whether the audience is composed of adults or children, they come with simple desire to be amused and a willingness to be instructed if it is done entertainingly and convincingly. And since it is estimated that thirty million people in this country attend the movies every week and that more than one-third of this number are under twenty years of age, this pioneer in social workers was right in assuming that the motion picture as well as education should be an acknowledged responsibility.

Good manners are not a modern invention. They are certain forms of address, certain conduct of speech and manner that have been brought down to us through centuries of developing culture. And we observe them today because they make contact in social life easier and more agreeable, life more beautiful and impressive.

Diplomatically used, a book of etiquette has value. The printed word has an impersonality which speech cannot attain. But the present social code must necessarily be dissimilar to the code of twenty or thirty years ago. The telephone, the radio, the motor car and the movies have changed the way of living even in the remotest parts of the world.

So when it's a question of what time the youngsters should return from a party, or how much lipstick should be used, or the minimum of clothing required for swimming, the printed word doesn't help much. And here's where the movies, with the opportunity for actually seeing good manners depicted, as well as the occasional misuse of manners, comes in.

A discerning young Finnish woman visiting our shores for the first time was heard to remark: "I never saw such nice, polite men. In her country, she said, ladies wait on gentlemen and try to make them comfortable, but in America it's the other way around."
YOUR MANNERS!

By Lillian Montanye

Illustrated by Albert Bendiner

eigners and their children who look to the screen for pointers on how to behave. Our own children, from the screen as well as from the radio, are picking up useful tricks of behavior. A fitting illustration was the incident related concerning young Edwin who learned how to behave at a tea party simply by watching the movies.

Good manners and correct social usages are scrupulously observed in pictures nowadays. Tables are set correctly with the necessary amount of silver at each place, and observant youngsters note that guests start using the silver farthest from the plate and work in, thus doing away with doubts and fears as to which fork to use first.

But even the movies slip sometimes. Take for instance "The Journal of a Crime," a finely acted picture, yet at the very elegant party given by Ruth Chatterton, we noticed that the men did rest their elbows on the beautifully appointed dining table, that the guests talked "past each other," and that at least one glass was lifted from the table while wine was being poured into it, which should never be done.

The most noticeable breach of etiquette, however, was

Adolphe Menjou, scrupulous observer of all the little niceties of good manners, helping a lady into a cab and watching it roll away without so much as touching her hat. In a later scene he enters the room where his wife is waiting, and as he kisses her, fails to remove his hat. At least he doesn't

Leslie Howard in "Of Human Bondage" is singled out as the exemplification of perfect gentlemanliness both in spirit and behavior.

Guests at a dinner party should never rest their elbows on the table or talk past each other, but this is sometimes done in films.

until she reminds him about it. This from one who has always been the exemplifier of perfect manners!

In the rest room of a large business organization, a group of girls were discussing pictures they had seen. One girl of twenty frankly stated that she looks to the movies to show her the type of man she wants for a friend.

"I don't want the smoothie or high-hat type who feel they run the world," she said. "I want him to be neat and clean but not all dolled up as though he just came from the barber's, and well-dressed without being loud or flashy. I want him to have some manners and know how to use them—you know, attentive without being fresh. The kind of fellow that knows how to treat a girl and will never let her down. You know what I mean."

"I do," chimed in another girl. "You mean a fellow like Leslie Howard in 'Of Human Bondage.' There was a gentleman for you!"

A real appreciation, we thought, of this fine picture in which Mr. Howard recaptures with heart-breaking sincerity the mood and spirit of the sensitive, idealistic Philip Carey of Somerset Maugham's story. For even when he learned the complete unworthiness of the cheap, unscrupulous Mildred upon whom he lavished his love and protection, the chivalry that was inherent in him still held and compelled his kindness and compassion.

In another scene he visits the odd, brilliant old journalist who had befriended him. In this picturesque old place overflowing with objects of art, both worthless and rare, he is seemingly unconscious of the uncouth manners of his host who gobbles his food, guzzles his beer, talks with his mouth full.

It was here Philip Carey proved himself a gentleman at heart as well as in bearing, for he demonstrated the more modern and the sounder way of looking at human behavior, which is not to take it at face value but to look underneath for facts.

Another film showing lights and shadows in human

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SPEAK UP, JANET!

In this direct appeal to Miss Gaynor, the author has expressed the sentiments of all those who have followed the star since her unforgettable "Seventh Heaven," and have wondered at the complete change which has come over the little girl they learned to love.

By Judith Field

What has happened to the happy, friendly Janet we used to know? We were for her, then, heart and soul, and we hope she will reveal her real self again.

It would try the patience of a saint to be called the names lately directed at Janet Gaynor.

How could any one real and mortal enjoy being referred to as: "Miss X," "Miss Sweetness and Light," "the perpetual ingénue of the Fox lot," or "Janet (six lumps) Gaynor"? If ever there was a "catty" club in session it is that guild of actors and writers who originated these smug phrases.

Still, your reaction, or apparent lack of it, must have piqued them a little, Janet. For, after this whispering chorus had slipped some of their detractors into print via magazines and gossip columns, you didn't respond by having indignant denials published, as have some other Hollywood actresses. Participation in this particular type of controversy is, in the end, the life of the box office.

Now that you've shown you have strength of character, since it takes at least that to crush the resentment one would naturally feel like expressing at such comments, won't you change your methods a trifle?

You see, those of us who have admired you since that unforgettable performance in "Seventh Heaven" don't like this anti-Gaynor business at all. And we wish you'd do something about it! Such as "letting the bars down" to give again one of those good, old-fashioned interviews. Be a little more confidential—as you used to be—and reveal that you are quite warm, human, and emotional.

In the beginning, your eager, friendly manner delighted every one. Even the usually immune studio personnel, from director to property man, were subject to it. At that happy time, Margaret Livingston, now Mrs. Paul Whitman, voiced a comment which sagely explained the situation. Said she: "The reason that Janet baby is doing so heavenly well is because every one from the janitor to Mr. Sheehan, the big chief, is pulling for her. That child is enveloped in an atmosphere of love and hope and good wishes."

You've been a big star for about eight years and you are still doing "heavenly well." But the present general attitude toward your good fortune seems to be more strongly flavored with exasperation than joy. How do you account for that? Can it be true then, as they say, that you reserve your charm for the celluloid only?

You didn't try to board it in those days when you paused, starry-eyed and tremulous, on the brink of stardom.

Can you ever forget how excited you were at being installed in your first, especially decorated, star's dressing room? You gaily led each interviewer on a tour of inspection around your small domain. And happily chatted about the excellence of your shower, kitchen, and closet space, gleefully confessing to one: "I get a thrill out of the fact that they let me drive my car into the studio instead of parking it outside. I love it when they send a car and chauffeur to take me on location."

While to another, who asked if you had any particular habits which set you apart, you exclaimed naively: "Well, I do like to chew gum."

Continued on page
REJECTED GUEST

On the two occasions that Ross Alexander was sent to Hollywood under contract, the studios simply ignored him and consequently he remained idle. So it was back to the Broadway stage both times. But a third try at the movies, without invitation, won him a rôle in "Flirtation Walk." Now he is considered a "find."

ROSS ALEXANDER knows how a guest must feel who turns up at a place to find he is wanted. On the other hand, he knows how one not invited feels when made the guest of honor.

By special request, Ross came to Hollywood twice, waited outside the gateway of the film domain, but was refused admission to the inner temple of art.

Uninvited, he came to Hollywood a third time. Not only was he admitted, but offered a contract by Warners, and put to work in "Gentlemen Are Born" and "Flirtation Walk." As if these events did not compensate for Hollywood's previous neglect of him, he was given a lead in "Maybe It's Love," and also the rôle of Demetrius in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Let it be lèse majesté, but in "Flirtation Walk" did he not step before the rest of the cast in giving us bright humor and real comedy?

This film was my introduction to Ross Alexander. I knew then what to be done. I had on my hands a comedian. A good one. The interview would be one long series of wisecracks and laughter. Or would I be confronted by a tragic comedian? A morose being, tortured by the world, forced to make people laugh while his own heart was breaking. Ah, ridi, Pagliaccio!

I did not know the surprise in store for me. I mean the vast difference I'd find between Mr. Alexander on the screen, and the man in his own home. Also the Alpinesque hike to get to that mountain top home, where we were to meet.

I knew Woodrow Wilson Drive, winding its way up the Hollywood hills. But, for the moment, I'd forgotten how far numbers can take one.

It was a rainy day. Fearlessly I set out to scale the mountain peaks, clouds whirling like mists over my head, floating in banks across the valley, toward Burbank and the Warner studio. Eventually I found myself above the clouds, the valley, and the studio.

The bare black branches of the trees and the wet gray road they overhung gave the mountain top setting a gaunt, eerie aspect, like unto the Brockeen. Rain speared the earth. "Blow, blow, thou winter wind!" I started to declaim, and a large damp leaf slapped me in the mouth.

Yes, I'd need a good laugh after all this.

Excelsior! At last the house was reached, being in no less a place than next to the one in which Lew Ayres resided prior to his recent marriage.

Henry, the colored serving-man, all in white, opened the door. From the vestibule I could see straight into the bathroom where Mr. Alexander was shaving. He came to me, the lower part of his features hidden by lather.

Ross Alexander just seems to be bubbling over with wisecracks and laughter. But we'll see his serious side, also, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
"THE LITTLE MINISTER."

One of the reasons that Katharine Hepburn is fascinating and exciting is that she rapidly attains as an artist, never standing still to bask in the spotlight of popular acclaim. Here she surpasses herself with a new poise, delicacy of expression and grace of movement as well as sound understanding of the character she is playing and her picture as a whole. Once a sensational newcomer, she is now a ranking first lady of the screen whose finesse and resourcefulness are more admirable than the glare of her skyrocketlike début reflected in the box office. Not that her new picture is less warm and tender than "Little Women," nor less touching than "Morning Glory." It is the superior of both because it is better acted and Miss Hepburn's moods are more variable and various. It is hardly necessary to recount Barrie's story at this late day except to hint that a new generation that it occurs in a Scottish village in 1840 and concerns dashing Lady Babbie of the towered castle on the hill and her wooing of a sober, unsmiling young dominie who is shocked by the gypsy she pretends to be and frightened by the love he cannot understand. No need, either, to take exception to the changes made in adapting this simple romance to the screen. Not one in a thousand will object, and certainly not one in a million will fail to share the tremors and tears of the lovers as they stumble over obstacles to perfect understanding and the sweetly real love of unblemished man and maid. John Beal shares Miss Hepburn's pedestal.

"THE MIGHTY BARNUM."

Zestful, colorful, humorous and full of earthy character, this is a grand show which every one should see. Also, it is superlatively acted and speedily set forth. Obviously, the life of the master showman, P. T. Barnum, around whom the narrative revolves, does not always stick to facts nor is it likely that so naive and awkward a character as the authors have given him could have succeeded in a business that demanded shrewdness first of all. But this hardly matters, especially as Barnum, though significant in the history of the amusement business in this country, is hardly a revered figure. Anyway, as embodied by Wallace Beery, he is one of the actor's greatest achievements and one follows his trials and tribulations, setbacks and triumphs, with almost breathless absorption. They begin in New York a hundred years ago when Barnum, a small shopkeeper, collected freaks of nature such as three-headed frogs, opened a public museum for their display and finally through accident hit upon the idea of a traveling exhibition, the forerunner of the circus of to-day. Adolphe Menjou is every inch Mr. Beery's costar, and Virginia Bruce is exquisite.

"HERE IS MY HEART."

Bing Crosby's new musical is different from all his other pictures. It is a sophisticated satire which takes place mostly at Monte Carlo and deals with a millionaire radio crooner and a group of Russian aristocrats. Needless to say Mr. Crosby is the singer who is touring the world aboard his yacht, doing all the whimsical things he determined to do with his first million. His written list includes fishing in the exact middle of the Atlantic Ocean, rescuing a damsel in distress and marrying a princess. Kitty Carlisle combines the last two items, for she has a title but no money and, like other patricians, is living at one of the most expensively beautiful hideouts in the world. In order to be near her, Mr. Crosby masquerades as a waiter and wins first her snobbish scorn and then her whole-hearted love. All this is pleasantly diverting, if not hilarious, and is immensely helped by Roland Young, Alison Skipworth, and Reginald Owen as Russian émigrés who are put to work by Mr. Crosby. It is my suspicion that Mr. Crosby does not sing as well as usual and that both his acting and his crooning show signs of fatigue.
PICTURE PLAY'S HONOR LIST

The most sweeping success of the month is "The Little Minister," the most popular star obviously Katharine Hepburn. She surpasses 'Morning Glory,' and "Little Women" because her acting is finer, more subtle, and graceful.

But do not overlook "The Mighty Barnum" for earthy entertainment nor the loveliness of Virginia Bruce as something to count on in the future. Nor should you fail to give Gloria Swanson the welcome she deserves in "Music in the Air."

"SWEET ADELINE."

Pallid and pretty, this musical gains nothing from the usually vital direction of Mervyn LeRoy, and is, in fact, about as exhilarating as a deflated cream puff although its stage representation had the charming proportions of a popular hit. Something flew out of the window in the transference. At any rate, Hugh Herbert, the comedian, is the most conspicuous and definite contributor. He is good for a laugh every moment he speaks. The period is the Spanish-American War, the scene a beer garden where Irene Dunne, daughter of the proprietor, sings for the patrons and is loved by Donald Woods, a song writer, and is coveted—yes, that's the word—by a slickly amusing villain, Louis Calhern. Progressing to Broadway, these and other characters are mixed up in a stage production, with the addition of others, including a Brunet French actress who is not only Miss Dunne's rival but a foreign spy. As usual, she cuts the rope suspending Miss Dunne's swing in a big number and the prima donna falls in a graceful heap. Upset, yes, but unharmed for the happy ending of a pretentious, empty picture.

"MUSIC IN THE AIR."

At last Gloria Swanson makes a dazzling return to her rightful place on the screen! There are some of her loyal admirers who would not use so trite a word as "comeback" in welcoming her, particularly when she so conclusively exhibits her unique distinction as an artist and a personality. Her inspired pantomime places her far ahead of some newer favorites whose training has been solely on the stage. In this novel, charming and tuneful operetta she is a wildly temperamental prima donna, her vis-à-vis John Boles as an equally insane composer. Into their flare-ups wander Douglas Montgomery and June Lang to disturb the sophisticates with their innocence. This is the merest germ of what it is all about, but take my word for it, the whole thing is utterly lovely. Admirers of Mr. Boles will be start-tied by his madcap characterization which is excellently carried out, and Mr. Montgomery has never given a more winning and forthright performance. June Lang, formerly June Vlasek, has just the right combination of beauty and amateurishness to convince as a stage aspirant who fails.

"FORSAKING ALL OTHERS."

This is the sort of picture that critics frown upon, whether openly or privately, depending on the freedom of expression allowed them, and fans will dote upon. Worshippers of Joan Crawford will be moved to riot and will congratulate Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery on their association with the priestess of the Crawford cult. All this is because the picture is a slick society affair which enables the trio to be cute and whimsical all over the place, their every line a neat wisecrack such as would make the speaker intolerable in real life. Too, they are as acutely sex-conscious as is inevitable in a Crawford film and make a great fuss over anything that seems to compromise a lady's virtue. As, for example, when Miss Crawford spends the night with Mr. Montgomery in a mountain lodge and nobody will believe that airy conversation was their only indulgence. Because, you see, he jilted her to marry another and she has tried to win him back. At the moment she succeeds, however, she decides that she loved Mr. Gable all along and the two sail away leaving Mr. Montgomery in comic bewilderment on the pier.
"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN."
Douglas Fairbanks's British-made picture abounds in beauty. It is supplied by lovely women, enchanting costumes and surpassing settings. And there is nothing more beautiful in this galaxy of natural and artificial comeliness than Merle Oberon. Delicately wraithed and subtly Asiatic-looking, she is the prettiest truly exotic of all the stars, and if you saw her in "The Battles," you know that she is a sensitive actress, too. She hasn't as much to do here as in the French film and is practically all that makes the picture worth while. It isn't that the story is lacking in a Mr. Fairbanks is. Everything is done to give him a character, but he won't cooperate and make a believable or even an interesting person of his Don Juan. He swaggers, but his voice is that of a tired broker who knows his way about the drawing-room and the tea table rather than moonlit trysts and passionate vows. Supposedly he is Don Juan with his youth behind him who discovers that his career as a great lover is ended and who returns to his wife. But Mr. Fairbanks doesn't suggest that he ever was a young Don Juan. Benita Hume, Binnie Barnes are in the cast.

"THE PRESIDENT VANISHES."
Anything but routine, this picture is thoughtful, disturbing. But like other aggressive films, it lacks the courage to go on with its theme and attempts to compromise. Consequently it rates as uncertain entertainment. The story has the United States a stumbling-block in the path of politicians who urge war with a foreign power for personal gain. This is interestingly set forth, gripping in the conflict pictured. Then President Stanley disappears and the shocking news of his kidnaped is broadcast. From then on, the picture starts to solve the mystery of his baffling absence, fastening suspicion in one quarter and then another, intentionally misleading the spectator until finally the box is revealed. The President is dropped out of sight in order to divert public demand for war, thus saving his country. It is all fantastic and unconvincing while this is going on, robbing the first part of its force and courage. But it is stirringly acted, first by Arthur Byron as the President, then by Paul Kelly as a secret-service man, with Janet Beecher, Peggy Conklin, Rosalind Russell, Edward Arnold, Sidney Blackmer and every one else performing brilliantly.

"BABES IN TOYLAND."
A musical fairy tale is unheard of in films except the incomparable Billy Syphonies, but here is one, full-length and check-full of charm, gayety, humor and some of Victor Herbert's unforgettable music. Not all that he wrote for the stage libretto, nor is there yet all of the story-book tale that theater-goers delighted in years ago, but enough music and story to make a thoroughly delightful picture. Though intended for children, it shrewdly presents those adult comics, Laurel and Hardy, at their best as they skillfully perform in the spirit of juvenile make-believe while supplying their own particular brand of fun. They deserve no end of credit for this, and equally, too, does producer Hal Roach share honors for giving us a picture that is as wholesome as a Christmas tree and will give as much joy as long as the film holds together. We have Tom-Tom and Bo-Peep, Mother Goose, and the Three Little Pigs, the Widow Peep who is about to be evicted from her gingerbread home by the most unfeeling of all landlords, and last but not least, the march of the toy soldiers as a dramatic and comforting climax.

"BRIGHT EYES."
Shirley Temple, still uncannily clever as an actress, is as winsome and heart-warming in her new picture as ever, though the film itself is too studied a vehicle to compare with "Little Miss Marker" or "Now and Forever." And there's another child in the picture, a newcomer named Jane Withers, who gives a whirlwind performance. For sheer, ingrained viciousness the character and the acting of la Withers are as compelling as Shirley's fairlylike charm and, it seems to me, more difficult to put over. Anyway, she's a perversely little monster who gives one chill chills to contemplate and she is, of course, the villainess in Shirley's life, the spoiled daughter of the household where Shirley's mother is a maid. There is much, too, about aviators, for Shirley is the daughter of a pilot who died in the service. She is befriended by James Dunn, her father's pal, and she sings something about "happy landing on a chocolate bar" to a group of pilots in a moving plane, she descends in a parachute, is defeated, and goes happily to live with those she loves best. Excellent performances come from Charles Seelion, Lois Wilson, and Mr. Dunn.
Beyond Wildest Dreams

For three years he and Mildred Davis were sweethearts. Shortly before their marriage, in February, 1923, I met them. Clear-cut memories are of evenings in the cottage where “Mild” lived with her folks, she in a short skirt and middy blouse washing the dishes, Harold drying them, while her little brother and I kidded their labor.

With “Safety Last” completed, Mild put aside her career as his leading lady and became his wife. They were married quietly and settled down to the domestic life of any young couple.

Married twelve years, they seldom have been separated for a night except when Mild was in the hospital for the birth of her babies. Mild, of Pennsylvania Quaker ancestry, has done a notable thing, I contend, in that Harold’s great financial success has left her unchanged. She lives now on a scale of which she never dreamed, but she is as sweet and unassuming as in the old days. She meets the sensational exaggerations of Hollywood with neither prudishness nor indulgence, but serenely maintains a balanced middle course.

Descriptions of the Lloyd domicile have stressed its size and cost unreasonably. Finding no blemish in his life to magnify into scandal, the sensation writers have made a headline out of his home. Its furnishings are tasteful and dignified, not at all ostentatious. Harold’s dressing room is typical of him. In the corners are his materials for painting, his present hobby; everywhere are pictures of the youngsters, ivory miniatures, crayon drawings, photographs of things he likes.

The grounds embrace tennis and handball courts, a swimming pool, a nine-hole golf links, green glens and waterfall, a canoe course, a gym and a barbecue. The children have their own thatched playhouse and pony stables.

“I don’t gamble or drink,” Harold once explained, rather than defended, the financial outlay that his estate represents. “I don’t enjoy wild parties. My home is my greatest enjoyment. Why shouldn’t I put some of my money into it? It’s a good, sound investment, and it gives us so much pleasure.”

The dividing line between Los Angeles and Beverly Hills runs through the music room, leading Harold to remark that if the Los Angeles sheriff ever gets after him he can just step behind the piano and evade the law.

The Lloyds entertain quietly, usually old friends like Mary and Doug, May McAvoy Cleary, Gloria Swanson. But he will not permit the publicizing of their social life.

As in his work, so in his home: a steady, reliable husband, wrapped up in his family in a normal companionship. His “big moments” are gifts from the children and preparing surprises for them.

Having no inclination to indulge in the artistic temperament, perhaps he has missed some of those intense heights—and, equally, the deep depressions—of the more volatile actors. He has known no great personal disappointments, has gone through no soul-racking psychological changes.

With his even disposition, he throws off worry easily. “Until you’re dead, there’s always a chance,” he says. He loves action, each morning anticipating a full day, and enjoys frazzling with everybody.

Balance characterizes him in everything. Even his love for his family is a calm devotion rather than a dizzy delirium such as other actors drain to the last drop—and publicize.

When not working, he is up early, and breakfasts heartily; after the half-hour family gathering, he makes for the golf links, where he plays thirty-six holes, with tennis at noon. He golfs even in the rain. I had to drag him off the links in a heavy downpour to answer my questions. Other than his stand-by, golf, he is fickle with fads. Just now it’s painting.

After dinner, likely to feature either pork tenderloin or spareribs and sauerkraut, with any vegetable except spinach, he plays bridge with the children, runs a selected picture for them, or does tricks of legende-main.

The cook’s day off is Harold’s redder letter day, for then Mildred cooks vegetable soup and spaghetti; he thinks no one can prepare these two dishes to compete with her.

His favorite reading is scientific data edited into popular form, such as that by DeKruft, its technicalities made comprehensible to the lay mind. Biographies interest him, too, and some detective stories.

The way they are raising their children is proof of the Lloyds’ fineness and of their determination to train the characters of their little ones. They do not know the value of wealth, despite their having a governor and many pretty clothes.

When either ten-year-old Gloria or Peggy, now nine, wants a new toy, a cherished old one must be given first to an orphanage. They are being taught in that way to earn and to share. Harold, Junior, otherwise known as “Bud,” is not quite four, unable to do much more than to tag after his older sisters.

Most of Harold’s employees have held their jobs for years. His press agent has been with him for fourteen years—the Hollywood record. He believes in engaging people in whom he has confidence and then trusts them to the limit. Because you get back what you give, his faith has been misplaced very rarely.

For seventeen years Harold has played one character, in countless variations of situation, a feat equaled only by Chaplin. For it was in 1917 that he put on the horn-rimmed spectacles with the lenses removed. And, though each screen personality was an individual, the main characteristics of all have been similar.

During all these years, as I see it, Harold has played himself, in his character’s fundamentals. He is a methodical person, seldom given to flights of fancy. He never depends on transient feeling; he builds an edifice of character. Don’t you sense that in his work?

When you analyze his screen self, don’t you see the qualities predominant in his personal self: cleanliness, tenacity, earnestness, a boyish appreciation of humor? Even when in his films he is the fall guy, trapped by a predicament ludicrous to others, he never whines, but immediately sets about working out his problem.

So in life has Harold given his best to every situation and reaped from the years their best. He has expressed that deeper theme in the motion picture, beneath its frivolity. Having served well, he has been well repaid.

GUILTY

“It’s not what Verree Teasdale wears, or what Kay Francis thinks is smart, but it’s what looks well on us. That we should always take to heart.”

And so the stylist pointed out the things that we should always heed.

“Individualism,” said she, “is what the most of us do need.”

I glanced upon my dark-blue suit, Conservative, and oh, so trim, and blushed guiltily—a copy of Claudette Colbert’s latest whim.—Marionette.
Since Hollywood began (we mean the movies, not the town, of course) it has been the butt of more ribald jest than any other city in the world.

In nickelodeon days, derision greeted Hollywood's output. Later, when the Gish girls and Mary Pickford smiled saccharinely from a galloping silver screen and Tom Mix was shootin' em up with a flourish, Hollywood became known as a wild, rootin', tootin' town without a brain in its environs or a moral from Los Angeles to the sea.

To-day, much humor is still aimed at the movies, but it is a refined, more respectful type than of yore. More important, Hollywood is conceded to have brains, even by some of the brainiest persons in the world.

The star who a few years ago was considered more ornamental than intelligent, is to-day credited with at least an excuse for an intellect, if not more. What has happened to Hollywood? Can it be true that stars were formerly merely beautiful but dumb? Is it true that the new generation of stars are both beautiful and clever?

The answer is neatly summed up by Gertrude Street. Miss Street is a schoolmarm. Not the spinster of the little schoolhouse on the hill, but a vivacious young woman who coaches such celebrities as Dickie Moore, Jackie Cooper, Cora Sue Collins, Shirley Temple, and David Holt during their working days on the set. One of the most prominent in her profession, she has been explaining readin', writin', and 'rithmetic to movie kiddies for almost ten years. Surely, no one is better qualified to analyze Hollywood's brains than she.

"Movie stars are a hundred per cent more intelligent to-day than formerly," Gertrude contends, "because they have to be."

The talkies she holds largely responsible. The increasing discrimination of audiences is almost equally important, and competition also plays an important part in the situation.

"Before the advent of talkies," Miss Street explains, "stars had no need for brains. A director sat on the side lines and coached every least move the players made. He told them where to stand, how to look, and what to do while the cameras were grinding. Sound changed all this. Now an actor must have his scene perfect, so that he can go through it with no help at all when the cameras start to grind. The slightest off-stage noise is picked up by the microphone. I doubt if many of yesterday's stars would be capable of going through a long scene to-day."

The public, Gertrude believes, must have something better each year in order to remain interested in any theatrical production, screen or stage. "A few years ago, pictures were a novelty," she says. "Merely seeing pictures move was sufficient to keep up interest. To-day, they are an art."

As to competition, it grows keener each year. With actors from all over the world yearning for a try in Hollywood, a film player must be on his toes every moment. He must be intelligent to hold his job.

A very few of yesterday's stars are still with us. Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, three or four others have maintained their standing with the public by spreading their wings in fields other than the movies. The vast majority are now dead broke and almost forgotten. Alice Lake is glad to get a few days' extra work now and then to keep the wolf from completely devouring her. Elmo Lincoln, the man who put Tarzan on the map, admits he is down and out. Cullen Landis has long been for...
SCHOOL DAYS

Movie children are a hundred per cent more intelligent to-day than formerly, says the teacher of many, and stars, too, are no longer beautiful and dumb. This article is replete with keen observations based on experience with famous youngsters.

gotten. The suicide of Lou Tellegan recently created a sensation in Hollywood.
All these were once in the big money. That most are now struggling for a mere existence proves that they have at least lacked judgment, if nothing else. They are unable to cope with a changing world and to adjust themselves to the new order of things in Hollywood.
The children of the movies who are under the guidance of Gertrude Street are an excellent example of the changing attitude of stars toward learning; for they only reflect the actions of their elders. As to her pupils, Gertrude says:
"Movie children to-day are anxious to learn all they can. They are intelligent and ambitious. Time was when I had to force my pupils to study. Now I find it necessary to ask them not to study. They are so ambitious to learn, that they risk overworking themselves. I never have a free moment on the set. Even in vacation time, the youngsters want to work to perfect themselves in those studies which will prove of advantage toward furthering their careers."
She cited the famous Goldwyn girls as an example. For the past four years, this group of glamorous chorus has been entirely under the supervision of Miss Street. Even in that short period, she says, there has been a marked change in their ideals and mental development.
"When I began teaching the Goldwyn girls, they could think of nothing between scenes except playing cards or fooling with a jigsaw puzzle. Now they realize that to rise from the ranks they must be intelligent.
"English and grammar are specially popular subjects, for the girls realize that to succeed in talkies they must have intelligent, cultivated voices, and they must know how to use the king's English."
Among children of the past whom Miss Street cites as examples are Virginia Lee Corbin and Wesley Barry.
She says: "Virginia was one of the most trying pupils I can remember. She was a smart youngster, but her actions were purely a reflection of her environment and the times. It was almost more than I could do to make her sit still while I tried to explain something, let alone get her to study. She was a nervous, temperamental child, so engrossed in the atmosphere of the studio that she could never sit for a moment without preening herself, fussing with her make-up, arranging her hair. She could never be bothered concentrating on so mundane a thing as school books.
"This is not an indictment of Virginia," Gertrude hastened to add. "All the movie children of that period were the same. They may have been endowed naturally with fine intellects, but they did nothing to develop them."
Baby Peggy Montgomery was, according to Miss Street, another precocious child who could not understand the advantage of cultivating her mind. While she was still quite young, her parents took her away from Hollywood to their Wyoming ranch. Here, completely divorced from the studios, Peggy began to study in earnest. She finally acquired a fine education and developed into a brilliant young woman.
Gertrude thinks that historical films have done much toward popularizing education with her pupils. Such

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Here is Gertrude Street in her studio schoolroom during the filming of a picture, "Born To Be Bad," with Jackie Kelk her interested student.

Little Cora Sue Collins is eager to learn everything that can be taught her because she is a product of the talkies rather than silent films.
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"I'm in town—because—oh, no reason. One does go back to one's home town, doesn't one? I was brought up in New York and I like it. My best friends are here. What do I do? I have fun."

"Fun," Sylvia explained, is visiting friends and relatives, seeing the best of the Broadway output, and general piddling about, including the sending of a live pig to a dignified bank official whose nickname is "Foggy" and whose weakness is playing practical jokes on Sylvia and her mother.

Her list of vacation playmates includes no more important personages than those on her list at any other time.

"Important people scare me," she said frankly. "I'm always afraid that they won't remember they've met me. I wouldn't know what to do. In Hollywood I just dodge or stand around until some one introduces me all over again. I've been introduced to one man twenty times and he always bows as though he'd never seen me before."

In Hollywood, Sylvia is rather a recluse, which seems a little odd for a girl in her position. But it doesn't bother her at all. She's been misquoted about the reasons for her isolation in that busy world, and she doesn't like that because she doesn't like to be thought a snob.

"Some one has said I was fed up with Hollywood, that I didn't like the people there, that I snooted Joan Crawford. I met Miss Crawford once and was scared stiff. I had just finished my first picture and I was as little concerned then as now with my importance.

"But I knew all about Joan Crawford, about her stacks of fan mail and the lines of people waiting outside the theaters to see her pictures."

"She's so definitely important that I couldn't think of a thing to say. I was so nervous I didn't eat my lunch. Since then I've seen her once. She was driving in her car and I was walking, so she didn't see me."

"Should she be concerned? Sylvia isn't a bit disturbed about the lack of her popularity among film luminaries. She has reasons, all good, sensible reasons.

"I've been told that people shy

away from me because I have a Theater Guild background. Which is funny if you know the extent of my connection with the Guild. I went to the school and Mr. Winthrop Ames gave me one of the most precious things I have—to-day—my voice.

"I'd been an only child, babied, petted, encouraged to remain a baby. Consequently my voice was way up, high-pitched and childish. Mr. Ames told me I could never be an emotional actress with that voice and finally taught me to place my voice correctly. Not long after I got my voice in the right place, I was politely asked to leave the Guild school because I stayed out with a boy till midnight. So if any one considers me a Guild-ed girl he's wrong."

Nothing is more remote from Sylvia's real self than vanity. She cherishes no notions that she ought to be consulted in the choice of her stories, though she has reason to believe that past selections could have better displayed her abilities. She accepts authority, does the work apportioned to her and adjusts her entire life to meet the needs of that work. All done without fuss or fits.

"To me," she said after serious contemplation over a teacup, "Hollywood is a place where I work. I would honestly rather be alone than with people who are essentially strangers, who don't care about me, whom I don't know well enough to care much about. There are about four or five persons who make up my little world and they are not in Hollywood—except my mother who is usually there with me."

Perhaps she is selfish, but her life is very comfortable and it pleases her as it is. Whereupon your ruthless reporter unkindly intimated that life had been known to change, to become unsatisfactory and even uncomfortable without that renowned companion, love."

"I'd better wait till I'm asked," said Sylvia.

But her eyes pointed upward in their fetching, mysterious smile, "I'm feeling that he would always want to read the book I'm in the middle of, or that he'd want my magazines and then forget where he put them—or that he'd want to go places when I wanted just to sit around and relax. Think of that! Whew! My work might go to pieces."

More seriously, Sylvia concludes, from what she has seen of marriage in general, that it requires two persons who can maintain their sense of balance, enough of it to be able to compromise. And when compromise, in the small as well as the big things, isn't possible, divorce looms.

"It must be an awful painful process for any one. For picture people it's little worse because of the publicity. And what such an emotional ripping-apart wouldn't do to your work!"

There we were again. Everything led to work, work, work. Nothing else seemed quite so touch that serenity of hers, that acceptance of things as they are, that surface that seems to cover and screen the Sylvia who so successfully plumbs emotional depths in her work.

Tea was finished and the cinnamon toast was winking, as neglected toast does. Sylvia was escorting me to the door when a wire arrived. She shuddered, explained that wires always produce shudders, opened it and flung her arms about a friend with complete abandon. In fact, the serene Sylvia jumped up and down with childish glee and emitted sounds that must have been hangovers from the pre-Guild school days.

"It's from the studio," she bubbled. "They say the picture is previewed last night and the audience liked it! They liked it! Then I must have been good!"

I sighed and went out into the cold canyon of Park Avenue. Up and down its sedate length lights glowed behind draped windows, cars purred along its ribbon of street carrying erect ladies who seemed suddenly under strain, all sorts of strain. No one into whose face I peered seemed satisfied, even justified. New York itself seemed to be trying to reach a million objectives, to scurry in several directions at once.

Sylvia's slow-measured stride seemed a good one. Perhaps she's right and the things most women work themselves into headaches over—clothes, popularity, recreation—are all unstable. If work well done is the only lasting happiness, Sylvia Sidney has what she wants.

They Say in New York—


He once paid the same tribute to
They Say in New York—

on in New York hoping for another play. She is the sort of girl that you would like to see get a lucky break. So let’s hope she does.

The Broadway Magnet.—The irresistible lure of the stage has drawn several popular players from Hollywood. Leslie Howard is in “The Petrified Forest.” Walter Connolly sent word that he would meet all playwrights in the Grand Central Station, at his hotel, or at any spot marked X. Alice Brady, despite the difficulty of moving her large family of dogs, has decided that a play would offer her a more zestful life than Hollywood does.

Elusive Opportunity.—At the RKO studio, Julie Haydon got considerably better roles, but even so she was engaged in a struggle to stay where she was, with little hope of getting ahead. So when Arthur Hopkins sent for her and offered the second lead in a stage play, she dashed East, eager to embrace opportunity. At rehearsals, old stagers marveled at her deftness. Outside the theater trickled the words “That Haydon girl’s got something.” But there won’t be any Broadway first night and its consequent Hollywood hurrah for Miss Haydon just now. The play closed after a try-out in Philadelphia.

Feeling that she has lost ground during her several weeks’ absence, Miss Haydon does not know whether to go back to Hollywood or to stay there’s nothing spidery about Iris Adrian in spite of her costume. It’s just something she threw around herself between changes for “Rumba.”

Picture producers will persist in thinking of her as a comédienne and a too mature one at that. Katharine Hepburn is determined to play “Pride and Prejudice” on the stage although advisers think a more spirited vehicle would be a better risk. And Blanche Sweet, early favorite in the films, is trying the stage in support of Leslie Howard.

She’s the Top.—Probably the most envied girl in New York at the moment is Ethel Merman. The stage-struck envy her because she is not only playing in “Anything Goes,” the most sensational hit on Broadway, but she’s practically walking away with it. Other screen players envy her because the current Eddie Cantor picture is making friends for her throughout the land, and Sam Goldwyn wants her for another next summer. Players past their twenties wish they had their tireless, radiant youth. Prima donas wish they had her patience in dealing with all comers—autograph collectors, testimonial seekers, charity-ball promoters, and lion hunters. And moody people who are inclined to wonder about the meaning of it all, whether “It” is success or failure, would like to toss introspection to the winds and be like the splendidly vociferous Miss Merman.

Prima Donna on Tour.—Pausing for interviews during her concert tour, Grace Moore has been taking potshots at the ignorance of picture producers, and in her modest way claiming credit for introducing the best scenes in her picture. All ready for a dispatch when one more such outburst of hers appears in print, is a telegram from an executive of the company which tried in vain to make her a success in pictures before Columbia succeeded in doing so. “Remember,” the telegram says, “one Hollywood success is just a lucky break opening the way to a career. Stop talking and just sing.”

Still in the Importing Business.—MGM is importing Antoinette Cellier from London to make some pictures, and Universal has acquired a Hungarian review actress named Eole Galli. Both are boomed as great discoveries. What always puzzles me, a veteran hand-shaker and well-wisher of foreign stars, is what becomes of them after they go to Hollywood and make one picture? What was ever done for Benita Hume or Binnie Barnes, for Wera Engels or Tala Birell, Dorothy Wick or Lil Dagover? Is Mady Christians to have a better break than “Wicked Woman” gave her?

Janet Gaynor Gets Prize.—The loveliest play of the season, “The Farmer Takes a Wife,” has been bought at a fabulous price for Janet Gaynor. Janet may be perfectly happy with Charlie Farrell, if she forlornly comes to New York and see the play. But if she ever sees Harry Fonda, the ex-husband of Margaret Sullivan, in the hero rôle on the stage, Janet might well put her determined foot down and cry, “I must have him.” He is one of the really important sights, because of his charm as well as his statuesque good looks.
Do Stars Really Hate the Public?

Just to show how good-humored he is about the postponement of "Kids on the Cuff," Max Baer takes a few turns with Iris Adrian.

But Ann has always had a hard time wearing it. She is naturally too warm-hearted. However, since her illness she, too, is fleeing the world. Illness, it is said, is what helped drive Garbo into her shell.

Came Hepburn, with the Garbo ideal enshrined in her consciousness. Came then Sullivan who, it is declared, received admonitions about how to behave in Hollywood from Kate. And soon, with this build-up of adherents, it may become all the thing—this whoop-de-doo of aloofness.

Said aloofness is often of the most put-on sort. Even Garbo when she goes to New York never hides in a quiet out-of-the-way hotel as Lillian Gish did when she truly tried to lead a private life. Instead, Miss Garbo registers at the St. Moritz, which is generally chock-full of professional folk. Miss Gish had a sincere desire to avoid scrutiny of bold eyes in her heyday, but Garbo goes nowhere without a huge fanfare. Consider the recent Arizona trip with Ronald Reagan and Marilyn Monroe, and the Hollywood "seemingly sought at Palm Springs (of all places!)" with George Brent. It's almost like choosing the top of the Empire State Building. And all this in spite of the fact that Garbo's physical condition, as before suggested, is supposed to be driving her deeper and deeper into a nightlike obscurity.

Older celebrities of the theatrical world took all the to-do over themselves much more easily, Sarah Bernhardt was constantly interviewed, and when did Marlene Dietrich ever miss seeing the press and talking to them, always a bit spectacularly? The great Eleanor Duse, on her first visit to America, was seen by newspapermen.

At her peak Maude Adams was one of the stars not interviewed, but she never was in the least unladylike in her attitude toward admirers, and never declined to be pleasant when caught in a corner by some of them. Her life was very liberally publicized through the efforts of the Charles Frohman organization, better indeed than Garbo, considering all the conflicting and often ridiculous stories that are printed about her.

The stars who really do best for themselves are the few who talk intelligently about things, and who really give stories. Marie Dressler, during her lifetime, and when she was well, was perfectly capable of this, and she remained a box-office top-notch to her death. Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer (in the past) and Jean Harlow have similarly prospered. Wallace Beery has inspired some great yarns, even though he isn't free with interviews, and wants to know whom he is talking to. Even Will Rogers is occasionally quoted, although he is a subject who requires expert and almost dictaphonelike handling, and he will never indulge in an interview as such.

Constance Bennett has made good copy, and so also Gloria Swanson, bales of it—though she has avoided talking very much since seen about with Herbert Marshall.

Shirley Temple is allowed to talk on the set, though kept away from all public affairs, even benefits.

Miss Hepburn is about the only one who has to be forced into the ordeal, and even she weakens occasionally.
Men Can't Take It

No great fan favorite is ever recognized as such by employers until the letters begin to roll in. Efforts to create such idols have ever ended in failure. And when he does arrive history will repeat itself. Acclaim—fame—waning popularity—and the sacrificial block.

The majority of our romantic film kings became so by creating a new vogue. When the public became satiated the actor was unable to change his type. Versatility has kept Ramon Novarro and Richard Barthelmess in high popularity for more than twelve and seventeen years, respectively. Both these men have much to offer. Most of the great but ephemeral idols were only colorful personalities.

Now let us look for a moment at the outstanding screen actresses of to-day and yesterday.

You remember Virginia Weidler in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," of course. She was Europa, who was always threatening to hold her breath, Next she will be in "Father Brown, Detective."

No great romantic film queen has been taken by death.

Mary Pickford had more than twenty years of screen fame.

Norma Talmadge had more than fifteen years of stellar success before she became too wealthy and pampered to take her work seriously. The career of Lilian Gish in the movies lasted as long as that of Miss Talmadge, and she has since won greater laurels on the stage.

Gloria Swanson, the mother of two children, is still a favorite after sixteen successful years.

Marguerite Clark married and retired while still in high favor, and Pauline Frederick returned to the stage at the height of her movie fame.

Alta Nazimova rose to screen heights, lost some of her popularity, then returned to the drama for occasional appearances.

Marion Davies has remained a star since 1920, and Bebe Daniels had many years of stellar billing before stepping down to leads.

Alice Joyce, a charming star of long ago, married, retired, and reared two children.

Dorothy Dalton left the movies for the stage, and quite a furor she created in the role of the legendary "Aphrodite."

Virginia Pearson’s career was blasted by an auto accident which left her face scarred.

Valeska Suratt, a minor siren, returned to vaudeville—which she should never have left.

Corinne Griffith, after more than ten years of stardom, had never been more popular than at the time of her retirement.

So far as I can see, the only great screen queens whose careers have ended or dwindled from fan neglect are Theda Bara, Clara Kimball Young, Pola Negri, and Colleen Moore. The public tired, it must be admitted, of the exotic Theda, the regal Clara, and the flapperish Colleen. Miss Bara recently returned to a local stage in "Bella Donna," and charmed anew with her lovely voice and presence. The Misses Young and Moore make an occasional picture. As for the colorful and talented Pola, her own poor judgment was responsible for her lost screen popularity.

Of our once popular romantic actresses who have passed on—Lloyd, Williams, Reid, Valentino, and Dustin Farnum, the careers of at least seven others, Costello, Bushman, Hart, Kerrigan, Meighan, Ray, and William Farnum, were cast into partial or total eclipse by fan fickleness.

The lower percentage of physical and artistic mortality among actresses is not due to an easier life. Actually they work harder than the men, and many of them have taken time out to have babies.

There seems to be no logical reason why women should be able to withstand longer the rigors of picture-making. Perhaps the feminine constitution and disposition are better suited to the fantastic demands of the world of make-believe. Fans have less reason to tire of an actress for, as I have just mentioned, she may at any moment step forth with a changed face, differently colored hair, strange clothing, and a readjusted personality. If an actor tried any such innovation all it would net him would be a canceled contract.
The CLAIRE DODD MYSTERY

by Malcolm H. Oettinger

Claire Dodd is a dramatic-looking beauty, with real red hair, a retrausse nose, an irreproachable figure and long, slender hands. She is Warners' most consistent villainess, but nothing is ever heard of her except on the screen. Why doesn't she play leads and why has she no part in Hollywood's social life?

HOLLYWOOD is a veritable breeding ground for mystery. There are more inexplicable things happening than Sherlock Holmes, Philo Vance, and their stooges could unravel in a book as big as "Anthony Adverse."

Why was Philip Merivale brought to the Coast and allowed to languish for twelve months, under contract, without ever playing a role?

Why was the stage play "All Good Americans" purchased, only to have the dialogue discarded in toto, the plot forgotten, title changed, and a male lead written in as an afterthought?

How does Lionel Atwill manage to get one part after another when such an artist as Henry B. Walthall is seen but rarely?

There are a dozen more strange questions that no one in Hollywood seems able to answer. One mystery I was baffled by finally offered a solution: the mystery of Claire Dodd.

For years Miss Dodd has been decoratively employed in Warner pictures as a lovely menace. She is inevitably a faithless baggage, deployed to lure the hero from his fiancée or, worse, the husband from his very hearth. She is dynamite in the boudoir sequences; the other woman with a sense of humor; the bad girl who grew up and went to Paris. She is Warners’ most consistent villainess.

Yet you never hear of Miss Dodd away from her work. You read nothing of her homing pigeons, her sand box, her private apiary, or her latent talent for hemstitching. She is the least known girl in Hollywood, considering her prominence in pictures.

At Warners they were only too glad to arrange a rendezvous for me with Miss Dodd, but they seemed a trifle surprised that any one would want to X-ray that particular actress. She seemed to occupy the niche that harbored Myrna Loy for so long. Myrna was a mystery woman at Warners; finally she moved over to Metro-Goldwyn and better parts, established herself as a comedienne, and bloomed radiantly.

In the Warner commissary, a bright, colorful spot, Miss Dodd faced me across the luncheon table. She is a dramatic-looking beauty, with red hair, a retrausse nose, an irreproachable figure, and long, slender hands. Her eyes are the real feature. Her eyes are sophisticated and ingenious at the same time, widening with surprise, narrowing with anger, quizzical normally.

She, too, was surprised at being requisitioned for an interview. She was perfectly agreeable and very charming, but underneath it all she felt that it was rather silly, I think.

"There’s nothing to be said of me," she announced conclusively. "I make pictures, when they’ll have me, and I live a delightfully uneventful life at home, with the same husband I married three years ago." She smiled disarmingly. "Not much there, is there?"

By the time we had finished our lamb chops, however, more of the mystery had been unearthed.

I found out why Claire Dodd was always a menace, never a heroine. And why she is never photographed here and there, as are most players. And why she mingles with none of the Hollywood cliques. And how she happened into pictures.

"I was preparing for college, not particularly interested in pictures, when I made a test for Whoopee.” You remember Ziegfeld supervised it personally. I returned to school near San Francisco, and one day I was amazed to receive a wire from the Goldwyn studio. They wanted me for the picture;"

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CONSIDERING Claire Dodd's beauty and intelligence, it is strange that she has been overlooked by the magazines as well as by Warners, who only see her as a prowling menace to the domestic security of their screen heroines. Anyhow, Malcolm H. Oetinger's face-to-face report of the lovely Dodd on the opposite page is not lacking in appreciation of her.
"The County Chairman," a famous play of many years ago, comes to the screen with Will Rogers in the title rôle, which might have been written for him. Homespun philosophy and good-natured tolerance and shrewdness as well as furthering romance among the young people—you've often seen Mr. Rogers shine in this characterization.

Kent Taylor and Evelyn Venable are becoming one of the most popular teams in pictures and again they are with Mr. Rogers in this, Miss Venable—who recently became Mrs. Hal Mohr—looking especially attractive in the gowns of 1902. Others in the cast are Louise Dresser, who knows her way around in a Rogers film, Mickey Rooney, Berton Churchill, and Frank Melton. The latter's flair for creating small-town character makes his every appearance interesting.
ANN Dvorak, right, goes into her dance as a night-club performer, a rôle that's new for Ann who has always been identified with more serious work heretofore. Alice White, seen with Allen Jenkins, gets a good break, too, in a typical wise-cracking rôle which she plays as no one else can. Then there's Helen Morgan, incomparable torch singer, Ned Sparks, Robert Armstrong, Philip Reed, and many other favorites. Miss Morgan and Mr. Vallée sing the majority of songs, of course, and there are bound to be some hits among them.

RUDY CASTS HIS SPELL

Rudy Vallée is starred in a big Warner musical, than which nothing could be bigger. The title is "Sweet Music" and it is genial, glittering and gorgeous, with plenty of opportunities for Rudy and the remarkable cast.
HANS JARAY plays Schubert, with our own Helen Chandler as Emmie, a languishing sweetheart. They are seen, right. Above is Marta Eggerth as Schubert's high-born love who jilts him. The poor composer's grief is so great that he tears pages out of his symphony so that it shall ever remain unfinished, like his love.
"Mystery Woman" has even more than its title to intrigue the fan. For one thing, that admirable Australian actress, Mona Barrie, thereto conspicuously brunette, now becomes a ravishing blonde. Another attraction, one to test the loyalty of fans, is the reappearance of Rod La Rocque, with Gilbert Roland and John Halliday to increase the high standard of acting.

THE story is of a wife's devotion to her husband and her tireless efforts to remove from his name the stigma of treason and free him from life incarceration on Devil's Island. Miss Barrie is this resourceful wife, Mr. La Rocque her grateful husband, while Mr. Roland and Mr. Halliday are adventurers.
"The White Cockatoo" takes place in a strange hotel where hair-raising occurrences are accepted as a matter of course by the lodgers but promise to curdle the blood of spectators, which is as it should be in mystery stories on the screen.

**THIS** is a new type of rôle for Jean Muir, the heroine, who is seen, above, with those tried and true trouperers, Gordon Westcott, Ruth Donnelly, and Addison Richards. She stands, right, with Ricardo Cortez, and with Minna Gombell and John Eldredge, below.

**MISS MUIR** has lived in the strange French hotel all her life, but you feel, when seeing the picture, that she is doomed to early death unless she escapes and has a quiet night for a change. Then, finally, a cockatoo puts a stop to the horrors by clearing up the mystery behind them.
MR. LAUGHTON is Ruggles, a typical, sedate English valet who is transported by ludicrous circumstances to the United States where his odd viewpoint and appearance create a sensation in the Western city known as Red Gap. He is seen with Mary Boland, right, in a frolicksome mood.

MR. LAUGHTON again is seen with Miss Boland, left, as the English butler she brings back from Europe to astonish the natives. It isn't long, however, before Ruggles turns Red Gap topsy-turvy and Miss Boland's social pretensions make her a laughingstock. Charles Ruggles, himself, below.

EXCITEMENT

Charles Laughton, considered by many the greatest of all actors, sets out to prove his versatility by attempting rollicking, mad comedy in "Ruggles of Red Gap," one of the outstanding examples of American humor at its best.
"The Gilded Lily" provides popular Claudette Colbert with a light-comedy rôle as well as introduces a new leading man, Fred MacMurray, besides giving unusual opportunity to one who is already well known, Ray Milland.

MR. MILLAND, with Miss Colbert, above, is a visiting Englishman who befriends her in the subway. She is only an office girl in love with Mr. MacMurray, a reporter. He is with her at the top of the page. But what with one trick of fate and another, Miss Colbert becomes famous as a night-club entertainer with both men crazy about her. All this is told gayly, light-heartedly, and we think you will like it.
Hollywood High Lights

Janet Gaynor. Other leading stars in order are Wallace Beery, Mae West, Joan Crawford, Bing Crosby, Shirley Temple, Norma Shearer, Katharine Hepburn, Joe E. Brown, Claudette Colbert, Jean Harlow, Edie Cantor, Dick Powell, George Arliss, Warner Baxter, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, together, and Jimmy Cagney. How do you like them?

Lilian Gets a Chance.—Lilian Harvey at last got her break in pictures, and curiously enough the man to give her the chance was Harry Cohn, the producer, who is becoming known as the discoverer of lost tal-

ent. It was he who presented Grace Moore with such success in "One Night of Love." The picture that brings Lilian back to the screen is "Once a Gentleman," in which Tullio Carminati, who was seen with Miss Moore, will be her leading man. She waited all of six months for the opportunity.

A Modern Wife.—One of the domestic oddities of Hollywood is to hear Mrs. Paul Muni speak of her husband. She never calls him by his first name when talking of him to a third person. She always says "Muni is doing this," or "Muni said that." It's all very modern.

A Family Custom.—Glenda Farrell has a young son of whom she is very proud. He also is exhibiting acting talent. He goes to a school where occasionally plays are staged. Glenda is full of the old Nick. So she visits the theater and sits in the front row and gives her young son the razz. "He has so much poise, though, that it doesn't bother him a bit," said Glenda. "Maybe I wouldn't do it if he hadn't." Incidentally, razzing has been a family custom; Glenda has two cousins who always hiss her in the theater.

Clara a Mother!—What a change in the destiny of Clara Bow—her arrival at motherhood! The "It" girl of a few years ago has utterly changed her life. Perhaps it is the finest evolution of the kind ever chronicled in Hollywood. Strangely enough, while she isn't seen often in pictures, Clara is still mentioned in many popularity polls. She has never been forgotten by the fans. Which isn't true of most stars who drop out of sight. There is no telling when, if ever, she will be seen again since the birth of her son.

Whirlwind Start and Finish.—Bad luck in her marriage only seemed to signify good luck for June Knight on the screen. She won the lead in "Redheads on Parade" just about the time she was breaking up with Paul Ames. Theirs goes on record as the shortest wedded life of any, with the exception of Madge Bellamy's brief matrimonial plunge a few years ago. And by the way, Madge is being seen about socially quite a bit nowadays.

The Paul Ames-June Knight wedding collapsed after thirteen days when Miss Knight filed suit for divorce alleging that her husband's friend, Murray Stern, attended them too closely. She asks $1,200 monthly alimony.

Grace Moore Gets Rich.—Grace Moore is beginning to reap the big rewards that come to those who are a success in pictures. Only in her instance one of the bright opportunities arrived outside of the movies. She received some $25,000 for an engagement at an auto show in San Francisco, the same show that Maurice Chevalier sang at a year ago. Miss Moore also shared in the profits of her picture "One Night of Love," and was she smart in making that kind of deal? She only took a very small amount for the actual job, but the percentages are running very high.

Pensive Farewells.—The final chapter of the Marlene Dietrich-
Josef von Sternberg association has been written. Marlene pensive bid her director farewell as a professional partner. Ernst Lubitsch now has her in charge, and one may expect to see a lighter type of character evolved by the star under his leadership. Throughout the filming of "Caprice Espagnole," the final Von Sternberg picture, Rudolph Sieber assisted. Aiding Dietrich's husband in his aim to learn more about American films was a final kindly gesture on Von Sternberg's part. Besides, he and Sieber admire each other greatly. And whatever the reports to the contrary, Marlene herself feels a very keen loyalty to her discoverer.

Exhibiting Doll's House.—Colleen Moore has bobbed into the spotlight in a peculiar way. She is going to become a sort of architectural exhibitor. The reason is that she plans to display to the world the doll's house which she has for so long been working on—creating it and building it. This curiosity is elaborate and complete in every detail, beautifully ornamented, and is said to have cost several hundred thousand dollars, though the figure is a little difficult to swallow. Colleen expects to realize a great deal of money from exhibiting this doll's house, which was formerly just a hobby of hers. She will donate the proceeds to crippled children.

Midsummer Madnesses.—Puck may well recite that line, "What fools these mortals be!" before the filming of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is over. One of the quaintest remarks made anent this Shakespearean adventure was when Joe E. Brown, after being assigned a rôle, declared facetiously: "Now at last I'm doing what I always should have done on the screen." Joe wanted to know additionally if he should yell "U-h-h-la-upton" in some part of the play. Victor Jory had the oddest experience when he, as Oberon, was asked to ride an elk. He drew the line at that, because even the cowboys wouldn't mount the beast. The picture is to be made with innumerable masks worn by the characters. James Cagney, as Bottom will wear an ass's head. Which is going to be something new for Jimmy.

Hollywood High Lights

You remember Mala, of course, who distinguished himself in "Eskimo." Here he is, his furs forsaken, ready for "Typee," a picture of the tropics.

Sten's Hubby Clicks.—Anna Sten's husband, Doctor Eugene Frenke, is becoming a big-shot director. He had made a film called "Life Returns," which exploits the experiences of bringing dogs back to life carried on by a certain university professor in the West. Universal, which is releasing the picture, is all whooped up about it, and it is already being given a big hallyhoo.

Was DeMille's Face Red?—Cecil B. DeMille was soundig the praises of his hero Richard the Lionhearted in "The Crusades." He was dilating on the prowess and strength of the man. "He had wrists of steel, arms of marble, and a chest big enough for ten legions to march on, while with his sword he could sweep a score of men off their feet," quoth DeMille.

Two writers assigned to pep up the picture were listening. They were cynical about it all. Said one, turning lazily to the other: "What does it all sound like to you?" he inquired.

"Sounds to me," replied the other, "like he was a big sissy." Whereupon DeMille adjourned the meeting.

Bouts of the Month.—That boxing match between Jack Oakie and Rex Lease was just no match at all. Lease took a swing at the comedy star and village cut-up but it didn't land. He never hit him on the chin, despite all the reports. Jack was in a terrible fix because of it all. He had an option coming up right at that inopportune moment. A big argument but no blows struck was also recorded a week or so later, with Frank Fay and Edward Mannix, a studio executive, as the participants. They had a table between them while they harangued in the Brown Derby.

Bing, the Valiant.—Bing Crosby proved what a good sport he can be on all occasions at a Mayfair party recently. Frank Fay was attempting to induce celebrities to perform, and none would come forward, though Fay called on all the leading lights of the colony. Bing with a husker throat than usual, due to a cold, got up and warbled and saved the day.

Nomadic Helen.—Helen Hayes is now just a commuter to Hollywood. The finishing of a picture is the signal for her departure. She is still chanting her psalm of praise for the stage. She will faithfully spend a portion of each year on the boards. Also Helen has decided that she is a gypsy. She wants to wander the world when she isn't doing anything else.

Kiddies, Watch Your Manners!

Continued from page 45

behavior is "One More River," in which Diana Wynyard moves with grace and dignity.

A small thing perhaps, yet one of the many little things that unconsciously influence the standards of the public to more gracious living was the courtesy with which she greeted her servants upon her return to England after prolonged absence in India, her interested inquiries about this one and that, the friendliness and kindly consideration for others which mark the real lady.

Trying days followed this homecoming. Yet the dignity with which she conducted herself through harrowing ordeals of courtroom scenes, her refusal to gossip or reveal her husband's mistreatment, as contrasted with the obvious curiosity of her friends, were the expression of what we like to call etiquette de luxe. Meaning the good manners one is born with or that one has learned and assimilated until they are unconsciously observed. The effect is subtle and unintended, but the more potent for that reason.

Finally, if you ever feel, as most of us do at times, that life is a game of grab the fork you want, discard illusion, expect nothing—remember the story unfolded in "The House of Rothschild" that most beautiful of pictures, a story rich in tradition, in loyalties, in faith, courage, and idealism. And especially remember the words spoken by George Arliss, who has immortalized the character of Rothschild—"To trade with dignity, to live in dignity, to walk the world with dignity."

That embodies just about everything, doesn't it? One could read a book on etiquette from cover to cover and find no better definition of what manners really are.
How Lines Are Learned

Continued from page 43

Pat Paterson, too, will go for a long drive until she knows the following day’s dialogue by heart, her maid acting as prompter.

Visitors to Ramon Novarro’s set often find a wildly waving figure stalking up and down, talking to himself. Upon closer observation, it will be discovered that it is Novarro himself, learning his lines for the next scene. As he walks, he plays the character, gesticulating and talking as though he were already in front of the camera.

Joan Crawford is another who studies on the set, although her plan does not call for the vocal calisthenics in which Ramon seems to delight. She sits and studies quietly, quite oblivious to every one about her, until she is satisfied. Then she will walk about the stage and rehearse to herself in a whisper, with slight gestures. Whispering one’s lines is said to be one of the fastest routes toward retentiveness.

If you think Henry Armetta, the Italian comedian, is funny on the screen, you should see him in the throes of memorizing a part. He prances, he runs, then slows to a walk, reciting aloud whatever lines are his to learn from the script. He strikes his forehead a crashing blow with his open palm, just as he does in his pictures, and the sounds emanating from his immediate vicinity would indicate the presence of a dying man. But once on the set, he never blows up, as the saying goes. Will Rogers waits until he’s on the set and the camera is ready, then says, “Well, what’s the gag here?” He repeats the lines to himself a time or two, then is ready to go into action. Instinctively, he can feel when a word or phrase isn’t natural, and changes it. When the scene is made, he may say something entirely different from the lines given him, and generally they’re an improvement on the original. Rogers, though, is an exceptional case, and very few could ever hope to pattern themselves after him.

There’s another actor, however, a star of renown, who works much along the lines followed by Rogers. He never knows his lines thoroughly, for the reason that he has a miserably memory. None other than the lovable Wallace Beery.

Wally goes over his lines superficially, to get the sense, then goes to work. He is enabled, this way, to ad lib—use his own words and phraseology and make the part more natural. But mark you will agree that Wally’s lines never sound stilled.

Ralph Bellamy is remarkably quick to memorize, and in theater parlance is known as a quick study. Many players, such as James Cagney, Margaret Sullavan, Gary Cooper, Norma Shearer, Alan Hale, George Raft, John Boles, come under this classification.

He reads through the entire script once, then studies ten pages at a time. He has so much stock experience behind him that he need go over the lines but three or four times to learn then perfectly. This is no unusual feat in the theater, many actors memorizing a complete play after having read it through several times.

Only one spot will suffice in the case of Mae West, and that is in her downy bed. Even on the set, when new lines are added, or serious changes made in the dialogue, the buxom blonde insists upon retiring to her dressing room, where she may recline on her couch. She can relax more fully, she says, in this position and in closing her eyes the words are imprinted in her mind.

Always a seasoned trouper, Glenda Farrell is letter-perfect in her lines when she reports on the set. That’s why she whisks away her wait scanning a magazine until she is called.

Both Jean Muir and Alice Faye stand before full-length mirrors to read their lines. Miss Muir watches her posture in particular while repeating the lines, observes every angle, and tries to perfect herself in the part. The deep-throated Alice pays attention especially to her mouth formation, and as she speaks she practices different facial expressions in an effort to be as natural as possible.

Shirley Temple’s mother reads the script to the coddly bundle of sweetness as a story, rereading it again and again. The night before each day’s work she goes over Shirley’s lines for that day, until the little starlet knows her part to perfection. In the morning, before leaving for the studio, the lines are repeated, and there have been very few occasions on which the young actress missed a syllable.

Cora Sue Collins, who played Garbo as a child in “Queen Christina,” studies her lines with her mother, too, and is the envy of many other players because of the ease with which she memorizes. Baby Jane, the three-year-old, who amazed in “Imitation of Life,” regards each character in the scenario as a real person, her mother telling her the story in her own words. She teaches the child the idea of what she has to say, then the words come naturally and easily, for Baby Jane is something of a prodigy, and not only masters her own lines, but those of all the other principals as well.

Stage and screen veteran that she is, May Robson studies her lines by the “photographic” method. She studies the looks of the page before her, fixing in her mind the location of each of her speeches on the page. Then she memorizes the wording.

After she has committed to memory several pages, she can tell almost exactly where each speech is placed on a page. The process extends even to the point where she can close her eyes and “see” the zeros and type in which they occur on the script.

Glenda Farrell always reads her lines aloud, in this way impressing upon her hearing the sound of the words as well as to give them the proper shading. She rehearses the night before the scenes are to be shot, until she knows she can do no better. Then she completely forgets the next day’s work, and, just before going under the lights, runs over the lines again.

Thorough in everything she performs, Jean Harlow carefully reads the script fifteen times, without trying particularly to remember any lines. She does this to get the whole ensemble in her mind, then starts memorizing her individual sets of lines.

Intensive study is accorded his lines by Warner Baxter, who works out the action and details of his role as he reads through the script. He always rehearses his lines to himself on the set, going to a far corner of the stage to give them audible expression before going into a scene.

W. W. Will always carries his script with him days before a picture stars—at meals, while driving, walking, and so on. Helen Hayes goes into her dressing room and shuts herself in, learning her lines silently and slowly.

Every player follows his own system in learning lines. Some are quick, others have to dig, but the majority have their own peculiarities in preparing for their roles.
The Fate of Your Fan Letter

Carl Brisson has waited long for a follow-up of "Murder at the Vanities," but he's getting his innings in "All the King's Horses," with Katherine Demille.

Your letter should sound like this: "I'm getting a mailing permit, so that I can handle my fan mail more efficiently. You see, I have the envelopes printed with the number of my mailing permit, which saves the government the expense of printing stamps and saves me the work of licking them!"

You can use the envelope as a way to address your letter to the star, or you can have it autographed. Many stars have their names and autographs on their envelopes, so you can use this as a way to introduce yourself to the star.

Remember to be polite and courteous in your letter. The star will appreciate your attention to detail and thoughtfulness.

Your letter should not be too long or too short. A good rule of thumb is to keep it around a page or two in length. Be sure to include all the details the star needs to know, such as your name, address, and any special requests you may have.

Finally, be patient. It may take some time for the star or their team to respond to your letter. But don't give up hope! Keep sending letters and maybe you'll get a response from your favorite star.
“We have about five capable directors, and many brilliant writing minds, eager to create replicas of life. But the puny, pukey supervisors veto their efforts. Finally, they resign themselves to turning out the junk their bosses demand. Knowing themselves to be traitors to their artistic consciences, they realize the futility of protest.

“What we need is new producing blood, and it’s creeping in. Have you noticed the number of new producers? Little, independent fellows with courage, who are turning out good things here and there.”

Instead of gawking himself, Bickford has replaced his italics with capitals. He wears the same manner toward all: a bluntness that bristles with remarks brutally frank. Accused of putting on an act, he only shrugs and disclaims interest in what people think who object to truth. His violence is verbal. He seldom gesticulates. His denunciatory comments are phrased in grammatical fluency, bespeaking a cultured mind.

And how has Hollywood met his offensive? By reprisals? Oh, no. Hollywood’s answer has been offers galore.

He probably is the only actor, contract or free-lance, who has not taken a salary cut! Instead of ignoring his bombastic attacks, the producers have kept him busy—on his own terms. “East River” was followed by “Wicked Woman.”

“And what is the title of this opus?” I asked, regarding the brickfronted domicile, with its imitation marble columns, but a most vague and untidy back of flimsy scaffolding. “You a Southn’ gentleman, suh?” “Southern, but not a gentleman.” He replied. “They call it ‘I Murdered a Man.’ Titles are so—er—inspired. Yes?”

Of the twenty-odd pictures he has made, he has not seen ten. He never attends previews. Occasionally he sees one at a neighborhood theater. Social life is still taboo. He has never been to a Hollywood party, nor has he attended a premiere.

“Why, then, do you remain?” I wondered. “Do you enjoy yourself so much, in spite of your grievances?”

“Between pictures.” He smiled, adding soberly, “Money. I have an acquisitive sense. My side-line investments were profitable ventures, too. But, having had my fun out of them, I have disposed of most of them.”

From one of his ranches he orders crates of celery for each member of his cast.

“I would turn to some other form of acting if there were any. The stage is practically defunct. Where can I find opportunity for freedom?”

“Free-lancing, I have things more my way. I never have stupid roles forced on me. I choose the best of what is offered, and attempt to perform it without looking too ridiculous.”

Universal is danging a contract, at which he only smiles.

“I make four or five pictures a year, with free time between for fishing, motoring, and tennis. It’s a good enough life, for the present.”

Every day he swims, no matter how icy the ocean. His house tops a bleak, rocky cliff. No soft, sandy beach for the Bickford domicile.

“The average business man idolizes success rather than achievement,” he explained. “Making an enterprise pay is amusing, but it’s nothing of which to be proud. It requires only a certain shrewdness, but no brains or real effort.”

How many more years does he expect to remain here, where he finds a lack of cooperation with his artistic principles?

“Twenty!” he replied, with a quizzical, sidelong glance. “No, not for money. I have plenty now. Within a year I’ll be producing my own pictures.

“My first interest will be good stories. I’ve bought several already. No. I’ll not put any promising young talent under contract. I think the contract system should be abolished. A film should not be built up by personality and cast regardless of suitability.”

His sixteen-year-old daughter is movie-struck. Though he would like her to assimilate more culture via college before choosing a profession, he raises no objection. When he organizes his own company, he will give her a thorough training in small roles.

She and the boy, who is seven, are being reared with scant restriction. They see what movies they fancy and read what they like.

“Our repressive grammar educational system is wrong,” he said. “It crushes initiative. I answer all their questions and teach them fundamental principles. Let life develop their characters.”

However, he vouchsafed, with a grin, that his wife does not entirely share his views.

“A crazy gesture,” he flayed the censorship critics. “It won’t last long, however. If they would correct some of the inherent stupidities in pictures—the false principles and ideals presented—instead of objecting to superficial actions and dialogue, the faultfinders might accomplish something.”

Bred to the Bostonian tradition, he always has taken more pride in the fact that his ancestors were Irish rebels, one of whom was hanged for smuggling. He relates hilariously exciting, though possibly embroidered, incidents of his youthful days as motorman of a Boston street car.

A burly figure, topped by a glowing, curly mop, he would attract notice anywhere. But inside that resonant personality there is a scholar, a very human one.

Five years ago, I wrote of him: “His theme line is, ‘Pretend to quit but don’t let them let you.’” The big boy is still himself.
It isn’t surprising that every one found you lovable—then.

Of course, one doesn’t expect you to be continually inspired by the same sort of enthusiasm that was so infectious in you as a starlet. Nevertheless, the principle of the thing is the same. But—you are different.

Now, in front of most reporters, you wear a mask of solemn reticence. As if you almost mistrusted them. You’ve changed in just the way that happy, little seventeen-year-old Janet hoped you never would. For she exhibited humor, and chucked over the fact that, on one occasion, she had acted “just like a red star.”

**Speak Up, Janet!**

Not Pendleton, as fine a wrestler as he is an actor, initiates Cecelia Parker into the technique of target practice.

Nowadays you act like one—but you don’t do it to be funny. You make it appear that being Janet Gaynor is a very serious business. You work inside a strictly closed set. You are very chary with your interviews—most stories about you have to be written second-hand—and when you do talk, your statements are indirect, evasive, almost platitudinous. They don’t sound as if they belong to you at all. But read rather like emanations from the lips of some Rotarian. Listen to this:

“We waste a lot of time regretting mistakes we cannot alter,” you observed. And also oracularly pronounced the following: “Life, you know, is balanced by sadness and gladness. One without the other would be insufficient; we must have the sorrow to make us appreciate the happiness.”

All that is very true, of course. However, most fans do not want their favorites to launch into abstract dissertations upon life. They can refer to the philosophy books for that.

What your fans are interested in is life as it very definitely pertains to you. Oh, you can point out that you have always been known as an actress whose life is one of those strictly private affairs. But by now you also know that idea, as far as most stars are concerned, has been repeatedly shown up as a dangerous fallacy. Besides, you don’t have to “tell all”—just enough to differentiate you from your shadow shape.

Do you know that some fairly regular movie-goers are finding it difficult to place you because you’ve kept your personal self so remote? One lady was recently asked what she thought of you. She brightened in answer: “Oh she’s so sweet—she has a little girl, hasn’t she?”

When the lady was informed that you were the only little girl in your family, she looked blank and mumbled vaguely. So you see, Janet, things have come to a pretty pass when you are confused with two or three other people.

After all, even Garbo, who has made a success of silence, doesn’t allow things to go that far. She permits amusing little glimpses of herself to slip through to the press. Incidents when she turned as her car carried her away, to wink at the photographer she had just eluded. When she slyly told Director W. S. van Dyke, to call her “Chocolate” instead of his invariable “Honey.”

Such pen pictures keep us interested because we know she has a sense of humor, anyway, and doesn’t take herself too seriously.

But lately, sympathetic impressions of you are not being caught. One feels that you are admired for your accomplishments and canny ways—but not genuinely liked. You won’t let fan writers get close to you, or give them an opportunity really to know you. Oh, I remember—you told a Hollywood writer that you didn’t believe in people any longer, not as you used to.

Isn’t that an error in judgment on your part? Unless you amend that thought to “some people” instead, it’s apt to become a mistake which will leave you very lonely. In the old days, when you did believe in people, even press people, and they responded with affectionate regard, wasn’t it better in the long run?

On your trips away from Hollywood, you are not so standoffish. In fact, every one finds you charming and unassuming, though it is necessary to go to very roundabout ways to gather this information. During your voyages to Honolulu, you chat casually with even the lowest sailor. And in one instance, you delighted the heart of the plain-faced ship’s officer at whose table you sat by dancing with him. That, in itself, doesn’t seem so remarkable—until one knows the details. For this officer is such a poor dancer even his wife won’t go on the floor with him. But you pretended not to mind his clumsy efforts.

Then, there was the case of the widow with three children, whose tiny movie theater outside Hollywood was about to close. Hearing about it, you went to her and offered to make a series of free personal appearances. And persuaded a number of other players to do likewise.

Naturally, I don’t mean to argue that you should flaunt your charities. The fact that you prefer to perform them secretly is most laudable. But I do believe that you should keep us posted about what you honestly think and feel. Remember the thought you once worriedly expressed: “People tell me success will make me conceited and cause me to forget my old friends. That frightens me.”

Well, we are your old friends—and you seem to be forgetting us. Even queens strive to gratify their subjects by appearing on balconies and princesses sometimes descend from their ivory towers.

So, Janet, isn’t it about time you revealed to the public your real self again?
pictures as "David Copperfield," "Cleopatra," "The Affairs of Cel- lini," and "The House of Rothschild" are an inspiration to learn. To understand these pictures in which they work, the children feel that they must understand the history of their background.

Teaching children to spell by having them label pictures they draw is a favorite method of Miss Street, and highly successful. Such modern ideas, coupled with interesting materials for instruction which have been introduced to the schoolroom recently, have had an important influence on the children, says Gertrude.

Fred Astaire manages to get away from "Roberta," his new picture, for a little golf to keep those supple muscles and limber legs of his in trim.

Speaking of to-day's juvenile players, she cites Jackie Cooper, Jackie Scarl, and Cora Sue Collins, as examples of intelligent pupils. Jackie, according to Miss Street, has remained on the screen longer than almost any other child star because of his splendid mind. He has developed mentally as well as professionally, thus managing to keep his position in a highly competitive business.

"One of the most brilliant pupils of recent years to come to my attention," Gertrude says, "is Freddie Bartholomew, who plays David Copperfield as a child. Freddie has received the education and acquired the manners which every well-bred British child must have. He was brought to Hollywood because child labor was banned in England, due to lack of an educational system in the studios. But this lack has not influenced Freddie, for he received ample schooling at home."

All Miss Street's examples served to emphasize her original argument: that movie stars are more intelligent to-day than formerly because they have to be.

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GARY COOPER becomes more interesting and more important as time goes on. It is because he is progressing surely and firmly without fight or furor, strain or ostentation. His is not the overnight success of the accidental star, but the gradual growth and development of the student, the observer, and as if doubly to prove that, he is a more completely satisfying actor to-day than he was a year ago. You saw "Now and Forever," of course, and noted his alertness and quick response to the shifting moods of the rôle, his flexibility and his sure sense of humor. That is the "new" Gary Cooper whose name now stands for more than an admired personality. You will next see him in "The Wedding Night."

Photo by William Wallin, Jr.
His home was one of the most beautiful in Altadena, the district above Pasadena where show places are the rule rather than the exception, and the big Colonial house was often sought by picture companies as a location.

Then came the 1929 market crash and Mr. Hinds lost his home, his fortune, everything.

"So," he said, "I thought it was a good time to change my profession. I decided I would become a movie actor. I had nothing to lose for I had lost everything."

Ambition is usually the spur to success, but in his case it was actual need that drove him on. He determined not to fail back on the low in case of failure in his chosen work, and with the idea firmly in his mind that there was to be no failure, he started out.

"I went first to the Paramount casting director," he told me, "I was surprised when he told me he would call me soon. I thought that was the old line they gave every one, but in a couple of days I was called and given a bit in 'If I Had a Million.'"

He just nodded slyly, "It took about an hour to make the scene and I received twenty dollars. I decided I had chosen the right profession!"

Did you see him in "Little Women"? His recent pictures sound like a list of the best shows in town. You will see him with Mady Christians in "Wicked Woman," with May Robson in "Mills of the Gods." With Jean Parker in "Sequoia," and with Richard Dix in "West of the Pecos." He says contentedly, "I'm by far the best role I've ever had."

"He's been the screen father of the most beautiful actresses, including Joan and Constance Bennett, Katharine Hepburn, Jean Parker, and Frances Dee. And they all adore him.

"Mr. Hinds and I are from the same town," Jean Parker told me with an emphasis that gave me to understand it was a geographical fact that set them apart. "We both live in Pasadena. He is so nice.

"He did the sweetest thing for me. He brought me a little book from the ten-cent store one day. It was 'Little Women,' illustrated with our pictures from the film. Wasn't that thoughtful? It will always be one of my most precious possessions.

"Do you remember when he had to carry me downstairs in 'Little Women'? We rehearsed it so many times, and I'm pretty heavy, you know."

She giggled as she continued, "The day after we finished that picture we began to work on 'Sequoia' and again he had to carry me. After we rehearsed the scene a few times he began to puff. And he asked me if I had gotten heavier since we made 'Little Women' or if I thought he was getting old. He's such a darling. And he's such a good actor; I've learned a lot from watching him. He has taught me how to sustain a scene, for one thing."

Jean's opinion reflects that of other players toward him. The first day he worked in "West of the Pecos," the cowboys all called him "Judge," which means a lot. If they didn't like him, they wouldn't have called him anything. The younger people in the cast asked his advice about everything. He inspires confidence. He has a young viewpoint and is enthusiastic about everything, which gives them courage to approach him with their problems. He is eager to learn everything about his new business and will accept a tip from any one. He is thrilled when he learns a new trick of make-up, or a bit of screen technique.

"Acting is all to the good," he told me, "I wouldn't go back to practicing law for anything. I only realize now how desperately unhappy I was all those years. If I had known how hard it would be I wouldn't have had the courage to do it, even to please my father. I'm sure he must have turned over in his grave many times when I appeared on the stage, but he doubtless would have been proud of me when I did something worthwhile. I think it is a very dangerous thing to interfere with a child's career. I would never do it."

"I began acting as a profession just two years ago and I've just signed for my sixth part. I like playing character roles. They are more interesting and promise a better future than straight parts. The person who rises to stardom can occupy that position for only a few years, whereas the man or woman who plays character parts is assured an indefinite future.

"You know I'm just a modest fellow. I don't want the whole world. I'm grateful for my little success. I'm flattered to think that Picture Play wanted a story about me."

In person, as on the screen, he has charm and distinction. He represents breeding, background, gentility. He is surely on his way to roles that are worthy of his talents. And he is, indeed, "just a modest fellow."
but one or two pictures a year, she will immediately assume an importance she has not yet gained.

He recognizes the fact that she has achieved some outstanding hits, as well as a high general level of success, in the face of conditions peculiarly unsuited to the development of an actress of her temperament and versatility.

Yet even with these handicaps for an actress of her sort, Miriam has scarcely paused in her steady upward march since filming her first picture, "Fast and Loose." It was made in New York, and she played in it during the run of her stage hit, "Lysis trata."

Among the roles Miriam has wanted very much to play is Becky Sharp. So—of course—she, rather than Ann Harding or Katharine Hepburn got the part, despite the fact that the latter two are under contract to RKO, which is producing the picture.

While such remarkable goal-achieving stunts have Hollywood puzzled, they are nothing new in Miriam's life.

It was not long after her birth, on October 18th, near Savannah, Georgia, that Miriam got to manifest an unusually clear-cut perception of what she wanted, and what she did not want of life. For instance, when her mother, a pianist of considerable renown, wanted her to become a pianist also, Miriam obediently learned to play—but quite firmly rejected the suggestion that she make music her career. She was about six years old at the time.

However, she continued the study of music, along with art and literature, at Goddard Seminary, in Vermont, and Syracuse University, in New York. Moderate success in school dramatics postponed her decision to make acting a career, and substituted the idea of dancing.

This came about because in one of her school plays she broke her ankle. A broken ankle may not suggest dancing to most people, but it did to Miriam, who wished to strengthen the ailing member. As a result, she presently found herself in the chorus of "The Music Box Revue."

Specially dancing, a bit of vaudeville, and finally a solid year of musical success in "Little Jesse James" established her on Broadway. Hence there were many professional friends to supply giggles and guffaws when she announced her intention of becoming a dramatic actress.

"I can't altogether blame them," Miriam admits. "You see, out—
The Claire Dodd Mystery

Continued from page 58

That began her career. When "Whoopie" was in the cutting stages, Mr. Ziegfield offered Claire to come to New York to play in his new show, "Smiles." At the same time Paramount offered her a contract. Appreciative of the start he gave her, Claire went to New York.

"Smiles" was of comparatively short duration. She returned to Hollywood, found Paramount still interested, and cast her lot with that studio.

proceeded to support the mercurial Jimmy Cagney and the facile William Powell in such films as "Hard to Handle," "Lawyer Man," and "Footlight Parade." Things were going along smoothly enough, withigger leads in the offing, when the important Zanuck touch disappeared, Mr. Zanuck left Warners for Twentieth Century. And Miss Dodd, who had done so well with a number of menacing ladies on the Warner schedule, was typed thenceforth to do menacing ladies.

"It may sound strange," she said slowly, "but I never see picture people except at the studio, when I'm working. You see, my husband is a real-estate man. His friends are my friends. As a matter of fact, when I'm on a picture I have no time for social routine. I'm up at six, breakfast, and drive to Burbank. Then I have to make up, to be on the set at eight thirty. We work through the day, six, as a rule, which means off with the make-up and home after seven, a bath, dinner, and bed about ten."

She was emerging from a sixty-day period of inactivity imposed by the studio for insubordination. They had wanted her to play another vampying hussy and she rebelled.

"I more or less won my point," she smiled. "I'm second lead in the new Pat O'Brien picture. I'll play good gals yet. Of course I don't care if they're all good, so long as they vary them for me a bit. But I refuse to go on getting caught in hotel rooms by indignant wives in every picture I make. Fun's fun, but there's a limit to that sort of thing. And I've just about reached it."

So that solves the mystery of Claire Dodd. She doesn't get photographed or gossiped about because she doesn't go out much, and she is happily married. Picture society doesn't interest her.

She plays menaces because the man who started her on her upward climb has left Warners, and Warners look upon her as the girl who plays menaces so satisfactorily. But with the firm chin Claire has, I doubt whether she will go on doing them indefinitely.

Rosamond Pinchot, a new and distinguished personality in films, is preparing for a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer debut, perhaps as Florence Nightingale.

"I did exactly nothing for almost a year," said Claire. "Publicity photographs, greeting exhibitors' parties, dancing-group scenes, odds and ends, but no parts. Any extra could have done what I was assigned, and yet I was receiving a very decent salary—check regularly."

One of her chores was to play in test scenes with the testee. A young New York actor went West for a test, and she played opposite him. Later, in an exchange of test pictures, this went to Warners, where Darryl Zanuck happened to see it run off. The young New York actor meant nothing to him, but he immediately spotted Claire Dodd as potential star material.

With Paramount finding nothing for her, Claire had little difficulty in obtaining her release, to join Warners, when under the dictation of Mr. Zanuck.

She played in "The Crooner," achieved a better role with Warren William in "The Match King," and

---

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Frankie laughed gleefully at the recollection. Then he told me more about the facts of his life, which are rather meager. But one must make allowances. After all, Frankie has just turned sixteen.

His birthday is December 22nd, and he has been in pictures fourteen years.

Those two facts are rather important to a boy. Being born so close to Christmas sort of cuts down on the later today present. And being fourteen years in pictures means that movies are old stuff to Frankie.

His first picture was "Judgment of the Storm," in which he realistically enacted an infant in a cast with Anna Q. Nilsson and Myrtle Stedman. That's going back into history! His father and mother didn't quite know how to work young Frankie into their act when he arrived, but he learned later to do cartwheels and make a little curtain speech that always brought down the house.

Then Mrs. Darro had a nervous breakdown, and that ended the act. Fortunately, Frankie carried on the Darro theatrical tradition and got a job in pictures.

He's acknowledged to be one of the best little actors in Hollywood. I went to visit his set during the making of "Little Man." A crowd of youngsters were sitting in the back yard of the farm where the film was made, and I entered the set and went up to a small red-curtained stage. My name was read off a list, and I was led to the stage. Frankie Moore was the ringmaster, in an old top hat and big coat. Two blankets on a clothesline was the stage curtain. Dickie gets up and announces, "The world's funniest acrobat, ladies and gentlemen," and they had back the curtain for a kid who tries a trapeze stunt; and falls with a thump.

"Aw, I can do a better trick than that!" yells Frankie, jumping up in the audience. And the argument is on. It's always like that for Frankie—his job is to do a lot of fighting in his pictures.

Of course you remember the story of "Little Man." How Dan, the orphan, comes to the school for boys, is a suspect of theft and sent to a reformatory, escapes, and comes back. Frankie is Dan, and he fits the part perfectly. You'll like him even better after you see him as a poor castout, shining shoes for a living.

You'll weep over the troubles he gets into, and be glad when everything turns out happily. "Little Men" is the sequel to the "Witch Doctor" telling what happened after the teacher married Jo. Erin O'Brien Moore plays the part of Jo, who mothers the boys.

Frankie is like all boys—he has a hobby. He collects old coins, and if you have any to swap, write him in care of Mascot Pictures, Hollywood. Only he won't swap two that he values very highly—an American penny one hundred and thirty-five years old and a rare half-dime.

Frankie has a typical boy's room, covered with photographs, pennants, sabers, and guns. He has a small dog looking on the wall that is his particular joy.

He's a dandy fellow, and you'd like him as much off the screen as you do on it. But please remember, if you ever meet Frankie Darro, that he's square off and starts a fight. He is the soul of peace.

Junior Durkin came by as we finished our talk, and Frankie hailed him.

"Hey, Junior, remember we gotta fight this afternoon. And if you don't pull your punches, I'll just naturally beat the stuffin' out of you!"

Of course, no story of a regular boy would be complete without a dog somewhere in the background. Frankie is no exception. Also he bears out tradition by asserting that his dog is the best that ever wagged a tail. I asked him what kind of dog it was.

"Well, it's hard to say what Peggy is," Frankie confessed. "But I was talking with a man the other day who said she must have a fine pedigree, because he'd never seen another dog quite like her."

We strolled back to the set, where all the kids were having milk and crackers.

"Have you any superstitions?" I asked.

"Shucks, no. I always whistle in my dressing room. I don't believe that can bring me bad luck, because after I whistle I take the curse off and go outside and spit. No, can't say I have any superstitions."

All good interviews should include a romantic touch, and it wouldn't do to leave out that element in the story of Frankie Darro. Of course he doesn't have much time for girls.

However, if you pin him down to it, he admits that he often takes pretty Virginia Carlon to the football games. If you want to tease him about having a girl, I think it's safe to mention Virginia.

At any rate, he won't fight about the subject. That's his unhappy fate—to be taken for a fighter when he says, he's the most peaceable guy in the world.
in the dining room. "In the large living room downstairs, there's no fire. But we love the place now we're here. Don't we?" she added, turning to Ross who had completed his shave.

"I was in no rush to come to Hollywood," he explained later. "The first couple of times, I was sent out under contract. Metro-Goldwyn signed me in New York. I spent six months on the Coast. I think I was the only one aware of the fact. At least the studio made no sign. So I went back to Broadway.

"Then Paramount engaged me for a part in the last picture made East. A terrible thing, of no consequence. Since the Long Island studio was closed, I was sent to 'work out' the remainder of my six months in Hollywood."

Finally, without any fatal contract binding him, Ross turned up on the Coast, free and unshackled. "Up for a part, he got it. It did not take Warners long to see that, after "Flirtation Walk," they had a new "find" within their gates. So Ross and Aleta took their mountain-top home.

Aleta believes, and rightly, that separation is fatal to marital bliss. As Aleta Freed, she is well known on Broadway, having acted there in such plays as "Both Your Houses" and "The Double Door."

Ross has acted since he was sixteen. "They threw me out of high," he says. But you surmise that he had plans of his own. He did not rest until his father placed him in one of those spurious "talent producing" schools, later forced to close.

"I was their only graduating pupil," Ross declares, not without pride. "I suppose I was so crazy to act that I did not wait to be shown. After graduation, I went to a manager's office. Blanche Yurka came in and fancied I was the type for a show she was opening in Boston. I was signed, and have been in the business ever since."

With a Hollywood break, the actor, even from Broadway or Leicester Square, soon acquires Hollywood life and style. Not so with Ross. His house is just beyond Hollywood's reach—as perhaps I've mentioned. He and Aleta know no Hollywood folk. Bette Davis, yes. But most of their friends belong to the stage.

In a long connection with stage and picture actors, I found in my visit to Ross Alexander just the sort of call any fan would enjoy. Nothing was overdone or exaggerated. Ross is friendly. He has the stage actor's directness. While talking, he'll move one of his arms in circular fashion, as if stirring up his speech, or dragging himself forward by each sentence.

I don't imagine "position," or "standing," mean much to him in choosing friends. He and Aleta took a liking to the children of a Chinese family. Their gardener "fathers" them, Aleta told me, because their own father is dead. When "Gentle

It was a repetition of the same old thing. The Hollywood end of a picture concern can't be made to realize that their New York office has any notion of how to pick the right people.
HOW NEW HAIR GROWS and
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Learn FREE!

Baldness may come from several causes. A germ called "Flash Fæcilli of Nina" gets deep into the scalp, causing one of the most dangerous types of dandruff, yet is seldom suspected. The refuse it produces chokes the pores and hair follicles, causing the itchy scalp, falling hair and prevents the dormant hair roots from growing new hair. No wonder so many stay bald. All the hair doctors, ointments and soaps in the world will not grow new hair, as they treat only the surface condition. But now a new discovery enables those with thin, fall- ing hair and bald spots to harmlessly remove this choged up thin outer skin of the scalp, thus permitting pores to breathe in air, absorb sunshine and receive the penetrating sunlight, stimulating influence of a scalp food, thereby activating the dormant hair roots to function and grow new hair. It is believed in certain scientific circles this new discovery will revolutionize methods of stamping hair. Full instruc-
tions for using this new product, called "GROW HAIR!" now being mailed absolutely free to readers of this magazine. Word no money, just name and address to Formular Lab., Dept. 82-A, 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., U. S. A., and treat will come by return mail postpaid, free. If pleased tell friends.

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cenced actor than some kid fresh from
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ite and I hope he'll go right on being that.

WILLARD COOK.

Montrose, Pennsylvania.

One-man West Show.

A CONTROVERSY seems to be waging about Mae West. I am neither pro
nor con. I have seen her on the stage and I go to see her pictures. What her per-
nonal life may be, I do not care, for I think it has nothing to do with her profession as
an actress.

Miss West to me, however, is not an actress but a superb showman—and the
best of her kind on this continent. On this picture, she shows her knowl-
edge and does it well; she understands the type she play and is sure of it. But she

She has that certain intuitional charm and as a girl.

She writes, directs and makes her own plays. She knows her business and
do it with a smile on her face, with a certain intuitional charm and as a girl.

And the variety of people the movies play to, however, ought to be
room for both actors and showmen, and

Miss West's popularity will probably de-
pend, not on her ability as an actress nor
her art, but on how long it will be before
the public tires of the sameness of a one-
man show.

Helen Strobel.
654 East 23rd Street.
Brooklyn, New York.

Thankful for Garbo.

FIRST of all, high praise to Picture Play
for being an honest magazine. I enjoy
the movies, but why do producers make the mistake of casting the wrong type for a
role?

I saw Marlene Dietrich in "The Scarlet
Empress." She was fine, but Louise
Dresser, as Empress Elizabeth, was ter-
rible. She ruined the picture for me.

Now I see they are planning to make
"Anthony Adverse." Again I am afraid
they are going to spoil a wonderful story. I think
Ralph Bellamy as Anthony would be per-
fect. I am sure many agree with me.

Still, I'm thankful, for the movies have
given us Garbo.

Mac Guthrie.
1100 North Dearborn,
Chicago, Illinois.

Bette a Snob?

I HAVE seen "Of Human Bondage." Leslie Howard was wonderful, but Bette
Davis—ugh! Why some people like her is beyond me. She hasn't an ounce of talent, and
there is nothing believable, charming, or graceful about her, either. She is just
a high-hat, conceited snob who thinks she can
act. Perhaps if she got off her high
horse, and acted like a natural human being she might have more admirers.

But until she does, the fewer her pictures the better.

Rose Salaman.
3196 East 47th Street.
Cleveland, Ohio.

Two Knocks Too Many.

GREETINGS, Picture Play, to your
most enjoyable department. You may
put me in the seven-year-seniority class.

So, Cleo Fleming of New York. Kath-

Sara Hepburn is a crude amateur. She
doesn't have technique. Tell me! Not a par-
ticle? Have you seen "Morning Glory"?

No technique? May I suggest that you
know very little about the subject? Be-
sides, being an enthusiastic fan, you must
have noticed in the case of a certain star,
how technique can be overdone. Per-
sonally, I think an intuitive performance is
preferable. But imagine taking Hepburn's
performance in "Little Women" as an ex-
ample of amateurish execution! Heaven-
ly, where do you keep your heart? In a frig-
daire? You know, the heart plays a siz-
able part in judging a performance. Come
on, take yours out of storage, and go see
"Little Women" again.

You, Me of Connecticut, make a poor
start for one who wishes to prove herself
a better sport with real stuff." Relating
that dancing-school episode was uncalled
for and petty. Many a grand girl has
suffered the same humiliation. And neigh-
borhood children can be and are often an-
noyed, in such cases.

Robert Donat, who caused a furor
among fans with his "Count of Monte
Cristo," is coming back to Hollywood
for another romantic costume film,
"Captain Blood."

How silly of you to bring the Junior
League into this at such a late date! Prob-
ably your "Katie" with a certain ambition
uppermost in her mind, had no time or
use for that estimable association. Having
no membership does not make her less an
aristocrat.

No doubt every one of those girls at
the bridge table must have been still next
day. Shopgirls! I've met several. Strump
toon. If they had been sincerely indif-
ferent, they certainly would have glanced
about, even casually, and said something
about it being grocery girls. I think
is Katherine Hepburn, the star, is she not?

What a sheltered life you must lead!

You might make the acquaintance of a few
shopgirls. I've met several. Strump
toon. If you haven't enough depth to compete against
Hepburn as an actress, but if you persist,
please accept my best wishes and remem-
ber always to be a lady. In case of strain,
try counting from one to ten.

Lee.
403 Polson Avenue.
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canad.
The Fate of Your Fan Letter

Continued from page 20

do you like her in; which clothes made her most attractive; what role would you like to see her play; what did you enjoy most of the pictures in her last film? Intelligently written letters to the star will reach the star.

When writing for photos, remember that there are again two classifications of autographs—those printed on the photo and those hand-in-
scribed. To obtain a personally autographed photo is not easy, but it can be done. For one thing, the latter type of photo is larger and more expensive. Induce a quarter with your request. And for another, make your letter interesting—give the star something in return for this not inconsiderable favor.

It might surprise you to learn that critical letters of comment, offering helpful advice and constructive thoughts, are regarded by the stars as being as important as a criticism of their picture in the daily reviews. Often I've heard mention of Picture Play's "What the Fans Think," and discovered that the stars consider this section carefully. They all know their audience is not made up of picture critics, but of the public. Write your letter as carefully as you would write one that goes to "What the Fans Think," and you'll get an answer.

Apply this test—would you want to answer your own letter, if it were addressed to you? Asking for loans—and this occurs in a surprising number of letters—obviously is a waste of effort. The stars do not lend money. A vast number of let-
ters arrive daily asking the stars for their cast-off clothes, which, if successful, could have them with nothing to wear. Clothes worn by the stars belong to the studio, are designed by high-priced fashion experts, and go back to the property room after the film is finished.

"Rave" or gush letters may tickle the player's vanity, but after a few years this type of fan letter loses its charm.

Don't be afraid to say what you think, and write as often as you please. Every last one of them want at least to read their worth while fan mail, and the great majority want to answer it.

Perhaps they all remember what happened to Mary Brian. Paramount was about to drop her several years ago, when some executive said: "How much fan mail does she receive?"

She was getting more mail than anybody else on the lot.

And Mary Brian stayed in pictures.
ADDRESS OF PLAYERS

Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Jean Arthur
Tala Birell
John Mack Brown
Tullio Carminati
Nancy Carroll
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Wallace Ford
Lilian Harvey
Jack Holt
Vic tor Jory

Peter Lorre
Edmund Lowe
Marian Marsh
Tim McCoy
Grace Moore
Virginia Pine
Florence Rice
Edward G. Robinson
Billie Seward
Ann Sothern
Raymond Walburn
Fay Wray

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Rosemary Ames
Lew Ayres
Warner Baxter
Madge Bellamy
John Boles
John Bradford
Henrietta Crosman
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Alice Faye
Norman Foster
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Tito Guizar

RKO Studio, 780 Gower S treet, Hollywood, California.

Fred Astaire
Nils Asther
John Beal
Biff Boyd
Clive Brook
Bruce Cabot
Bill Cagney
Frances Dee
Dolores del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Ann Harding

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss
Constance Bennett
Eddie Cager
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Binnie Barnes
Noah Beery, Jr.
Phyl lis Brooks
Russ Brown
Andy Devine
Sterling Holloway
Henry Hull
Baby Jane
Bessie Jones
Boris Karloff
Bela Lugosi

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen
Adrienne Ames
Max Baer
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
George Burns
Kitty Carlisle
Claudee Colbert
Gary Cooper
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
W. C. Fields
Gary Grant
Charlotte Granville
David Holt
Koswo Kars
Jan Kiepura
Elisa Landi
Charles Laughton
Roy LeRoy
Carol Lombard

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Ross Alexander
Loretta Andrews
John Arledge
John Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Dorothy Dare
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Robert Donat
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Aline MacMahon
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Dick Powell
Philip Reed
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Dorothy Tree
Helen Trenholme
Warren William
Donald Woods

Katharine Hepburn
Leslie Howard
Kay Johnson
Francis Lederer
Mary Mason
Joel McCrea
Ginger Rogers
Anna Shirley
Helen Vinson
Bert Wheeler
Gretchen Wilson
Robert Woolsey

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood.
Ralph Bellamy, Sidney Fox, 6615 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood.
Ralph Forbes, 1011 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood.
Lionel Atwill, Estelle Taylor, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood.
Neil Hamilton, 351 North Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Pauline Lord
Ida Lupino
Helen Mack
Margo
Joan Marshall
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Ray Milland
Joe Morrison
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
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Charles Ruggles
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Mail your answer on the coupon today.

You will receive the Buick 8 Sedan and if prompt, $1,250.00 cash extra, or if all cash is preferred, you get $2,250.00; if you win first prize according to the plan which the answer will bring.

Oh boy! What you could do with $2,250.00 cash all at once. Think of the joy of having the money to provide the better things of life. New clothes, furniture, bills paid, a new home, education, travel, etc. Nothing hard to do now. But act quick.

Hurry—mark the faces you find. Just mail the coupon if you can find ten hidden faces. This gives you the opportunity to win the $2,250.00. Send your answer quick. Don't delay. Mail your answer today.

Send No Money — Just Mail Coupon

Study the picture of the country road and see if you can find ten of the hidden faces. Sharp eyes may find them. Some of them look straight at you, some are upside down, others are sideways. Look for them in the clouds, trees, around the dog's legs, in the bushes, etc. It is not as easy as some people may think. Don't give up—keep looking and you may find them. Mark the faces you find and send me to quick with the coupon.

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You cannot lose anything. Send in this coupon and we will give you the opportunity to win the $2,250.00 First Grand Prize. Don't put it off until tomorrow. It may be too late. Do it today—Right Now!

SEND ANSWER QUICK

Remember, send not one penny with your answer. All you do now is to find ten faces if you can and mail the coupon. Send answer right away.

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MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
JAMES GLEASON

A Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer Picture

The two old-timers who sat around...and wore out their brains!
The three mosquiters of Randolph Field...whose cradle was a cockpit!
The girl who loved as they lived...dangerously!
WHAT KIND DID YOU GET?

WHEN Mrs. Brown tells Mrs. Smith about the new car, Mrs. Smith is pretty sure to ask, in genuine, friendly interest, "What kind did you get?" With a new piano, a hot-water heater, or a package of pastry flour, it's likely to be the same. . . . For names mean something to every wise woman.

The name of any commercial product is of interest only because its maker has made it mean something . . . has made it stand for definite qualities in the public mind. And that very fact provides one of the greatest helps to better living. If you're a regular reader of advertising, you know what you are getting—and you get your money's worth.

There is no element of risk in the purchase of any article advertised in the columns of this publication. So make the advertising columns your guide. They will save you time, money and effort . . . and bring you better things.
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PREVIEWS:

We Want Donat!
That's the cry of fans, of stage producers and the studios of England and Hollywood. Ever since Robert Donat appeared in "The Count of Monte Cristo" he has been "tops" with Picture Play readers as well as everybody else. Hardly a day passes without letters of inquiry and comment directed to the Editor, the Oracle, or "What the Fans Think." And so we are particularly proud to present in the May issue an interview with Mr. Donat in his London dressing room. He tells his plans and reveals himself more completely than in any other article about himself. Also, he sends, in his own handwriting, a message to his fans which will endear him all the more.

About Joan Crawford
Reams have been written about her, thousands of photographs published, millions of paragraphs of gossip and surmise have been printed. In short, Miss Crawford pays the price in a big way for her supreme popularity. But nothing has ever been published that approaches Richard Griffith's penetrating, intelligent and sympathetic discussion of Miss Crawford in next month's Picture Play!

Novarro Is Free!
Acknowledging Picture Play's loyalty to him and his fans, Ramon Novarro frankly discusses his reasons for breaking away from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, a year and a half ago, outlines his plans for the future. Already, one senses a "new" Ramon and a happier and more successful career. Every admirer will wish to read what he says.

Why Gary Abhors Interviews
Mr. Cooper forsakes his reticence to tell the truth about a troublesome problem which throws new light on the problem of stardom. Another reason why May Picture Play will be better and stronger than any other film magazine.
"Spanish Blonde"

By JAMES A. DANIELS

When she's bad, she's very, very good! Success story in one short sentence. • The the more the screen-goers love her: she shatters the louder the fans. In "Blue Angel" she played an al-wrecked the life and career of a promptly voted her the biggest

"Blue Angel"

"Morocco" added new when their Marlene swept Chinese background in of delight from her ad-Square to Timbuctoo. So day: La Dietrich is back

"Morocco"

"Shanghai Express"

"Carnival In Spain"

heartless and exotic blonde Spanish in Spain." • Once again brings men to her feet. that rarest and most allur-takes everything and "Carnival in Spain" unfolds a gripping story of the love of two men for the Spanish Blonde, the idol of all Spain. Unhappiness and tense drama follow in her wake. And through it all, this loveliest of all sirens, continues to prove that, when she's bad, she's very, very good!

That's Marlene Dietrich's suc-wickeder she is on the screen. The more masculine hearts cheer. • Look at the record: luring but heartless siren who man who adored her. The fans box office attraction of the day. legions of Dietrich fans. And devastatingly across the colorful "Shanghai Express" the whoops, mirers could be heard from Times here's the good news of the in character—this time as the dancer in Paramount's "Carnival she exercises the fatal charm that And once again she tramples on their hearts. As ing of racial beauties, the Spanish blonde, Marlene gives nothing. • Directed by Josef von Sternberg,
Is Fredric March Going Hollywood?

WHEN a far-sighted critic, such as your own Norbert Lusk, in January Picture Play describes Fredric March’s performance in “We Live Again” as “nothing short of dazzling,” I feel compelled to comment.

I have often taken to task those who persist in denouncing an actor merely because they don’t approve of his ears or his hair. However, when an actor has proved himself capable of greatness and then falls several degrees lower than that, some one should mention it. I’m afraid Mr. Lusk really was “dazzled” by March’s performance, dazzled not so much by his acting in that particular film, but by his reputation as an actor.

True, no one will ever forget him in “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde” or “Death Takes a Holiday.” In these two movies, high samples of the art, one was not conscious of

Laura Howell visited Hollywood and discovered John Boles to be the handsomest man she saw.

March’s acting as such, but sensed, instead, the groping futility and tragic speculations of the characters. But what has happened to this potentially fine actor? In his last two ventures, “The Barretts of Wimpole Street,” and “We Live Again” we find, not Prince Dmitri and Robert Browning, but Fredric March, the main difference between the roles a mere change of costume and setting.

Is March going Hollywood? What else accounts for the feeling that persisted as I watched him in these last two films that I was seeing only a rather revolting reincarnation of Little Jack Horner shouting, “See, what a big boy am I!” All this annoys me because I know what heights this man can attain. Such lapses as those mentioned are two too many for a person of his ability.

Contrary to Mr. Lusk’s opinion, I thought March’s prayer for guidance in the Sten picture was the hamiest exhibition of acting seen in years. His prancing about in the role of Browning would have driven me, had I been Miss Barrett, even closer to my father.

If he continues giving such slatternly examples of acting, March will soon be just another leading man

From Manila, Lucas Arciaga proclaims Evelyn Venable “a divine actress.”

Gordon Sellett declares that Elissa Landi’s gracious charm and incomparable acting make one forget oneself.

“Ralph Bellamy hasn’t been trained in the school of gangdom or the prize ring,” says a Canadian admirer who advises a campaign to boost gentlemanliness.
THE GREATEST COMEDY FIND SINCE CHAPLIN!

JACK HULBERT

JACK AHOW

SEA-SHEIK

COMING TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

GEORGE ARLIS in THE IRON DUKE
JESSIE MATTHEWS in EVERGREEN
EVELYN LAYE-HENRY WILCOXON in PRINCESS CHARMING
NOVA PILEAM in LITTLE FRIEND
CHU CHIN CHOW in POWER
EVELYN LAYE in EVENSONG
MAN OF ARAN

PRODUCTIONS
Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

INTERESTED.—Jean Parker was born in Deer Lodge, Montana, August 11, 1915; five feet three, weighs 105, dark-brown hair, blue eyes. Her first film was "The Last of the Family," was her first film, followed by "Rasputin and the Empress." We published interviews with her in October, 1933, and December, 1934. These will give you complete details of her career, and may be had by sending your order with remittance to our Subscription Department.

BERNICE C.—June Knight was born in Los Angeles, California, January 27, 1886; Edward Lowe, San Jose, California, March 3, 1892; Billie Burke, Washington, D. C., August 7, 1886; Almira McAlmon, McKeesport, Pennsylvania, May 3, 1899; Anna May Wong, Los Angeles, California, January 3, 1907.

JOAN GAREY.—If you read the article in last month's Picture Play entitled "The Fate of Your Fan Letter," you will know that Joan Crawford is very conscientious about her fan mail, and that when she receives it, she wrote to her. She is at MGM studio.

S. M.—"Our Daily Bread" was released September 28th. I hope you didn't miss the Frankie Darro interview in last month's issue. Pat O'Brien, Roland Young, and Raquel Torres celebrate their birthdays on November 1st.

MARGARET OLIVER.—Joan Blondell's son, Norman Scott Barnes, made his appearance on November 2, 1934, and Mamie Joan promises to return to the screen when she feels she can trust her offspring to a nurse. Don't be impatient, for we feel that the studio and her many admirers will cause her to return to the screen real soon.

PETE S.—Ginger Rogers's next film is "Roberta," with Fred Astaire and Irene Dunne. Frank Lawton is five feet nine, dark hair and eyes. For stills of Metro-Goldwyn films, write the Publicity Department, 1540 Broadway, New York City, and Paramount in the Paramount Building, New York.

JEAN T.—Jackie Cooper must be about five feet three or four, but he is growing so fast these days that it is a job to keep an accurate account of his height. He was born in Los Angeles, California, September 15, 1923, and has blond hair, hazel eyes.


Jack LaRue also appeared in the November, 1933, issue; roto stills from "To That Place," 1934, a photo with article "Hell Over Hollywood," January, and in October, an interview.

ARTHUR DUNKLIN.—Tullo Carminati is now under contract to Columbia. Phillips Holmes you might address at Fox studio. A Midsummer Night's Dream has its cast James Cagney, Dick Powell, Joe E. Brown, Verree Teasdale, Jean Muir, and Anita Louise. Marlene Dietrich in Caprice Espagnole; Maurice Chevalier in Folies Bergere de Paris; Helen Hayes in Vanessa, Her Love Story.

ABRAHAM.—In "His Glorious Night," Catherine Dale Owen played the part of Princess Odolfini. Miss Owen became the bride of Milton F. Davis, Jr., stockbroker, last December. I doubt very much if she will return to the screen.

S. L. M.—That was Glen Bokes in "Rainbow Over Broadway," "Road to Ruin," "The Quitter," and "Guilty Partners." He is a free-lance player, with no permanent studio address.

R. R. S.—Douglas Montgomery is still unmarried. He was born in Los Angeles, California, October 29, 1907; six feet tall, weighs 170, blond hair, brown eyes. Latest is "Mystery of Edwin Drood." In January we ran a story about Douglas, which I guess you must have missed or you wouldn't be asking us to publish another one so soon. Miriam Hopkins is not much more than five feet.

EDDIE BORST.—Virginia Bruce recently completed "Only Eight Hours" for Metro-Goldwyn, so you might address her at that studio. No doubt you've already seen her in "The Mighty Barnum." Martha Sleeper also is at MGM studio. Write Hazel Forbes at RKO studio.

Pee Wee.—The Paramount Publicity Department is in the Paramount Building, Times Square, New York City; Mayfair Pictures, 1690 Broadway, New York; World Wide Pictures, 1500 Broadway, New York; Supreme Pictures, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood.

ROSE MAUREEN.—It is a pleasure to hear from you again, John Halliday, as you know, is appearing on the stage with Jack Cowl in "Rain From Heaven." He is a former stage player, and at one time studied mining engineering. Born September 14, 1886, in Brooklyn, New York. Made his screen debut in 1929. Married to Eva Lang. Sidney Blackmer was born in Salisbury, North Carolina, in 1894, six feet tall, black hair, brown eyes. Divorced from Lenore Ulrie. Latest film is "I Murdered a Man."

C. F.—That was Una O'Connor as the servant in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." She is also in "Father Brown, Detective." Made her American movie debut in "Cavalcade."

O. J. S.—The leading players in the stage version of "Strictly Dishonorable" were Muriel Kirkland and Tullo Carminati. However, Miss Kirkland was later succeeded by Margaret Perry, who was with the play for the greater part of its run.

MARY LOUISE KINSLEY.—The frontispiece of the May, 1933, issue of Picture Play was a still from "The Barbarian," the title of which was first announced as "Man on the Nile." This shows Ramon Novarro and Myrna Loy in costume. The film was reviewed in July, 1933, accompanied by another still. In September, 1931, we published a story about Rudolph Valentino. Dolores Costello in costume from "The Four Horsemen" and "The Sheik." George Raft is five feet ten.

FRANKIE DARRO FAX.—If you have March Picture Play you will find that your favorite has been covered in an interview which answers all your questions. David Holt was born in Jacksonville, Florida, August 14, 1927; Wally Albright in Los Angeles, California. The little girl in Merry Whites is not listed in the cast, but I believe it was Edith Fellows.

SARAH ANDREWS.—If you read last month's issue, you will know that Picture Play has recognized the ability of Ross Alexander by publishing a very nice interview with him. He was very good in "Flirtation Walk" as Dick Powell's roommate, and now Warner's are casting him in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

PETE DAVIS FAX.—Your favorite was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, April 5, 1908; five feet three and a half, weighs about 118, blond hair, blue eyes. Playing in "Bordertown." Next is with Edward G. Robinson in "Money Man." Married to Har- mon O. Nelson, since August, 1932. Billie Burke in Washington, D. C., August 7, 1885; five feet five, auburn hair, blue eyes. She is the widow of Florez Ziegfeld, and has a grown daughter. Recent are "After Office Hours" and "Only Eight Hours."

JOAN.—Clark Gable with Constance Bennett in "After Office Hours." Ralph Bel- lamy in "The Wedding Night." Carl Brisson in "All the King's Horses." Continued on page 74.
Elmer Fryer

DEOUS, delectable Kay Francis, refreshed by a long vacation in Europe, offers this new photograph as proof that more striking than ever before. Too, it is the forerunner of her new film, "Living on Velvet," which you will be right away. Making up for lost time, she is at work on another, "The Goose and the Gander," George Brent and Ralph Forbes on either arm.
Because almost all the exciting things in Hollywood occur during players have come to regard that season as the trouble-making happen. In the past as well as the present, it would certainly

WHEN the mischievous months of March, April, and May approach, Hollywood gets set for a collective headache.

Spring gets into Hollywood's blood, and a stimulating juggling of emotions instantly results.

It's in these naughty months, stirred by turbulent and restless impulses to make changes, that almost anything is likely to happen in Cinematown. And almost anything does.

New romances bloom and old ones die. The rumor market does a lively business. Hollywood bachelors have a dickens of a time remaining single, and few escape. Old marrieds strain at the bonds that not only bind, but practically paralyze. And the aviation companies get used to the idea of tuning up a plane for a sudden flight to Yuma or Reno. Just as fancy or the marital status dictates.

This last November and December gave the romantic spring months a run for their money. Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton, Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres, Margaret Sullavan and Director William Wyler, June Knight and Paul Ames all said their "I do's." Miss Knight changing hers to "I won't" after a few days. But give the spring credit; most of them were assured events when the birds began to trill "I-lo-o-ve"!

In this silly spring season, Charles Chaplin inevitably announces that he is about to start his new picture. And it usually is fall before anything happens, if then.

Mary Brian is authentically reported engaged—at last. Stars walk out of studios and wait to be coaxed back with increased pay checks. And spicily diverting little quarrels ripen into physical encounters at otherwise placid parties. And the parties promptly become not so placid.

Looking at vital statistics, we find that almost all the exciting things in Hollywood happen during the mischievous months.

Take this last spasm for example. What do we have? First and foremost, the Jean Harlow-Hal Rosson separation. Now Jean had decided to wait a while, until fall perhaps, to announce that her third marriage had failed. But there came a Saturday night when one word led to three others and, just like that, the divorce was set in motion.

Ruth Chatterton and George Brent, too, called it a day, even after repeated denials of a rift. Perhaps if this trouble-making period weren't upon them, they might have surmounted their difficulties. But they couldn't—and didn't. Chalk up another score for the trouble-making months.

Now that we're on divorce and separation, let's get the unpleasantness over. There was Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna, who just couldn't go on another
March, April, and May, the months when anything might indicate a time of upheaval.

By Sonia Lee

March, April, and May, the months when anything might indicate a time of upheaval.

By Sonia Lee
Fred Astaire has no illusions of being the most handsome and romantic movie hero, but certainly he introduced a new type of personality on the screen when he danced his way into the hearts of every one in "The Gay Divorcee." Here is a close-up of his real self.

By Dana Rush

He dances on the stairway
And through revolving doors,
And on a table or a chair
As well as ballroom floors.
He has the well-known rhythm,
And with a "Continental" air
He dances into girlish hearts.
Who? Fred Astaire.

Elvia Graham Melton

ONE doesn't know whether to introduce Fred Astaire as the man who has made Hollywood tap-conscious, the man who may capture Vince Barnett's title of ace "ribber," the newest screen lover, the brother-in-law to the son of a bona fide English duke, or just as a regular feller.

"Regular feller" perhaps is the most fitting, because no matter what he is doing or where he is doing it, he's regular. That's the way they speak of him on Broadway, in Park Avenue drawing-rooms and in exclusive clubs. And because of which, and other appealing qualities, he was accepted by London's Mayfair long before sister "Dellie" married Lord Charles Cavendish.

There are so many facts which qualify him for the title that I scarcely know which to choose. He merits the adjectives "generous," "loyal," and "kind." Then there's his grand sense of humor.

Speaking biographically, Omaha, Nebraska, has claim to his birthplace. He turned up in the Austerlitz family in the year 1900, just two years after sister Adele made her appearance as the daughter of Fred and Ann (Geilas) Austerlitz. His father was a brewer until Nebraska, along with Maine and Kansas, went dry.

Dellie and Freddie had been entertaining Omaha with their dancing and singing in a nonprofessional way. When father's
Dancing Lover

In 1916, George, an office boy with a music publishing house, had ambitions to be a composer, and Fred, a child vaudeville performer who had outgrown his job, was ambitious toward the musical-comedy stage. They met at the music publisher's where Fred came to try out new songs, and became chummy and confidential over lunches at hot-dog stands. You see, when one is young and hopeful, a meager lunch will satisfy the appetite.

Continued on page 54

When the dancing star of stage and screen is not engaged in ribbing, you'll find him occupied with learning the routine of his next picture.

In a typical roguish mood we find Fred adjusting his tie. He is noted for his grand sense of humor.

business was declared illegal, the mother secured engagements for her two prodigies in small-time vaudeville. That was in 1905.

These United States are not united in all their vs. Nebraska prohibited the sale of beer and permitted the child-actors to go unmolested while New York and many other States reversed that order of things. The "Gerry" society, officially known as the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, made their career as child-actors a checkered one and kept them out of the mecca of all stage folk—New York.

In 1908, father's fortune took an upward turn, vying them respite as breadwinners of the family and enabling them to move to New York, where Adele was given dancing lessons by the ballet master of the Metropolitan Opera.

In those days brother was just fat little Freddie, moreover he was pigeonfooted! And so a career as a neer was not considered seriously by his family. But Freddie tagged along, as little brothers will then they have attractive big sisters, and while the aban coached Delle in toe dancing, Fred stood in the rear and practiced the same steps.

Father's fortune took another flop and again a sister-and-sister act toured the hinterland. In which Adele was described as a lovely wisp of a girl, lithe as a willow, and fat little Freddie was considered comic relief, for his personality even those puppy days was magnetic.

Fred Wayburn's racing school rescued Fred from his inauspicious ballet career and taught him up dancing, which he evolved into rag steps. For in those rewind days rag was the form of rhythm which we now know as jazz.

In 1916 the Asbury kids were sixteen and eighteen and no longer feared that he big, bad wolf could huff and puff them out of the theater, but the perversity of fate now made the managers refuse to let them in because they had outgrown the cute stage of childhood and had not reached graceful maturity.

It was about this time that Fred met George Gershwin, the Gershwin who has since made a name as the composer of that symphonic jazz number, "Rhapsody in Blue," and who has just finished a twenty-six weeks' engagement on the radio.
HOLLYWOOD

Gleams from the giddy whirligig of news and gossip in the studio colony.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

WHAT a relief to see a mean little girl on the screen for a change! One does get so fed up with the sweet ones. Here's Jane Withers, who was Shirley Temple's rival in "Bright Eyes." She has signed with Fox, her contract netting her $150 a week to start with, and graduating up to $1,000. Off screen, little Miss Withers wouldn't harm anything. She’s really sweet. But she knows how to act, and Fox plans to star her with Jackie Searl, who generally plays bad boys in the films. He's a fine lad, incidentally. Jane Withers's salary, of course, doesn't compare with that of Shirley Temple, but it may some day.

Shirley Safeguarded.—It seems that there's quite a scare about Shirley fading out rapidly, and consequently writers were put to work to look up stories for the child that have more adult appeal. Which may mean that Miss Temple will turn sophisticated. This child star is being guarded nowadays almost like a Garbo, and it wouldn't be astonishing if she were completely removed from contact with the public. She never makes any personal appearances any more, and only participated in a very few in the past.

Oh, How Boring!—Just too, too wearisome are these Johnny Weissmuller-Lupe Velez flare-ups. That recent suit for divorce had the usual happy ending, and it was a repeat. Last summer their differences, real or imagined, got into the courts for a brief while, and then occurred the customary reconciliation. Every few weeks there are those reports of trouble. And by now it knows it is just an act.
Unlucky In Horses.—The film folk just have no luck on the ace track. Neither in person nor by proxy. A horse called Bing Crosby is a contender, but decidedly an also-ran. Another named Al Jolson did achieve second place in a race and caused a sensation by so doing. The very first time out Clark Gable’s steed, Beverly Hills, came in seventh, and there was only one other slower than his. Also the stars are generally losers in the betting, but they still flock to the races. Santa Anita and Agua Caliente are the settings for the handicaps that intrigue the picture people, and the Santa Anita opening drew any number of them. Racing, with bets, hasn’t been permitted in California since there was a Hollywood, until now.

Love Never Dies.—Carol Lombard, capricious lady, is still very friendly with William Powell. She even gave him a dog recently, and he is taking care of her canine pets while she is in Europe. Robert Riskin, who used to escort Glenda Farrell around—and we thought they would surely get married—is now devoted to Carol. It’s expected that they will meet abroad later. Carol is making a fashion survey while she is over there, with Travis Banton.

Mayfair Resuscitated.—The Mayfair Club appears to have taken a new lease on life, after almost fluttering out of existence last season. It has always been debatable just where the dances

continued on page 56

Fredric March reports for work at United Artists studio, an elevator taking him to his dressing room to make up for “Les Misérables.” It’s just one magnificent rôle after another for this grand actor.

This is how Anita Louise must rest between scenes of “A Midsummer Night’s Dream,” to spare her fragile costume as Titania.

A water nymph as well as a screen siren, Grace Bradley is impatient to try out her 1935 swimming suit. So she gives the camera an eyeful while awaiting her first plunge of the season.
Another honey from the greatest trouper of them all—Shirley Temple. Watch fans of all ages go for this one. Here is the darling you adore in a new type of story... the kind of dramatic entertainment you'd expect with Lionel Barrymore as co-star!

You're going to laugh, cry, lose your heart as Shirley steals the heart of Lionel, her grandfather, an embittered Kentucky Colonel of the hectic 70's... as she charms him into forgiving her mother (Evelyn Venable) for marrying a Yank (John Lodge). And you're going to cheer Bill Robinson, who'll show you some 'high and fancy steppin'.

And the finish—guess what! A gorgeous, Technicolor sequence, showing Shirley with her peach complexion, golden curls, smiling, blue eyes and dimpled cheeks!

So take the whole crowd to see "The Little Colonel." It's another in the list of "must-see" pictures coming from the Fox lots this month!

John Lodge and Evelyn Venable
FAVORITES of the FANS

JEAN HARLOW

PHOTO BY GEORGE HURRELL
THE steady invasion of foreign players has brought to our shores no more interesting a personality than that of Merle Oberon. All her European-made films have been enthusiastically received by the public. Now that she is under contract to United Artists, we are eager to see her first American-made picture opposite Maurice Chevalier in "Folies Bergère de Paris."
EVEN in a pensive mood is Helen Mack appealing. Though only twenty-one, she is considered one of the screen's most talented dramatic actresses. Her next opportunity is in "Captain Hurricane," in which James Barton makes his screen début.

Photo by Robert W. Osburn
WITH so many recent outstanding performances to her credit, no one can deny that Maureen O'Sullivan isn't forging ahead as a popular player. From her latest triumph, "David Copperfield," she was rushed into "West Point of the Air," in which she is fathered by Wallace Beery and loved by Robert Young.
WHEN Mae Clarke was forced to leave the screen several months ago because of illness, the picture world was saddened by her absence. However, the news of her recovery and return is the occasion for this charming photograph.

Photo by Russell Ball
WHILE all the world continues to discuss the possibility of Garbo returning to her native country, whether or not she is a great actress, just how interested she is in George Brent—we pause to reflect on her past performances and to applaud a successful career which has not extended over a number of years.
A FOX official in London on vacation was so impressed by Ketti Gallian's performance in a stage production that he signed her for the leading role in "Marie Galante." Now the French charmer is making "Thunder in the Night," with Warner Baxter as her leading man. And she is fast learning English, too.
FRANCHOT TONE, more frank than usual, and more friendly, in the story on the opposite page, says that he has never been in want of material things. He wishes that life had not been so easy, and wonders how he would react if disaster did overtake him. You should read this interview to know him better.

Photo by George Hurrell
FRANCHOT THAWS

Mr. Tone takes the trouble to explode the legend which says that he is grim, aloof and sardonic by proving to be amiable and mildly humorous. But you have to know him more than casually before his lurking friendliness comes to the surface.

By Madeline Glass

CONTRARY to popular belief, a studio set is not usually dramatic or glamorous. Strange and fantastic, yes; like a masquerade party gone awry. My original contention in the matter was recently sustained by a visit to an MGM set where "Reckless" was in the throes of production.

My presence was for the purpose of talking with Franchot Tone, conspicuous member of the cast. The prospect of meeting Mr. Tone, after hearing on all sides of his general haughtiness, even downright disagreeableness, had so affected my nervous system that I had been unable to eat lunch.

Mid-afternoon found me waiting glumly on the set in a great warehouse type of building where distant corners were lost in gloomy shadows, and where an acre of cold concrete flooring was largely buried under scenery, cables, scaffolding, temporary dressing rooms, horse stalls, with their logical occupants, and all the paraphernalia necessary to the making of pictures.

Many small men, in gay jockey garb, sat about, for "Reckless" contains a race-track sequence. Jack Mulhall, former star, was doing extra work. Likewise Barbara Worth, whom you may remember. Jean Harlow flitted about, her ivory-colored hair contrasting strongly with her saffron-coated skin. Through the open door of a dressing room William Powell could be seen lying on a couch.

At a distance the much-discussed Franchot was rehearsing a scene over and over. Due to such obstructions as a few hundred extras and studio employees, to say nothing of towering wood and steel constructions, I was unable to see more of him than his feet.

Of the many stories which I have heard and read concerning this actor, none has been of a particularly endearing nature. Prefaced by such adjectives as grim, aloof, and sardonic, they have described his uncooperative attitude toward interviewers, his defiance of directors, and his general contempt of nearly everything Hollywood. Remembering, also, his socially prominent background, his Cornell education, his Theater Guild dramatic training and his European travels, it seemed quite possible that a youth so favored by the gods should be unable to understand or make allowance for provincialities out where the Pacific begins.

Well, there was nothing for it but to make the best of a disagreeable interview, which I had decided to call "The Man Who Plays God." At last the scene was shot to the satisfaction of Victor Fleming, and Franchot was led up and introduced.

"It seems impossible that a picture can ever evolve out of all this noise and confusion," I remarked.

"It isn't confusion to us," said Franchot, amably. "We understand the reasons for everything. That makes a great difference."

A slight, thin-lipped smile hovers on the Tone façade. He appears much the same as on the screen—slender, urbane, and rather surprisingly juvenile. An assortment of smallish features surround a pair of nice hazel eyes.

"Do you expect to remain in pictures indefinitely?" I asked.

"No, I'll return to the theater. I like picture work, but I can do better acting on the stage. There's more opportunity to create characterizations in a medium where one studies and rehearses a rôle for weeks. Pictures are made too rapidly for one to get a genuine understanding of the part one plays. Too much is left to chance. On the stage a rôle is developed gradually. In the end one has a complete characterization."

Continued on page 77
They Say in

By Karen Hollis

Honors for All.—Leslie Howard has always been an irresistible magnet to the emerald-and-sable set, but now he is a cinema idol, too. Film fans in the audience gasped, hurriedly consulted their programs, and then broke into a welcoming ripple of applause when they discovered that the personable blonde in a small role really was Blanche Sweet. She does very well with the little intrusted to her and is definitely headed for bigger roles on Broadway if pictures don’t capture her again after long ignoring her.

Of all the stars in town, and there are droves of them, only Madge Evans was present at the Howard first night. And she, like everyone else, was rhapsodizing over the sheer magic that the theater holds occasionally, that the screen has not yet captured.

Pacifier for Film Fans.—The country at large will have a chance to see Leslie Howard in the near future in “The Scarlet Pimpernel,” which he filmed in London recently. It is breaking all records in England. When you see it, Mr. Howard would like to have you know that Harold Young, who directed it so shrewdly and suavely, was always relegated to a cutting room in this country. He had to go to England to get a chance to direct. And any day now you are likely to hear that Hollywood recognizes him as two or three of the ten best directors.

Carol Lombard is vacationing as intently as if each hour were her last.

Frankie Thomas is off for Hollywood to do “A Dog of Flanders.”

Adrienne Ames recently returned from Europe where she made “Abdul Hamid.”

NEW YORKERS now have something to point out to visiting firemen besides Radio City, Sally Rand’s bubble dance, and Mae Murray. We have current picture stars lending glamour to every first night and brightening the corners of musty ex-speakeasies—every one from Helen Hayes to Carol Lombard, from Paul Muni to Freddie (David Copperfield) Bartholomew. But most important of all, we have Leslie Howard. We are likely to have him for some time to come. At the premiere of his new play, “The Petrified Forest,” the first act was just well under way when seasoned cynics began tossing superlatives around nominating the quiet and casual Englishman as the greatest romantic attraction in the modern theater, and the play for the Pulitzer prize.
Hollywood celebrities are lurking in all the highways and byways of Manhattan.

Margo is beginning to feel the restrictions of fame. Her studio objects to her appearing in a night club.

Nils Asther's New York vacation was spent in a dense fog down the Bay.

He'll Never Be Able To Prove It.—Adrienne Ames, who also worked in "Abdul Hamid," was a fellow passenger of Asther's on the Majestic. While she lamented the delay in the fog-bound harbor, her restless husband, Bruce Cabot, was pacing the dock. Elated over getting permission to ride down to meet her on the cutter, he spent two days on the water front waiting. And when the cutter finally shoved off, he was nowhere to be found. He had gone to get a sandwich.

The lush magnificence of the costumes she wore in the picture seem to have affected Miss Ames's choice of clothes for what is whimsically known as her private life. She who wears sleek and starkly simple black crêpe so well has gone in for frocks and hats that are girlishly fussy.

Second Choice.—Celebrity-hunters and autograph-seekers can't get very far with Katharine Hepburn. Occasionally she is to be found at the oasis known as "21," sipping a glass of sherry, but always she is so intimately talking to her companions that she looks neither to left nor right and barely nods if spoken to. So, in a burst of inspiration, Mooney, her former butler and chauffeur, has become bartender at the Winona on upper Park Avenue.

If you can't talk to Katharine, you can at least have his assurance that you are getting everything just the way she liked it. Already he can shake cocktails with one hand while giving autographs with the other.

The Irrepressibles At It Again.—Hecht-MacArthur and Lee Garmes, who annoy Hollywood no end by persisting in making pictures in New York after all the wiseacres said it could not be

Continued on page 67
See Films

Picture Play’s contest, the most unusual ever sponsored by a film magazine, has caught the fancy of fans everywhere and they’re excited about it. Here is the third and last group of pictures to puzzle and inspire contestants. To compete it is necessary that you see photographs published in February and March. These issues of the magazine may be obtained by sending your order, with remittance, to the Subscription Department.

WHO is wearing the beautiful gown in the picture numbered “1” on the opposite page? Who displays the trick back in Number “2”? And in what films do these charming actresses appear thus costumed? Each is wearing the exact gown used in her current picture.

That is the principle of this contest, and that is why it appeals to intelligent fans rather than kindergarten classes.

There are fifteen pictures in all, of which these are the last five. One group in February Picture Play, another in March, and now this concluding quintet.

You must identify each player as well as give the name of the film in which that star appears. This is not all, however. A letter must accompany your coupons, a letter of not more than two hundred and fifty words, giving your opinion of the acting of one—just one—of the players in the chosen film. You may praise or you may blame, just so your criticism is positive and as frankly expressed as in letters to “What the Fans Think.” That’s all.

Five hundred dollars is the prize for the most nearly correct answers and the best letter. Five hundred dollars for two hundred and fifty words! Two dollars a word for seeing films and writing about them!

To repeat: $500 first prize, $250 for the second, $200 for the third award, and $100 as fourth prize. Together with a year’s subscription to Picture Play for fifty contestants whose entries show merit. Prizes to be given for the most accurate identifications, accompanied by a criticism of one performance in not more than two hundred and fifty words. In the event of ties, prizes of identical value will be awarded the tying contestants.

The letter needn’t be typewritten, but must include the name and address of the sender at the head. It should be sent with your coupons to Contest Editor, Picture Play, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., and mailed not later than April 15, 1935. We cannot return letters nor enter into correspondence with contestants.

Just to give you a clew to the name of the slinky attractive star in Picture Number 5, she is making her return to films in a picture named after a song made famous by her husband on the screen, himself a leading star.

Now go on with the contest—and good luck to one and all!

Contest Editor, Picture Play,
79 Seventh Avenue, New York:
I identify players in April Picture Play as follows:
1. 
2. 
3. 
4. 
5. 
Name. .................................................................
Address. ................................................................
and Earn Money
FIRST-CLASS OR NOTHING

By Frances Fink

Kitty Carlisle in her first interview amazes by the vehemence of her pronouncements. She wants to be a top-notch singing actress and she wants to be let alone. "If Hollywood tries to get into my private life I'll get out of Hollywood," she proclaims.

KITTIE CARLISLE is a young lady who has learned either a great deal or nothing at all about Hollywood. She is both adult and naive in her sincerity and determination. She knows just what she wants and what she doesn't want. What's more, she is certain how she will achieve her purpose and there isn't the vaguest possibility—in her mind—of deviating one iota from her chosen path.

Kitty wants to be first-class as a singing actress. And she wants to be let alone outside the studio. She is as indifferent to Hollywood's social side as she is to the Continental society she shook off for the cinema town. Her private life must be strictly, unconditionally her own.

"Isn't there a chance that you'll change your point of view when you've been in pictures a while longer?" we asked rather timorously in the face of such positive decision. "Your progress may demand that you let down the bars just a trifle."

She shook her head and the abundant dark hair quivered. "Not a chance," said Kitty. "I have good reasons for feeling as I do."

And well she may have reasons. Perhaps one of them is that some magnet will always draw to her the thing she has decided she wants. Another may be that the alert mind back of those dark eyes has mapped out a campaign of work to which Kitty clings as faithfully as her unalterable principles. Prize packages have dropped into her lap from the day she decided to go into show business until now. Probably they will continue.

Kitty Carlisle might still be flitting about Europe in the best society manner, if her mother hadn't an unshakable conviction that a girl must be able to do one thing well besides ornament dinner dances.

Mrs. Carlisle didn't plan on her daughter's singing so well that vocalizing would become her chief reason for existing. Kitty herself had no idea of appearing professionally when she first began to mi-mi-mi in order to satisfy her parent. But when she decided that the stage was the place for her, the stage opened its arms, that is, a stage door, and in went Kitty as blithely as could be. [Continued on page 55]

Kitty looks mild, but oh my! "Never will I pose for a stunt picture, a naked-looking picture, or a picture in my home. I will never answer questions about my life outside the studio. That will never be necessary to my career," says she.
In contrast to the winning smile that is the trade-mark of Bob Young, we doubt if fans would recognize him as the solemn young man, above.

YOUNG with OLD IDEAS

On the screen Robert Young is so obviously the exponent of youthfulness and gayety, that it is inconceivable that privately we find him to be a serious young business man who admits in all earnestness that he is "disgustingly normal."

IT is an interesting commentary on the nature of fans that they invariably expect actors to conform in private life to the traits they assume for their screen roles.

And having met and known many players in my day, I am still at heart as gullible as any fan. Invariably I expect Glenda Farrell to wisecrack every time she speaks, Janet Gaynor to simper, and Roscoe Ates to stutter. Some stars do, by accident of nature or design of press agent, have characters similar to their screen personalities, and this, I always feel, is as it should be. Thus, it delights me to find Robert Montgomery a jocular young smart-Aleck, Ruby Keeler as sweet—but thank Heaven not quite so simple!—as she acts, Jeanette MacDonald always sparkling, and Ned Sparks still sour-faced away from the cameras.

And it is with never-ceasing surprise that I find Maurice Chevalier's charming effervescence fizzed down to a glum reticence off the set. Alice Brady poised and not at all kittenish in person, and worst of all, for I admit it was the biggest surprise, Robert Young as seriously mature in person as he is boyishly gay on the screen.

Perhaps it is because Mr. Young's screen personality seems so natural and unaffected, so lacking in pretense or pose, that I expected it to be a reflection of his own boyish disposition. But, as a matter of fact, he isn't boyish at all. He is a very serious young business man who happens to spend his working hours making pictures rather than manufacturing refrigerators or selling automobiles.

Having met Robert Young, it isn't difficult to imagine him as a business executive with six push buttons under his thumb from nine to five. As far as glamour is concerned, his daily routine is about as exciting as a bond sales-man's. Not like a movie star at all. All this he admits. He states very earnestly that he is "disgustingly normal."
Challenged to explain her steady, unexciting career, Madge Evans makes the amazing discovery that adaptability is a great drawback to a player. "The fact that I am easily cast has prevented my getting really good roles," she confesses in this unusually intelligent discussion of a popular actress's problems.

Ever since the first mummer strutted across the scene of an early Greek tragedy it has been the habit of performers to declaim long and lustily against portraying a series of similar characters. To be "typed" is generally decreed the major menace to any career.

It remained for Madge Evans, small, slim, and convincingly curved in the right places, to explode this pet tradition of stage and screen.

Not that Madge is an explosive person. Rather, she tends toward the demure in manner, with her soft-brown hair lightly touched with gold, gray-blue eyes, pale fair skin and teeth that are attractively irregular. It was by accident on her part, but design on mine, that the conversation drifted to the subject of stars, and meteors, in the theatrical profession.

For Miss Evans herself belongs somewhat in the latter category, having blazed a trail of glory across the Hollywood firmament when she first returned to films as an adult, and with the destination of her star as yet unknown. To date, she has not realized the promise and the hopes held so high for her. She works constantly, it is true, and is considered one of the most dependable leading women in Hollywood. But that is all.

Miss Evans did not evade the issue nor challenge my charge. Regarding me seriously, from beneath lashes devoid of make-up, she was silent for a moment as if to marshal her thoughts. Then:

"Adaptability is a great handicap to a player," was her amazing observation. "In my own case it has hindered me more than any other one thing. The fact that I am easily cast in almost any type of rôle has prevented my getting really good ones.

"And success in pictures depends upon three things: a competent player, the right rôle, and a good picture."

"That's where a player's limitations count, and count favorably. The actress who, for various reasons, is limited in her scope, has the opportunity to establish herself in a certain type of characterization and when such parts are being cast, that actress is immediately called. Recognition and real success then follow.

"Glance around Hollywood at the actresses who have made the biggest names for themselves and you'll see what I mean.

"First, there's Garbo. Limited by her unusual stature and appearance, and her accent, too, she was forced to confine herself to exotic roles, playing women of mystery and physical allure. Women that capture the imagination and become the outstanding, dominant figures in a film. An actress can really 'do things' with such parts."
Of course, Miss Evans has no real cause for discouragement. Though her progress has not been as rapid as was hoped, her record will honorably withstand any scrutiny.

The only star ever to slip into pictures on a cake of soap, she was the original nite who asked wistfully "Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?" from her precarious perch on a minnow bar of that well-known cleansing agent.

Once she had faced the camera's fitful lens, Madge decided—or rather her mother made that decision for her—that there were other products worthy of displaying the fair Evans countenance. And posing for commercial photographs soon led to a theatrical début when a friend reminded Mrs. Evans that there was gold on the stages and in the film studios in and around New York.

Success soon crowned Madge's early histrionic efforts and she achieved child-stardom with the old World Film Company, remaining with that organization for several years. Later, it was "Classmates," opposite Richard Barthelmess, that sounded her fortunate exit march from the flicker factories. Fortunate, because in the light of events destined to come, it was the cause of her later preparedness.

"The picture was awful and I was worse," she admitted with a ruefully reminiscent smile. "I had reached the awkward age where I was all hands and feet, and I had absolutely no poise. I was too old for the child rôles I had played until that time, and not old enough for the ingénue I was supposed to be in 'Classmates.'

"In fact, I had reached the proper age for an actress to retire," she added with a spark of humor flickering in her expressive eyes. It was evident that the Evans girl does not take herself—or life—too seriously.

For retire she did, to devote the next several years to studying voice and dramatics, preparing herself for an assault on the bulwarks of Broadway. A season in stock was next on her program, and then the Great White Way, which proved susceptible to her charms and greeted with approval her appearance in a number of more or less successful plays, among them "Our Betters" and "Philip Goes Forth."

In four years Madge Evans has appeared in over thirty-four films, almost always as leading lady, and she's still waiting for her big chance to justify her faith and that of others in her ability.

"Joan Crawford's name is immediately associated with smart, sophisticated young women who dance their days and nights away. Kay Francis is known for wearing clothes superbly in her pictures. Ann Harding is usually a wronged-but-really-pure girl. Constance Bennett is the woman of the world. Mae West is—Mae West.

"Every one of these women means something definite to public and producers alike.

"Therefore, when the best and most important rôles are to be assigned, the producers quite naturally intrust them to some one who has proved her ability to portray such characters successfully.

"And the undistinguished and uninteresting rôles are given to me because I can play the coach's daughter in a football picture, or Lady Sylvia in an English locale, a young business woman in New York, or a trained nurse in China.

"As a result, I'm still waiting and hoping for my big chance and trying not to get too discouraged over the rate of my career at present."

Photo by Ball

"I'm terribly fond of Tom," says Madge of Mr. Gallery who is her frequent companion, "but I'm not planning on marrying him or anybody else for a number of years."
A DIP WITH A

If you would know what the screen beauties in-weather eye over these up-to-the-minute bathing

Mary Carlisle, above, shows something very new in this heavy rib suit with multi-strand straps in front and back, and braided belt.

A halter neck of flat braided banding is Irene Hervey's choice, left. Side straps fasten through loops at the side of the neck.

Quite the smartest thing is Jean Parker's black cellophane suit, left. It has a low, sun tan back.

Muriel Evans, right, prefers this olivette-green-and-brown suit. The sash pulls through loops at the back and ties in front.
SPLASH

tend to wear in the surf this summer, cast your suits. They'll make you drown all your troubles.

A novel feature about Mary Joe Matthews's suit, above, is the round cork buttons which adorn the front. The halter neck has a small, flat collar.

And Betty Furness steps out in her white-and-brown knit, above. Square in front, and a belt of pearling, knitted into the suit.

Here we have a front view of Irene Hervey's white rib knit suit with olive-green trimming.

Elizabeth Allan chooses this two-piece suit with shorts of checkerboard knit and bandanna top.
SHE TAKES IT

This sympathetic analysis of Ann Harding as star and woman discloses that she is most misunderstood of all Hollywood celebrities. And she has paid the highest price for her success. But because of her inherent honesty and unswerving principles, she meets life without murmur or complaint.

THERE is but one candidate for the rôle of the screen's most misunderstood woman. Her name is Ann Harding. Few stars have built up so much resentment. None, save Garbo, has so closely approached the legendary status.

Ann Harding is "in wrong" with the press because she refuses to give out interviews. Hollywood, feeling that her attitude is patronizing, gives her the cold shoulder. Those few understanding souls who have sought to penetrate her cool exterior with a gesture of warm friendliness have been repulsed. In some quarters, Miss Harding's divorce proceedings and recent court experiences have been criticized as flagrant attempts to gain publicity.

Yet the record speaks otherwise. All criticism to the contrary, Ann Harding has always conducted herself with womanly dignity and charm. She has made her own way unaided and on the strength of her unusual ability as an actress, plus a lyric style of ash-blonde loveliness which puts her in a class by herself.

Where other lesser stars have been aided by advantageous marriages, Ann Harding's excursion into matrimony was with a man whose position never at any time approached her own.

In the face of these facts, let us then proceed to analyze the charges brought against her. First, with respect to Ann, the actress, and then to Ann as woman and mother.

It is true that she will not see interviewers. Yet this was not always the case. At the beginning of her screen career, she was most gracious to the press. However, she has been so often misquoted and misrepresented, she says, that her sense of logic and reason rebelled and all relations with the press were called off. In a recent issue of The Screen Guild's Magazine, she explained

Ann Harding's sister, Edith, shares the star's lovely hilltop estate with, of course, six-year-old Jane Bannister. Between them, they compensate Miss Harding for the disappointment and heartache that fame has brought her.
ON THE CHIN

By Harry N. Blair

With two pictures current, "Biography of a Bachelor Girl" and "Enchanted April," Ann Harding is soon to make her début in a film photographed entirely in color. Her tests for the rôle turned out so beautifully that she exclaimed, "Do I really look like that?"

her attitude as being in defense of the illusion so necessary to screen favorites.

She says: "The fan identifies himself with the hero in an hour of high adventure and emotional release. He doesn't enjoy coming out into a sweltering or freezing or otherwise uncomfortable world, to find on the nearest magazine stand that the person whose talent and personality have the blessed power to lead him into a land of dreams is a drivel ing fool, a fake, or a monster. He feels, somehow, that he himself has been insulted, too."

Miss Harding goes on to say that the actors have been forced to lock themselves "behind gates of reticence for sheer self-preservation."

While there is some basis for such criticism, it has been suggested that Miss Harding, instead of denying herself to all interviewers—who, after all, must make a living, too—single out those who have never been known to offend and limit her cooperation to such a group.

Still speaking of Ann Harding, the actress, vague rumors of temperament on the set have sifted out from behind the closely guarded confines of the studio. None of these has been serious, however, and may not be excused on the ground of ill health, since she has never fully recovered from a nervous breakdown which she suffered in the early days of her career.

Still, with a few reservations, Ann Harding, the actress, emerges from the welter of criticism with colors flying.

Now let us turn to the star in what is, perhaps, her greatest rôle—that of woman and mother. For it is thus that she reveals the qualities upon which her very existence is founded and for which she has battled so valiantly.

In the military background which Ann Harding knew from babyhood, lies the answer to her attitude toward life. The code of the soldier, devotion to duty, respect for principle, refusal to accept defeat.

Of such stuff is composed the seemingly fragile piece of femininity whom a legion of fans worship because she has dared to forge ahead along individual lines, setting her own pattern.

Any one familiar with the atmosphere of the average military camp can well understand how such a girl would be different. Never really settled, the families of army officers move from post to post, some of them in foreign lands. About it all there is a glamour, a case of danger behind rigid discipline, which quickens the pulse and heightens the imagination.

That is why, when Miss Harding's parents finally settled in the lovely, yet prosaic, town of East Orange, Continued on page 69.
Thorough-going Briton though he is, Leslie Howard surprises by saying that England can't compete with Hollywood in picture-making and probably never will. Then he explains why, frankly and sincerely.

In everything that Mr. Howard says, and in the way he says it, there is the same honesty and sincerity, the same intelligence, which characterize his work, and which has captured, more than any physical good looks, the admiration of thousands.

Although Leslie would like to make more pictures in England, it's my guess that he will continue for some time to make most of them in Hollywood. For one thing, there's his contract with Warners, a very pleasant document which allows him time for frequent stage appearances. For another thing—well, if you are going to make pictures, Hollywood is the best place in the world in which to make them, that's all.

"I like London," he said. "My home is there. When I act in an English picture I can be at home, and at the same time be working. Some day, Heaven knows, I may have more leisure than I want, but right now if I'm not working, either in a picture or a play, I feel that I'm lazy.

"But as far as personal comfort goes, Hollywood is a much easier and more pleasant place to work in. We have a short summer in England—only a few weeks of sun and warmth. In the winter the long trip through the fog and cold from London to Elstree is unpleasant and sometimes difficult. In Hollywood one lives ten minutes from the studio, and can drive there in an open car. Life is much less stern in Hollywood than in London or New York.

"But isn't that an advantage on the side of London?" I asked. "I've always understood that the best creative work was done in a harsh climate, where living wasn't too easy."

[Continued on page 76]
By Ben Maddox

STAR—
1935
MODEL

Of all the girls trembling on the verge of stardom, turbulent Jean Muir is still the best bet in the opinion of many, especially those who know her well. This revealing insight into her character and methods is written by a keen observer of stars past, present and future.

Jean Muir is the advance guard of the new deal in Cinderellas. Aside from her sudden rise, however, she has little in common with yesteryear's sort. She hasn't even tackled this business of being a movie actress in orthodox fashion.

She hasn't tried to look like a glamour girl. She hasn't done herself up like one. And Heaven knows her thoughts and behavior don't follow the Hollywood tradition. Her objective is also vastly different. Astonishingly, she wants to become an actress rather than to glitter gaudily.

Only those who are well acquainted with her understand her. They find her a talented and terribly ambitious student of the theater, temporarily routed to Hollywood. They admire her zeal for the drama, respect her thoughtful opinions, and consider her extremely honest, democratic, and interesting as a person.

But she is still classed as "odd" by the film colony as a whole, although since she has reconciled herself to the sad fact that there is little likelihood of her effecting needed reforms, and has smothered her frankness with tact, she has almost been accepted as one of the regulars. She is, actually, a sister under the skin to the city girl who settles down on Main Street and, astounded by the imperfections, sincerely proposes civic improvements. The natives can't take it.

Perhaps her background can be blamed for her "highbrow" notions. She wasn't a beauty-contest winner nor a night-club darling. Well-bred and competently educated near New York, at least she hasn't had to learn to be refined. This naturally has saved her a lot of time and energy.

Two years ago she was existing excitingly on six dollars a week, attempting to crash Broadway. She had studied for a while in Paris and had climbed out of the amateur ranks by brief engagements on the road and in stock. Smart Warner scouts glimpsed a screen test she made and, labeling her the best bet of the season, hastily shipped her West.

To-day, she has won the acclaim of the critics and the more discerning fans. At first she was literally appalled by Hollywood's inartistic standards. Jean is still inwardly rebellious and hasn't stopped searching for appropriate stories. But she is putting up a diplomatic front, remembering that she is being well paid and is building a name which will have box-office value when she eventually returns to the theater.

This worship of the stage is an ingrained part of her, and will never be supplanted by any glory the films can offer. Her chief desire at present is to vacation in New York, where she could get around to a new play every night. She attends every local production and rushes backstage if she knows any of the actors. There she is nearly overcome by nostalgia for Broadway.

All branches of stagecraft intrigue her fancy. She

Continued on page 78
All photos by Elmer Fryer

A Slave No Longer
BY MARK DOWLING

Dolores del Rio is one of the few actresses with courage enough to live her own life. This remarkable interview tells what traditions she scorns in giving her career second place and why freedom as an individual means more to her than stardom.

DOLORES DEL RIO is Hollywood's foremost smasher of tradition, both in private and professional life. Self-appointed prophets may cry, "The public won't like this!" or "Don't you dare do that!" but she doesn't even listen. There's an ancient Hollywood maxim that it's obligatory to entertain those who are in power at the studios. The mere thought of this horrifies the Del Rio, who is just as intense and dramatic in conversation as she is on the screen.

"Imagine," she cries, "running after people just because you hope they'll do something for you! Imagine inviting them to your home for such a reason! I won't be bothered with people unless I genuinely like them. I choose my guests because they have charm and personality, because they are people I love. The other way is—prostitution. It's pretty sad if you have to get ahead that way."

The fact that she's one of Hollywood's most perfect hostesses, whose invitations are so valuable that many a studio magnate would make rash promises to receive one, makes this firm stand all the stronger.

"I'm one of the few actresses who really live their own lives. I avoid all the things about a career that are nuisances. I used to be a slave to the movies. I worried feverishly over my roles, my career, and my public. I talked movies continually, ate them and breathed them. I had the movie fever. Now I don't get feverish any more. I get"—she searched for a word—"happily excited."

This courage to be different makes her more interesting, personally, than a dozen more conventional actresses. Magnificently, she indulges her whims. While it's almost obligatory in Hollywood nowadays to adopt the line, "I'm just

Nowadays it's the smart thing for a star to say, "Oh, I'm just on everyday, ordinary human being." But Dolores del Rio is not that and doesn't try to be. She's exciting, glamorous, and exotic besides being far more beautiful than even these lovely pictures indicate.
Frankly, Del Rio says that she avoids all the things about a career that are nuisances. "I used to be a slave to the movies," she explains, adding that she had to make a wreck of things before she learned what she knows now.

She refuses to be bothered with people unless she genuinely likes them, and an invitation to her home is more significant than is usual in Hollywood where the prominence of a guest is likely to be considered first.

She is an everyday, ordinary human being," Del Rio is frankly different, glamorous, and exotic.

If she likes gardenias, she plants fifty or sixty bushes of them in her garden, and fills her bedroom and her dressing room with their fragrance. She adores her dog, an English bull terrier, and spends hours, rolling on the floor, playing with him. "He's so understanding!" she cries rapturously. She loves to travel, and refuses to sign contracts, no matter how remunerative, if they require her presence in Hollywood longer than some twenty-six weeks a year.

"This leaves me over half the year free to enjoy myself," she says, frankly delighted. What cares she for the tradition that a star's career should absorb her utterly, leaving no room for other pleasures? "Now I can go to Europe, to New York, to Mexico—wherever I choose. Why not? Life isn't so long that you can waste time over things that don't bring you happiness."

The inside story of her success in "Madame Du Barry" is proof of her theory that you succeed best if you go your own way.

"When I decided to play parts other than native girls, producers warned me that I'd lose all my fans. They argued that I'd reached the top in pictures like 'Bird of Paradise' and that to see me in a Paris evening gown instead of a sarong would be a fatal jolt to my public. But I refused to admit that I was so limited as an actress, and I made the decision.

[Continued on page 72]
ANNE SHIRLEY'S

What of the poignant, new heroine of "Anne of Green Gables"? Where did she come from and how did she learn to act with such sureness, freshness and charm? Here are tender recollections of her by one who has known her since she was three years old.

HAVING recently seen Anne Shirley in "Anne of Green Gables," to me it seems that no story could be quite so perfect for the first starring picture of this interesting girl just stepping into radiant womanhood. Because Anne Shirley of the picture and the real-life Anne are as close to each other as a fictional character and a real person can be.

It is not surprising that the orphan child, so imaginative, so romantic and eager for affection is the real Anne's favorite character in fiction, nor that when it seemed advisable to change her name from Dawn O'Day to something else she chose the name of her heroine.

What does startle me is the fact that out of the hundreds of girls applying for the coveted role, she who wanted it most, and who undoubtedly could play it best, was given the part. That doesn't often happen in life; it almost makes one believe in Santa Claus.

Anne is not an orphan and nothing in her real life remotely resembles the experiences Anne went through in the film. But what I am about to tell you will explain what I mean when I say that the girl in the story and the girl who has grown up in Hollywood dreaming her dreams and hugging them to her heart, are very much alike.

You have not heard much about Anne Shirley in the past because she has never been in the limelight, but you will want to know all about her after you have seen "Anne of Green Gables." I know you will because in the audience with me there was an unusual number of young men and women, and it interested me to see that they began gulping and tugging at their handkerchiefs even before their elders did. Every young heart in that house reacted to the romantic yearning of youth for something beautiful, utterly desirable and seemingly impossible of attainment.

The real Anne Shirley's hair isn't red; it is a very dark auburn. Her eyes are not green; they are a deep velvety brown, and her skin is clear and creamy white. She is just over five feet tall, and perhaps that is as high as she will go. She probably never will have to

Being asked for her autograph by studio newsboys is an exciting experience for Anne Shirley even though she has lived in the atmosphere of the movies all her life. That's because she used to be an autograph-hunter herself.
submit to the Hollywood diet for she is consumed with a nervous energy that seems to burn up all superfluous flesh.

She loves to swim and she can speak French and Spanish. She can cook and she can sew, but she can't drive a car because until now she never has been able to afford one. In fact, she often walked to the studio to save carfare after she and her mother moved from the canyon into a modest apartment in Hollywood.

It will surprise Anne, when she reads this, to know that years ago when she was only a baby she impressed me as a child whose great talent should be carefully fostered and not allowed to grow too rapidly. Life has taken care of that.

Although she has done excellent work in parts that might have given her a really good break, something always happened to hold her back—to further temper her spirit. And now she is ready for whatever may come to her.

Anne made her film début at the age of three in William Farnum's "Moonshine Valley" when she was known as Dawn O'Day. Here she is with the star in a scene that Miss Ludlam touchingly describes.

Did you notice the scene in which she returns from a secret meeting with her sweetheart and finds the two people to whom she owes everything in the world waiting for her? And one word from the woman reproaching her for ingratitude sent her flying upstairs with her hands over her ears, sobbing, "Don't, oh don't!" It was done quickly, simply, beautifully. And it showed a dramatic instinct that gave Anne an understanding of life far beyond her years.

When I first knew her she was three years old. And there was nothing very wistful or very shy about her then. I don't mean to say that she was bold, but at three Miss O'Day—her name then—had a very definite personality, a young lady whose feet were firmly planted on a studio set and she didn't like it. She didn't like it and she didn't hesitate to say so in a manner so lacking in deference that older, wiser heads shuddered. She didn't like the star, who was William Farnum, and she didn't think much of pictures. She wanted to be places where there was nice grass, not a dirty old studio floor.

It was important that she like the star, because in the story she was supposed to be devoted to him, but Mr. Farnum, when he was introduced to the baby, could hardly have expected her to write fan letters on his appearance.

[Continued on page 71]
BIG-TIME

In most instances it was some insignificant event which precipitated the careers of our big stars, but which at the time they did not dream would have so much bearing upon their lives.

By Whitney Williams

As a grain of sand can change the course of mighty rivers, so have trivial incidents completely swerved the lives of the Hollywood great, piloted them up the road of destiny to fame and riches.

For instance, a crumpled newspaper picked up on the street can be thanked by Joan Crawford as starting her off on what was to be one of the most glamorous ascents to fame ever known in movies.

Joan had arrived in Kansas City, after several years of monotonous toil in convents and schools, hoping to find a job. She had little money, no influential friends. When she saw a discarded newspaper lying in the street, she retrieved it and turned to the want ads.

Without the slightest hope she would find the vacancy still open, she answered one of the ads, and got employment in a store. About a month later, one of her fellow clerks, who had taken a liking to Joan, introduced the wide-eyed little girl to a theatrical agent. The agent was so entranced with Joan's fresh appearance and radiant personality that he asked if she had any stage aspirations. Her reply was so emphatically affirmative that her interests himself in her behalf.

So Joan started on the stage, a career that took her first to New York, thence to Hollywood. But what would have happened if she hadn't picked up that newspaper, got the job, and met that particular salesgirl? Strange indeed are the dictates of fate and fortune.

Jack Holt might still be trekking into the far places of the globe had a hotel bill not been in arrears.

The year was 1915. Holt, who had been riding the range in Oregon for months, became obsessed with a
IN REVIEW

PICTURE PLAY'S HONOR LIST

"David Copperfield" is not only the grandest picture of the month, but it is likely to be the capital prize of the year. Every player in it gives a "best" performance, though neither they nor you will begrudge first honors to Freddie Bartholomew.

Other honors go to Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone, in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"; Paul Muni and Bette Davis, in "Border-town"; and to Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon, in "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

"THE IRON DUKE."

George Arliss excites multitudes to admiration no matter what he plays just so he exhibits his familiar technique and personality. They will like exceedingly his Gaumont-British picture while the more critical minority will find it unsatisfactory. To them it will seem too deliberate to be exciting or dramatic, and Mr. Arliss's light comedian sort of Wellington will not tally with their image of the man of iron who crushed Napoleon and won the Battle of Waterloo for England. They will wish this Duke of Wellington would speak of Napoleon as "Boney" less often and display some military genius instead. Actually, as the picture is arranged, he is shown more as a drawing-room tactician in conflict with the Duchesse d'Angouleme, niece of King Louis XVIII of France, who attempts to ruin his reputation by newspaper gossip. Gladys Cooper, eminent star of the London stage, is coolly arresting as the Duchesse, and you feel that every detail of the handsome production is more than usually correct.

"BORDERTOWN."

Bette Davis has done it again! She gives another scorching performance which equals, if not surpasses, her startling exhibition in "Of Human Bondage," and once more proves that her slant on girls that are not nice is more arresting and courageous than that of stars who insist on being sympathetic and commonplace. Miss Davis prefers admiration for her acting and she certainly gets it in this film. But she is not the sole attraction. There is Paul Muni, the magnificent. Out of their conflict emerges a drama which isn't comforting and pleasant by a long shot, but it's stronger than most. Mr. Muni, a poor Mexican embittered by defeat in Los Angeles, rises to glittering success as proprietor of a night club across the border in Mexico. Miss Davis, wife of his partner, murders her husband to clear the way for her burning desire for Mr. Muni. Frustrated and furious, she implicates him in her crime and her conscience drives her mad. Mr. Muni's love affair with a society girl has a tragic termination, too, and he returns mournfully to his own people.

"THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL."

An elegantly costumed and mannered story of high adventure, this gives splendid opportunities to Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon for picturesque acting in their first film together, which happens to be one of England's best. You who may not have read Baroness Orczy's novel are asking what the title means. It is a wildflower, the nickname of Sir Percy Blakeney, leader of a group of British noblemen whose daring exploits in rescuing French aristocrats from the guillotine of the new republic earns them the hatred of Robespierre and his henchmen. Mr. Howard's rôle is a fascinating one because it has two sides—the dashing "Scarlet Pimpernel" and the drawing-room fop he pretends to be as a disguise. Miss Oberon, as his wife who is ignorant of his secret activities and vexed by his open frivolities, is fragilely beautiful and brimming with emotion in an exquisite performance while Mr. Howard is, as usual, deft and sure and satisfying. The picture is not as exciting as it was meant to be, but it is absorbing because of the intelligence and beauty that inspires every bit of it.
"ENTER MADAME."

The temperamental didos of an operatic prima donna are outmoded as the principal interest in a full-length picture. That is why they do not qualify Elissa Landi's new film as a first-rate success. Her performance is brilliant, however, and the film itself is lively and richly mounted, but the story is definitely old-fashioned and is only tolerably entertaining. It shows us a singer with the effulgent name of Lisa della Robbia married to an American, Cary Grant. She will not settle down, but is forever dashing to the far ends of the earth in response to enticing offers. His patience exhausted, her husband divorces her and becomes interested in another woman. Whereupon, Lisa, pigheaded and jealous, sets out to win him back, vanquishing her rival. Her ex-husband willingly steps back into harness as they sail for South America, so the mad, hectic life begins all over again for them.

Two operatic episodes from "Tosca" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" are splendidly staged, with Miss Landi gorgeously visualizing Floria and Neda while Nina Koshetz invisibly and pulsingly sings.

"THE NIGHT IS YOUNG."

This is the straw that broke the camel's back—and Ramon Novarro's thirteen-year tenancy of a Metro-Goldwyn dressing room. So, if insignificant as entertainment, the film already is historic though not easy to remember except by name. Evelyn Laye, Una Merkel, Charles Butterworth, Donald Cook, Edward Everett Horton, Rosalind Russell, and Herman Bing are visible and flash brightly from time to time, but the sum total of their efforts is obscured by a cloud of futility. One doesn't quite know why. Scenes of pre-War Vienna are beautifully reproduced and there is evident a lavish hand in spending money to make the picture worth while. More than anything, though, the story falls short. It has the Archduke Paul Gustave trifling with Lisl of the opera ballet until he falls in love with her. Then he must give her up and marry a countess for reasons of state while she must eat her heart out for the sake of her country. The trouble is that no one cares about the picture-book problems of the principals.

"CLIVE OF INDIA."

Ronald Colman and Loretta Young, with the help of a large cast and a handsome production, fail to quicken interest in the story of the poor clerk, Robert Clive, who won India for England in the eighteenth century and was badly treated by his country for his patriotic service. Probably the picture will be more significant to British audiences than it is to us who find "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" more colorful and dramatic, even if it is fiction and hasn't the historical data of the "Clive" lecture. Anyway, the perils of modern soldiering in the exotic Far East are more interesting to the majority than the troubles of Lord Clive of Plassey. In spite of the exciting material at hand, the picture is more concerned with Clive's domestic life than his military exploits. For he is forever leaving his home in England to harken to India's call and Lady Clive doesn't like it, this being all there is of romantic conflict in the picture. The rôle is not one of Mr. Colman's best for it permits none of his ingratiating light comedy.

"THE WHITE COCKATOO."

Jean Muir gives to any film in which she appears an interesting quality. This serene, low-voiced young woman has a cool competence which bespeaks intelligence and holds one's attention every second she is visible. She makes no effort to be striking, glamorous, or any of the things that we have come to accept as the stock-in-trade of an ambitious newcomer. Consequently, she makes this undistinguished effort at story-telling worth while. She is an American lodger at a French provincial hotel who expects to inherit her late father's fortune, but from the moment you are introduced to the guilty-looking guests you know that Miss Muir will not come into her money without opposition. Three murders are committed, as many suspects are under fire, but Miss Muir unmasks the criminal. Pauline Garon, who used to be prominent, plays a small rôle with an amount of skill that entitles her to quick elevation into more important parts, and the complete cast, which you will find on page 52, tells you how many other clever players are present.
"It's a Gift."—Paramount. Two phases of W. C. Fields's remarkable talent come into view. First, Fields would enjoy his skill in portraying character, then by all means see his "Micawber in "David Copperfield." Not only does Mr. Fields create a human being and not a caricature, as many players have done, but he qualifies as a dramatic actor of skill and resource in the scene of his declamation of Uriah Heep. If, however, you are content to laugh at Mr. Fields only as a comedian, you must not think of missing him in his Paramount offering. Thinnest of stories, it is really a series of lengthy episodes which permit Mr. Fields to continue his monologue without interruption of plot and with little interference from other players. Thus we have him opening the picture with an attempt to shave in his bathroom while his daughter monopolizes the mirror, as funny a scene as you will find anywhere. Then his desperate effort to sleep on the back porch in the face of incredible disturbances is a masterpiece of comedy, together with that episode in his grocery store where he tries to save his stock from destruction by a blind man who stumbles in the wrong places. There are only three or four of many many more high lights in a very funny picture. Disappointing, though, is the small chance given Baby LeRoy to grab Mr. Fields' fact. Aside from throwing something or other at the star, he has nothing to do. Mr. Fields is the whole show.

"The Man Who Reclaimed His Head."—Universal. Again we are given the opportunity to admire that sarcastic actor, Claude Rains, and to exclaim at his ability to be unlike any other star. Here he is well cast in a picture that is interesting, but not as powerful as it would have been had more courage entered into its making. However, its story is unusual and the acting is excellent throughout, especially on the part of Joan Bennett and Lionel Atwill. The latter, as a suave and powerful publisher, employs Mr. Rains to write editorials denouncing war and the greed of munitions makers who encourage it. Mr. Rains and Miss Bennett, as husband and wife, forsake the poverty of their Paris apartment for a mansion while Mr. Atwill's newspaper makes money and he smugly takes credit for the fine writing of his anonymous employee. Then the capitalists buy him off and he becomes a turncoat, advocating war with the very newspaper he formerly demanded peace. Mr. Rains, disillusioned yet tolerant, enlists when war actually is declared. At the front, he learns that Mr. Atwill sold out to the munitions makers and in his absence is making love to his wife. His revenge is properly ghastly.

"Evergreen."—Gaumont-British. American fans now have the opportunity to see one of the leading stars of English musicals in "Evergreen." Matthews, who will remind them, in flashes, of Colleen Moore and Irene Bordoni, incongruous as that may seem, is rather tall and very slim. Miss Matthews is an unusual dancer who displays a rhythmic grace which makes her movements a delight while her acting, in this complicated story, is individual and excellent, all making this by far the best musical film that England has so far sent us. The story begins in the gay '90s when Miss Matthews is seen as a music-hall favorite, Harriet Green, the toast of the town as the saying goes, on the eve of her marriage to a title. The marriage a failure, Harriet disappears, and years later her daughter, also named Harriet, comes back to London in search of a job as a chorus girl. Her resemblance to her mother is so striking that old friends think they see a ghost. Eventually, young Harriet is seen impersonating her mother on the stage, with complications in her private life. All this is nicely, tastefully projected and with considerable gayety and charm, too, with tuneful music and attractive settings and costumes. Without being a sensation, the picture is distinctly pleasant and so is one's introduction to Miss Matthews.

"Helldorado."—Fox. So unreal as to be fantastic, this is nevertheless attractive because of favorite players— and in spite of three of them being miscast. Therefore, Erroll Arlen, Madge Evans, and Ralph Bellamy, the unfortunates, step aside and let Henry B. Walthall take first honors for he has the advantage of being very well cast indeed besides of course, giving a touching performance. But Mr. Arlen as a bumptious hitch-hiker, Miss Evans as an unnaturally snobbish society girl and Mr. Bellamy as a purse-proud millionaire just aren't in their element. They're all too genuine and likable to make their respective masquerades convincing or pleasant. Naturally, the fault lies in the writing of their roles and the direction given them. Anyway, they find themselves in a mining town haunted by vanished glories and with but one ghostly inhabitant, Mr. Walthall, who is ridden by hallucinations. That's about all you need know of the goings on which are entertaining enough, but entirely unbelievable and the picture is far below the standard expected of a film sponsored by Jesse L. Lasky.

Pensive and lovely when she is not heart-wrenching, Helen Hayes gives a glimpse of herself in her new film, "Vanessa: Her Love Story," in which Robert Montgomery is her hero.

"Mystery Woman."—Fox. A conventional spy melodrama, most of it taking place on an ocean liner, this has its points nevertheless. One of them is the return of Rod La Roque, a test of fan loyalty if there ever was one, for he is part of screen tradition. He appears briefly in this as the husband of Mona Barrie unjustly sentenced to Devil's Island. Subsequent activities have Miss Barrie intriguing to get the papers necessary to proving his innocence and freeing him. Of course Miss Barrie succeeds handsomely both as an actress and a mondaine in a blond wig, worsting those sophistcates, John Halliday and Gilbert Roland.
UNTIL you see him in "David Copperfield" you have not seen the ultimate in child actors, and you will discover that you have been saving your last tear for him. His performance as the boy David is so poignant and heart-wrenching, such a perfect example of speech and feeling and acting, that you will hang upon every word he utters, fearful that bringing Copperfield to maturity will rob the picture of all its appeal. It doesn't, of course, but you remember that his is the greatest performance—a performance that Picture Play calls the best of the entire month.
Dancing Lover

They pledged that the day would come when Fred would star in a musical show written by George. Eight years later their dream came true when Fred and Adele made their first sensational hit as stars in "Lady, Be Good," with the score by Gershwin.

Before that time, Fred and his sister had been featured in "Over the Top," and in Fritz Kreisler's "Apple Blossoms." It was as Johnny in the latter show that Broadway recognized Fred's startling ability as a dancer. The inimitable Alexander Woollcott, as critic on a metropolitan paper, wrote at that time, "Astaire is one of those extraordinary persons whose sense of rhythm and humor have been all mixed up, whose very muses, of which he has an extra supply, are downright facetious."

The Astaires with their graceful, stimulating routines held sway over American and English audiences for the next fifteen years. As brother and sister who had been trouping since they were babies of five and seven, they had achieved a glorified harmony in their work. When sister Dell retired from the stage in May, 1932, to live at Lismore Castle, the Irish estate of her husband, Lord Cavendish, second son of the Duke of Devonshire, Broadway and Piccadilly predicted that brother Fred was done for.

And which was just another wrong guess on the part of the theatrical world. A few months after his sister's marriage, his close friend, "Jock" Whitney, of the Harry Payne Whitney family, put up the money to prove that Fred could make good on his own. "The Gay Divorcee" was the result. In turns, New York, London, and the cinema pronounced it and its star most delightful.

However, "The Gay Divorcee" was not Astaire's first appearance in films. Metro-Goldwyn, seeking a dancer for Joan Crawford's "Dancing Lady," offered Clifton Webb, another terspiscian genius of Broadway, the spot. Webb demanded equal billing with Joan. Metro-Goldwyn refused and Astaire modestly stepped into his first movie role, never hoping to click, for he has no illusions of being the ideal movie hero. However, no one can predict what the feminine heart will thrill to, and at the moment RKO reports that Fred of the unfair face is receiving more fan mail than any other star on their lot.

And as for the stars of the film colony, they are not going to let any one tap-tap their fans away.

Nancy Carroll has just finished a course in tap dancing. Others who have preceded her are Bing Crosby, Marion Davies, Arline Judge, Polly Walters, Peggy Conklin, Constance Cummings, Ruby Keeler, and during her recent Christmas holiday in New York, Katharine Hepburn turned up at Jack Blue's every morning at ten o'clock to master the hard-shoe dance. Yes, Fred Astaire is responsible for Hollywood going tap-conscious.

But I don't know what Vince Barnett will do to defend his place as ace ribbon in Hollywood now that Fred has moved into that circle. One of the practical jokes George Gershwin tells of his boyhood friend pulling on sister Dellie, occurred on that young lady's birthday when she was starring in "Funny Face." Just before the curtain, a delivery boy arrived at the stage door with a Thibetan llama (plain goat). A card around his neck tied with red ribbon read: "To Adele, from a devoted admirer."

The doorman, with some misgivings, led the llama to her flower-decked dressing room. Adele refused to accept the gift. She ordered the goat turned out on an unsuspecting Broadway, which forced brother Fred to confess that he was the offender and if the animal were not returned to the zoo he would have to forfeit fifty dollars.

However, Lady Cavendish is not the only subject of Fred's ribbing. Andy Anderson, stage manager of "The Gay Divorcee," during that play's run, says that no one knew what Fred would do next. In self-defense, the company organized to turn the jokes on him. The fifteen-minute call which stage managers give actors as a warning to be ready for the rise of the curtain is usually a gentle knock on the dressing-room door with a soft-voiced announcement, "Fifteen minutes, sir." At one time a clatter of tin plates substituted the gentle knock. "Louder, please!" called Fred, and Andy responded with several revolver shots.

Fred's pet dance step is a side twist of the ankles. During rehearsals he boasted that no one could do that step but himself. Secretly, the chorus under Andy's guidance practiced the step. When again Fred bragged about his step, the chorus and all members of the company, including the stage hands, went into the side twist.

Does Fred resent having the laugh turned on himself? His reward for Andy's efforts was to place bets on horse races for him. If the horse won Andy received the winnings and if the bet was lost the star failed to mention it.

Another form of ribbing which the dancing star enjoys is sending his black-face valet, Walter, for a glass of water. When the water has been fetched, Astaire says, "I didn't ask you for water—it's a towel I want." Of course, when the towel arrives it is not the right thing and Walter, with Negro diplomacy, brings his master to penitence by saying, "Mr. Fred, one thing's certain. Either you or me is just plain crazy. I don't think it's me, and I hates to think it's you 'cause I loves you so."

Yes, Fred Astaire is the kind of ribber who makes you love it and him, too, for he's regular and boyish every minute.

Oliver Hardy sponsors the film career of his twin nieces, Mary and Margot Sage. They'll play small roles in "The Live Ghost," the new Laurel and Hardy comedy.
First-class or Nothing

“How,” we asked following our smart pencil’s suggestion, “do you know you’ll always get that type of story? Isn’t it possible that you’ll be cast in a nonsinging part?”

She shook her head resolutely, folded her arms on the white satin bosom of her pajamas.

“It isn’t possible,” she said, “because that’s what I want to do and nothing else interests me.”

Only the future and Paramount can affirm or deny that. Our pencil properly put in its place, went on with Kitty’s début as a professional performer.

“I was the last one on the list at my first and only audition. I was the only singer who clutched my music in a perspiring hand—and I was terrible. I don’t know why they gave me the part, probably because I looked it.”

Jessie Matthews snuggles by her fireside in England, only vaguely aware that in “Evergreen” she captivated American fans with her dash and charm and extraordinary dancing, reminding old-timers of a curious combination of Colleen Moore and Irene Bordoni.

That was the singing lead in a tabloid version of “Río Rita.” At the first performance, Kitty’s knees shook and they haven’t conquered the habit yet. But when the unit finally wound up its thirty-three-week tour, Kitty was offered a leading role in “Champagne Sec,” in New York. And when that musical had been going only a few weeks, a screen test hopped into her lap.

“I haven’t got over my self-consciousness yet,” she says frankly, “and I always think I’m terrible. I hate to look at the day’s rushes.”

“Do you think you’re being paid and starred because you’re no good? Come, now, surely way down in your secret heart you approve of yourself once in a while.”

Kitty stirred restlessly and gave us a blank stare.

“Is my attitude uncommon?” she asked at last. “I don’t know how most women feel about themselves. I’ve met only one woman star, Miriam Hopkins, and she was lovely. Told me where to stand and what to do. But since I don’t know her socially, I haven’t any idea of how she regards herself. But the men I’ve worked with are always sure they’re no good. I only know that I’ve come up quickly and that I must keep going up more rapidly. That’s why I take two lessons a day and one when I’m working. I must be first-class or nothing.”

For her first picture, “Murder at the Vanities,” Kitty was cast opposite Bing Crosby, and Kitty wants the world to know he is an angel, wonderful to work with, although fearfully, schoolboyishly shy of love scenes. Their first together resulted in a smudgy kiss that ended somewhere on the Carlisle chin.

Kitty hails from New Orleans where her father died when she was a child. Since then she and Mrs. Carlisle have lived abroad.

“Now”—Kitty was laying down law again—“will I pose for a stunt picture, a naked-looking picture, or a picture in my home. I will never answer questions about my life outside the studio. That will never be necessary to my career. An actress must appeal to and satisfy the imagination of the public. She must preserve a glamour and she can’t do that by describing her breakfast or signing articles entitled ‘How to Hold Your Finishes’.”

“Fans wouldn’t want me to do that sort of thing. Any advice I might give them would be far from expert as I’m neither a student of nor an authority on anything. I’m just trying to be perfect in the work I’m doing. They’ll have to like me on that basis.”

“I,” Kitty expounded with her increasing assurance, “will never go to places where I’m sure to be seen if I don’t want to be seen. And if I should ever marry I shan’t shout it from rooftops, but I won’t make a secret of it either. Change my mind? If Hollywood tries to get into my private life I’ll get out of Hollywood.”

Whereupon we, almost on the point of asking whether there had been or might be a love interest in Kitty’s life, departed hastily from the smiling but inexorable young lady who will either break all the rules or change them.
seems to be the final chapter in the romantic interlude between this actor and Loretta Young. It has been bruited about, and even admitted as a possibility. Loretta appears to have no other special interest any more. She is seen with her sisters much of the time, and otherwise appears to concentrate on professional activities.

**Fantastic Press Agents.—** If there’s the least chance for anything to be dramatized in Hollywood, it will be. Warner Baxter recently broke his finger while playing tennis, and immediately some publicity agent sent out a story to the effect that he had been bitten by the deadly Black Widow spider. When Lowell Sherman passed away during the filming of "Becky Sharp," reports immediately stated that Miriam Hopkins had suffered a collapse or something because of the cause, and that makes Miriam burn because she is never well and the daughter of Jacqueline Saunders, both old-timers in the movies, also appear.

**Elizabeth Allan Free.—** Elizabeth Allan goes places with Mrs. Ernest Torrence, the widow of the actor who was so well liked during his lifetime. The two women have been friends for a long time. Just recently Elizabeth divorced Wilfred James O’Byren, but that doesn’t prevent their chatting together whenever they meet.

**Grace Moore Hollywooding.—** Grace Moore, looking gorgeous, is seen about regularly with Valentin Perera, who marriage looks quite steady. Perera would be a hit on the screen, in all probability, if he could get the right chance. He does well in Spanish pictures, Miss Moore is now in the midst of her second operatic screen enterprise, "The Wings of Song."

**Tower of Babel.—** The battle of the languages was certainly fought on the "A Midsummer Night’s Dream" set. Most of the actors were, of course, good plain-speaking Americans. But Max Reinhardt knows very little English, while Madam Nijinska, who directed the ballets, spoke mostly Russian. The doorkeeper made the remark that he was trying to learn to sing "Die Wacht Am Rhein" and the Russian national anthem so as to be neutral. Nijinska, by the way, had a flare-up and quit the production before it was over. She is the sister of the famous Russian dancer.

**Separation Threatened.—** A sad parting may be in order for Ivan Lebedeff and Wera Engels. The immigration officials are thinking of shipping the attractive actress back to Germany, and Heaven knows when she’ll be able to come back again! However, various prominent stars and others have been interceding for her.

**Battle Not Ended.—** While Ann Harding has won full custody of her child by virtue of a Nevada court decree, that may not be the end of the controversy between Harry Bannister and herself. The scene of battle is likely to be transferred to the California courts.

**Dancer Hates the Dance.—** It’s hard to believe, but Fred Astaire really loathes dancing. He’d much rather act without the steps. It’s understandable why Astaire doesn’t like the talent which has made him famous. Dancing is the most stren-
Hollywood High Lights

Jane Baxter displays an interesting and unusual corsage in "Enchanted April." Overlapping rows of narrow lace, closely ruffled, set off her red taffeta evening gown.

Offending the Bard.—Freakish beyond words is the storm that has been called forth by the injecting of a Mrs. Bottom into "A Midsummer Night's Dream." She is supposed to be the wife of Bottom the Weaver, chief comedy character, and that very clever actress, Sara Haden, is doing the rôle. All the Shakespearean sharpshooters have been firing telegrams and letters at the Warner studio, wanting to know how come that they have the nerve to change a play of the bard to the extent of putting a new character in the film.

Love in a Garden.—Van Smith is a very faithful attendant on Nancy Carroll. At the wedding of Jocelyn Lee and James Seymour they amused themselves in a swing in the garden. Van, frock-coated and all, sent Nancy flying properly heavenward in the apparatus. Real youngish, we calls it.

Will Love or Art Win?—Tom Brown and Anita Louise would both like to take a little flyer over to England for pictures, but it looks as if Anita will have to stay right on in the Coast movies, since Warner Brothers have her tied up. So Tom is debating whether or not he'll go—probably torn between love and art. It's going to be risky to leave so beautiful a girl as Anita for any length of time.

A Love that Lingers.—Greta Garbo and George Brent are still very, very friendly. It's the most enduring companionship ever for the Swedish star. But then it will probably end some day soon, as do all Garbo friendships.

Strange Handicap

Naturally, I was curious as to the exact status of their relationship and Madge is too honest a person to deny the affection that exists between them.

"I'm terribly fond of Tom," she said sincerely, too sincerely, in fact, to convey an impression of very intense feeling. "But I'm not planning on marrying him or any one else for a number of years.

"Granted that on occasion divorce becomes inevitable, I still feel that if, and when, I do marry, I want to believe that it's going to last. And I couldn't believe that at present.

"It isn't that I feel a career and marriage can't be combined," she went on. "It has been done successfully many times, but both parties to the bargain have to be in a position to give a great deal toward making their marriage last and I'm not in a position right now to do my part.

"After all, I've been on the stage and screen for so long that acting is really a part of me. I can't think of ever giving it up. And I'm in such a precarious position, professionally, at present that I must keep myself free to move from Hollywood to New York, to England, or to Australia, at a moment's notice, if my work demanded it.

"And that's no way to be if you're married and serious about achieving success and permanence. For that reason, I'm determined not to marry until the time comes when I'm secure enough in my work to allot it just a proper share, instead of all my time and interest."

Not her actual words, but the clear thinking and analysis behind them, told a more eloquent story than Miss Evans realized. They told me that she is not really in love, despite her avowal of affection for Mr. Gallery. For when a woman is really in love, she loses the power to analyze and think so clearly, and believes that love and nothing else will make everything come out all right. I mentioned this opinion to her and she smiled.

"Perhaps you're right. Maybe I will lose my perspective and forget all my caution some day. But I hope that's a long time off. I have a lot of work I want to do first. I want to prove to myself and to those who have believed in me, that I can reach a really important place in pictures and do a job of sincerely fine acting."
METHODS differ in Hollywood. Some succeed to the accompanying glare of publicity; others get the same sweet results without benefit of ballyhoo. The first group sobs to the press about love affairs, baby yearnings, and thwarted ambitions. Souls are bared Wednesdays and Fridays, by appointment. Nothing is too intimate to be page-one copy. Life is an open book with pretty badly thumbed pages.

The other smaller group is content to go its way quietly, acting only in the studio on the set, advancing steadily artistically, winning more popularity with each picture, keeping the private life a complete secret.

Myrna Loy is one of the eminently successful members of the tiptoe cult. Garbo is the ringleader, of course, but Myrna is second to none in minding her own business, keeping her pretty mouth shut and performing only for the cameras. Myrna is a bright young woman who used to have a flair for looking Oriental and mysterious. She has been in pictures long enough to know what it's all about. So she stepped out of the shinky category, played modern ladies with humor and elegance, and developed a highly practical sense of values.

You never hear of Miss Loy's specifications for her ideal man or Dream Prince. You never see her posing with the Past President of the Pipe Organ Pumbers or the General Chairman of Bail-bond Providers. You can't recall having seen her launch a walkathon contest, christen a battleship, wave good-by from an ocean liner, sponsor a bicycle race for monopeds, or endow an aviary for homeless homing pigeons. She doesn't go in for that sort of thing.

You have seen her play opposite Clark Gable in three consecutive pictures that were good for the box office. You have seen her recalled by Warner Baxter to team with him for a third time. And now Metro-Goldwyn is teaming her again with William Powell after the success of "The Thin Man," "Manhattan Melodrama," and "Evelyn Prentice."

Nobody in Hollywood knows much about Myrna except that she is in the higher altitudes to stay. She has the equipment, as it's called in the film belt, she has common sense, and she has the all-important sense of balance. It's hard to get her to talk about herself. She will be gracious, cooperative, and polite. But she won't say much.


When I met Miss Loy she was working in a picture with the debonair, devil-may-care Mr. Powell of "Thin Man" fame.

Off the set the lady is still lovely, but I was surprised to see large hands, generously freckled. They were not in character. The Loy eyes slant provocatively, but there is nothing of coquetry in her manner. She is matter-of-fact and impersonal for the most part.

She told me that she escaped playing seductive Eastern ladies with veils and harem pajamas by the simple method of balking.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger
MALCOLM H. OETTINGER surmises that somewhere in her past Myrna Loy has been deeply hurt and her impersonal attitude is erected as a guard, lest she suffer again. That is why nobody in Hollywood knows much about her except that she is in the higher altitudes to stay. But read Mr. Oettinger's keen and sympathetic story about Miss Loy on the opposite page.
AGAIN Anna Sten promises a fine picture, this time in company with Gary Cooper, Ralph Bellamy, Helen Vinson, and Siegfried Rumann who are pictured on this page in "The Wedding Night." A fascinating story, it tells of a Polish girl who works in the tobacco fields of Connecticut and her sacrifice for love.
Clark Gable, as a vigorous newspaper editor, tames Constance Bennett who owes her job as reporter to social connections. And they’re both mixed up in a murder mystery. There you have the ground work of “After Office Hours.”

The striking portrait of Mr. Gable, above, shows him in action as a crusading editor who spares no one in getting the news. Miss Bennett preens while Stuart Erwin, above, right, reminds that duty calls. Below, Miss Bennett is with Harvey Stephens.
The popular British comedian, George Grossmith, is seen with Miss Laye at the top of the page, who is with Mr. Wilcoxon in the other two photographs. They are principals in a love story which has Miss Laye leaving her kingdom to marry the ruler of a neighboring principality and falling in love and marrying his emissary, the stalwart Mr. Wilcoxon.

Melody

Evelyn Laye will soothe your cares away in "Princess Charming," with Henry Wilcoxon opposite her in a musical romance of a mythical kingdom.
really doesn't

to know what
icture is about
cause it's sure-
ough to say
the song hits
ke the popu-
make Gets in
es' and the
round is that
fashionable
shop in Paris.
te way, the
blonde with
vina Reid.
They Say in New York——

Merle Oberon looked like an Asiatic princess with Paris polish, while Carol Lombard and Adrienne Ames looked like every film fan's idea of what a star ought to look like—a little flashy.

An inspired trio was also there—Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon, and Skeets Gallagher—having so much fun and keeping every one near them in such an uproar that one didn't notice at first how Bebe looked. P. S. She looked as grand as ever. These three inseparables are to do a Broadway play soon.

Just for the Love of It.—A lot of young actors who have suddenly been catapulted into fame and big money developed nostalgia for the good old days of a summer stock company when they devoted themselves to the theater without much encouragement. The good old days when they were featured players one week, scene shifters the next, and ticket takers the next. And always wondering if the evening’s receipts would cover real meals or just sandwiches and milk for the company.

A few of them got together, decided they would like to produce plays, and Stage Associates was formed. Two days later a telegram bristling with indignation was received from Margaret Sullivan.

"What’s the idea of leaving me out?" she asked, going on to say that she was ready at any time to give up her extravagant Hollywood salary to join them in their adventure.

The Song of the Lark.—Kitty Carlisle lingers on in New York, crowding her days and nights with experiences to see her through the long months that she will spend working in Hollywood. She doesn't go to Hollywood parties and likes to save her voice for the microphone. She loves to meet celebrities and gets as completely tongue-tied as if she hadn't spent most of her life in Europe meeting people eminent in every field.

She had just met Nazimova, a lifelong ambition, when I dropped in at her Ritz Tower apartment to call. Watching Nazimova prepare tea for her guests, Miss Carlisle suddenly realized that she was still startled to find that her idols come down from their pedestals to do practical little things in a wholly natural way.

This devoted fan of Miss Carlisle's understands the feeling. After meeting droves of picture stars, I was still impressed by finding her cordially companionable.

Now He Will Know the End.—Frankie Thomas, who bears his stage and screen laurels as casually as he swings a baseball bat, has gone to Hollywood to play in "A Dog of Flanders." When Jackie Coogan starred in the silent version, Frankie was too young to see the film. He started reading the book once, getting it from a library in the city where his parents were playing on the stage. But the show moved on before he finished, and he never did read how Ouida's story ends, because suddenly he was acting and he was kept pretty busy learning lines.

He likes to learn all of his father's and mother's lines too, hoping to prompt them some night noisily from the wings.

Belated Honeymoon.—Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton rushed through New York en route to London knowing that they had to be back within a few weeks. Films have not yet caught the delicate charm that is hers, but the camera does right well by him.

Backstage at "Accent on Youth," they held a grand reunion with Constance Cummings whom Britishers adopted whole-heartedly last year in London. Almost any one would like to adopt her. She is a clever actress and poignantly beautiful.—Which must make up to her in a small way for the time a few years ago when Sam Goldwyn dropped her from his company because she could not act and did not photograph well. It would be nice if he would come to New York and discover that she is just the girl for "The Dark Angel."
On the day I met Mr. Young, I first watched him go through a few scenes of "West Point of the Air." The company was on location, shooting exteriors. That engaging and almost perpetual grin and that youthful exuberance of his seemed spontaneous and real as he went through the action of the scenes and repeated his lines. But when the camera ceased grinding he shed both like a pair of gloves.

As he left the set we were introduced. He shook hands graciously, but his face remained grave. The set was packed with the crowd of spectators who always throng locations outside the walls of the studios. "Let's sit in this car over here," he suggested. "We'll never find a place on the set to talk." We walked toward the car and were immediately surrounded by a swarm of schoolgirls eager for his autograph. He stopped at their request and solemnly wrote in several books as the crowd continued to grow. At last he said, pleasantly, but with no trace of a smile, "I'm sorry, I'll have to go now. Do the rest of you mind waiting until later?"

At last we reached the car and piled in the rear seat.

"I'm afraid you'll find me poor copy," he began. "There's really not much to say about me. Just the other day I was in conference with the press department. They told me I should develop some 'angles' for stories, but I don't know how to go about it. I don't do anything spectacular. If I played polo like Spenser Tracy, or raced horses like Clark Gable, I guess that would make copy for stories. But I'm such an average sort of person. At first there were Cinderella stories about how I was discovered, and then romantic yarns about my marrying my school-days sweetheart. Except for those two angles, there's nothing much more to write. I lead a pretty commonplace existence."

I smiled at his earnestness, but he continued, as serious as a judge. As he talked I realized that the winning smile that continually wreathes his face on the screen, and which has endeared him to audiences, is, in person, so infrequent as to be almost rare.

I glanced at his expression now as he talked. His forehead was drawn into vertical lines, as if he were earnestly searching his mind for some "good copy" to tell me. He reminded me of a business man worrying over the failure of the company's promotion department to keep up its end of the business as well as the production, engineering and auditing departments did theirs.

Young with Old Ideas

"Well, let's not worry about angles, and something might pop up," I said, laughing to reassure him. "You're pretty businesslike about your career, aren't you?"

"Acting is a business," he replied. "I haven't much patience with the viewpoint of some in regarding the theater or studio as an art center or a place for self-expression. Of course, acting is a more highly sensitized business than, for example, making automobiles, but it's a business nevertheless."

"Has Hollywood disillusioned you?" I asked in alarm.

"I had no illusions about Hollywood to begin with," he answered emphatically. "Frankly, I've no patience, either, with all this talk of Hollywood and what it does to people. Places can't alter us. If a person is emotionally unstable, he will blame life instead of himself for his shortcomings and failures whether he's in Hollywood or Keokuk. I think illusions and ideals have their place in love and marriage and friendship and other relationships, but they've no place in business. Bank clerks don't go into the banking business with all kinds of high-flown ideas and illusions about their jobs. Actors shouldn't go about their jobs that way, either."

As this very serious young man continued talking, I studied his appearance as if to discover the secret of the great difference between the reel and the real Bob Young.

He is twenty-seven, I am told. On the screen he looks and acts even younger. He is the typical juvenile. In person he looks about that age, but acts thirty-five. It was a little depressing. Taking courage, I asked this earnest young man if he was aware of this wide divergence between the appearance and the actions of his market product, so to speak. I wondered if perhaps responsibilities or heavy obligations in his earlier years had left their influence upon him.

He considered my question thoughtfully a moment before replying.

"Yes, I did have responsibilities as a boy. Not great ones, but I felt them keenly. I worked, as all boys do, after school. As a matter of fact, I had an unhappy youth. Not not from outside forces. My home life was happy. I don't regret having to work, either, because I believe it's good business training for boys to go to work young. But many boys are unhappy in adolescent years, and I was particularly morbid and sensitive. I felt the weight of the world on my shoulders. I don't believe I'm overly serious now, and I'm certainly not morbid. But I suppose I am, as you say, more mature than I appear in pictures."

With his name on a high school diploma, he debated whether to work his way through college or get a steady job at once. Two factors influenced him toward the college ideal; he yearned for the social contacts of college life, and, already having been bitten by the acting bug, he wanted to study dramatics. But working after school would leave little time for acting or fun.

Then he hit upon a plan. Since acting and the opportunity for making friends were for him the principal appeals of the institutions of higher learning, instead of working at night and going to school by day, why not rent the college dormitory? He would work by day and go to school, act and make friends at night. A bank clerk's job by day and Pasadena Community Playhouse activities in the evenings solved his immediate problems.

For four years he carried on thus. Then an actor's agent saw him at the Playhouse and offered to get him a movie contract. Robert had thought of the movies—as what Southern California boy or girl has not? But he lacked the self-confidence to attempt crushing the gates unaided. When the agent got him a job with MGM he was happier than he had ever been in his life.

He likes the juvenile types of roles he's been playing, and has no yearning for heavy histrionics. When he wants a particular part, however, he fights for it. He worked eight months for the "West Point of the Air" role he now has. For a time it looked as if Robert Montgomery would draw the plumb, but Mr. Young's businesslike efforts to ob-
tain the part influenced the powers
that be, and he was notified he could
have the role of Wallace Beery’s son
in the army aviation optus.
And what does this young busi-
ness man do outside of office hours?
In the evenings he and Mrs. Young
go to the movies or listen to the ra-
dio, or occasionally go out to dinner
and dance, just as thousands of mar-
ried couples all over the country
spend their evenings. His favorite
sport is penny-ante poker with a
bunch of cronies. His particular
friends among picture people are
James Dunn, Cliff Edwards, Roscoe
Karns, and Edward Sedgwick, the
director.

He reads contemporary fiction.
Hates bridge and plays a duffer’s
game of golf. Belongs to the Holly-
wood Athletic Club, and plays squash
or handball for exercise. The
Youngs are buying a home in Bev-
erly Hills, which they selected pri-
marily as a financial investment, he
admits frankly.

“So you see, I really am ‘disgust-
ingly normal,’” he said at last, and
this time his face broke into that
infrequent but charming smile of his.
“Just one hobby I have that’s even a
little unusual,” he confided. “Theo-
retically, I’m interested in surgery. I
like to read books on the subject, and
I’m always saying I’m going to the
hospital to watch unusual operations,
but I can’t get up the courage to go.
I suppose that still makes me just
an average chicken-hearted individ-
ual, like almost everybody else.

Disgustingly normal? Yes, Rob-
cert Young is. And it’s a pleasant
relief to meet an actor with no illusions
of grandeur or temperamental idio-
syncrasies. One who won’t assume a
pose for publicity purposes. Mr. You-
group is an honest, sincere, and lik-
able person.
But I wish he weren’t such a sol-
enn young man. Can’t you smile a
little, Robert, except when the cam-
eraman says, “Now, see the little
birdie?”

She Takes It on the Chin

The art of the motion picture,
marching forward to perfection, has
cast off its restrictions and taken on
the added dimension of color. Thus,
the real beauty of Ann Harding is
soon to emerge in all its loveliness.
As one of the privileged few who
have seen the advance color tests of
Ann taken for her role in “Peacock’s
Feather,” I feel it my duty to pre-
pare her fans for the thrilling sur-

Continued from page 39

New Jersey, so that Ann—then Dor-
othy Gatley—might pursue her high-
school studies unimpaired, the girl’s
pent-up emotionalism turned to ama-
teur theatricals as an outlet.
This also explains why Ann, the
mother, wishes to have sole custody
of six-year-old Jane, whose father is
Harry Bannister. She quite naturally
means to give the child the advanta-
ge of a permanent home with opportu-
nities for any artistic leanings to be
developed under the best possible
conditions. Yet she faces a legal bat-
tle with her ex-husband for this privi-
lege.

Regarding her apparent aloof-
ness, much may also be said in defense
of it. In the first place, the failure
of her marriage has been a great
emotional shock and one which she
believes she must work out alone. In
the past, she has placed her trust in
friends, only to have that trust vio-
lated.
In one instance, a trusted employee
and confidant even resorted to black-
mail. On another occasion, a close
friend betrayed her trust and in-
dulged in petty, malicious gossip.
That is why Ann, bereft of love and
friendship, finds haven in the lovely
hilltop estate which she and her hus-
band built as a setting for their great
happiness.
Sequestered, fearing kidnappers
and extortionists, she leads a solitary life
save for the companionship of little
Jane and her sister Edith, the for-
mer Mrs. Robert Nash.
Ann, extremely intellectual and
accomplished, is not dependent upon
outside contacts. She finds respite
in her library, recreation in her gar-
den. Besides this, she plays the piano
beautifully, difficult, classical selec-
tions. She abhors jazz music.

On rare occasions when her spirit
demands a wider domain, she leaps
upon a high-spirited horse and rides
for miles over mountain trails. Her

riding has the skilled abandon of one
who has ridden since childhood. She
likewise enjoys motoring and drives
like a demon when out on the open
straightaway of the desert, often at
the reckless speed of ninety miles an
hour. Whatever Ann does, she does
fully and well.

Rested and refreshed from a much-
needed vacation, a new, more glam-
orous Ann is about to emerge trium-
phantly.

Continued on page 73
But balancing the annual divorce epidemic are the romances. And they fortify the old adage that “in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.”

The moment Kay Francis was freed from Kenneth MacKenna, Maurice Chevalier, who at last has learned to laugh, even though the cameras aren't grinding, became her constant cavalier.

And of course you've heard that Greta Garbo and Rouben Mamoulian raised a mutual temperature. They even went off on a little publicity-free excursion of their own. Unfortunately, the newspapers caught up with them. Come spring and even Garbo seems defenseless. For her interlude with Gilbert, too, spanned the tumultuous months.

One look and Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson were afire. In ten days they were married. Oh, well, it was spring. And the mischievous months were getting in the pleasant part of their labors.

Over in London, Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill took the final step, and in Hollywood, Martha Sleeper and Hardie Allbright arrived at the apartment-hunting state. Laura La Plante said “I do” to Irving Asher, a Warner executive, right after she’d finished saying “I don’t” in Russian. Dick Powell began haunting Mary Brian about, and Lyle Talbot narrowed down his romantic interests. Norma Talmadge finally married George Jessel after a nine-years’ wait. Possibly the season had something to do with it.

In years past, the romantic announcements almost invariably were forthcoming during the three months of upheaval. Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon became engaged in March. It was April when Phyllis Haver stepped off with Billy Seaman. Mary McCormic married Serge Mdivani, Pola’s ex, whom she in turn divorced. But, of course, that doesn’t count on our estimate sheet. Bill Powell and Carol Lombard announced their engagement; and Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton eloped.

The spring months seem ominous for Jack Gilbert, for he wooed and won and then divorced. Virginia Bruce during a mischievous month.

Adolphe Menjou, too, likes the spring. He and Kathryn Carver became engaged during March, and in the most recent March, Verree Teasdale became his adored, with the proper disposition, made in the meantime, naturally, of the old love. Billie Dove married Robert Kenaston in a May, and Greta Nissen and Welton Heburn announced that they belonged to each other forever and ever in the foolish season. Lily Damita and Sidney Smith did their bit toward adding to Hollywood’s romantic spring lore.

Love is not only a funny thing, but it starts action. Minna Gombell, meticulously attired in riding clothes, “elope” with Joseph W. Sefton, San Diego banker and rancher, to Yuma. Were it November, or even December, Minna undoubtedly would have stopped to put on a sport suit, at least.

But the mischievous months don’t always connote a happy ending for love.

They sort of complicated matters for Herbert Marshall and Edna Best, presumably the ideal marrieds of the screen. And now Hollywood is wondering if Gloria Swanson, once free of Michael Farmer, will make Herbert husband Number Five.

Scared of Spring

It was during the spring of 1931 that the first rumors of estrangement between Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford became rife. And it was a mad month that marked the first rift between Buster Keaton and Natalie; the “parting forever” between Mae Clarke and Colleen Moore’s ex.

The mischievous months are studed by excitements other than marriages and divorces and romances a-bloom and romances a-fading. It’s the gay time for rumor hounds. For that busy post-season which goes on incessantly and irresponsibly. Sometimes the rumors are fact. Oftentimes they are flimsy testimony to the erratic behavior March and April and May induce.

Last spring Robert Montgomery was in for it! The rumor hounds had it that he and his wife were definitely through.

And how did Kay Francis get that slashed wrist? If you had listened to the gossips you would have heard seventeen versions, ranging from a suicide attempt to the truth which is that she accidentally cut herself in opening a window.

And who gave Margaret Sullivan that black eye, with which she came back from a fishing excursion? Margaret explained that she inexpertly landed a lively trout which biffed her in the orbit. But try and get Hollywood to believe that!

The perennial rumor that Charlie Farrell will divorce Virginia Valli and marry Janet Gaynor is always revived in the spring, tru-la, and Charlie can’t do a thing about it.

And is Charlie Chaplin married to Paulette Goddard? “My dear, I have it on good authority,” goes the whispering. And so, far, far into the night.

And is there a war on between Dietrich and Von Sternberg? And comes spring and Garbo is going home, never to return, and settle down to the prosaic life of a Swedish landowner.

Fools, too, come to life in the spring. That best-dressed woman tag is riotously contended for just about wardrobe-buying time. And the stars who are just girls together are all upset over roles they didn’t get.

Claudette Colbert, Miriam Hopkins, Gloria Stuart, Margaret Sullivan, Joan Crawford, and Connie Bennett all have had their pet peevs over cherished parts.

French leave-taking is also a part of the spring rites in Hollywood. Stars walk off and hope for the best, which in almost every instance is more money. And Jean Harlow and Jimmy Cagney and Bette Davis and Dick Powell all embraced spring as an occasion for a declaration of independence.

Inevitably the mischievous months usher in lawsuits. Stars are sued for breach-of-promise by ladies they’ve never seen; by motorists whose fenders they were unlucky enough to strike; by servants, they’re discharged; and by wives and parents with itching palms.

And don’t forget it’s in the spring that Mr. von Sternberg begins hunting a likely young actress who blossoms out with new artistry once his kindergarten class is over. Last spring it was Gail Patrick. Other years it’s been other starlets. And Miss Dietrich sits at another table and watches with interest.

Oh, well, anything is likely to happen during those mischievous months—and almost everything does!
Anne Shirley's Own Story

He was supposed to have become a tramp and for the occasion had grown a three weeks' beard and donned a dirty, ragged suit. No girl would bungle to have him escort her to the Beaux Arts Ball. But until a frightened look appeared on the little upturned face as the star, usually an idol with children, tried to put her hair, a baby's reaction to this fearful-looking person had not been considered by the scenario department.

It took days and days and many strategic moves to win her, but finally in a scene where she was supposed to be ill and the tramp who worshipped her picked her up in his arms and prayed for her life to be spared, Mrs. O'Day breathed a sigh of relief and said to the director, "See that?" Anne was twirling her finger around and around Mr. Farnum's ear. "You won't have any trouble with her from now on. She never does that except to people of whom she's very fond."

The mother was right. Anne and Bill Farnum became the best of friends. She even allowed herself to be put in a washtub and get dirty on the set. She shrieked with delight to see the soap bubbles that billowed and broke all about her. She made a game out of the whole thing and the cameraman, knowing that bathing babies and puppies always goes over big on the screen, took scene after scene.

But enough is enough—of anything. Right there Anne showed herself to be a young person of discrimination, for when the time arrived from her point of view that this nonsense had gone far enough, she rose from the tub in a deliberate manner and, swathed only in the snowy bubbles, trotted off the set and to her dressing room. As far as she was concerned the scene was over.

After that picture, "Moonshine Valley," and her screen début, her mother took her to Hollywood where picture engagements did not follow as rapidly as they might, but the pair got along. One of Anne's earnings a tiny house and plot were purchased on a sunny hilltop of Laurel Canyon where the child had her own room, a large slice of which was given over to her children. They were dolls that different stars with whom she had played had given her and she named each one after the donor.

When next I saw Anne she was ten. During those few years the firm little face and straightforward eyes had changed. The child-mouth drooped and the eyes that had been so clear and fearless were wistful, shy, and held in them, far, far down in their depths, a hint of tragedy. What had touched the life of this child to bring the change I do not know. I seldom saw her, but since that time she has often been in my thoughts. She was such a quiet little girl, but so eager-eyed and sad as though she longed desperately for something she could not name but needed very much. Imaginative, sensitive children are often like that.

She seemed a lonely little thing in those days. I don't mean actually lonely, but lonely of soul. She spent many hours with her dolls, dressing and undressing them, crooning them to sleep and making their clothes. Friends sometimes came upon her in a secluded spot in the gardenSolding her heart out with one of her dolls crushed in her arms. What child tragedy made her creep away from her companions and pour into the mute ears of her dolls her wealth of sorrow?

She would design and cut their new clothes herself and was a familiar little figure to passers-by as

How Picture Play readers deluged The Oracle with questions about Jan Kiepura! Now they're about to see him in "My Heart Is Calling," which will be followed by a visit to Hollywood for another picture.

She sat on the front steps of her home waiting for the car that took her to school when she was not working and to the studio when she was, carefully stitching her dolls' clothes.

After a particularly dull period for Anne, it was heard that a child was needed to play the youthful Janet Gaynor in "Four Devils." Anne's mother was ill at the time and a friend took her to the casting office.

It was remarked that while she was the type they wanted, the part was not open to her because of her hair which was far too curly. The friend sent a scathing look at the director. As though a little thing like hair that was too curly could not be managed! Anne was whisked to a hairdresser and in two hours was back at the studio, her dark lustrous hair lying in soft, shining, orderly waves.

The director was taken aback. "Is that the same child?" he asked. Anne's large dark eyes searched his face. She wanted the part so very badly! She didn't know it but the wistfulness of that look landed the job for her. If she could send a man's heart into his throat in sympathy with whatever it was that gave her such appeal, she could reach right into the hearts of her audience and rest there. And she did.

Anne might have started another vogue with her work in that picture had not Mitzi Green set the world rocking with laughter and established the ideal child actress for that year.

But perhaps it was just as well. Anne has in her the quality that will take years to develop into its full power—the dramatic force of a true artist. If she had been exploited as a child, the world would have envieared of her and the best things she has to offer might have been wasted. It is very hard for children in pictures who have made a sensational success to keep on startling the world. And so Anne had to go on dreaming her dreams and meeting disappointments and poverty a little longer.

I have not seen her since then, but I know that at fifteen she has lost much of that shyness and hint of tragedy and has assumed a charming conviviality. Or rather she has outgrown her shyness and grown into the conviviality which makes her very popular. Only now and then the little-girl look creeps into her eyes, just enough to let you know that the soul of her is the same.

I know, too, that imagination still plays a large part in her life for she hopes one day to live in a house surrounded by a white picket fence, not unlike Green Gables perhaps, if you should ask her. And her life-long ambition has been to visit Catalina Island.

How she ever escaped getting there I can't think, unless the very force of her desire pushed the dream from her. She never had the luck to go there on location, and her mother never felt that they could afford the trip for pleasure, so Anne never saved up for it. There was an old lady who lived near them and it seemed so much more urgent to run in now and then to chat with her and leave something substantial in the larder when Anne left.

Her real ambition, an even deeper one than the visit to Catalina Island, is to be a great dramatic actress some day.

Well, I think she will be.
A Slave No Longer

Errol Flynn, a young Irish actor, arrives to join Warners and that other Irishman, George Brent, to divide chores as leading men.

are the foundations of a happy marriage. To be understanding, she added, "you must have lived."

This is another way in which she differs, refreshingly, from many stars. She will not prescribe easy recipes for success and happiness for the benefit of her reading public. She offers, for instance, no five-minutes-a-day formula to achieve sophistication.

"Only people who have lived can be sophisticated," she told me. "People who are not small and petty, who have an ample way of looking at things. Having lived gives me the power of independence in my years of this before I realized that my career, after all, was only a part of my life. Now I go where I choose, see my friends, and live a more natural, well-balanced life. Even if the theory is true that a star should be secluded, there aren't so many of my fans living in the neighborhood of Hollywood to see me!"

"I had to be unhappily married for six years to learn what I know now. Less than sixteen when I married Jaime del Rio, I became mistress of a house of six servants. Imagine how badly it was run! My husband was much older than I, and when he announced that he was bringing a distinguished friend home to dinner, I'd become so petrified that I almost went out of my mind. I would even cry. Now, having made so many mistakes, I can organize a party of thirty or forty people and get terrific fun out of it!"

"Having been married before, I believe, is one reason why my present marriage is a success. I am a great believer in the theory of second marriages. People who have failed once are more tolerant. They have learned appreciation, which isn't easy. They've been knocked around a little. They've learned what leads to quarrels, and consequently how to avoid them. They know how unhappy it makes one to fail in marriage."

"Even her home is revolutionary, for the modernistic house she and her husband built in Santa Monica Canyon was the awe of the neighbors long before Anna Sten built hers of glass. There are, incongruously, chickens, roosters, and ducks. "I have vegetable gardens and flower gardens," she told me. "I can raise anything from a carrot to a tropical flower."

Her husband, Cedric Gibbons, despite his work of designing settings for some fifty Metro-Goldwyn pictures every year, still finds time to take trips with her. Meantime she entertains her friends, gives marvelous Spanish parties for Leo Carrillo, Josef Mijocia, and others of the Spanish colony, knows Garbo as a friendly neighbor—who envied her, she told me, her recent trip to Mexico—and plans, among other things, to make three more "clothes pictures" and then, just for variety, a native one.

This extremely diversified pattern for living is the reason her friends call her the best-rounded life of any woman in Hollywood, and she is able to live it because of her intense power of enjoying every moment, and her brave refusal to bow to current prejudices, taboos, and traditions.
She Takes It on the Chin
Continued from page 69
prise which awaits them. Even Ann, herself, who has never felt that she was any great shakes as a beauty, was moved to remark, incredulously, “Do I really look like that?”
Having once regained her health, she will come through with the same undaunted spirit as her warrior father who taught her never to know the meaning of the word “defeat.”
Despite criticism, despite misunderstandings, Ann Harding, true to an bred tradition, come what may, will always be a good soldier.

HOPELESS TASK
I’ve stood before my mirror for hours out and in. I’ve wriggled every muscle from my forehead to my chin. But it’s all in vain. I just get a silly grin.
Trying to look like Bob.
I’ve practiced all expressions from a simper to a leer. The sore-tried muscles of my face ache from ear to ear. I’ve ruined my pleasant features because you asked me, dear.
To try to look like Bob. That expression of Montgomery’s is nothing but a gift. And if that look you still demand—now please, dear, don’t be miffed—my affections to another I’ll be forced to shift.
And let you try for Bob.
—E. H. Rhett.

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Pert Kelton and Richard Gallagher find it easy to say "Here's how" because that's the name of the refreshment they are drinking. It's made of pineapple juice and a dash of this and that—in fact almost anything.

Read this
Glorious News about Gray Hair!
Information, Please

Fredric May—Majes.
Helen Irene Onslow Allan Drood."
"Buzz" Jones was played by Eddie Nugent. Helen May has Ralph Head opposite Marian Marsh in "A Girl of the Limberlost."

Carrie W.—David Mannens has the title role in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood. Claude Rains, Douglas Montgomery, and Heather Angel also are in the cast.

Brucette.—Ramón Novarro’s right name is Ramon Gil Sanmiguel. Durango, Mexico, is his birthplace.

Patrick Ellis.—Gertrude Michael was born in Talladega, Alabama, twenty-four years ago; five feet five, weighs 120, blue eyes. Picture Play for December, 1924, contained an interview with her which, if you missed it, may be had by sending your order with remittance to our Subscription Department. Write to her at Paramount studio.

Eona S.—The players in "Going Hollywood" included Marion Davies, Bing Crosby, Fin Dorsay, Stuart Erwin, Neil Sparks, Patsy Kelly, Bobby Watson, Rudi Ruggles, Eddie Bartell, Jimmy Hollywood, and Henry Taylor.

Grace Doeller.—Norma Shearer will be thirty-one on August 10th. Her son, Irving Thalberg, Jr., was born August 24, 1930. The story is expected to arrive about the same time the picture.

Skeets Gallagher is not under contract, but Paramount may be able to supply his photo. Write to Metro-Goldwyn for one of Helen Hayes.

Just Me.—Jean Harlow is making "China Seas." Here are some September birthdays: Richard Arlen, 1st, 1898; John Mack Brown, 1st, 1904; Virginia Bruce, 29th, 1910; Kathleen Horkie, 5th, 1913; Grace Bradley, 21st; Maurice Chevalier, 12th, 1893; Claudette Colbert, 13th, 1907; Jackie Cooper, 15th, 1923; Donald Cook, 29th, 1910; Ralph Forbes, 30th, 1911; Greta Garbo, 18th, 1906; Neil Hamilton, 9th, 1899; Otto Kruger, 6th; Frank Lawton, 30th, 1904; Paul Muni, 22nd, 1895; George Raft, 26th, 1902; Helen Kimson, 17th, 1907; Fay Wray, 16th, 1905.

Antone Roemde.—Douglas Walton has played in such pictures as "Secret of Madame Blanche." "Looking Forward," "Lost Patrol," "Madame Spy," "Murder in Trinadad." He is free-lancing. Sorry no biographical information seems to be available.

Lola Lee.—In: "The Thin Man," Cesar Romero played the role of George Cooper's gigolo husband of Minna Gombell. His latest are "Strange Waves" and "Clue of Inua." Also Marlene Dietrich's leading man in "Caprice Espagnol."

M. Allen.—Loetta Young was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6, 1913; five feet three and a half, weighs 100, light-brown hair, blue eyes. With Ronald Colman in "Clue of India."

Evelyn Wagner.—It is true that Louise Closer Hall died in Los Angeles on July 25, 1923. She had two strokes of apoplexy. This stage and screen actress was born in Chicago, Illinois, October 13, 1872, the daughter of Joseph A. Closer, a grain dealer, and Louise Paddock Closer. She was educated in the public schools of Indi-
"I finally became so tired of doing the one part over and over," she said, "that I refused a few assignments to see what would happen. Well, for one thing, I was placed off contract, which is like being placed on contract except that your salary stops. You still can't work anywhere else. It's charming. For another thing, I was called ungrateful, stubborn, and I believe, selfish. What there was selfish about it was this: I was trying to save a fairly promising career from going on the rocks."

Her campaign, costly at first, worked, when she was lent to Metro-Goldwyn for an American-girl role in "Emma."

She clicked in this and in successive white-face roles. So effectively did she click that MGM signed her for a long term. The studio has done well by her. And Myrna appreciates it.

School, went to California, studied dancing, and registered at the Central Casting Agency for extra work in pictures.

"I had a call to do a picture at MGM," she said diffidently, "when some one saw a resemblance to Miss Loy. The studio signed me as her stand-in which I've been ever since. A year."

"She hopes to act, and she will," added Myrna. "How about a picture for your story? Johnny will do a still for us."

This was done in such a genuine way, that I felt Myrna was sincere in wanting to give the little Hooper girl a hand. The picture accompanies this recital.

"She's beautiful," said Myrna thoughtfully, as the girl left us. "But you need a firm hand, besides beauty. Without being strait-laced or puritanical. I avoid going out in public because I think it brings the wrong kind of publicity. I'd rather have none. What you do on the screen counts most, not what the gossip columns say about you."

"The gossip columns have never had anything to say about Myrna. Certainly a red-headed beauty with green eyes has her cavaliers, but so discreetly does Myrna conduct her private life that whispers never touch her.

"It was not easy to find out even such prosaic things as this: the Loy taste runs to beach-sunning, autobiographies, etchings, solid colors for rugs, gowns, and hats, caviar sandwiches with cocktails, and suggestions from the director instead of details."

"She feels that she has been appearing too often for her own good. Too many pictures in a row tend to lessen one's popularity, says Myrna. "And they don't improve one's health, either," she added."

Somewhere in her past Myrna Loy has been deeply hurt, I would guess, and her impersonal attitude is erected as a guard, lest she suffer again. She has humor, but she holds it in restraint; talent she certainly has. Any one who can hold her own with Powell and Gable has glamour.

"In and in "Stamboul Quest," she made one overlook the marionette George Brent and the wax-works Lionel Atwill, another distinct accomplishment.

As I made my departure, Myrna had a final word for the Titian-haired stand-in. "Don't forget Melrose Hooper," she smiled.

I wonder if some one once forgot Myrna Loy.

---

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Leslie’s lean, sensitive face broke into a grin, and he chuckled. “Oh, but the movies aren’t creative!” he said. “They can’t be. Who’s to do the creating? There are too many people involved in making one of them. The director——”

He broke off, and removed the horn-rimmed spectacles which he wears away from the screen and stage. Thoughtfully massaging the spot on the bridge of his nose where the spectacles had rested, he continued:

“The director is far more important in the making of a picture than any other person, but a great deal depends on the writer as well.

“I suppose the nearest thing to real creative work is done in the few cases in which the director writes his own scripts, or at least works in close cooperation with his writer.

“Alexander Korda, who directed ‘The Scarlet Pimpernel,’ ‘The Private Life of Henry VIII,’ and ‘The Private Life of Don Juan,’ works that way. He does a good deal of the writing himself, and confers constantly with his scenario writer. His head man, incidentally, can’t write English, although he is a wonderful writer in his own language.

“Several Hollywood directors, those who are successful enough to demand and get a free hand, follow the same plan, but most pictures are the result of dozens of varied talents and personalities.

“Of course, the same thing is true of the stage, but not to such an extent. The individual actor can be important as an artist on the stage, if he is good enough; on the screen it is difficult for him to be important except as a personality—a medium for the director, the writer, and the technical men to work with.”

Having disposed of the question of why movies are not really creative work, Leslie told me why he doesn’t think England ever will be able to compete with Hollywood.

“Elstree has neither the general standards nor the output of Hollywood. That’s the really important thing, the output. Only a certain percentage of the pictures made by any company or country in any given year can be good pictures. That is, if Hollywood makes six hundred pictures in a year, one hundred of them, say, will be good ones. If England makes only sixty pictures in the same year, the same percentage applies, and only about ten of them will be good.

“In England they are beginning to realize the possibilities of pictures, but I should say that it would be years and years before they will have exploited them as much as Hollywood has already. And in the meantime, naturally, things won’t be at a standstill in Hollywood. They will be making progress there, too.

“Making pictures is a haphazard job, of course. Haphazardness is more or less inherent in it. You can’t avoid it. But in England it is less systematized, less a business, than in America.

“For instance, one day while we were making ‘The Scarlet Pimpernel’ the company was called for some exterior scenes. It rained, and after we had stood around for a while waiting for it to stop, Korda told us all we could go home. In Hollywood that couldn’t have happened. They would have had an alternative schedule all ready for interior scenes. That sort of thing makes it a little harder on the actor, and, what is more important, it sends production costs up.

“At one time—and here Leslie smiled ruefully—‘it looked as though we never would finish ‘The Scarlet Pimpernel’.” But Korda argues that it is not a waste of money to spend a great deal of it in getting things just right, because to do so makes money in the long run. He takes life easily, and since he is his own producer he is responsible only to himself for the expenses.”

Another reason for Leslie’s belief in the continued dominance of Hollywood is the purely physical one of climate and surroundings.

“Even if England should suddenly decide to take the picture industry as seriously as Hollywood takes it,” he pointed out, “nobody would be able to endure the English climate, or to bring certain locations as close to London as they are to Hollywood.

“No, England has turned out some fine pictures in the last year or so, and will turn out more, I expect, but it can’t compete with Hollywood—not for a long time, and more likely never.”

Leslie is still faithful to his earliest love, the stage, and he will never say good-bye to it permanently for the screen, even though he will be back in Hollywood as soon as his present engagement on Broadway is completed. Right now, preparations are going forward at the Warner studio on ‘Anthony Adverse,’ in which Leslie may play the title rôle. After that—well, it’s a safe bet that Hollywood can be trusted to keep as good an actor as he is busy for as long as he’ll stay.
“Then, as you know, an actor isn’t typed on the stage as he is in pictures. I’ve played too man-about-town roles since coming to Hollywood. Perhaps I took the part of a playboy, but I want to do characters similar to those played by Spencer Tracy. He’s a fine actor.”

All this affability and responsiveness didn’t correspond to my preconceived portrait of him. Remembering items I had heard regarding his behavior during the making of “Lives of a Bengal Lancer,” I decided to hurl a javelin that would shake his well-bred composure and his ready smile deepened and he showed no sign of resentment.

“Perhaps it would be better to ask them,” he suggested. Then: “I suppose you’re thinking of my latest picture. That was the only time I’ve asserted myself since coming to Hollywood, and my work in the production has proved to be the best I’ve done in pictures.

“Some of my dialogue was poor, so I changed it. I also insisted on doing some of my scenes the way that I felt would be most effective. I wouldn’t work on Sunday as my contract stipulated that I need not.

Although not much impressed by directors in general, Franchot feels that Josef von Sternberg is an artist. He also cautiously complimented his rival, Clark Gable. Hoping to get at some less abstract information, I inquired if he had ever experienced any hardships.

“No,” said he, quickly. “I’ve never been in want of material things. Sometimes I wish that life hadn’t been so easy for me. A few hard knocks would have been beneficial, I think. At times I wonder how I would react if disaster did overtake me. I might crack up because of no previous experience in dealing with severe trials.”

Either he has reformed in his attitude toward interviewers or, as I suspect, innate shyness has caused him to take refuge from argus-eyed reporters behind a barrier of aloofness. He strikes me as being a person whom one must know more than casually before his lurking friendliness can adequately manifest itself.

As he regretfully admits, there have been no dramatic sacrifices or tribulations in his well-ordered life. His birth at Niagara Falls, in the month of February, his high scholastic attainments at Cornell, and his success on the stage and in the movies seem to constitute the milestones in his twenty-eight years of pleasant existence.

His Korean houseboy came to tell him that he was wanted on the set. “I’ll be back,” called Franchot, as he promptly obeyed the summons. “Will you wait?”

I did wait, but you know what rehearsals are. Eventually I approached the set and told him good-bye. Then hurried home to raid the refrigerator. I never was much of a hand to suffer for my art.

Incidentally, I realized that “The Man Who Plays God” would not be an appropriate title for a story about Franchot Tone.

Joan Blondell, whose motherhood means more to her than stardom, doesn’t believe that babies should be swathed in swansdown and breathe filtered air. That’s why she’s taking Norman Scott Barnes on a camping trip.
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Star—1935 Model
Continued from page 41

misses the stimulating conversations she used to have with leading playwrights whom she managed to contact in the East. Currently she is contemplating getting in with some local theater group where she can try her hand at directing. When Max Reinhardt put on "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the Hollywood Bowl last summer, Jean was an avid student of his methods. She even made several trips to San Francisco to watch Europe's drama master present his Shakespeare there.

On the surface Jean is little changed. She is tall, willowy, and pretty in a serene, thoroughbred way. Give the average actress a make-up kit and she emerges a symphony of artificiality. The less fussy she has to do with her face the better Jean is suited. Hers is the unadorned type.

Strangely, she has a complex for disarranging herself. She proclaims that she has no sex-appeal and that she is a dud socially. And what Cinderella, arrived at the ball, ever did that?

The youthful intolerance evident a year ago is wearing off. She is not yet greatly impressed with the problems of others, but she is no longer sure her own ideas are the only ones. She thought the world was waiting for a marvelous actress and firmly was convinced that she was destined to fill the aching void. Now she says she realizes how unimportant any one individual is. A few months ago she gathered this feeling by dabbling a bit in astronomy and geology.

If she has matured to the point where she declares she knows that when her fling at fame is over nobody will care a hang except herself, she still is naive about love.

Lately she has remarked that she can visualize giving up all for a perfect love. She has opined that children are what count most for a woman, and that ego is preserved only via heredity. Such talk from Jean indicates that at last she may have met a man who fascinates her. He will have to be a powerful personality, though, to distract her until she has made her mark as an actress.

Strongly independent by nature, economical and analytical, she pays attention to every phase of this career on which she has started. She allows herself one sport, horseback riding. Diligently she goes to all momentous previews and she regularly scans all the reviews and box-office data. The new Cinderellas are to be sages, you see.

Jean goes in for books, too. In

stead of buying them by the batch in the grand manner, she patronizes a circulating library on the Boulevard. She is proud of her shiny black Ford and drives it herself. Her father is dead and her mother, a distinguished-looking woman, sold her bookshop in New York last summer and now lives with Jean.

Rosalind Russell entered Hollywood quietly, but she soon quickened her step as she rushed from picture to picture, always leaving a fine impression behind her. Her next, "Reckless." Given sympathetic treatment by Hollywood, Jean Muir will go far in pictures. She has a lovely way and more—she appeals also to your intelligence. Those who have deplored the circus touch in her Cinderella predecessors are delighted with her. Of all the girls trembling on the verge of stardom, this turbulent twenty-four-year-old is in the opinion of many, still the best bet.
Big-time Trifles
Continued from page 47

This served as the "open sesame" to the screen for the slight Mexican lad, for as one of Miss Morgan's dancers he attracted a certain amount of attention. A very different story might have been written had Miss Morgan not been dining that evening at this particular restaurant.

Another type of pain was the spark that kindled Stuart Erwin's screen career. The character comedian was studying dramatics at the Egan School of the Theater, in Los Angeles, and as a student was watching rehearsals of "The Waning Sex." One of the actors was seized suddenly with a violent attack of indigestion and at the last moment Erwin took his place. This led to the beginning of a stage career which eventually brought him to the screen.

When the blond and bubbling Alice White first landed in Hollywood she earned her living as a stenographer in a real-estate office. In checking the ads placed by her firm one day, she casually glanced at the Help Wanted column on the opposite page and saw First National's advertisement for a script girl.

She answered the notice immediately and success rewarded her hasty trip to the studio. After some months in that position, the late Milton Sills took an interest in her, realizing that in this cute little bag of tricks was hidden an actress. Her work in "Sea Tiger," her initial appearance before the camera, bore out the star's faith in her.

Mae Clarke attracted the attention of the New York revue producer, who placed her in one of his floor shows as a result of their first meeting.

In trying out for Lindsay, Mae—then aged fifteen—seemed to get off on the wrong foot. She started to sing the wrong song, finally changed to the tune the orchestra was playing, then slumped and fell in her dance routine. Terrribly discouraged, she sat sobbing in the dressing room when she felt a tap on her shoulder and there stood the producer. Grinning and very kind, he made a good comic—and he could use her.

Had her try-out progressed in apple-pie order, Mae might not have received that chance, since her engagement with Lindsay later led to the stage.

Jean Harlow, on the other hand, had no long-felt desire to go on the stage or screen. Spending the winter in Los Angeles with her mother, she went to lunch one day with a girl friend who played extra in pictures.

Later Jean drove her friend to the studio, and at the gate three men spoke to her companion. One of them regarded Jean with interest and gave her a note to the Central Casting Bureau.

Even then Jean felt no interest in getting into pictures. A few days later at a party, however, a bet was made that she didn't have courage enough to try it. She took the note to the casting bureau, got an extra's job—and climbed to stardom. But suppose she hadn't met the man who gave her the note, what then? The screen probably, her career, would have vibrated to her platinum-haired beauty.

While still in his early twenties, Clark Gable drifted into a lunch room near a theater in Akron, Ohio, where he worked for a rubber company. Two actors happened to sit at the same table. They became acquainted, and invited Gable to see their show from behind the scenes.

What he saw backstage fired young Clark with the urge to act. He got a job as a bus boy, then a mail ride, traveled over the country, with road companies, and finally his impersonation of Killer Mears, in "The Last Mile," led to his entrance into pictures. The rest is screen history.

If Gary Cooper hadn't read an advertisement for extras who could ride horseback, he probably wouldn't have been a screen star to-day. Ten years ago Gary was trying to find work in Los Angeles as an illustrator or cartoonist. Fortune failed to smile on him, and when his time began to run dangerously low he scanned the want-ad columns daily.

He didn't care to work in pictures, but the five dollars a day just to ride a horse, a sport he enjoyed thoroughly, appealed so strongly to him that he applied for the job. This led to his portrayal of Abe Lee in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," and he was definitely on his way to stardom.

It was in the state of Texas that Ginger Rogers suddenly tasted of fame. Paramount staged a Charles- ton dance contest and Ginger won first prize. She was given a contract for stage shows in the Paramount-Publix houses and a picture test that turned out so favorably that she was immediately signed for an important role in "Young Man of Manhattan," which costarred Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster.

The smallest event can wield the most far-reaching influence upon the fates of future stars. These instances leave no doubt of that.
What the Fans Think

A M I boiling! I read Marjorie's letter in October Picture Play, and one of her remarks got under my skin. I should like to know if she ever read "Little Women." If she did, she would know that Madge Evans—pastel, feminine, delicate—could not play the part of Jo, a swaggering, vigorous tomboy. Katherine Hepburn is the living, breathing personification of Jo, and I defy any one to say she isn't.

I like Douglass Montgomery, but I don't think he's "adorable." Who wants an "adorable" man, anyway?

As for Hepburn's attitude, she knows what she's doing. She wants to make people argue about her. It's just that much more publicity for her. This reader's tirade is really helping Miss Hepburn, as it is good publicity. People who never have seen her will be interested in Marjorie's slant, and will go to see Katie.

Let me say again that the name Katharine Hepburn is synonymous with that of my favorite heroine, Jo March.

Elizabeth Wollaston, Massachusetts.

As You Were, Mr. Ayres.

I n the Hollywood heaven of stars, there was none brighter than Lew Ayres after "All Quiet on the Western Front." We who admired this young actor were equally proud of his work in "The Doorway to Hell."

What has happened to him? Fox gave him a good part in "State Fair," the critics praised Lew's work, and he certainly held his own with Janet Gaynor and Will Rogers. But unfortunately, he's fans demand a return of the old Lew Ayres! The boy doesn't lack a thing, and I think the girls will admit he has more than his share of good looks.

Let's have a rally day for fans of Lew Ayres, let's write the Fox studio, and let's write a line of encouragement to Lew. Let's all get together and see if we can't make his star shine as brightly as of yore.

GLEN A. BROWINGTON

711 28th Street,
Rock Island, Illinois.

BORN UNIFIED.

In October Picture Play, T. Marion Edward, of Union City, Tennessee, said that any one could act as well as Gene Raymond, I would like to see her act as well as Mr. Raymond. His acting in "Sadie McKee" was wonderful. Just that one example showed talent that no mother could teach or pay to have taught. It was natural talent.

Naturally, if at an early age, his mother was wise enough to know that he was gifted, she paid to have this talent developed. He is trying to repay her now that he is famous.

No one can teach a person the art of acting when he already has that talent. It can be improved, but never can any one take a person without any talent and expect him to be anywhere near as good as Gene Raymond.

Gene is my favorite, and I think one of the best liked actors of the screen.

DANNA O'CONNOR.
Los Angeles, California.

Gable No He-man.

BRAVO, Mr. Gable, for expressing yourself as you did in the Picture Play for September. One reads so much trash about all these so-called stars, no wonder their heads are turned and that they consider themselves gods. One hears Clark Gable called a "he-man." Might as well say Shirley Temple has sex appeal!

Has any one ever seen a he-man with a mustache? Whoever started the craze for misplaced eyebrows anyway?

Instead of fans boosting their idols to the skies and going mad with awe over them, it would be better to advise their idols to act like ordinary mortals.

HOWARD BRIDGE.
Grand Hotel, Vienna, Austria.

Marlene's Severest Critic.

T HE story about Marlene Dietrich in September Picture Play was marvelous. I have always had the same ideas about her as were in that article. May I add a little more to it?

First, why must that silly-looking Von Sternberg always direct her? In "The Scarlet Empress" you see nothing but statues, funny-looking faces, and Von Sternberg's art (?) Listen, Paramount, we don't want any of Sternberg's odd ideas. Give us Marlene Dietrich and please let her be herself! Then, we'll have real art.

Now, Miss Dietrich, why do you keep wearing those pants when you know they do not help you?

Why are you so indifferent to the press when you can't afford to be since your pictures are so few, and lately, poor?

Are you going to let your director spoil your career? You are playing second lead.

Much publicized as Jean Parker is, she's always incredulous when she reads anything nice about herself. Here's Robert Young telling her if she's praised in the papers she must be good.
to his so-called arty ideas. And the worst of it is nobody appreciates him but himself.

Marlene, I'm telling you as a loyal fan, watch him. You cannot and will not last at the rate you are going. You are my idol, but I'd rather see you back in Germany than to see you make any more pictures like "The Second Empress." "ALL FOR DIETRICH."

Norfolk, Virginia.

A Bouquet for Paul Kaye.

OCCASIONALLY there comes to the screen an actor who stands apart from the usual run of players as to inspire immediate admiration and interest from a fan in the know.

Certainly everyone who saw "Easy to Love" must have noticed and approved Paul Kaye in his handling of a comparatively inconspicuous rôle.

Most impressive to me was Mr. Kaye's truly praiseworthy voice—forceful, yet pleasant, with each intonation reflecting thought.

The increasing talent and ability which marks his appearances in "Romance in the Rain," and his later efforts, is encouraged by those of us who appreciate good acting.

With his unquestioned talent and graciousness toward his fans, I predict a bright and promising future for one of the new and promising of all the newer leading men—Paul Kaye.

JACK HITT.

204 Main Street, Hattiesburg, Mississippi.

Hepburn's Million Moods.

I AM just a fifteen-year-old schoolgirl, but also an ardent Hepburn fan—a boiling one, too. Why am I boiling? Because of Marjorie's slamming of Hepburn in October Picture Play. For all Marjorie knows, Hepburn is a perfect example of a good actor. They call to those of us who appreciate good acting.

I admit Madge Evans is a splendid actress, and she is certainly pretty, but she couldn't play the part of Jo March as well as Hepburn did. Her very prettiness is what is lacking. They call to "Hep" the "girl of a million moods." Wasn't Jo moody? Sure. Can you imagine Madge Evans being moody? Not much, I'm sure. Hepburn is not pretty. No, but was Jo?

Nobody, not even if surrounded by the best directors, cameramen, et cetera, could interpret the part of "Women" as well as Hepburn did, unless she could act.

Go to it, Heppl, old kid, you have the younger generation behind you.

S. A. BENT.

R. R. No. 3, Bridgetown, Nova Scotia, Canada.

Hail Douglass.

AFTER reading all the letters in September Picture Play, I'm rather disgusted.

Every one is making such a fuss about whether or not they like Garbo, Gable, Crawford, Tone, Hepburn, et cetera but I have yet to hear them say anything about the younger and more promising players. I think I have something about young Douglass Montgomery, no words of praise for him. Well, here goes a good share of what he should get.

I have read where Doug is from a good family, and that's something to brag about in Hollywood. I also read that because he loved the theater so much he spent most of his time in one and in organizing dramatic clubs during his school days. All this time spent in working out his own character and training himself for higher things I see was not wasted.

I read that he will not take a part that he thinks won't fit him. That's fine! Not enough stars do that, and he knows what he is talking into his part and, because he is so "choosy" about the roles he plays, his acting is very natural.

I'm all for Douglass Montgomery, not only because he is a grand actor, but also because he is very prompt and polite in answering letters from his fans. I wrote asking him for his autograph, and also telling him how much I enjoyed "Little Man, What Now?" I answered quickly by sending an autographed picture.

515 Pettigru Street, Greenville, South Carolina.

Hepburn Triumphs Again.

I DIDN'T think it was possible for Katharine Hepburn to top the performance she gave in "Little Women," but she has! In "The Little Minister" she surpassed the best-known story, but her radiant spirit completely dominates the picture. She has made the lovable gypsy Babie live in an unforgettable manner.

There are two big surprises in "The Little Minister." First, and greatest is the sweet and lovely singing voice she possesses, which in no small way adds to the whinymal of the role she plays. Her thrilling melody entrance long before she is seen is very effective. I wonder why she has kept that voice hidden all this time!

The other surprise is her charming portrayal of Lady Harbuth, at whose first appearance there was an audible murmur over the entire theater. It seemed almost unbelievable, the rapid, complete change of characterization which she was capable of portraying.

RKO is to be congratulated upon presenting Miss Hepburn in "The Little Minister," and Miss Hepburn is to be congratulated upon the best rôle she has ever played. Without doubt, she is the finest actor the screen has ever seen. She is a true artist and a great actress. With each new picture she justifies my belief that she is the outstanding star of the screen. "The Little Minister" is a great Hepburn triumph.

I am proud to sign my name as a most ardent admirer and firm supporter of Katharine Hepburn.

JOSEPHINE E. BECKER.

3025 Stettinun Avenue, Hyde Park, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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2. For I can't hear just as well when you are standing inside your room and talking very loudly. I have no doubt if you were deaf and could ever hear. We stopped his head and he suggested that he had a button on his ear. I think I'd like to see that button. Arti-

3. Mr. Stettinius, Mr. Stettinius. We are in New York City and that's what you were doing. What's the matter? Arti-

4. Now come along and take your medicine. Arti-

5. Here, take this. Arti-

6. Take this medicine. Arti-

7. Here, don't be so difficult. I gave you this medicine. Arti-

8. Well, that was generosity. Arti-

9. All the same, it's better than nothing. Arti-

10. It's better than nothing. Arti-

11. Look here, I don't want you to get the idea that I'm going to have you murdered. Arti-

12. No, no, I didn't mean it. Arti-

13. It was a joke. I'll give you some real medicine. Arti-

14. Here it is. New York City.

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JOANE MORGAN, Dept. T-4

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Jean Arthur
Tala Birell
John Mack Brown
Tulio Carminati
Nancy Carroll
Walker Connolly
Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Wallace Ford
Lilian Harvey
Jack Holt
Victor Jory

Peter Lorre
Edmund Lowe
Marian Marsh
Tim McCoy
Grace Moore
Virginia Pine
Florence Rice
Edward G. Robinson
Billie Seward
Ann Sothern
Raymond Walburn
Ray Wray

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Rosemary Ames
Lew Ayres
Warner Baxter
Madge Bellamy
John Boles
John Bradford
Henrietta Crosman
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Alice Faye
Norman Foster
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Tito Guizar

Rochelle Hudson
Nino Martini
Frank Melton
Jose Mojica
Herbert Mundin
Pat Paterson
Valentino Perera
Gene Raymond
Kane Richmond
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Shirley Temple
Spencer Tracy
Claire Trevor
Jane Withers

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
Edward Arnold
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Leo Carrillo
Maurice Chevalier
Mady Christians
Jackie Cooper
Violet Kemble-Cooper
Joan Crawford
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Madge Evans
Presley Foster
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Gladys George
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
June Knight

Otto Kruger
Evelyn Laye
Myrna Loy
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Ranown Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
William Powell
Esther Ralston
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
Franchot Tone
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Ross Alexander
Loretta Andrews
John Arledge
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Dorothy Dare
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Clare Dodd
Robert Donat
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Leslie Howard

Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Alice MacMahan
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Dick Powell
Norman Kerry
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Dorothy Tree
Helen Trenholme
Warren William
Donald Woods

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Fred Astaire
Nils Asther
John Beal
Bill Boyd
Clive Brook
Bruce Cabot
Frances Dee
Dolores del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Betty Grable
Ann Harding

Katharine Hepburn
Kay Johnson
Francis Lederer
Mary Mason
Virginia Reid
Erik Rhodes
Ginger Rogers
Anne Shirley
Bert Wheeler
Gretchen Wilson
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss
Constance Bennett
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Miriam Hopkins

Fredric March
Merle Oberon
Mary Pickford
Anna Steen
Loretta Young

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Binnie Barnes
Noah Berry, Jr.
Phyllis Brooks
Russ Brown
Andy Devine
Sterling Holloway
Henry Hull
Baby Jane
Lois January
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Belma Lugosi

Douglas Montgomery
Chester Morris
Zasu Pitts
Roger Pryor
Claude Rains
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Slim Summerville
Juno Ware
Alice White
Jane Wyatt

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen
Adrienne Ames
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
George Burns
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Buster Crabbe
 Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
W. C. Fields
Gary Grant
Charlotte Granville
David Holt
Roscoe Karns
Jan Kiepura
Elissa Landi
Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
Carol Lombard

Pauline Lord
Ida Lupino
Helen Mack
Fred MacMurray
Margo
Joan Marsh
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Tina Modell
Joe Morrison
Jack Oakie
Lyne Overman
Gail Patrick
George Rath
Charles Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sybil Sydney
Alison Skipworth
Quenice Smith
Sir Guy Standing
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Maie West
Henry Wilcoxon
Toby Wing

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood.
Ralph Bellamy, Sidney Fox, 6615 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood.
Ralph Forbes, 1011 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood.
Joan Bennett, Lila Lee, Marian Nixon, Sharon Lynn, Mary Brian, 430 California Bank Building, Hollywood.
Lionel Atwill, Estelle Taylor, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood.
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PREVIEWS:

MYRTLE GEBHART LOOKS BACK
Most beloved of Picture Play's writers, Miss Gebhart, who is just Myrtle to most of the world, has spent ten years reporting the foibles of filmdom. Her five scrap-books of newspaper clippings bulge with fourteen hundred signed articles, some of them quoting groups of stars instead of one. In all, about four thousand interviews.

She has seen stars come and go, she has survived million-dollar epics and periodic depressions, meteoric careers and transient riches and the fluctuations of Hollywood.

Now Miss Gebhart looks back and recaptures some of the impressions of her exciting work and some of the glamour of the stars she has known. In short, this favorite writer reminisces.

HER DELIGHTFUL RECOLLECTIONS
Picture Play for June takes pleasure in publishing some of her pungent impressions of players you all know. Some are no longer on the scene, but their memory lives. Some of them are at the top to-day. And on all Miss Gebhart turns the spotlight of a humorous, zestful and sometimes sentimental enjoyment of their company.

HOLLYWOOD HONEYMOON
Another most unusual article is Winifred Ayletto's description of a wedding trip to the cinema capital, what a couple of fans, strangers in a strange land, must spend in order to see the sights and the stars. What they see, what they fail to see, and exactly what it costs to pass five days in Hollywood.
The New Stream-Lined MAE WEST by SUSAN HARTWELL

Just a brief two years ago Mae West changed the feminine contours of the world when she swept across the cinematic heavens in "She Done Him Wrong."

Now the versatile Mae is about to do the same thing again, to the delight of the fashion designers and her legions of feminine and masculine fans. But this time she's offering a stream-lined silhouette instead of the full-rounded curves of two seasons ago.

It's all part of the radical change in the character Miss West portrays in her newest Paramount Picture, "How Am I Doin'?" No longer is she a swaggering gal of the Gay Nineties; this time she is the personification of the spirit of 1935. The Westian curves are still there, of course, but they are streamlined in the modern manner.

And the story and background of "How Am I Doin'?" offers just as much contrast to her previous vehicles as the Mae West of 1935 does to the Mae West of 1933. The fashionable spots of smart, present-day society—Long Island, N.Y. and Buenos Aires, Argentina, for instance—replace the Bowery of the Nineties and gay spots of New Orleans a generation ago as the setting for the action of her new picture.

Even her leading men have undergone a radical change. Gone are the prize-fighters and gamblers of an older era; instead honors are shared by Paul Cavanaugh, suavest of suave Anglo-American actors and Ivan Lebedeff, ace of the heel-clicking, hand-kissing, heart-smashers.

So watch out for the New Mae West. She is going to set a new standard in entertainment, in wise-cracks, in fashions and in the feminine form divine when Paramount's "How Am I Doin'?" reaches the screens of the world.
WHAT THE FANS THINK

An Injustice to Merle Oberon.

It has been a source of great pleasure and interest to watch the progress of our English players who are acting in American pictures, but I must confess myself a little puzzled over Picture Play's article about Merle Oberon. The article, I admit, does seem suitable to her exotic screen appearance, but it is so very different from the information given out about Miss Oberon in England.

Articles here have stated that her real name is Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson, born in Tasmania, went to live with her uncle in Calcutta, worked in a department store, came to England and started in films as an extra, was signed by Korda and had a prominent part in "Wedding Rehearsal" and "Men of Tomorrow" before her sensational role as Anne Boleyn.

No doubt the idea here has been to build her up as rising from the ranks, while in America she will be publicized as a ready-made exotic. Really, your article does not do sufficient justice to the development of her screen personality.

I saw her in "Wedding Rehearsal," in which she played the part of a social secretary, wore glasses and had about as much glamour as a suet pudding. I was greatly pleased to learn that he had been given mediocre parts and held down to the ordinary featured position.

Now just wait until the producers see his work in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." I was greatly pleased to learn that he had been continued on p. 9.

It is with the greatest interest that I am looking forward to her American film with Chevalier; to see how her personality develops under Hollywood conditions.

Margaret Munton, an English fan, is eager to see what effect Merle Oberon's first American film will have on her personality.

Lorne S. Waddell deplores the fate that consigns Thelma Todd to short comedies instead of big features.
**THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH**

Clap Hands for Another Hanny from Warner Bros. — a Lyrical Miracle that Runs Away with April's Blue Ribbon! Even if its Drame and Music Weren't Blended So Magically into Entertainment That Is Sheer Enchantment, You'd Still Insist on Seeing it Because it Teams for the First Time on the Screen

**Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler**

in

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as Al Jolson sings his heart out to Ruby in 5 new ballads!

**GO INTO YOUR DANCE**

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**GO INTO YOUR DANCE**

with 100's of girls in ravishing Bobby Connolly spectacles!

**GO INTO YOUR DANCE**

with Ruby Keeler in the swell-est stepping she's ever done!
ZIMMY.—The Binnie Barnes you ask about appeared here in the Englishmade “The Private Life of Henry VIII” and “The Lady Is Willing.” Perhaps you’ve already seen her in Universal’s “There’s Always To-morrow.” Miss Barnes was born in London, England, March 25, 1908; five feet six, weighs 122, reddish hair, dark-brown eyes.

Marjorie Cannedy.—You did not incoce a stamped envelope, so I must reply to your letter through the editors. Gene Raymond’s right name is Guion. He is of French descent, and his latest is “Transient Lady,” with Frances Drake and Henry Hull. Glad to know you had a favorable reply from Buddy Rogers.


Dorothy Huber.—Since his success in “The Count of Monte Cristo,” all the companies seem to be seeking the services of Robert Donat. One wants him for “Captain Blood,” another for “Peter Ibbetson,” but I wouldn’t be surprised if United Artists used him first in “Ileau Brumell.” Marlene Dietrich was twenty-nine on December 27th.

Harry W. Hague.—See Evelyn Scriven for a list of Irene Dunne’s films.


Betty and Sylvia O’Toolean.—Norma Shearer will be thirty-one on August 10th; is five feet three, weighs 112, and has brown hair, blue eyes. Married to Irving Thalberg. Their son was born August 24, 1930. Another arrival is expected some time this summer. That is Shirley Temple’s right name. Her birth date is April 23, 1928.

Virginia Platz.—I have been unable to identify the Joan Crawford picture from your brief outline. I’ll be glad to mail you a complete list of her films upon request. Rudolph Valentino died August 23, 1926; Fred Thomson, December, 1928; Louise Closer Hale, July 26, 1933, and in 1934 the following: Libby Tashman, March 21st; Lew Cody, May 31st; Marie Dressler, July 28th; Russ Columbo, September 2nd.

Elois Smith.—Myrna Loy is five feet six and weighs about 100; Drue Leyton is five feet six and weighs 118; Mary Carlisle, five feet one, weighs 100, natural blond, born February 3, 1912; Zita Grey, now about five feet, weighs about 95, born October 22, 1920; Bette Davis was born April 5, 1908. That is Rochelle Hudson’s right name.


A. W. W.—Clothes worn by the stars on the screen are studio property, and upon completion of a picture are filed away in the wardrobe department. Later they are remade and used in other films.

Henrietta.—Ralph Bellamy was born June 17, 1904. His next is with Ann Sothern in “Eight Bells.”

Ohio.—The leading players in “Flaming Gold” were Mae Clarke, Bill Boyd, and Pat O’Brien. Miss Clarke was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, August 16, 1910. You might address her at Metro-Goldwyn studio, Hollywood.

Marie C.—The role of Tessa Sanger in “The Constant Nymph” was played by Victoria Haupper, whom you may address in care of Gammon-British Pictures, in London. You probably don’t realize that the magazine is made up weeks in advance of its appearance on the news stands, which is why your answer couldn’t possibly appear sooner.


Alma P.—Anita Page has been on a personal-appearance tour, which accounts for her absence from the screen. She had a part in “From the Way,” in which Clark Gable also appeared, and in Ramon Novarro’s “The Flying Fleet.” Write to Leila Hyams at Universal, and June Knight at MGM. You’ll find the address of Mary Brian and Alan Dinehart in the back of the magazine under Addresses of Players.

E. Staton.—Gene Raymond is the direct descendant of French Huguenots who came to this country in the seventeenth century. His real name is Raymond Guion, and he has one brother, Robert. Gene plays the piano very well. His next picture, “Sure Fire,” with Ann Sothern, is still in the making.

Jo.—Felix Knight, who played Tom Tom in “Babes in Toyland,” is a radio recruit, and I wouldn’t be surprised if Metro-Goldwyn gave him another opportunity to use his fine tenor voice. Katherine Hepburn was born May 12, 1908; five feet five and a half, weighs 105, reddish-brown hair, green-gray eyes. Jean Parker, Deer Lodge, Montana; August 11, 1915; five feet three, weighs 105, dark-brown hair, hazel eyes. Margarita Hudson, Claremore, Oklahoma, March 6, 1915; five feet three, weighs 105, brown hair, gray eyes.

Maxine Elliott.—It is the policy of the magazine not to discuss the religion of stars. Lanny Ross’s full name is Lancelot Patrick Ross. He was born in Seattle, Washington, January 19, 1906; six feet one and a half, weighs 165, blue-gray eyes, medium-brown hair. Began his singing at the age of six in the choir of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York City.

Vinton H. Graves.—The actress who sang the words to “The Continental” on the balcony in “The Gay Divorcee” is not listed in the cast, but she is Lillian Miles.

Vivian G. Wicker.—John Wayne was born in Winterset, Iowa, May 26, 1907; six feet two, weighs 200, dark-brown hair, blue eyes. In 1930 he married Josephine Sazio, daughter of the Panamanian consul. Tom Tyler was born in Port Henry, New York, August 8, 1903; six feet one, weighs 190, brown hair, gray eyes. Not married.
What the Fans Think

Fred MacMurray will soon have fans crazy about his friendly, easy-to-take personality if he isn’t careful. He’s been in only three pictures, “The Gilded Lily,” “Grand Old Girl,” and “Cor 99,” and already he’s become a habit with many.

One Night,” “Four Frightened People,” “The Torch Singer,” “Cleopatra,” and lastly, “Imitation of Life,” cause next in my enjoyment of Miss Colbert. With the exception of the Egyptian spectacle, I am still a true admirer of Miss Colbert. In the other vehicles, the actress really was the person she portrayed.

Norbert Lusk called the part of Bee Pullman a “well-dressed promenadine” in “Imitation of Life.” I’d like to see him try it. I am going to say that in the estimation of this poor male, Miss Colbert is far lovelier in a white evening gown than the darker shades. White seems to bring out the softness of her rounded cheeks and almost-rugous eyes. When she smiles those cheeks are devasating.

“Cleopatra” is the only film in which I did not like Claudette. Claudette may not be an opera singer, but I will say that her low voice is especially adapted to a real torch singer. She has the sort of voice which can make one close his eyes and drift away in dreams.

I am anxiously waiting the arrival of “The Gilded Lily,” I know it will be another period of real enjoyment. I would like to see Miss Colbert and Warren William teamed together again. They pull splendidly.

If this gives you the impression that I am a rabid Colbert fan, you’ve served its purpose. I see you, like the lady, CLAIR KREBS.

South African Observations

SAY, how does Merle Oberon do it? Perhaps it is Indian magic or something. In December Picture Play Dorothy Fox says she was “born in Calcutta of a high caste Indian mother and an English officer.” Another film paper says, “Incidentally, Miss Oberon hails from—manus—this latter statement is corroborated by an Australian friend of mine. So what? Also, according to the English papers, her father, Joseph Schenck, terminated almost as soon as it began. As for the Prince of Wales statement, it sounds rather far-fetched to me. I mean to say, H. R. H. has much more tact than that! Mr. Harwell gets rather hysterical about Mae West. Certainly there is no need to sling mud at her. But neither is there any need to rave about her. She is notutterably boring.

Shake, Ted George, and “Straightforward.” The Great Purify Push is a lot of fun. Such litigation and humblenow belongs way back in the dark ages, when the ordinary person was not allowed to have a mind of his own. Claudette like British pictures, Erast Grant; and I agree with you that they are improving greatly. But hasn’t any one in your circle ever seen the three Matthes? She’s great! Especially in “Ever-green” and “Friday the 13th.” And she is unique; not a carbon copy of a Hollywood star.

Sure, “Michael” me boy, Ann Harding is exquisitely beautiful, but has she got asthma? Or does she just talk like that because she likes to?

ALEX KNOX,
17 Kruger Avenue,
Vereeniging, Transylvania,
South Africa.

The DeMille Technique.

J ust a word of appreciation for Cleopatra which I enjoyed immensely. It quite took me back to the days of my early youth. DeMille’s technique hasn’t changed since then. However, his talent for relating historic drama, as well as his costumed and skilled actors has mellowed and matured with the years, and is set forth fully ripened in this, his latest opera.

Far more characteristic of DeMille’s way of doing things is his always intriguing, such as the phrenic he puts on ladies of antiquity, and the serpent’s decorating the headresses of Cleo-
patra’s slaves. Of course, the narrow-minded among us recognize this Egyptian even to those completely universal on historic costume, but in my quaint way I had always thought the rulers were reserved for the exclusive use of members of the royal family. And some of the clothes! Nothing like those dresses worn by Cesar and Octavian has been seen since the Adrian-Garboesque evening gown he put on Frederic March in that hilarious affair alleged to be "The Sign of the Cross." But the Clopin is returning to protect his reputation as leading comedy producer.

But one thing can be said for DeMille, at least. His history never smacks of schoolrooms. It’s always as original as his writers can make it. And therein lies my quarrel. The true story of the Siren of the Nile was as glamorous and colorful as anything likely to emanate from the cranium of a Hollywood scribe. Why not be really original once, and find out what the film is as it actually happened? As, for instance, that choice morsel of tripe labeled “Mata Hari.” The true story of that redoubtable little model, would be the most gripping story of the film being purporting to be a record of her exploits. Garished with a “genuine” Javanese kiddie, it would be a story that no one ever saw anything really Oriental, and doubtless caused the shade of Mata Hari to blush with shame at having the thrilling memory so grossly maligned.

But three cheers for pictures like “Barretts of Wimpole Street.” 

"The Affairs of..."

Continued from page 6

added to the already magnificent cast, and his boyishness and pleasant performance is a worthy tribute of the young actor.

ROGER STRAW.

3442 Ste. Famille,
Montreal, Canada.

Give Thelma Todd a Chance.

WHY doesn’t Hollywood give Thelma Todd a chance for real stardom? Why is she put in comedies with Zasu Pitts or Pola Negri? She should be in a real picture. She will deserve the chance to get some honest-to-goodness praise.

Miss Todd, here’s wishing you success. LORNE S. WADDELL.

Leonardo, New Jersey.

A Word from Hicksville.

H OW any one can rave about Joan Crawford is more than I can understand. She always looks as if she had lost her best friend, and that painted mouth! Her coiffures are ridiculous, too. In “Chained” she wore her hair about fifty different ways and only one was really right. She may be a good emotional actress, but why don’t the directors correct her awful make-up?

I do not care for blondes, but I hope Ketti Gallian gets her chance at stardom. I saw her in “Marie Galante” and she left me the impression that she was a little different.

What has become of Charlie Farrell? I miss seeing him and Janet Gaynor together. Speaking of screen couples, there is none better than Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell. I just saw them again in “Flirtation Walk.” That was a picture! No one should miss it. It was humorous, yet at the same time near being tragic.

I will end by saying that Bing Crosby should be sent home to sing his lullabies to his ladies. Oh, yes, I cannot close until I say a few words for Gene Raymond. He always seems to be good, regardless of the role. FOR AND AGAINST.

Hicksville, Ohio.

Movies or Fairy Tales?

HERE comes a fan to the rescue. I just read the letter by “Two Worried Mothers” in February’s “What the Fans Think.”

Now isn’t it just too bad that two children aged ten and eleven prefer seeing movies to listening to fairy tales? And, as far as the acting and actresses named are concerned, I have yet to see a picture with any of them that would harm any child of that age.

What characterization could be more innocent than that of Elizabeth in “The Barretts of Wimpole Street” as given by Norma Shearer?

If I had a child, I would take him to see every Joan Crawford picture I could. Then when I got home I’d tell him of the splendid struggle made by Miss Crawford to reach her present success. I think this would have more influence than the moral of the tale.

Heaven help the box office when they put Clark Gable and James Cagney in fairy tales! It burns up me to think that any one would suggest that performances of the above actors and actresses have an evil influence.

NEVA TOWN.

727 Leland, St. Louis, Missouri.

Claudette Is His Ideal.

THE first time I saw Claudette Colbert was in “I Cover the Waterfront.” I went to this show upon the insistence of a friend who is an ardent admirer of this actress.

“Three Cornered Moon,” “It Happened..."
What the Fans Think

Chaplin, "Crime Without Passion," The Thin Man, or "What Every Woman Knows." Glad Brian Aherne got another chance. He's splendid. We'll be happy to forget "Song of Songs." And a cheery fellow appears to be the foreign star, who was very bad taste and showed a decided lack of discerniment. Such brutal remarks can only make one think that your sense of discrimination is practically nil.

Pointing out such defects as Katharine Hepburn's "unusually flattering nostrils" and "that really hideous mouth in her 'long, flat looking face' was shocking. If you had complained of her acting it would have been excusable, but to remark in such a manner of natural physical characteristics can only invite protest.

Aside from the fact that people do not go to the theater purely to see "that handsome man" or "that beautiful woman," you can stand regarding Clark Gable's ears, the insipidness of Garbo, the almost "too much innocence" of Ruby Keeler, and your astonishing remarks about Ann Harding's buck-teeth and a brace. However, I am sure that you will find that the real theater-goers in our country are more interested in the dramatic abilities of our actors and actresses than in the sex appeal of our men and the pulchritude of our women.

If the atmosphere of Hollywoodism induces such an intense feeling of boredom, why don't you go out and see any of the Hollywood-produced pictures? I'm sure it isn't compulsory, perhaps it would be wise for you, after this, to visit your local Blue and White and discuss regarding the cream of our picture crop more skillfully, at least in an open letter, and remember what good taste is.

I need say more. I know that I have only written what many people must have thought when they read your startling letter. Please do not regard this as an answer to your editorial challenge, but rather as a reproof to your misguided criticism.

Gloria Hunt.

1103 Kilson Drive
San Diego, California

More Reproof, Miss Payn.

MARJORIE PAYN. Your letter of criticism regarding American stars, for there was not a word of criticism regarding foreign stars, was in very bad taste and showed a decided lack of discerniment. Such brutal remarks can only make one think that your sense of discrimination is practically nil.

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Gloria Hunt.

1103 Kilson Drive
San Diego, California

What makes the Good Ones

MAKE way for two players who are destined to become our new idols. We refer to the character of that mature, round, hard-boiled, heart-of-gold nurse in "The White Parade." She is none other than Jane Darwell, a famous unknown who has played screen bits for years. Her "kicked about" days by the producers are over, for she has not been discovered before is a mystery to me. She also is splendid in a landlady bit in "Gentlemen Are Born.

Cesar Romero, who plays the poisonous, amiable "Cesar" in "The Thin Man," is excellent screen-lover material. Gable, Grant, and March are in for a heavy competition.

Darrow and Romero bear repeating. Unknown names today, household names to-morrow.

George A. Abate.
630 Mary Street, Utica, New York.

Those Dancing Feet.

A NEW discovery! Something new in movieland! He can't hold a candle to Clark Gable's screen tactics, Robert Montgomery's "Tomraaz" Weissmuller's body, but he has two dancing feet that dance right into the hearts of millions of movie-goers everywhere. He was a big favorite with the New York's stage production of "The Gay Divorcee," but he is a bigger favorite on the screen.

Right from a minor role in "Dancing Lady" he has been promoted to Rio and to his best work in "The Gay Divorcee," Fred Astaire shows us that a screen star need not necessarily be tall, dark, and handsome like the great movie fans of America. All you need do is move your feet to a catchy rhythm and presto, you're made.

He has as his dancing partner, Ginger Rogers, certainly made America "Caricoa" crazy, and now it's the "Continental."

My hat's off to Fred Astaire, who, I'm sure, has a long road of success to dance through.

Esther Hader.
1774 West 12th Street,
Brooklyn, New York.


I rather sounds as though you got the works, Mr. Oettinger, on your visit to Hollywood. I've been through the regular visiting-firmen passes. Maybe you shouldn't have told them you were a writer: perhaps then they would have spared you theBUM and you could have come up with something new about the town. "Fabulous, deranged, scruffy"—but we live it that way.

Our "overbearers" Well, Malcolm, old boy, what did you expect? Are you chagrined that we conduct ourselves respectively in our night clubs? Did you hope for carrying-ons in public? Did you want us to stage right out in front of a visiting outsider?

Hollywood has its moments; the tall tales you hear are not all myths, but not in full measure like you. When you live, for instance, don't people sit about in night clubs and gang up at dances with a modicum of good behavior and then drift away from clubs or wears on, in couples or small groups? And aren't there favorite hillside drives, or maybe woodsy roads, where an evening's going—more like the Hollywood hills—follows the same formula—only more extravagantly, of course.

And our famous feminine beauties lose their allure and disappear in the flesh? Of course. These girls are no fools. Glamour is their stock in trade. They can't afford to squander it on sightseers. Don't let that lower lip of yours quiver just because the tissues wears off so readily. Be brave: life is like that.

You're fair enough in naming Charles Laughton as one of the minds about town, but don't let us off with the impression that he's got the monopoly on gray matter. Chaplin can talk you into a corner in several languages, and Paulette Goddard can do the same but she's not only "soft-spoken, modest, and charming," but he's got plenty between the ears. I don't insist that Joan Crawford is a mental genius—the American culture to the contrary notwithstanding—but take Aileen Pringle, for instance; there's a wiz for you.

Frank Leslie manages to devote more time to a cause quite remote from pictures than he does to his career. I don't ask you to take too seriously the forthcoming book, or the published works of Patsy Ruth Miller's or Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s, but what Lew Ayres knows about astronomy would make your head whirl.

The way players are rushed through quickies is something frantic. I admit, but I seem to have missed the lavish suppers that follow the press showing of these pictures. They're usually prevelumed at ill-heated neighborhood houses where a couple of unhawn producers glare at anyone who goes into the kitchen or passes by means of intimidating them into giving the picture a good notice.

And by large, studios are impenetrable to ordinary mortals, as a rule. I've been in town very long and saw the pretexts people resort to in order to crash, you'd think the barriers weren't rigid enough. At the same time, newcomers do appear in almost every picture, so there must be ways of making the grade—nice, clean ways, too.

After the final pay-off, Mr. Oettinger, you tell us that no one in Hollywood is happy anyway. And are the people in your town simply deluged with bliss? Don't you find some ingredients that make for dissatisfaction, frustration, and misery work as inexorably in your part of the country as they do in California?

Of course, there is greed in Hollywood. As long as there is any material wealth, there's bound to be greed. But, at the same time, with this same emphasis on material wealth existing, people are likely to be happier than in the average courses of life than they would be as usherettes or soda-jerks, hausfrauent in infant-littered houses, or salary-harassed bank clerks.

Do come see me, Mr. Oettinger. And don't fail to get in touch with me. I've some swell telephone numbers to give you.

M. L.
Hollywood, California.

Misdirected Genius.

WHAT in the name of all the angels is MGM trying to do to Garbo?

Here they have a miraculous Joan of Arc, a superb Portia, an enchanting Rosalind, and they put her in a shallow and absurd adaptation of "The Painted Veil." It is the sort of picture that a girl who has been in Hollywood, her own studio has not yet discovered her. They think she is still the femme fatale they created for her.

In truth she is a great actress, deeply in need of great material, and by that I don't mean "Anna Karenina," either. Her studies should be utterly different; she is losing her gift of a such a fine affair as "The Painted Veil." There is no possible excuse for it.

John Bryan.
41 Morton Street,
New York, New York.

An Unexplainable Riddle.

I WONDER how some would-be actors get away with it while the really good ones are often left by the wayside.

Continued on page 80
JOAN BENNETT and Joel McCrea steal away from the sorrows and heartbreaks of "Private Worlds" to visualize a calm, happy future for themselves as the young lovers in the picture. An original and striking study of mental cases in a hospital, Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer and Helen Vinson also play significant roles.
Titania—Anita Louise—and her train of elves recoil at the approach of Oberon who demands that she yield to him the little Indian boy she is protecting.

A WOODLAND FANTASY LIVES

The exquisite poetry, rare comedy and fantastic enchantment of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" are captured by the screen in a lavish outlay of time, money and technical ingenuity.

By Myrtle Gebhart

Victor Jory strums romantic music on moonbeams. Anita Louise steps lightly, along a path of lily pads. A queen, crowned with abalone shell, waves a jeweled wand. Enormous bats' wings whir, and silvery drapery made of tiny icicles tinkles musically.

Such things, and stranger still, are going on with "A Midsummer Night's Dream" weaving its fragile charm for the cameras. "The pert and nimble spirit of mirth" has replaced the clamor of gangster activities at the Warner studio, where Max Reinhardt is screening a spectacular fantasy.

"Lord, what fools these mortals be!" quoth Puck, in a moment quasi-serious. But it's fun to be foolish—sometimes. Aren't we all children at heart? Come on, let's play! Let's pretend we mean it, too. While we gambol on the green, we shall forget depressions and divorces. The caviar chatter of

It is mischievous, prankish Puck, played by Mickey Rooney, who squeezes the juice of a night-flower on the sleeping eyelids of lovesick characters which causes them to become violently amor-o' toward persons they dislike.
Sweetly dolorous is Helena—otherwise Jean Muir—who has some of the loveliest of Shakespeare's lines to speak.

Properly romantic is Dick Powell as Lysander when he laments, "the course of true love never did run smooth."

Poor humanity, starved for color and music and joyous abandon, has forgot how to play naturally. So he lures us to release our inhibited play-selves, along with Shakespeare in his most delightfully elfin mood.

The lily rafts are firmly anchored, and the moss plastered against the hundreds of trees planted on the big indoor stage looks very real. Fantasy is built on a scaffolding of facts. Threading its way through the forest a stream cascades over gray, odd-shaped rocks.

A whistle shrills. Softly, a musical note sounds, trembles, swells into a dance. Mendelssohn's music symbolizes in tone and theme each turn of the fantastic plot.

The creatures of the woods hide with the revealing day, but come forth joyously for their nocturnal ballet when the moonlight drips its fan-shaped filaments of silver over their leafy abodes.

The human lovers sleep, tired with the day's heartaches. The woodland is still. Puck darts about, flourish a veil, and the forest awakens. The wind sighs through the boughs, the trees groan, and the leaves set each twig a-trembling. The waters of the brook ruffle in gay flutings, the quiver spreads to the willows, and the reeds bend in tremulous anticipation.

Into the pallid light slip strange creatures. The night birds

our sophisticated screen gives place to reedy pipings, to nonsensical nothings.

The Austrian maestro insists that care-worn humans need a period revel in the realm of fantasy. His thirty-year success in producing imaginative romanticism for the stage, indicates that he is right when he says, "The theater fulfills its highest mission only when every one in the audience is an actor, and joins in the play."

His idea is that in this dream-world of extravaganza anything might happen and seem real. Grown-ups must let themselves dream vividly again, and believe with a cross-my-heart-it's-true faith.

Titania, under the spell of Puck's flower, falls in love with Bottom who is James Cagney disguised as a donkey. "Pluck the wings from painted butterflies, to fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes," she says in ecstasy.
summon all the spirits. Shadows become sprites, goblins
dance grotesquely under the shifting, playful moonbeams.

Across the meadow comes swiftly Oberon in a dark
chariot drawn by four black horses, rearing and prancing
in their fear. Crowding close to their monarch are the
evils, their white faces raised in ecstatic worship. Fairies,
poised for instant flight, stand faintly, and among them
dart evil-visaged gnomes, up to sinister mischief.

A startling, iridescent being wings its way from flower
to flower, a gauzy butterfly, her wings a-flutter. Beside
her queen, Titania, she takes refuge, folding her brilliance.

Dream creatures all—some beautiful, others misformed—
come to life under the night-light that mantles the human
unbelievers. From the hollows and bushes they emerge,
from the treetops they drop gracefully to dance and flutter.

So the modern necromancer weaves his spell of enchant-
ment. The whole production is “the stuff dreams are made
of.” Crazy, some may call it; lovely, others will exclaim,
held by its rhapsodic beauty.

Into the throne room of Theseus, Duke of Athens, with
its spiral columns carven with laurel-wreathed angels, troop
the mummers, to perform their juggling gayety. Over the
throne is a silvered canopy. The scene is like a rich,
warm tapestry.

But it is in the pastoral scene of the fairy symphony
that the keynote is softly, subtly woven into melody and
movement.

The picture is primarily entertainment. It is a teasing
plea to people to turn from our complex, modern life of
tensed tempo into a joyous jamboree.

There are no stars in a Reinhardt production. Though
Joe E. Brown parts his wide mouth in the grimaces of the
bewildered Flute, and Jean Muir is pretty as Helena, and
Continued on page 54
OPERA, musical comedy and drama have in turn been given distinction by Mary Ellis, but it is only now that she looms upon the cinema horizon and she bids fair to remain there, a fixed star. The preview of her first film, "All the King's Horses," with Carl Brissan, was greeted with such acclaim by Paramount that Miss Ellis was ushered at once into another, "Paris in Spring," with Tullio Carminati.
EXTRA!

By Ben Maddox

Just before the first of this year he finally parted from MGM, the studio which has produced all his pictures. They had scheduled another musical to follow "The Night Is Young." It was all ready to start and there was to be the customary big salary.

Suddenly Ramon requested that it be called off and that he be granted his release. Thereupon disappeared from the limelight and all kinds of rumors have since sprung up.

To get the correct answers to the questions that have poured in, I wrote him a note directly. He replied by asking me to his home the next afternoon.

He is living with his family in a huge, rambling place, the very same one that he bought years ago for himself, his mother and father, sisters and brothers. On an unpretentious Los Angeles street, far from the showy neighborhoods where stars usually reside, it isn't the elaborate menage you might expect.

Rather it is an old-fashioned house which has been remodeled in comfortable, family style. Glass-enclosed porches stretch across the front, downstairs and up. Inside there is a happy, lived-in atmosphere instead of the flourishes of an interior decorator.

A brother was reading on the front porch, waiting for me. "Won't you come up to Ramon's room?" He led me upstairs and, halfway down the hall, knocked on a bedroom door. Ramon, laying aside a script which he was correcting, received me with a genial handshake.

He wore a gray sweatshirt and cords and looked like a college senior. That is, the way a collegian would appear if possessing Ramon's looks. None of the Novarro charm is gone.

With absolute frankness he explained his situation.

"Through with pictures? No! If I know anything, I know about pictures. Certainly I wouldn't stop working. Lost my ambition? Why, a man who isn't ambitious is half dead.

"But I may not do another picture for a while, because I am fed up with the kind of stories in which I've been playing. Of course there has been something vitally wrong with my career. And do you know exactly what? There has been no progress. I have been at a standstill for a long, long time. For the past five years I have done nothing on the screen which was worth the doing!"

Extraordinary honesty? Yes. But then Ramon has always been a remarkable person. Other veteran stars may kid themselves, but not Ramon.

In the silent era when he was scoring so brilliantly it was because he was wholly sincere. He was, literally, that young, naive, dreaming hero.

"But I have matured," he asserts emphatically now. "I don't want to hang on to the yesterdays. I don't want to keep remaking the same stories. Viennese romances, football pictures! I left MGM amicably, but that's the reason. What was the use of making another film with the same old theme?"

"I'm not interested in the problems of the twenties any more. I no longer feel as I did ten years ago, even if I can pass for years younger than I actually am." Under contract until he made his recent break, Ramon has had no say about his roles.

S Ramon Novarro really finished with pictures? Has, fame and the struggle for it disillusioned him? Where are his plans pointing? What is he like now?

For thirteen years Ramon has had a lease on romance. Handsome to the point of perfection, he won the hearts of millions with one beautiful screen love-tale after another. And the glamour of his own personality marked him as a unique figure on the Hollywood scene. Idealists the world round have made him their special idol.

However, something has been increasingly wrong with his career. Gradually his tremendous box-office draw lessened. His films have lacked the old thrill.

Photo by Bull

Says Ramon: "Of course there has been something vitally wrong with my career. There has been no progress. I have matured. I'm not interested in the problems of the twenties any more. I don't want to hang on to the yesterdays. What was the use of making another film with the same old theme?"
At last Ramon breaks the tie that bound him to one studio for thirteen years. He confesses that for the past five seasons he has done nothing on the screen that was worth doing—his career was at a standstill. This exclusive interview gives the reason, reveals his plans and presents a striking close-up of Novarro himself.

“I've had no satisfaction from what I've been doing, so I said to myself, ‘Why go on?’ In ‘The Night Is Young,’ I was supposed to be twenty-five! In going on with that sort of thing I can, at best, only be an imitation of myself in past hits. "So far as that goes, it has not been easy, either. It's extremely difficult being a romantic young actor year in and year out, endeavoring to be different. An actress can fall back on gowns, on fancy coiffures, new make-ups.”

There was that naughty-but-nice twinkle in his eye as he continued.

“I'm finishing a play which I have written, and I'd like you to hear the first act. The hero is a man who's been a romantic movie star for ten years, and I open on his last day at the studio. Voluntarily he is leaving Hollywood for London, where he hopes to star in a play of his own authorship.”

"Autobiographical?” I probed.

“Well, when we begin to write we generally have to depend on our own experiences, don't we?”

He read aloud to me, and what sly satire and stern truth he has incorporated! For instance, there is the parting interview. His hero says to the fan magazine representative, “Yes, I think I'm tired of screen work. The public believes I'm versatile, but in my heart I know it isn't so. I have been playing the same part in different costumes, with different people, all the time.” Here he is in “Scaramouche,” beloved of his fans.

Novarro says the public thinks he is versatile, but in his heart he knows it isn't so. With amazing honesty he says that he has been playing the same part in different costumes, with different people, all the time. Here he is in "Scaramouche," beloved of his fans.
IT’S TOPS.. this year more than ever!

Take it from me—this new Scandals is 365 times greater than last year’s ... and what swemantertainment that was! Only George White himself could have out-dazzled his 1934 creation.

You’re going to zoom from loud “ha-ha’s” at the comedy to gasping “a-ah’s” at the beauties to thrilled “o-oh’s” at the romance. And you’re going to dance out both your shoes this spring to the swingy rhythms of six hit tunes!

STARS GIRLS SONGS DANCES LAUGHS SPECTACLE

Keep your eye on Alice Faye, Fox Films’ new glamour gal. She has what it takes to hit the cinema heights.

Alice plays her grandest role in this picture. And what a marvelous singin’-steppin’ duo she and Jimmy Dunn make! • As for Lyda Roberti ... well ... team up Poland’s gift to Hollywood with Ned Sparks and Cliff Edwards ... then look out below! • Fox Studios have staged this masterpiece with a lavish hand. And what a great, big hand YOU will give it!

FLASHES from

GEORGE WHITE’S 1935 SCANDALS

by Jerry Halliday

with

ALICE FAYE JAMES DUNN NED SPARKS

Lyda Roberti Cliff Edwards
Arline Judge Eleanor Powell
Benny Rubin Emma Dunn

ENTIRE PRODUCTION CONCEIVED, PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY GEORGE WHITE

HUM-ABLE, SING-ABLE, DANCE-ABLE TUNES!

“According to the Moonlight”
“It’s an Old Southern Custom”
“Humadola”
“Oh I didn’t know you’d get that way”
“I was born too late”
“I got shoes—you got shoesies”
RUBY KEELER

SWEET little Mrs. Jolsor is in the seventh heaven for she is to appear with her own Al in a big musical, "Go Into Your Dance." The title might be everyone's admonition to Ruby and a warning to the Warners, because she hasn't danced enough in her recent films to suit the majority. Here's hoping she does right by us in this.

Photo by Bert Longworth
A FEW years' absence from the screen has neither diminished Madge Bellamy's beauty nor diminished her verve and ability to act. She chose to take time out for rest and meditation and study away from Hollywood's dizzying whirl. Now she's back for "The Great Hotel Murder" and "Doubting Thomas."

MADGE BELLAMY
CHESTER MORRIS
PAUL KELLY

COLIN CLIVE
CHARLES BOYER

WHATEVER THE CALL
SIDNEY BLACKMER
PAUL LUKAS
VICTOR VARCONI
VICTOR JORY

THEY NEVER FAIL
HAPPY birthday, Shirley dear! If all of us who love you could thank you on April twenty-third for the sunshine you have brought into lonely lives and the tenderness you have stirred in selfish hearts, you would know that our love will keep you as sweet at sixty as you are at six.
VEN wild animals are tamed and turned into accomplished stars by association with Jean Parker. It happened in "Sequoia," that most magnificent of nature films which the whole country is applauding to-day, and a timid deer joins the fellowship of stars by reason of the same quality that makes Jean the preëminent ingénue—sweet naturalness.
MODEST, unassuming Robert Donat is elated by the enthusiasm of American fans and looks forward with eagerness to his next Hollywood picture while in the midst of a British film and a London stage play. Dorothy Hope's interview, opposite, reflects his character and personality as no other story about him ever has. Read it, you clamorers!

Photo by F. W. Schmidt
WE WANT DONAT!

This insistent demand has gained momentum each day since fans saw Robert Donat in "The Count of Monte Cristo." Now studios here and abroad are echoing it while the modest cause of all the clamor speaks of his return to Hollywood and sends a message to his new friends.

By Dorothy Hope

The sandwiches finished, we talked of mutual friends, ships, and traveling, forgetting how time was slipping by, until a knock at the door was followed by "Ten minutes to overture, Mr. Donat." He hastily took up a stick of grease paint, and with a murmured "You don't mind, do you?" proceeded to smear his face. "Go right ahead, please," and I drew a little closer to the fire. "Let's talk of California," I said. "It will make me feel warmer."

"Unfortunately," said Mr. Donat, carefully greasing his nice straight nose, "I had no time really to see much of it. The two months I was there I was so busy at the studios that I never even went to Palm Springs. I did get quite near to Mexico, though." Again came the disarmingly smile. "Do you know Olvera Street in Los Angeles?" I nodded. "Elissa Landi took me there one night. We went to a little Mexican restaurant, full of atmosphere, but the food was awful.

"Elissa's great fun," he went on. "I owe all my Hollywood knowledge to her. We went around everywhere together, and when there was time we rode and swam—my favorite sports."

"Overture, Mr. Donat!" shouted the call boy, with a louder thump at the door. I got up. "No, don't go yet. We can squeeze in another ten minutes." I sat down.

"I shall have to hurl questions at you," I said, taking out my notebook and pencil. "Any you like," came the ready answer. "Go ahead."

ME. "Where were you born?"
ROBERT. "Near Manchester, at a place called Withington."

ME. "I've heard that you are of French descent."
ROBERT. "Not strictly speaking. My parents are English, though one of my ancestors was a Hugenot who fled from France during the massacres and settled over here."

ME. "When did you first decide to become an actor?"

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DON'T THINK,

This keenly intelligent analysis of Miss Crawford's career and mental state is one of the most challenging and sympathetic articles ever written about her. Every admirer of the star and every student of the artistic temperament should read it.

By Richard Griffith

YOU'RE tired of new angles on Crawford? Who isn't? How about an old one, then?

But first, I think it's necessary to know Joan's past if one wants to understand her as she is to-day.

Of course, every star develops, passes through phases, as she climbs. Usually it happens so slowly that you don't realize the change. Not so with Joan, though. Her name has become almost synonymous with change. Twice a year the publicity department announces that she has shed another cocoon and gone onward and upward to something better. Well, something new, anyway. This semester it's her determination to improve her acting by going on the stage. Last season it was the consolation she got from the platonic love of Franchot Tone. And before that she brooded over her failure to make a go of it with Doug.

In and out of this maze of print flits Joan, having another portrait sitting, giving interviews, grinning at photographers from her Mayfair table, and making a picture now and then.

Why? What is back of all this hectic activity? Something's wrong somewhere, and Joan knows it. She will tell you so herself.

Twirling a flower between her fingers as she paces up and down her dressing room, she pours out to every interviewer who comes along her latest theory about what is wrong with her life. Then, after a nervous glance out of the window, she will drop into a chair and laugh it all away. "I'm not really sure what I want at all. I just try things out. Maybe this one will work."

Look into the eyes Miss Crawford turns upon you from the screen and you will see a woman for whom life has turned sour, and who doesn't know why. What has it profited Joan to gain the world and yet lose the radiant happiness that used to shine around her?
That's the Joan we see to-day. Gay and gallant, she gives everything a chance, trying to be amused, trying to like Hollywood and acting. Trying not to think. But take a look into the eyes she turns upon you from the screen and you'll see a woman for whom life has turned sour, and who doesn't know why.

Perhaps it's natural that she doesn't know. Change and chance catch at us all. We're carried along by the current without much time to stop and think. Behind everything we do a question throbs and burns. But I wonder if, down deep in her realest self, Joan doesn't remember that it wasn't always this way with her.

Because there was a time when she was happy—completely, unconsciously happy. It was just after she made her first hit, during what ought not to be called her hey-hey day again. She was a raw kid, fresh from the chorus, and everything was new to her. Hollywood, agog at her youthful vitality, "discovered" her.

Another glimpse of her in "Paris," when she was the most promising actress of the year.

She became the studio's dancing daughter, the queen of the jaded town's night clubs. She lived freely and fully. There wasn't a dare that madcap Joan wouldn't take. She never felt the necessity to pick and choose, to judge herself by rigid standards. She was content to take things as they came, make the best of them—and like them.

All this was reflected in her work at the time.

I remember a picture called "Paris," one of those things in

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They Say
By Karen Hollis

years ago after seeing her first rehearsal. Think nothing of it. It happens that she is heartily grateful to him for saving her from attempting the role before she had the technical proficiency and understanding to do justice to it. She isn’t the vengeance-is-mine type of person anyway. One of her outstanding characteristics is her live-and-let-live attitude.

**Glory Divided By Three.**—Let the Academy awards pile up in Norma Shearer’s hands, let the greatest bulk of fan mail go to Mae West, let Joan Crawford set styles for ruffles cropping out in unexpected places, there are still only three girls in the stage or screen spotlight who fill the bill of wholly glamorous creatures. They are Greta Garbo, Elisabeth Bergner, and Tallulah Bankhead.

Merle Oberon, left, captivates all who meet her. Below, Tallulah Bankhead has scored a triumph in a stage revival of “Rain,” and Rudy Vallée has won over the hard-hearted press.

**Another Entry for Glamour Stakes.**—A few months from now you will have an opportunity to see Noel Coward in a picture written and directed by Hecht and MacArthur called “Miracle in 49th Street.” He is the only man in public life whose name is invested with glamour enough to dim the Prince of Wales as the world’s prince charming. Coming up from poverty, he has in ten years made himself an outstanding figure in the theater as actor, playwright, producer, and director. Everyone wonders why the author of “Cavalcade,” “Bitter Sweet,” “Design For Living,” and others, prefers to make his debut in films in this way instead of taking any of

BROADWAY thought it had seen the most thrilling play openings of the year when Leslie Howard appeared in “The Petrified Forest” and Elisabeth Bergner arrived in “Escape Me Never.” There was more to come, however; much more. Tallulah Bankhead, that vivid, unpredictable, quite implausible personality staged a revival of “Rain.” If you know a better word than “triumph,” use it as the label for that evening when the mercurial Tallulah, survivor of fatuous pictures and shoddy plays, came out in a rôle that measured up to her talents.

Of the famous film stars in town, only Gary Cooper was at the opening to learn what electric tension can be transmitted to an audience when a player gives an inspired performance. Other Hollywood visitors are swarming to the theater now, though, including producers who want to hire Miss Bankhead back into films.

**Kill That Legend.**—There is a widely circulated story to the effect that Tallulah wanted to play Sadie Thompson in America principally to spite Somerset Maugham who had her dismissed from the London cast.
IN NEW YORK—

The royal red carpet is out and flags are flying this month in honor of two newcomers and an old friend.

A new arrival in pictures is Natalie Paley who ushers in a different type of screen beauty.

Margaret Sullivan, upper right, is off to Europe on her honeymoon.

Hollywood's offers to be headman of his own company. He wants to learn about films, and "Crime Without Passion" convinced him that Hecht and MacArthur and Lee Garmes were the boys to teach him.

The Place Will Be Mobbed Now.—Number 21, that famous ex-speakeasy that was featured in the "March of Time" film, played the part of fate in bringing the boys together. Hecht and MacArthur met Beatrice Lillie there to discuss a film they were writing for her, and hearing from a waiter that her old friend Noel Coward

was upstairs, they went to join him.

"Grab him for a picture," Bee Lillie counseled unselfishly. "I can wait, but it's the chance of your lifetime to get him while he is interested in studying film-making." The deal was set right then and there.

Julie Haydon Gets a Break.—Two months ago I told you about the jinxes that were camping on Julie Haydon's career. They are all chased away now. She is playing in the Noel Coward film, and although Rosita Moreno, Hope Williams, and Martha Sleeper all have showy parts, hers is the sympathetic one. Also she is the player in whom Mr. Coward is taking a real interest.

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Alice Faye is all set for a grand New York vacation.
WHY I'M

Gary Cooper, baring his own problem and that of other stars, describes the dangers that lurk in being interviewed. He attacks this bugaboo of stardom with typical candor and courage, revealing new vexations that assail those favorites of the fans who recognize a duty to the public and speak for publication—and then pay the penalty.

Gary says that most stars try to be gracious about interviews because they realize the value of them. But, he adds, there are same topics which players don’t care to talk about for publication.

RECENTLY Gary Cooper and I sat in his living room. “You and I,” he observed, “have been friends long enough for me to tell you that actors take an awful beating from interviewers.”

“How’s that?” I asked.

“Now, don’t get me wrong,” he remarked hastily, “but when we first come to the screen, if we have any measure of success, they come to interview us. There’s no doubt that the magazines and writers play an important part in the success of any newcomer, and, as a matter of fact, of any established star.

“Our life story is duly written up, and the manner in which we happened to get a break. It’s gone over again and again. Then, when the biographical dope is exhausted they start casting about for other subjects. First thing you know, they’re getting a little too personal for comfort. Then they begin printing things about us that we don’t want printed, and speculating about things that are no one’s business but our own. Eventually we find it necessary to safeguard ourselves in some way, and the only way we have of doing it is by declining to give any more interviews.

“No sooner do we announce that we won’t have any more interviews than we’re dubbed swell-headed and high-hat. No one bothers to figure out why we don’t want any more interviews. They don’t stop to think that perhaps we’ve been badly treated, and that the chances of no publicity might be better than the kind we’ve had.

“All writers seem to remember is that when one first came to pictures he was darned glad when they came around to write you up, and that you’re a heel now because you won’t see them. You can’t make out a list of writers whom you will see and another of those you won’t. The only thing you can do is not see any of them. They take their revenge by writing slurring remarks, and the public wonders what’s come over you. A lot of fans who used to like you read those things and don’t like you any more.

“I feel some explanation is due for my recent attitude, and I’d like to make it. It is things such as I have mentioned that have occurred.

“I think I lead as nearly a normal life as it is possible for any one in pictures to lead. There’s nothing extraordinarily colorful about it. But writers want stories. If they write that I get up at seven when I’m working, and ten when I’m not, that I breakfast, go to the studio,

When Mr. Cooper married he felt that as his wife wasn’t in pictures, there couldn’t be any interest in her. So he made a rule not to talk about his marriage. Interviews were arranged with this stipulation. Then he was asked how Mrs. Cooper compared with other women he had known. And didn’t he burn!
AFRAID TO TALK

By
Samuel Richard Mook

make pictures all day, and then spend the evening at home, people think: 'What a dull guy he must be!' Or else they think: 'What an uninteresting story.' So the writer feels he's fallen down on the job. That's one way of writing an interview.

"The other way is to invent a 'hot' story. When I was single I did what any fellow does—had dates. It's an impossibility for a man to marry every girl he takes out and it is rarely that a man only takes out one girl in the course of a lifetime. But every time I took a girl out it was chronicled in the chatter departments of magazines and newspapers.

"Even that would have been all right if they hadn't kept speculating. I'd be continually reading 'Gary Cooper and Inez Magoom were here and there last night. Is it possible that Inez is going to put a ball and chain around the elusive Gary?' Elusive! How do you like that?

"You can imagine how I'd feel the next time I called for Miss Magoom. I'd be wondering if she'd seen the item—knowing that she had—and what she thought of it. And she would be wondering if I'd seen it—knowing that I had—and if I really thought she was trying to ball and chain me.

"If I didn't squawk too much, presently a bunch of writers would drift into my dressing room—one at a time, of course. There would be some inconsequential chatter for a while, and then, in a very casual way, Inez's name would be brought up. Didn't I think she was a nice girl? Naturally I did. And then would come the inevitable question, 'Are you going to marry her?' What did the questioner have to lose?

"You may admire many traits in a girl and still not want to marry her. And she may get a big kick out of your company and still never entertain a thought of you as a husband. What can you say in a case like that? If you say 'No!' it makes you out a cad, and the girl feels you're making her ridiculous. If you say 'Yes!' you're either making a liar or a fool of yourself.

"When I married I felt that as my wife is not in pictures, there couldn't possibly be any interest in her. So I advised the publicity department in arranging interviews that I would not talk about my marriage. The writers invariably agreed with me. But as soon as they were safely in my dressing room, invariably they'd pop the question, 'How does your wife compare with other women you've known?'

"Once when I had been married three weeks, three different writers came and asked what I thought of marriage. Why, men who have been married fifty years are hardly qualified to talk on that subject. What could I say?

"Here's another thing that turns picture people against interviews. When you first enter pictures you know practically nothing. Writers come and want to talk to you about this and that. Your better judgment tells you that is not a subject that should be discussed for publication. You demur, politely.

"They start arguing with you and assuring you the story will do you no harm, that it's an inconsequential little yarn. They are very friendly, and you think, 'Oh, well!' They've been in this racket a lot longer than I have, and this chap wouldn't do anything that would hurt me. If he says it's all right, I guess it is.' So you go ahead and give the story. It appears in print, and maybe a word has been changed here and there, and you appear..."
Bing Crosby tries to think up a bedtime story for his sons, below, but Gary Evan puts baby arms around him in an effort to make him sing instead. The twins, however, will take what he gives them and like it.

Una Merkel doesn't mind occupying the corner of this page as she weeds her garden, because she knows that wherever she is her lovable smile will almost make her picture speak.

You can't wonder at Warners keeping track of these chorines, can you? Their last number in "Gold Diggers of 1935" completed, Peggy Graves, Vivian Foster, Georgia Spence, and Ethel-reda Leopold punch the time clock.

In intimate pursuit of the news and gossip of the movie colony.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

K A Y F R A N-
C I S always "goes to
town" as a party-giver. Last year she gave a barnyard costume affair, and this year everybody came in sailor togs to a function that she staged at the Vendome Café. She called the divertissement a "nautical party," and several producers who received telegrams of invitation were puzzled as to what to wear. They thought the party had something to do with sex.

Kay had the Vendome decorated like a big ship at a cost of $5,000, and thirty workmen were busy for a day preparing the setting. Everybody had to enter by a gangplank and then slide down a chute. It was regarded as rather an arduous proceeding even for so unique an event. It's funny how Kay remains unobtrusive three hundred and sixty-four days in the year, and then suddenly emerges with one of these spectacular social splurges. She lives more simply than almost any other star in Hollywood.
Jean Negulesco escorts Elissa Landi and Countess Zenardi-Landi and doesn’t seem to realize his luck as the band plays and the crowd cheers and only he is glum.

How Garbo Hates Publicity!—

The impression in Hollywood now is that Greta Garbo likes more than ever to be spotlighted when the right opportunity affords. It has all grown out of that famous evening when she made a grand entrance into the Trocadero Restaurant, while Marlene Dietrich was there. It is thought that Garbo rather dreads the increase in Dietrich’s popularity and prestige, especially since there is some talk that Dietrich may sign with MGM.

The most amazing thing about Garbo’s arrival at the restaurant was that practically everybody knew in advance it would occur. In other words, the information was pipe-lined around the town. And those things just don’t happen, except by design.

Garbo is known to seek quiet and solitude whenever she goes to New York by visiting the most populous hotels, and wearing dark glasses.

Movie Ponies Lame Ducks.—Racing luck of the stars is still in a decline and the doldrums. Even the horses they own spend most of their time coming in to the finish line last. However, Connie Bennett’s horse Rattlebrain—and don’t we love that name!—did stage a sudden spurt recently, and arrived with the winning group. And were Connie and Gilbert Roland overjoyed! Especially Gilbert, who in chivalrous fashion, always bets heavily on la Bennett’s steed. Poor old Beverly Hills, Clark Gable’s mug, has limped along through the season, but Clark believes he’ll prove a top-spotter yet. The Santa Anita race track has had a terrific play, participated in very largely by the movie crowd.

Sports Must Be Innocent.—There’s a terrific drive on in the studios to prevent the child actors from injuring themselves while they are at play. Marbles and mumble-the-peg will be about the only games permitted these gold-coin children before the crusade is over, and probably even mumble-the-peg will be prohibited since that’s played with knives.

The drive started when Mickey Rooney broke his leg during the filming of “A Midsummer Night’s Dream,” which interfered with his doing the role of Puck for a few weeks. Mickey had been in football games all season, and came out without a scratch, but he went tobogganing in the mountains, did a spill, and emerged with a fracture. George Breakston had to substitute in the long shots.

Always the Unexpected.—Mary Ellis turned out to be a real surprise hit in the movies. Nobody around the studio thought much of her chances when she started working before the camera, but every one seems to

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HIGH LIGHTS
Blue and white organdie gives a youthful effect to this party frock worn by Diane Cook, right.

Sophistication is the keynote of Kay Sutton's gown, below, of black mirror-like cire net over a cire slip, with flounces of spangled net.

The bathing suit, below, worn by Jane Hamilton, is in Mexican pottery colors with dark wool trunks. There is a cape to match.

Just the thing for spring is June Clayworth's plaid skirt of black, yellow and green, and tailored linen coat.

A TOUCH
Iris Adrian, right, introduces a blue-and-white printed version of the pareo, the latest in beach toggs.

Below, June Knight's fuchsia-colored chiffon formal gown, with necklace and buckle to match, is perfect for a spring evening.

Interwoven cellophane and silver is June Clayworth's choice for formal evening wear. Prystal rings, through which the drapery is drawn, are the only trimming. A pin check silk in black and white is what Dorothy Libaire, left, chooses for daytime wear. The bodice is held together at the shoulder with black braid and bone buttons.
When Patsy Kelly flips that right hand of hers in finlike fashion, it is the cue for outbursts of laughter. But Patsy is a born comedienne, so the slightest gesture on her part lends itself to comic relief in any picture.

By Dena Reed

One can’t escape being attracted to Patsy’s likable unassuming personality and good nature. And her Irish wit and flair for comedy add to these virtues.

O you remember the play called “The Patsy,” which told the story of a girl who somehow was always the goat, until she finally took matters into her own hands and broke the jinx? Well, a gal by the name of Sarah Veronica Kelly saw the play and decided that the heroine’s plight and her own were so much alike that she adopted the name of Patsy for her own use. And that, you see, is how Patsy Kelly came to be born.

Patsy told me the story of her early struggles with that right paw of hers flipping back and forth like a seal’s fin. That gesture of hers has not been acquired. Neither has the dead pan. They were as much a part of Sarah Veronica Kelly as they are now of Patsy Kelly. She is that rarity—a natural comedienne who is funny without even trying.

“I was always left holding the bag at home,” she said quite seriously. “I came of a typical large Irish family of Brooklyn, you know, and somehow the rest of them would get all the breaks, and I—well, the only break I ever get would be a fracture of the ankle as a result of playing with the boys on the block. I had too much energy. It was always getting me into trouble.”

Then one fine day Patsy saw the play which was to change her destiny. She decided that life was not being kind, and that it was up to her to do something about it. She went to her mother and asked permission to take lessons in tap dancing—that being the first thought that came into her head.

Mother agreed. Patsy continued, with that wiseful drollery we have come to associate with the Kelly of the films. “I guess she got tired of looking at this mug of mine around the house, and was glad of an excuse to keep it moving.”

Strange as it may seem, Patsy never had any intentions of going on the stage. The dancing lessons were for pleasure, not profit. But her big brother had Thespian leanings. He had tried for a part in a show that Frank Fay was putting on. Mr. Fay promised it to him if he could learn a dance routine.

“I went along to see that the right thing was being done brother,” said Patsy, “and the joke of it was that Frank Fay took me, not him.”

Here was Patsy Kelly’s first break. Her dancing, her natural flair for comedy, her broad Irish wit, her likable, unassuming personality, and her good nature won her roles in musical comedies. She became the featured comedienne in “Sketch Book,” Earl Carroll’s “Vanities,” and “Flying Colors.” It was inevitable that the movies and Hollywood should beckon.

“I didn’t want to go to Hollywood,” said Patsy. “I had heard of the high society there, and Broadway was plenty good enough for me. But a couple of producers who didn’t have anything better to do at the moment asked me if I’d like to go into pictures. When I saw the salary I was to get, and that my bank book registered a couple of zeros, I forgot all about my vow to stick close to the white lights, and I was on my way West.”

I asked Patsy how she liked Hollywood and pictures.

“Every one was swell to me,” she said enthusiastically. “It was all so much different from what I had expected. The big stars didn’t wear diamond tiaras in the daytime, and Garbo didn’t have big feet. I liked the director, and I liked Thelma Todd, who’s a grand person to work with, and I liked every one and everything.” Her face grew sad—you wouldn’t think it, but her face can look very sad.

“Everything would have been hunky dory if it hadn’t been for the accident.” If you remember, it was shortly after Patsy’s advent into Hollywood that the automobile tragedy in which Mej Malini was killed and she seriously injured occurred.

She closed her eyes for a moment, then went on.
One of the great stars of vanished vaudeville, Miss Franklin bought a yacht from the royalties of the song she wrote and which made her famous, "Redhead." Now she's on her way to film fame, thanks to her ability to laugh at life and herself and to make audiences laugh at her.

TIRELESS TROUPE

Irene Franklin's amazing career began on the stage at the age of six months. When you read what she has done since then you will agree that her entry into pictures is cause for celebration.

SALOME, despite her seven veils, hadn't a thing on Irene Franklin!

For this blond and buxom actress, who has been in nine pictures since her screen début a year ago, has achieved success in seven professions.

One career may be enough for you and you, but not for the vivacious and versatile Miss Franklin. A child prodigy, a musical-comedy actress, a vaudeville headliner, a song writer, a radio entertainer, an author, and a screen actress!

"And you ain't seen nothin' yet!" declares the effervescent Irene. Under the heading of "miscellaneous" she groups her accomplishments as housewife, mother, cook, seamstress, and gardener. Unlike Lady Macbeth, she spends no time checking up.

For the Franklin slogan is "Up and at 'em!" Is she content because she has made nine pictures during her first year in Hollywood? Hardly!

"Pshaw! That's nothing," says she. "Half the time I have to go twice to make sure I'm still in the picture."

Just in case you didn't go twice—personally, we never found it necessary—we'll summarize briefly Miss Franklin's screen career. She made her début in "The Cat and the Fiddle," and then appeared in "A Very Honorable Guy," "Registered Nurse," "Down To Their Last Yacht," "Change of Heart," "Lazy River," "Women In His Life," and "The President Vanishes." She has just completed her ninth and most important rôle in "Death Flies East."

We will admit that Irene Franklin—her middle names are Luella Marguerite, but she labeled herself Renée at the age of three—had a head start. Never a laggard, she was doing all right at the age of six months. Her stage-struck mother saw to that.

Irene is of English, German, Irish, American, and Jewish descent. "Call it plaid," she remarks helpfully. She was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on a Friday the thirteenth of June. When Irene was six months old, her mother saw a "baby wanted" theatrical advertisement in a Chicago newspaper. Other youngsters hadn't a chance to impress the director of "Hearts of Oak." Irene's blue eyes, her grimaces and giggles, turned the trick. And her shock of red hair, standing up on end, literally put everything else in the shade.

The Franklin career began then and there. For several months she was carried onto the stage once daily, twice on matinée days. One dollar a performance was her stipend. Then little Miss Franklin took a three-year lay-off. "I wanted to learn to walk and talk," she says. "Something told me those accomplishments might come in handy later."

When Irene was three and a half, she made her comeback in a repertory show. Just to keep from going stale, she did a song and dance between acts. "I was the child wonder, the Shirley Temple of my day. Just a product of the gay '90s, that's all."

Miss Franklin was a seasoned veteran when she crashed Broadway at six. The play was "The Prodigal Father." "I didn't play the father," explains Irene. "But it was my first speaking rôle. I was getting on in the profession."

"I must have been good, for the play ran five years. At the end of the first year I could repeat my lines in my sleep. The second year I began to get bored. The third year found me yawning. And in the fourth year of the five-year stretch—I believe in capital punishment myself—I started to read joke books. At the end of the fifth year I had read all the jokes in the world and memorized most of them. I was a walking and talking edition of everything Joe Miller had ever written."

So much for Irene's child-prodigy days. At fifteen she went to Australia with a vaudeville team and re-
HE TOPS THEM

Preéminent as an actor, Charles Laughton is awarded the interviewer’s gold medal for revealing a personality as uninhibited as his opinions.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

Among the actors currently making faces at the camera, none is better than that British, rakish, superbly endowed artist, Charles Laughton. In Hollywood he is looked upon as the preéminent star of the moment. His acting is universally acclaimed.

From his triumph as Henry VIII, which won him the Academy award, he has duplicated in such widely variant roles as Mr. Broonning and Ruggles of Red Gap. His range is as broad, apparently, as his waist—and he needs no padding to roll into those Henry VIII costumes.

He was loath to be pinned down for publication, but after a surprisingly small amount of wire pulling he permitted me to invade his dressing-room bungalow.

“‘You shall have to content yourself with a few snores, I’m afraid,” said Mr. Laughton, pushing his luncheon tray aside and letting his ample body sag into the cushions of a red studio couch. “I’m a bit logy after eating.”

Then he proceeded to unleash the best talk I heard during my entire stay in Hollywood.

Here is one actor who needs no script, who has ideas and can express them, who is the exception to the rule that actors are an inarticulate lot.

As any bright child knows, Mr. Laughton came to these shores three years ago with a considerable reputation won on the London stage. He registered immediate personal successes on Broadway in “Payment Deferred” and “The Fatal Alibi” before the cinema snared him. In pictures he has specialized in monstrous fellows such as were found in “Devil and the Deep,” “Island of Lost Souls,” and “White Woman.”

His shaggy mane made him resemble a Shetland pony or a sheep dog. Bleached as it had been for “The Barretts of Wimpole Street,” it still retained eccentric streaks of white, running into natural blond. No comb had disturbed it for days.

Mr. Laughton stuffed a final sprig of bacon into his hungry-looking mouth. “Drink?” he asked. A messenger was dispatched. He tussled his hair with a world-weary, futile gesture, and eyed me appraisingly, a bit distrustfully.

He doesn’t like interviews, thinks they are quite silly, sees no reason for them at all; said so frankly.

“How can an interview help me or hinder me?” he demanded, not unreasonably. “I reach millions on the screen, all over the world.” If I’m good what greater good will could I create? That’s all I have to consider—my work. This publicity thing is a huge joke.” He subsided sulkily into his cushions.

Here is a glimpse of Charles Laughton as Javert in “Les Miserables,” a famous character in fiction which he is sure to make a masterpiece of acting.

Elsa Lanchester, who is Mrs. Laughton, will next be seen in “Naughty Marietta,” with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.
Among Charles Laughton's many departures from the ordinary is his enthusiasm for Hollywood and pictures. He says he has received excellent treatment in business dealings and has encountered some truly great souls—Irving Thalberg and Josef von Sternberg among them.

"Hollywood isn't such a madhouse, you know. There's a reason in almost everything they do, I'd heard so much about it. Seen 'Once in a Lifetime,' things like that. Heard about the incompetency, the inefficiency of those in high places. Well, I should like to say that I've not only received excellent treatment in contracts and all business dealings, but I have also encountered some truly great souls, Thalberg, Von Sternberg, others. Hollywood is a vast show place, a theater in which all the bows are stolen."

Laughton was destined to be an innkeeper, as his father and his father's father had been before him, but he found innkeeping distasteful business.

"I venture to say that I should have been stuffed and placed in a glass case as the horrible example of how a hotel man should not act. I found the speaking tubes particularly fascinating. If you blew into the one on the fourth floor and someone answered on the second, you could surprise him delightfully by blowing water down. But the guests didn't like it."

"I was always the ingenious one. If you like a touch of the human side you might recount how I was sacked from my first form—grammar school you call it. It seems I was supposed to have kissed a girl behind the door. That might be incorporated to prove that I had sex-appeal when very young." He grinned malignantly. His lower lip hangs loosely when he smiles, his eyes almost disappear into slits, and his whole face widens fantastically. He reminds one of a walrus in tweeds impersonating all the mad monarchs of history.

"Why is it, do you suppose, that I have gone as far as I have?" he wondered idly, as he kicked his foot in the air gently. "Other actors just as good—Huston, Connolly, Menjou—haven't caused any furor. Is it because I suggest fleur de mal, a dash of the decadent, a bit of the bestial, do you think?"

He pulled himself up to a sitting position, with great reluctance.

"You know, I've assigned myself a job, at that, making myself entirely different in each picture. The Robert Montgomerys and Leslie Howards and Clark Gables do themselves, which is quite sufficient. Their pictures

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THE PROPER THING

School boys and girls are influenced by what they see their favorites do on the screen.

Some one with a flair for figures has estimated that out of the thirty million people in this country who attend the movies every week, a large percentage are children under fourteen years of age. No one, then, can seriously question the assertion that the movies are a powerful influence in forming standards of taste and conduct.

We asked two bright young grade teachers if they found their pupils better mannered because of the movies.

"Decidedly not," answered one teacher with asperity. "About once a month a film lent by one of the movie companies is shown in the assembly room of our building. Each child who attends pays a nickel, and the proceeds go to the school fund. Well, you should see what it does to their manners!

They are told beforehand that they must remain in their seats, that they must not talk or move around. But the minute the picture begins they are transformed into a bunch of hoodlums. They yell, stamp, applaud, and are all over the place, absolutely beyond control."

"But that's just while the picture is being shown," defended the other teacher. "I believe one reason for their behavior is that the film companies bring the cheapest, least worth-while films they have—wild West stuff, rough and noisy. That's their idea of pictures for children, and the youngsters think they must live up to them, and cut loose. My theory is that if they were given good pictures they would behave like human beings, not like little savages."

"I honestly think," she observed seriously, "that good movies teach good manners. I frequently notice little acts of courtesy performed by my pupils that they would have learned in no other way, knowing their environment.

"I was surprised the other day when I happened to walk behind one of my pupils, a girl, when a boy from her class fell into step beside her, giving her the outside of the walk. "Have you heard," she inquired politely, "that a gentleman takes the outside when walking with a lady? And what about your hat, since you seem to be wearing one?"

"'O. K.," he replied. 'I've been to the movies, too'—relieving her of her book bag, transferring himself to her other side, and removing his hat with a sweeping bow. 'How's that for Clark Gable?'"

We mentioned before the doffing of hats, yet we feel moved to refer to it again. Maybe we're old-fashioned that way, but we were brought up to believe that hats should come off indoors when ladies are present, unless it's in an office building, or store, or elevators, or when it would be death and destruction to your hat; also when you meet some one you know, and when you're introduced to some one. Yet in the movies men so often go wandering in and out of rooms with their hats on, as though they didn't know what to do with them.

For instance, in a nice picture cleverly performed, like "Servants' Entrance," you wouldn't expect the hero, disguised as a chauffeur, and his employer to forget to remove their hats when greeting the pretty heroine, Janet Gaynor, even though she was supposedly one of the servants. They need not have been ostentatious

Wild West films, when shown in schoolrooms, often excite young pupils to the point of forgetting what they learn from society pictures.
TO DO

By

Lillian Montanye

Illustrated by

Alfred Bendiner

Whether the master of a household should lift his hot to a servant depends on what she's "got" on him, but he certainly shouldn't keep his lid on in the house.

Irene also among the women of good taste.

And in the romantic "Age of Innocence," did you notice the mysteriously glamorous lady, the Countess Olenska, in the person of Irene Dunne, and John Boles, the perfect lover, going wandering about the Metropolitan Museum which served them, as now, as a lover's retreat? Yet during this long and apparently heart-breaking session of renunciation and farewell, the Boles has remained securely planted on its owner's head.

In another scene we see a man friend, Lionel Atwill, very polished and man-of-the-world-ish calling on the countess. Her lawyer, the man she loves, is also present. When tea is brought in, the countess is not in the room, but the visitor, showing displeasure at the other man's presence, and to show how thoroughly he is at home in Countess Olenska's drawing-room, seats himself at the tea table, pours his tea and proceeds to eat.

Blood-red finger nails should suit the occasion but should not be used at any and all times. The new trend is toward the paler shades among women of good taste.

Turning one's glass upside down to indicate that no wine is wanted went out with buttoned shoes and feathery boas. Joan Crawford shouldn't have done it in "Chained."

About it, but even servants appreciate a bit of courtesy.

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The Teasdale-Menjou bedroom offers a beautiful contrast of colors, deep amethyst and old ivory. The odd porthole arrangement displays oddities of rose quartz, jade, and precious glass placed against a mirror indirectly lighted.

Verree Teasdale has everything to make her a famous husband as lavish as he is devoted. An as she liked it. And an exciting career for herself. Beautiful woman need be. For she refuses to consider

WHEN Hollywood and Warners simultaneously and vehemently “discovered” Verree Teasdale after she had worked in pictures for a year and a half, there was no lack of belated praise heaped upon her fair brow.

Verree only smiled, for she knew she was no more capable as an actress at the time of her “discovery” than she had been during the dreary months when she had waited around, unnoticed.

After all, she had won recognition and proved her ability in the difficult medium of the stage long before she ever went to Hollywood. It had been her portrayal of a beautiful but dumb young woman in the New York stage production of “The Greeks Had A Word For It” that brought her to Hollywood with a year’s contract in the first place.

This contract, however, brought only bitter disappointment, and it was by clear thinking that she fought her way out of a most discouraging situation; won the praise of the critics by her consistently brilliant performances; signed a new contract; married Adolphe Menjou, Hollywood’s best-dressed actor, and is soon to be billed as one of Warners’ brightest stars.

No woman as attractive as Verree has any business being

"Of course I like my work,” says Verree Teasdale Menjou, “but I don’t live for my art. It isn’t my life’s blood. And put my career before Adolphe? Never!"
Shines On

By Franc Dillon

darling of the gods. A exquisite home he built But she is wiser than a beau- her acting all-important.

Hollywood hasn’t always appre- ciated Miss Teasdale by any means. A hit in her first pic- ture, she was given a contract and then allowed to remain idle for a year, finally being lent for slapstick comedies. Imagine!

intelligent as well, but Verree began thinking for hers- elf one windy March morning in Spokane, Washing- ton, and has never stopped.

When she was quite young her parents moved with her to New York, and her first serious thought was that she would like to be a Broadway star. She attended the nice girls’ schools, her education including music and painting, either of which she could have turned into a profitable career if she hadn’t thought of acting first.

Her family thought it a passing fancy, and offered but the mildest objection when she announced her de- termination to attend dramatic school. They smiled indi- gently when she enrolled at two, thinking if one school were good, two would be quicker.

After a few months’ training she reasoned that if you want anything you must ask for it, so she asked for and got a role in “The Youngest,” and found her- self on Broadway without a struggle. One rôle followed another; she was fortunate in appearing in plays that enjoyed long runs; eventually she was costarred and then came Hollywood.

Her first picture, “Skyscraper Souls,” brought to her enthusiastic praise, high hopes, and the most serious disappointment she had ever had in her life. With flattering criticism ringing in her ears, she naturally ex- pected to be kept working, but she was not assigned to another picture.

She waited, at first eagerly and then, as her hopes faded, nervously, discouraged. When other producers asked to borrow her for important roles they were re- fused. For a year she drew her salary each week, but was given no work to do. Time after time she went to the studio and begged for something to do, but was always told there were no roles for her type. During the last month of her contract she was lent to another company for two slapstick comedies.

“I can’t tell you how depressed I was,” she told me, “It was a situation I couldn’t fight. There was nothing I could do.”

“Voo-voo, come home,” her mother wrote her, “You don’t have to stay in that terrible place.”

But Verree refused to give up, because under-neath that feminine exter- nior she has a real fight- ing spirit. Perhaps her ancestry has something to do with that. The story is that the smoke of bat- tle had hardly cleared away after the Civil War before Verree’s grand- father, a young Northern officer, rushed to his sweet- heart in the South and married her. It was the first marriage uniting the North and South. She comes from fighting stock and she resolved to stay and fight it out with Hol- lywood.

“I had never had to fight for anything before,” she told me. “Perhaps I hadn’t appreciated my suc- cess on the stage because I hadn’t worked hard for it. Perhaps,” she added with a laugh, “I wasn’t a success to the Great Amer- ican Public, but I had a personal satisfaction in my work. I was happy over it. Here was the first opposition I had ever ex- perienced and I was de- termined to beat it. I had to.”

At the end of her con- tract she began free-lanc- ing. It was slow at first and then came “Fashions of 1934” in which she shone in a rôle that in in- experienced hands would have passed unnoticed. Warners offered her a

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Margo is Mexican, yes, but with a difference. Thoughtful, introspective, she has none of the coquetry of the Latin soubrette. She never wants to think of herself as a star, never to be called one.

"It's the deadliest poison that Hollywood can give," she says.

By

Helen Ludlam

Insisting that she is not pretty, Margo says that she must learn a great deal and work hard to give more than a beautiful girl ever is required to give.

CALM SENORITA

The leading lady of "Crime Without Passion" and the sex-menace of "Rumba" came tripping across the lobby of the hotel which is her New York home. In the swiftly moving, graceful little figure there was no resemblance to the suffering exotic of the screen. Clad in a swagger coat and saucy, peaked hat with a thing-a-bob on top of it, an intense joy of living radiates from this fascinating girl who is the very spirit of the youth of to-day.

Indeed, she opened my eyes to the fact that the youth of to-day is different from the youth of any other age. These are the children of the depression. In every walk of life they have been the inspiration and consolation of their bewildered parents.

There always have been young people who have had the financial burden of a family to shoulder, but it was not the usual thing. Since 1929 it is the usual thing to see children still in their teens contributing to the family budget and backing up the spirit of the older people not with mere words, but words with experience behind them and action to back them up. In many cases the four-year college course has been exchanged for special courses so that a part-time job could be swung.

"I think youth to-day is wonderful," Margo exclaimed, her whole being pulsing with enthusiastic admiration. "Six years ago there was so much money that all young people thought of was to spend it. Joy riding with a bottle in each hip pocket was the thing to do; there was no incentive to build anything. To-day it's not like that. We drink and smoke, yes, but we don't make a vocation of it.

"There is such an advantage in getting an early start in what one wants to do in life. I am Mexican and in Mexico we have been slow to reconcile our minds to young women going into public life. When I was twelve we were living in Los Angeles. Our fortune had been swept away and we, like so many others, faced a very uncertain future.

"It seems extraordinary that a child of twelve should see the necessity of planning a career to provide for his own future as well, perhaps, as the future of other members of the family. But it isn't extraordinary to-day. The youth of every age is given the weapon it needs in the battle of life. Our grandmothers needed a smattering of music, art, embroidery, and coquetry."

Margo wrinkled her cute little nose in distaste while her dark eyes danced like moths in the light. "No one could imagine this vivace girl either a helpless heroine or a coquette. She is too vital, too straightforward for that.

"I'm so glad I wasn't born then. I should have been smothered. There is nothing more wonderful in the world, I think, than developing the natural resources God has given each of us. That is our job to-day. To be a person, to be firm, to be helpful, to be interesting and to express something constructive, something beauti-
YOU ASKED FOR THIS

Month in and month out admirers of Nils Asther demand an interview with their beloved General Yen—when they aren't berating Hollywood for not giving him another rôle to equal it. Here, then, Mr. Asther speaks for himself—at last!

I FOUND Nils Asther in the throes of a dilemma. Since coming to the United States eight years ago there have been discouraging periods when obtuse producers found no place for him in pictures. At this writing he has so many offers that he doesn't know which to choose.

An English company wants him to return to London and star in a stage play, which he would also make into a picture. On a recent visit to his home town in Sweden he was offered a film contract. The Shuberts in New York want him for a musical comedy. He has had an offer from the Theater Guild. Metro-Goldwyn is considering him for the principal rôle in "The Good Earth." Universal has a gentlemen's agreement with him to make two pictures. Not to mention the other Hollywood producers who are seeking his services.

Nils is somewhat confused by all these attentions. Certainly it is high time producers were taking notice of his four-dimensional artistry. Asther fans, who strike a high average in discernment, have protested long and loudly because Hollywood moguls have worked narrow veins of talent while their favorite's rich mine of dramatic endowments remained scarcely tapped.

"I do not know if Universal wants me just at this time," said Nils. "The English offer looks very good, and I must decide this week whether or not I shall accept it. If I do I shall have to leave for England at once."

"For Heaven's sake, don't accept a stage engagement," I wailed, thinking only of myself and other Asther fans. "We see you seldom enough on the screen as it is."

It was a radiant and somewhat thinner Asther who sat with me in the spacious and beautiful lobby of his apartment house. His recent European trip had obviously been a soothing reward for the several chastening years in his immediate past. The sobriety of his black suit was relieved by a shirt of lilac hue. A luminous pearl reposed in the satin folds of his tie. His Nordic complexion was highlighted with the glow of health and high spirits.

"I brought down a charming letter that came this morning," he said. "I have a Chinese chest in which I keep my most important fan letters."

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Mr. Asther answers those fans who are for and against his wearing a mustache on the screen by displaying the beard he wears in "Abdul the Damned," the picture he made in England with Adrienne Ames.

Nils Asther, whose taste really does incline toward things Oriental, has a Chinese chest in which he keeps his most important fan letters. Now don't all try to get your letters into it at once!
**"FOLIES BERGERE DE PARIS."**

Besides being one of the most entertaining pictures of the month, this is one of the smartest musicals in a long time. It is a Parisian comedy, with music in the background, and there is but one spectacular number, legitimately occurring at the finish. Wonder of wonders, it inspires Maurice Chevalier to act a part instead of being just himself. Most wonderful of all, it lets us see the exquisite Merle Oberon and glimpse for the first time her gleaming sense of humor. Further, it proclaims Ann Sothern a first-rate comédienne and enables her to make her first hit. Superbly staged, it engagingly tells the story of Baron Cassini, a financier, whose resemblance to Eugène Chartier of the "Folies Bergère" induces the baron’s friends to employ the actor to substitute for him in a drawing-room crisis which extends to the boudoir of the baroness and spicily asks the question if she knows the difference when both visit her separately. Not the newest idea in the world, but it is set forth persuasively and with intelligent restraint.

**"SEQUOIA."**

This is an animal picture and there’s no getting away from that classification in spite of Jean Parker, Russell Hardie, Samuel Hinds, and Paul Hurst. Not that the players ask you to. They’re apparently content to let a deer and a puma be the leads and get all the out-and-ahs. The status of the film settled, one should wait no longer to proclaim it very fine. It is honest, natural and is beautifully photographed. Perhaps best of all, it isn’t unduly sentimental nor agonizing. You see, it tells of the friendship of a fawn and a baby puma rescued by a girl who lives with her father in the California woodland and rears the wild strangers in their household. The argument set forth is that animals do not prey on each other because of natural enmity, but only when hunger impels them to attack. Be this as it may, the two young captives have many charming scenes together until finally the girl is forced by the authorities to let them go. The camera follows them through the forest and the months as they mature and meet with logical adventures, including the mating of the deer Malibu and the return of the animals to the cabin to look tamely inside and seemingly beg to return to the arms of their former mistress. Their enemy is a hunter, of course, whose brutal antagonism is responsible for the exciting and wonderful climax of the picture when in a battle on a cliff he hurls the puma to the stream below and is attacked by the loyal deer and sent to a watery grave. Especially for animal lovers.

**"SWEET MUSIC."**

This Warner musical is especially for partisans of Rudy Vallee rather than for those who desire exciting entertainment. Handsomely staged, with songs more tuneful than average, it is a dull show for the most part. One of the reasons is that the fragmentary story and the characters in it are as flat and transparent as paper dolls cut out of tissue. This is deplorable considering that such interesting players as Ann Dvorak, Alice White, Allen Jenkins, and Ned Sparks assume the roles, with Helen Morgan briefly seen. Offer me the Nobel Prize, which nobody will, and I couldn’t summon the energy to tell you what it is all about. However, attention will be attracted to the picture because of two songs which are likely to be heard on all sides for months to come, "Sweet Music" and "Pure Thee Well, Annabelle." The latter is the big moment of the piece and it is well worth seeing and hearing. The other high light is the Mit Britton band, well-known for their rowdy antics. In this they clown for dear life, breaking fid-dles over each other’s heads, squirting seltzer and doing both with originality and a sure sense of fun.
IN REVIEW
BY NORBERT LUSK

PICTURE PLAY’S HONOR LIST

Best performances of the month are here in glittering profusion. They comprise: Maurice Chevalier, in “Folies Bergère de Paris”; Merle Oberon, in “Folies Bergère de Paris”; Ginger Rogers, in “Roberto”; Carole Lombard, in “Rumba”; Poul Muni, in “Black Fury”; Walter King, in “One More Spring.”

Best pictures are “Folies Bergère de Paris,” “Roberta,” and “The Whole Town’s Talking.”

“ROBERTA.”

Gay, tuneful, enormously likable, this companion piece to “The Gay Divorcee” is better by far than its predecessor. It is the champagne of musicals, the other, gingham ale by the side of it. Everybody in it is a hit, especially Ginger Rogers because of her witty characterization and dancing that by no means is outdone by the inspired stepping of Fred Astaire. Let’s give Miss Rogers a huge salute right now. She’s progressing, developing, blossoming. She’s tops! And Irene Dunne surpasses herself. She plays humorously and offers a vision of breathtaking beauty such as you’ve never seen before. Glance at page 53 for a hint of it, just a hint. Then there’s Helen Westley, the modiste Roberta whose death places her fashionable establishment in the hands of Randolph Scott, who doesn’t know gingham from lame. Victor Varconi, too long absent from Hollywood, returns with a Continental twinkle in his eye, and Claire Dodd is deliciously disagreeable as the polite menace. These attractive players are concerned in modern doings, not a warmed-over story out of cold storage. So sensibly and skilfully has everything been managed that delightful music and gorgeous gowns never halt the story nor render static the players. Again I say that “Roberta” is champagne—of a vintage.

“RUMBA.”

The successor of “Bolero” stresses music and dancing. Couples Carole Lombard and George Raft again, shows what a monotonous actor Mr. Raft is away from underworld roles, demonstrates the increasing smoothness and poise of Miss Lombard, and indicates that Mr. Raft is out of his element when attempting the rumba. He is, as he says in the picture, “disapprenting.” Yet the whole manages to be tolerably entertaining, overcoming its trite story by excellent acting and a certain glamour which reaches its peak in imaginatively staged dance numbers, notably one called “The Birth of the Rumba.” Miss Lombard, a headstrong society girl, is attracted to Mr. Raft, proprietor and star of a night spot in Havana. They tiff and insult each other, but Miss Lombard takes the place of his prostrated partner in the dance and saves the show. Besides Miss Lombard’s distinguished performance, the film has the advantage of Lynne Overman in a typical rôle, and the magnetic presence of Margo who has that most valuable item in the equipment of an actress and a dancer—individuality.

“BLACK FURY.”

The drab atmosphere of the coal mines is illumined by the acting of Poul Muni. See him in this and you will think that he has never appeared in another rôle. Though it may require effort to become interested in the wrangles of miners, their strikes and unions, if it is acting you want and not the superficial glamour of a barbered personality, Mr. Muni will reveal wonders to you. He will wring your heart with the honesty and befuddlement of a man betrayed by his sincerity, who redeems himself in the eyes of his fellows by the blazing courage of a single-tracked mind. One of the beauties of Mr. Muni’s acting is his ruthless absorption in the character he is playing. He refuses to work for sympathy. If you happen not to be interested in the emotional problems of a grimy toiler, he won’t clean up to influence you in his handsome face and fine eyes. You must see beneath the grime. Karen Morley plays the slight feminine rôle and plays it well.
"ONE MORE SPRING."

What would Napoleon think if he knew a bed of his offered rest to homeless men in Central Park? The whimsicality of this situation strikes the keynote of Janet Gaynor's most original picture of late in which she gives her best performance in years. Its quiet, even tempo precludes suspense or excitement, but it yields charm and unfailing interest. Deft, polished dialogue, superior acting and direction give life to characters that are out of the ordinary in the first place. Warner Baxter, an antique dealer who has failed in business, falls in with a jobless musician and they drift into the park with Mr. Baxter's empire bed. Joined by Miss Gaynor, also a waif, they are befriended by a park attendant and lodged in a stable where they beat the depression with optimism and philosophy, their fortunes changing when they save a banker from suicide. All this has the quality of a fairy tale colored by worldly wisdom. A brilliant high light is the performance of Walter King, formerly Walter Woolf, as the violinist. Watch this man; he is headed for the higher altitudes.

"AFTER OFFICE HOURS."

An incredibly old-fashioned melodrama, with overtones of modern glibness, this. It harks back to the ancient days of the cinema, but you don't forget its origin in spite of Clark Gable and Katharine Alexander. Miss Bennett instead of Herbert Prior and Mabel Trunelle, not to mention speech instead of silence and Adrian's gowns instead of home dressmaking. Mr. Gable is an aggressive newspaper editor being flip all over the place, and Miss Bennett is a rich girl making her reportorial début as a music critic. There is Katharine Alexander, too, a wealthy society girl, with Harvey Stephens ends in her death. Mr. Gable uses Miss Bennett's connection with the principals in the case, as well as society at large, to expose the criminal, while she, aware of noblesse oblige, circumscribes and prevents him. His efforts end in her bedroom with the discovery by her palpitant mother that they were married a few hours before. Mr. Gable's character is a good deal of a cad, unfortunately, and his performance is neither smooth nor likable, and Miss Bennett gives her accepted portrayal.

"THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING."

Edward G. Robinson's first picture in a long time is a lively, exciting comedy so pungently written and played that it entertains every moment as it darts here and there, cleverly covering implausibilities. It is based on mistaken identity, a timid clerk being the double of a murderous bank robber. Arrested and accused, he is unable to prove his innocence until he has undergone tortures and then, as a gesture of apology, the district attorney gives him a passport which shall identify whenever the same mistake is made. Then the crook appears and demands possession of the identification for use by night, agreeing to let the clerk have the paper for daytime safety. Then complications begin, humorous, melodramatic, surprising. Mr. Robinson excels as the underworld menace. He still is Little Caesar, nor has there ever been any one to equal him in this sinister mood, but his browbeaten Caspar Milquetoast is too great a strain on the imagination. Jean Arthur deftly, humorously, and likably creates a real character as the girl in the case.

"THE GILDED LILY."

It seems that "It Happened One Night" will inspire pictures in general and every one in which either Claudette Colbert or Clark Gable appears for a long time to come. We have Mr. Gable's "After Office Hours" motivated by it and here Miss Colbert offers her copy. It happens to be better entertainment than Mr. Gable's, too, a slight, lively comedy characterized by glib speech and an almost desperate nonchalance, an amiable mix-up involving a stenographer, a ship-news reporter and an English nobleman. The American youth is given to spending evenings with the popcorn with Miss Colbert, the Britisher riding in the subway until he meets her. She naturally inclines toward the newcomer until he departs for England and, in pique and humiliation, permits the reporter to publicize her as the girl who turned down a rich English lord. She becomes a nightclub attraction and at the moment she is about to say "Yes" to the Englishman, the reporter wins out. Fred MacMurray as the reporter, a newcomer to the screen, is a likable discovery.
"Jack Ahoy!"—Gaumont-British. Jack Hubert, celebrated English comedian, is the star of this new picture. The film is designed to appeal to American audiences as the star of a typical Elstree musical. One of its virtues is the absence of talka-torial sequences, a quality seldom found in Hollywood comedies. That is, the characters have a vocabulary of words of more than one syllable. And the scenes that Hubert acts are not of the comic strip but rather of adult intelligence. It isn't highbrow, either, for Mr. Hubert is as antic a comedian as we have, but in spite of his pranks he manages to make his humor somewhat mental. He is a song-and-dance guy aboard a man-of-war who finds himself in love with the daughter of his lowly rank, he wins her, too. Scenes in a submarine in the closing sequence of the picture are amusing and unusual, and Mr. Hubert's ladylove is attractively played by Nancy O'Neill, while Admiral Fraser is finely characterized by Alfred Drayton.

"Night Life of the Gods."—Universal. Even though an original story is not always as entertaining as the telling of a familiar one, we should value highly anything that departs from routine. This fantasy, directed by the late Lowell Sherman, is no film you or I have ever seen, though there are many we have admired more. Described in advertisements as a "goofy" comedy, it isn't as extreme as that, but is, instead, a diverting oddity which is good for frequent laughs. It shows what happens when an inventor turns the rays of a magic ring upon annoying human beings and transforms them into statues, something that have wished he had the power to do at times. But the idea achieves a more amusing form when he visits the Metropolitan Museum and with his ring brings Neptune, Diana, Hebe, Apollo, Perseus, and Mercury to life and guides them through adventures in city crowds. Somehow their exploits aren't as many as they might have been had the idea been developed more completely and with a livelier imagination. It isn't quite clear, either, how the inventor comes to be in an ambulance when we are told that what happened was a dream. But the whole is different, decidedly, and the players are pleasant if hardly memorable.

"The Right to Live."—Warners. Josephine Hutchinson's second appearance on the screen is disappointing. Not that she has less to offer than in "Happiness Ahead," but her vehicle is not of a kind to endear or strengthen her position as a potential star. It has none of the ingratiating charm of the musical in which she had the aid of Dick Powell in scoring a popular introduction. The new picture is a heavy, gloomy drama, and Miss Hutchinson is only the nominal heroine. In fact, she isn't a heroine at all except that she is permitted to change her clothes every time she enters a scene and her future is made to look so bright that the whole scene is made to seem important. This is not the main issue by any means. The real problem centers on her husband's love for one for whom he was made by an airplane accident and who ends his life that his wife may be free to marry his brother. Somerset Maugham's play, "The Sacred Flame," which Pauline Frederick played on the screen some years ago, had for its chief character the mother of the two men and asked the question if she was justified in ending the misery of one son that the other's happiness might be attained by marriage to the wife. The current version chooses to avoid this problem and in so doing the picture loses its force and Miss Hutchinson is sacrificed in an unappealing role. She plays it well, of course, but it offers her no shimering change of mood and little sympathy. Colin Clive, as the husband, gets it all. His mental agonies, grips and tortures the beholder through the realism of the most striking performance in the picture. Next to him comes Peggie Wood, the nurse whose love for the dead man brings out the truth of his suicide. Hand-somely staged, intelligently written, and well acted, the picture has substance, yes, but little chance of popularity.

"The Good Fairy."—Universal. Margaret Sullivan's simplicity and sincerity are always her greatest assets, but her latest picture offers refreshing contrast to the stylized acting of many popular actresses. But Miss Sullivan's latest picture is in full flood light for so important a star. Its chief drawback is that it offers her inadequate opportunities to act. Aside from the silent moments, she has little to do. Consequently, we find her standing in a corner, as it were, and giving the spotlight to Frederic Morgan. Nothing less than to take advantage of stellar acquaintance, Mr. Morgan offers a riotously funny characterization as good in its way as Herbert Marshall's in "The Affairs of Cellini." He reveals in the rôle of a nitwit millionaire who offers financial help to the imaginal husband of the timid usherette on whom he is forcing attentions. She is Miss Sullivan, recently from an orphanage, who is seeing the world for the first time and is puzzled by the men who want to be nice to her. So when Mr. Morgan becomes persistent she pretends that she is married. When he insists on extending his benevolence to her husband, she finds one in telephone book, a humorless ulcer as played by Herbert Marshall. All this is exceedingly talky and when the whimsicality of the idea runs thin, it becomes slap-sticking. Yet, somehow the picture wins an an sistent high comedy nor low. But it is capably acted, with Beulah Bondi, Reginald Owen, and Alan Hale to make doubly sure.

"Behold My Wife."—Paramount. Gene Raymond, who is popular with readers of Picture Play, will attract his admirers here in one of his better performances. Especially convincing as willful son of wealth with a sense of humor, Mr. Raymond finds in this a part that gives ample play to his talent for characterization. So well does he act the rôle, in fact, that his first entrance in a state of helpless intoxication is done with such realism that the spectator laughs because he thinks it a reality. When we observe that he is seeing a melodrama he is apt to keep on laughing in the most intense moments. But there is a very happy ending in the aftertaste of Mr. Raymond's sprees. The son of snobbish aristocrats, his marriage to a poor girl is cruelly thwarted by his father. The girl kills herself. The youth denounces his family and swears to shame them. Another spree ends in an automobile wreck in the West where he is nursed by Tonita, an Indian girl in beads and moccasins played by Sylvia Sidney. He sees in her an instrument of revenge and he marries and takes her to New York where she is introduced to society at a glittering reception. Then rudely Tonita comes forth to find her husband doesn't love her but is only using her to humiliate his parents. Up to this point the picture is interesting and frequently touching, but from then on it becomes too lurid for comfort. Tonita's retaliation—that of going to the apartment of her husband's in character. When Monroe Owsley is shot and both Mr. Raymond and Miss Sidney confess to the police in a welter of self-sacrifice they emit a saving grace in an old-fashioned movie plot. The picture is staged with dignity, taste and beauty and is acted with superior intelligence, but it won't let you believe in the characters.
CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

"ROBERTA." — RKO. By Alice Duer Miller. Screen play by Jane Murfin and Sam Mintz. Directed by William A. Seiter.

CAST:
Stephanie — Irene Dunne
Jake — Fred Astaire
Sophie — William Gargan
John — Randolph Scott
Ludwig — Victor Varconi
S thr — Robert McWade
Voyda — Lily Alberti
Lovis Helby — Peggie Castle
Albert — Torben Meyer
Fornét — Adair Royle


CAST:
Jim Brauch — Clark Gable
Shane Norton — Constance Bennett
Bank Parr — Stuart Erwin
Mrs. Norwood — Billie Burke
Tommy Randlester — Harvey Stephens
Mrs. Patterson — Katharine Alexander
Mr. Patterson — Hale Hamilton
Cap — Henry Travers
Herbert — Frank Craven
Jordan — Charles Richman
Barbara — Olga Synder


CAST:
Fernand, the Baron Cassigni — Maurice Eugene Charlier
Mayville — Evelyn Venable
Anne Sothern Genevieve, the Barren Casmel — Merle Oberon
Francis Morriseau — Ferdinand Mernier
Rene Morriseau, the Marquis de Louange — Lumsden Hare
Gustave Henri — Claude Perichot
Perichot — Ferdinand Gottschalk
Monsieur Huguette — Hallidie Hobbs
Premier of France — George Reevet
Victor - Philip Dure
Joseph — Frank Craven
Toni — Miriam Nelson
Stevie — Barbara Leonard


CAST:
Joe Kneec — Paul Muni
Anna Moul — Karin Faye
Slim — William Garza
Maringo — Frank Cady
Mike — John Qualen
Kuban — John Qualen
Hendricks — Henry O'Neill
Tommy Perry — Dudley Marshall
Mary Novak — Mae Marsh
Sophie — Sarah Haden
Welsh — Willard Robertson
Mulligan — Wade Boteler
Joe Croce — Nick Royle
Jenkins — Ward Bond
Peter — Fred Kohler
Roy — Alvin Driscoll
Alice Novak — Egon Brecher
Levy — Akim Tamiroff


CAST:
Ship Boston — Rudy Vallee
Ronnie Brandy — Josephine Hutchinson
Tom Percival Hudson — Ned Sparks
Herbert Doolittle — Robert Armstrong
Barney Gowan — Allen Jenkins
John Smith — John Qualen
Sister White — Joseph Cawthorn
Sister Green — Elliott Lewis
Bill Madison — William Tabbert
Lolte Trimbale — Henry O'Neill
Mr. Thomas — Russell Hicks
The Mayor — Ray Clent
Mr. Johnson — Clay Clement


CAST:
Diana — Irene Ware
Venus — Gena Itkoff
Hercules — Howard Scott
Bucephal — George Zucco
Hunter Hawk — Alphonse Antoff
Robert Warner — Francis Ford
Meg — Florence Kimmins
Stephanie — Virginia Valli
Mr. Betts — Peter Beringer
Ludwig Turner — Ferdinand Gottschalk
Artemis — Erich von Stroheim
Apollo — Ray Bernard
Venus — Margaret De Cier
Mercy — Paul Kaye

"RUMBA." — Paramount. From the story by Guy Endore and Seena Owen. Screen play by Edward Howard J. Green. Directed by Marion Gering.

CAST:
Joe Marin — Eugene Raff
Diane Harrison — Carol Lombard
Garth — Lynne O'Grady
Carmelita — Lucile Browne
Robert Fletcher — Monrow O'erstedt
Harry Allen — Paul McComas
Henry B. Harrison — Samuel S. Hinds
Andy — Robert Vavra
Patsy — Genevieve Pershing
Nettie — Neva Patterson
Maria — Soledad Jimenez
Carlos — Paul Page
Dance Director — Raymond Keen
Tony — Akim Tamiroff
Carl — Ralph Byrd

"ONE MORE SPRING." — Fox. From the novel by Robert Nathan. Screen play by Edward Burke. Directed by Henry King.

CAST:
Eliza — Janet Garbar
Orkar — Warner Baxter
Rosa — Zasu Pitts
Alice Cline — Janet Beecher
Mr. Sweeney — Jane Darwell
Mr. Sweeney — Roger Imhof
Sheridan — Grant Mitchell
Mae Weber — Rosemary Ames
Amanda — John Qualen
Poljaner — Nick Foran
Astrid — Myrna Loy Zoo Attendant — Sten Peretti


CAST:
Tom Martin — Tom Martin
Bob Allen — Russell Hord
Matthew Martin — Samuel S. Hinds
Bergman — Paul Hurst
Joe — Ben Hall
Pamela — Margaret Lockwood
Peng Soo — Harry Low, Jr.


CAST:
Arthur Jones — Edward G. Robinson
"Bill" — Jean Arthur
"Boy" — Arlo Smith
"Reddy" — Wallace Ford
"Hag" — Donald Meek
"Harry" — Donald Meek
"Bugs" Martin — Ed Brady
"Ginger" — Reginald Owen
"Rowe" — James Donald
"Warden" — J. Farrell MacDonald
"Benchy" — John Wray
"Agnes" — Elise Birger


CAST:
Jack Ponsomy — Jack Hulbert
Partridge — Nigel Green
Admiral Fraser — Alfred Draxton
Conchita — Tanam Head
Sam Wilson — Herbert Sear


CAST:
Lucie (La) Ginzergarten — Margaret Sullivan
Mr. Sparrow — Herbert Marshall
Irem — Paul Lukas
Sibyl — Regis Toomey
Mr. Hest — William Conrad
Joe — Cesar Romero
Deacon — Elbert Doorin
Al Bridges — Regis Toomey


CAST:
Jena Sturmdock — Sylvia Sidney
Michael Carter — Gene Raymond
Anna Carter-Curson — Julitta Louis
Mr. Carter — Laura Hope Crews
Mr. Carter — H. B. Warner
Bob Pembroke — Monroe O'Kelly
Jim Curson — Kenneth Thomson
Mr. Forrest — Indian Chief — Jim Thorpe
Polo Police Captain — Charlie Wilson
News Photographer — Fuzzy Knight

"THE RIGHT TO LIVE." — Warners. From some scenes from Manahan's play "The Sacred Flame." Adapted by Ralph Block. Directed by William Keighley.

CAST:
Stella Trant — Josephine Hutchinson
Elaine Trant — Claire Trevor
MacMurray — Col. Clive Nurse
Wayland — Peggie Wood
Hale — Heartie Walker
Major Lievens — C. Aubrey Smith
Ginger — Alice
Bilbo — Phyllis Coghlan


CAST:
Martin David — Claude Court
Perdita — Charles Gray
Charles grey — Ray Milland
Grace — Maria O'Hara
Nate — Luis Alberni
Bob — Robert Benchley
Hank — Donald Meek
Dame — Otto Busche
Parker — Grace Bradley
Daisy — Anne Revere
Main — Charlie King
Captain of Rouf — George Fawcett
Lincoln Guard — James T. Quinn
Smith — Errol Purser
Barnard — Jimmy Aubrey
Bubila — Robert Dudley
Rollercoaster Attendant — Phil Ted
City Editor — Charles Wilson
Walter Trant — Jerry Mund
Taxi Driver — Warren Hyneman
Tom D'Urb — Tom Duce
Hugo — Earl Hines
Vic — Forrester Harvey
Yard Worker — Leon Morris
Yelp Vocal Teacher — Leon Kinsky


CAST:
Sheila Mason — Myrna Loy
Guy Grant — Nick Williams
Kris — Konstantin Natale
Bob — Howard Peary
Mrs. Harry — Debra Morgan
Top — Vip Morgan
Her — Robert Armstrong
Irene — Bert Hanlon
John — Steve Broyles
Daisy — Jack Brashear
Russell Hopper — Arnold Koff
Helper — Leo Phillips
Mechanic — John Jerome
Ginger — Julian Jerome
Ranker — Charles Ryan
Banker Crawford — George Macbarratt
Secretary — Hulet Forrest
Voice of Radio Announcer — Graham MacNee
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They Say in New York——

After she has played a scene full of dramatic fireworks to the satisfaction of every one else, Mr. Coward often asks her if she wouldn’t like to do it over, trying it in a different way. Then he shows her how it might be played. With a rare economy of gesture and deep intensity of feeling he does her part for her. Then when she does the scene over she gives not just a competent performance but an inspired one. She feels as if Providence had suddenly decided it was her turn to get all the good luck, for in addition to Coward’s help, she is being photographed by Lee Garnes at his best, and you all know that that is nothing short of magic. If you don’t recall the name, just remember “Zoo in Budapest.”

Betting on a Sure Thing.—When I and practically every one else said that Janet Gaynor would never be satisfied with another actor playing opposite her in “The Farmer Takes a Wife” if she saw Henry Fonda in the stage production, we weren’t displaying any psychic powers. Miss Gaynor came to New York, saw, and was conquered. Mr. Fonda has already gone West to join her troupe.

On Advice of Ex-wife’s Counsel.—Henry Fonda could have made his début in pictures last summer with Walter Wanger’s company, but his ex-wife, Margaret Sullavan, advised him that he would fare better in films if he had a stage success to his credit. He’s grateful to Wanger, though, for having faith in him and will work in his pictures after he finishes the one with Miss Gaynor for Fox. He does wish that Margaret was in Hollywood to advise him as puzzling situations crop up day by day, but Margaret has sailed for Europe on a honeymoon with her new husband, William Wyler.

She Takes Direction.—With some justification, we old pessimists who watch the careers of stars from ringside seats always wonder if a long absence in Hollywood will quite change a girl. I am pleased to report that Margaret Sullavan returned still very much the candid, explosive Margaret of old. Soon after her arrival in New York she breezed into the department store that she patronized when she was counting pennies, demanded Marion Light who has long selected her personal wardrobe, and said, “What am I going to wear?”

Margaret has only one talent of which she is unalterably proud. She’ll bet you that she can find out more about anybody she meets than they can learn about her. She should have been an interviewer, Fellow guests at parties, taxi drivers, and saleswomen expand under her encouragement and tell all.

Another Laurel for Howard.—A sincere interest in other people is one of the most ingratiating and rare traits in celebrities. Renée Carroll, the far-famed hat-check girl at Sardi’s, has long been resigned to the fact that the men who exchange banter with her daily suddenly become aloof when they are in the company of film belles. Not Leslie Howard. Pausing to check his hat with Renée, he brought his companion with him. “Renée, I want you to meet Miss Oberon. I am sure you will enjoy knowing each other.”

The Vote Is Unanimous.—To say that Renée was delighted to meet Merle Oberon is putting it mildly. In fact, I have yet to encounter any one who has met her who is not completely captivated. That she is exquisitely beautiful is no news to those who have seen “The Scarlet Pimpernel,” “The Battle,” or “The Private Life of Henry VIII.” It may be news to you that on meeting her one forgets all about her beauty. Simplicity of manner, a receptive, deferential air, above all a feeling of utterly sincere consideration for the other person, is what she gives you.

When Alexander Korda first saw her he is quoted as saying, “I wonder if there is anything behind that face.” He found that there was a great deal. There is ambition, but she speaks of it with some restraint. It seems far removed from a grasping, selfish desire for limelight or power. It is more the ambition of a student. Above all, she gives an impression of serene graciousness.

Another Paris Creation.—Gone and unannounced are the days when the visiting foreign star shook hands with the butler, appeared in a flannelette creation of spangles and marabout, and said, “Pleased to have met you.” Typical of the newcomers is Princess Natalie Paley, half sister of the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia and wife of Lucien Lelong, the famous couturier.

Miss Paley, as she prefers to be called in this allegedly democratic country, has the air of one who has met all the glittering social figures of the world without ever becoming bored by them or disinterested in others. In her fairly short life she has met hundreds of people, and she is the sort who nods pleasantly to any one who glances her way looking expectant, lest she offend some one. I doubt that a career in pictures means much to her, as such. It is just a delightful new experience that a lot of smart people are taking up.

When James Cagney recuperates from his strenuous acting, as occasionally he must, it’s Mrs. Jimmie and not a trained nurse who looks after him.
They Say in New York——

General Farley. Reporters and photographers had a Bronx cheer all ready for him no matter what he did. Now that is all changed. Ever since his wife started packing on him, the boys have been won over by his dignified and friendly manner. They are all rooting for him now. He showed his gratitude by going to the annual press photographers’ ball and tossing about five thousand dollars’ worth of entertainment their way, gratis. He brought his hand and tirelessly played and sang for them as long as they wished. Press photographers are good allies to have.

Carol Lombard and Sylvia Sidney have both been petulent about cooperating with them, which explains the dreadful pictures the boys delight in taking of these girls. On even such perfect faces as theirs, the boys can find terrible angles. Another one of their pet hates is Katharine Hepburn, but by some curious quirk of personality, the planer they make her look, the more interesting she becomes.

All Around the Town.—Margo, who was paid $150 per week a year ago when she danced at the Paramount Theater with George Raft, will get $1,000 for the same length of time when she works on the program with her picture “Rumba.”

Conversely, my have a picture ready for her, so Jane Wyatt is doing a play on Broadway with Walter Connolly, also A. W. O. L. from films.

Beulah Hume won’t return to Hollywood films for some time. She is making one now in Italy with Philipps Holmes and will then marry Jack Dunfee, British motor car racing driver, and go on a long yachting trip with Douglas Fairbanks and Lady Ashley.

Fans who reveled in his portrayal of Uriah Heep in “David Copperfield” will ask in vain for a while for more Roland Young pictures. He is playing the notorious Doctor Crippen on the New York stage.

Bill Rogers’ daughter Mary has made her stage début and will be hanging around tinsel baskling in the glory of being a very proud papa.

John Barrymore returned from Europe giving out a rambling, incoherent interview about a rumor that he was the ship bar’s best patron.

Glady Swarthout, whose voice is a revelation of beauty over the radio to all who have not heard her at the Metropolitan, has signed to make a picture for Paramount.

Don’t Miss This One.—If there is a theater in your town that shows French films, by all means see “La Dame aux Camelias,” played by Yvonne Printemps. Even if you do not understand a word of French, the lovely, haunting beauty of the star and her extraordinary gift for explicit gestures makes it thrilling. And in it she sings two old songs as only Yvonne Printemps can sing.
was for a spell, "For four years I went nowhere. I dressed entirely in black. After a friend invited me to parties for sixteen consecutive times I concluded I might be missing something. I went, and for two years I was quite a mixer. I learned what I have just told you about happiness and contentment."

Carpenters were hanging at the end of the hall. "That's my apartment they're fixing," Ramon explained. "I'm having it done over. Come see. I felt very badly after I left the studio, and was ill in bed. The doctor diagnosed it simply as a case of nerves. I'd been worrying. Now I must relax, rest, take things easier."

"So that's what I'm doing now. Simplifying my life. Even to this room. I had a large bed in the center, much dark-red velvet and purple hangings. Remnants of 'Ben-Hur.' I decided a change of scenery would be beneficial. The tiny music-room henceforth will harbor an ordinary bed, and the main room is to be the music-room."

"My freedom means more to me right now than all the money in the world. For thirteen years I have been tied down. Now I can do as the mood strikes me. I can sit for hours at a time with my thoughts, or I can dash to a movie. Do whatever I wish. I never even had a chance to play tennis on our court before."

"Until now it has been a steady rush. Even when I went abroad on vacations I was always rushing, avid to see everything at once. This year I am starting to digest what I have learned and seen."

"I've dismissed my secretary. It's fun doing things for myself. In other words, I have relaxed as the doctor ordered."

Ramon's idea of relaxing is typical of him. Enthusiastically he continued, "I'm taking dancing lessons again. To perfect some Spanish steps my sister and I will do when we make a concert tour of Europe this summer. I am practicing at my piano once more, regularly. I am keeping up with my vocal lessons, naturally."

"That was the script for a Spanish talkie that I was going over when you arrived. Directing is something I want to take up seriously, so next month I am producing and directing a Spanish film which I have written. Several times I directed at MGM, but there was too much supervision to accomplish anything out of the ordinary. I have a pretty fair knowledge of directing, photography, lighting, and cutting, so I am optimistic as to the outcome. The chief thing is that I shall stand or fall on my own efforts. That will be a stimulating novelty."

Picture proposals and personal-appearance offers have been coming over a certain script upon which I'm helping. It promises to be a splendid story, one that will carry a punch. It will provide me with a genuine characterization. I am bored with blah movies, and of being in them. I think this will be the transitional part I've longed to get.

Without a pause he added, "Then I'm planning to put on my play in London next fall. At the Old Vic, too. I'm more than excited at being invited to appear there, for this is the highest honor for an actor in England."

I maneuvered a gasp. "And in your spare minutes in this resting, relaxing program?"

Ramon beamed. "Oh, yes. I'm writing. Funny, I've wanted to write and now it's coming along excellently. I want my books to be constructive. Already I've the first in shape. It's a philosophical commentary in free verse. It's to be called 'Believe in What I Shouldn't.' "

"You know I'm not sorry for anything that has ever happened to me. It has all been experience, not wasted time. The only profitable emotion is suffering, anyway. After the grief passes you comprehend so much more."

"And is he going to marry at last?"

"I have had the thrill of parenthood in educating my brothers," he told me, "They have all taken up good professions. One is an architect, two are chemical engineers. The last one, who has been studying dentistry, graduates this June."

Which is one way of stalling, I recalled, just then, that in his play the interviewer pestered his hero as to why he hasn't married, getting a facetious rejoinder. Whereupon the inquisitor snorts, "You never run out of clever answers, do you?" The snappy comeback is, "Not about marriage!"

So I didn't pry into Ramon's mysterious love-life. I didn't want to be trite. Nor to be topped.

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TO KITTY CARLISLE

Your face is like a flower

On some tropic reef;

A face that poets dream of—

Fair beyond belief.

And how your speech and laughter

Thrill the listening throng;

Each word becomes a poem—

Each sound a golden song!

EDITH GRAMES.

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Photo © by Grauman-British

Novo Pilbeam, who was so wonderful in "Little Friend," illustrates the simplicity of a British star's home life. The talented fourteen-year-old also reveals that she is left-handed.
GENTLEMEN'S CHOICE

By Leroy Keleher

Patricia Ellis's sparkling personality, plus a goodly portion of poise and assurance, have placed her in the highest favor with the younger set of the movie capital. Nor have the fans been insensible to her screen charm.

STEP up, folks, and meet Patricia Ellis. Oh, come on. You'll like her. She's regular.

She's every father's memory of his first sweetheart and every son's dream of the ideal girl. When she walks down the street, blind men forget their blindness and cripples throw away their crutches. Eighteen, poised and assured, she's the brightest thing that's hit town since Mae West made the nation curve-conscious.

"Sometimes I think life is a lot of hooey," she told me, forgetting, for a moment, her assumed sophistication and pushing a rebellious look of hair away from her forehead. The sunlight slid through the tawny tresses, touching the petulant lips and bringing into relief the arrogantly retroussé nose and the dimpled but resolute chin.

"When I'm down in the dumps," she continued, "I simply play a peppy phonograph record or sit down at the piano and tear off a couple bars of Cole Porter. In a few minutes, I'm myself again."

I offer the above suggestion to those of you who are victims of depression blues. If it works, thank me. If it doesn't, sue her.

Patricia Ellis is at that disconcerting age when youth cannot make up its mind whether to be sophisticated or naive and so compromises by being quizzical. A responsive listener, she is quick to catch another's point and has never been guilty, in my presence at least, of utilizing a playwright's dialogue as her own—a practice that is becoming alarmingly prevalent among Hollywood ingenues.

Disliking arguments, she refuses to indulge in bridge. She has sufficient imaginative vitality to project her portrayals into the light of human interest, but she has yet definitely to assert herself as a screen actress. What histrionic ability she possesses is still in an inchoate state. Only varied experiences as a performer and as a woman can bring it forth.

"I would much rather," she insists, "be known as a dependable featured player than as a star whose success resulted from lurid publicity instead of genuine acting ability. Eventually, I hope to combine the best qualities of Miriam Hopkins and Ina Claire in my screen personality. I realize that this will require years of work, but I feel that the result will be worth all the necessary sacrifices."

"So many girls ask my advice about embarking upon a screen career. I always tell them that if they are willing to work twelve and sometimes fourteen hours a day before a camera, if some—Continued on page 77
As the daughter of a noted stage producer, Patricia Ellis began acting in plays when a child, and it was this early training which eventually set her on the path to Hollywood. The interview on the page opposite will introduce you to this thoroughly modern miss whose ambition is to mold her screen personality into a combination of Miriam Hopkins and Ina Claire.
Charming Sinners

At the top of the page, one of Busby Berkeley's striking dance numbers. Above, Alice Brady as the wealthy Mrs. Prentiss, Frank McHugh, her much gold-digged son, Adolphe Menjou, a theatrical producer, and Joseph Cawthorn, as Schultz, the designer. To the right, Dick, as Gloria's chaperon, accompanies her on a shopping tour.

Warners are ready to issue their "Gold Diggers of 1935," which promises to surpass in music and entertainment all previous efforts in exploiting our modern money-grabbers. This time Dick Powell and Gloria Stuart supply the love interest and Dick, of course, puts over some more new song hits in his usual capable manner.
Gene Stratton-Porter's beloved "Laddie" comes to the talking screen. The friendly Stantons are humble farmers, and it is inevitable that they should clash with their haughty neighbors, the English Pryors. Of course, in the end feelings are amicable.

John Beal, as Laddie, confides to Little Sister, Virginia Weidler, his fondness for Pamela Pryor, Gloria Stuart. To the left, a tender moment in the lives of our hero and heroine. Below, Pamela attends the wedding of Laddie's sister, Sally, played by Gloria Shea.
When two such outstanding songsters as Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are combined in an operetta, "Naughty Marietta," with music by Victor Herbert, we know the result is bound to be pleasing.

Posing as a "casquette" girl, our French princess becomes attracted to handsome Captain Richard Warrington, Nelson Eddy, with whom she elopes, thus deluding her uncle. To the left, two talented players, Elsa Lanchester and Frank Morgan, also are in the cast.
WHEN Mae West sets her cap, nothing can stop her, not even if it means going social. Other members of the cast include Janet Beecher, Cesar Romero, and Monroe Owsley.

MAE GOES RITZY

"How Am I Doin'?" Miss West is a dance-hall entertainer who inherits a fortune. This she spends in trying to become a lady in order to be worthy of a young English engineer, Paul Cavanagh.
IN "My Heart Is Calling," Jan Kiepura's fine tenor voice will again thrill as it did in "A Song For You." Mr. Kiepura is the oval, with Marta Eggerth, above, playing opposite. The left, Mario who befriends the stowaway, Carlo.
When Jean Harlow married Franchot Tone in "Reckless," she wasn't aware of William Powell's love for her. And when the marriage turns out unhappily, it is the latter who comes to the aid of Jean and her baby.

THE wealthy Bob Harrison tries a little persuasion on Mona Leslie, Broadway's dance sensation, left. Ned Riley, below, who has sponsored Mona's career. Note Jean's unusual hairdress in the oval, below.

NOT GUILTY
Miriam Hopkins as the beautiful and designing Becky who, in order to gain social position, marries Captain Rawdon Crawley, only to be denounced by him as untrue. Below, Alan Mowbray as Captain Crawley.

Frances Dee is Becky's girlhood friend, Amelia Sedley. G.P. Huntley, Jr., below, as George Osborne, Amelia's husband, is lured to the gambling table by the artful Becky.

"Becky Sharp" is the first full-length feature to be brought to the screen entirely in color. Once more Thackeray's immortal classic, "Vanity Fair," comes to life with an all-star cast.
Don't Think, Joan—Feel

Jane Darwell waited long for the hit she made in "The White Parade" and now she's smiling at the ease with which she's making another in "McFadden's Plats."

The other career? Radio. "I've been everything from a soap chip to a mayonnaise queen" says Irene with that famous grin.

Irene Franklin is an interviewer's delight. She is never at a loss for a smart crack or an aptly turned phrase. We asked her how she liked being short. She's a very scant five feet.

"You would bring that up," she
murmured reproachfully, "Do you know that I fully expect to die in an elevator? What with shoulders to the left of me, shoulders to the right of me, there's no air for me to breathe.

"And I never bother getting dressed up any more. I went to a première once, tagged out to kill, and nobody even saw me. Even a sports dress develops a train on me."

Several years after the death of her first husband, Irene was married to Jerry Jarnagin, also a song writer. He died a year ago. Twice widowed, Irene isn't at all discouraged.

"I'm partial to musicians as husbands," she grins gayly. "Don't tell any one, but I'm on the lookout for a third. Irving Berlin? No, he's too moody. But Heaven help a symphony orchestra if I ever meet them all in one room!"

Ask Miss Franklin what her beauty secrets are and she'll inform you that being pretty is her bagaloo. "When I get too good-looking," she gravely declares, "directors think I want to play ingenues and they won't give me a break. But if I say a bit in places, they think I'm swell for characters."

A few odd facts about Irene. She adores white pajamas, picknicking in the woods with her hair in paper curlers, animals with a sense of humor, writers, drunken newspapermen, French underwear, and costly perfumes. She reads everything from The Beekeepers' Journal to The Police Gazette. She likes clever conversationalists. Her favorite resort is Bavaria.

No story about Irene is complete without one of her anecdotes. We like the one about her first train trip to California when she was four years old. Because her mother was ill, a Mrs. Baker acted as chaperon, and told Irene to take in all the scenery she could, so that she could describe everything to her mother later. Irene sat with her little nose pressed against the window for days and days, and finally burst into tears. "I haven't seen a bit of scenery," she sobbed.

For scenery, to the child actress, meant back drops, asbestos curtains, flats, and the like.

Continued from page 38

softly: "Poor Jean! It was terrible, terrible. It did things to me—that accident. Oh, sure, I laugh, I joke, I wisecrack. What else can I do but go on? But I feel that it took something out of me that's gone forever."

Her face held that stricken look. I never suspected that Patsy could really look that way. It showed the undercurrent of pathos that is part of the make-up of every good clown.

When I commented on it she said: "I'm really a very serious person, though no one ever took me to be that way. Because of my face, I was always laughed at, even as a child. It's funny, isn't it, that I, of all people, should have become a comédienne! You know, we comédien(ne)s are really very unfortunate. Nothing sad is ever expected to happen to us. If it does, then it's funny, not sad. We're just the laughingstock of society. Our job is to make people guffaw their heads off. Even if we have to break our necks or our hearts to do it."

Poor Patsy, who in the movies is forever destined to marry the lowly street cleaner, or the truck driver, while the good-looking heroine marches off with the millionaire!

"Did I ever tell you"—she changed the subject suddenly—"that I have a sister in Ireland whom I've never seen? I think that's the most interesting thing that can happen to anybody. She never goes to see my pictures—some one must have tipped her off—and she's never written to me. Isn't that a howl? Can you beat it?" The fan worked fast and furiously now. She slapped it hard against the table in her enthusiasm, and almost sent the vase of flowers flying.

"And what are your plans now?" I asked.

Tireless Trouper

Police Gazette. She likes clever conversationalists. Her favorite resort is Bavaria.

No story about Irene is complete without one of her anecdotes. We like the one about her first train trip to California when she was four years old. Because her mother was ill, a Mrs. Baker acted as chaperon, and told Irene to take in all the scenery she could, so that she could describe everything to her mother later. Irene sat with her little nose pressed against the window for days and days, and finally burst into tears. "I haven't seen a bit of scenery," she sobbed.

For scenery, to the child actress, meant back drops, asbestos curtains, flats, and the like.

Spice of the Show

"I'm going into a new picture by Mark Hellinger. It's about Broadway, it's going to be great, despite the fact that I'm in it. But it'll be right up my alley. Say, what I don't know about Broadway is nobody's business."

Interviewing Patsy Kelly is about the most pleasant and entertaining task an editor can assign. You get a whole show, and you take away with you impressions of about the sweetest person as well as the sweetest comédienne that ever was. In the language of her forefathers, I say, "Drink hael to Patsy Kelly!"

Dolores del Rio shows something new in bathing tops, informal in the extreme, which she wears in "Coliente," her new starring film, with Pat O'Brien and Leo Carrillo.
They decided that they should do a picture together. Laughton always wanted to play Henry VIII, the idea appealed to Korda, and they had no trouble in interesting American capital. Everything went well, until the backers learned that it was to be an historical picture, a costume picture. That would never do. Costume pictures never made money. The American money was withdrawn.

"So we talked together what funds we could," Laughton explained. "I pitched in on the dialogue, and Korda supervised some scene builders. Everything was shoestring, as you call it, but there was a tremendously fine spirit in our troupe. Every one was enthusiastic about the picture. And of course when we released it on a percentage basis everything turned out nicely."

He likes the screen better than the stage, and he prefers comedy to heavier drama.

"You know, comedy may be just as magnificent and artistic and fine as the more spectacular tragedy. I have no hesitation in saying that Jean Harlow's 'Bombshell' picture was better than 'Cavalcade.' 'Ruggles of Red Gap' is a better book than 'Anthony Adverse.' Weight and solemnity don't make a thing great. But it's hard to teach people such heresy."

He sighed gustily, and ran his finger through his hair. He lighted a cigarette and blew a tentative smoke ring. I said nothing, letting him talk as he pleased, when he chose.

"I dare say you have a great deal of pleasure inspecting actors and actresses and pinning them with your pen, like so many shabby butterflies. You should never see an actor after luncheon. He is more stupid than usual, a trifle bibulous in all likelihood, and not up to the task at hand."

He confessed to an admiration for Norma Shearer because she had made him cry in an emotional scene. He was less complimentary about Garbo's "Queen Christina." "It made me cushion-conscious," said the British star. "Too deliberate, too starchy."

His wife, Elka Lanchester, is in Hollywood with him, enjoying the bounty of the films. However, Laughton is not blinded by the lavish hand with which the cinema does homage.

"When I ride into the studio grounds in the morning and people say 'Morning Mr. Laughton' and 'Hi, there, Charlie,' they don't fool me for a minute. I know too well what the blackguards would say the moment I started to slip."

Many actors love the theater and place any above reward, but few demonstrate their idealistic affection as Laughton did, by leaving the gold fields of Hollywood at his zenith, to return to the Old Vic in London for a season of Shakespearean repertory. He intends to do an occasional stage play when the spirit moves. At present he is emphatically celluloid-minded.

"I was saying to Irving Thalberg only last night that we should be pleased as Punch. Here we are with the world's most expensive plaything in our hands, a veritable Aladdin's lamp—and we are being paid to play with it!" His eyes sparkled. "I tell you, it's tremendous. The scope of pictures is limitless. The thought of what we might be able to do, in time, overwhelms me."

If you could hear how fervently Charles Laughton expressed these sentiments you would feel that the future of pictures is safe while it is in such hands.

__Wendy Barrie has the determination of a true Briton and the impulsiveness of a child of nature. Unknown except for 'The Private Life of Henry VIII,' she skipped into Hollywood and got the lead opposite Spencer Tracy in 'It's a Small World.'__

"You see I'm a fool fellow to interview," he said. "Perhaps I should be temperamental, imperious, regal. Eh?" He leered, pleased with the thought. He popped up to a sitting position, one leg tucked under him.

"Or I could be a madcap lad, quite bright and decadent, Mayfair, my dear fellow, Mayfair. Or I could play the intellectual. I am quite, you know." He sagged back into the pillows, "But I shan't. I shall lie here very quietly."

He is proud of his triumph in "The Private Life of Henry VIII" because he made it against the advice of his friends, advisers, and managers. He and Alexander Korda met once a day in a London bar, and as one drink followed another they began commiserating themselves upon the fate they had met in Hollywood. Korda had gone down with "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" and Laughton had been held to maniacal impersonations, which drove him to such desperation that he clowned the last one in "White Woman" as a protest against continually doing lunatics.
Continued from page 47

They will be interesting to read again after my retirement."

"Soon retirement!" Indeed!

"A beautiful Chinese card came with it," he added, handing the letter to his agent to read aloud. The writer praised his work with scholarly enthusiasm, offered a suggestion or two concerning roles for him, and admitted having seen "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" no less than twelve times. She would never, she told him, forget the scene in "Love-time," in which he directed the orchestra.

"Neither will I," interrupted Nils. "It took us twelve hours to make it!"

From a strictly critical viewpoint, "Love-time" fell somewhat short of perfection, yet Asther fans everywhere were enchanted by its sentimental charm. In that picture Asther first revealed his smooth, rich singing voice which has less an authority than Lily Pons insists should be trained for opera.

"Perhaps I shall study for operatic work—if it isn't too late," said he.

Although the remark might lead one to believe that his dotage is just around the corner, he actually is in the vigor of his early thirties. Clean shaven, he appears less than his age.

"Your fans," announced the agent, "are divided in opinion as to whether or not you should wear a mustache."

"In my English picture, 'Abdul the Drowned,'" said Nils, "I wear a beard."

"What! Throughout the picture?" I screeched.

"Yes, a short beard—to here," he explained, contentedly, measuring a few inches below his chin.

A beard, forsooth! The most romantic-appearing of actors, Nils has a perfect mania for assuming unromantic disguises. I presently discovered that it was at his insistence that he wore glasses in "The Right to Romance." Again, when he was cast as Franz Schubert he promptly had a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles made to aid his impersonation of the great composer. The director took one horrified look at this evidence of histrionic integrity and told the aggrieved actor to take them out and bury them.

"No, he is too big," said Nils. "He stands about so—measuring with his hand. 'I'd as soon have taken the horse.'"

He admits to a genuine liking for nearly everything English. On his recent visit he was admitted to the best clubs, invited to the most interesting places, and made much of by the people in general.

"I wanted to bring my mother back with me from Sweden, but travel is difficult in the winter." Later I expect to have her come and live with me."

I remarked that, at the insistence of a friend, I was about to visit a seeress. Nils almost went so far as to scoff. Metaphysics do not attract him, and he is plainly skeptical of astrology, palmistry, numerology, and kindred methods of penetrating the unknown. A horoscope which some one had chartered for him had never been read. In this he is exceptional, since actors usually are susceptible to the point of gullibility in such matters.

I am told that he is not a good business man, being too lavish and impulsive in his dealings. However, he has driven the same car for several years, and having practiced that economy he feels that a ranch in Mexico, stocked with blooded animals, will not constitute an extravagance. After his "soon retirement" he expects to live there with his mother, his Chinese chest full of letters, and his memories of a colorful and dramatic career in the liveliest of lively arts.

I left him trying to decide which of his professional offers he should accept, and set out to have my future predicted. Possibly, I cheerfully reflected, the lady would find that another meeting with Nils was in the offing.

The seeress gazed into her crystal, in its bed of black velvet, eyed me suspiciously through her horn-rimmed glasses, told me to stop wigging my thumbs, and presently announced that she saw me talking with Louella Parsons at a reception.

Well, that was all very nice, but I can't honestly say that I consider Louella a perfect substitute for Nils.

**LAMENT.**

When our favorite stars,
Whether blonde or brunette,
Will boost, in an ad,
For some cigarette.
Or bid us to swallow,
When they feed us the dope,
That they never use any
But "Boop-a-Doop" soap.

It leads us to wonder,
And to worry some, too,
For perhaps they are slipping,
And afraid they are through;
So we're sad and downhearted,
And to solve it we try,
But the query still lingers,
And the answer is, "Why?"

Ewing McRonskey.
Day Saved for Bette.—Bette Davis became a real heroine in Hollywood because she wasn’t nominated for the Academy awards, when Norma Shearer, Grace Moore, and Claudette Colbert were chosen. Everybody felt that she deserved consideration for her performance in “Of Human Bondage,” with Leslie Howard. Yet her name was left off the lists.

So much contention was aroused by the whole thing that the Academy had to change its rules, and permit the voters to write in other names on the ballots besides the nominees.

Bette has exhibited great courage in undertaking unpleasant portrayals, as she did in “Of Human Bondage” and “Bordertown.” The Academy selections for the year suffered more criticism than during any previous period.

Montgomery Mischief.—Chester Morris and Robert Montgomery are the best of pals, but it’s something terrible when your pal comes over to your house and messes up your workshop. You see, Chester indulges in cabinet-making during his spare time, and he has lathes, electrically operated saws, and other equipment in his garage. Bob visited him one afternoon and immediately proceeded to construct a candlestick with the apparatus. The net result was that he broke up the lathe and the saws, and left the place in a general state of disorder. And to top it all, he couldn’t put the candlestick together. But the friendship still goes on.

Lederer—Hepburn War.—Clash of temperaments was really responsible for Francis Lederer’s leaving the cast of “Break of Hearts” according to the best information from inside sources. The studio, of course, denied that there was any trouble between Lederer and Katharine Hepburn; but that’s where the difficulty really existed. Their notions of acting were supposed to be widely at variance. Probably it’s because both have very individual ideas. Lederer’s success has grown out of the fact that he plays on the stage with great freedom, often ad-libbing new speeches into his portrayals. It’s a well-known fact that Katharine isn’t tied down by any routine rules, either. Just a case of fire meeting fire!

Charles Boyer will be seen with the star in the picture instead of Lederer, who probably will play in “The Three Musketeers” instead.

Eddie’s Hobby Perplexing.—The question now appears to be whether Edward G. Robinson’s home will remain his but, or become a public art gallery. Eddie started something when he began to buy celebrated paintings. He’s accumulating the art of Renoir, Degas, Goya and others at a great rate, and has a valuable masterpiece in practically every room, and a veritable palais d’art in his living room.

The consequence of all this is that celebrities visiting town make every effort to visit the Robinson mansion, and many of them, because of their prominence, naturally gain entry. It’s becoming more than a simple social problem to handle the situation, and Eddie probably will have to build a separate art gallery, and schedule visiting hours and everything.

The painting that attracted the most attention among those he acquired recently was “Daughters of the Revolution” by Grant Wood, which won fame when exhibited in New York and Chicago.

Marquis Beaus Joan.—We nearly fell off our bicycles when we saw the Marquis de la Falaise going about with Joan Marsh. That should go quite a way to offset the Connie Bennett—Gilbert Roland twosome. It seems that Joan is now developing a radio talent. She sings a regular program.

Rolo Romantic Hero.—The new beau of Hollywood is Felixe Rolo. It must be so when a chap is seen successively with Marlene Dietrich and Greta Garbo, with Lily Damita added. Too, he and Peggy Fears dance and dine together. Asked about his attentions to these various ladies, and particularly Dietrich and

Who would think that Dixie Lee had left three husky sons at home to play with their toys while she plays a picture again? Here’s Mrs. Bing Crosby looking like a million and more in her first scene with that “blushing lark,” Joe Morrisson. Their collaboration will be called “Love in Bloom.”
Hollywood High Lights

Garbo, Rolo averred with the maximum of diplomacy that they were his friends, and that he would "regard them fondly as long as they tolerated him. Such modesty, combined with politeness, is a revelation even in Hollywood. Rolo was thought to be an Egyptian prince for a time, but exploded that bubble in a public statement.

That Devastating Proboscis.—Jimmy Durante says it's too mortifying. He bet on a horse during the races at Santa Anita that lost by a nose.

Long Wait Rewarded.—Nelson Eddy probably has more cause to be jubilant than anybody, now that "Naughty Marietta" is rated a success, with many of the ananomes and gardens going to himself for his fine singing. It is to be remembered that Eddy waited for two heart-breaking years for this chance. Somebody said, "Well, he was paid, wasn't he?" But that wasn't the way Nelson figured it. He loathed the idleness and obscurity of small roles, when he was bent on a big career, and seemed to be doing very well whenever he appeared in opera or on the concert stage.

One of the worst things that happens to people in Hollywood is being paid to do nothing. If they haven't got a pretty stout constitution, it can be plenty demoralizing.

Koshetz's Daughter's Luck.—No two people are happier over the first glimmers of success than Nina Koshetz and her daughter, Marina Schubert. Marina has attracted attention in "Car 99" and "All the King's Horses." Paramount regards her as a find. Madame Koshetz, a noted songstress, has been in Hollywood for several years, and from time to time, as in Elissa Landi's "Eater Madame," is the off-screen singing voice. Marina has sung under her mother's tutelage, and recently obtained a chance in the studios, following an unhappy marriage. It looks as if she would be a big hit before long. She has lots of personality.

Little Freddie's Future.—If you're interested in the future of that wonder boy, Eddie Bartholomew, he'll be seen as Greta Garbo's son in "Anna Karenina." He went into the picture following his personal appearances in New York, when "David Copperfield" was shown. Sometime later he'll probably play in "Kim" by Kipling.

Running True to Form.—Charlie Chaplin, after swearing and asserting that he would keep a perfect schedule on his new picture, has thrown it all to the winds. He is being just as Chaplinesque as he ever was, and probably will be working right through the summer on the production. He took a long rest in the middle of the film, waiting for new inspiration. Everybody is having a great debate as to how well the film will be liked, since it is silent. But nobody seems to question that Charlie has his biggest and brightest find in Paulette Goddard.

Laughton's Impishness.—Charles Laughton is that careful about his screen performances that he keeps a recording apparatus in his dressing room to test his voice. He sometimes takes an entire part into this phonographic affair. Also he amuses himself by secreting the microphone near those who happen to drop into his room to telephone, and has lots of fun playing back their one-sided conversations to them afterward.

The Laughtons—that is Charlie and Elsa Lanchester—have become highly social of late in Hollywood.

The Hutchinson Romance.—Josephine Hutchinson 'fessed up to having fallen in love with Jimmy Townsend right when she arrived in Hollywood. As her agent, he met her when she came in on the train, and it was a romance at first sight. They're married now. Once before Miss Hutchinson was harnessed—that time to Robert Bell, a New York stockbroker. Josephine has fully cast her lot with the films. She used to be with the Civic Repertory Theater, headed by Eva Le Gallienne.

Lilian's Uncertainty.—If Lilian Harvey doesn't come back to America as Mrs. Willy Fritsch—in addition to being Lilian Harvey—there'll be a lot of disappointed gossips. Nevertheless, our very private word from Lilian just before she left was that she couldn't be sure until she arrived abroad. How could a girl be, anyway, after not seeing a man for two full years? However, it's admitted between the two that absence has made the heartbeats a lot fonder. Lilian's mother will return to America with her.

Mac's Ideal Indian.—Tito Coral is a name you want to get acquainted with. He's a Venezuelan. And you'll see him in Mae West's "Now I'm a Lady." And, judging by that title, Mac's hearkening to the censors! Well, anyway, Coral is the actor who plays the Indian in her film, and he looks more like a real Indian than a real one does. Even Mac said so, and she had terribly definite ideas about how Indian an Indian should be.

Lodge Risks No Rumors.—John Davis Lodge is going to show them how he can act right in his old home town of Boston. In fact, if our dates be right, he's done that already. He had to leave his wife, Francesca Braggiotti, on the Coast when he went East, because she was directing a ballet at one of the theaters. And John didn't take any chances. He sent out a story before he left that there was no separation. Taking time by the forelock, that is.

Barthelness Returning.—After nearly a year out of pictures, Dick Barthelness is coming back in "Night Drama," in which he will play the strong character role of Tony Make, done by Joseph Spurin-Calleia on the stage. Also whenever "The Good Earth" is made, Barthelness will probably play in that. That's the old "Broken Blossoms" influence at work.

East Indian Courtesy.—Something startling in the way of favors was recently provided at a Trocadero dinner when Jamshyd Pettit, of Bombay, a great East Indian financier, tendered each of the ladies present a beautiful gold vanity. Hollywood men ordinarily do not display this art of doing the finer things arsed abroad. From, Patty Farness, Jean Parker and one or two others were among those who enjoyed the nabob's hospitality, and his generosity.

Incidentally, Maureen is wearing these days a bracelet of signal tags that spell the word "dearest," if you know their symbolism. Naturally, Johnny Farrow placed it on her wrist.
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—so fast you’re amazed!

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Calm Senorita
Continued from page 46

ful, is, I think, a wonderful goal to strive for. I think it's not conceit to strive to be a personality. Of all the things I learned while making 'Crime Without Passion,' one thing stands out above the rest, something Ben Hecht said to me. 'Margo, you're too modest and that's bad.'

'I was so surprised I couldn't answer for a minute. Modesty is a characteristic of any well-bred young person, I thought. 'It's hypocrisy,' he insisted.

"But why?" I asked.

'Because you are holding something back,' he said. 'You know you have something the other person hasn't got and you indulge in a little private smirking.'

"Well, I tell you that was a thunderbolt, but I could see his point. And the people who have done the great things in this world have certainly not been held back by modesty. They have taken things into their own hands and often ridden roughshod over every one. They had to save the situation, because they saw further ahead than the rest." When Margo was twelve or thirteen her mother returned to Mexico. Margo did not accompany her as she had decided to become a dancer and would have no chance in her own country. Women of family did not go on the stage in Mexico and Margo did not want to humiliate her people.

Her mother was shocked, but something of this new age stirred in her mind and, while she would not help her daughter, she would not hinder her. She left Margo with her grandmother, saying that they could fight it out between them and when Margo had made her mistake, to remember that her home in Mexico was waiting for her.

"Wasn't it sweet? That was as much as she could do, but it was a great deal. I hated to see her go in sadness, but I had to." Margo and her grandmother had the same idea about the career. It was this brilliant little Mexican woman who saw that the child had proper instruction, in Los Angeles, in New York, and in Spain. She gave Margo the advantage of travel, of meeting worldly people, broadening her outlook so that she would not feel a child of Mexico alone, but a child of the world.

Pictures fascinate Margo, but she never wants to think of herself as a picture star. That, she thinks, is the deadliest poison that Hollywood can give.

"To take everything for granted! To begin to think that you are a be-

plain girls are more fortunate than pretty ones because they will try very hard to build up something within themselves, something that will make them attractive in spite of their plain features."

With this speech I looked her over more carefully. She is magnetic, alive, intelligent, and each time I see her I find a new development in personality. I had not thought whether she was actually beautiful or not. She is real and she creates the illusion of beauty and is quite unconscious of what she has achieved. People will always think of Margo as beautiful.

Josephine Hutchinson sees happiness ahead in her recent marriage to Jimmie Townsend, her manager, who approves of her role in "Oil for the Lamps of China."
Why I'm Afraid to Talk

Continued from page 33

to be a conceited ass. People begin writing in and demanding, 'Who do you think you are?'

'There are other things writers have a habit of doing. One is, asking why you did a certain thing. You tell them. They reply that they can't understand it. In an effort to help them appreciate your frame of mind, you tell them a lot of other things that, for various reasons, you don't want printed. They assure you they wouldn't dream of it—they understand perfectly, that this is all in confidence. I am assured it is not for publication. The story comes out, and the confidential part is what they've seized upon. The original issue has been completely ignored.'

'Another annoying habit writers have, is doing most of the talking. That's all right as long as the things they are discussing do not pertain to the interview. But, suppose a writer comes to you and asks if, in choosing marbles, you prefer agates or stones, you say you prefer stones. But the writer has a swell yarn all figured out in his mind based on your preference for agates.

'You start telling why you like stones. It doesn't fit in with what he wants to write. 'Yes,' he interrupts, 'but don't you think so and so?' You don't want to antagonize the interviewer, so you nod or give a grunt, and the writer raves on. When he stops, you try to get back to the question of stones. You're interrupted again. 'But don't you think this and that?' You make another effort to set forth your views. Presently the story appears, and everything the writer thought about agates has been put in your mouth!

'You grunted, didn't you, when he asked you? It doesn't at all represent what you think, but there it is, and what are you going to do about the matter?'

'Those aren't the only things that turn us against interviews. All actors are popularly supposed to live on a magnificent scale. Cars galore, swimming pools, tennis courts, dozens of servants—all that sort of thing. We don't. Everything is relative, but writers can't or won't realize it.'

'When I was a kid, long before I ever dreamed of becoming an actor, I had a saddle horse. As far back as I can remember, I've wanted my own saddle—a pretty fancy one, made to order. I know that if I had kept on as I started when I first came here, selling printed photographs, and, later, cartooning, if I had ever worked myself up to the point where I was making $100 or $150 a week, I'd have ordered that saddle. I might have had to pay for it in installments, but I'd have had it. I happened to get into pictures, where I made enough to pay for it all at one time.

'No one bothers to understand that I was merely gratifying a yearning that had existed for years. I was simply splurging, putting on swank.

'The same thing is true of cars. I had a Ford when I first came here—a pretty dilapidated one that I tinkered with myself. If I had stuck to my original jobs, I would eventually have traded it in for a more expensive make. I've always had a yen for high-powered cars, and I'd have acquired one somehow sometime.

'To-day, writers constantly exclaim because I have one.'

'This is also true of clothes. I like loafing around in old clothes. The studio tells me I am expected to make a good appearance in public. So I order my clothes from a good tailor. But when I came back from Europe with a new wardrobe it was all laid to my social ambitions—of all things!'

'These are not isolated instances in my own case. Whenever actors get together they're pretty apt to talk about magazines, writers, and interviews. I've heard dozens of them express the same feelings as mine. We all try to be gracious about interviews because we all realize their value. But there are things about which we don't care to talk for publication. But let a writer find out there is something you've put a tabo on and immediately that becomes the sole topic for an interview. I like milk in my coffee. If I said so in an interview some wise guy would say, 'Milk, huh? I'll bet Gary Cooper thinks that's modesty.'

'You have two choices. You can go ahead and give stories, see yourself made ridiculous in the eyes of the public, and listen to the ravings of fans against you, when you know in your heart if the writer had kept faith and not mentioned the subject, the whole discussion would have been avoided. Or you can refuse entirely to give interviews.'

'I've more or less, in self-defense, had to resort to the latter. But I feel, as I said before, some explanation is due, not only regarding my own change of attitude, but also that of numerous other players in the same boat.

'It isn't that we've gone high-hat. It's only that we have learned from bitter experience to be careful. What do you think?'
Continued from page 27

Robert. "As far as I remember, when I was about four. Maybe before that. But of course I went to school instead, like any other normal boy, and when I was still in my teens I joined Sir Frank Benson’s Company. He was a wonderful man to work with."

Me. "What is your next picture?"


Me. "When are you returning to Hollywood?"

Robert. "In March. I’m going to Warners for six months."

Me. "Are you taking your wife?"

Robert. "Yes, and we want to go via the Panama Canal."

Me. "Where are you going to live in Hollywood?"

Robert. "I’m not quite sure. Last time I was there I had an apartment in Nazimova’s ‘Garden of Allah,’ next to the Charles Laughtons, who are great friends of mine."

Me. "What is your first picture for Warners?"

Robert. "Sabatini’s ‘Captain Blood,’ and I’m very glad I am to play with Paul Muni, an actor I greatly admire."

Again came a thump at the door.

"Curtain’s up, Mr. Donat!" It was getting close to the time for his entrance, and still he had to change. Reluctantly I moved toward the door.

"Good night, kind Robert Donat."

"Here, wait a moment. Why kind?"

"Well, I peeped through the stage door just before you came in, and saw you surrounded by a dozen small boys, all clamoring for your autograph, and in spite of your hurry, you signed them all and made each kid happy. That’s why."

He laughed, and pulling his old brown dressing gown round him, took me to the stairs. His cherub:

"Good night, see you soon" followed me down the stone steps and into the heavy yellow fog.

As I left His Majesty’s Theater, I realized that I had forgot to ask him for a message for his American friends, so I wrote to him and received the reply which is reproduced at the beginning of this story.

There is a big question in the career of Robert Donat. If he had not gone to Hollywood, would he have become a star? I hardly think he would. He had been in our midst for some time, and none of our English producers had been able to place him properly. It took America, with its wider vision, really to discover him. Somehow, I hardly think he would ever have discovered himself. He is too unassuming.

We Want Donat!

I remember him two years ago as a nice, shy boy, who was staying at the Film Club in Elstree. He was making a picture for Alexander Korda at the time, and he used to come in for dinner at night and sit in a corner of the large dining room all alone. Often he would look over at our table and smile shyly, or, if we met in the big hall or on the stair-case, would say “hello” or “good night,” but he never came over and joined us.

I remember asking a friend “Who is that?” and “What is he doing?” “Oh, nothing much,” came the answer. “He looks awfully nice,” I persisted, “he ought to be doing well.”

I reminded him of this and asked why he didn’t come and join us sometime.

“I wanted to,” he said, “you all looked so jolly, but I didn’t like to. I was really very lonely, and Gertrude Lawrence, who was playing in a picture with us at the time, seemed such fun. I wish I had.”

So do I, then we would have known him better, and I think he’s well worth knowing. His shy, courteous manner is attractive, and he has appeal. I’m a woman, and I know.

I noticed the difference in photography in “The Private Life of Henry VIII” and in “Monte Cristo.” In the latter picture his features showed to much greater advantage. I remarked on this, and he told me that when he arrived in Hollywood, the make-up experts viewed him from every angle, and tried all kinds of grease paint, shadowing, etcetera. Had taken great pains, in fact, with the result he photographs a million times better now than he has ever done before.

With the hard work and concentration he is pouring into his roles, with lack of pose, and with his unusual and distinct charm, it is no wonder that Robert Donat is, and I think will continue to be, a young man that everybody wants.

Fans who noticed Douglas Walton long ago in “The Secret of Madame Blanche” will be jubilant over his opportunities in “Captain Hurricane.”

ACROSTIC

Untrammeled by convention, you let fly your shafts of wit.
Nor do you ever miss, by chance, for every shot’s a hit!
And keen observers chuckle at your effervescent “It.”

Mellifluous your accents as from ruby lips they flow.
Exuberant your deviltry—an antidote for woe;
Rabelaisian your repartee, yet innocent of guile—
Knights-errant would have coveted the sunshine of your smile.
Endeared to countless thousands, idolized by many a fan.
Like mellow wine, your smile benign doth cheer the heart of man.

Voltaire.
Gentlemen's Choice
Continued from page 58

thing in them keeps driving them to seek perfection in their work and in their physical and mental selves, they should let nothing stand in their way.

"First, however, they should apply for a job on the stage, preferably with a touring repertory company, if there are any left. The experience gained by playing dozens of different roles, meeting strange people and seeing various cities is invaluable to an aspiring actress. At least I found it so in my case."

Alexander Leftwich, the New York stage producer, is her father, and she began appearing in his plays while still a child. When she reached her teens, she understudied every feminine role in her father's current show and more than once substituted for a veteran actress. Curiously, however, she was little interested in

Childhood's happy hours are made happier by Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles, the director, who get the table in readiness for their small son's birthday party on the lawn.

the stage except as an agreeable diversion. Her great ambition was to be a trained nurse and have "loads of children." To-day she surmises that acting is her forte, and that domesticity would not become her.

Slim-hipped, long-legged and only moderately pretty, she is usually a distinctive example of what the well-dressed debutante should wear.

"If I can be said to be stylish," she confides, "it is because I make it a point to select the simplest frocks possible and then accentuate them with the most expensive accessories I can afford. In my opinion, bad taste in clothes is woman's unforgiveable sin."

She lives in a rambling California bungalow situated on Whitley Heights. Formerly the home of Francis N. Bushman, it is now owned by Burton Holmes. He still uses it as a storage place for his innumerable relics, and the rooms have the aspect of a museum, littered as they are with Chinese effigies and all sort of curios.

"Marriage," she replied, expelling cigarette smoke through her nostrils with elaborate nonchalance, "is the remotest thing from my mind. If a girl wants a career, she must work for it, and that means that love and romance are subservient—for a time, at least. I'm not in love with anybody, and I don't intend to be for years to come."

Her only acknowledged hobby is acquiring signed photographs of her fellow players and her collection, most of which adorn the walls of her dressing room, number more than a hundred. Her favorite and rarest one was presented to her by George Arliss, with whom she played in "The King's Vacation." He signed the photo "Mr. Arliss," which she thinks was "rather cute of him." She declares that Duke Ellington's "Sophisticated Lady" "ruins" her, which is her pet word for anything especially intriguing.

Although thoroughly modern, she abhors petting. At the slightest provocation, she will reach for her "mad money" and hop a street car for home. How do I know? Tut, tut! Mind your manners!
contract, which she accepted upon one condition: That they give her plenty of work to do. And that was the idea they had in mind. For the next six months holidays were just a memory to Verree.

About the time she signed her contract she met Adolphe Menjou, who promptly fell in love with her. Their engagement was promptly announced after and six months later, she was married.

In the words that you must feel your way along and do what seems best after you have learned what it is. You have to use intelligence and work at marriage to make a success of it. And to make a success of marriage in Hollywood is much more difficult than any place else I know."

Miss Teasdale reminds me of a portrait on the wall, her beautiful face looking down on the Hollywood scene with a half smile on her lips, a detached expression in her eyes. Of course, Verree is much too active, both mentally and physically, to be likened to any inanimate object, but from her lovely new home on one of Hollywood's highest hills she can literally look down on most of the town. Actually, she merely looks coolly, impersonally, but it's the same.

Still believing that you sometimes get what you ask for, Verree requested a six weeks' lay-off at the time of her marriage. Her employers, well aware of her box-office value but also mindful of the benefits derived from keeping their stars happy, reluctantly allowed her a vacation. The six weeks she used in getting settled in the home her husband built for her, every detail of which she planned herself. No professional had anything to do with the furnishings.

Her pet foibles are fortune tellers and good-luck charms. She doesn't believe in either, but a girl must have her fun. Mr. Menjou sends to Europe for unusual gadgets for her good-luck bracelets. One, a gold chain, has dangling from it a tiny workscrew, a washboard, a four-leaf clover, a jack-in-the-box that works, whistle, and a little oil can. He doesn't confine his gifts to semiprecious jewelry, however, her star sapphire pendant being so valuable she's afraid to wear it. His wedding gifts included diamond clips and a diamond bracelet.

Verree has a grand sense of humor and an infectious laugh that dispels two rows of beautiful teeth. Earners have taken advantage of her ability to put over naughty doings on screen with a smile and an air of innocence that completely disarm her fans, and have assigned her the roles which she promptly made into pleasant memories.

She is a little bit proper about everything. She doesn't wear orchids and expensive jewelry with sport clothes, for instance. She hates having strange people accost her on the street to ask for her autograph. "I'd rather they would write," she said, "but wouldn't it be terrible if they didn't want my autograph?"

And don't let it get around, but the stately and poised Miss Teasdale whistles in her shower!

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**A Wife the Sun Shines On**

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**INN OF THE STARS**

The Inn of the Stars has two light-footed lodgers,

A scintillant, lovable pair:

The girl is the glorious, gay Ginger Rogers,

The boy is slim Freddy Astaire.

They burn up the screen with their rhythmic romancing.

They capture the throng from the start:

And while they are madly and magically dancing,

They whirl their way into your heart.

Brock Milton.
tongue, then swallows it slowly and happily.

Of course, most of us aren’t going to adopt this ritual of the connoisseur every time we drink a glass of wine. But in this new era of wine serving we have reached, and with drinking in one form or another marking the beginning and ending of many scenes in present-day pictures, it would be pleasant to see it done in discriminating, leisurely tempo.

A picture to which we give three cheers is “The Richest Girl in the World.” Despite its title, good taste, dignity, and fine conundrums prevail instead of the ostentatious display of wealth and luxury it could so easily have been. The beautifully set table in one scene, for instance. It would have been quite in keeping for the richest girl in the world to take all the family silver from the safe and put it on display. But there were only the necessary pieces, placed in correct order.

We noted, too, that a knife was placed at the right of the plate with the spoons, despite the prevalent idea that as we don’t eat with our knives, and seldom have use for them, why not omit them from the service entirely unless we know that knives will be needed?

Trivial though it seems, however, it does add to the appearance of a nicely appointed table, for it gives the right balance for individual table setting.

Most pleasing, too, was the restrained good taste shown in dressing the play. It would have been so easy for the richest girl in the world to overdo the part. Miriam Hopkins, everybody knows, can be the perfect baby-doll type, but in this film she achieved real distinction, and subdued the desire, if any, to wear curls, or to look like a French pincushion, or candy box.

Fay Wray, as companion and understudy, wears charming clothes, too. Frocks that somehow suggest the smart college girl’s wardrobe—simple enough to wear to class, yet smart enough for afternoon teas or for the street. Another outstanding thing is Miss Wray’s make-up, or apparent lack of it, which should meet with the approval of all conscientious objectors to the overuse of cosmetics. Even grandmother, who stated tersely “pretty is as pretty does” to her tall young daughter, would approve.

What grandmother would not approve, however, is the glistening, garish, green, gold, black or crimson fingernail nails that are in evidence to-day. Not that exotic hand make-up is taboo by women of good taste if used to suit the time, the place, the occasion and the costume, but it has been painfully overdone. The new trend, however, is toward the paler shades, and Miss Wray, as we started to say, is one of its advocates, for instead of the former deep rose, she is using the natural shade that blends sensitively with her restrained make-up and charming frocks.

It takes a bit of imagination at times to see the best points in a picture and to camouflage the bad ones with the producers’ good intentions. But now and then flashes of insight are granted and we see all the little intimacies of good taste, of character, of kindness and charm. All the ingenuity about being so securely and which promise quality, excellence of achievement, dignity and lively intelligence of the theme they explore.
Continued from page 19

Take, for instance, Maurice Stovel-air, or whatever you may call him. It seems strange that producers impose him upon Jeanette MacDonald instead of either John Ford, the director, or John Boles, his costar, who has a far more good singing voices. Both are quite good singing and acting, if the overrated Chevalier considers himself a singer and a dancer. I would not have known his braying voice and insipid love-making.

And if Jimmy Durante, with his same old hotela-ita antics calls himself a comedian, it takes more than this schmooze to make him just a part of Charlie Chaplin. I really laugh at him any time I see him in making the supreme effort to act "funny" and trying to "sing" himself blue with hoarse trimmings.

And if Edward Everett Horton, who admits every scene in which he plays with womanish gestures, does not act like a sissy, I am a washerwoman, and willing to be one for the rest of my days. Ditto Hugh Herbert.

And now comes the big surprise. This is really hot news right off the gridle. Yes, hot news about the sizzling romance between Luella Garbo and George Brent. I imagine the Great Garbo falling for a mere actor like Mr. Brent! Why, it's about time for Garbo to abandon New Orleans and hire to Hollywood and then and there I may just as well fall for Mae West. And knowing my romancing from A to Z, I am sure she will evenate me a great deal more than Garbo ever will George Brent.

E. M. Karajilles.

1480 North Claiborne Avenue,
New Orleans, Louisiana.

What South Africa Thinks.

I HAVE reserved my opinion of the different stars, but since reading November Picture Play, I must air my views to those who are always "picking on" the real box-office attractions.

There is Joan Crawford. A charming woman, well-trained, cultured, and highly intelligent in her acting. I admire her pock in ignoring those nasty letters some of the fans indulge in. Joan has reached her goal by self-education and hard work. I admire any one who climbs to heights by his own initiative.

Then there is Mae West. Some narrow-minded idiots describe her as "nauseating." Yet, isn't it strange that those who refer to her in vulgar terms, are the ones who rush to see her pictures! Is it curiosity or a craving for vulgarity?

Next comes Katharine Hepburn. Why did she win the 1933 Gold Medal, if, as some have written, she cannot act? Not an oil painting, I know, but her indelible charm distinguishes her from the others.

Last, but my favorite, our platinum Jean Harlow. Where are all those "duds" who threatened her a few years ago? What about it now? Hasn't she worked hard to be where she is? Through mental strain and anguish Joan has clench her teeth and pulled at those stupid, intimidating letters. Has she turned a hair? No! Because she knows in this vast movie world that there are millions who are her true friends. She cultivates me vividly of a flower—exotic, glamorous, and seductive, combined with that indelible smile charm which beauty alone cannot give.

And in conclusion, when will these idiotic fans realize that it takes some "do-" to get a picture put over "illegally vulgar" and "nauseating" roles? Any broad-minded person wouldn't judge a girl by her screen character.

I've noticed that whenever the films of these actresses mentioned are being shown in my town there is always a full house. Why? Because their fans are so many that no matter what others think, these stars are indeed worshiped.

What the Fans Think

A Warbler Supreme.

MAY I say a few words in praise of that charming new actor, John Bradford, who simply made "365 Nights in Hollywood"! Small and unsympathetic as was his part, he certainly proved himself a good actor, as well as an interesting personality. His voice, both singing and speaking, is excellent, and he is so much more handsomer than I ever thought. I wonder why he wasn't given the romantic lead in the picture.

Also, why should Hollywood complain of a lack of striking men when it has John Bradford?

LOUISE ALLEN,
Montgomery, West Virginia.

A Plea to Mamoulian.

MAY I cast a very enthusiastic vote of approval and admiration for Roulien Mamoulian? To his credit goes the creation of the glamorous Anna Sien in "We Live Again," and of Greta Garbo in "Queen of the West.

Claire Trevor lends her Easter lily, though she finds time for anything but screen work is something of a mystery to her. She's acting in three pictures at once, the first to be seen being "Dante's Inferno." Christina. Both these stars achieved the height of their acting under his superb direction and artistic photography.

Please, Mr. Mamoulian, direct and supervise a picture with the glamorous Elisa Landi, whose career has been sadly re- tarded because her producer in Hollywood artistic enough to understand and recognize Miss Landi's talent, fascination, gayety, and exquisite glamour. She needs an artist like you to direct her. All your pictures have unity and form. Each picture is a masterpiece by itself. They should be preserved as immortal.

M. B. WELS.
Irvington, New York.

A Halo for Harlow.

WHAT a difference in some of the movie stars! Why can't they all be as natural and lovable as others are? Personally, I think Jean Harlow is the most genuine, likable, sympathetic person in Hollywood. There is nothing affected or slipped about her. She dares to be herself, and that's an achievement in this day and age. She has yet to imitate another actress or affect another person's mannerisms, except, perhaps, Volker's who I value highly, for they show clearly the real Jean, and she is startlingly unlike the roles she plays on the screen. A little snapshot of that same woman with the inscription "Joyce—I thought you might like this little kodak of mother and me. Jean," is one of my most prized possessions. And I might mention also the number of gorgeous autographed photographs she has sent me.

Do you wonder that I love Jean Harlow as a person first, and with the inscription "do-"? After all, there are lots of fine actresses in Hollywood that are certainly not particularly lovable underneath their polished and poised surface. Jean is an equally accomplished actress as well as being a remarkable individual. She possesses all the rare qualities that attract friends, and staunch friends are an asset to any one.

JOYCE ERENDSON.
38 Wakeham Avenue,
Grafton, North Dakota.

Better Rôles for Diana.

WHY, oh why, must they cast Diana Wynyard in such poor productions as "Who's a Sinner" and "We Live Again"? Every one knows that she can really act, and that such films are below her standard. If it weren't that Miss Wynyard is my favorite actress, I would never have gone to see either picture. I was decidedly bored with both.

In my opinion, "Reunion in Vienna" and "Cavalcade" were the most noteworthy of her achievements. Let's see her in similar roles.

LYNN CARLTON.
San Francisco, Califonia.

Actor Indeed!

A NEW personality has been discovered and brought to America. A break for America. This personality is not a Gable or a Barrymore. He is just himself. The person I am talking about is Robert Donat, star of "The Count of Monte Cristo."

It was a grand part, and he made the best of it. He is an actor pluto. He lives his part. Not only is he an actor, but he has a personality which will carry him always. Too, his looks are not to be lightly dismissed.

It is not very often that the screen finds a star like this. He should go a long way. Moreover, he has the luck to have a director who is not given weak rôles after his very brilliant début.

HELEN ASLAR.
6620 Holman Avenue,
Hammond, Indiana.

A Scarlet Poppy.

I HAVE read letters about many screen players, but very few of them have mentioned an actor whose name is unique. I refer to Jack LaRue, who stands out among present-day actors like a scarlet poppy in a field of wind-blown flowers. The Italian race has always produced the greatest artists, and LaRue's Sicilian blood is intensification of the Latin heritage. His somber, brooding face, his strong and sensitive hands, and the little movements of his body are the instruments of a profound and subtle genius without equal or rival to-day. I have seen some of his pictures as many as twelve times, always discovering new subleties of expression and thought. To those who are interested in the art of acting, LaRue would recommend the creations of this truly great artist.

EVA PRATT.
9 Van Nest Place,
New York City.
Give la Chatterton a Chance.

Our greatest and most completely satisfying artist is literally being shoved off the screen by unworthy pictures. I refer, of course, to the incomparable Ruth Chatterton. I can think of no picture that has been a success in the past two years that would not have been better had Miss Chatterton had the leading part. If she had been allowed to play leading parts, Constance Bennett, and Norma Shearer have had, she would to-day be the foremost outstanding actress of her time.

I fail to comprehend the asinity of Warners in giving Miss Chatterton ordinary pictures, when she is leagues ahead of all her contemporaries. Let some major studio, preferably MGM, put her under contract, give her films such as "When Ladies Meet," or highly dramatic parts, and they will discover that thousands who enjoy first class acting will swarm to the theaters. She is to me and many of my friends the greatest attraction that the cinema has to offer.

I feel no serious alarm about the Legion of Decency. Undoubtedly the clean-up movement is in its puerile stage, and it should be supported. However, if that organization goes to extremes, the public at large will revolt, and after all, no organization can do what is clean what is immoral. Adult people like sophistication.

I wish to give a big hand to Bette Davis for her grand performance in "Of Human Bondage"—and to Kitty Carlisle for a radiant personality and lovely voice.

ADULT FAN.

7033 Lindell, University City, Missouri.

A Man Casts His Ballot.

Men have quite a different taste, haven't they, Miss Perkins? Well, that is only natural. Your letter in November Picture Play has prompted the following:


New York, N. Y.

A Classic Beauty.

To the most beautiful and highly talented actress on the screen to-day—Elissa Landi. In "The Count of Monte Cristo" she gave us the loveliest Miss Monte Cristo. There is an exquisite, poetic quality about her. She is very beautiful to look at, and a splendid actress besides.

As long as the producers have a really different type of actress with such superb dramatic ability, why not film more of the old classics with Elissa having the stellar role in each? She would grace them beautifully.

Best wishes to you, Elissa, finest actress and noblest woman.

J. Carter Livingston,
New York, N. Y.

Gentleman John.

I've just read the grand article in November Picture Play entitled "The Bulldog Strain."

I have been longing to say that I'm tired of the glistening publicity showered on the Barrymores, Gables, and Marches. It is my opinion that John Boles is the "First Gentleman of the Screen." Well, his charm is so effortless, his sincerity is part of himself and doesn't have to rely on advertisement or public show.

Is there one of these epic stars who can touch John for versatility? I can't name one who could have sung "Waitin' at the Gate for Katie" with such delightful abandon, and then given such a performance as "Beloved" called for.

One of Mr. Boles' most admirable qualities is his attitude toward his fans. He has enjoyed being the star, but not to his detriment. His friendly entertaining with him for five years and his friendship and courtesy have placed him right on top of my list.

Violet E. Kirk,
55 Rudloe Road, Clapham Park,

Always Satisfied.

Hey, fans! Why don't you give Una Merkel a great big hand?

Does she not furnish you many hours of splendid entertainment? You never saw her fail in any of the jobs, did you? No matter what role she is assigned, she always makes good. Witness her performance in "The Cat's Paw." Now all together—three cheers for Una!

Edward Johnson,
17 Bristol Street,
Cuba, New York.

Just an Amateur.

I wouldn't be a loyal fan of Irene Dunne's if I just sat quietly by and didn't voice my inclination at Cleo Fleming in a letter in November Picture Play in which she unfairly and unjustly accused not only Miss Dunne but three other very fine actresses—Misses Garbo, Harding, Kay Francis and Madge Evans—of being colorless, vapid and boring. How Miss Fleming could ever have arrived at such a conclusion beyond my wildest flight of imagination.

Inasmuch as this is the very first adverse criticism I have ever read about Miss Dunne, I'm not going to let it affect me in the least. There are far too many favorable write-ups of this grand actress for me to waste my time over what must certainly be the opinion of just an amateur.

An Insidious Fan,
6 Baker Street,
Saranac Lake, New York.

Adorable Carlisle.

In my mind, Mary Carlisle is the sweetest and prettiest actress in Hollywood, barring none. I haven't missed a single picture of hers, from "College Humor" to "Kentucky Kernels," and don't intend to. We want to see much more of her. She is the most natural-speaking and looking actress in Hollywood. Give her a break, directors. You have a real star in your midst and you don't realize it.

Dorothy Adler,
7318 Ridgeland Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.
ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Jean Arthur  Peter Lorre
Tala Birell  Edmund Lowe
John Mack Brown  Marian Marsh
Tulio Carminatti  Tim McCoy
Nancy Carroll  Grace Moore
Walter Connolly  Virginia Pine
Donald Cook  Florence Rice
Richard Cromwell  Edward G. Robinson
Wallace Ford  Billie Seward
Lillian Harvey  Ann Sothern
Jack Holt  Raymond Walburn
Victor Jory  Fay Wray

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Rosemary Ames  Walter King
Lew Ayres  Nino Martini
Warner Baxter  Frank Melton
Madge Bellamy  Jose Mojica
John Boles  Herbert Mundin
John Bradbury  Pat Paterson
Henrietta Crosman  Valentino Paera
Alan Dinehart  Gene Raymond
James Dunn  Kane Richmond
Sally Elters  Will Rogers
Alice Faye  Raul Roulien
Norman Foster  Shirley Temple
Ketti Gallian  Spencer Tracy
Janet Gaynor  Claire Trevor
Tito Guizar  Jane Withers
Rochelle Hudson

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne  Otto Kruger
Elizabeth Allan  Evelyn Laye
Edward Arnold  Myrna Loy
John Barrymore  Paul Lukas
Lionel Barrymore  Jeanette MacDonald
Freddie Bartholomew  Una Merkel
Wallace Beery  Robert Montgomery
Charles Butterworth  Frank Morgan
Bruce Cabot  Ramon Novarro
Mary Carlisle  Maureen O'Sullivan
Leo Carrillo  Jean Parker
Maurice Chevalier  William Powell
Mady Christians  May Robson
Jackie Cooper  Mickey Rooney
Violet Kemble-Cooper  Rosalind Russell
Joan Crawford  Norma Shearer
Jimmy Durante  Martha Sleeper
Nelson Eddy  Lewis Stone
Margie Evans  Gloria Swanson
Preston Foster  Robert Taylor
Betty Furness  Priscilla Lane
Clark Gable  Henry Wadsworth
Greta Garbo  Johnny Weissmuller
Jean Harlow  Diana Wynyard
Jean Hays  Robert Young
June Knight

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Ross Alexander  Josephine Hutchinson
Loretta Andrews  Allen Jenkins
John Arledge  Al Jolson
Jean Blondell  Ruby Keeler
George Brent  Guy Kibbee
Joel Catholic  Margaret Lindsay
James Cagney  Anita Louise
Colin Clive  Mine MacMahan
Richard Cortez  Frank McHugh
Dorothy Dare  James Melton
Marion Davies  Jean Muir
Loretta Devine  Paul Muni
Bette Davis  Pat O'Brien
Delores del Rio  Dick Powell
Charlie Doolin  Phillip Reed
Robert Donat  Barbara Stanwyck
Ann Dvorak  Lyle Talbot
John Eldredge  Dorothy Tree
Patricia Ellis  Helen Trenholme
Glennda Farrell  Rudy Vallée
Kay Francis  Warren William
William Gargan  Donald Woods
Leslie Howard

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Fred Astaire  Kay Johnson
Nils Asther  Francis Lederer
John Beal  Mary Mason
Bill Boyd  Virginia Reid
Clive Brook  Erik Rhodes
Frances Dee  Ginger Rogers
Richard Dix  Anne Shirley
Irene Dunne  Bert Wheeler
Betty Grable  Gretchen Wilson
Ann Harding  Robert Woolsey
Katharine Hepburn

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss  Fredric March
Constance Bennett  Merle Oberon
Eddie Cantor  Mary Pickford
Charles Chaplin  Anna Sten
Ronald Colman  Loretta Young
Miriam Hopkins

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Binnie Barnes  Douglass Montgomery
Nash Beverly, Jr.  Chester Morris
Phyllis Brooks  Zasu Pitts
Russ Brown  Claude Raines
Andy Devine  Cesar Romero
Sterling Holloway  Onslow Stevens
Henry Hull  Gloria Stuart
Baby Jane  Margaret Sullivan
Lois January  Slim Summerville
Buck Jones  Irene Ware
Boris Karloff  Alice White
Bela Lugosi  Jane Wyatt

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen  Pauline Lord
Adrienne Ames  Ida Lupino
Mary Boland  Helen Mack
Grace Bradley  Fred MacMurray
Carl Brisson  Margot
Herbert Marshall  Guito
Eddie Cantor  Ray Milland
Charles Chaplin  Joe Morrison
Bette Davis  Jack Oakie
Frank Fay  Lynne Overman
George Raft  Gail Patrick
Charles Ruggles  Ray Milland
Randolph Scott  Sylvia Sidney
Sylvia Sidney  Alphonse Scarin
Abbie Skippworth  Allene Skippworth
Queenie Smith  Gustav von Wangenheim
Sir Guy Standing  Gladys Swarthout
Kent Taylor  Les Tracy
Lee Tracy  Mae West
Mae West  Henry Wilcoxon
Toby Wing

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood.
Ralph Bellamy, 6605 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood.
Ralph Forbes, 1011 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood.
Joan Bennett, 1635 North Alvarado Street, Hollywood.
Estelle Taylor, 1621 Pacific Avenue, Beverly Hills, California.
Estelle Taylor, 330 North Vine Street, Hollywood.
Neil Hamilton, 531 North Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.
Estelle Taylor, 1621 Pacific Avenue, Beverly Hills, California.
Estelle Taylor, 330 North Vine Street, Hollywood.
Neil Hamilton, 531 North Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.
Estelle Taylor, 1621 Pacific Avenue, Beverly Hills, California.
Estelle Taylor, 330 North Vine Street, Hollywood.
Neil Hamilton, 531 North Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.
Estelle Taylor, 1621 Pacific Avenue, Beverly Hills, California.
IN AINSLEE’S you will find the most modern stories published in any magazine. Smart love stories with up-to-the-minute situations and genuine emotion. Each issue carries two serial novels and eight complete stories besides an astrological feature by the eminent astrologer, Junius B. Smith.
it was ever thus

they Satisfy

Chesterfields are milder and they certainly do taste better
Stee & Smith's
PICTURE PLAY
JUNE

JANES DEE
BY
ETCHET

STRICT & SMITH'S
PICTURE PLAY
JUNE

JANES DEE
BY
ETCHET

STRICT & SMITH'S
PICTURE PLAY
JUNE

JANES DEE
BY
ETCHET
LET'S GO "RECKLESS"!

Thrill to the tap, tap, tap of her dancing feet in "The Trocadero". See her sell kisses for $500 each. Cruise with her on "The Honey-moon ship". Romp with her in "The Dormitory Pajama Party". Hear her sing the blues. Gorgeous Jean Harlow teamed with William Powell is heading your way in the biggest musical show of the century with a throbbing love story as exciting as its title.
Observe Mothers Day the Golden Rule Way

The American Mother

Great Mothers of Great Men

Of course... send messages, flowers, candy, books and other tokens of love to mother on Mothers Day, May 12—if she is living.

But remember

that thousands of unemployed mothers today are praying not for flowers but for bread; not for books but for food, medicines and hospital care, a home and the necessities of life.

Over 4000 privately supported hospitals with nearly half a million beds, ministering to 4,832,114 patients; 1208 homes for the aged with more than 70,000 "Old Folks at Home," and 1997 orphanages, homes or child-placing agencies providing food, shelter and guidance for 260,000 orphans, lacked more than $70,000,000 last year of receiving sufficient gifts to meet their normal needs after turning away many thousands of worthy emergency applicants. Dollies mean bread for the destitute, health for the sick, comfort for the aged, a chance for the children. Every missing dollar means unnecessary suffering or loss of privileges for the needy.

Whatsoever you would that others should do for your mother if she were in need, and whatsoever you would that your mother would do for the needy if she had opportunity, do today in honor of mother and in her name for mothers and children, innocent victims of present-day maladjustments.

Apply the Golden Rule in direct personal helpfulness, through your local hospital, home for the aged, orphanage, church or welfare agency, or through the Golden Rule Mothers Fund, to be used where most needed.

---

1. THE AMERICAN MOTHER
2. BARBARA BEECHER STOWE
3. FRANCES SPENCER WHITEHEAD (Mother of Florence Nightingale)
4. LEON SACHON MUNGER (Mother of Frris Munger)
5. NANCY BARNES LINCOLN (Mother of Abraham Lincoln)
6. CARRINGTON BUNN (Mother of Benjamin, Jr.)
7. ANNA WHITMORE McNEIR WHITTAKER (Mother of James McNeir Whitaker)
8. MARY RUSSELL WASHINGTON (Mother of George Washington)
9. JOSIAH ADAMS WHITNEY (Mother of Josiah and Charles Whitney)
10. NANCY LOCKE EMERSON (Mother of Thomas A. Emerson)
11. MARGARET ISABELLA BLACK STEVENSON (Mother of Ramsay Linton Stevenson)
12. SARA DELANO ROOSEVELT (Mother of Franklin Franklin D. Roosevelt)

MRS. DANIEL A. POLING, Chairman, Mothers Day Committee

THE GOLDEN RULE FOUNDATION
40 East 42nd Street, New York

I should like to receive, without any obligation on my part, your handsome booklet containing biographical sketches of the great mothers portrayed above, poems, accepted quotations, tributes to mothers, and suggested Mothers Day programs for churches, clubs and schools.

NAME
ADDRESS

Art work contributed by Laiden-Beecher Inc.

Photo of "The American Mother," by Anne Shriver. Space contributed by this magazine.
Myrna Loy Writes For Picture Play!

And are we proud! Yes, the lovely lady who is everybody's favorite, coolly takes pen in hand without c'Ying, choosing her own topic, writes and writes.

More than that, she writes with the honesty, simplicity and charm that shimmer through her acting on the screen. Rarely has a player managed to express her personality so clearly and truly in the written word.

We shall not tell you what Miss Loy has written about. Enough to say that it is subject of general interest and reveals her character more fully than anything that has been published. You will be delighted with it as much as we are.

The article was written expressly for July Picture Play because, like other thoughtful readers, Miss Loy admires the honesty and intelligence of this same magazine.

Claudette Colbert Is Revealed

Intimately, sympathetically, Helen Louise Walker discusses the winner of the Academy Award and points out the causes of her remarkable success not only as a star but as a person. She gives many revealing details of Miss Colbert's personal tastes and habits in one of the most important stories ever written about her.

Do You Know Maureen O'Sullivan?

It's doubtful, often as you are on the screen. For here is a girl who is casual about her work instead of intense, lucky rather than ambitious, but successful just the same.

Mabel Duke's observations about Miss O'Sullivan are the most interesting and acute we have ever read. Find them in July Picture Play, the banner issue of this unique publication.
THE LAW OF THE PACK... 
WAS HIS CODE OF LOVE!

Like his snarling husky, he heard only the call of his mate! For this was the grim, ruthless land of the Yukon... where men were primitive beasts... and a woman was a man's to hold as long as he could... his to keep as long as he desired!

CLARK GABLE

portrays his most virile role in
DARRYL ZANUCK'S
production of JACK LONDON'S
red-blooded story...

CALL OF THE WILD
with
LORETTA YOUNG
JACK OAKIE

Presented by JOSEPH M. SCHEMACK
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
20TH CENTURY PICTURE
could you find a girl to play the mean, sniveling, common little Mildred in “Of Human Bondage”? Bette played the rôle magnificently. There isn’t an adjective in all the dictionaries to describe such perfect acting. The cockney accent, the whining to have her own way, her infuriated outbursts of temper, the sickening, pinched expression on her little face, her vulgar invectives. And in the end did she not show to perfection a woman sunk to the very lowest depths of degradation?

Marvelous, Bette! If the American movie public is fair, they will see to it that you receive the 1935 Academy award for such acting. Keep on playing the bad, bad girl, Bette. No one can play her as you do. You play her so sincerely and

The Academy medal for the best performance of 1935 should be awarded to Bette Davis, according to Gordon Sellett.

The Perfect Bad Girl.

I have read Rose Salzman’s letter in March Picture Play about Bette Davis. She must have a personal grudge against Miss Davis to talk like that. In her heart she must know that the Academy medal for the best performance of 1935 should go to Bette. If she is a high-hat, conceited snob, that belongs to her private life. Her acting is paramount.

Search the world over and where

Mrs. George Seeley places Gene Raymond in the class of modern youth of the newer and more dignified sensible brand.

Two Pennsylvanians have only pity for Paul Boring who referred to Shirley Temple as an “insignificant and fatuous mite.”

reliantly that opposite the charming Leslie Howard in “Of Human Bondage,” the real Bette Davis was dead and buried. There only lived Mildred with her cheap and salacious little mind. You gave us no sordid exterior with a refined nature. Your interpretation of the character had a heart and soul as mean and low as the exterior, and that is superb and masterful acting, Bette. You have marvelous courage to attempt such roles. You are all too magnificent for mere words.

GORDON SELLETT
561 Twenty-first Street
West New York, New Jersey.

Jane Withers will outshine all child stars if given the right stories, says Mrs. Maria E. Westbrook.

An Adorable Imp.

We went to see “Bright Eyes” because Shirley Temple was in it, and came out talking about that adorable imp, Jane Withers, a comedienne as marvelous as I have ever seen. She actually makes you forget you went to see Shirley, for when she appears on the screen, which isn’t often enough, you can’t see any one but Jane. Where has she been while the producers have been crying for another Shirley?

This youngster, if they give her

Continued on page 10

Marie Dailey is so enthusiastic about Dick Powell because he always lifts through his songs as though he really enjoyed singing.
The first full-length production photographed in the gasping grandeur of NEW TECHNICOLOR!... A new miracle in motion pictures... that promises to create a revolution... as great as that caused by sound!... The producers of "La Cucaracha" are proud to pioneer and present the first full-length feature filmed in the full glory of NEW TECHNICOLOR!

HE BLUE OF HER EYES — THE SCARLET OF HER LIPS

Bewitching Queen of Coquettes... carefree charmer... whose beauty blazed in conquest... while the world about her flamed! The private life of history's most glamorous adventuress... told against a background of raging conflict... tender romance!... A picture as deep as the human heart... as big as the mighty events through which its drama rolls!... Re-created on the Technicolor screen... its breathless beauty will burst upon the world in radiant life... and glorious color!

PIONEER PICTURES PRESENTS
Miriam HOPKINS in
BECKY SHARP

with
FRANCES DEE
CEDRIC HARDWICKE
BILLIE BURKE
ALISON SKIPWORTH
NIGEL BRUCE • ALAN MOWBRAY

A RKO-RADIO PICTURE
Designed in color by ROBERT EDMUND JONES

A ROUBEN MAMOULIAN PRODUCTION

J. L. E.—Allen Jenkins' latest are "King of the Ritz" and "Case of the Curious Bride." Randolph Scott has appeared in "Robertia" since he made "Home on the Range." Now making "Village Tale," with Kay Johnson.

E. E.—I have no doubt that Nils Asther's English-made film, "Abdul the Damned" will be shown in America. Adrienne Ames has the feminine lead. Did you read the story about him in last month's Picture Play? It told of his future plans, about which you inquire.

SCARAMOUCHE.—If you read the interview with Ramon Novarro in the May issue of this magazine then you know of his present attitude toward the screen. For stills of "Wake Up and Dream," address the Publicity Dept., Universal Pictures, RKO Bldg., Radio City, New York, and for those of "Son of the Sheik," to United Artists Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York. The late Russ Columbo was born January 14, 1908. The other birth dates are: Myrna Loy, August 2, 1905; Joan Crawford, March 23, 1908; Jean Harlow, March 3, 1911; Miriam Hopkins, October 18, 1902; Carol Lombard, October 6, 1906; William Haines, January 1, 1900.

WOLFE.—Robert Donat is under contract to Warners, to which studio you might write for his photograph. See back of the magazine for "Addresses of Players."

A. E. B.—That was Trent Durkin as Junior Kolbex in "Big-hearted Herbert." Frankie Thomas is playing in "Duck of Flanders." Dickie Moore in "Little Men."

ELSA.—John Boles was born in Greenville, Texas, October 17, 1898; six feet one, weighs 180; brown hair, gray-blue eyes. The Fox Studio will supply his photograph.

BETTY FORD.—Charlotte Henry was Ro-Feep in "Babes in Toyland," and Morgue in "The Last Gentleman." Esther Mine is not married. Ralph Rolph is in "Stolen Harmony."

NORRIS ABRAM.—What I have said to Scaramouche with reference to Ramon Novarro also applies to you. I am sure Novarro has made photograph records, which should be available at the larger music stores. He has never been featured on the radio.

Tory.—That is Freddie Bartholomew's right name. He was born in London, England, March 28, 1924, but has lived mostly in Warminster. He was reared by his aunt, Miss Millard Bartholomew, since he was an infant. His next screen appearance will be as Gretta Garbo's son in "Anna Karenina."

Eight Cheers for Ralph.—I am as much puzzled as you are that Ralph Bellamy hasn't been starred before this. But there is really nothing I can do about it. You should direct your complaint to the producers who decide the fate of a player.

J. M. SULLIVAN.—That is Dorothy Wilson, and not Elizabeth Young, in "The White Parade" layout in January Picture Play. Sorry to have confused you.

RAY WESLING.—You might address Joseph Striker at the Lambo Club, 128 West 44th Street, New York City. He hasn't been active in pictures for some time.

RAMON DE IBARRA Y VILLABASO.—Mary Astor was born in Quincy, Illinois, May 3, 1906; five feet five, weighs 120; auburn hair, dark-brown eyes. Ida Lupino, London, England, in 1917; five feet four, weighs 110; blond hair, violet eyes. Jimmy Butler is thirteen. Latest are "Laddie" and "Dinky."

ELEANOR FUX.—Ruby Keeler is five feet four, weighs 105; brown hair and blue eyes. Born August 25, 1907. Write to the Warner Studio for her photo. Ann Sothern's next is with Ralph Bellamy in "Eight Belts." Bob Montgomery will be thirty-one on May 21st.

JOSEPH C. LOMBARD.—Betty Grable was the dancer in the scenes with Edward Everett Horton in "The Gay Divorcee." You can reach her at the RKO studio.

R. S.—Ginger Rogers has reddish-blond hair. Merle Oberon is five feet two. Mary Howard, who is Will Rogers' daughter, was born in 1918.

PAULINE.—The cast of "Night After Night" included George Raft, Constance Cummings, Wynne Gibson, Mac McWane, Alison Skipworth, Roscoe Karns, Louis Calhern, Bradley Page.

CON X.—Gordon Westcott played the role of George Wexley in "Murder in the Clouds." Born in St. George, Utah, Elizabeth Allen in Skewness, England, April 9, 1908. Roland Young in London, England, November 11, 1887. As far as I know, all of them use their own names, including Alan Mowbray.

RUTH AND REED.—Nelson Eddy and Art Jarrett were not related. The role of Warren William is about that, too. The latter has been in films since 1931.

LINWOOD BRITTNIA.—John Wayne is at the Monogram Studio, 1040 North La Brea Avenue, Hollywood. His latest is "Rainbow Valley," to be followed by "Desert Trail" and "The Dawn Rider." He is married to Josephine Saenz, Yokuma Chanut also is with Monogram. He recently appeared with John Wayne in "Lawless Frontier."

M. E. H.—Kay Francis is about five feet six. The only time she wears low-heeled shoes in her pictures is when her leading man is not a few inches taller than she is. In fact, I understand that she even discarded shoes while making "I Loved a Woman" opposite Edward G. Robinson some time ago. It is known she is six feet. Henry Wilcoxon and Loretta Young have the leads in "The Crusades."

S. GROSSMAN.—Richard Talmadge is to be starred in a series of action melodramas by Reliable Pictures. However, by addressing the Richard Talmadge Productions, at Universal Studio, Universal City, California, you no doubt will be able to learn if stills of his silent pictures are still available.

SHIRLEY DAWSON.—Wallace and Noah Beery are brothers, but Madge and Ralph Bellamy are not related. The role of Ramsey in "The Hell Cat" was played by Richard Heming, and that of Mackay in "The Lost Patrol" by Paul Hanson.

FRANK J.—Eddie Nugent is making "The Old Homestead" for Liberty Pictures at the RKO-Pathé Studio, Culver City, California. Felix Knight was Tom-Tom in "Babes in Toyland." Address him at MGM. Their right names are: Anita Louise, Anna Louis Fernandt; Jean Muir, Jean Mar Fullarton; Jean Crawford, Lucille Le Sueur; Janet Garner, Laura Gainer; Ruby Keeler, Ethel Hilda Keeler, Myrna Loy, Myrna Warner; John Beal, James Alexander Bleidung. [Continued on page 732]
Hollywood's Most Famous Bad Man
"G-MEN"
Joins the
and Halts the March of Crime!

Leave it to Warner Bros. to make the first big picture of America's greatest battle in the war on crime! The producers of "The Public Enemy" have trained their cameras on the men who trained their guns on the craftiest killers of this gang-ridden day and age.

They've brought the G-MEN, mighty man-hunters of the Department of Justice, out of the shadows of secrecy into the brilliant glare of the picture screen.

Yesterday's screaming headlines are a feeble whisper compared to the sensational revelations in this shot-by-shot dramatization of gangland's Waterloo—the last stand of the underworld!

It's all here! . . . every graphic detail of how the deadly trap was set—and sprung—on the Mad Dog of the Mobs, and of how the Big Shot no jail could hold kept his rendezvous with death!

"G-Men" is easily the stand-out for this month's highest honors. Our advice is to see it yourself before your friends begin to rave about it!

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

PUBLIC ENEMY No. 1 in the never-to-be-forgotten Warner Bros. thriller, "The Public Enemy."

JIMMY CAGNEY revels in his return to the scenes of his greatest triumphs . . . And Ann Dvorak, Margaret Lindsay, and Robert Armstrong score heavily in a big cast, superbly directed by William Keighley for First National Pictures.
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 6 stories with comedy, will outshine all child stars. Her every movement registers—and what facial expression! I hope you'll print my letter, and that Jane will see it, for I love her already, and we want more of her.

MRS. MARIA E. WESTBROOK
Los Angeles, California.

Blond Viking.

SOMEBODY please tell me why Gene Raymond is so often teamed with the older stars who have been on the screen for twenty or more years. This time it's Astor, for And Kay Francis, Lilian Harvey, Dolores del Rio, Joan Crawford, Nancy Carroll, and Sylvia Sidney, Sylvia wasn't so bad, but her leading men—old-timers—suffered by comparison with Gene's fresh young vivacity.

He and Frances Dee made such an appealing and attractive team in "Coming Out Party." It's a pity they couldn't be together in another really good picture. I think they both typify the modern youth of the newer and more dignified, sensible brand. Thank goodness the flappers and sheiks are gone except for a few imitators.

I should love to see Gene in a villain's picture. With his broad shoulders and blond Viking good looks, he would make a gorgeous Anthony Adverse or a Thaddeus of Harvard. I think everybody is getting weary of the slinky, soppy-eyed, milk-and-water Leslie Howards and Robert Donats, and the synthetic toughs like James Cagney. Youth and beauty, sincerity and unaffected simplicity will always make itself felt, and when tell the industry learns this and stops trying to bluff the public.

MRS. GEORGE SLEELEY
Houston, Texas.

A Peach Among Lemons.

MRS. T. J. H. 11, of Batesville, Arkansas.

I'd like to send you a card of orchids for the nice things you said about Dick Powell's voice.

It has long been a mystery to me why the majority prefer Bing Crosby's slow, lethargic singing to Dick's. Bing seems so indifferent about the whole thing, and gives one the impression that he'd much rather go somewhere and take a nap. He may be a nice fellow, and he's probably kind to his children, but as a singer, well, I've heard that he's a good golfer.

Now, Dick lifts through his songs as though he just loved to sing. (Oh, Mrs. T. J. H.!) Will you do me a favor and drop me a postcard giving your name and address? Please do!

To "A Chicago Fair" I award a card of orchids for calling Evelyn Venable a "young heiress." To me, Miss Venable seems like a beautiful peach among a lot of dried-up, anemic American beauties in the midst of a bunch of artificial flowers, wilted-looking ones at that! She's such a relief after all those exhausted, haggard-looking heroines who seem about to collapse from hunger.

In closing, I'd like to toss a bouquet to Norbert Laski for his fair, unprejudiced reviews.

General Delivery, Racine, Wisconsin.

Pity for Mr. Boring.

MRS. T. J. H. 11, I can't agree with you when you say Dick Powell is the finest singer on the screen or radio. On the radio is a lad who presents heavy competition to Gladys Swarthout and Richard Crooks, both members of the Metropolitan Opera "Student Tour" he sang the "Carlo" and did it darned well. If when you see him in "Naughty Marietta" you still think Dick Powell is supreme, you are no true music lover.

Plainly and simply, I mean orchids to Nelson Eddy!

RUTH ANNE
San Gabriel, California.

Continued on page 80
Welcome a new team and a very likable one—Evelyn Venable and Robert Young. They’re youthful, intelligent and good looking and they can act. Together for the first time in “Vagabond Lady,” they are an ideal couple to play the sweethearts in a whimsical romance. Irrepressible Miss Venable, engaged to dignified Reginald Denny, is attracted to devil-may-care Mr. Young on his return from a cruise and her wedding is interrupted by a hilarious lapse from dignity in time for her to marry the right man.
JANE gave a blissful sigh as the travelogue ended and the lights in the theater bloomed into brightness. "Bali!" she said. "Isn't it lovely! Wouldn't that be a wonderful place to go on our honeymoon?"

"Listen, dear," said John. "I don't think you're going to make a very practical wife. We've been engaged three weeks, and during that time you've wanted to go to Switzerland, the South Seas, Panama, and Ireland for our honeymoon. Let's get down to cases. Where do you really want to go?"

"Well, I know what I'd love to do," said Jane. "But I'm afraid it's too expensive. I'd like to go to Hollywood!"

"Why, for gosh sakes?" asked John. "We couldn't get into any of the studios and I imagine we'd be lucky if we saw one real star."

"That isn't the idea," said Jane. "I just want to be in Hollywood. I want to stay at the Roosevelt Hotel, and eat at all those places you read about, and go where the stars go to dance. I don't care if our money holds out only one day, I want to do it."

John considered. "All right," he said. "We'll do it. We may have to start back in a couple of days—or we may last a week—but let's shoot the works on Hollywood!"

And so John and Jane were married and they went to Hollywood for their honeymoon and lived very happily for five days.

It was eight in the morning when the train pulled into Los Angeles. In his pocket, John had two return tickets and one hundred and ten dollars.

He waved for a cab. "Roosevelt Hotel," he said, "and drive up Hollywood Boulevard."

Neither of the newlyweds looked at the meter as it merrily ticked away during the half-hour drive. Part of the bargain they had made with themselves was that they were not to bother about costs. When the money was gone it was gone, and they would leave without memories of pinched nickels and regretted dinners to mar the stay.

At the door of the Roosevelt, while Jane gazed at passers-by, hoping to discover a star, John paid the driver two dollars and thirty-five cents.

The hotel clerk had a room for two on the side street for five dollars and a most desirable one on the corner looking down the Boulevard, for six dollars. Without hesitation, John signed for the corner room.

After they had bathed and rested, Jane voted for luncheon at the Brown Derby.

They strolled down the famous Boulevard, and at the intersection of Hollywood and Wilton, they saw their first star—Richard Dix in a big, black sedan. In front of Warner Brothers' theater they passed Irene Dunne.

There was a crowd gathered outside the Brown Derby. "Oh, something must have happened!" cried Jane. "Fight, maybe," said John, hopefully.

Then they saw the reason for the gathering. Wallace Beery, entering for lunch with little Carol Ann, was greeted by a frantic waving of autograph books. The crowd was the permanent group of signature hunters which clusters in front of every popular eating place.

Jane had difficulty in keeping her eyes on the menu, for across from her in a booth was "Schmoozle" Durante, and a few tables away the Marx Brothers. By turning her head, she could see Carol Lombard.
IN HOLLYWOOD — and the Cost

Perhaps you've often dreamed of going to the movie capital in the hope of coming face to face with the stars and seeing all those places you read about in fan magazines. But surely such an adventure would be beyond your means, you think. Not so, however, when you read how a young couple spent their honeymoon in Hollywood at comparatively low cost. There are figures to prove it.

By Winifred Aydelotte

Finally, in desperation, she asked John to order. They had, à la carte, jellied consommé, roast duck, and an ice, totaling two dollars and fifty cents, and John left a fifty-cent tip.

It was ten minutes after two before they had finished, for Jane ate slowly.

"We'd better take a taxi if we want to get to the show on time," said John. The taxi to Grauman's Chinese Theater set him back thirty-five cents, and the tickets two dollars and twenty cents.

Jane loved the heavy carpets, the cool gloom of the theater, the gold bamboo trees on the vermilion walls, and the beautiful little usherettes in their richly embroidered costumes. And had she only known it, there she was seated behind John Barrymore's wife and beside the mother of Dolores del Rio.

Without a moment's hesitation, they voted for dinner and dancing at the Coconut Grove that night.

"What'll I wear?" asked John.

"Dinner clothes," said Jane positively. "You don't have to, but nearly everybody dresses for the Grove. I'm going to wear my peach velvet."

"Then let's get a cocktail and a sandwich now," said John, "and have dinner about eight."

Photo by Wide World

Above, imposing entrance to the Metro-Goldwyn studio through whose gates some of our most brilliant stars have passed.

The Brown Derby, popular dining place of the stars. Just one of the many spots where autograph hunters track down their idols.
Your Vacation in Hollywood—and the Cost

Four cocktails, two sandwiches—one dollar and fifty cents.

The taxi to the Grove was one dollar and fifteen cents.

Jane drew a long sigh of happiness as they walked under the towering palms which gave the room its name. A waiter found them a table, not too near the orchestra, and fairly near the door so that they would not miss seeing the celebrities. They were rewarded by Mary Brian, Dick Powell, Jackie Coogan with Toby Wing, and Maurice Chevalier with a strange blonde.

John regarded the menu, and both decided on the dinner.

Dinner five dollars. Cover charge two dollars. Two bottles of sauterne three dollars and fifty cents.

"I know what let’s do to-morrow," said John. "Let’s get a Drive Yourself car, and go around and take a look at the studios."

Over the telephone the next morning, John found that he could secure a coupé of light build for four dollars and fifty cents a day. In that price were included insurance, gas, and oil for twenty-four hours. He had to pay the rental in advance and make a deposit of ten dollars. He could have made arrangements with another company that charged two dollars and fifteen cents a day and ten cents a mile, but since the first company he called was the nearest, they decided to save time.

They had breakfast at the hotel coffee shop for one dollar, and set out on their tour of studios. John had a map, and he marked the route which would save them the most time. First he drove out over Cahuenga Pass to Warners-First National, parked in front, and had passing glimpses of Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, and Patricia Ellis going to work.

Then they drove through the pleasant valley to Universal City.

The Universal commissary is open to the public. They walked boldly in, and, while eating their lunch, saw Carl Laemmle, Jr., working at his famous smile, Margaret Sullivan, Neil Hamilton, and Baby Jane. The plentiful lunch cost them seventy-five cents each.

They had dinner that night at the Russian Eagle, which cost three dollars and seventy cents, including two Martinis. There they saw Marlene Dietrich, Ivan Lebedeff, Adolphe Menjou and his bride, Verree Teasdale.

After dinner they went to the fights—six dollars and sixty cents, and saw Lupe Velez and her Johnnie, Mae West, Rex Bell and Clara Bow.

They had breakfast the next morning at the Munchers, the only other studio commissary open to the public. It is practically on the Fox lot, and there they saw Jimmy Dunn, Herbert Mundin, and Claire Trevor. The breakfast cost them one dollar.

Lunch at Sardi’s set them back one dollar and seventy cents and fifty cents for two glasses of sherry. They spent the afternoon looking at stars’ homes with a guide who charged them one dollar.

After dinner at the Beverly Wilshire, where they had a choice of a one-dollar-and-fifty-cent or two-dollar-and-fifty-cent dinner, and where they saw Carl Brisson and his wife, and Pat Paterson and Charles Boyer, they went to the Fox Ritz Theater two blocks away where a sign was twinkling on the marquee, "Feature Preview."

They took their places in line outside, bought tickets for eighty cents and stood in the lobby watching Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland, Fredric March, Frank Morgan, Madge Evans, and Louise Fazenda enter the theater. The usher had to warn them that the last loge seats were going. There was a section roped off for the press and for studio people.

The next morning, John headed the car toward the beach. "I’ve got an idea," he confided. And in a little while one of Jane’s fondest dreams came true. They were at Malibu.

They strolled up the beach. Jane stared frankly at Jack Gilbert and Raquel Torres with Stephen Aines, and John stopped and watched Joan Crawford plunge into the waves. Irvin S. Cobb stretched his impressive bulk on the sand and held forth to a spellbound group. It was hard to appear accustomed to so much fame.

They took the long way home, and parked outside the MGM motor entrance where they had the good fortune to see Jean Harlow, Robert Montgomery, and Clark Gable whisked in to work.

By that time it was two o’clock and they were hungry.

"Now what?" asked John.

Jane looked around. "Let’s just get a hot dog somewhere," she suggested. "and then I want to go to the Hollywood Athletic Club."

"You can’t get in there!" protested John.

"I know. I don’t want to. I just want to park outside for a while."

The afternoon sun was hot, even in the shade of the pepper tree, but the honeymooners were rewarded by glimpses of Edmund Lowe, Edward G. Robinson, and Buster Crabbe going into the club for a swim.

They were tired when they reached the hotel, and joined the early diners there and for one dollar each had dinner.

"What are we going to do now?" asked Jane.

For answer, John triumphantly produced tickets for the opening night of Will Rogers, in "Ali, Wilderness." The tickets were three dollars and thirty cents.

John and Jane stood enchanted in the crowd which overflowed the lobby and sidewalks, and watched the bright parade of stars enter, for Hollywood makes a big social event when one of its members appears on the stage.

The next morning they slept late, and had a combination breakfast and lunch at Levy’s Tavern for seventy-five cents each, and then John turned the car toward Beverly Hills.

"We’re going to a cocktail party," he announced.

"Where?"

"Oh, we’re not going in," said John, "but we’re going."

He sought the same friendly guide who had pointed out the stars’ homes to them. [Continued on page 68]
The TRICK of DUBBING IN

This fascinating, inside story of how sound effects are achieved in pictures should be read by every fan. It throws new light on the marvel of creating popular entertainment. And it explains, too, why stars work harder than we realize.

WHAT produces all the complicated sound effects we find in almost any picture, and who are the people behind them? By what magic can we hear a train rumbling and, at the same time, catch dialogue so clearly that we never have to strain to hear?

The handling of sound in the making of a picture is an art in itself. A tense situation develops in a night club, let us say. We hear the orchestra playing and see the crowd dancing. And at a table two of the players are speaking their lines in modulated voices.

If one of us took a companion to a night club where an orchestra was holding forth and there was the constant shuffle of feet on the dance floor, we know perfectly well that we'd have to shout to make ourselves heard across a very small table. Yet, in the picture the effect is complete and at the same time we hear the words distinctly. It is done by “mixing” the various sounds and blending them together.

Suppose the scene portrays New Year’s Eve in a cabaret with a hilarious crowd. The jazz band is sawing away, balloons are popping, whistles are blowing. Then the heroine says in a faint voice, “I'm not well. I must go home.” No less than four sound tracks have to be made to produce the whole effect—one of the dialogue, one of the crowd laughing and calling, one of the orchestra playing, and another, a silent picture of the orchestra playing.

For the music of the orchestra, a short track is made and “dubbed in” faintly or loudly, as the case may be, for the sound-control man can mix the sounds and soften or increase them at will, by pressing a button. It is something like using a typewriter. The picture on the screen shows the orchestra in action and that one was made as a silent. A piano off stage played the number to get the orchestra men into the swing and then they merely went through the motions of playing.

When the dialogue is made, the lines are recorded and we only see the orchestra, for that part is the silent picture, with the violinists sawing away with their bows but not touching the strings.

A separate sound track is made of the crowd and the length of it depends on the extent it is used in the picture. Sometimes a short length of “crowd murmur” is made and used over and over. The extras are lined up and told to furnish loud or soft murmur. It is left to them what they actually say. The point is that nothing very definite should be said or it will reproduce.

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THEY SAY IN

Broadway buzzes with chatter about more than the usual number of visiting celebrities, and here is the echo of it all.

By Karen Hollis

MORE than the usual quota of Hollywood celebrities have been vacationing in New York of late and the town has broken out in a rash of parties for them. A cocktail party for Marlene Dietrich brought out such crowds that the elegant Janssen suite of the Waldorf-Astoria resembled the subway during rush hour.

Wan and pallid, but looking stately in a simple, clinging dark dress ornamented only with a bunch of violets, Miss Dietrich did her gracious best—which was very good, indeed—to give pleasant, if noncommittal, answers to a barrage of trying questions.

Skillfully maneuvered by General Wilkie of the Paramount publicity staff, each guest was presented to Miss Dietrich, then eased away with tact. In that brief moment, however, many guests managed to ask questions which would have amply justified an outbreak of nerves and a cup of tea flung in their faces.

"Did you wear masculine clothes on your last visit just for the publicity?" "No," she drawled, "just for comfort, but they attracted too much attention." "Do you think Von Sternberg is through?" "Oh, no"—with deep concern—"he just isn't going to direct my pictures any more." She survived some hours of this. Please award her the year's medal for poise under pressure.

The Bounding Lark.—Nelson Eddy's annual concert tour, taking in twenty-two cities this season, was launched by a cocktail party given by his manager. Only a few present had seen his

Marlene Dietrich answered impertinent questions with unruffled calm, winning a prize for poise at a party in her honor.

Big, blond and exuberant, Nelson Eddy is a new type of singing star.

Irene Dunne came to New York at the height of "Roberta's" success and found herself a glamour girl.
NEW YORK—

The Operatic Invasion.—Hollywood society absorbs dukes, industrial magnates, and society dowagers without any preliminary nervousness, but it still has awe for opera singers. Neither Hollywood hostesses nor visiting singers have much fun as a rule because the film set have a preconceived idea that opera is a world apart, calling for a grand manner.

If only Hollywood could have been present at the "Post Depression Gayeties," staged for theatrical charities, they would receive Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout, and Helen Jepson with natural gusto. For these three distinguished canaries of the Metropolitan caused a sensation that night singing "Minnie the Moocher" no less, and in a manner that would make any coon shouter writhe with envy.

Manhattan Pilgrimage.—Every girl dreams of coming to New York famous, prosperous, and popular. Rochelle Hudson has done it and it wasn’t as exciting as she expected.

Hailed as the most promising of the younger players, she set out for a vacation with her mother on completion of "Les Miserables" opposite Fredric March. She did the night clubs and theaters and had a ghostly time customing herself to sleeping late in the morning.

"I’m afraid I’m a wholesome, outdoor girl," she commented with a wry smile, glancing past the huge bunches of wilted flowers to a window that disclosed a murky day outside. Her greatest thrill was a reunion with Constance Cummings, a fellow Wampas Baby Star, now leading woman in a Broadway stage success. Constance was the best crap-shooter among the Wampas stars that year. With no intellectual pretensions and a cool, bland attitude toward the vicissitudes of a picture career, one gathers that Rochelle

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Claudette Colbert's friendliness is unchanged by the honor of receiving the Academy Award.

On her first visit to New York, Rochelle Hudson impressed with her bland, unconcerned attitude toward her career.

picture, "Naughty Marietta," and opinions of his work varied all the way from "magnificent" to "simply awful." Many old friends among the musical great were present and introductions were informal, to say the least.

"Come here, you grinning oaf, somebody wants to meet you—I don’t know why," "But isn’t it nice that she does?" Mr. Eddy retorted, gripping my hand in a clasp that would have done credit to Max Baer. "Don’t mind him," a bystander commented. "He’s the original subject of that old story 'For Heaven’s sake, sing, you know.' "But he won’t sing until he has counted the house and made sure of heavy receipts," another volunteered.

"Hollywood is fine training for this sort of thing," Mr. Eddy remarked, undismayed. "The parties are bigger, more continuous, and the guests' comments often clever."

Treasurer's Heart Bowed Down.—If Mr. Eddy is the sensation at the box office that many people expect him to be, RKO will retire in disgrace to the dunce's corner. It seems that they answered with a resounding "No" when his services were offered to them. Even at Metro-Goldwyn, he remained idle almost a year after he signed a contract. This big, effulgent blond doesn’t follow the screen tradition of sleek, brunet romantics or the newer vogue for pugnacious Cagneys.
Preview flashes from Shirley's greatest picture... "OUR LITTLE GIRL"

by Jerry Halliday

She plays at being happy to rebuild a shattered dream!

CONGRATULATIONS, FANS, here comes Shirley! How you'll thrill to this human story of a child and her parents whose happiness is suddenly threatened! And how the tense, dramatic climax will stir the heart of everyone from Granddad to Junior as Shirley’s love triumphs over a family crisis. A "must-see" picture!

If there can be anything more adorable than Shirley alone, it’s Shirley with Sniff, her loyal companion.

SHIRLEY DANCES AND SHE SINGS... TOO!

Rosemary Ames and Joel McCrea give true-to-life performances as the parents who grope in the dark shadows of misunderstanding.

You'll love Shirley’s lullaby, "Our Little Girl."

Forgotten (for the moment anyway) are Shirley's dolls and pretty dishes. Shirley is still telling friends about the nice, fat man... (Irvin S. Cobb to you) ... who traded a bee-you-tee-ful statue for a hug and kiss! Dear little girl, I wonder if you'll ever know the happiness you bring to millions of people. Special Academy Award? That's nothing to the good wishes the whole world sends you!

Shirley TEMPLE in 'OUR LITTLE GIRL'

ROSEMARY AMES

JOEL McCREA

Lyle Talbot • Erin O'Brien-Moore

Produced by Edward Butcher • Directed by John Robertson • From the story "Heaven's Gate" by Florence Leighton Pfohlgraf

"COME ON OVER AND SEE MY STATUE!"
FAVORITES of the FANS

VERREE TEASDALE

PHOTO BY M. MARIGOLD
MORE letters come to Picture Play about Elissa Landi than any other star, and every one is written by a fan of unusual intelligence. All proclaim the beauty of their favorite, her sensitive acting and her sparkling, unique personality. Her absence from the screen is deplored, and news of her return is demanded. Meanwhile, the lovely lady longuishes in idleness the better part of a year. Why?
HERE, there, sweet Maid Marion! Don’t pout—and you aren’t, either—just because the inscrutable gods of the emu decreed that you should not play in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" nor yet in "Marie Antoinette." As a médienne you are unapproachable, your genius unquestionable, and your sense of fun unquenchable. That’s why the whole world of fans looks forward with gayety to "Page Miss Glory."
Hollywood's garden of girls has no fairer or sweeter rosebud than you. Your beauty can be prolonged by skilled aid, but your freshness and sweetness are you because they spring from within yourself. Don't ever lose these precious treasures, Anita Louise!
ZIPPING along from one good performance to another, Ann Dvorak recently showed what she could do as a singer and dancer in "Sweet Music," the object of Rudy Vallee's affections in the hugely successful "Fare Thee Well, Annabelle" number. Now she turns her back on frivolity for the drama of "The G Men."
JOAN BLONDELL

AS secure in her family life as a Roman matron, Joan Blondell insists that she has lost none of her zest for comedy and wisecracks in spite of the halo of motherhood. The latter doesn't interfere with being a good comedienne, it seems. Anyway, she will show you it doesn't in "Traveling Saleslady" and "Broadway Gondolier."
EROIC acting in the grand manner—Hollywood has only the exemplar of this school and he is Marc Antony of Cleopatra,” stalwart Henry Wilcoxon. Heaven forbid that he ever become antic or elfin among with the drawing-room actors! He certainly will not in Cecil DeMille’s “The Crusades” or he plays King Richard Coeur de Lion!
Some very odd facts of Miss Hepburn's life, as pieced together by Helen Pade in her analysis on the opposite page, give us clues to the mystery of this strange, dominating personality. One day a nobody, next day queen of the studio realm and one of the three sovereigns of the movie industry. There never has been a case like hers.
KATIE'S LITTLE GAME

This thoughtful, keen analysis of Katharine Hepburn explodes many legends that have baffled the public in making up its mind about this amazing star. First and foremost, though, is her genius for showmanship, for attracting attention to herself.

By Helen Pade

KATHARINE HEPBURN handed me one of the keys to her baffling character the day she nearly ran over me in that rented Hispano-Suiza of hers. This was just after "A Bill of Divorcement" had been filmed. It was while she was still posing as a millionairess. And when, incidentally, the fate of her career hung in the balance.

There is a narrow cement roadway between the executive buildings of RKO studio and its rather large inner courtyard. You step out of any of the administration buildings directly upon this road, and directly into the path of any automobile that is passing. Usually this is not dangerous, because machines seldom use the lane. But I would step out briskly just at the moment la Hepburn whizzed past.

She actually brushed me in passing. But Katie, if she saw, didn't register. Honking vigorously, she stood on the seat of the car, and began shouting for a certain big executive, under whose window she had parked.

It was my first sight of Katie, but the dungarees and boyish figure placed her. Also her manner of handling a car. Reckless, but deft.

Subsequently, on location I watched her riding horseback with that same deft, sure mastery.

But back to our scene. There stood Katie, as on a speaker's platform, yelling. On the lawn were stars, directors, and others, including members of the press, all bound for the studio restaurant. They paused and stared.

Presently the big executive, who is ordinarily approached through various secretaries, stuck his head out of the window. It was the only way to still the tumult and put the studio back into motion again. He and Katie had a short conversation. Then she made a farewell gesture, something between a military salute and a wave of the hand, and resumed her seat behind the steering wheel by the simple method of falling there. In a flash, she whizzed away.

Women go to see Jean Harlow and Mae West to find out what it is about them that intrigues their husbands and boy friends, but they flock to Katharine Hepburn because she is their own particular star.

The wide-eyed movie folk blinked, grinned, and shook their heads. So that, they remarked, is the way madcap millionairesses act!

"Probably," one star hazarded, "her daddy owns about half this studio. That would explain many things."

Of course, they soon learned the truth. Katie was no millionairess. Her father, a doctor, was a man of moderate means. They heard that her fancy car and even the monkey she used to carry around on her shoulder, were mere rented props. This revelation startled blasé Hollywood even more than her madcap antics. It persuaded that Katie had taken it in by a masterful use of its own stock in trade, showmanship.

So to-day the sophisticated filmites admire Katharine Hepburn most for her remarkable achievements in attracting attention to herself, and cashing in on that attention. To them, this overshadows her histrionic accomplishments. They can point to greater examples of the Thespian art, but not to any examples of the art of showmanship that can equal her personally planned, personally executed attention-getting.

One day she was, insofar as box-office rating goes, nobody. The next she was queen of a studio realm and one of the three queens of the industry. Garbo, West, Hepburn. You may change their order of mention, but you cannot justly place another feminine name with these for that combination of popularity, news value, and symbolism which are the sinews of movie regality.

A skeptical and slightly jealous portion of Hollywood maintains that Katie is no actress. It laughed when she got the Academy award, jeered "I told you so!" when she failed to storm the walls of stage fame in "The Lake." Her one partly successful stage effort, they argued, happened to be right up her alley. It was "The Warrior's Husband," in which the womenfolk wear the pants. A cinch, they sneered, for the girl who used to impersonate boys in school playlets.

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MYRTLE LOOKS

Picture Play's inimitable contributor, who has more and characteristic impressions

Ten years of reporting the foibles of filmdom! A celebration seems in order. I lack a champagne cavalier, but I may get a kick out of reviewing my Hollywood past. Hence this anthem to auld lang syne.

Pola Negri gave me my first drink; Richard Dix my first air flight; Ricardo Cortez my first motor boat ride; Estelle Taylor invited me to my first Hollywood party.

Five fat scrapbooks, newspaper width, bulging with published impressions. Exactly fourteen hundred newspaper and magazine articles. Single interviews, and symposiums quoting numerous players. About four thousand interviews.

A ten-year game of questions and answers. Parties and premières, confidences and condolences, analyses and annoyances, fads and fashions, amours and angers, Highlights—handshakes—heartaches—highballs—headaches. A gigantic private preview.

I wonder now, as I turn those pages idly, how I escaped brain fever. Million-dollar epics and periodic depressions, foreign invasions, salary cuts, social seasons, meteoric careers, transient reigns—I've queried my way through them all. They flash across my memory: a parade of panoply and panics in this town of the permanent rave.

No, I don't date back to the Sennett slapsticks. I came in with the boom of bigger and better bamboozle when the screen went spectacular and the tintypers acquired temperament. The curtain was ringing up on the big show. The actors got art and I got fun.

I've interviewed them on the ground and in the air, in swimming pools and ships, at home, in dressing rooms and on sets ad infinitum. I've gone on locations ranging from the desert to the sea.

I've caught their emotions and enunciations from the days when the movies moved and stars seethed to the present era of drawing-room decorum. I've sympathized with their sorrows and trailed their triumphs. I've even accompanied them on their honeymoons and dramatized their divorces.

I questioned Will Rogers in a mud puddle; Richard Dix in a plane; Anna May Wong in a mysterious room with sliding panels in Chinatown;
fans than some stars, recaptures revealing, amusing of ten years in Hollywood.

Mary Philbin on a merry-go-round; Doug Fairbanks in a barber's chair; Vera Reynolds on an aquaplane; Priscilla Dean up a tree; Bob Armstrong at an ice-skating rink; Bob Montgomery on the polo field; Raymond Hatton at the prize fights; Jacqueline Logan on a fire truck; Kathryn Williams at a water tank on a railroad siding; Louise Fazenda over her jam-making; Dolores del Rio in a cage with bears.

A kaleidoscopic whirlpool, the hysterical Hollywood of a decade ago. Peacock personages strutted in glamour or lolled in spread plumage, imperious queens holding court. Yet, despite the pomp that surrounded them, they had an emotional informality. One would give a lot, to-day, for more of their dramatic candor.

Sunbursts of spectacle, they ornamented Hollywood with a tattoo of temperament. They shared their crises and demi-dramas. They longed to reveal "all." Interviewing was interesting.

Now, behind shutters of fearful reserve, the stars calculate and concede, and drip crystal comments. Mining their emotions is a dreary, often useless, task. They are circumspect and defensive.

They used to act—all the time. Now they work—always. Ballyhoo has become a business. Sensation, even scandal, was good copy; now saccharine is painlessly fed to bored interviewers. Poise has replaced personality; they have cultivated accent instead of acting.

What we reporters need is another misunderstood Pola! Even if—

A girl's first drink is a momentous occasion. The Negri introduced me to beer, and thereby put a studio into a panic. Pola, appalled at our arid custom, demanded champagne. In the meantime, beer would do for lunch—if there were enough of it. I was scheduled for her first interview.

The foam had arrived in her dressing room. Pola, who had a start on me, reviewed her emotional experiences. I was, she rumbled, sympathetic. I was also darned insecure. But I must appear blasé. The room began to swim, the melodramatic Negri confidences to blur.

Leaving, I felt slightly unqualified to brave the battery in the publicity office and left quietly. The walk home cleared my head. Late that after-
noon the phone rang, a frenzied voice inquiring if anything had been heard of me. I shall never forget his fervent "Thank God!"

Richard Dix drove me, at reckless speed, to a somewhat dubious night resort, and introduced me as "Miss Brown." In case, he whispered, the place was raided. Thus gallantly protecting my spotless reputation, when I craved at least a faint stain of sophistication.

I traveled to San Francisco as Mrs. Jack Hoxie, though neither Jack nor I knew it. The Wampas wouldn't pay my fare on a jamboree. But a clever boy discovered that Mrs. Jack wasn't going. He knew that, with our crowd on a private train, and drinks and poker in the club car, Jack wouldn't seek his berth that night. So he said he had "arranged" it.

They were all my "big brothers" in those days. Trustfully I tumbled in, and slept peacefully. But suppose, I pondered when I later found out, Jack had decided to retire.

Romantic visions—tawdry disillusionments. I had imagined men drinking champagne from a woman's slipper. And I saw it done! The party was given to the press by an ambitious amateur with a wealthy, elderly husband. It cost a thousand dollars. At some one's laughing request, she stepped upon the flower-strewn table, poured bubbly into her silver slipper and handed it around, coquetishly.

"Is this it?" asked my escort, Hugh Allan, the "West Point" hero.

"Yeah! Now you know what a revel is. Let's duck!"

So we supped on hot dogs at a lunch counter—and enjoyed them.

Handsome Hugh, now married to Mary Lou down in Texas and selling motors. "I've got a swell girl and a great little business," he writes. "Give Hollywood a large ha-ha for me."

Red Rock Canyon in the Mojave Desert. A company quartered on a special train and fed in a huge tent. Billie Dove and Irvin Willat, nearly weedy, eyes locked while she put cube after cube of sugar into his coffee. He drank the gooey java without a grimace. Now she's the wife of another man.

A Swanson company on location in San Diego's Balboa Park. Gloria then held the title. The marquis talked excitedly of how the engineer had let him run the train. Evenings, he adored at her shrine and threw her rosebuds down the length of the hotel table: their smiling eyes belonged to each other. In ecstasy, she exclaimed: "Oh! Life is wonderfully romantic again!" Alas, Connie is now the marquis and Gloria is divorcing another husband! Tempo does fugit, and with it Hollywood love.

A baby star of frail spirit had imbibed too freely to negotiate the keys of the huge typewriter down which the season's "lads" were to trip daintily. Frantic press agents begged us females to resuscitate her. We did—tore off her clothes and dumped her into a tub of cold water. A half hour later her white satin heels clicked out her routine with never a misstep, while the boys sweated their apprehension in the wings.

I held the hand of a brilliant star, white with fury, her husband tensely drawn with deep agony, while she poured forth her pain and resentment. Hollywood had accused her of misconduct, via malicious gossip. Should she

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How would you like a cup of tea from Janet? Or would you let it drop for looking at the musical inscription embroidered on her frock? Try to figure out the notes and their melody while you decide about the tea. For our part, we prefer to wait for Miss Gaynor, in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," her picturization of the great Broadway stage success which tells a richly human story of life in the early days of the Erie Canal.
MADDEST

Youngest and prettiest of the famous family, Joan has been considered the most demure for so long that she's tired of being misjudged. In this lively, charming interview she goes to extremes—with the help of her husband, too—to qualify as a first-rate madcap.

HoLLYWOOD'S chief lure is that there is always just one more chance. No earnest ingénue is positively doomed to be insipid. All she has to do is grin and bear it until some discerning director comes to the rescue with a role that has a little vim in it.

Joan Bennett is the latest film lassie to escape bondage from the inane. Before George Cukor utilized her talent in "Little Women" she was merely the blonde in the cast. Pretty, but painfully uninteresting.

But ever since her lucky break the ball has been rolling the other way. Now it's one better part after another. She has convinced even the die-hard doubters that she possesses a genuine ability auguring brilliant to-morrows.

It would be the usual bromide if I asserted that a wonderful change in her personal life is responsible for Joan's switch from the also-rans into the charmed group of players who are on the up-grade. But that would be needlessly perverting the truth.

Certainly it can be conceded that her marriage has been entirely advantageous. For three years she has been the happy wife of one of the cleverest and most charming men about Hollywood. Which couldn't help but have a good effect.

Yet her hubby, Gene Markey, author and scenario writer, has not taught Joan how to think. This youngest of the Bennetts was never dumb, even in those yesteryears when the screen was consistently doing her wrong. Her marriage has been, rather, the pairing of two distinctly above the average individuals, each of whom has been a natural stimulus to the other. All she lacked for her picture metamorphosis were the opportunities she finally landed.

With a successful private life, which includes two cute daughters, and a zooming career, it's reasonable to presume there couldn't be a single unfulfilled wish in the heart of this healthy, wealthy, and wise twenty-five-year-old. When I went to her home for lunch I learned differently.

She resides in the proper section of Beverly, unostentatiously but elegantly. From the winding street there is nothing extraordi-
of the BENNETTS

By
Ben Maddox

nary about her abode, yet once you are inside you realize the mistress is no Cinderella suddenly come into means. There is an authentic air of Park Avenue pervading the small, exquisitely furnished rooms.

Joan herself is apt to be a surprise. Despite her incredibly youthful look, she is a witty sophisticate. Educated expensively, seasoned by European travel and familiarity with New York's smart haunts, she is a beauty with cosmopolitan in tests.

Unlike elder sister Constance who has declared the movies only a money-making proposition, Joan really enjoys camera work. And while Connie regally regards Hollywood as a boring, prying place, Joan finds it amusing and pleasant. There is none of the arrogant, let-'em-eat-cake attitude about her.

Which has made Joan the most popular member of the vivid Bennetts in Hollywood circles. The fans seem to be catching on, too.

Her voice has an unexpected, glamorous huskiness. On occasion she turns a nifty slang phrase, revealing that she is as fun-loving as she is efficient. This particular day she addressed me in exclamatory gusto.

"Good grief! Can't you do something to help me out?"

Assisting beauties in distress being a hobby of mine, I unconditionally answered "yes."

"Well, then, pep up my reputation! I'm bored stiff with being 'Young Sobersides,' I'm fed up on being the 'dear, dull little one' of the clan. Write me up as the maddest of the Bennetts!"

Across the polished table, heavily laden with aristocratic silver, Joan pleaded. I'll admit I was amazed. Regularly it's the other way round. Film stars play with fire and then, when I turn up in an official capacity, subtly convey the idea that I should go forth and say it isn't so.

I've never seen or heard of Joan being inconsiderate. She hasn't been difficult nor waxed temperamental. To discover her antics I decided I'd best consult Gene Markey. He is the man who ought to have observed her at her nuttiest.

Several weeks were required to catch up with this busy gentleman. Eventually his secretary phoned that he would be at home. Joan was out acting when I arrived, so we adjourned to the playroom downstairs and settled down before a wood fire to contemplate her carryings on.

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It's nothing unusual for the calm-looking Joan to give way to the maddest impulses such as getting up in the middle of the night to go over all her clothes and give them all away next day.
THAT old Jezebel, Broadway, has this season enticed scores of Hollywood stars to her treacherous side streets where Hepburns sometimes stub their toes, and lesser lights of the screen often emerge in a new blaze of glory from their sojourn behind footlights.

To exiles from Manhattan, the stage offers a sip of her heady wine, the applause of real palms, real audiences waiting breathlessly at the dingy mouths of stage-door alleys. To strictly Hollywood talent, the vampire of mazda lights offers a chance to prove that acting is acting, that stage and screen are closer kin than cousins.

Few toes have been stubbed this season. New laurels have been won. Broadway has found that her adopted children and her returned prodigals, all with their Hollywood aura clearly discernible, are the biggest attractions in town.

"The Petrified Forest," with Leslie Howard, Peggy Conklin, and Blanche Sweet; "Accent on Youth," with Constance Cummings; "Rain from Heaven," with John Halliday—these are hits made possible by studio truants.

And the California excursionists on Broadway are having a gay time.

John Halliday, charming gray-haired veteran of the stage, has found in this, his first fling in five years, that a vacation on Broadway is good for the soul. He has no ambitions concerning pictures except that he wants to go on making them. He went into the talkies five years ago because he had just lost $60,000 via a play he backed, and Warners happened to get him on the phone the night the play closed after one week.

Walter Connolly and Jane Wyatt, in "The Bishop Misbehaves," have something to say about Hollywood.
players. They are Humphrey Bogart, on the far left, Peggy Conklin gazing at Sweet looking at him from the opposite table.

Beckoning footlights entice more and more of the Hollywood famous, as you will learn from this lively account of their success on Broadway and what they think of it.

“I enjoy making pictures, but now that I’ve come back to the stage,” Halliday said, “I’m going to do a play every second year. It’s good for me. I found that out on our opening night out of town when I discovered that I felt ill at ease on a stage because I kept imagining a microphone hung just before me. For two acts I spoke in whispers.

“But there’s no place in the world where one can live so comfortably as in California. I feel like a transient in New York now, but maybe that’s because I never had a real home till I went to Hollywood. There I can earn my living and be a country gentleman at the same time. I won’t sign any long-term contracts, so I’m my own master, and Mrs. Halliday and I can take a leisurely trip every year. That is, we could before the baby came.”

The baby, a boy adopted when he was a few weeks old, arrived in New York with Mrs. Halliday soon after “Rain from Heaven” opened and then the family scene was complete and John very happy. He plays a rich and stimulating part opposite Jane Cowl in a brilliant comedy, but the Hallidays are returning to California as soon as the run ends.

Osgood Perkins, thin-featured, vital, scowling, given to looking sinister when he isn’t smiling warmly and being hu-
Henry Hull has always preferred to don make-up and portray old men when, as a matter of fact, he could very easily fit into any rôle intended for a handsome juvenile.

Henry's slight bitterness toward pets can be attributed to the Siamese cats which Julie, his wife, raises. The sly creatures sleep all day, the better to yowl at night after he comes home.

Joan, his daughter, who threatens to be a beauty, loves horses. She says she will marry some day if she can find a man like a horse. Horses obey orders, and it is her twelve-year-old observation that men don't.

Throughout Henry's engagement in "Tobacco Road" he was deluged with invitations, some of which any social climber would have given his collection of press clippings. Finally at the behest of the manager, Henry agreed to go to one regal affair, but when the night came he was found playing cards in a dive frequented by truck drivers, motorists, and printers.

Several seasons ago when he was in "Lulu Belle"—the year Broadway commentators "discovered" him for the fifth consecutive season as one of the theater's finest young actors—he acted as banker for the seventy Negroes in the cast, advancing crap-

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Mr. Hull has been the yearly "discovery" of Broadway, and now Hollywood has come to recognize his unusual ability. His next is "The Werewolf of London."
Hugh Herbert is that rare bird—particularly rare in Hollywood—who is delighted with everything and everybody. Everything is sweetness and light with him, and he means it, too.

There’s an old saying that no man is a hero to his valet; and the modern version is that no screen star is really a star to his publicity department. Or at least very seldom. More often he or she is just a pain in the neck to the boys whose job it is to camouflage every commonplace personality with a grand build-up of glamour, mystery, and what else have you.

Consequently, when you find an entire studio, including the hard-boiled press department, unanimous in its praise of a certain player, you can be pretty sure that there’s something to it. So-o-o-o, when I kept hearing “Oh, he’s a swell guy,” “He’s one grand trouper,” “Best-liked man on the lot,” and each time found they were talking about Hugh Herbert, I determined to investigate.

A brief interview convinced me that they were right, only they hadn’t said half enough. Hugh Herbert is that rare bird—particularly rare in Hollywood—a man who is satisfied with everything. Fact! He likes his roles, he likes his directors, he likes his management, he likes his dressing room, and he adores the people he works with.

I never encountered anything like it. Everything is sweetness and light, yet you realize immediately that it’s all quite genuine. There isn’t a particle of pose about it.

“Why should I complain?” he asks naively. “I’ve got nothing to complain about. I’m doing the work I love and being well paid for it. Isn’t that, as some philosopher once said, equivalent to ‘enjoying heaven while still on earth’?

“These actors who are always lamenting make me tired. I know a lot of them who, a couple of years ago, had no ambitions higher than the next meal. They finally got enough to eat and an extra suit of clothes, and now spend most of their time yelping about their art. Rot!”

Those of you who enjoyed his superb stupidity in “Good-by Again,” “Dames,” and “Sweet Adeline,” will admit that Hugh Herbert is one actor who can do more with a dozen lines than most can do with that many pages. This he attributes largely to his long career on the stage.

I found it almost impossible to get him to talk about himself. I did find out, however, that he was born and raised in New York, was crazy about the stage ever since he was a youngster, and has never done, nor wanted to do, anything else. His first experience with the stage was with a prehistoric form of talking picture, an experiment of Marcus Loew’s, in which he was the voice behind the screen.

“It was a silent film, of course,” he explained, “and I was hired to read all the lines of all the male characters, from behind the screen. But that wasn’t all,” he laughed. “Dear no, I wasn’t just a voice. I had to be everything—horses’ hoofs clip-clopping down the road, the wind howling in the chimney, the swish of breakers on the beach—I had to do it all.

“We used to give from seventeen to twenty shows a day, and believe me, we earned our money. It was good experience, though, and it led to a good break for me, because the manager of a stock company heard some of my performances and offered me a job in his troupe. From that time on I got one thing after another.”

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Hollywood

Reviewing the news and the gossip of the glamour town.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

LITTLE Freddie Bartholomew knows quite a bit about books and history. He is also interested in astrology. And he's a very precocious boy in every way. Referring to the influence of the stars on his birth, Freddie said: "I'm a March boy." His birthday falls on the 25th of that month. "What is the sign for March?" he inquired.

"Why, it's Aries," replied an amateur astrologer to whom Freddie was talking. "Aries is a ram, you know."

"A ram!" exclaimed Freddie. "What do you mean—a battering-ram?"

Whereupon the astrologer murmured something about "male sheep," and faded gently and painlessly out of the picture.

The Baby Pageant.—Hollywood is being gradually populated with the sons and daughters of the great and near-great. You don't realize this until you happen in on a kiddies' party. Springtime brought a number of these functions which started when

At last the association of Josef von Sternberg as director of Marlene Dietrich has ended, and a "new" Marlene may be expected.

Alice Foye is pepped up and is training down, all because she is to play opposite Tito Guizar, in "Argentina."

little Charles Wesley Ruggles, Arline Judge's two-year-old son, entertained, and then "Mannie" Robinson, offspring of Eddie, shortly after played host.

Among those present at one or the other of these affairs were Peter Bennett, Constance Bennett's son, Melinda Markey, daughter of Joan Bennett, Jack Woody, Jr., son of Helen Twelvetrees, Elizabeth and Katherine Frances Brown, daughters of Johnny Mack Brown, Irving Thalberg, Jr., son of Norma Shearer, and Mary Elizabeth Ann and Kathryn Frances Brown, Joe E.'s daughters. And here are Norma Shearer, Gloria Stuart, Molly O'Day, and others looking forward to new arrivals.
Britannia Rules Again.—Leslie Howard led the way, and now Clive Brook has joined the Anglocentric English actors. He'll spend six months out of each year in his native Great Britain. Like Howard, he desires to have his children educated abroad. They are going to Switzerland to school. Brook came back from nearly a year's stay in Europe, is remaining long enough for a picture or two, and then plans to return. He made "The Dictator" while abroad, which will probably be generally seen in America under the title of "Farewell to Love." Many social functions were given for the Brooks on their return, including parties by Tai Lachman, Elizabeth Allan, and others.

Marlene's New Coach.—Now that Josef von Sternberg has retired from the screen, it is surmised that her husband Rudolph Sieber will have a great deal to do with the planning and shaping of Marlene Dietrich's career. He is, of course, a film director. Marlene says that she doesn't want to thrust any heavy responsibilities on him, but she has never yet proceeded without guidance.

Von Sternberg handled all the arguments with the front office, and it will probably prove a terrific trial for Marlene if she has to undertake them by herself. Hence the likelihood that Sieber will be the ruling power—along with, naturally, Harry Edington, the agent who is supposed to have had much to do with breaking up the association between Miss Dietrich and Von Sternberg.

There seem to be many hints that Von Sternberg will next be directing Anna Sten. It's a rather logical progression, at any event.

Hollywood is smiling at Helen Hayes because of her annual publicity statement. All that films offer, she says, is money.

Constance Bennett has moved into her new home, one of its innovations being a complete beauty parlor on the premises.

Rivalry in Domesticity.—Constance Bennett has just moved into her new home in Holmby Hills, and by the way, she has turned house designer and landscape gardener. One thing Connie insisted on was a complete beauty parlor in her mansion, and also an arrangement by which the servants might glide back and forth through secluded hallways downstairs, so that they are neither seen nor heard.

Connie is rivaled, though, by Claudette Colbert who, at her new residence in the same section, boasts of a tennis court paved with skid-proof rubber, a swimming pool supplied with water by a wandering brook, and a refrigerated compartment for furs.

Connie raises fruit on her estate, and Claudette flowers all the year round, and vegetables for the table. Now which would you consider the more practical?

Oh, yes, and Connie brought oaks and Chinese elms for decorative purposes from about fifteen or twenty miles away for her plantation.

Ever the Crusader.—They're laughing at Helen Hayes in Hollywood. Last year, the actress became a crusader for the stage, declaring that each and every actor should help its upbuilding, out of...
What Hollywood Has Given Me—

By Irene Dunne

As Told To

DOROTHY WOOLDRIDGE

INTERVIEWING one of the screen’s accredited “most perfect ladies,” has its difficulties.

First: there are your qualms and doubts to be weighed. Second: the lady.

With these problems uppermost in my mind, I arrived at the appointed hour. Promptly, I was ushered into Irene Dunne’s dressing room where she awaited me at the door, becomingly attired in a sports ensemble. She spoke truly and simply without gloss of style or affectation. She fitted her sobriquet as an apple fits a dumpling.

Our subject was Hollywood, the place every one talks about and nobody knows. A place of irrepressible conflicts between opposing and enduring forces. A comedy of errors.

Hollywood has given, oh, yes, but don’t forget, it likewise has demanded and taken, she replied to my leading question.

Hollywood isn’t a place, it’s a village. To me it is just so many neon lights and signs. My home town? No! I was born in Louisville, Kentucky. I look upon St. Louis as my home town. With my mother and father I went there when I was six years old. Naturally, I look upon it with all the love and fond memories one cherishes for the home of a happy childhood. I entered a convent, Loretta Academy, at the age of eight. This placed me in the category of “little lady.”

Convent-bred girls necessarily must be little ladies. Our curriculum was to practice, learn our lessons and adhere to proper conduct and deportment, a “lady” it is not accountable to Hollywood or any other place—it is background. If you build a home on a good foundation it isn’t easily shattered.

Hollywood hasn’t changed me physically, mentally, or spiritually. I still have my religion. And yet, just the other day, I heard that a writer referred to me as “the most standoffish person she had ever met.” In my wildest moment I couldn’t be that. By nature I am sociable. Yet I am unacquainted with Hollywood’s social life. I haven’t had the time, for one reason.

I was working in a picture I live, breathe, and think of nothing else except my work. I refuse to be interviewed or interfered with by business or anything. When I finish a picture I either go to New York where I join my husband, Doctor Francis D. Griffin, or he comes to Hollywood and we motor to Santa Barbara or some other interesting place.

director remarked to me the other day, “You’re the mystery woman of Hollywood! In New York I see you at all the gay parties, but in Hollywood one never sees you!”

A director remarked to me the other day, “You’re the mystery woman of Hollywood! In New York I see you at all the gay parties, but in Hollywood one never sees you!”

So, you see, Hollywood has heaped criticism upon me. But for that matter every one in the public eye suffers from it, especially picture people whose audiences number millions. People seem to think we are all sort of Continued on page 70
Miss Dunne's popularity has kept her from enjoying the companionship of her husband, Doctor Francis D. Griffin.

HAVEN'T allowed Hollywood to take very much away from me.

First: I'm taking no chances on Hollywood.
Second: I haven't been determined but think I will be.

Hollywood takes hold of you but it cannot take away from you, if you keep your feet on the grass. Walter Huston said to me, "I've worked with you and watched your progress in Hollywood with interest and admiration. And I'll say this for you, you are one person who has certainly kept your feet on the ground."

Hollywood did not give me my first glimpse of fame—a greater field, undoubtedly, as picture people are known throughout the world. Their audiences reach out into the far corners of the world, even the niches. Neither did it give me assured financial security since I had that before going to Hollywood. My husband, to whom I was married before I entered pictures and who is a successful business man, was well able to provide that. On the other hand, Hollywood has not taken away this security.

It has taken away from me the companionship of my husband. Made of me a part-time wife, so to speak, since we are separated when I am working on a picture. Between pictures one or the other of us commutes between Hollywood and New York, an issue in our married life which isn't altogether a happy one. Hollywood has inforced this issue.

It did not give me my husband, either, as I will celebrate my sixth anniversary in July and I've only been in Hollywood four years and a few months. I can't say as one well-known star remarked, "If Hollywood kills me it has given me my husband."

The film capital has deprived me of the theatre and opera, and I love both. Never to know anything about either one is a great loss to me. I was never movie-struck.

It has robbed me of my freedom and privacy. In Hollywood you are the cynosure of all eyes.

It has placed me in the category of misunderstood and misjudged people.

While I own a plot of ground, I live with my mother in a Spanish bungalow at the edge of the hills overlooking the film city. That sounds fine, yes, but during all these years my furniture, including linens purchased in China, and other treasured furnishings have remained in storage in New York.

I have missed scandal but I have been fined for speeding. The fine was paid, and fortunately I saved my receipt. Because what do you think happened? Some time later, I was informed the fine had not been paid. The matter was cleared up when I produced my receipt.

Again, an erroneous story was printed that my mother was dis

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When Kay Francis paid $5,000 to decorate a Hollywood restaurant to look like a ship for her party, she was not throwing money away. She was returning many social obligations besides giving work to carpenters and an increased staff to serve her guests.

Photo by International

When Stars

Hollywood’s lavish spending is neither wasteful nor extravagant. Think of those who are given work and a livelihood when money is circulated. Colleen Moore’s doll house, costliest hobby of all, will benefit crippled children besides stimulating business in places where it is shown.

When Kay Francis spends five thousand dollars to transform a restaurant into a ship as a setting for a party, there are short-sighted folk who wag doleful heads and cluck, “Tck, tck, tck. Such a waste of money when there are so many people who could use it!”

These calamity shouters don’t stop to think that every nickel the stars spend goes into circulation and helps some one to live.

And the stars spend their money for the greatest diversity of things you can imagine. Things that range from machinery to paintings, from musical instruments to diamonds, from dogs to dolls.

The most sensational of these expenditures is one which you will be able to see, for it is to be exhibited in practically every city of 50,000 or more population. It is Colleen Moore’s half-million-dollar doll house. But more about that later. First, let’s see how some of the other stars spend their money.

Buck Jones supports a thirty-five-piece orchestra, composed of boys from twelve to sixteen years old. They’re called the Buck Jones Rangers, and Buck pays their expenses as they travel from town to town giving band concerts.

Clothes are naturally a big item in the budgets of all stars. That goes without saying anything about how much they spend. Just remember, though, that whether they buy ready-mades or Hattie Carnegie creations, seamstresses are kept busy.

Edward G. Robinson’s hobbies are costly. About a year ago he bought a beautiful home, for which he paid cash. Now that he has it, he spends thousands on decorating it. Not only does Robinson, a lover of music, buy phonograph and pianola records by the dozen, he also has equipped a music room, and such opera stars as Lily Pons and Tito Schipa have sung there for Robinson and his guests. Besides this, he collects first editions—one of his most prized possessions is an English first of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin”—and paintings. He has several of Van Gogh’s originals—and you know how many thousands these cost.

Ann Dvorak and her husband, Leslie Fenton, are studiously inclined. They have a biological laboratory in their home. George Brent just bought himself several thousand dollars’ worth of airplane. Frank Fay and Barbara Stanwyck have had a regular stage-lighting system installed at their swimming pool; they can have moonlight on even the darkest nights.

When Cedric Gibbons planned and built that marvelous modernistic home as a wedding present for Dolores del Rio, he contributed richly to the livelihood of workers, including the artisans who constructed the hand-made furniture after his own designs.

Warren William goes in for raising prize wire-haired
seven hundred skilled workmen were given employment at various times during the nine years that have been required to complete the miniature mansion.

And that is only the beginning! $100,000 represents a mere fraction of the house’s cost. As this article goes to press, the investment has already reached the staggering sum of $435,000—and it’s mounting every minute.

For instance, John Hewlett, who is managing the tour for Miss Moore, just phoned to say that they’re adding a silver willow tree which really weeps. Placed in the castle’s courtyard, it will be made out of sponge silver, and set with its base in water. Capillary attraction will draw the water up through the tree; then drops will form and drip from the tips of the branches.

The house itself is nine feet square and fourteen feet high to the tips of its tiny spires and minarets. Even if you don’t count the screws and rivets which hold it together, it contains more than

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The great hall of Colleen Moore’s doll house is only one exquisite detail of a miniature mansion that cost $435,000 and required nine years to complete. Over seven hundred skilled workmen were employed at various times in this period.

The chapel organ, which really plays, is set in bronze and gold and has golden pipes from six to eleven inches long. The ivory floor is covered with painted scenes from the Old Testament.
HONEST TO THE

That's Bette Davis! "I was born decent and I expect to live and die decent," she says. "If this singles me out as odd, then I can't help it."

Then she proceeds to voice her convictions in a remarkable interview.

When first I talked of interviewing Bette Davis I was greeted with a chorus of "Oh, don't! She'll bite you! She hates writers, especially women!" Says they're all cats!"

But I didn't let this cheerful advice stop me. I had always considered Bette one of the most promising of our younger leading women, and since her brave performances in "Of Human Bondage" and "Bordertown" I had become utterly ga-ga about her. Besides, I have found by experience, that the really fine and worth-while people of the stage and screen are never rude and ungracious. It is only the small fry, the newcomers, and would-bes, who are unpredictable. So, I was more or less prepared for Miss Davis.

At least I thought I was.

But when I finally met her on the set the interview almost died aborning. Fact! Bette was so wholly different from all I had expected that I just sat there and stared at her. All the pat little questions flew out of my mind and I couldn't think of a thing to say.

"Ask me anything you like," she encouraged cheerfully. "I'm not a bit sensitive any more, so go ahead."

She looked like a child as she sat there, cross-legged, on a deep-cushioned divan in her dressing room. She is much slighter, more delicately made, than one would gather from her photographs. Neither does photography give a true idea of her coloring. Her skin is exquisitely fair and her eyes are of palest blue. Her hair is a soft honey-tone, although this, she hastened to inform me, is not its natural shade.

"I really was meant to be a blonde," she explained. "You can see that by my skin and eyes, but I just got the wrong shade of hair, somehow. So I changed it to fit the rest of me."

And so it does. In fact, everything about Bette is clean and white and shining, matching perfectly that soft white-and-gold combination of hair and complexion. Even her candid little confession about her hair is characteristic of Bette. She is honest to the bone, unnecessarily truthful about matters which are nobody else's business, and she expects a similar straightforwardness from others. This is rarely forthcoming, however, and its lack causes constant hurts and disappointment.

Sitting there quietly studying her, I could not understand why she should have had so much difficulty, when first she came to Hollywood, in making a strongly favorable impression. One has only to talk with her for a moment or two to realize that Bette is by no means just another blonde.

She has a keen and brilliant mind, a fine talent, and plenty of the requisite charm and glamour. Yet when first she came to Hollywood, after notable success on the stage, she was considered plain and dowdy, and was given only trivial character bits to play.

Was it possible, I wondered, that her very qualities of honesty and simple straightforwardness should have

Miss Davis is too sensible to take to heart the failure of the Academy to give her the year's award for fine acting in "Of Human Bondage." She knows that fans and critics gave her the prize of their approval beforehand.
stood in her way? Was it true that Hollywood adored temperament and putting on an act more than it admired sincerity and truth? The latter question seemed absurd, but I asked it anyway.

"Yes," she answered solemnly, "Hollywood adores bunk and hooey. It's expected of us. After all, the secret of success lies in finding out what people want and then giving it to them. But if one's so constituted that he just can't dramatize himself, why, it's just too bad. Personally, I can't.

"I see no sense in swathing myself in mystery. I don't want to annex another woman's husband. I haven't time to build up a reputation of being the screen's best-dressed woman, I don't throw cocktail parties, and I don't run around in shorts or trousers. So, you see, as a publicity hound I'm a total loss.

"Take this question of mystery," she went on. "It's all right and perfectly natural for Garbo, but it wouldn't be for me. I'm not a foreigner, I know

She says she was really meant to be a blonde but somehow got the wrong shade of hair. So she changed it to match the rest of her.

hundreds of people and like them, so why put on the shrinking-violet act? It wouldn't ring true. And I'm just enough of an actress to want all my acting, both on and off screen, to ring true. Else why do it?"

What she didn't say, but what we all know, is that too many of our "publicity-shy" stars are overdoing their stuff. They are fond of telling any one who will listen to them how very little the press means to them, yet they rarely make a move without notifying every writer and reporter in town, with the coy suggestion that a cameraman come along to take pictures of the event.

But you don't catch Miss Davis putting on that kind of act. She doesn't have to. Neither do you hear tales of her personal extravagance. She owns no Beverly Hills estate, no Riviera villa, no Lido cabana. She lives in a charming house with lovely, spacious grounds, but she rents—she doesn't own it.

"Why should I buy the place?" she asks, "I won't last forever in pictures. Nobody does. And when my day is over I'll want to go back to New England. Besides, I think it criminal extravagance to pay such prohibitive prices for things. One can live

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Grace Bradley, left, leans toward the nautical with her white sports dress trimmed with brass buttons. Note the low-heeled white buckskin oxfords.

For street wear, Madge Evons, lower right, chooses this navy blue and white print with piqué collar of white.

And isn't Ethelredo Leopold's two-piece white knitted bathing suit, below, a perfect dream?

Above, Genevieve Tobin wearing a honey-colored knitted bouclé frock. Left, Betty Furness in an evening gown of double-faced satin in toupe, lined with a soft peach.
A complete selection of just the right thing to wear for whatever the occasion may be. Negligée, sportswear, afternoon and evening dress, and beach clothes.

Whether the costumes be sheer, heavy or abbreviated, lovely Elizabeth Allan is sure to show them off effectively. Here is England's charmer in three delightful outfits.

This lovely turquoise-blue soufflé negligée worn by Miss Allan was designed by Adrian.

Another negligée created by Adrian is this sky-blue crinkled velvet. Cording of velvet around the neck and waist.

For a play suit, Miss Allan suggests this navy blue and white linen with shorts laced up the side.
“THE WEDDING NIGHT.”
Gary Cooper and Anna Sten are an inspired combination of stars, and it was inspiration that brought them together. They are singularly alike. They have similar emotional reserve and kindred reliance of expression. Always their acting murmurs more than shouts. Small wonder, then, that their professional union here is exceedingly happy and their picture grave and true and poignant. It tells a simple, tragic story and has the advantage of characters drawn with intelligence and acted with skill under the direction of King Vidor. Miss Sten is Manya Nowak, daughter of Polish settlers in Connecticut, who is about to marry a man of her father’s choice. Then Mr. Cooper and his wife move into his bleak farmhouse. He is a novelist with nothing to write about until gradually Manya stirs in him the desire to write about her. As their love becomes real, so does his novel take form. He makes their story his story. Wisely his wife faces the situation without taunt or tantrum. You won’t mind the unhappy ending because it’s poetic and logical though as sad as a lonely, bleak road. Quietly absorbing, the picture has subtle values and undercurrents. You are made to feel that environment and nature shape the destiny of the characters for they are as real as the soil and the snow. Helen Vinson exceeds any performance she has ever given in making the wife intelligently aware and erasing all thought of her as merely a disagreeable stumblingblock. Ralph Bellamy is fine, too, as Manya’s crude hench.

“RUGGLES OF RED GAP.”
More than heartily funny, more than a great comedy, this is a splendidly patriotic picture more sincerely moving than any tearful flag-waving that you have ever seen. It touches and comforts and satisfies. Best of all, it revives one’s faith in human nature and teaches tolerance, too. But it is no obvious preaching. It is glorious entertainment. The well-known story has an American cattleman visiting Paris and winning a typical English valet in a poker game, taking Ruggles, the servant, back with him to Red Gap and introducing him to local society as Colonel Ruggles of the British Army. The loudest laughs come from the forlorn attempts of the valet to cease being a subordinate and achieve equality, and to adapt himself to the customs of the Far West in 1908. In the end he proves himself a truer American than any of his scoffers. Charles Laughton in this rich and attractive rôle is inspired by genius, a master of comedy and pathos in what is the most brilliant of all his performances.

“THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH.”
Peter Lorre, who made a profound impression as the child murderer in that gruesome German film, “M,” is seen here in another study of depravity. He is the smiling, brooding head of a band of archcriminals who kidnap Nova Pilbeam. Her distracted parents dare not report the plot they have accidentally discovered to murder a foreign envoy in London and perhaps start another war. This is only a bare hint of the motivation. The fascination of the picture lies in the acting, the unusualness of the story and the ingenious twists of the plot. So superior and intelligent is all this that one forgives muddy photography, faulty recording and blurred speech which frequently sounds like words swallowed. You will glean how exciting the picture is when I tell you that Mr. Lorre directs one of his men to shoot the diplomat at a concert while the music is loudest. At the same time the mother dares not make an outcry from her seat because it will mean death to her daughter. This is the most extraordinary melodrama in a long time.
PICTURE PLAY’S HONOR LIST

Best performances are more than best this month—they are great. Examples: Charles Laughton’s in “Ruggles of Red Gap,” Charles Boyer’s in “Private Worlds,” and Helen Vinson scores twice, in “The Wedding Night” and “Private Worlds.” Claudette Colbert surpasses anything she has ever done in “Private Worlds,” too. In fact, this is the picture that positively must be seen.

And don’t pass up “The Wedding Night,” “Ruggles,” and “Naughty Marietta,” the queen of operettas.

“LET’S LIVE TO-NIGHT.”

With Harvey, Tullio Carminati, and Hugh

picture its escapees and sublimations, for

man emotion far more real than the stock figures of

writers. The picture is never highbrow or strained, however. Every moment poignantly reveals truth about people. It also proclaims the increasing talent of favorite players, all of whom top every previous effort. Even Claudette Colbert gives her best of many performances because she never has had an assignment to equal this, the only mature character she has ever played. But it is Charles Boyer who is the sensational discovery. Unless all signs fail, he looms as the great star the screen has been waiting for.

“NAUGHTY MARIETTA.”

Here is operetta as it never has been before. The enchantment of Victor Herbert’s incomparable melodies is combined with wit, charm and dramatic credibility. For the first time you actually feel the emotions of singing characters instead of looking upon them as musical-comedy dolls. Yet music isn’t incidental by any means. It blends with action just as the spoken word melts into song. The result is a masterpiece of taste, inspiration and perfect entertainment. Remember, “I’m Falling in Love with Some One” and “Sweet Mystery of Life” were composed for this piece. Jeanette MacDonald is glorious as the French princess who runs away to old New Orleans to escape a distasteful marriage and finds happiness with a stalwart trapper in the New World. He is played by Nelson Eddy whose magnificent baritone voice and pleasing appearance bid fair to make him a new screen sensation. He is all the more interesting because he holds great possibilities when his acting shall have acquired polish and a sense of humor.
"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD."

That unusual quality which is Claude Rains's is here in repellent fascination. The glittering eye, the twisted white face are his to portray a guilty soul in torment and he does so more strikingly than any of the obvious actors of "horror" roles. While the unfinished Dickens story with an ending written for this occasion does not make a winning picture, it is an interesting one and captures much of the Dickens flavor which, as every one will agree, is like no other. It does its share in furthering the lore of the great novelist on the screen. If it encourages producers to film other works of the eminent Victorian it will have served a laudable purpose. Anyway, those who are unfamiliar with the story should know that Mr. Rains is a church organist addicted to opium and David Manners is his nephew engaged to the lovely Heather Angel until Douglass Montgomery appears as a dashing, dusky visitor from Ceylon and Mr. Manners drops out of sight after several quarrels with the stranger. Mr. Montgomery sets about to solve the mystery of Edwin Drood. Neither exciting nor touching, the picture steadily holds interest.

"THE LITTLE COLONEL."

Until you see Shirley Temple dance with Bill Robinson, the Negro genius of tapping, you have no complete idea of her amazing capabilities. For she holds her own beside the stage celebrity in the delicate precision of intricate steps and the prettiest black-stockinged legs ever seen, not forgetting quaint costumes that make her even more adorable than ever. But in capitulating to her enchanting person you will not overlook her genius for acting, which is even more apparent in this than in earlier pictures. Carefully calculated to afford her the greatest emotional range, the story is important only for what she gives it, and she gives it plenty. Never merely cute, she plays her scenes with understanding and authority, her moods as smooth and clear-cut as those of a veteran and all proclaiming a great gift which cannot be weighed or analyzed. The charm of leisurely Southern life is a pretty background, with Lionel Barrymore a testy, irascible grandfather to hold out against Shirley for reel after reel and then to take her in his arms while Technicolor roses bloom as fiercely as on an Italian postcard.
number employing countless girls at revolving, white pianos which is startling and tasteful.

“Living on Velvet.”—Warners. Kay Francis. This film, like so many others, is based on a famous European jayant, but doesn’t warrant the strain and cost of bringing it to the screen. The casting, characters, and setting are all well below average. The story is weak and the photography is not up to the standards set by previous efforts.

“Show of Doubt.”—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Constance Collier, duchess of many years ago, returns to the stage in a role that isn’t quite as good as her previous efforts. She is accompanied by a cast of talented actors, including J. Carrol Naish and Clara Bow. The film is well-directed and has a solid script, but it falls short of excellence.

“Gold Diggers of 1933.”—Warners. There are several new roles for the Warners sisters, but the film is not as well received as its predecessor. The story is weak and the characters are not well-developed. However, the photography is quite lovely, and the musical numbers are well-choreographed.

“Farewell to Love.”—Gaumont-British. An elaborate mounted and gorgeously caparisoned play of the eighteenth-century court, it attempts to portray the emotions of the characters. Despite the grandeur of the setting, the acting is not as strong as one might expect. The dialogue is somewhat stilted, and the overall effect is somewhat lacking.

“Welcome Back, John Smith.”—Warners. Joel McCrea is back as John Smith, this time in London. The film is well-acted and directed, but it fails to capture the spirit of the original story. The romantic scenes are well-handled, but the action sequences are not as exciting.

“Scandal.”—Fox. A musical of the marabou-and-spangles era of decoration, this is further embellished by George White who modestly plays George White in the stellar role, leaving such cinema favorites as James Dunn and Alice Faye to play second fiddle.

“Shadow of the Thin Man.”—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The Thin Man returns, this time as a private investigator. The film is well-directed and has a solid script, but it falls short of excellence.

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EVERYBODY remembers Warner Baxter's remarkable portrayal of the romantic, devil-may-care, broken-accented hero of "The Cisco Kid" a few years ago. So well indeed is he remembered in this role that many fans have insisted on seeing him in another like it. Here, then, is the popular Mr. Baxter's answer to that demand—a glimpse of him as he will appear in "Under the Pampas Moon," the dashing story of a South American gaucho. His heroine is the tiny Armida who returns to films after a long absence.
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I can hear the indignant roar of thousands of fans. Such heresy is almost enough to start an army marching on Hollywood to slaughter unbelievers who do not think that Hepburn is the greatest actress ever.

The truth is somewhere between these two extremes of opinion. One thing is certain: Katie is what the doctor ordered for the screen. Be it known that her original off-screen act did not exactly dupe the wiser movie heads. They took it with a grin, a thoughtful grin.

"I knew," one of them told me, "that if Katie could put on the screen what she has in real life—her showmanship, her genius for startling, her original and forceful way of doing things—she could be made into a great star. The sort of star who is not dependent on the stories you give her. People come to see her. Just like people watch her in real life."

Some very odd facts of Miss Hepburn's life, when put together piece by piece, give us clues to the mystery of this strange, dominating personality.

One statement in the mass of published misinformation about Katharine's early development contains a half-truth. It attributes her mastery of showmanship to practice since childhood, and her motive for learning it to the fact that she was an ugly duckling, who used it to attract the attention her plainness denied her.

Actually, the ugly-duckling theory doesn't hold water. Katharine was not unusually plain, and we all know that beauty doesn't determine popularity in childhood. The real truth is that she couldn't become interested in girls' games.

It was the boys with whom she wanted to rove, because their sports attracted her. Handicapped by being a girl, she devised stunts, and in addition set about, with characteristic courage and determination, the task of making herself better at boyish sports than most of her masculine associates. She made the boys accept her, while competent testimony shows that girls also were attracted to Katharine, admiring her devil-may-care courage and initiative.

But because she associated so much with boys, Katharine took on a phase of their typical attitude toward girls. Worshipful, admiring members of her own sex often made her hashful and uncomfortable. This persisted even to the day of her stage work in New York. Even, as we shall see, to Hollywood. A typical instance of it is afforded by the oft-cited Lucrezia Bori anecdote. Katharine had longed to meet Miss Bori, but when she finally had the chance, she was stricken almost dumb by bashfulness. She left that meeting furious with herself, feeling Miss Bori must surely think her a nitwit.

However, Katharine formed some remarkably deep and lasting friendships with girls. Her best friend of the years, Laura Harding, is supposed to have contributed much to the strategies of Katharine's Hollywood campaign. The list of girls whom Hepburn has befriended is a long one. Most in the news is Adalyn Doyle, formerly the star's stand-in. Katie went to bat for Adalyn with producers, and obtained film tests which led to the stand-in's acting career. She has also befriended countless extra girls, maids, hairdressers, and others at her studio.

Katharine's benevolent attitude toward members of her own sex, and her easy, hail-fellow-well-met comradeship with men have similar origins. Her childhood association with boys on a basis of equality gave her a sense of confidence, comradeship, and strength to spare. And days spent in the company of her mother when Mrs. Hepburn talked women's rights with rebels such as Emma Goldman, helped to steer her mental development aside from the rutted path of convention.

Her marriage to Ludlow Smith has been described as "flight to the comfort and safety of strong arms." This bit of fantasy strikes a jarring note. It is so woefully out of the Hepburn character.

Investigation reveals that Katharine's marriage, far from being a safety-seeking affair, was to her a daring adventure. She gambled with her future, daring marriage to interfere. Like most marriages, too, hers had its secondary motives. It was a love affair, of course, but there were various little satisfactions beyond love for stormy-petrel Katharine. Triumph, for instance, over those who thought she was too homely to catch a handsome, distinguished husband.

Divorce was inevitable. She was too free a soul. When some one approached her for denying, during early Hollywood days, that she was married, she is said to have explained simply: "Even then, I no longer felt married."

She dodges news cameramen because she knows how much to her screen charm good photography contributes, and how bad "candid" photos usually are. The original reason why she stopped giving interviews to the press has not been told. It seems that at first several women interviewed her, but no men. Finally a formidable and aggressive female writer talked to her, taking many notes. Katie viewed with alarm. When freed at last she sought out a studio press agent and asked him if all magazine writers were like that one. "Most of them," he admitted. He knew not what he did! For, after a moment's thought Katie made her famous pronouncement: "Then I'm through giving interviews!"

A voracious reader of movie magazines since she reached her earliest teens, Katharine has never felt toward them the aversion often charged to her. On the contrary, she still reads them with interest. Her Garbo-like silence may have become a fixed habit because it proved convenient and a good attention-getter, but she did not follow it with the movie-crashing strategy, nor continue it because she is afraid of the press or unfriendly toward it.

If many a girl Katharine has befriended owes her a debt of gratitude, the star in turn owes the women of the country her film success. Like Garbo, and unlike Harlow and West, Katie is a star because women rather than men are her most doting fans. Women see Harlow and West to find out what it is about them that so intrigues their husbands and boy friends. They see Hepburn because she is their own particular star.

Her attraction for them is quite likely akin to that which made girl playmates of her childhood admire her, which lured them away from their dolls and playhouses and more conventional companions to become interested in the screen. Katharine has simply extended her circle of followers from the few to the millions. Women see in what she is and does the things they would be and do, if they dared. They view her as a woman who is strong and courageous enough to ask no quarter, resort to no subterfuge.
loyalty to its past traditions. This year she declared that she plans to leave Hollywood flat, that money is the only advantage the films offer, and that there is such a thing as getting too much money. Hollywood has an idea that Helen may be kidding just a little. She's on tour in "Mary of Scotland."

Saving Gable's Soul.—Poor Clark Gable had to stand a lot of ribbing about being prayed for by members of a church in his old home town, and everybody wanted to know how he "was serving the devil of lust." Clark himself has some curiosity on the subject, too.

Jack Oakie, who worked with Clark on "The Call of the Wild," was, at last reports, endeavoring to convert Clark by preaching to him, but without much success. Jack took on the duty because he raised such a long beard for the picture that he looked like a biblical patriarch.

Anyway, it may all suggest a new religious film to some producer.

And So To Bed!—The two o'clock closing law was recently enforced at the dive, dance, and toast spots of Hollywood, and the races moved up to San Francisco. This has served to slow down the pace in the film town. Said pace was pretty hectic for two or three months after the first of the year, and now a lot of stars are busy having the crows' feet ironed out and getting rid of the dark circles under their eyes.

Rescued From Exile.—Wera Engels has had some good luck at last. She was on the verge of being deported, when MGM came to the rescue and signed her up. Also they just about saved Steffi Duna from exile by giving her a job in a picture. Both stars were caught in a jam over stricter enforcement of immigration laws. Miss Engels, just a week or so before the tide turned for her, bid Hollywood a tearful farewell at a going-away party given in her honor. She went to Ensenada in Mexico, expecting to remain for an indefinite period. Then MGM called her back. We're very curious as to why she and Ivan Lebedeff don't get married.

E'en Death Has Its Sting.—The truth is out about the cost of a funeral in Hollywood. It has been a sort of prohibited topic of discussion, but was recently brought into the spotlight when Mrs. Bonita Gan- thony, sister of Marie Dressler, complained about the expense of the star's obsequies.

Items listed included $6,650 for a casket, $2,770 for cemetery and crypt expenses, $100 for the clergyman, $250 for the undertaker's services, and $230 for bronze tablets and crypt vases. Mrs. Ganthony declared it was too much, and that because of the Dressler bequests, little or nothing would be left from the estate for herself. And hasn't it always been thus with the fortunes that stars leave to surviving relatives!

Tempests of Teaming.—The Stan Laurel-Olive Hardy split-up received a lot of attention, and looked like the real thing. However, we can hardly believe it. Despite that everybody asserted the trouble was between Laurel and the studio, we keep hearing from the inside that it was truly between Laurel and Hardy. Teamed stars never get along particularly well together.

The Divorce Jamboree.—A terrific number of marital smash-ups were recently recorded. Those who are getting divorces include Lila Lee, Jack Kirkland, former husband of Nancy Carroll, who parted from his subsequent wife; Gwili André, Alice White, Anita Page, Elinor Fair, Onslow Stevens, and various others. The chains that bind are fully broken for one or two of them. Jean Harlow also managed to procure her freedom a month or so ago, but won't be able to wed Bill Powell for nearly a year under the California law.

Lil's Shadow Returning.—It will be very strange to see Lilyan Tashman in "Frankie and Johnny," more than a year after her death. Retakes were recently shot for this film, the last in which she appeared. "Frankie and Johnny" was one of the few films that was made into a "horrible example" by the Hays office at the height of the church war. Some of its scenes have been modified, with Chester Morris and Helen Morgan re-doing portions of their roles. They are the leads in the production, and Miss Tashman acted the part of Nellie Bly.
“Home, Home on the Range!”—Maxine Jones, daughter of Buck Jones, and Noah Beery, Jr., son of Noah Beery, the screen “villain” are getting married. Which strikes us as the most remarkable movie match in a long while. Jones has always played in Westerns, and Beery has been the heavy in many he-man melodramas. We suggest cowboy tunes as appropriate music for the wedding.

New Crosby Menace.—Dixie Lee, the soothsayers forecast, will soon have as big a career as her husband, Bing Crosby. She replaced June Knight in “Redheads on Parade,” which is one of those very elaborate films. Dixie’s picture, “Love in Bloom,” wasn’t such a hot number, but neither was Crosby’s “Mississippi.” It would be funny if the old Hollywood teeter-totter took a turn and lifted the wife above the husband in fame in this particular instance. Bing has swept everything before him thus far, while Dixie has been in the background—except that she attained very special celebrity by becoming the mother of twins.

Jinx Stalks June.—Bad luck has dogged June Knight, what with the marital crash, suits by agents, and illness. These forced her to leave the cast of “Redheads on Parade.” And there’s no joking about that.

The Sympathetic Heroine.—Bette Davis might just as well have captured the Academy statuette for the best feminine acting performance of 1934. Claudette Colbert won it. But Bette got most of the publicity, because she had so many ardent supporters, who thought her portrayal in “Of Human Bondage” was outstanding. Shirley Temple was given a miniature statuette for her achievements. It was a special award. And Shirley said “Thank you!” in her very best manner, while Irvin Cobb spoke of her as if she were an angel from heaven.

Are Blue-bookers Snoopy?—Oh, what a mix-up in the romances of the younger set! And it may portend a new feud between the film and social worlds.

Anita Louise seemed to be engaged to Kelly Anthony, son of a wealthy automobile dealer, and the next day it rained, so to speak. She sent back her ring, and Anthony denied that there was anything to the betrothal idea.

Also, we rather thought that Rochelle Hudson was engaged to Harry M. Eichelberger, Jr., and then he dispatched a telegram from the high seas—being en route to Europe at the time—saying there was nothing to it. Two slaps from the society boys right in a row!

We assume that Miss Louise and Tom Brown are going to keep steady company from now on. It was sudden and surprising when everything appeared to be over between them.

Dolores Rated Perfect.—Dolores del Río gets a beauty rating again. Busby Berkeley, trying to arrive at weight and height of the ideal American girl, deduced 118 pounds as the proper weight and five feet four inches as proper height. And those are exactly Dolores’s specifications. Busby surveyed more than one hundred girls of his dancing chorus to come to this conclusion, and that was the average for that number.

A group of international beauty experts declares 100 pounds, and five feet one inch was the ideal, but Berkeley disputed this. The films set about the most general standard of beauty, and the chorus girls are supposed to crystallize that palpitude.

Virginia Reid’s laugh leaves William Bakewell wondering whether the beautiful blonde believes that tall story he’s telling her or not.

Tibbett Snubs Marxes.—The Marx Brothers got nicely snubbed by Lawrence Tibbett when a story went out to the effect that they desired to have him sing in their picture, “A Night at the Opera.” It sounded like a great idea, especially from the Marx standpoint, but Larry would have none of it. He is determined to make his return to the screen in the most dignified manner possible. Consequently a Metropolitan Opera House story is being written for him, in which he will be the singer-hero. The film is called “The Diamond Horseshoe.”

Chevalier Friend in Début.—If you’re interested in catching a glimpse of Maurice Chevalier’s friend, the Countess de Magret, you’ll be able to do this in “China Seas,” in which she has been playing a part with Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, and Wallace Beery. The countess is a widow, her husband, a prominent French wine merchant during his lifetime, having passed away about a year ago. Chevalier and she knew each other abroad, and when she arrived in Hollywood he suggested that she take a screen test. It was also hinted, though denied, that they were romantically interested.

Nobility Flourishing.—It’s strange how many titled people are lingering about in movieland nowadays. Hollywood is one of the few places in the world where regal glamour still prevails, which is probably the reason so many of the nobility take up residence there. Also, they can eke out a living in pictures when they are impoverished, as many of them are. Notable among those who have arrived is Sigvard Bernadotte, grandson of the King of Sweden. He had relinquished his title prior to coming to America, because he desired a career without it. He formerly directed for Ufa, in Berlin, and is now with MGM.

Pat’s Friends See Style.—Pat O’Brien did his duty nobly by his wife when she recently opened a dress shop. He managed to gather a group of his men friends to attend the formal première. They included Frank McHugh, Lyle Talbot, Jimmy Gleason, Johnny Mack Brown, Joe E. Brown, Robert Armstrong, and Allen Jenkins. Pat wined and dined them before they went to the fashion show to put them in a good humor. Then he marched them right into the opening style parade of mamequins.

Gleason was the most difficult to whine into line. He wanted to duck when they arrived, but finally was prevailed on to come into the shop, and then commenced to cut up by playing hide-and-seek behind the store dummies, and posing as a mannequin.

Troubles Pursue Spence.—Poor Spencer Tracy! He has had another one of those “experiences.” He ran into John Law down in Arizona, even to the extent of a fistcuffs with the police. It apparently all started when he had an argument over the phone with his wife in Hollywood. He was in Yuma at the time, and was accused of making too much noise in a hotel. The whole thing was more or less a tempest in a teapot, and though it was thought that Tracy would lose out in “The Farmer Takes a Wife,” his picture with Janet Gaynor, as a result, he was retained in the cast. Somehow a Tracy misdemeanor can’t be taken too seriously—he’s such a likable chap personally. And he is in great favor at the Fox studio.
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slink away, crushed by injustice? Or brazen it out, with a few friends faithful? This woman has been called callous. I know better—I saw her soul in travail.

The young actress, naively eager, who drove the old family car barefoot. I took her to a preview at which, with a quivering hand, she actually touched Enid Bennett, and raved about it for days.

Five years later, in her Beverly mansion, she was entertaining eminent authors. My invitations had become rare but, you see, I still wrote nice articles. I referred tactlessly to those ingenuous days of barefoot driving and gurgling enthusiasm.

The atmosphere froze into a faint silence, broken by her high-pitched denial and her glance of daggers. My invitations were no longer rare; they were nil.

A tea in Valentino's studio bungalow, his last Hollywood party. Reporters, kneeling around a pile of greenbacks, shooting cops, each man begging me to throw for him. Because, with beginner's luck, I invariably turned up the demanded numbers—without the faintest notion of the game's technique. I like to recall the Rudy of that day, amused, a smiling, graceful shadow that seemed to brood beneath its fluid charm.

Florence Vidor, a pale candle flame, telling me, in carefully modulated tones, how she and King preserved their marriage by mental science. A few years later, an equally tranquil Florence, in the same peaceful room, describing to me the quick-controlled tenor of her life as Mrs. Jascha Heifetz. Same system, but different husbands.

"The Pony Express" location on a Wyoming prairie. I was the only girl reporter along. Dutifully each morning I appeared on the set, bursting with rapid-fire questions. Betty Compson sweet in old-fashioned dress, Ricardo Cortez in picturesque garb but grumbling at his curled hair, Ernest Torrence warbling old ballads. In the background a reek George Bancroft, hat in hand, appreciative of the least notice. "Big Boy" Bancroft to-day swaggers, a self-confessed genius.

Director Jim Cruze was quizzically suspicious when I failed away each day after lunch until he too knocked off early to attend the rodeo. Evening gatherings of the troupe, meandering through the hotel and sprawling into the town. Once a group of us barged into a local Elks' dance—and not an Elk in our gang!

I still have the five-gallon hat that Jim bought me. He generously promised to order for me a pair of twenty-dollar boots but, unfortunately, the Scotch ran out and I never got them.

Myrtle Gebhart Looks Back

Weddings, from simple ceremonies to the Goldwyn-staged pageantry of the La Roque-Banky nuptials, humorously chronicled by the discovery of a prop turkey on the buffet table. Luncheons in the Pickford bungalow, with titles as plentiful as salt cellars, electric talk in a running fire up and down the table. Guests walking on a carpet of gardenias at a Bill Haines party. The Swanson butlers and footmen, clad in silk knee breeches, during her exclamatory era.

Buster Keaton, in evening clothes, arriving at a premiere on a motorcycle, his wife in the side car. Hollywood copying Corinne Griffith's Lalique fad until even radiator caps were of Lalique glass. Hedda Hopper pencilling her eyelashes green, Alice White introducing the stock-in-trade craze. Clara Bow reporting for a business conference in a bathing suit and sporting unruly, vermilion-colored hair.

Garbo, plump, awkward and scared, with a hole in her cotton stocking, puzzled that they posed her with animals. Garbo, secluded and aloof to-day.

Shy Dietrich, in a bountiful frock and flower-decked picture hat, frightened eyes begging our approval, her introductory luncheon an ordeal. Marlene to-day, trousered and distant, marching past us without a glance.

 Mildred Davis in a white skirt and blue middy washing the dishes, with Harold Lloyd drying them, in her parents' bungalow, while I grinned. Mild and Harold haven't changed one iota. They revive one's faith in humanity, even in Hollywood.

Mary Pickford in a protean parade of seasonal personalities from the ingénue genius to the chatelaine of duke-clogged Pickfair, but always kind. Bill Hart, silent and sad, trying with "Tumbleweeds" an unsuccessful comeback.

In a silk dress and new shoes, I rustled and squeaked to my first interview. The victim, Thomas Meighan, was patient. I was dumb with fright.

I have never approached an interview without panic, have never emerged from one without a sigh of relief. Defective hearing adds to the strain of getting a story from players. I've only heard about half of what they've said to me these past ten years. At that—well, let's get on.

They forget my infirmity and I dislike asking continually for repetitions. Probably bewildered stars have thought me abstracted—or worse.

John Davis Lodge's voice dropped into a drone and I gave up trying to raise its timbre by perplexed frowns and murmured reminders. When it ceased, I asked a question, hoping with a switch of subject to start him off again in more resonant tone. Exasperated, he regarded me, and boomed out: "I just got through telling you about that!"

Highlights—handshakes—heartaches—highballs—headaches—I think I'll make hooked rugs for a living.


Here is Margot Grahame, distinguished English actress who is about to make a Hollywood début with Victor McLaglen. Their picture is "The Informer."
Robert Montgomery feels that all his roles have been much too easy for him. He wants to do more of the serious acting he handled so well in "Biography of a Bachelor Girl" and "Vanessa: Her Love Story."

By Katharine Hartley

NOT long ago when I went to see the preview of Robert Montgomery and Ann Harding in "Biography of a Bachelor Girl," I was a bit amazed at the new and different type of rôle that Bob was playing. Kurt in that picture was just about as serious-minded a young fellow as I have ever run across. He was very intense about everything, and scarcely had a light moment about anything. I thought Bob played the part remarkably well. It was an excellent job of acting.

as a matter of fact. But I must be frank to admit I wondered what the Montgomery fans were going to think about it. Maybe they would be disappointed because he wasn’t, in that picture, the Bob Montgomery they had expected to see. Since "Strangers May Kiss," "Rip Tide," "Hide-out," "Forsaking All Others," and pictures of that type, they have loved Bob as a witty, charming, provocative, and rather irresponsible youth. Now he had suddenly gone serious and sober on them. I wondered what would be the reaction.

I went to see Bob to find out how he felt about it. I asked him if he thought his fans would be disappointed.

"But what Montgomery do you think they expect to see?" he asked me in turn.

"Why, the you of 'Rip Tide,' the goofy, adorable, reckless person that you were in that picture."

Bob groaned. He began walking the floor. "You really think so? Well, I hope you’re wrong. Why should a part like that stand out? If I recall rightly, I wasn’t reckless, witty, or charming in one of the finest things that I ever did in my life. It was 'The Big House'—a serious picture, too, if you remember. I loved doing that one. I liked doing the serious rôle in 'Biography,' and the part in 'Vanessa' gripped me. In 'Rip Tide' and 'Strangers May Kiss'—why, I just walked through those roles. They’re easy. They’re not acting, they’re play-acting. I want to act. I want to work for my money. I don’t just want to stand before a camera and act natural—"

So there, the secret was out. Bob had had something to do with his changing rôles.

"Of course I have," he agreed. "I don’t want to stand still in this game. I want to go on doing better things, more difficult things, and doing them well. I only hope that my public—if there really is such a thing"—now, Bob, don’t be coy—"will want to move

Continued on page 74
ROBERT AONTGOMERY

ROB MONTGOMERY has decided to cast aside his witty, irresponsible screen personality to do more worthwhile things. But will the fans let him lead what Bob himself has to say on the subject in the story by Catharine Hartley on the page opposite.

Photo by Stephen McNulty
CONCERNED with the Little Theater Movement are Andrew Toombes, Helen Flint, Johnny Arthur, Billie Burke, and Alison Skipworth, above, and Billie Burke with Will Rogers, right, as Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brown.

In "Doubling Thomas" it is Will Rogers’s ingenuity which preserves the happy home which his wife is about to sacrifice when deceived into believing that she would make a good actress.
Cesar Romeko and Maureen O'Sullivan, above, are lovers in "Cardinal Richelieu." George Arliss, upper right, in the title rôle as the man who secretly ruled the King of France. Right, Francis Lister, Violet Kemble-Cooper, Katherine Alexander, and Douglas Dumbrille, prominently cast.
"Les Miserables" once more comes to life on the screen. This time an audible version of the Victor Hugo masterpiece, headed by the inimitable Fredric March.

Fredric March, upper left, as the handsome Jean Valjean, incarcerated for stealing a loaf of bread. Top of the page, John Beal as Marius, and Rochelle Hudson as Cosette. Jean, above, seeks vengeance upon his persecutor, Javert, played by Charles Laughton. Jean, left, after five years in the galleys.
“Mark of the Vampire” is another hair-raising story surrounding a murder in which vampires, bats and hypnotism help to solve the mystery.

BELA LUGOSI and Carroll Borland, right, as Count Mara and his daughter. In the circle, Lugosi as the terrifying vampire. Lionel Barrymore, below, the Professor, discovers strange marks on the neck of Fedor, Henry Wadsworth. Jessie Ralph, left, as the weird witch woman.
REVENGE

For his return to the screen, Richard Barthelmess has chosen a tense drama called "Four Hours to Kill." An escaped convict, he meets death before the gallows can claim him for a crime he did not commit.

Tea is ready to be served to "The Goose and the Gander" group, consisting of Kay Francis, John Eldredge, Claire Dodd, and Genevieve Tobin. Lower right, sparkling Miss Francis is Georgiana, and below, with George Brent who plays opposite.
SHIRLEY TEMPLE and JOEL McCREA

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is thoroughly happy in "Our Little Girl" until her father and mother, played by Joel McCrea and Rosemary Ames, seem to neglect her for their own interests. After many heartaches, the little family is reunited in a delightful picnic scene in which Shirley charms every one, as usual.
In a recent picture, a short sound track was made of just such a scene and one extra man said, quite clearly, "I want whisky." What it sounded like when it was run over for the sequence was a man demanding wearily but with determination, "I want whisky, I want whisky, I want whisky."

Dubbing in has become a very important part of the production of pictures, more particularly of the new crop of musicals.

When "Enter Madame" was made, it was decided to use part of the second act of "Tosca" in the story which concerns an opera star. Elissa Landi played the opera star, but of course her voice is not equal to the demands of the great Puccini score. So the producer engaged Nina Koschetz to sing the role while Miss Landi acted through the motions. Before this could go on the screen, Miss Landi worked with Madame Koschetz on the score so that she could sing it with very much the same facial expressions and open and close her mouth on the right notes.

When Miss Landi had been sufficiently drilled, she acted out the "Tosca" sequence with great dramatic fire, slightly modifying the vocalizing in order not to mar the effect. A close-up of really strenuous operatic singing is not altogether beautiful and this dubbing in is frequently used for that reason, even when the actress also sings the music as Grace Moore did in "One Night of Love." The café scene in that picture was actually a silent picture, and Miss Moore made a separate sound track of the music of "Ciri-bi-biri-biri." Well, the "Tosca" scenes in "Enter Madame" were made during the day and at night the singers gathered in the deserted studio to furnish the sound. Madame Koschetz had her own very important part to record and this had to be handled with great skill, for her voice is unusually powerful.

Relaxed and comfortable, unhamppered by make-up and costume, not at all the distracted Tosca in the clothes of Scarpia, Madame Koschetz worked with the sound men many hours, recording with endless patience that beautiful music which the audience hears in proper sequences in the finished picture. What the audience does not see are the directors in their shirt sleeves, the orchestra men with their coats off and collars open. Madame Koschetz sitting with a pitcher of lukewarm water beside her and a large handkerchief to mop her brow. All of that is blown out and what we, the audience, get out of it is the music mixed with the action.

Conchita Montenegro, the Spanish actress, introduces a matador's cap as a new note in feminine headgear. Now every girl on the Fox lot is asking if she could wear one with the same nonchalant chic and dash.

The Trick of Dubbing In

Take a picture like "We Live Again" with its heartbreaking sequences in the prison. Fredric March, as the young prince, comes to the prison to see Anna Sten, who has been committed to five years at hard labor in Siberia.

As he goes through the door from the prison office into the jail itself, we hear a confused murmur. Here, an almost overpowering effect was achieved by dubbing in. All the Russian extras in Hollywood had been recruited for that scene.

The women in the jail crowd up against the wire grille, screaming and crying, but no definite word emerges from the confusion. On the other hand, the words are lost in the roar for they were recorded at the same time.

"I can't hear you!" she cries and suddenly, as she speaks, the crowd noise is dimmed again. Then Mr. March turns angrily to the jailor and speaks to him and we hear that as distinctly as if he were speaking in a quiet room.

What has happened? The sound man, working on his instrument panel, has played on his set of buttons as a musician plays on a piano, increasing and lowering the volume of mob sound and then, abruptly, cutting it off so Mr. March's speech can get over to the audience. These effects were achieved on the film after all the preliminary tracks had been made and finally recorded on unexposed film, ready to be used for actual picturization.

In all such complicated scenes, while it is not all beer and skittles, a great deal of fun is often had out of them. Sometimes the artists who are engaged to provide music for dubbing in get paid by inadvertence, so to speak.

One of the major studios sent for a male quartet for a sequence in which the hero of the story serenaded his lady-love with the help of his male companion. The leading man had to sing the voice whatever, so the tenor of the quartet was expected to sing solo, with the others joining in and harmonizing. The leading man took his place under the balcony with a prop guitar. The men of the quartet sat idly by waiting for the scene to finish. The hero went through the motions of singing and strumming on the guitar, the Light-of-His-Eyes supposedly heard the serenade and came steaming out upon the balcony. The cameras ground merrily on.

Suddenly there was a wrenching noise, the leading woman let out a scream and made a frantic clutch at the balcony rail as the whole piece of scenery sagged forward. The balcony was not equal to her weight. But it did not come off, it just slumped down with tearing and grinding noises.

The lady was rescued and the set bolstered up. The quartet ambled up to the pay window, collected their checks for the day and went home. They got an extra day's pay for that little mishap.

The science of dubbing in has made possible some remarkable effects in talking pictures. There's the man who talks for Popeye, the woman who cackles like a hen; Walt Disney himself speaks every time Mickey Mouse utters a squeak. Watch for some of these sound effects and see if you can detect dubbing in from straight sound-recording.
Your Vacation in Hollywood—and the Cost

Continued from page 14

"Do you know where Laura Hope Crews lives?" asked John. "Sure!"

Promptly at four o'clock, they were parked in front of the address, and for two hours they watched the famous of the movie colony enter the charming mansion.

At last Jane drew a deep sigh.

"Well," she said, "I guess it's all over. Five days in Hollywood! I never dreamed that we could do it. Wasn't it wonderful?"

"We'll have to turn in the car before we can get ourselves out of the hotel," said John. "Look—" and he showed Jane the itemized list:

Monday:
- Taxi to Roosevelt Hotel: $2.35
- Hotel: $6.00
- Lunch, Brown Derby: $2.50
- Tip: $0.50
- Taxi to Chinese Theater: $3.50
- Theater tickets: $2.20
- Cocktails, sandwiches: $1.50
- Tip: $0.25

Tuesday:
- Hotel: $6.00
- Telephone calls for car: $0.30
- Car rental: $4.50
- Breakfast at Roosevelt: $1.00
- Tip: $0.25
- Lunch at Universal: $1.50
- Tip: $0.15
- Dinner, Russian Eagle: $3.70
- Tip: $0.30
- Eight tickets: $6.60
- Parking for fights: $0.25
- Parking for night at hotel: $0.50

Wednesday:
- Hotel: $6.00
- Car rental: $4.50
- Breakfast at Munchers: $1.00
- Tip: $0.25
- Lunch at Sardi's: $1.70
- Two sherrys: $0.50
- Tip: $0.25
- Guide to stars' homes: $1.00
- Dinner, Beverly Wilshire: $3.00
- Tip: $0.50
- Previews: Ritz Theatre: $2.00
- Parking for night: $0.50

Thursday:
- Hotel: $6.00
- Car rental: $4.50
- Breakfast: $1.00
- Tip: $0.25
- Lunch near Malibu: $0.50
- Tip: $0.25
- Dinner, Roosevelt: $2.00
- One bottle wine: $1.50
- Tip: $0.50
- El Capitan: $3.30
- Parking for night: $0.50

Friday:
- Hotel: $6.00
- Car: $4.50
- Breakfast-lunch at Lemon: $1.50
- Tip: $0.25
- Red carfare: $0.25
- Yellow cab: $0.15

Total: $108.60

So they turned the car in, bailed themselves out of the hotel, and rode to the station on the street car.

"It's sort of an inglorious retreat, isn't it, honey?" asked John.

"It's all been a glorious treat," said Jane.

The Lure of the Stage

Continued from page 35

The man and friendly, will never go back to Hollywood unless he is offered a part worth doing. For which no one can blame him.

He's generally thought of as a stage player borrowed by movies from his original habitat, but his acting career began in silent pictures made in the East. He likes playing in them but — in "Point Valaine," he the Noel Coward play in which he was costarred with the mighty team of Lunt and Fontanne, Perkins had an outlet for his many talents, a part an actor could dig his teeth into.

"I don't know why they ever had me out in Hollywood," he says frankly. "They had me doing glorified walk-ons and they were paying me far more than necessary for that sort of thing. I won't go back there to repeat past performances. It's much too dull doing walk-ons. I might get what I want in pictures if I signed a long-term contract, but I love the theater and I won't give up what's mine in it."

Constance Cummings, who frankly says that she wants to go back to Holly-wood, has been having a grand time on Broadway in spite of being unbearable lonely for her husband, Ben W. Levy, who came to direct her play and then returned to Lon- don to supervise the finishing of their home.

Constance last appeared on Broad-way as an insignificant little chorine. In the play she was featured and fitted. If only Ben had been with her all would have been perfect.

There was an agent, in the chorus days, who used to promise her jobs if she'd dance with him. There was also a large, wicked lupine who used to dock her a day's pay for arriving ten minutes late at rehearsal.

"I was tempted to use my umbrella on that agent when I saw him," Constance grinned impishly. "And I'm afraid I Snooted that stage manager. I love my part in the show and though I'm anxious to get back to Hollywood, there's no rush. I wouldn't leave the show. With our permanent home in London I'll be commuting between New York, Lon- don, and Hollywood from now on. But Benn wouldn't be happy anywhere except in England.

"Do you know, I thought I'd love being back on Broadway with my name in lights and all the things that go with it. But now— You see, this is the first time Benn and I've been separated."

Connie recalls her chorus days with longing. It was such fun, she says, No responsibilities and plenty of dreams and wishes yet to be fulfilled. To-day, being on Broadway or in Hollywood means chiefly being apart from Benn. And an ocean is millions of miles wide when you're young, in love, and lonely.

Just around the corner from the theater where Constance nightly personifies accented youth, Leslie Howard holds forth in "The Petrified Forest" and spends part of the time responding with grave detachment to the hordes of admirers who cluster around the stage door. One of his ways of "responding" is to walk through the throngs of well-wishers, flanked by his wife and daughter, and looking as though he hasn't noticed a thing, positively nothing at all.

Blanche Sweet won the collective slap on the back of the New York critics for her work in Leslie's play. Not only is her performance excellent but she is as lovely, as amusing and unaffected as few picture stars remain after years of celluloid glorification such as has been hers.

"I can't say I like this better than being in pictures," she admitted. "I like the life on the Coast, being outdoors all year round. But as long as my work keeps me here I'm happy. Every one in the show is so pleasant to work with. I have many friends.
here and Hollywood people go back and forth so much now, that if you stay in New York long enough you’ll see all your friends in the course of a year.

"I want to go back, of course, but I’d rather stay here and do the things I want to do than go back to Hollywood just for the sake of going back."

Blanche is too good a sport to talk about her last pictures, but if she won’t, we will. She leaped courageously into the whirlpool of early talkies and suffered, as did so many others, from imperfect recording, executive hazziness, and the general state of earthquake that was Hollywood when first the screen squeaked through its talking babyhood.

In “The Petrified Forest” she proves herself as competent a speaking actress as many in Hollywood. She won’t say she’s headed for home, but unless blindness and deafness suddenly smite the producers, Blanche will be packing her trunks and taking those twinkling blue eyes back to the city she loves.

In the same cast Peggy Conklin, film newcomer who was in “The President Vanishes,” is nonchalant about the prospect of stardom. Peggy, who pranced alongside Connie Cummings in the chorus, discussed her future with an artless smile—or perhaps it was artfully artless.

“I was surprised that I liked Hollywood,” Peggy said between bites of crackers. “So many people I knew didn’t like it at all. I didn’t want to go there. When I saw my test I didn’t think I was any good at all. They thought I was—well, fussy. But I didn’t have the fare to get home and they wanted me to stay. Now I’m due back on June 1st and I’m signed for five years.”

It’s that easy, Peggy implies, so why make a fuss about it? We suspect that secretly she’s a little proud. She graduated from the chorus into small roles, then into the stage production of “The Pursuit of Happyness.”

Among the season’s short-term visitors have been luminous Lilian Bond who earned flattering notices in a play that failed to match her capabilities.

Conway Tearle had a short session on Manhattan’s Main Street in a poor play that didn’t afford audiences convincing reasons for parting with its price.

Helen Chandler suffered the same discouraging fate in a play called “It’s You I Want,” but just before the closing notice went up she discovered it was a new husband she wanted. She’s honeymooning with Bramwell Fletcher just now.

Lillian and Dorothy Gish have become such steady residents on Broadway that youngsters in the audience don’t even realize that the Gishes are Hollywood exiles. Dorothy garnered several especially laudatory adjectives from critics for her performance in “Birute Heaven,” but the play didn’t. Lillian, who had her troubles and triumphs in “Within the Gates,” wound up with a good season’s work when that controversial play closed.

Ethel Merman, booked for at least part-time residence in Hollywood from now on, has spent the season giving those rousing Merman performances in “Anything Goes” and being the toast of the town generally in the musical comedy field.

Openings late in the season brought Jane Wyatt and Walter Connolly in “The Bishop Misbehaves,” a fairish play in which Jane’s lively talents have less opportunity than they deserve. But early in the season she was starred in “Lost Horizons,” in which her work got critical bouquets.

“I’m afraid of pictures,” Jane still insists. “I feel that I don’t belong in them. I’m at home on the stage and that’s my work. Cameras make me self-conscious, nervous. I haven’t liked myself in pictures though ‘Great Expectations’ was better than ‘One More River.’ Hollywood is a grand place to work in. I like people out there, but I’m not cut out for pictures. I know it.”

Carl Laemmle, Jr., evidently doesn’t think so for he has signed her for part of each of five years.

Walter Connolly, who feels two years is too long to be absent from the happy hunting-ground, ought to be happy now that he’s back behind footlights. But he isn’t. Maybe his grumpiness is something that’s grown on him from his testy, irascible screen self. Maybe it’s the headache of owning part of his show and knowing that, as a play, it isn’t up to the Connolly genius. Mrs. Connolly—Nelda Harrigan—also appeared briefly in a play that failed to measure up. But the revered Connolly name is acting as a magnet at the box-office and he’s due for his piece of the adulation pie.

Broadway distributes to strayed lambs who have forsaken the films.

Roland Young, who’s rather vague about things, is sure that he’s glad he’s out of Hollywood. But he’s likely to say he’s glad he’s there when he returns. Supervisors are his phobia at present. He dislikes them with varying degrees of ferocity on different days of the week. In “The Distant Shore” he was snug and safe from supervisors and peaceful amid the clatter of Times Square, where he feels at home.

Mary Rogers represented the Will Rogers family in “On To Fortune,” which unfortunately went on but for one week. But Will dropped in to visit her, though Mary refused to let him pose with her for pictures because she won’t bask in reflected glory. She’s out to capture fame without paternal assistance.

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon are co-starred in “Hollywood Holiday” which reminds us of what we set out to proclaim, namely, that many more holidays from Hollywood will constitute a major menace to the film capital. Though Broadway can be severe and critical with the insincere, she has a capacious bosom. She takes to her heart any and all players who have something to give.

Studio quarrels are ironed out speedily when a star departs in a huff and then conquers Broadway.

Glenda Farrell and Joan Blondell talk as girls will over the cup that cheers in the late afternoon. They’re playing together again in “Traveling Saleslady,” too.
related out here. For instance, recently one from out of town asked me if I would give her the telephone number of Bette Davis. "Why, I haven't even met her," I replied. She was so surprised.

When I first came here I was as green as grass. I bent backward, endeavoring to be gracious and anticipatory. People have the idea I'm not the same girl. Added responsibilities have lessened my time. The greater the fame the greater its responsibilities and criticisms. It's just as I told a cardinal of our church recently in discussing this cleaning up of pictures. "Hollywood is trying," I explained. "Give it a chance and don't forget that too much soiling, even with a child, eventually defeats its purpose."

I did not want to go to Hollywood. I went because every one else was going. People, like sheep, follow in herds. No one is more surprised than I at my staying there.

After the death of my father, Captain Joseph J. Dunne, in St. Louis, I attended the Chicago Conservatory of Music. Later, with my mother, who has been my constant companion since childhood, we went to New York. It was there I entered the professional world. Made a test for the lead in the musical show, "Irene," and won the rôle. After that, I appeared on Broadway and in most of the big cities in light opera and musical comedies. I sang in "Show Boat" for seventy weeks and it was at this time that William Le Baron discovered me and asked me to go to Hollywood.

My first picture, "Leathernecking," was of no particular importance and when the vogue for musical comedies died out, it was only natural to suppose that I was "out" too. But I prevailed upon Mr. Le Baron to give me the part of Sabra Cravat in "Cimarron." I had read the book and had envisioned myself portraying the rôle. He demurred. Tests of hundreds of actresses were made before I was given a chance. That was the first signal of my success and ability as a dramatic actress. It brought me stardom. The rest is celluloid history.

I have been in Hollywood four years and three months. It has given me a greater field of fame, added wealth. It has given me greater responsibilities and less time to perform the multitudinous duties piled on me. I have attained contentment without losing ambition. Contentment, not stagnation. I have loved Hollywood. Hollywood is just what you make it. The medium is here for great accomplishment. I shall remain as long as pictures are interesting.

After that? Who knows? I never attach myself to material things. I am fond of my family and am very self-sufficient. I am not a fatalist, neither do I waste my time planning. Come what may, I shall keep on running my scales just the same. The difference between me and most people is that they are inclined to settle themselves and enjoy life. Sitting back with a smile on their faces with the attitude, "I've done my best. My work is done."

For my part, work is never done.

What It Has Taken From Me

innocence were obscured in small print, almost buried. Hollywood has given me worldwide publicity. It builds up and likewise tears down, oftentimes leaving its scars and wounds. The public in general is quick to forget the kind things, but cleaves like a bulldog to adverse criticism. Don't think I have become cynical or critical. I shall never permit Hollywood, or any other place for that matter, to do that to me.

Picture work, with its great and incessant demands upon my time and strength, has deprived me of social life, friends, especially my New York friends.

I am very fond of golf and motorizing and yet days, weeks, sometimes months, pass and I do not indulge in one of these pleasures. How can I when I arise at six in the morning, go to the studio, work all day, and sometimes sit up at night? I am too weary and preoccupied for anything but rest.

Even between pictures there are demands—interviews, photographs. But with all the pros and cons, I am living and have lived every minute of the day. The future holds even greater prospects. More freedom, for one thing. I am on the threshold of a new adventure.

Upon the completion of "Roberta" I shall, in a measure, become a freelance. With reservations, however, as I shall have the major studios back of me. The first year of my four years' association with RKO, I signed for one year on a weekly basis. Next year by the picture, and later asked for extension of time between films. I have one more picture to make for my home studio. I am scheduled to make my beloved "Show Boat" for Universal, and that's all for the present concerning work and pictures.

I am off in a few days with my husband for my first visit to Mexico City and am thrilled at the prospect. Just think, I am to have six weeks, maybe eight, vacationing.

Among other things, I am going to New York where I shall make arrangements for our apartment and later, when I build my home in Hollywood, I shall commute between the two places. Remember, New York was one of my first loves.

Hollywood has taken, but I shall hold to the heights as I am a determined person and, don't forget, my feet are on the grass!
is a level-headed young woman. But a very pretty head it would always be, whether turned by adulation or not. Now that she has established herself as a dramatic actress, she is to risk a musical—and with Shirley Temple, no less. She was trained as a dancer but did not want to be typified as a song-and-dance girl.

**Shopping for Fun.**—Rochelle saw no point in shopping in New York, because she wears slacks most of the time in California, and the apricot velvet pajamas she was wearing would do anywhere as a hostess gown. But to Claudette Colbert, shopping in New York is the most hilarious form of entertainment. She has attended fashion shows as faithfully as if she were a reporter, bought fourteen pairs of shoes, a vast array of hats from Madame Nicole, and dresses from almost every designer's collection. With her hair now reddish-gold, Claudette looked devastating in a cool shade of leaf-green—shoes, dress, hand bag, and Breton sailor hat—and a dove-gray coat.

**A Machiavellian Orchid.**—If "The Curtain Falls," a book of theatrical reminiscences by Joseph Ver-ner Reed, had been published before Paramount put Mary Ellis under contract, one wonders if they would have been so anxious to get her.

In it, he pays high tribute to her ability as an actress and then proceeds to build up a maliciously revealing portrait that makes her more terrifying than any film monster that Boris Karloff ever portrayed. He attributes to her the "force of a juggling," a terrific vitality attended by diabolical cunning. She is, he says, arresting and vivid, like a leopards stalkling through the jungle. She shattered the nerves of two play directors. But she could invest her roles with rare intensity.

**Early Portrait of Hepburn.**—At the beginning of her stage career, Katharine Hepburn also crossed the path of Mr. Reed. After frantically trying to cast a part in "Art and Mrs. Bottle"—trying to find a girl who was not pretty enough to distract attention from Jane Cowl—in came Hepburn. "She was as rare, as untrue to life, and as moving as a primitive. She was like Alice in Wonderland only more firm, more angular, and she had Alice's alarming youth and tender honesty."

No Time for Moping.—While waiting for the verdict on "All the King's Horses" to come in, Mary Ellis expects to dash over to London to make a picture when she finishes her second for Paramount. British theatergoers adore her. But it is high time for her to have another American triumph. Some ten years ago she was the loveliest débutante to toss off high notes at the Metropolitan. She triumphed in the popular "Rose-Marie," then proved herself a dramatic actress of rare capability in "Dybbuk." Still quite young, she needs film success to round out her amazing career.

**Now One of the Glamour Girls.**—Irene Dunne, long distinguished by her poise and ladylike manner, has suddenly acquired that intangible and evanescent quality known as glamour. "Roberta" revealed it.

She came in New York just as the picture was making box-office history, but the tumult and shouting did not interest her nearly as much as did the fact that at last she was free to spend a few weeks with her husband. Married six years, they have been separated except for brief visits most of that time, since he is a dentist with a large practice in New York.

She wants to arrange her picture schedule so that she can spend more time with him, but her success in

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**STEINWAY**

The Instrument of the Immortals
“Robertta” makes producers unwilling to give her any extended leave of absence. However, she did manage to get time for a lazy trip through the Panama Canal with him and a fortnight in New York. On her return she will appear in “Show Boat” for Universal.

Favorite of a Favorite.—According to Merle Oberon, Noel Coward will revolutionize picture acting when his first film, “The Scooundrel,” is shown.

“He's marvelous, he's wonderful,” she announced when she rushed in from the studio where she had been watching him work. “He is so quiet, so assured, and just wait until you see the scene where he kisses Julie Haydon—you've never seen any one kissed on the screen with such feeling before!” Her words, usually close-clipped in the British manner, tripped over each other in her excitement.

Miss Oberon fairly exudes high spirits and joyousness. She was delighted with the long-coated, all-white lounging pajamas she put on, and disappointed when I did not recognize them as a copy of the ones worn by Garbo in “The Painted Veil.” She roamed around the room, attacking with gusto a ham-and-egg sandwich and kept up a running fire of comment on every one and everything. She liked working with Chevalier,

“He said he wasn't the least bit in love with me—he just wanted to adopt me and keep me around for laughs.” Practically every one else is deliriously and devotedly in love with her. She is a tonic for jaded spirits.

Anything Might Happen.—Hugh O'Connell, one of Broadway's pet actors, has been out in Hollywood under contract to Universal for some time now without causing any great stir, and Broadway resents it. Blandly, affably, and with good-natured calm, Mr. O'Connell accounted for the time of his exile during a brief visit to Manhattan.

“Sometimes in pictures I talk over telephones, sometimes I wave a gun. Maybe in the next one they will let me pace floors and tear up papers.” After drawing a salary for doing nothing for some time, the studio agreed to let him play his original role in the Coast production of “The Milky Way.” After seeing him, a company executive announced that at last he understood the type of roles O'Connell was suited for.

O'Connell puzzled over this statement in the next few weeks, weeks in which the studio showed no interest in him whatever. But just before option time, they extended his contract, so he still hopes to find out what sort of parts the man thought he ought to play.

Opportunity Knocks Twice.—Players toward whom Hollywood once turned a decidedly cold shoulder are being summoned back again. Jack Benny, who was master of ceremonies in the MGM revue some six years ago, has since become an outstanding radio favorite and is now welcome on the lot again. He will preside over their new revue.

Herbert Rawlinson, star of pictures in the dim, distant year of 1915, and since then participant in a record number of Broadway stage failures, is to work for Warners. And Lilian Bond, the prettiest girl Warners ever hired and then made over into a copy of the prevailing popular face, thereafter reducing her to tiny bits, has regained her eyebrows, her natural hair and enthusiasm, and been engaged by MGM for “China Seas.”

Maybe They Will Ignore This.—Paramount is to film the life of Victor Herbert, introducing many of his loveliest melodies. I feel in duty bound to confide to them the late Mr. Herbert's own dictum about the happiest moment of his career. He said that he had most enjoyed conducting the orchestral prelude to a delightful picture on an opening night when the theater was filled with old friends. But stop! The star of the picture was Marion Davies! And Miss Davies works for a rival company.

JOHN BARRYMORE

I think that I shall never see
An actor quite as fine as he;
A man who gives his role the best
He has to give and tops the crest.
His name synonymous with art,
His talent sets him far apart
From all these pretty-pretty boys
Who seem to have mislaid their toys,
May he live on for many years,
To draw our laughter and our tears.
He takes my mind off humdrum things;
And lends my lagging spirit wings.

MARGARET MARKHAM.

Tullio Carminati guides that glamorous newcomer, Mary Ellis, through the romantic bypaths of “Paris in Spring,” their first musical together.
Information, Please
Continued from page 8

PHILIP J. SCHACCA—Colleen Moore and Spencer Tracy had the leads in "The Power and the Glory." For a photograph of Norma Shearer, address Metro-Goldwyn. Robert Donat is to make "Robin Hood." Carol Lombard is playing in "Rumba."

MARY LOU—Both Eric Linden and Sari Maritta are free-lance players, but you might write to Universal for a photo of the former, and to Mascot Pictures, 6001 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, for one of Miss Maritta.

HOUNDS OF BELLAMY—That is the only address we have for Ralph Bellamy, and the article in March Picture Play entitled, "The Fate of Your Fan Letter," convinces us that the gentleman is very conscientious about his fan mail. I doubt if Mr. Bellamy made a picture while in London.

P. LAWRENCE—Frankie Darro has appeared in so many pictures that there isn't space here to print all of them. If you will send your address I shall be glad to list them for you.

STELLA OF MONTREAL—Philip Reed is playing in "Case of the Curious Bride," with Warren William and Margaret Lindsay. He has played in such pictures as "Gambling Lady," "Journal of a Crime," "Jimmy the Gent," "Dr. Monica," and "Glamour."

JEAN G.—Anne Shirley formerly was known as Dawn O'Day. Her next is "Chasing Yesterday," followed by "Freckles." Write to the Metro-Goldwyn studio for a picture of Felix Knight.

W. D.—Hugh Williams has appeared on the American and English stage. He played in "Charley's Aunt" here in 1930, and returned to English films which included "Rome Express," "Bitter Sweet," and "Sorrell and Son." His recent films are "All Men Are Enemies," "Outcast Lady," "Elinor Norton," "David Copperfield," and "Let's Live To-night." He was born in Yorkshire, England, March 6, 1904; five feet ten and a half, dark hair and brown eyes. He free-lances. We have had no interview with him.

DORIS R.—Carl Brisson is under contract to Paramount. He has appeared in but two pictures, "Murder at the Vanities," and "All the King's Horses." Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, December 24, 1896.

HARRY J. FRAZIER—Bodil Rosing was born in Copenhagen, Denmark. After studying for the stage in her native country, she came to America, where she won fame in character roles. She has appeared in such films as "Bremen in Vienna," "Ex-lady," "Mandaly," "Little Man, What Now?" "Such Women Are Dangerous," "Crimson Romance," "The Painted Veil," and "Robert's." Next is "Legion of Valor." She has light hair and blue eyes.

JOYCE T.—Helen Mack comes from Rock Island, Illinois, where she was born November 13, 1913. Her next picture is "She." There is no child player listed in the cast of "Zaza," in which Gloria Swanson played about twelve years ago, but it may have been Helen Mack, who was playing child parts at that time.

CHRISTINE O.—All I can tell you about Felix Knight is that he is a former radio singer whose only picture so far has been "Babes in Toyland."

AMELIA PIETRO—Frankie Darro's right name is Johnson. He was born in Chicago, Illinois, December 22, 1918; five feet three, brown hair and eyes. Bing Crosby, Tacoma, Washington, May 2, 1904; about five feet five, weighs 168, light-brown hair, blue eyes. Warner Baxter, Columbus, Ohio, March 29, 1891; five feet eleven, weighs 165, brown hair and eyes. Claudette Colbert, Paris, France, September 13, 1907; five feet four, about 108 pounds, red-gold hair, brown eyes. Richard Cromwell, Los Angeles, California, January 8, 1910; five feet ten, weighs 148, light-brown hair, green-blue eyes.

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Maybelline MASCARA
Continued from page 58

right along with me into more serious and more worthwhile things."

Bob dispelled his seriousness for the moment and laughed. "I hope that I'm not sounding like the average ham actor who is always talking about wanting to do 'Hamlet.'"

Nancy O'Neil is the typical British ingénue—cool, pretty in a natural sort of way, and comfortable more than provocative. You saw her in "Jack Ahoy" and will see her again in "Brewster's Millions."

"You see," he went on. "This business could be so easy for one. Once a personality has clicked on the screen, that actor can go on without acting very much—just cashing in on that personality. I've always fought off such laziness, which is all it really is."

How few stars have ever admitted that much of their work is child's play. Bob not only admits it but resents it.

"It isn't as though some one had discovered me posing for a collar ad, and because he thought I had a movie personality and looks, put me into a picture in which I became an overnight success," Bob went on.

"A lot of people have succeeded in the movies because they had a personality that the public wanted. Many of these people never even had any previous stage or picture experience. I had. Remember that I was a struggling actor six or seven years on the stage before I ever appeared in pictures.

"I was on the stage because I liked being an actor. I liked to take a role and make something of it. Something worth while and concrete. I still like to do that. That is why I was so happy working in 'Biography' and in 'Vanessa.' Both these parts were jobs—good hard jobs. They gave me something to work over."

"It isn't a new Bob Montgomery, as you phrase it. It's an old Bob Montgomery coming to life again. From the fan mail I have already received after the showing of 'Biography,' I think the public, too, is going to like this change."

"Perhaps this gives you a new insight into Bob. He is so much fun, personally, that we're all too apt to accept him on the surface of things, as just a lot of fun. But there is nothing shallow or superficial about the real Bob Montgomery. He is amusing and laugh-provoking, yes, but even his wit is based on keen observation of human nature and human problems."

Bob never wants to spend idle hours talking about the picture business and picture personalities. He doesn't even want to show you bits of his fan mail, or some of his latest portraits. He would much rather sit down and show you a copy, beautifully illustrated, of "Cyrano de Bergerac," which he bought recently. Or he will engross you in a conversation on old hunting prints and make you feel like an uneducated barbarian.

The publicity that comes with being a star means little or nothing to him. While I was talking to him, a letter arrived from Mussolini's son, asking for a signed photograph. Bob was delighted, but not because it was Mussolini's son that had asked for his picture. He was delighted because now he had a logical excuse to request an autographed photo of Mussolini to add to his collection.

One of the reasons why Bob has played so many of the spontaneous, combustible, "Rip Tide" type of roles is that there are few men on the screen who can do that sort and get away with it.

When Bob began stepping up the ladder of fame, he brought something absolutely new with him. He introduced, for one thing, humor and sophistication into love making. None of this brute-strength stuff for Mr. Montgomery. He woosed with a lifted eyebrow and a twinkle in his eye. Always playing pranks, but always genteel about them. Do you realize that there have been few Montgomery imitators? New "finds" are always being introduced into Hollywood as a second somebody—a second Clark Gable, a second Greta Garbo, a second Valentino, even a second Leslie Howard, but have you ever heard of a second Robert Montgomery?

That brings us to rather a sad thought. If Bob gives up his gay, provocative personality entirely on the screen and goes completely serious on us, what a loss it will be! But on the other hand, the new, more substantial type of things that he will be doing may make up for this loss entirely.

"Vanessa: Her Love Story" is taken from the book "Vanessa" by Hugh Walpole. Helen Hayes plays the title role, and though she marries some one else, Bob Montgomery is the man that she always loves, all her life. The book covers a period of thirty or forty years. And naturally Bob and Helen grow old during this time.

Originally, they had planned to take these characters right through to their old age. Scenes were shot of Bob with gray, almost white hair. They were beautiful scenes, admirably done, but in the end the producers decided that it would be too much of a shock for Montgomery and Hayes fans to see their idols as an old lady and an old man. The picture now ends before those sequences. Bob told me all this a bit sadly.

"It's too bad, because I think I was better as an old man than I have ever been at anything. Would you like to see the rushes? I'd like your opinion."

We went over to the projection room. In spite of his excellent acting I groaned when I saw Bob as a man of seventy. Bob wasn't groaning, however. He was watching himself soberly, sensitively, with just the trace of a smile on his lips.

Elsa Lanchester's amazing make-up for "The Bride of Frankenstein" won even the enthusiastic approval of Boris Karloff, who knows the possibilities of grease paint as few stars do.
Honest to the Bone
Continued from page 45

beautifully at one-third of what most of us pay. Of course, we’ve got to put up a front. The public enjoys it and the studio expects it. Nevertheless, one can do it without spending like a drunken sailor.

“So far, I haven’t bought anything I can’t put in a trunk—except my car. Moreover, what money I spend I spend in my own country. I can’t understand these people who dash to Europe every few weeks. You can’t do Europe in two weeks. It’s just a gesture. I don’t think it fools anybody.

“The same goes for these elaborate parties. What’s the good of inviting two or three hundred people to your house? In a mob like that you can’t even find the ones you most want to see.

“I have only small parties at my house, but they’re made up of people whom I really like and want to have around me. Titles and influential people who have to be invited because of their social or professional position are usually just so many duds. They don’t add anything to a party.

“It takes a lot of courage to live one’s own life,” Bette went on, “no matter how honest and decent that life may be. People misunderstand and criticize. It takes courage to stand up against it. The important thing is not to fool yourself. Too many people, trying to put on an act to fool others, wind up by believing the gag themselves. That’s fatal.”

She laughed suddenly, and in that moment I decided to ask her the one question I had most wanted to ask.

“Do I believe in marriage for a film star?” she echoed incredulously. “Why, of course! I believe in marriage for every one. Above all I believe in marriage for love. True, that kind of marriage doesn’t always turn out better than a marriage for money or ambition, but I do think it has a better start. After all, that’s the way nature herself intended it to be.

“Moreover, a girl should marry early, as soon as she finds the right man, especially if she’s a normal woman and expects to have children. I think it’s splendid to have one’s babies soon, so that you are still young when they’re grown up. My mother is only forty-six, and we adore her. She’s here now on a long visit with me, and so is my sister.

“Yes, marriage is far too important to be relegated to the background. As for love without marriage—no, thank you! I couldn’t just live with a man, no matter how much I cared for him. I just couldn’t! I’d feel so ashamed. I’m a New Englander, you know. I was born decent and expect to live and die decent. If it has single status as odd or queer, it can’t help it. It’s my way of living my own life.”

Watching Bette Davis, listening to the flash of her wit, her complete absence of pose or affectation, one can readily see why she turns in one good performance after another. One can understand, too, why so fine an artist as George Arliss quickly recognized and encouraged the talent that had been submerged in trivial, routine roles.

It was Mr. Arliss, if you remember, who demanded that Bette appear with him in "The Man Who Played God," and from that moment her luck, which previously had not been good, changed for the better.

And may I say, in concluding this portrait of a delightfully honest and courageous young actress, that Bette’s gratitude to Mr. Arliss, and to all those who have been kind and helpful to her is one of her finest qualities. Gratitude is not overdone in Hollywood. Too often success shortens the memory or deadens it altogether.

But Bette is different in this way, too. Her gratitude and loyalty are just two more traits that set her high above the rest, and that help to make her the fine actress and the admirable woman that she is.

Well, well, Conrad Nagel is coming back after several years on the stage to appear in "One New York Night" for Metro-Goldwyn, velvet voice and all.

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Continued from page 33

"The first time I ever saw my father-in-law, Richard Bennett, was years ago at a cocktail party in Chicago. He drove up in a huge foreign car," reminisced Gene. "He escorted a lovely creature. But it was his garb which was memorable. Into that formal affair he strode in his flannel sleeping pajamas. With bedroom slippers, a cane, and a derby!"

Gene grinned mischievously. "So when I met Joanie I was prepared for anything.

"Constance enters a room like a roll of drums. Joanie is an introvert and simply cannot exploit her personality. Still, she's capable of terrific spontaneity at times. Joanie never does odd things to create an effect, to play up to onlookers.

"She has the girls' lives all planned, how they're to grow up and behave in a model way. Yet when she was only fifteen herself she pulled a fast one. She was in a boarding school in Versailles. They served rabbit in the guise of chicken five evenings a week, an outrage on her sensibilities.

"So she impulsively ran away one midnight, snuck over the garden wall. She had no money, either. She walked for miles toward Paris, until she sighted a taxi, which she commandeered to reach friends of the family in the city. Next day she borrowed enough to go to London, where her mother was. She was sent back to France to another school, where they only served rabbit three times a week."

Joan up to such antics! I shook my head reprovingly. "Tell me more," I said.

"Well," Gene continued, "her method of selecting houses is a bit illogical. So far as that goes, she'd rather live in a hotel. But since we're blessed with the children she wants them to have a real home.

"Noise distresses Joanie. She must have quiet, so makes as certain as she can that she'll get it. One evening our Scotties were barking fiercely and that was the final blow. She'd already determined our house was too noisy.

"All of a sudden she cried, 'I can't stand this another moment!' We not only moved, but in an hour all our bags were packed and we were down at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel looking for a place to sleep. We went around sitting in various suites, to find the quietest one. No sooner did we get to sleep than a party started right below us."

"That lasted until nearly five a.m. We dozed off and at seven were awakened by loud barking. In the garden below our windows two Scotties were tearing at each other!"

That determined Joan on their present establishment.

Maddest of the Bennett

"A carpenter came in here, heard Joanie shrieking 'Are you there?' over and over again at the top of her lungs. He dashed out to get away from the wild thing. Too bad he didn't know her system of house-choosing. She goes into one room on the first floor and I tripe upstairs. Then we both holler our loudest. That's how we ascertain the noise-resistance of the walls!"

It appears that Joan's decisions are made with machine-gun rapidity. Although I say that's not definitely craziness.

"Long years in vaudeville and musical comedy, with boarding houses and hotels his only home, taught W.C. Fields to appreciate his own fireside when he got one at last. That's why he spends every minute away from the studio at his orange ranch."

"Not a definitely sedate procedure, though," Gene declared. "I mean the speed with which we agreed to buy our Malibu place, for instance. We were strolling down the strand there one Sunday afternoon. It was the last season Malibu was the rage; in fact, the year after it was the vogue."

"We happened to note a house that appealed to us. Walking in, we found it was owned by Eddie Lowe. We went on a few paces to where he was staying, bought his spare cottage, and then popped over to Con-

nie's. We hauled a carpenter off his ladder there, and over to our new nest by the sea. Within two hours we'd started him building a second story."

That, I'm afraid, indiscriminates Gene as impetuous, too. However, he doesn't wake up nights and go through the trunks in the basement to be sure they've been packed with plenty of mothballs. Joan did that once when troubled with insomnia.

Another time when she couldn't sleep she decided her wardrobe was a mess. So she arose and hauled forth all her clothes. By daylight she was exhausted, and the upper hall was chock-full of neat piles. She was ready to give everything away, and did, all in one day.

"Her impulsiveness is inherited from her father," Gene explained. "I recall he was once fond of dogs. He bred a terribly expensive kind and had a fortune tied up. One noon he remembered he'd rather have cats. By four o'clock he had given every one of the dogs away."

Joan is extremely generous, yet she has a sane appreciation of money because at one period in her life she was broke. Conscientiously she saves so there'll be no benefits given for her.

"She is a wiz at interior decorating, you know," the proud husband went on. "Everything in this house was her notion. Of course, it is a bit hard on the painters occasionally. When the living-room was all done and the brush artists were just taking down their ladders, Joanie strolled in. 'Fine, fine!' she proclaimed. 'But wait; now I've a better idea. Let's begin right now and paint it over!'"

"That Joan has a strong temper, too, is a fact seldom recorded. But she doesn't use it in the typical, blasting Bennett style. She rages only when some one deserves a bawling out."

Gene developed qualms. "After all, I'd better stop talking about my wife in this fashion or they'll be backing up the wagon for her!"

I doubt it. I also doubt if Joan is deserving of the description she craves. Somehow that intrinsic thoughtfulness of hers is the flaw in the picture she wanted me to paint. But at least you can't state that she's a hundred percent demure.

And wait a second. My spies have just brought in a message. They inform me that Joan has the dizziest habit. It seems that at the end of a studio day, when the close-ups and stills are customarily shot, she always tries to sneak away. Gives the excuse that she'd rather rush home for extra time with her baby.

Why, Joanie, here in Hollywood that's sheer madness!
Mr. Pollyanna

Far better looking than one might gather from his screen grotesqueries he is delightfully free from vanity and in proof of this tells the following on himself:

"I happened to pick up a script on the set the other day and in running through it I saw the description of the part I play with Joan Blondell in "Traveling Saleslady." The script read: 'For this part we should have a man with a face like a hot-water bag; some one like Hugh Herbert.'"

Yes, that's the sort of talk he'll tell on himself, but anything in the nature of self-praise or commendation you just can't get from him. I know, because I tried for more than an hour. Everything I asked about himself reminded him of something nice he repeated about some one else instead. We were lamuching in Warners' Green Room and with every new arrival Hugh went into a pean of praise about them.

"That's Cagney who just came in. Wait till you see him in "Night's Dream"; he's marvelous! There's Victor Jory and Grant Mitchell, they're superb! There's So-and-so—did you see him in such-and-such, and wasn't he great?"

It was always the same, whether the person was an actor, a director, cameraman, or writer, Hugh had only praise and admiration for him. Never one word of criticism or disparagement.

I was reminded of those meta-physical teachings which preach the law of love as a dynamic power for drawing good to us, and surely if there's anything in the Golden Rule it must be working overtime for this player. Never in my life have I met any one as kindly, as tolerant, as generous-minded as Hugh. And it's genuine. Believe me, I know.

The day I talked with him he had just finished his role in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and was raving like a schoolboy about the genius of Max Reinhardt.

"You know before he came we were all a-dither," he explained. "We expected he'd be very Prussian, very domineering, and probably impossible to please. So we all arrived on the lot, that first day, with chips on our shoulders, waiting for the fireworks to start.

"Well, you can imagine our embarrassment when this soft-spoken, mild-mannered man, with infinite politeness and courtesy, began to tell us what he wanted. He was so gentle, so gracious, that before ten minutes had passed he had us falling all over ourselves trying to please him. You see? Not one word about himself or how well Reinhardt liked him. No, indeed, you'll get nothing like that out of "Pollyanna" Herbert. In despair I made one final effort to get a first-person statement. In my severest tone I insisted that he must tell me "something of romantic interest."

"Oh, shucks," he laughed. "There isn't any. I've been married twenty years, and all twenty to the same girl. I guess it's lasted so well because she never saw too much of me. She was on the stage, too, until a couple of years ago, and we were always in different companies. It's easy to live with a nun if you only see him for a few weeks at a time. She's on a world tour at present. Right now she's in Japan; I talked with her on the phone last night.

"You know, the dream of my life is to go on a trip like that, but just as soon as I get all set some one waxes a grand contract under my nose and then it's all off again."

His blue eyes smiled, but there was a wistful note in his voice. However, he'll get his trip. He's got to. When people are as nice as Hugh Herbert, their dreams have just got to come true. There's a law of compensation, and it does work.
When Stars Splurge

Man of the Mountain, and many other paintings and murals are also displayed. A golden staircase hung on invisible threads winds upward into the more intimate rooms of the palace.

They are equally startling. The floor of one is made of rose quartz, another contains a tiny golden clock which really runs. This room has carved silver furniture. Elsewhere in the building we come across a pair of amber vases. They are priceless antiques, and once were possessions of the Dowager Empress of China.

The castle is illuminated by electricity. But no prosaic bulbs are used—the lamps were specially made, and each one is about the size of a grain of wheat. Why, the gold plates on the dining table could be hidden under a dime.

Skipping by the kitchen, with its tiny pottery vessels, its stove and golden implements, we'll creep up the back stairs to the second floor, where the prince and princess each have a bedroom and bath. The prince's room is porcelain lined and contains, besides carved furniture of solid gold, golden swords, cannon, and similar masculine appurtenances. Yes, and the water really runs in his tub.

The princess's room has a floor of mother-of-pearl, and shell-pink walls. All her furniture is gold or ivory—even to the bedstead, shaped like a boat and made of gold. A golden chest holds her pearl-incrusted crown, and the padlock on the chest is no bigger than the numerals on your watch.

In the castle garden are cellophane trees, glass bushes with pearl berries, trees of silver and gold, a silver coach with ivory horses, and dozens of statues or bas-reliefs depicting scenes from fairy tales.

Now that Miss Moore has completed her half-million-dollar doll house, she plans to take it on tour throughout the United States, and possibly to the principal cities of Europe.

What's more, she won't make a nickel on the trip. In fact, it will probably cost her money.

"We're going to show the house in department stores," says Miss Moore. "An admission charge will be made, but it will be so small that anybody can see the exhibit. The stores will retain a small percentage of the receipts to pay the actual expense of transporting and setting up the house. The rest of the admission fees—which we estimate from 85% to 90%—will be donated to hospitals for crippled children. Each store will choose the hospital which is to benefit from its display."

The first public showing of the elfin edifice will be at Macy's in New York for four weeks, commencing April 8th. If the fee is, say, fifteen cents as is now planned, and the estimated minimum attendance 50,000 visitors a week, the receipts will be $30,000. And if 90% is given to charity, it means that the cripples will benefit to the extent of $27,000 from this one exhibition alone.

Maybe Hollywood stars don't invest their money wisely. Maybe it is silly to build private laboratories or imitation moons—or to spend $500,000 in gratifying a childhood dream. But if the economists are right, and the United States must "spend its way out of the depression," Hollywood is doing more than its share to put us back into boom times again.

Very different is the home of a British stor from the Hollywood mansion familiar to us. Peace and quiet and an old, settled garden strike the keynote of Madeleine Carroll's retreat outside London.

[Photo 2 by Gasquet British]
Unmasked
Continued from page 36

game stakes for those hapless ones whose pay vanished early in the week.

Accounts were written on the wall of the Hull dressing room in grease paint, and soon, well filled, they made Henry reflect complacently that he had several hundred dollars as safe as in the bank, if not safer. One fatal night he tossed a smoking cigarette in the wastebasket as he was leaving the room. The walls were badly scorched, and the night watchman, thinking to please "Sonny," had them repainted before Henry saw them again.

Henry forgave him the loss, but he will ever look with malevolent eye on the constantly growing horde of people who call him Sonny.

Another cherished memory of Henry's friends goes back to the time when Elsie Janis hired an ice palace and sent out invitations for a skating party after the theater. To Henry's dressing room came some of the invited, including the late Jeanne Eagels.

It occurred to her and another star that it would be great fun to go attired in resplendent evening dress to the waist, in corduroy knickers and boots of Henry's from the waist down.

They grew so hilarious over donning their costumes that clock hands made several rounds before the folks were off to the party. It was a warmish night, so their light wraps showed their costumes in their full glory. Arrived at the rink, they found that the party was long since over, so off they went back to the theater. It was locked—with their conventional clothes inside! To the consternation of Park Avenue doormen, and milkmen, the clock hands made several rounds, Henry rolled grandly up and delivered to their homes Broadway's most glamorous pets in the strangest regalia ever seen.

At the most conservative estimate, Henry leads a very full life. Just past forty, and looking all of twenty-eight, he has written and staged plays in addition to acting in them. He has never learned to loaf, and studies with intense concentration anything that has appealed to a vast number of people. He has three children, Henry, Jr., in college, Shelley in prep school, and Joan, twelve, who are a fascinating puzzle to him.

It saddens him that Henry is now grown enough to appropriate his clothes just when he is growing fond of them. Recently young Henry breezed in wearing papa's new evening clothes in a sorry condition, "Now don't get excited, father," Junior renostated, "Your suit just fell in the river."

Some years ago the Hulls bought a house in the old section of downtown Manhattan. When the novelty of having a house wore off, Henry and Julie remodeled it into apartments, intending to keep the best for themselves. But some one offered a high rent for it, so they climb four flights to modest quarters.

On the profits of "The Cat and the Canary," they bought an estate at Old Lyme, Connecticut. Exactly four hours after the final curtain every Saturday night, Henry's car tears into the driveway, one hundred and sixteen miles from the theater district. From then until Monday afternoon he plays the grubbing farmer with intensity. He does part from the hot pale atmosphere at night, for he can sleep only in a black room, under a black velvet bedspread, and with a shield over his eyes.

His father, a theatrical advance man, settled down at Hull's Hill in Indiana and forbade the growing Henry to go on the stage. His brothers, Howard and Shelley, had already scored a success. So Henry was educated at Columbia University as a mining engineer, whence he went to the Canadian wilds to work for a telegraph company. Summoned to Detroit to act as best man at his brother's wedding, he arrived wearing humberjack clothes, not having had a bath in weeks.

Howard suggested nine or ten baths in quick succession and sent out for new clothes. All that luxury "got" him, and he decided the stage offered attractions. But his brother sent him back to Canada, in one shticking mud, and had a Kentucky dialect.

He has taken a flyer in pictures every now and then, liking experimental ones best. He made one of the first DeForest talksies with Una Merkel. Last year he played in the "Pagliacci," which paid the way for operatic films.

He is in Hollywood now, following "Great Expectations," which he simply could not read as a book, for "The Werewolf of London." Strange tales come back of the way he has barricaded himself inside his active family group, and of the way he steals out only under the protective mask of character make-up.

You can figure that out easily. After all his long service in the cause of valid character acting, he doesn't want to be seized on as a hansom-juvenile. And that's what he looks like, really.
Science Finds New Way to Remove Germ Cause and Activate Dormant Roots to Stimulate Hair Growth (Read Free Offer)

A noted called "Flash Baillie of Luna" gets deep into the scalp skin in the new method of abnormal hair cysts, causing a most dangerous type of dermatitis. It clings upon pores and removes the damaged hair coat (advent) and prevents dormant hair root (poppy) from growing new hair. Washing and shampooing does not remove the cause. It merely cleans and treats the surface, rolling off the outer skin like water off a duck's back. No wonder baldness is increasing.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

What Ho, Miss Welford!

Many thanks for the biggest laugh I've had since this magazine published that remarkably brilliant article, "Is Mae West a Flirt?" I am referring to the letter in which Nancy Welford announces so dramatically, "Mae West is through!" Time out for all of us laughter.

Miss Welford also remarks that "Jean Harlow could be called a young Mae West—but Jean can act." Not really. I wonder why she say that? So far she has depended entirely on that platinum halo and a little "Oh, yeah!" expression with which to get by. Perhaps, Miss Welford, you will condone to invite me what it is that has made and kept Miss West a success since she was a five-year-old youngster. Surely mere luck doesn't stretch that far!

I agree that "Jean's life at home is as exciting as her screen roles"—that is, if "exciting" can be defined by money, gaudy, and disgusting. Her continual jumps into and out of marriage are revolting. She needs no acting ability to portray the kind of roles her body naturally. Your idea of a heroine, Miss Welford, seems to be a shallow, selfish girl, and you not only want her that way on the screen, but in real life as well. Your ideals are certainly embodied in Miss Harlow.

As to Shirley Temple "showing up" Mae, that is laughable. The first showing of "Bright Eyes" in Norfolk took place on the same day that a second-run theater on the same street showed "Belle of the Nineties" for a second time. The crowd going to see Temple was merely an average crowd, while a line half a block long stood waiting to see the West flicker a second time. That supports your theory marvelously, doesn't it?—DOLLY LYNES.

27 D. View Avenue,
Nofork, Virginia.

Doesn't Agree.

Is it permissible to say "the fans think" to tell a couple of your readers to take a jump in the lake? Paul Boring's address, I notice, is Daytona Beach, so he won't have far to jump, and Rose Salynn, of Cleveland, can probably find a handy pond, as well.

While I do think that playing on the screen spoils children, I certainly think Shirley Temple is anything but a bight, and Mr. Boring, if she isn't wanted, why do a few million people go to see her?

To Rose Salynn I'll say that I, too, saw "Of Human Bondage," and thought BETTE DAVIS was wonderful. Won't some people ever learn that just to play a man part on the screen doesn't make the star mean personally? What is there high-minded or snobbish about Bette? The part didn't call for a natural human being, and it is all the more to Bette's credit that she can fool people like Miss Salynn into believing that it wasn't acting at all. That's one hundred per cent acting.

I was certainly pleased to read in the last two or three issues of Picture Play inquiries about Anita Page. Can't we all get together and do something for her?—ELIZE LINKE.

What Ho, Miss Welford!

Dolores del Rio is a dog fancier, but instead of the toy of her heart for her! Instead, she prefers a sleek and spotless bull terrier, introducing her prize-winning champion to you, "Faultless of Blighy."
more great voices on the screen. I hope these color-plated reporters will add their plea to mine.

KENNETH C. BROOKS.
350 Walnut Street,
Lockport, New York.

Do You Agree?

HERE'S what some fans in New York think of:
Jocelyn Crawford, Jean Harlow, Carol Lombard, Claudette Colbert: Four painted marionettes. We enjoy them on the screen as much as we enjoy a bunch of puppets dangling on a string.

Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, Franchot Tone, Constance Bennett, Herbert Marshall: We can't enjoy their pictures any more than we can enjoy taking a dose of castor oil.

David Mannes, Elissa Landi: Producers of these two and adorable stars.

Katharine Hepburn: Each picture reveals her genius with the swiftness and beauty of an opening flower.

Greta Garbo: A magnificent Viking, rising above the frivolities of Hollywood.

Leslie Howard, Henry Stephenson, Fredric March: For their realm of grandeur. Give them better roles.

Norva Shaver: Our beloved Norva, formerly the sparkling star of adventure. But, alas, now just sweet lavender.

LILLIAN SELLETT.
506-21st Street,
West New York, New Jersey.

Cause for Gloom.

I WISH to enter a protest. We men are not all Mae West fans. Some of us still prefer the Janet Gaynor type to the lip-h赏析, insinuating West. A little dirt may be all right, but we see plenty of it in other pictures. And when by peradventure to the movies we suspect we like some one like Loretta Young in "The White Parade," or a good picture with Kay Francis, I'm not a crank, but when a movie star friends all adopt the "come-up-and-see-me-sometime" air, do you wonder he's gloomy?

But as to Picture Play, there's not a critic in the country who keeps up his good work and every one will subscribe for it. About two-thirds of my friends do anyway.

LOUIS BOWEN.
Shattuckville, Massachusetts.

Even Fans Rate Praise.

MAY a New Zealander speak a few words in your much-beloved column? I have been reading Picture Play for many years now, and in all that time have never found another magazine quite so genuine, frank and decent. I am one hundred per cent for it.

I would like to know why Mr. Robert Gaylor of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, doesn't write more often to "What the Fans Think." Letters like his, which appeared some time ago, certainly help to give their subjects a wonderful sense of grandeur. It is a pity that he omitted his full address when he wrote in reference to Clara Bow, as he deserves a great deal of praise.

ELIZABETH A. HILL.
11 Stafford Street,
Wellington, New Zealand.

A Vamp Goes Southern.

RECENTLY I saw "The White Parade." I don't believe I ever saw such models. There are so many beautiful girls in pictures to-day, and Loretta Young were more than grand. Dorothy Wilson, Muriel Kirkland, Astrid Allwyn, June Gittelson, Jane Darwell, and Salliee were perfect support.

There is one player that I especially noticed who gave what I thought the best performance in all this. This young lady is Joyce Compton. This is the first time

Miss Compton got a really good part. I was glad to see that she didn't play a vamp as she usually does. No other actress could play the Southern girl as well as she did.

Give her beauty, talent, and everything it takes to make a star. I hope she never has to play a vamp again and that she gets more pictures of adventure. Here's all the luck in the world to you, la Compton.

ALBERT STECKER.
50-37-47th Street,
Woodside, New York.

Her Own Discovery.

I WENT to see "The St. Louis Kid," with Jimmy Cagney playing the leading rôle. Strange as it may seem, I never saw him on the screen before, and as I had heard so much about him, I decided I would see this picture.

Well! I've raved my head off about him ever since. My fingers itched so that I had to take up my pen and let all you fans know that I think he's the most "swelllegant" guy in pictures. He's got what it takes—and then some!

Just try and make me miss any of Jimmy's pictures from now on.

HELEN VERNOT.
190 Beech Street,
Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada.

A Tip to Producers.

MY suggestion for a new screen team would be Jean Harlow and Niles Astor. These two, with their stunning looks and acting ability, would be a sensation if teamed in a really worthwhile picture. Mr. Astor certainly merits praise for his matchless performances in every rôle assigned him. We fans are beginning to think it is hopeless to ask for a change in his upward portrayal of General Yen, one might hope for almost anything, but nothing has come on it.

Give Constance Bennett no more rôles like that of Jels March. I found it difficult to control my mirth during the entire screening of "Our Time." Connie is best in light-comedy rôles such as in "What Price Hollywood?" and as a temperamental, harum-scarum, person such as she was in "Rochester." Good and bad, I dozed, I dozed, I dozed.

Give Miss Astor at least one chance as a leading lady. I seemed to be a real sensation in "Dancing Lady." And the other rôle she got in "Rain" was a great disappointment to me.

JOSEPHA HEBSON.
Toronto, Canada.

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Name ____________________

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City ____________________ State ____________________
HOLLYWOOD'S HEARTBREAK CONTRACTS

What could be grander than to have a contract to act at one of the major studios?

Nothing could be sweeter, you say, remembering stories of starving extras and the uncertainty of obtaining work.

Ah, but with a contract all worry is canceled, you say.

But it isn't so. Ask any holder of a "heartbreak" contract and you will get a different story.

You will learn why it sometimes is better to have no contract at all instead of one of these.

Helen Pade, with her genius for sympathetic investigation, examines some of these very contracts and discloses the heartache behind them in next month's Picture Play.

It is a most interesting article, as unusual as you will find in any publication devoted to Hollywood.

BELA LUGOSI
BORIS KARLOFF
LIONEL ATWILL

For years, readers of Picture Play have shown marked interest in Dracula, Frankenstein and other horrific characters as well as the stars playing them.

That is why August Picture Play will contain a joint interview with Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff, and Lionel Atwill, chief exemplars of chilling acting. You'll be amazed by what they say. Don't miss it.
SYLVIA SIDNEY

THIS charmingly natural glimpse of Miss Sidney is as refreshing as it is unusual. The camera caught her on a vacation following completion of "Accent on Youth," which you will soon be seeing with suave Herbert Marshall and handsome Phillip Reed as Sylvia's leading men.
WHAT THE FANS THINK

John Beal Surpassed Hepburn?

CAN'T something be done to silence the Hepburn maniacs who have been shouting her praises in "What the Fans Think"?

Katharine's so-called triumph in "The Little Minister" was no triumph at all. John Beal walked off with the picture with ease. Although Hepburn is potentially a great actress, I see no reason for the raves she is receiving at this time. Certainly she is a poseuse, artificial to her finger tips, with her hands in mid-air in the approved Zasu Pitts manner.

When Katie finds herself, bring on your superlatives, Hepburn fans. Until that time, how about a rave for Garbo, the most vibrant personality and the finest emotional actress on the screen to-day? She has proved her worth; her past performances

Robert Taylor is hailed by Phyllis Carlyle as having what it takes to be a star.

Old Faithful.

SOMETHING old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue.

For something "old," let's take Sam Flint, who is not old at all, except in his years on the stage. One of the finest actors I've ever had the pleasure of watching. Now, he's in Hollywood, and you too may see him in his fine characterizations. Lionel Barrymore, Frank Morgan, and Henry Wal-

Charles Laughton has another fervid admirer in B. C. H., who considers him "the most superb artist in Hollywood."


William H. Davis, Jr., insists that John Beal walked off with "The Little Minister" in spite of Katharine Hepburn.

she is a poseuse, artificial to her finger tips, with her hands in mid-air in the approved Zasu Pitts manner.

When Katie finds herself, bring on your superlatives, Hepburn fans. Until that time, how about a rave for Garbo, the most vibrant personality and the finest emotional actress on the screen to-day? She has proved her worth; her past performances

Robert Taylor is hailed by Phyllis Carlyle as having what it takes to be a star.

Lillian Jeanne thinks that Elissa Landi makes a mistake in searching for "idealistic" rôles.

any one star who deserves the success he is attaining, it is Lyle. Something "blue"? I suppose you think

Bette Davis need never worry about her standing with Lee, of Winnipeg.

speak for themselves.

WILLIAM H. DAVIS, JR.
1931 H STREET, N. E.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
I'm lost now, don't you? Remember Monte Blue? We've missed him from the screen and I, for one, think it's about time something was done about it. A good many people do not care for Westerns, but you saw Monte as Jack Kells in "The Last Round-up," you could not help but admire him, villain though he was. He's been appearing here and there in various pictures of late, but we want, and demand a chance to see him in the roles that he really deserves. —PHILIS C. WHITTLESEY.

45 Smith Street, Portland, Maine.

Judged Too Harshly.

PROOF of Bette Davis's great acting ability lies in those letters of denunciation we read occasionally in this department. Through her characters she makes her presence felt in a way none people judge too harshly. Why don't they look for the real Bette? Why do supposedly intelligent fans confuse Mrs. Harmon O. Nelson with the characters she portrays on the screen? Certain individuals who are not acquainted with her personally, go to the trouble of trying to discredit her acting ability. How in the world can any one having seen "Of Human Bondage" and "Bordertown" deny her unkindly? In the latter picture her performance is undeniably praiseworthy, with a heavily underscored N. B. for the courtroom scene where she does one of the cleverest, smoothest bits of acting I've had the pleasure of watching in a long while. Marie Roark's mental condition is made clear yet not the usual brand of hysteria. It is done so subtly, with such beautiful restraint.

I have been a Bette Davis fan since her appearance in "Bad Sister," and in my humble opinion she improves with every picture. —LEW. Lee.

403 Polson Avenue.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

Elissa, Come Down to Earth!

I THINK it is rather pathetic that Elissa Landi is having so much difficulty in finding the proper type roles for her talent. In my opinion, Miss Landi is not suffering from poor pictures, for she has starred in some of the best. But the attitude she takes toward the character she portrays is a different matter. I believe Miss Landi will realize what a dangerous situation this tempestuous nymphet is getting into her before it is too late. Her career has suffered a serious slump due mainly to her failure to transfer from one studio to another in search of ideal roles. She is very good in tempestuous nymphet roles, but I think she could be starred to better advantage as a heroine and adventurous woman.

She says she wants to play idealistic roles, but she always plays the idealist. That doesn't go with her millions of fans who want her in down-to-earth roles, and if Miss Landi is a real artist she can impersonate any type and bring its shadow to life as all great artists do.

Was "The Little Minister" such a marvelous story? No. It was Hepburn's acting, not the story. Miss Landi is capable of doing an outstanding picture. Where would Claudette Colbert be to-day if she had turned up her nose, as Landi did at "It Happened One Night"?

We like you, Elissa, very, very much. But for Heaven's sake, forget about the becoming, the beautiful that made it Come down to earth. Play any role they give you. Play it with the sincerity that we know you possess. Don't be disdainful of any role. —LILLIAN JEANNE.

508—21st Street.

West New York, New Jersey.

What the Fans Think

Madge Too Wooden.

I AM very anxious to answer "A Chicago Fan," whose letter appeared in March Picture Play.

Evidently he does not agree with Madeleine Glass's statement that Madge Evans's face lacks animation. To me, and I know for a fact to many others, not only does Madge's face lack animation or expression of any kind, but also her acting, if it can be called that, suffers from the same affliction—a woedness and an inability to convey emotion.

Many a picture has Miss Evans spoiled for me. Among them, I recall most vividly, "What Every Woman Knows," in which her effort to portray "the other woman" was most pitiful, and "David Copperfield" which, however, had a most remarkable cast to minimize her shortcomings.

In such pictures as these, surrounded by a group of capable and efficient actors and actresses, Miss Evans is effectively shown up for what she is. Simply an intelligent girl with a level stare, a beautiful face, and a poorly inherited flair for wearing clothing.

And may I say, emphatically, that that is exactly what is wrong with our films today. Many a picture with our films to it.

George Arliss. And they are not necessarily my favorites. You will, by the way, notice that the last two named are Englishmen.

I was delighted that Charles Laughton is, without doubt, the most superb artist in Hollywood. Living and breathing his characters so that you hate them or love them, he has reached the goal, that of near-perfection in his profession, that every young actor strives toward. May he be exalted, on his pinacle, by others before long. — B. C. H. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Academy Awards Unjust.

I CAN'T help but let out a little steam over the selections made for 1934 by the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences.

I hope of all, for its choice of the best picture. I don't know how your other readers feel, but to me, "It Happened One Night" was just an amusing little program picture, with an added high lights. Certainly, it would not compare in excellence with such pictures as "The Count of Monte Cristo" or "The House of Rothschild" or "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

As for Clark Gable, with all due respect to his ability as an actor, I believe his performace in the "best picture of the year" did not surpass that of Robert Donat in "The Count of Monte Cristo" who, as Edmond Dantes, gave to the screen one of the best performances of all time. The trial scene, in which Dantes defends himself, thrilled me as no other scene has ever done.

And a word about Claudette Colbert. Fine actress though she is, I believe that Bette Davis for "Of Human Bondage" or Norma Shearer for "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," were far more deserving of recognition.

I hope that the Academy, in making its awards next year, will be a little more discerning. —MARGARET WHITESIDE.

7154 Lake Street.

River Forest, Illinois.

Sheer Artistry.

I HAVE just witnessed the finest acting performance of 1934 or 1935. I have seen a man, without the aid of a handsome face with which to attract attention to himself, hold an audience spellbound through sheer artistry. His speeches are aimed at perfection. His every move is that of one who is an artist in his line. I am speaking of Claude Rains, in "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head."

Surely an actor of such rare ability will be rewarded with stories and directors worthy of his genius in the year to come, in order that he may reach the heights and success of which he is so deserving. —WANDA WHITMAN.

1408 North Detroit Street.

Hollywood, California.

Thanks, Worthy Friend!

In March Picture Play I was pleased to read an article about an actor whose polished performances I have admired for a couple of years, but about whom I could learn little, because he wasn't a big star. I wrote to Samuel Hinds that gentle man is well worth watching. He's good. But it took Picture Play to realize it! One of the many reasons that I like this magazine is that it gives the card-carry only to the stars. It gives the unstarred players a break. Congratulations. Picture Play. —RUTH KING.

2 Hamilton Avenue.

Cranford, New Jersey.

Continued on page 9
Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle


A. M.—Frank McHugh played the part of Tom Regency in “Happiness Ahead.” You’ll remember that he and Dick Powell were window-washers in that picture.

JOANNA H. C.—Phillips Holmes went to Europe to make pictures but became ill and is at present in Rome. However, he did manage to make “Ten-minute Man” for a British film company. He was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, July 22, 1908. Still single, Loretta Young was twenty-two on January 6th. Divorced Grant Withers in 1931. Latest is “Call of the Wild.”

MARGARET MOORE.—Jackie Searl was Herbert as a boy in “Great Expectations.” He is a free-lance player. Next is Ginger for Fox. Ginger Rogers will be twenty-four on July 16th, and Jean Muir was twenty-four on February 13th.

JANE BEAUMONT.—The interview with Kitty Carlisle in April Picture Play will tell you more about her than I could possibly find space for here.

MAX M. ADLER.—Charles Laughton was born in Scarborough, England, July 1, 1899; five feet ten, weighs 209, gray eyes, brown hair. Grace Moore, Jellico, Tennessee, December 5, 1901; five feet four and a half, weighs 130, blue eyes, golden hair, Edward G. Robinson, Bucharest, Rumania, December 12, 1893; five feet eight, weighs 158, black hair, brown eyes. “Les Miserables” was released by United Artists on March 22nd. The principals are Fredric March, Charles Laughton, Rochelle Hudson, John Beal, Frances Drake, Sir Cedric Hardwick, Jesse Ralph, Florence Eldredge. Mae Busch is in Warners’ “Strand.”

CHRISTINE SMITH.—Marie Chevalier sailed for France on March 23rd. After “Fohes Bergere de Paris” for United Artists, he was to make two pictures for Metro-Goldwyn. However, he was not satisfied with the stories they had in mind for him, so decided to quit the studio. Whether he will return to Hollywood or accept stage offers remains to be seen. Neil Sparks was born in Ontario, Canada, but he doesn’t say when.

SARAH RABINOWITZ.—You may be able to reach Eddie Nugent at Argosy Pictures, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood, California, where he has been working in “Kentucky Blue Streak.” Eddie was born in New York City, February 7, 1904; six feet one, weighs 155, dark-brown hair, green eyes.

BEATRICE E. HIGGINS.—Yes, “The Right to Live” was released several years ago as “The Sacred Flame.” With Conrad Nagel, Ann Dvorak, Jack La Rue, Pauline Frederick, William Courtenay, Walter Byron, Alec B. Francis, Dale Fuller, Miss Lee played the role of Stella. Fred MacMurray was discovered while playing a saxophone in a local theater. He is six feet three, weighs 185. He will play opposite Claudette Colbert again in “A Bride Comes Home.”

M. J. B.—Gene Raymond will next be seen in “Hooray for Love,” with Pert Kelton, John Beal, and Arthur Byron. He is a native New Yorker, born there August 13, 1908; five feet ten, weighs 157, platinum blond hair, blue eyes. I have heard nothing about the publication of his song.

CHRISTINE GRAFANO.—Francho Tone is making “The Flame Within,” with Ann Harding and Maureen O’Sullivan, Robert Taylor, playing in “Times Square Lady.” He is to make “Broadway Melody of 1935” as his next. For stills of “The Gay Divorcée,” write to the Publicity Department, RKO Pictures, RKO Building, Rockefeller Center, New York. It isn’t necessary to specify which scenes you wish unless you have certain ones in mind. They cost ten cents each.

RCA—Arline Judge may be addressed at the Paramount Studio, where she is making “College Scandal.” Her current picture is Fox’s “George White’s 1935 Scandals.” She was born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, February 21, 1912.

JACK BENNETT.—Most of the scenes for “Sequoia” were shot at Sequoia National Park, California. Charles Lang was the photographer on “Lives of a Bengal Lancer.” United Artists produced “Street Scene” and “The Front Page.” RKO’s “Cimarron,” which was directed by Wesley Ruggles.

GLORIA C.—Douglas Montgomery is under contract to Universal. However, for stills of “Music in the Air,” write to Fox’s Publicity Department, 444 West 52nd Street, New York City. Now playing in “The Mystery of Edwin Drood.” He was born in Los Angeles, California, October 29, 1907; he stands 6 feet, weighs 170, blond hair, brown eyes. Not married. Uses his own name.

S. GROSSMAN.—You might write to the Paramount Studio for a photograph of the late Dorothy Dell. The following played in “Sally of the Sawdust,” released in 1925: Carol Dempster, W. C. Fields, Alfred Lunt, Eurtle Alderson, Effie Shannon, Charles Hammond, Roy Applegate, Florence Fair, Marie Shotwell.


JOSE.—Helen Vinson was born in Texas, September 17, 1907. Attended the University of Texas. Five feet, ten, weighs 120, brownish blond hair. Picture Play for February contained an interview with her. Her most recent films are “The Wedding Night” and “Private Worlds.”

[Continued on page 81]
What the Fans Think

Englishmen I admire in plays dealing with military life, as they manage somehow to get more of the honest-to-goodness masculine-looking males in them, and in the society plays my disgust knows no bounds when the English hero comes floating in on the scene, delivering his lines in that maddening, mincing manner and with such machine-gunlike rapidity that one can only catch a few fragments of the dialogue here and there.

No doubt, the folks over there would argue that our James Cagney, in one of his famous grapefruit-hurling scenes, or Charles Bickford in his most intractable mood, would hardly serve as good examples of highly civilized code—still, one can forgive these faults easier than tolerating the other extreme. Now—what do you think?

EUTHEL CARLSON.

1812 Escambia Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Everywhere Mary Carlisle goes, Sammy is sure to follow. He's the most lasting of Mary's many escorts, too.

Beauty Corrections.

I WAS very interested in Madeline Glass's article on "Hollywood Beauties" as I am an ardent fan, and I must say I admire her courage as it's pretty difficult to make a choice among all the lovely cinema ladies.

I thought a great many of her comments very true, though I disagreed with some of them. For instance, she says about the lovely Madge Evans, as rather inanimate-looking, but rates the quite insipid Helen Vinson in the first ten. Certainly Loretta Young's thick, shapeless lips and protruding teeth are far from beautiful. I do agree with her choice of Dolores del Rio and Frances Dee. They are exquisite. However, what bothers me is how Miss Glass can admit Maureen O'Sullivan's wide mouth and piquant little face not fit the beauty that is so abundantly classic and beautiful Ann Harding with her lovely deep-blue eyes. As for her nose—it is perfect. Anita Page's nose is perfect also.

Please tell, too, why is lovely Carol Lombard any more artificial-looking than Lang Velez? Certainly I have seen that the patrician Carol is nearer real beauty than the Velez girl with her rather coarse-looking mouth and bad features. However, as I said before, Miss Glass had a hard job on her hands and wrote a very interesting article at that.

Before closing, I do have one more brickbat and two more bouquets. While I agree that Joan Crawford is not a beauty, strictly speaking, surely that vibrant, dramatic face puts her in the picturesque or distinguished rather than the merely pretty class.

Now for my first bouquet. Miss Glass's favorite actress may not be in the first ten but mine is and she is Gloria Stuart. She is one of the most beautiful girls in the world and though I have not been able to see the pictures, I was thrilled to see her right up there with Miss Glass's first ten and I do wish she'd be given greater opportunity to display her talent and great beauty. I never tire of looking at her.

Now my other bouquet goes to Picture Play. Long may it prosper.

AX ARCHER.

Los Angeles, California.

Those Outmoded Musicals.

WITH the sweeping success of the new musicals, it is probably hereby to suggest such a thing, but are there any other musicals disappeared in the latest cycle of such films? They may be quite as good or better, but have I been able to get out of place with me? Miss Glass's first ten and I do wish she'd be given greater opportunity to display her talent and great beauty. I never tire of looking at her.

Now my other bouquet goes to Picture Play. Long may it prosper.

AX ARCHER.

Los Angeles, California.

A Sympathetic Fan.

I HAVE read many letters in Picture Play representing what the fans think and as a fan I would like to write about something I know. I recently had the pleasure of visiting Hollywood and while there, I was honored with introductions to Ralph Bellamy, Virginia Cherrill, Roger Pryor, and Bodil Rosing. Each one was just like to me, only less famous.

We read so much about the stars refusing to acknowledge mail. How many of us would answer thousands of letters each month? I'm sure the majority of stars appreciate all fan mail received, but please, fellow fans, do not expect the impossible. These stars have their own work to do and though they may wish to answer all their mail, it would mean the loss of valuable time even to attempt it. I have been a member of various clubs for twelve years, and I want to say that I have never regretted writing to any of the stars even though but few of my letters were answered.

Boost all you wish, but please be considerate about expecting replies to letters.

HARRY J. FRAZIER.

P. O. Box 131,
Bellevue, Nebraska.
What the Fans Think

He Must Be Good.

THANK you, Picture Play, for the real inside story about that extremely likable fellow, Frankie Darro. I really don’t think enough credit is given to this lad for his fine, natural performance.

Frankie fumed overnight when he skipped off, with the honors in “The Mayor of Hell,” and by the way, he happens to be the only one to date who ever stole a picture from James Cagney. Yes, sir, the only one.

There just seems to be something about this Darro which is appealing and makes me want to see his pictures over and over again. In my estimation, he’s the most capable of all the younger players; he’s a great little actor, and I look for this lovely star’s work on the screen.

Doris Tabaos was certainly correct when she said, “The fans are waiting for appreciation, and lots of it, should be bestowed for this lovely star’s work on the screen.”

Elissa Landi is a splendid actress, a fascinating novelist, and a thoroughly intelligent woman, and yet I read in the May 12th issue of Picture Play that no fan club is listed in her honor! Let’s make up for lost time now, fans, and come to the aid of a lovely, misunderstood and unappreciated star.

Westtown School,
Westtown, Pennsylvania.

A Boost for Boy Stars.

As an ardent follower of the screen and a regular reader of Picture Play, may I say a word in praise of our boy stars who are so seldom are mentioned in “What the Fans Think”?

There are many boy actors who are really fine, but the three who lead the pack are: Brian Donlevy, Jackie McKee, and Holt, and Jackie Scarl. But since seeing “Wednesday’s Child,” Frankie Thomas, who starred in it, will soon be on top.

If you really want to read your opinions of these youngsters, who are as necessary to moviedom as the adult actors, a trip to the drug store will provide you with the right fan magazine to read this week.

Rays of Inborn Charm.

Why the producers and directors insist that little actresses have a dark mystery to them, I do not understand, for the very little actress, as Mary Astor, is allowed so little novelty and so little variety.

The first time we see a new star in a picture it is a brand-new experience for us, full of thrills and surprises. Then the second time we see the glorified star it’s just a repetition. Every time we see Mae West, Katharine Hepburn, Marlene Dietrich, and Greta Garbo, they go through the same emotional and romantic options of their previous interpretations. Nothing changes about them, except their new leading men and their clothes.

Garbo in “The Painted Veil” was as flat and as stale as a warmed-over pancake. No wonder the public stays home from the movies to escape such monotony. It is rather strange that Canadian Garbo should go on trying her luck when she must possess enough intelligence to know that the public does not want her. She is second-rate entertainment and this she knows on all fronts.

I am anxiously waiting his new picture, “Little Men,” which has already won a place on my “pictures-not-to-be-missed” list.

Newark, New Jersey.

Unappreciated Star.

I have been greatly interested in reading the various opinions of Elissa Landi who have recently appeared in “What the Fans Think,” and I feel that the time has come when appreciation, and lots of it, should be bestowed for this lovely star’s work on the screen.

Elissa Landi is a splendid actress, a fascinating novelist, and a thoroughly intelligent woman, and yet I read in the May 12th issue of Picture Play that no fan club is listed in her honor! Let’s make up for lost time now, fans, and come to the aid of a lovely, misunderstood and unappreciated star.

Westtown School,
Westtown, Pennsylvania.

Why New Talent?

The search for new talent amazes me. Why search for new players when producers cannot find enough good material for the many established stars and featured players?

As for the new discoveries, what have they to offer the screen? Absolutely nothing. Brian Aherne, discovered for a second or third time, walks around with a look of perpetual blandness. Even next to the colorless Garbo, he is without a spark of light. He avoids interviews, it seems to me, because he should avoid him. He is not a good screen actor, and I hope he stays on the stage he loves so well.

As for Whitney Bourne, her “talent” consists of lower cigarette smoke, and saying “Oh, my, dear!” She is in pictures and producers let Tallulah Bankhead go.

Donald Woods is so impossible that I cannot recall any characteristic except a very boring voice.

Some of the stars who already are established are Ray Danton, Jeanne Crain, Ruth Keeler, for instance. Why do some people insist in calling her an actress? She isn’t. Here is a typical incident in every picture in which she appears. Ruth throws her hands and feet around. Some one comments, “That kid can dance.” Where would she be without Dick Powell?

Are the producers afraid to tackle Shakespeare? I don’t mean to produce his plays as written, but a good adapter could rewrite them for the screen, keeping the best lines as written. I would like to see Greer Garson and Charles Laughton in “Macbeth,” and Ramon Novarro and Elissa Landi in “Hamlet.” Wake up, producers, give the public what it wants!

MARGARET LATTIN,
385 Ontario Street,
Lockport, New York.

Hawaii Ignores Joan.

If all the ballyhoo about Joan Crawford is so, and the extravagant fan statements regarding her popularity are correct, why does she fail to draw full houses here? She has a studio in this Hawaii, another nearly as well equipped, and thirteen other popular movie houses, and yet her success, in the populous island, there is no other city which has the theatrical attendance we have here.

Wynne Gibson is very popular with our people as well as with Miss Shearer, Marion Davies, and many others.

But Joan, even with Clark Gable, shows to small houses.

We have got tired of her physical and mental poses, her publicity propaganda, prize advertisements, magazine interviews, and temperamental reactions. She is sincerely from another age, and her fans except those she can use, and answers few letters with genuine friendliness. She has little staying power.

Her acts of charity, so-called, are well advertised. However different from those of Marion Davies, Will Rogers, or Mae West, they do not, as a writer says of some Hollywood actresses, “advertise their slightest acts of kindness in order to reap a harvest of public approval.”

But, Miss Crawford, under the spell of Tone, has reached the acme of fame. It did not come through any historic or sensational event to bring her to the forefront of full-fledged publicity.

If she is a star, it has begun its meteoric descent! HARry BROWNING.
Honolulu, Hawaii.

The Magic Garbo.

If imitation is flattering, Garbo should be tickled pink every time she sees the banners of one of her so-called rivals. The Garbo influence is clearly discernible. It may be a trick of expression, an inflection of speech, or merely a hairiness. But in one way or another, they all reveal that they study hard at the Garbo school.


It’s the Voice that Counts.

MOVIES have been a source of outstanding service to the public, to the teaching of the entertainment which they have bestowed on humans, far and near, rich and poor alike, that it really seems rather ungrateful to offer criticism, but I can’t miss the opportunity of adding my protest about some of the voices of our movie stars. For instance, that hard-ordinary voice—Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Carol Lombard, Claudette Colbert, Constance Bennett, Fredric March, Robert Montgomery, Gene Raymond, and Garbo.

These are all Americans, and it is a disgrace to their profession to possess voices like theirs. The very sound of their voices is closed, and devoid of the culture and breeding. I’m in favor of a school of voice culture for a lot of our glamorous stars. At least they might make use of a good book on proper

Continued on page 79.
AGAIN Joan Crawford assumes the mood of gay, bantering worldliness for her current picture, "No More Ladies," in which she is even more smartly garbed than usual, with Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone as partners in the game of tit for tat. Then will come "The Garden of Allah," Joan's great and glowing opportunity for serious, tragic acting.
“Her name is Della Williams,” says Miss Loy of her mother. “Once, before my time, it was Della Johnson. So, you see, if names mean anything, she’s as thoroughly American as your own front yard.” And then the star proceeds to describe Mrs. Williams in a way that accounts for the wisdom, strength and gentleness in her face.

Exclusive to Picture Play! Acknowledged as one of the most brilliant actresses, Miss Loy exhibits a gift for writing which sets her apart from them all. This delightful revelation of herself and her mother is irresistible.

This is a hard job—one of the hardest I’ve ever had. First, because I make no pretense of being a writer, and second, because it’s difficult to say anything about the grandest, swellest—and other like adjectives—person I have ever known, without becoming awkwardly sentimental. And my mother wouldn’t like that. And, not liking it, she’d tell me so very quickly, and I wouldn’t like that. But I’m going to try.

Her name is Della Williams. Once, before my time, it was Della Johnson. So, you see, if names mean anything, she’s as thoroughly American as your own front yard. In this case, names do mean something. Her
by Myrna Loy

own mother, my grandmother, was a pioneer woman. She crossed the Western plains in the proverbial covered wagon, stopping and settling in Montana, where Della was born.

It has been said that one cannot escape the effects of, or completely outlive, one’s early environment. Della has always been, and still is, as sturdy, as independent, and as self-reliant as her native State was during her—and its—youth.

Now, when she is slightly past her adolescence, she does things that few youngsters would do.

Not long ago she decided she needed a change. So, with few words to anybody, she got on a ship and sailed off to Europe, unaccompanied. More about that later. It's worthy of note.

After all these years of being daughter to her, she continues to amaze and surprise me. Sometimes I wonder whether I'm mothering her, or she's mothering me. At such times it becomes rather confusing. But let's go back a bit.

My father died when I was quite young. He left my mother with a good deal of Montana property, myself, and my younger brother, David.

A good many women, finding themselves in such a position, would have done one of two things. They would have turned the property over to a capable manager and devoted themselves to rearing their children, or they would have found a man capable of managing both property and children—and then married him.

Della did neither. She decided that she was perfectly capable of managing both, and proceeded to do so, with neatness and dispatch.

The Montana winters were rigorous, so she decided to move to California. Friends advised her against it, saying she was a woman and alone in the world, and that those California people were slickers. Della said "Fiddlesticks!" or its equivalent, sold most of the Montana property—driving excellent bargains—and moved.

David and I were too young to realize the importance of such an uprooting. To us it was a lark. We had gone to California on several occasions during past summers, when our father was still with us, and we loved it. That our mother was now our sole support meant nothing to us.

We settled in Culver City, California—then hardly more than a hamlet—and Della set to work, undaunted by the responsibility of two children and money to invest, on the wisdom of which investments our futures depended.

She bought income properties, and, lo and behold! it was really property that produced an income. Many women other than my mother are excellent business women, but, remember, I am writing about some one very close to me, and when such a thing becomes entirely personal it is sometimes cause for wonderment.

All our Montana relatives and friends had expected her to be cheated out of her money, and were prepared to rescue her from the wailing wall. That she wasn't, I believe increased their respect for her a hundredfold.

She sent David and me to school. She looked after us in true motherly fashion, partook of the community social life, and managed her own business, all successfully. Often when I think back I say to myself, "What a woman!"

These were my formative years. Mother has always held to the theory that children are like young trees. If one permits them to develop along the lines of their own inclinations, it is best. They may not always be beautiful, but they will have character, and to her, character is more important.

Whatever my character is—and that is not for me to judge—it is entirely due to her method of handling me as a child. And I do know that her method has given me an aggressiveness that stood me in good stead while I was fighting to get out of poor roles in pictures into parts I wanted to play.

One very indicative and very important example of Continued on page 68

These two old pictures of Myrna Loy hold especial interest for those who have followed her remarkable career. The one on the far left shows her when she played exotic roles and was photographed in that make-up.

This picture is more interesting because it shows a very youthful Myrna who has just graduated from a year of extra work and was playing small parts for Warners.
Claudette Colbert has zoomed to top-notch popularity, a half-million-dollar contract being concrete evidence of her strength at the box office. This is no whim on the part of a studio, but is based on facts and figures. This revealing article throws new light on the character behind this success, with many hitherto unpublished details of Miss Colbert's tastes and habits.

By Helen Louise Walker

Claudette Colbert was a fragile child and was reared with extreme care, taught to consider her hours of rest, her comfort, as matters of importance. But picture work has taught her endurance. She can "take it," now, with the toughest studio workers.

IN a brief six years Claudette Colbert has established herself as one of the most valuable players in pictures. The contract which she signed recently with Paramount caused a distinct flurry in Hollywood where large contracts are, after all, no novelties.

Every major studio was anxious to bid for her services and the arrangement which was finally reached was an extremely advantageous one for the fortunate lady, calling for three pictures a year for Paramount and allowing her to star in productions for other companies in her spare moments.

If all goes well, Claudette should emerge within the next few years as one of the wealthiest women in pictures. And Claudette, I think, more than most successful actresses, has distinctly earned that success. I'll tell you how.

Talent she undoubtedly has—talent, intelligence, and a sparkling personality. As for beauty, you should hear Claudette's giggle when she reads that some exuberant critic has called her "radiant." "After the trouble I've had with this face!" she laughs.

It is true that she has considered her face one of her chief obstacles and that she has made a careful and painstaking study of make-up, lighting, and camera angles to overcome what she considers defects.

But she has had other, much more serious obstacles to overcome. She was a fragile child and was reared with extreme care, taught to consider her hours of rest, her personal routine, her comfort, as matters of importance. She has taken it for granted all her life that she must live carefully, fastidiously, luxuriously.

Her work on the stage taught her something of discipline and hard work over long hours. Nor was it easy for the fragile Claudette to adjust herself to discipline. But she conquered that. And the stage knows nothing of the hardships which are everyday matters to picture actors. There were experiences in store for her.

I think that her ordeal in "Four Frightened People" wrought a change in Claudette's mental attitude toward herself which will influence the rest of her life.

"That picture taught me what a durable person I am, really," is the way she puts it. "I had always pampered myself—almost babied myself—and what was my astonishment to learn that I could take a considerable amount of physical discomfort and actually thrive on it. I gained weight while I was making that picture. It was an extremely important lesson for me to learn that of 'taking it.' It destroyed my ingrained fear of physical hardship."

If you know Claudette and her personal habits, her reactions to that and subsequent pictures will surprise you, too.

She is, for instance, one of the few actresses in Hollywood who keeps a personal maid at home as well as upon the set. Winifred, who has been with her for years, who understands her likes and dislikes as no one else could, is her almost constant companion.

Winifred arrives at the studio at noon when Claudette is working, bearing a hamper with her mistress's lunch all hot and appetizing inside. A cream of spinach soup, perhaps, squabs, stuffed with wild rice and cooked under glass, water cress and tomato salad, mixed in a bowl in the European fashion, a custard. Nothing exotic or complicated. All so daintily, delicately prepared.

Imagine then, Claudette in Hawaii, sitting in a dismal, ill-smelling swamp which crawls with slimy, extremely obnoxious creatures, regaling herself at lunch with two
soggy sandwiches which have suffered from being squashed between tin pie plates in the company of a hunk of equally soggy cake and a h alf of a canned pear! She did thus regale herself and she gained weight and mental poise while doing it. It was because she had wanted that part so much, because it was so important to her to make good in it.

She had been two weeks out of the hospital after a serious illness when she entered the surf for the first shot of that picture. In the swamp, for subsequent shots, there were alternately broiling sun and then soaking rain. Claudette, shivering in a sudden shower, collapsed in gales of ninth when she saw an earnest prop boy holding a large umbrella carefully over a tiny camp fire which would be required for the next shot. There were no umbrellas and no camp fires available for the cast!

Claudette’s house is not exactly one of the show places of Hollywood. It isn’t as large as some or as ornate as others. But it has a beautiful garden and inside it is as exquisitely appointed, as smooth-running, as a Swiss watch. It is a rented house and Claudette added a few individual touches here and there. But she had her bedroom entirely refurnished and redecorated according to her own taste. It is the most beautifully appointed room in the house. She must, perforce, spend a great deal of time resting when she is between pictures and she wants to have her surroundings as dainty as possible.

Since the signing of her spectacular contract, Claudette has approved designs for a house of her own and it is now in the process of construction. This should be a little nifty!

But the Claudette whom you might glimpse having breakfast from that gay little tray, wearing that frothy bed-jacket, in that super-clic bedroom, is scarcely the hardy young woman whom a number of people saw on the “Cleopatra” set, working at night in a sheer costume, when husky men assistants

Pretty but lacking sparkle—that was Claudette when she entered pictures and for some time afterward. She considered her face a handicap.

wearing heavy overcoats were complaining profanely about the cold and acquiring obvious sniffles. The fragile and pampered Colbert neither complained nor did she acquire sniffles. She had learned, by this time, to “take it.”

She had another “taking it” lesson on “Cleopatra.” When Cecil DeMille called her to discuss the role he said, tentatively, “You remember how Cleopatra died?”

“It was from the bite of a snake,” Claudette recalled. Then she shrugged and cried, “You don’t mean that I shall have to handle a live snake, do you?”

DeMille asked, softly, “If you should have to handle one, would that necessarily force you to give up the role?”

[Continued on page 73]
YOU'LL HOLD YOUR SIDES
AS WILL HOLDS HIS WIFE
from crashing the stage!

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! "Doubting Thomas" is just what the family ordered. It's the laugh round-up.
You really see two plays for the price of one. Because all the hilarity centers about an amateur production, with Will and his son facing the same woman trouble... A & C... Art and Culture. But do you think Will lets the Bugaboo of Art bust up his happy home? Do you think he lets the Halo about Culture break his son's heart? Not if you know your Will, you don't!

WATCH FOR THE OPENING DATE.

WILL ROGERS
in
'Doubting Thomas'

A B. G. DeSYLVA PRODUCTION
with
BILLIE BURKE - ALLISON SKIPWORTH
STERLING HOLLOWAY
GAIL PATRICK - FRANCES GRANT

Directed by David Butler

"Well, Thomas, why aren't you just pelting your wife with flowers?"
"What? Say listen, if I didn't lose my mind watching that show, I couldn't go nutsy if I tried."

"Goodness, what happened?"
"Your husband fell downstairs dear... THAT'S ALL."
"Shall I call a doctor?"
"Come, come my child, be brave. THE SHOW MUST GO ON!"
He rides like the wind and loves like the whirlwind!

Carramba, but this is one grandioso picture! And as for Warner Baxter ... ah, be still, fluttering heart. What a man! What a lover! He's even more tempestuous than as "The Cisco Kid." So prepare for fireworks when Baxter, a gallant gaucho with the swiftest horse, the smoothest line, the stunningest senoritas on the pampas, meets a gay m'amselle from the Boulevards of Paree! And to add to the excitement, there's a feud, a thrilling horse race, a glamorous cabaret scene in romantic Buenos Aires.

If your blood tingles to the tinkle of guitars ... if your heart thrills to the throbbing rhythms of the rhumba, to the passionate songs of the gauchos, to the sinuous tempo of the tango, then rush to see this picture — and take the "love interest" with you!

Warner BAXTER • KeTTI GALLIAN

'UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON'

A B. G. DeSYLVA PRODUCTION

with TITO GUIZAR

Radio's Troubadour of Love

VELOZ and YOLANDA

Internationally renowned Artists of the Dance

Directed by James Tinling

"Your fragrance is like a garden. Your mouth a red carnation. And your lips, oh, your lips, to kiss, to kiss again."

HOLLYWOOD NOTES

Leave it to the fans of Hollywood to think up a new one. This time they're playing a game called the Triple "S" Test ... studio, star, story. And here's how it works. Fans rate a picture on these three counts before they see it. Then they check their judgment after the performance. And it's simply amazing how high Fox Films rank!

But then, that's to be expected. For Fox Studios have the ace directors, the leading writers, the biggest headline names.

So take a tip from Hollywood ... when you look for entertainment, look for the name ...
CLIVE OF ENGLAND

Colin Clive, who portrays morbid, menacing or harried souls on the screen, is by nature addicted to humor, sports, gardening and other quite normal pursuits.

By Madeline Glass

Colin Clive was born in Saint Malo, France."

After reading this item in his studio biography I looked up at this very English actor and requested an explanation.

"You see," said he, blandly, "my country was engaged in the Boer War. My mother went to France to get away from the turmoil at home, and I wanted to be with her when I was born, so I had to be born in France."

A wink and a grin accompanied the explanation, for this actor, who portrays morbid, menacing or harried souls on the screen, is by nature addicted to humor, sports, gardening, and other quite normal pursuits.

His enthusiasm for the latter had brought about a temporary distress, as was evidenced by his bandaged hands. While weeding, digging, and planting in his garden he had contacted poison oak.

"The doctor told me to use a disinfectant on my hands," said he. "I did, but I didn't know it was necessary to dilute the stuff. It cured the poisoning, all right, but left some lively burns."

As in the case with many actors, Colin Clive did not set out in life with Thespian ambitions. His clan, from the time of his celebrated ancestor, Lord Clive, whose life was recently recorded in celluloid, down to the present generation has been rigidly identified with the English army.

It was assumed that Colin would carry on the good old family traditions, and he was accordingly attending the Royal Military College at Sandhurst when an accident occurred which rendered a military career inadvisable. At eighteen young Clive was thrown from a horse. That might not have been a serious matter had the horse not fallen on top of him. After recuperating from two broken knees he decided to become an actor.

Under the kindly guidance of the famous actor-manager, Sir Charles Hawtrey, Colin made his stage debut in a play called "The Law Divine." Later a young English clerk, of vast obscurity, wrote a war drama which he called "Journey's End." So far as Colin was concerned it might have been called "Journey's Beginning," for it marked his start as an actor of importance.

It was he who created the rôle of Captain Stanhope, and during its eighteen months' run in London he never missed a performance. Five years ago he came to Hollywood and enacted the same rôle in the screen version of the play.

Recently R. C. Sheriff, author of "Journey's End," and Jeanne de Casalis, who in private life is Mrs. Clive, wrote a play which has Colin's enthusiastic endorsement.

"I hope it makes a lot of money," said he, with gay candor. "It would help pay the taxes!"

This particular expense is something of a cloud in Mr. Clive's otherwise clear sky. Besides the usual taxes, which sprang from a dozen sources, he has to pay income tax in both the United States and England.

"Last year," he told me, "my agent found that only thirty per cent of my earnings accrued to me. The rest went for taxes. My English income tax could be avoided were I to become a citizen of this country, but I want to remain an English subject."

"Americans feel that a foreign actor who is earning his living in this country should take out citizenship papers, but there are many angles to be considered in the matter. For instance, I want to be able to offer my services if England should become involved in a war. I was too young for the last conflict, but to-day I am ready to do my part."

This was stated in the casual tone that he used when expressing a liking for tennis, roast beef, and good looks, for there is nothing florid or melodramatic in the Clive temperament.

Continued on page 55
OF THE FANS
EVELYN BRENT

Fans who wax indignant because Hollywood neglects old favorites now have opportunity to display the loyalty that producers are said to lack. For here is Evelyn Brent, one of the most vivid actresses ever to face a camera, back in the fray—never, we hope, to leave it. Let's rally to her support in Wheeler and Woolsey's "The Nitwits."
She's as peppy as her name and the manner you know on the screen, is Miss Pert. What you don't know, however, is that she has a limpid coloratura voice that doesn't fit the snappy roles she plays and therefore she keeps it to herself. You wouldn't have dreamed it, would you? Next you'll see her in "Hooray for Love."
NO wonder Monsieur Boyer—pronounced Bwah-yay—is the premier cinema actor of France! After seeing him in "Private Worlds" there can be no doubt of it. What is more, he has every qualification to make him the idol of American fans. Especially the finesse and restraint of civilized acting which has taken the place of the late sock-you-on-the-jaw type. His next picture will be "Shanghai."

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee
One of the few actresses with the right to be called exotic, Winifred Shaw's beauty was born of Hawaiian music and flowers and moonlight. But instead of being only a sultry charmer, she was gifted by the gods with a sense of humor and rhythm. That is why she excels as a singer. You saw her in "Gold Diggers of 1935" and you'll be seeing her often now.
ALABAMA'S pride among the girls of Hollywood is Gertrude Michael who is everything that a Southern gentlemen thinks an actress should be. Which is to say that she is handsome, soft-voiced, womanly and sincere. You can't help believing everything she says and sympathizing with all she does.
The evolution of Genevieve is a tribute to her cleverness and Hollywood's skill. For no star has undergone more radical—yet delightful—transformation without losing a whit of individuality. Instead, Miss Tobin has gained distinction. The circled photo shows her as a stage star, the squared one reminds us of her early days in pictures, and the panel illustrates her glamorous present.
MALCOLM H. OETTINGER visits William Powell after eight years, contrasting the star he is to-day with the carefree man-about-town he used to be, sprinkling his narrative with pungent, revealing observations on the opposite page.
WHEN I first met William Powell he was a notorious scene-snatcher. Such stars as Dorothy Dalton and Thomas Meighan viewed his entrance into the cast with mixed apprehension and pleasure. Powell was sure to give a good performance; the trouble was it was likely to be too good.

Bill wasn't a star in those days. He was a carefree man-about-town with a good-looking girl on his arm, contented, on ice, and a large evening ahead.

A typical morning was that one on the set at Paramount's Long Island plant. Bill was starched and immaculate in a dinner coat, leading astray Betty Bronson, who, fresh from Peter Panicking the public, was attempting dramatics. Nothing ever came of that.

Shaking hands with Powell I noticed a glassy eye, a clumsy fin. "You must have had a bad night," I thought.

"On the contrary," said the re-doubtable fellow, "I had a delightful evening. But I didn't go to bed."

These diversions must be tonic for the actor. In a few short years Bill was bowling them over at Paramount in the Van Dine series of "Who Killed Cock Robin?" Then Warners called, amplifying the call with telephone numbers on the pay check. So it went. Year after year Powell grew to be more and more stella. Then Metro-Goldwyn reached out and snared him.

Starting out to meet him for the first time in seven or eight years I wondered how stardom had affected the old Powell, the guy who laughed at high hats, upstage tactics, and pretense.

He was doing a new picture with Myrna Loy. The camera was turning, the set was still, and Bill was telling Myrna how much he loved her.

"I can't think of leaving you, darling. You must understand, my dear," he said, as his eye sighted a visitor, "that this will be a retake."

There was nothing to do but to lunch with him at his Beverly Hills hacienda. The day was fixed, and he went back to work.

At the Powell residence I was greeted by a considerate butler who told me that Mr. Powell awaited me in the patio. Better than that, Mr. Powell awaited me with a pair of swimming trunks and a pool. With the grateful California sun blazing down we swam a bit, lay in the sun a great deal, and discussed life, not too seriously, but not too casually either.

Powell looked better than he had in New York. He has broadened and deepened and mellowed. The touch of gray in his hair adds distinction. In Manhattan he had been the playboy actor. Here he was a little more thoughtful, a trifle less buoyant, and considerably more skeptical about this world's rewards.

"I'm a star and making big money and it's all very lovely," he said, "but there's more to it than meets the eye, as the shell-game expert said. When I made pictures in a studio that shall be nameless, I was greeted each morning with a scowl. That meant that my last picture was flopping in Powell, or else cleaning up in Iowa and Louisiana. In the one case they figured I was slipping, and in the other they feared I might ask for an increase or a new dressing room or something. It didn't make any difference—things were unpleasant."

He traced a figure on the grass with his foot.

"On the other hand, it's delightful with MGM. Making 'The Thin Man' and 'Evelyn Prentice' was a holiday. We had fun, worked like the devil, and felt that we were right all the time. Every one there is concerned in turning out good pictures, and if you manage to be of good assistance you are thanked, not scowled at. You see, actors are practically human."

No one approximates his screen self more than this same Bill Powell. He is urbane, smooth as a pony's flank, worldly, and blessed with a natural savoir-faire. Life has been good to him and he appreciates it.

He expresses himself with clarity and distinction, not unleavened with wit. This is rare among the actors one meets. After they get the first "I" out, most of the boys grow inarticulate.

"I'm sick of playing cad and bounders," said Bill, explaining why he had turned down a role in "The Painted Veil" with the one and only Garbo. "When the audience is informed that Lord Chippendale is a devil with the women, irresistible no less, a soldier of fortune to boot, and the most polished fellow alive, the audience prepares to take a rumout powder on the guy. That's me, with two strikes on me, before I even appear."

He fingered his close-cropped mustache.

"Of course we all kick about our pictures. Poor stories, no punch, lack of conflict. I'm not kicking. Give me a couple like 'The Thin Man' every year and I'll spot the handicap of a 'Key.' But what I'd like to get across is this. We know when we've been handed a lemon to turn into champagne. We know it can't be done. And when the critics leap for their bludgeons while the audience reaches for its hat, we know it was less than a four-star picture."

Bill was enthusiastic about his vacation on Ronald Colman's yacht. He and Colman and Barthaless are inseparable companions.

In the chaste pine-walled bar in his home Powell has hung a clinical study of Barthaless, painted in oils by an admirer blessed with more determination than talent. Powell directs toasts to it with all the cruel savagery at his command. Sometimes he adds mustachios or goatee to the painting, according to his mood.

"A mustache is always tony, and much easier to add than a Van Dyke," he explained. "Goatees slide into beards before you know it, and that's bad. Painters should never let their brushes get the upper hand."

Powell reads his fan mail to keep a finger on the public pulse. But he finds that the pictures the fans seem to dislike is the most at the box office. The hounded operas flop dismally. It's all very confusing.

His telephone number codes MY MY MY, which pleases him more than a good review.

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They Say

By Karen Hollis

Plaza. Trivial memories of our first meeting a year ago were of utterly mad hats and a translucent skin. I recognized her the moment I sighted a cocky black headpiece with a squared brim jutting way forward. On closer inspection I found that her lovely complexion still defied the peril of make-up poisoning.

The few days leading up to her departure for England were one mad rush, she confided. Her eyes sparkled with pleasure at the prospect of going to the north coast of Africa on a location trip to make "King of the Damned," opposite Conrad Veidt, for Gaumont-British. Noah Beery also is in the cast.

The morning after her arrival from Hollywood, she had roused her mother and father practically at the crack of dawn and entrained for Lyme, Connecticut. There is an old farm of three hundred and twelve acres that she wants to buy. The only flaw is that it is too near the coast to permit cultivation.

George Raft's reappearance on Broadway is hailed with joy by tailors and haberdashers who deluge him with their choicest goods.
in NEW YORK—

Early summer finds Broadway thronged with Hollywood visitors, some of them bound for England and picture work.

of tobacco. All through the making of "The Wedding Night" the conviction grew in her that what she wanted from life was the deep satisfaction of living on a Connecticut farm. Friends tell her she would have to be rolling in wealth to support the place she has chosen, but she figures she could set up a business making jams and jellies from the profusion of wild berries growing on the place.

At a galloping conversational pace we celebrated our joint enthusiasm for Myrna Loy, animal pets, Consumers Research bulletins, Connecticut farms, Beverley Nichols's garden books, Mainbocher print evening dresses, face-scrubbing with soap and a brush, and Walter Huston. Tearing myself away, I forgot to mention that she must—simply must—read Macdonell's "England, Their England." Excuse me, please, while I wrap up my well-worn copy and send it off to her ship. I'd yield it to her, but no one else.

In Search of a New Dance.—Until a successor to the bolero and the rumba is found, Paramount doesn't know just what to do with George Raft, so they are lending him to Walter Wanger for a musical called "Every Night at Eight." In the interim Mr. Raft has been exploring the new crop of Broadway night haunts. With a studied elegance about as inconspicuous as a three-alarm fire, Mr. Raft makes his entrance. What an idol he is for all those snappy dressers who yearn for pleated trousers that reach almost to the armpits, for coats tailored to look as if they had been donned with the hanger left in! His guttural voice is innocent of affectations of diction. He fills, in the inspired words of one of his fellow-players, a much needed gap.

Triumph of the Season.—Although Elisabeth Bergner in "Escape Me Never" still filled the theater at every performance, she stuck to her original intention of playing only twelve weeks in New York. The rest of the country will have to be satisfied to see the picture version which she made in England some months ago.

During the last few weeks of her visit, she emerged from her

Continued on page 54
The life of one of the screen's most beautiful blondes is stranger and more dramatic than fiction. A young girl, the bloom of the prairie country still upon her cheeks, comes to Hollywood and marries a famous star. From that moment she begins to live drama.

Certainly, Virginia Bruce has lived.
She has had enough happen to her to fill a novelist's heart with delight. To-day she is ready for stardom at the same studio where the hero of our story, John Gilbert, became one of the biggest box-office idols the country has known.

But let us turn back the pages to Chapter One, for that is where all novels should begin. We have written the foreword. We know what happens next. It is only the ending of our story that remains unfinished.

The mills of the gods are in motion and they are carrying Virginia Bruce to stardom as the next development in one of the most dramatic lives Hollywood has known.
HAS LIVED

By Jack Smalley

Virginia came from North Dakota to Hollywood when she was eighteen. She appeared in a number of pictures, all small bits, and it was evident she had talent and beauty. Irving Thalberg, looking for a girl to play a romantic lead with John Gilbert in “Downstairs,” selected her for the rôle.

From that moment things began to happen to Virginia.

All the ingredients that make for drama had been suddenly placed alongside each other.

A man of many romances—dynamic, self-willed, a powerful figure—fell in love with a country girl from the wheat belt, a sweet, unaffected child with big blue eyes and a coronet of soft blond hair.

And she loved him. How could she help it? I can think of no more interesting and exciting personality in Hollywood than Jack Gilbert. He is irresistible to women. He has fire. He burns and consumes. He is erratic, he is moody, he is dangerous, he is brilliant. Greta Garbo found him supremely important. Other men paled into insignificance beside him.

His magnetic force is compounded of a highly explosive mixture of mental and physical appeal. The witty Lina Claire was his wife. And Lestrice Joy.

But Virginia was like none of these women. She was willing to give up anything and everything, including a career in pictures. Few women who have tasted success in Hollywood are willing to make that sacrifice.

When their little daughter, Susan Ann, was born, it would seem that our novel were moving to a happy ending.

We forget the villain. And the villain is not another man, or another woman. It is ambition—the driving, irresistible desire to cling to fame. It is pride—the horror of losing, the fear of failing. The villain, being inhuman, is compounded of all inhuman qualities.

And yet human, after all, for Jack Gilbert is human. And the villains of the piece are the creations of his mind. We can’t blame him, really.

And neither, for that matter, can Virginia Bruce. For what happened to them both she has no reproach, no word except in sympathy.

Thus our novel rushes into dramatic events.

When “Queen Christina” was produced, Garbo called for Gilbert as her leading man, and again we find the element of poignant drama, again a situation which would delight the novelist. Garbo, greatest of stars, coming to the aid of her friend, now married to another, giving him a helping hand when his star is dimmed.

Hollywood fully appreciated the possibilities in this strange situation. Gilbert had raised Garbo to the heights when, as a romantic team, they took the country by storm. Now it was her turn, and she responded with unselfish gallantry.

The picture was financially a success, as we know, but it certainly was not successful in restoring Gilbert to his throne.

What is just as vital to our story is the peculiar situation in which Virginia Bruce was placed by this strange turn of events. Obviously, every one thought it was a revival of the old romance between Jack and Garbo. What, then, of his wife? How would it affect her?

Actually, a triangle situation would have been much simpler than the true state of affairs turned out to be.

Continued on page 72
Hollywood is notable for partnerships—some strange, others easily understood. But all are important to somebody's success or comfort. Here, some of the outstanding combinations are described.

It's rarely a one-man job, this business of winning success. For those who scale the heights there is always some one who made the ascent speedier. And none knows this more surely than those who have won screen fame.

There is scarcely a star or a player in Hollywood who cannot credit a portion of his success to the unfailing help of another person. Sometimes it is a professional association, sometimes a friendship. Occasionally fame settles jointly on two persons. More often one is thrown into the vivid light of acclaim, the other willingly retreats to the shadows. But Hollywood always has its inseparables.

Perhaps the more sensitive the artist, the more aware he is of his dependence on a sympathetic person. Garbo, for instance, is grateful for the help William Daniels, her cameraman, gave her on her first picture. Perhaps Daniels didn't have any idea how frightened and lonesome the Swedish girl was during the filming of "The Torrent." Perhaps it was only routine courtesy that prompted him, on completion of the picture, to say to the actress that he hoped to work with her again.

To the troubled newcomer this was the first friendly gesture that had been offered to her. She found that her shyness, her reticence, her fear of people disappeared while working with Daniels. Consequently he has photographed all the pictures Garbo has made. He is acutely conscious of her moods. When she is before the camera he shields her from all the mechanics of picture production so that she has perfect verisimilitude for her acting.

That sort of thing is indispensable to Garbo. When production started on "The Single Standard," Daniels was engaged on another picture, and one of the other cameramen was assigned to the Garbo film. It just didn't work. In succession four other cameramen tried to photograph her. Finally Daniels's release was obtained and the picture went on.

Never since have they varied the Garbo-Daniels combination. The star knows that the unfailing technique of an understanding cameraman is assured on all her pictures.

Garbo is by no means the only actress who realizes how important the presence of a skilled cameraman is to one's screen success. Lighting, camera angles, flattering features, one's susceptibility to trick shots—all these things which combine to form the illusive quality of glamour, are in the hand of the artist behind the camera. Little wonder that Janet Gaynor, for instance, has insisted that Hal Mohr photograph all her recent pictures, because of the charming qualities he caught in "The First Year."

And little wonder, too, that more than one actress-photographer combination has led to the altar. A girl can hardly ignore the attentions of a man who spends all his working hours capturing her beauty for the screen. It was when George Barnes was photographing "The Greeks Had a Word for Them" that he first met Joan Blondell.
Harmony

Likewise, it was partially due to the skilful camera work of Hal Rosson that Jean Harlow looked so dazzling in her first Metro-Goldwyn picture, "Red-headed Woman." The friendship that sprang up during work on that picture developed during "Red Dust" and "Hold Your Man" until, during the filming of "Blond Bombshell," it matured into love, and the actress and the cameraman eloped.

Beyond her dependence on Bill Daniels, Garbo looks for constant advice and assistance to her one close friend in Hollywood, Salka Viertel. It is a friendship of long standing, beginning, like her one with Daniels, during her early years in Hollywood. It is Mrs. Viertel with whom she is seen at concerts, shopping, on her between-pictures excursions to the mountains. When Garbo returned from Europe, Mrs. Viertel officially assumed the managership of the actress's business affairs.

An equally close association exists between May Robson and her companion-secretary and adviser on all matters, Lillian Harmer. Theirs is a friendship of twenty-five years' standing, springing from the time when Miss Robson was touring in one of her many stage successes. In need of a secretary, she employed Miss Harmer, and the association quickly developed into a lasting one.

A school-teacher by profession, Miss Harmer on one occasion met an emergency by appearing in a play with Miss Robson. From that point on nothing would do but that the friendship be further cemented by their continually working together. And so now, in addition to watching Miss Robson's diet, guarding her health and going shopping with her, Miss Harmer usually appears in Miss Robson's pictures.

It is not actors alone who frequently owe their success to writers. More and more Hollywood is realizing the power for good pictures that lie in a director-writer combination. At present the town is convinced that a charm hovers over the work of director Frank Capra and writer Robert Riskin. Together they were responsible for "American Madness," "Lady for a Day," and "It Happened One Night." It seems to be one of those rare instances where two talents directly complement one another—Capra, the volatile Italian, and Riskin, the somber Russian, turning out the most typical American comedy the screen has seen.

While they are working on a picture they are inseparable. Late revelers in Hollywood see them huddled in restaurant booths far past midnight thrashing out their story over a last sandwich. During the preparation period, Capra turns writer—not a new rôle to him—and works out details with Riskin. While the picture is shooting, Riskin haunts the set and helps Capra execute the ideas they have planned. Together they manage to extract unusual values out of any formula.

Cecil DeMille is equally dependent on the services of one writer—Jeanie MacPherson. It is one of Hollywood's oldest relationships—beginning almost twenty years ago when Jeanie appeared as an actress in "Rose of the Rancho." So successfully did she catch the spirit of the director's work that she left acting, became his assistant, and his collaborator, finally his chief scenarist. The DeMille biblical pictures were all written by her—as were scores of his other spectacles. And with "The Crusades" under way, Jeanie is again at work with the old master. DeMille is, as a matter of fact, insistent almost to the point of superstition on always surrounding himself with the same workers.

The actor-director combination has been recognized by Hollywood ever since the time when it was believed that Lillian Gish couldn't flutter an eyelid before the camera without the instructions of D. W. Griffith. Her comeback in "His Double Life" disproved that, but it is still true that many actresses depend very vitally upon the conception of the man behind the megaphone. Sometimes it is merely that a harmony is established between them; sometimes it seems that the director actually imparts an intangible something to the actress.

The dependence of Marlene Dietrich on Josef von Sternberg is legend in Hollywood. Perhaps it is only because Von Sternberg discovered the German music-hall favorite and brought her to America. At any rate, on only one occasion has she been intrusted

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Freddie Bartholomew, whose David Copperfield made him more widely known than some players who have starred for years, is now launched on a career in Hollywood. This interview captures much of the charm and individuality that made him loved in the picture.

By Helen Ludlam

Every now and then appears a child player who astounds the world. We think that there never was such a child and never will be such a child. And then another youngster, a skyrocket over our horizon, upsetting all calculations to date. What we can't seem to get through our heads is that the world is full of wonderful children. It always has been, but they hadn't the opportunities they have to-day to let their talents shine. Shirley Temple was the last excitement. Freddie Bartholomew the newest.

As young David Copperfield he made his bow to American audiences, and the picture broke all records at the Capitol Theater in New York, remaining there six weeks. In the United States alone, receipts have totaled $1,350,000. It cannot fairly be said that Freddie is the main attraction, of course. There is an all-star cast, and the story is amazingly well told.

Freddie appeared in person with the showing of the picture, a quaint little figure in his Copperfield costume. In a clear, well-modulated voice he told his story and recited a bit of poetry.

There is a fatalistic quality about his winning the deciding vote for the most coveted child role in years. It just happens that "David Copperfield" is Freddie's favorite book, and at the age of ten he had read it four times! His first introduction to the character was when he was six and the story was read to him by his aunt, Miss Millicent Bartholomew, who has reared him from an infant.

Miss Bartholomew believes in giving children the best early in life. Then their standards will be set and they will have a background from which to branch out.

Freddie reads good books, hears good music, and sees good plays and pictures. He has read all of Dickens, Shakespeare, and some of Thackeray. His favorite studies are literature and English and early American.
Our Contest Winners

Here is announcement of prize winners in Picture Play's remarkable "See Films and Earn Money" competition, as well as identification of the backs of fifteen stars which baffled you and made the contest different and thrilling.

Every one will want to know whose backs were pictured first of all, so here goes. They were as follows:

**February**
1. Helen Twelvetrees "One Hour Late"
2. Bette Davis "Bordertown"
3. Tom Brown "Bachelor of Arts"
4. Barbara Stanwyck "The Secret Bride"
5. Sylvia Sidney "Behold My Wife"

**March**
1. Joan Crawford "Forsaking All Others"
2. Chester Morris "I've Been Around"
3. Claudette Colbert "The Gilded Lily"
4. Randolph Scott "Rocky Mountain Mystery"
5. Mary Astor "Straight from the Heart"

**April**
1. Ann Dvorak "Sweet Music"
2. Peggy Fears "Lottery Lover"
3. Rochelle Hudson "Life Begins at 40"
4. Myrna Loy "Wings in the Dark"
5. Dixie Lee "Love in Bloom"

Now for awarding the prizes, the moment every contestant eagerly awaits!

They are as follows:

**FIRST PRIZE, $500**

to MISS ELEANOR THOMPSON, 130 East 57th Street, New York, N. Y., for perfect answers perfectly presented, accompanied by a letter of unusual merit.

**SECOND PRIZE, $250**

to MRS. DULCIE BOLTON, 19 West Ridgewood Avenue, Ridgewood, New Jersey, for a one hundred per cent set of answers.

**THIRD PRIZE, $200**

to MISS FLORENCE H. McNALLY, 776 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

**FOURTH PRIZE, $100**

to MRS. D. R. BLAIR, 529 South Lawndale Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Then to the next fifty contestants whose coupons came nearest to perfection, a year's subscription to Picture Play. Congratulations to you all!

This was a very difficult contest, one that had to be solved by the contestant unaided, and it is a tribute to the intelligence of our readers that all who entered it prepared their answers with care.
OUTDOOR GIRL,

Elizabeth Allan is recognized by producers as a new personality with a poignant, touching appeal. But even after a successful year in Hollywood, England’s ex-poster girl prefers simple sport frocks to dazzling evening clothes, and a set of tennis to the gaudiest parties.

One cannot help but feel that behind the candor of Elizabeth Allan’s eyes there is an astute mind which weighs and balances everything with utmost honesty.

By Sonia Lee

FIVE years ago Elizabeth Allan of England was simply the girl on the poster. The girl who turned off alarm clocks, drank soda pop, ate breakfast food—whith smiling charmingly in front of a camera. She was one of the dozens of unknowns who make their first bid for fame via the commercial photography and illustrator’s route.

To-day, she is definitely on the way to stardom, and producers recognize her as a new personality with a poignant, touching appeal to which audiences respond. Yet, she herself is a strong and breezy and forthright person.

Her hair is an in-between shade. Her eyes are large and round—so blue that her skin looks darker in contrast. Her nose is an abbreviation, and her high cheek bones give her the look of a child. She is a new approximation in beauty and a new approximation in talent. Neither is, to date, fully developed because Elizabeth herself has as yet not reached full bloom either as a person or as a personality.

Primarily it is due to the fact that at the moment her mind is in chaos and her personal equations are variable. She has as yet not had time to make the adjustment between struggle and fame. Five years, even in an actress’s life, is not long when it spans the period from childhood to womanhood.

Those were full five years. They marked the transition between a small-town youngster in pig-tails, who coaxed her mother and father to let her study in a theater training school in London, and Miss Elizabeth Allan of Hollywood, who was received with acclaim when she returned last year to her old London hunting grounds.

We might as well sketch her background, to give you some understanding of the hurdles this now poised young woman had to take before she arrived where she is.

She was born in Skegness, a small seaside village in Lincolnshire, England. Her father was the village physician. Her mother had her hands full in keeping a boisterous brood of six mended and washed. Elizabeth’s two sisters and three brothers, with great indulgence, only called her “ballym” when she informed them in all her dignity that she was going to be a great actress.

No one in the Allan family, up to then, had ever had such startling ideas. As a matter of fact, there wasn’t even a remotely related aunt who had Little Theater ambitions. However, the hoyden Elizabeth, who had more or less been permitted to do as she pleased when her physician father went to War, continued to think as she pleased when he returned. And her thinking was definitely directed stageward.

Elizabeth thought that it must have been her own particular saint who had
something to do with her being awarded a scholarship in the "Old Vic" training school in London when she was fifteen. The family, who had her future all mapped out as an elocution teacher, thought it wouldn't do her any harm. It would probably help her in teaching the local Johnnies and Marys to recite their pieces with greater aplomb.

So, off she went to London. Her mother installed her at the Y. W. C. A. and gave the head of the house full instructions on the care of Elizabeth. A glass of hot milk at ten, which was to be bedtime. Rubbers, of course, when it rained.

Elizabeth had other ideas. Almost before the smoke of the train bearing her mother home had cleared away from the station, she had a new plan mapped out for herself. Without ado she moved into a small and very cheap room in the immediate neighborhood, in the interest of economy, and for the sake of her independent soul. And she went about the business of learning how to be an actress.

It wasn't until months later, when her mother paid her a surprise visit, that the change of residence was discovered. But, by that time, training as an actress had given Elizabeth sufficient vocal stamina to convince her mother that she herself knew best.

By and by the scholarship expired, and the family made all haste to kill the fatted calf for an elocution teacher. Instead, the Allans received a letter announcing that Elizabeth would remain in London and be an actress. The answer was neither slow nor indirect. Elizabeth could come home, or stay in London with no allowance. She stayed in London with no allowance.

The next three years were devoted entirely to convincing skeptical theatrical agents that a young and ardent and untried girl might be an actress. They were difficult to convince. During that time, too, there were numerous compromises Elizabeth had to make. Compromise between a week of nourishing food or the purchase of a new blouse or a pair of gloves or a new pair of

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What holds Miss O'Sullivan back? She could be an important dramatic actress, but she is content to give pleasant performances with only an occasional glimpse of true brilliance. Why? This penetrating insight into her character and career explains her more clearly than any interview you have ever read.

HOLLYWOOD is so intense. Everyone connected with pictures is highly keyed, overambitious, eager about the present and anxious about the future. Nothing is unqualified—everything is the "greatest," the "biggest," or the "lousiest." Superlatives fly through the air like confetti on New Year's Eve.

That's why it is rare to meet a movie-ite who is casual about the whole darn business. One who doesn't think the industry would be permanently disabled if she ceased making pictures, and who doesn't feel her life would be blighted if her place on the screen were lost to another.

That's the impression Maureen O'Sullivan gave me. Accustomed to meeting, among the stars, glamour girls and personality fellows who project their types with intensity, it is difficult to describe this girl who is vivid without effort, friendly but reserved in manner, earnest in her screen efforts and yet careless of her screen future. But let me tell you about her.

I first met Maureen last fall in Texas when she was on location with "West Point of the Air," shooting at Randolph Field in San Antonio. Her father, Major Charles J. O'Sullivan, was visiting America at that time and had accompanied his daughter to Texas, welcoming the location trip as an opportunity to see more of this vast country where his daughter has won fame and fortune.

Major O'Sullivan, a retired army man in his native Ireland, is small, wiry, sharp-witted, and humorous. Maureen is obviously devoted to him. An artificial arm was mute evidence of the major's war years, and Maureen buttered his rolls and assisted him during the meal. Maureen was silent most of the meal, seldom taking part in our discussion. Once she laughed and exclaimed:

"Father, you'll never realize the difference between Britain and the United States so much as when you want tea in this country. Try going into a restaurant and ordering tea. Of course, in our country," she explained to me, "that means a pot of tea with bread and butter or cake. The girl takes your order with no questions and brings you whatever they serve. But over here, tea isn't a meal—it's only a beverage. They invariably say, 'Do you want black or green or orange pekoe? And what do you want with it? A ham sandwich?'"

Maureen says that by the time a picture is finished she hates the clothes she has worn in it and is glad to get rid of them all.
MAUREEN

By Mabel Duke

Major O'Sullivan laughed merrily and even those at the next table were amused at Maureen's imitated Yankee accent.

After lunch Maureen and I crossed the field to her "dressing room," which had been hurriedly set up in the kitchen of an unoccupied house on the field. The furnishings in the otherwise empty house consisted of a dresser and mirror in the pantry, and a cook stove, kitchen table and one straight chair in the kitchen.

The famous Texas wind was doing its stuff that day and Maureen's naturally curly hair was so blown and tossed that her maid had to resort to artificial means to keep it presentable for her camera scenes. Maureen perched nonchalantly on the kitchen table as the maid heated irons on the stove and curled the wind-blow ends of her long bob.

An incongruous setting for a pampered screen star, I thought. But Maureen ignored the inappropriate environment and neither complained nor joked about the inconveniences. She disregarded them as completely as if she were comfortably settled in her attractive dressing room in Culver City. Her maid hovered anxiously over her and appeared much more interested in the actress's appearance than did Maureen herself.

"How does that look now, Miss O'Sullivan?" the girl urged.

"Fine! It's perfectly all right," she said, jumping down from the table, hardly glancing at the mirror the maid held before her.

As she hurriedly changed from the bathing suit she had worn for the morning shooting into a sports suit for her afternoon scenes, she showed me her wardrobe for the picture—several sports outfits and a couple of evening frocks. I exclaimed over them for they were all unusually attractive.

"Adrian's?" I asked her.

"Heavens, no!" she laughed. "It's only the stars who get Adrian. We leading ladies shop for our things ready-made. A girl from the wardrobe department and I set out one afternoon and collected these in the Hollywood and Los Angeles shops for this picture."

"They're darling, all of them, especially this green. It's lovely," I exclaimed.

She eyed it critically. "Yes, I liked it a lot at first. You know, I don't understand myself about my picture clothes. I love pretty things and become attached to frocks in my personal wardrobe and never want to stop wearing them. But I get so tired of my picture clothes. When I go shopping for my next film, I fall in love with everything I pick out and promise myself I'll have duplicates made for my personal wardrobe. But by the time the picture's finished, I hate everything I've worn in it and I'm glad to get rid of them all. Only one thing I've ever kept from a picture wardrobe. That's this." She held up a little dove-gray silk draw-string bag which held her make-up.

"I carried this in 'The Barretts' and I've kept it because it's so convenient to carry on the set."

I remembered the sentiment of Joan Crawford and other stars who retain mementoes of every big part they play. Janet Gaynor still has the shoes she wore in "Seventh Heaven," and she keeps many frocks from her pictures as reminders of the big moments of her career. Maureen's unconcern, which seemed to reflect an unconcern for her work as well, seemed odd.

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Miss O'Sullivan hasn't the consuming ambition that spurs on Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, and Ginger Rogers. She says she'd rather be married than starred. And that explains why she is casual toward her career.
Cheerfully, energetically, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, with Betty Grable between them, carry on in "The Nitwits."

Elissa Landi's passion for the printed word does not stop with writing novels. She means to print, too, on a press installed in the basement of her home.

Did Madge Evans take her Hollywood swimming suit to England? She's there making a picture, so Brighton or Harrogate may see her as we do here.

What's being talked about by the gossips of the cinema colony.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

NO marriages for us!" Behold the new banner hoisted by the film girles! Will they make it stick? Joan Crawford announced she would remain a bachelor lady "once removed" about a year ago. That is, she had one marriage, which accounts for the phrase "once removed." And she hasn't married again.

Latest is Jean Harlow. "As I feel about things now," she says, "I don't think I will ever marry again." That means considerable persuasion will have to be used by William Powell to get her to change her mind. Jean, of course, has quite a few months to go before she will be privileged to embark again matrimonially. So her vow is a safe one for the time being.

Novarro Realizing Ambition.—If you think Ramon Novarro has slipped out of sight, since his contract with MGM expired, that is a great mistake. Novarro is fulfilling the dream of a lifetime in directing a picture. This film, "Against the Current," won't perhaps
appeal to American audiences, since it is mostly in Spanish, but after that Ramon himself will be seen with his sister, Carmela, in a short Technicolor feature in English. It will be made up of the program he gave during his South American tour.

Funny thing, when Ramon undertook his independent venture, not a player he knew came to wish him well, except Janet Gaynor. She dropped around to the studio on the day he started the production, and cheered him along. He had never played with her in a picture, either—just known her socially.

Janet-Margaret Friendship.—Lest you don't know it, one of the real friendships of the colony exists between Janet and Margaret Lindsay. They met while both were playing in “Paddy-the-Next-Best-Thing” about two years ago, and have been pals ever since. Margaret lives right around the corner from Janet's home, and funny enough, Janet lives right next door to the Colony Club, which for so long was the gay midnight rendezvous of Hollywood, and is open from time to time now. We don't know whether the doings—for there were many cars driving up to this night club—kept Janet awake at night, but they probably did some of the time.

Incidentally, you must know by now that Janet and Gene Raymond are the newest twosome. Ann Sothern was on the scene for a while, but Janet and Gene have lately seemed the real combination.

Rebel Against Hollywood.—Ann Harding is in ecstasies over having discovered a new release from the toils and troubles and infestations—is that the word?—of Hollywood. Her happy hide-out is army camps. First it was Fort Schofield in Hawaii, and later she paid a visit to a Texas cantonment. Ann says that no one should stay in Hollywood between pictures. It threatens one's perspective. So now she is dashes away whenever a vacation is on. Ann declares emphatically there are no romantic attachments in the military world, but we're wondering.

Teasing the Censors.—Just a little flirting with the censors is going on nowadays. One company advertised recently, per suggestion, the return of what it calls “Intestinal Fortitude” in films. Also, we catch slick little scenes once in a while, like one having to do with a music box in a bathroom in “Star of Midnight” that make things look as if the producers were beginning to take some chances. Joseph I. Breen has been planning a tour abroad this summer, but if the film-makers start finding loopholes through censorship, he may have to stay home and keep things straight.

Anna Sten's Versatility.—Anna Sten is one foreign actress who not only has very varied talents but also very studious habits. For instance, even though she has sung in such pictures as “The Brothers Karamazov” and “Nana,” she has commenced concentrating on vocal
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**At last! Ruth Chatterton has agreed to make two pictures for Columbia. But first she had to run over to Spain for the fiesta in Seville.**

**Steadily the cycle of Dickens pictures gains momentum. The latest is “A Tale of Two Cities,” with Ronald Colman. Charles Butterworth is as pleased as we are.**

Suzanne Kaaren, one of the prettiest girls in the colony, has no beauty secret except exercise in the open air. She believes in moderation in sports, too.
Carol Lombard's white crêpe dinner gown suggests newness, smartness and originality. The bodice and sleeves are all in one. There is also a box-pleat on each tier in the back.

For house and garden Gertrude Michael prefers pajamas. The long tunic is of red and white checked silk and the trousers of electric blue.

The summer advances with new notes in daytime and evening wear. Hollywood designers offer styles to suit the personality of each individual.

Brown plaid organdy with tailored lines as worn by Ann Sheridan makes a pleasing informal dance costume. Organdy over a brown taffeta slip gives a youthful note.

The lines of Gail Patrick's sophisticated gown speak for themselves. Made of American beauty crêpe, a corsage of fresh violets completes the picture.
Miss Patrick wears a long coat of white kidskin over a semi-formal dinner frock. These flat fur coats serve equally smartly for day or evening wear.

This black tulle evening gown was especially designed for Carol Lombard's personal wardrobe by Travis Banton. Huge flowers at the neckline are an important detail.

A chic costume for informal wear is this aqua-green crepe worn by Rosalind Culli. The jacket and generous scarf-tie are of red, white and green print.

Miss Culli's black toffeta daytime suit is made very much like a tailored costume. The jacket has the new hipbone length. Rows of white buttons are accented on the gilet underneath.
A recent Hollywood wedding of a chorus boy and chorus girl serves to dramatize the injustice that is done to the junior members of the film colony. Here is a young couple with an idealistic conception of love and marriage which upsets the traditional attitude toward members of their profession.

By Franc Dillon

Eddie Foy and Eleanor Bayley, both of the chorus, proved to be just an old-fashioned boy and girl completely in love. A two-year engagement enabled them to save enough money to furnish their own home in time for the wedding.

The bridal party on the steps of the 'Wee Kirk o' the Heather. From left to right: Virginia Grey, Victoria Vinton, Pluma Noisom, Lois Lindsey, the bride and groom, Woody Spears, Bob Spencer, George Ford, Lee and Roy Moore.

Young love can be idealistic in Hollywood, too. That may seem incredible to a public which has been regaled almost to the point of nausea with tales of the ephemeral romances, hasty marriages, and precipitate divorces of the film city's great and near great. Nevertheless, it is a fact that there have been Hollywood couples who married without keeping the proximity of Reno in mind.

Perhaps the public may be willing to believe this is true of a certain few mature actors and actresses whose screen roles have almost invariably depicted them as exponents of all the homey virtues, but how about the younger, the hot-dog generation? The answer to that could well be: "You'd be surprised!"

To make the surprise as extreme as possible, we'll disregard the youthful stars who must live their everyday lives in the consciousness that they are ceaselessly on dress parade before an interested and curious public. We'll take a group of youngsters whose anonymity allows them all the freedom of conduct they might desire and who, it is assumed, take full advantage of that freedom.

These are the chorus girls and chorus boys of Hollywood—those beautiful, well-shaped maidens who so unreservedly display their physical charms as they go through the picturesque evolutions devised by Busby Berkeley et al, and the sleek, worldly-looking dancing boys who contribute their taps and glides to the rhythmic and visual pattern of a musical picture.

There have been chorus girls who married rich men, generally described in the newspapers as "wealthy playboys"; there have also been chorus girls—or ladies of
uncertain occupation who said they were chorus girls—who sued rich men for breach of promise. These over-publicized young women have always constituted a very small minority among their hard-working and professionally ambitious sisters. But still it seems to be part of the American credo that if a chorus girl thinks of matrimony at all, she does so only in terms of the entrapment of some unwary Croesus, who thereafter either becomes her husband or pays what the papers call “heart balm.”

As to the chorus boys, they are not given much thought by the public, but the popular tendency when considering them is undoubtedly to classify them as a set of profligate youths whose most serious problem of life is how to keep their hair shining and wavy. An assertion that many of them are also gigolos would find ready acceptance everywhere.

An assertion, however, that any of these boys—or any of the girls, for that matter—is a serious young person with an idealistic conception of love and marriage and a common sense realization of the responsibilities of wedlock would, unfortunately, have a much more difficult road toward acceptance. Still, it would be as true of the average Hollywood dancing girl or boy as it would be to-day of their contemporaries in any other environment.

It is because of the widespread misunderstanding of the character of these youngsters that one recent Hollywood wedding served to dramatize the injustice that is done so thoughtlessly to the junior members of the film colony. The bride and groom were a chorus girl and a chorus boy, and not only was the ceremony itself conducted in accordance with all the beautiful traditions of such an event, but it was the culmination of a courtship and betrothal period during which the two youngsters revealed themselves as positively old-fashioned in their concepts of the proper preparations for marriage.

How many young couples will you find anywhere in this cynical age who, passionately in love, will bother to obtain their parents’ consent to their marriage and then wait two years until they have scraped together enough money to furnish completely a little home of their own before they took the fatal step? [Continued on page 77]
Charles Vidor, the director, is Karen Morley's husband who finds her more attractive with the dark hair we now see on the screen rather than the blond she used to affect.

Marie Dressler gave Karen advice which helped her to realize herself. Said Miss Dressler: "No young girl can amount to anything until she tests her own abilities and capabilities, without any family help or influence."

Karen Morley's cool intelligence warns girls against one of the faults most often seen in Hollywood. "We've all watched the pitiful efforts of players to cultivate persons who might help them," she says. Then she explains why it is a mistake to make people like us.

By Maude Lathem

WHEN Robert Montgomery rushed into the office of Clarence Brown, who was then directing Garbo in "Inspiration," filled with praise and enthusiasm for his young discovery, Brown signed the young lady for a part at once, for she read lines more beautifully than any one he had heard in ages.

At that time neither Brown nor Montgomery dreamed that little Karen Morley—for it was none other than she—would be recognized as one of the most talented players in Hollywood.

Maybe you are surprised that I call her little. I was myself. The first time I met her was in the MGM lunch room. She wore a white turtle-neck sweater, with white slacks, and her brown hair, unconfined by a hat, was blowing about her face. In passing, I might tell you she never wears hats unless compelled to do so, for the slightest pressure on her head is annoying.

I found her quiet, courteous, interested and interesting, and wholly free from any of the mannerisms of one who is currying favor. I reminded her this was rather a novel attitude.

"I like people immensely," she said, "but I can never place myself in the attitude of trying to win over any one. I think it's a great mistake to work too hard to please. This defeats your purpose before you start."
HARD TO PLEASE

"You're certain to become sidetracked from the main issue and waste a lot of precious energy. We've all watched the pitiful efforts of players to cultivate producers and directors, as well as stars who might help them. If we would spend more time doing important things, instead of trying to make people like us, we would get much further in a shorter time."

Karen is perfectly willing to work hard for success and she thinks that is enough. She does not believe it is necessary to rush around until she becomes flat and flimsy.

When you saw her in "Our Daily Bread" you undoubtedly thought you were seeing an entirely new Karen Morley, a serious-minded, forthright young girl who
never could have been a seductive, blond vamp. But she has not changed one whit, unless it be that marriage and motherhood have done their inevitable bit, in broadening her mind and increasing her sympathies.

It was her own foresight that impelled her to allow her hair to go back to its natural brown. She thought she saw the handwriting on the wall. She believed that the artificial type of glamorous women was on the wane, and she didn't want to be typed in that category and be left stranded high and dry.

"Anyway," she added, "I think dark hair is a big advantage in putting over a real characterization. It naturally suggests sincerity."

There is undoubtedly a very serious side to her nature, for her early ambition, like that of Jean Muir, was to become a surgeon. It was economic necessity which drove her into a field where she could earn money quickly.

When she entered Hollywood High School, she was known as Mildred Linton, from Ottumwa, Iowa, and she would still like to live in a small town if it were possible.

If you have followed her rise from obscurity to prominence, I do not need to sell you on the importance of her place in the industry. The bit she had in "Inpiration" was her first role. It led to a contract and leading parts. After which she took a year and a half off for marriage, motherhood, and enjoyment of her home. Since returning to the screen, she has been borrowed by two studios and has made two pictures for MGM.

This is a pretty fair record for a girl who, in 1930, had never been heard of outside some minor work done with the Pasadena Community Theatre, and a few performances in Los Angeles and Hollywood theaters.

That which impresses one most forcibly about Karen Morley is her poise. On the screen this is so deeply felt that it suggests much more maturity than she possesses, for she is still just a girl.

In analyzing each of her features, you probably never would call her a beautiful girl, yet she has an ethereal quality which intrigues, and an inner magnetism which absolutely precludes the possibility of her ever being described as commonplace. Hazel eyes, olive skin, and some sparsely scattered freckles seem just right for her.

She has that thinness which is described as willowy, with a rhythmic grace that immediately attracts the eye when she walks across a room. She gives thought to clothes, at certain times, in order to be free from thought of them the rest of the time. She says nothing can make her more self-conscious than to think about clothes while wearing them. Therefore, hers are always perfect, always right for the occasion, and this helps her to maintain her poise.

Karen is never seen at a first-night performance. She feels that second nights are less conspicuous and she need not be on dress parade. She has one of the finest gifts of a good conversationalist—she is a perfect listener. She makes you feel that your views are far more important than anything she might say.

She says it was Marie Dressler who pulled her up with a start, as it were, and made her see she was not depending on herself, but relying on her mother for everything. Marie said: "No young person—you or any other girl—can amount to anything until she tests her own abilities and capabilities, without any family help or influence." And right there, Karen began to stand on her own, for which she expresses unbounded gratitude to Marie.

Nothing has pleased her as much as when Lionel Barrymore, on the completion of "Washington Masquerade," expressed the wish that she he his leading woman again. That did more toward making her feel she had "arrived" than any prior experience.

When I asked her about glamour, and how she always conveys this impression to her audience when off screen you would never suspect her of being a glamorous actress, I inquired if it were merely her individuality.

"No," she answered, "individuality is not enough. I think I would call glamour the distinctiveness of individuality."

Continued on page 56
"RECKLESS."

Jean Harlow's new picture is a shallow, heedless fabrication which manages to offer scattered entertainment in spite of a hodgepodge. Music, dancing, suicide, scandal and spectacle are frantically jumbled without ever really giving Miss Harlow full opportunities. Her figure, though, has never been more magnificently displayed and her remarkable sense of humor more obscured. She is a dancer who marries a playboy and discovers that a wiser choice would have been her manager. And as her husband commits suicide, there isn't any impediment to her union with the right man played by William Powell. Something of a dramatic climax is achieved when she returns to the stage against the protests of women's clubs, is insulted by indignant members of the first-night audience and finally wins over the majority by an appeal to its sympathy. Franchot Tone is believable as the morbid playboy and Rosalind Russell is charmingly authentic as the girl he jilted. So, too, is the remainder of the cast good, especially Henry Stephenson, but there's no getting away from the triviality of the material that enlists them.

"G-MEN."

More gunplay and noise are here than have been present on the screen since the passing of gangster films. All the violence of that era returns, with the Department of Justice the avenger instead of the local police, and the criminals discreetly stripped of attractiveness or even prosperity. They are an ugly, snarling bunch of desperadoes melodramatically worsted by the quicker wits and better aim of the noble government men. In spite of its speed and explosiveness, the picture fails to tell anything interesting about the methods of the Department of Justice and the personal drama of the characters is commonplace and easily anticipated. When James Cagney tells the sentimental racketeer who spent $20,000 educating him that he is joining the "G" men, you know that duty will make him his benefactor's foe. And when Robert Armstrong appears as Mr. Cagney's antagonistic superior, it is easy to guess that he will turn out to be a softie. So, too, does Margaret Lindsay's haughtiness toward the uppstart Mr. Cagney point to love, if you know the signs. The acting is good, accustomed and inconspicuous.

"THE DEVIL IS A WOMAN."

One thing is uppermost, one thing is unforgettable in Marlene Dietrich's new picture—its superb photography. A marvel of pure visual beauty, it is unspoiled by the affectations which often have obscured Josef von Sternberg's genius with the lens in other films. His mountain railway station toward the end of the picture is breath-taking in composition, atmosphere and lighting. I wish I could say as much for the drama played in this environment and elsewhere in the picture. The story is pretty much of a bore, a denatured version of "The Woman and the Puppet," with a happy ending, quite missing those facts and implications in the original which make it a fascinating study of perverse psychology. Here, Miss Dietrich is a gorgeously costumed pseudo-Spanish charmer who carries on a mild, studied, censor-proof flirtation with Lionel Atwill in true Department style. Mr. Atwill's warning to Cesar Romero, Miss Dietrich's new admirer, Drawn blinds and refined screams scarcely hint at the terrible punishment visited upon Concha Perez by her maddened victim in the book. Anyway, she tricks Mr. Romero into believing that she will accompany him to Paris and then deserts him at the station for Mr. Atwill. Miss Dietrich wears her extravagant costumes with an extravagant air, is often animated and provocative, but it cannot be said that her acting is deeper than the shallows of the character and the evasive writing which bring Pierre Louys's strange woman to the screen as a showgirl.
“CARDINAL RICHELIEU.”

A wealth of silk, satin, velvet and old lace, all of it expensively real, is used to recreate court life in France under the reign of Louis XIII and the intrigue of Cardinal Richelieu. Costumes, palatial settings and careful groupings give many of the scenes the aspect of paintings that have come to life. They make a glittering pageant which frequently is stuffy and dull, though. Unfortunately, the romance of the cardinal’s protege is subordinated to his political maneuvers. Enjoyment of the picture, then, depends on your interest in seventeenth-century politics in France and whether you care if the cardinal saves the kingdom or not. Of course, George Arliss gives a commanding performance as Richelieu, suave, crafty, ambitious for his country, merciless to his enemies and kind to Maureen O’Sullivan and Cesar Romero in their tepid love-making. And his make-up is quite marvelous. The picture lacks warmth and drama, however, and is academic and impersonal rather than the stirring melodrama found in the play from which the new version is adapted.

“LES MISERABLES.”

Carefully, painstakingly, without stint or excess, the immortal story of Jean Valjean is revived for those who respond to episodic treatment of a monumental work. All the salient characters and incidents are faithfully realized and are acted with taste, two of them with brilliant inspiration. The tragic history of Valjean, condemned to the galleys for stealing a loaf of bread to feed a starving child, his release and rehabilitation, his downfall and pursuit by Javert—all this unrolls with steady interest in perfect settings and atmosphere. A great deal more than interest is felt, however, when Charles Laughton’s Javert appears. It is another of the actor’s great portrayals. More than Valjean’s Nemesis, he reduces to the status of apprentices those with whom he shares scenes. This is because Mr. Laughton makes Javert a man tortured by the discovery that the world he has created for himself is insecure. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as the bishop whose kindness to Valjean brings about his reform, contributes far more of beauty and truth than one would expect of a character briefly seen.

“STRAngERS ALL.”

In with, he plays it splendidly, making it one of his finest performances. He is unusual, too, though not altogether satisfying. Its several unrelated stories leave the spectator undecided where to fix his chief interest. But attention never wanders, for all the characters and threads of narrative are interesting. Everything takes place in a theater during a performance, not backstage but mostly in the lounge. Mr. Barthelmess is a criminal handcuffed to a detective on his way to prison, with four hours to pass before train time. Joe Morrison, in charge of the coat room, is in

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“Love in B’s boiler me, oh my! Carter Allen and tire runs a but lost in agest is something mi causes certainly is peace.

Burns and All, hummistic son and Dixie. Per-
director, J. C. J. Per-

nise a character yould-be anc on the sat they this as a tru
"WEST POINT OF THE AIR."

The usual faults of aviation stories are here although this one has more interesting players and is better acted than most. But the plot is trite and has too many o/s to be more than mildly interesting in any particular. Last, but not least, the in-sistent cheer, boys, cheer attitude toward Army aviation is un-convincing because every fact shown points toward the tragedy of such a calling. Crashes galore, an amputated leg, dishonor or death apparently are the only reward of the Army flyer. Wallace Beery, a lovable sergeant, begins early to train his son to be a flyer and has a hard time disciplining him. When finally the youth becomes a qualified flyer, he strikes his father because the old man opposes him, and Mr. Beery is expelled for lack of respect for a superior officer. Then he redeems himself by heroism. The love life of the son is conventional, too. A "bad" girl tries to get him from a "good" girl, both rôles so beguilingly played by Rosalind Russell and Maureen Sullivan, respectively, that they're angels of charm.

"STAR OF MIDNIGHT."

A wholly delightful mystery melodrama patterned after "The Thin Man" combines William Powell with Ginger Rogers instead of Myrna Loy. The kid's as good in this sort of thing as she was in "The Gay Divorcee" and "Robertia." Her progress is phe-nomenal, one of the most refreshing careers to follow because it never is at a standstill and her development is sound, not super-ficial. Here she is a witty girl-about-town with a capacity for liquor as tremendous as Mr. Powell's and, like him, as debonair a drinker and as unaffected by potations. Between drinks, they solve a murder smoothly, pleasantly, and not quite plausibly, but it doesn't matter because it's all so diverting. Star Of Midnight is a masked dancer who mysteriously disappears from the theater. A gossip columnist, on the point of telling Mr. Powell the secret of her absence, is shot down. The solution of this seemingly simple assassination is one of the most complicated ever at-tempted on the screen. But it is never heavy or solemn. Actually, the characters are more interesting and easier to know than those in the famed "Thin Man."

"MISSISSIPPI."

Pretty and mild is this musical version of a story called "The Fighting Comrade" and "Magnolia," on previous occasions, the last with Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian in the rôles now played by Bing Crosby and Joan Bennett. Though the scenes and costumes follow the romantic tradition of the fabulous South, the attrac-tive story is told without verve and appreciation. It is sloughed over, perhaps because of music and Mr. Crosby's required singing. Well, anyway, the predicament of the Northerner whose refusal to fight a silly duel costs him his fiancée and wins the affection of the right girl, is set forth with no spirit at all. Nor does the obvious satire of his subsequent masquerade as a fire-eating killer register with any emphasis. This is as much the fault of Mr. Crosby as any one. He sees in his part a walking gentleman who croons and nothing more. Time was, in "College Humor" and "Too Much Harmony," when he displayed a sense of humor that made his singing gift remarkable. Now he amiably and per-haps lazily permits W. C. Fields to steal the show rather than exert himself.

"VANESSA: HER LOVE STORY."

The trouble with Vanessa Paris and the persons concerned in her story is that they're as uninteresting as the events which keep them moving. They have everything but life and reality, and a dead calm hangs over them as if they were appalled at the huge amount of money spent on a picture in an effort to justify their existence. Vanessa is a young girl in Victorian England who is in love with her cousin Benjie and who marries somebody else. Her husband is a madman who refuses to die when Vanessa discovers that Benjie is alive and still loves her. Because of this obstacle we are supposed to feel sorry for Vanessa's martyrdom and rejoice when it ends. But the release for the spectator is far greater than the happiness of Helen Hayes and Robert Mont-gomery in each other's arms. The acting is good, the settings are elaborate and richly detailed, there's much unnecessary pageantry and no one, so far as I have been able to find, gives a whoop except when May Robson, as a hundred-year-old grandmother, wisecracks with the vigor of a tireless trooper in the ageless quest for laughs.
"The Scoundrel."—Paramount. The famed Noel Coward appears as the star of the latest Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur picture. The combination will be hailed as one of the major events of the year by those who set great store by cynical epigrams. The smart bohemian cocktail set and a picture that is more original than pleasant. But I am afraid that Mr. Coward in Punxsutawney will still prefer Will Rogers and will look upon the cast of stage players surrounding Mr. Coward merely as strangers who don't photograph well. The picture is definitely interesting, though, because of superior dialogue, an abundance of glittering epigrams and a story that is far away from the beaten track. But all this is depressing rather than stimulating because the characters are symbolic figures in an artificial world rather than flesh-and-blood persons who are understood by average persons. The story is fantastic, too. A heartless philanderer, Mr. Coward, dazzles an innocent, idealistic girl, Julie Haydon, with his love-making. Honest as well as cynical, he warns her that his love is only temporary, but she is unafraid and gives up the man she promised to marry. Soon Mr. Coward deserts her for another woman, recklessly taking a plane in pursuit of the new inamorata. The plane is lost at sea with all on board. Then Mr. Coward reappears in his old haunts, sorrowful, tortured, doomed to roam the earth till he finds one person who honestly mourns his death. Only tears can send his soul to rest. In a dramatic climax he finds that Miss Haydon can shed the tears needed for his salvation. Mr. Coward is excellently cast as this frenetic, repellant character and Miss Haydon's emotional sincerity is well placed, too, in a picture that must be described as a study of disillusionment, of hopelessness.

"Four Hours to Kill."—Paramount. If you have missed Richard Barthelmess in his year's absence from the screen, here is an opportunity to see him at his best in a role of his own choosing. With that advantage to begin with, he plays it splendidly, making it one of his finest performances. The picture is unusual, too, though not altogether satisfying. Its several unrelated stories leave the spectator undecided where to fix his chief interest. But attention never wanders, for all the characters and threads of narrative are interesting. Everything takes place in a theater during a performance, not backstage but mostly in the lounge. Mr. Barthelmess is a criminal handcuffed to a detective on his way to prison, with four hours to pass before train time. Joe Morrisson, in charge of the coat room, is in trouble as a result of his affair with Dorothy Tree, an usher, and Helen Mack loves him in spite of it. Then Gertrude Michael and Ray Milland, the former a wife who is deceiving her husband, the latter a cad and a crook, and Roscoe Akins as a frantic husband who strangely passed the evening in a theater while his wife expects a baby in a hospital. All these characters are in and out of the lounge to do their bit for melodrama and an exciting climax.

then, is pretty much a total loss in spite of a tuneful score and three song hits, "Lookie, Lookie, Lookie, Here Comes Lookie," "My Garden Book," and "You Get Me Doin' Things." Miss Lee's return to the screen is promising in spite of playing an alluring heroine with a twinkle in her system. Cheerful for a musical, what? Nevertheless, Miss Lee shows that she can act and sing, while Mr. Morrisson sings well. The director should have taken the trouble to coax him to act a little to while away the time between songs.

"Hold 'Em Yale."—Paramount. Tolerably amusing is the best that can be said of this. The story and dialogue are better than the result. The acting is good, too. Why the result is not stronger is something that can't be explained except, perhaps, by the absence of a stellar cast instead of the presence of a competent one. The set-up includes a group of small-time crooks, cohorts whose earthy slang and inhibitions and delusions give promise of more than the characters amount to as a whole. One of them, Gigolo George, double-crosses them by making love to a society girl whose susceptibility to men in uniform has made her garrulous. Georgie masquerades as a foreign flyer, accent and all, and the girl runs away from home to his hotel. When his comrades enter their rooms, they find the girl there and considerable fun comes from their efforts in getting rid of her. Finally, the girl's father hires the roughnecks to cure her of her weakness for strange men. They force the football coach at Yale to put a dumb young man who really loves her into the game and he accidently becomes the day's hero and her hero as well. All this is too fantastic to be convincing, but the picture is harmless pastime. Such excellent comedians as William Frawley, Warren Hymer, George E. Stone, and Andy Devine are the ticket sculptors in Cesar Romero the slick one of the group. Patricia Ellis, unkindly photographed, is the girl, and Buster Crabbe is perfectly cast as the negative youth who wins her after all.

"The Florentine Dagger."—Warners. Unusual without being strong entertainment, this murder mystery has much to recommend it. One attraction is a foreign background for a change. Another is a psychological story instead of merely a killing. Some confusion comes from the fact that the players obviously are American, except minor ones for atmosphere, and that the settings are European. For example, Donald Woods is Cesare, the former of the Borgias, as wholesome and straightforward a young man as there is in Italy. Cesare is supposed to be neurotic. He fears that his Borgia blood will break out and cause him to become a poisoner. A kindly psychiatrist urges him to find escape from his complex by writing about it. So Cesare writes a novel about the Borgias in love with Margaret Lindsay who plays Lucretia. There is a murder, a Florentine dagger implanted in the heart of the producer. Cesare is thus free to write his book and may have committed the crime though evidence points to Lucretia. The solution of the mystery is absorbing, but there is no excitement about it. Careful matter-of-fact direction and acting cool the feverish intent of the proceedings.

Photo by Hickey
Trust Gertrude Michael to wear black chiffon! She knows that every man has to be allured by a diaphonous block with simple lines. And that's exactly what this dinner dress is. Its novelty comes from the double row of huge gold beads at the neck.

"Love in Bloom."—Paramount. Oh me, oh my! Now that Bette Davis has been seen in "The Gold Rush," the Bette Davis look is in love with Margaret Lindsay who plays Lucretia. There is a murder, a Florentine dagger implanted in the heart of the producer. Cesare is thus free to write his book and may have committed the crime though evidence points to Lucretia. The solution of the mystery is absorbing, but there is no excitement about it. Careful matter-of-fact direction and acting cool the feverish intent of the proceedings.

CAST:

Marlene Dorch twilight
Anita Galavan
D'Aspidi
Loved Atwill
Edward Dunwoodie
Sohra Perl
Morgan Wallace
Teresita
Maria
Concepcion
Conductors
Lawrence Grant


CAST:

Mona
Ned Riley
William Powell
Bob Harrigan
Thora Hird
Waylen Grancey
May Robson
Ted Harley
Brisson
Hal Pollock
Roger Light
Henry Stephenson
Lemsey
Harry Daley
James Ellison
Ralph Lewis
Marion Mountain
Dean
Himself
Nina Mae McKimney
Herself

"CARDINAL RICHELIEU"—United Artists. From the play by Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton. Adapted by Cameron Rogers. Directed by Howard I. Levy.

CAST:

Cardinal Richelieu
George Arliss
Rutger
decorated by Edward Elmer
Queen Marie
Violet Kemble-Cooper
Queen Anne
Katherine Alexander
Lemaitre
Andrea de' Posa
Cesar Romero
Bardas
Carmen Lamas
Castan
Francisco
Prelato
Roldano Di Bussy
Joseph Tuzer
Simo
Lord Austrian Prime Minister
Irving
William Harrigan
King of Sweden
Lansden Hare
April
Russell Hicks
Duke d'Epere
Keith Kenneth
Duke of Lorraine
Murray Kinneil
Duke of Brittany
Herbert Hunsten
Large ranker
David Clyde
Bill looker
Coachman
Reginald Sheffield
Freeman
William Worthingham

"STRANGERS ALL"—RKO. From the play by Marie M. Beroovioi. Adapted by Milton Kline. Directed by Charles Vidor.

CAST:

Mom Carter
May Robson
Marilyn Carter
Preston Foster
Lucy Carri
William Bawkes
Leo Carri
William Harrigan
Gus Carri
James Bude
Mr. Green
Samuel Hilds
Fer Carri
Keith Kenneth
Fray
Dorothy Jones
Dana Farrel
Suzanne Kauren
Mr. Talk
Lester Mabry
Judge
Reginald Barlow
Prosecuting Attorney
Paul Stanton


CAST:

Jean Valjean
Freddie March
Javert
Charles Laughton
Concert
Rochelle Hudson
Little Cosette
Marilyn Knowles
Martine
John Howard
Eponine
Frances Drake
Bishop
Sir Cedric Hardwicke
Madame Magloire
Jessie Ralph
Eponine
Florence Eldridge
Theradie
Jerome Cowell
Machuad Theradie
Jane Kerr
Mother Superior
Elise Matlow


CAST:

Clay Duval
William Powell
Donna Manlin
Oliver Rogers
Kathleen
Paul Kelly
John Duval
Gene Lockhart
Mr. u
Leslie Fenton
Dorcas
Tommie Tenney
Russell Hopton
Mrs. Chrisom
Visian
Oakland
Claire
Robert Emmett O'Connor


CAST:

Anthony Malloren
Noel Cord
Cora Moore
Julie Hayden
Paul Decker
Stanley Rogers
Vandewerde-Vyden
Alexander Woollcott
Jana
Elizabeth
Julia Vivian
Mary McLeod
Bernard
Nathan Cook
Miss Simpson
Mary Sibley
Rothenstein
Lagert Sturck
Mary Eileen
Mitchard
Everett Greggs
Mrs. Rolloff
Helen Stenland
Frank Conlan
Luski
William Ricard
Stierz
Harry Davenport
Howard Gillette
Richard Bond
Fortune Teller
Shuntshina
Pète Abrams
Raymond Bradley
Calhoun
O. Z. Whitehead

"THE FLORENTINE DAGGER"—Warners. From the play by Ben Hecht. Screen play by Tom Reed. Directed by Robert Florey.

CAST:

Cesare
Donald Woods
Dorothy Lytton
C. Aubrey Smith
Henry O'Neill
The Captain
Robert Barrat
The Admiral
Van Stein
Frank Reicher
Charles Judels
Lill Salvatore
Rafaela Orlando
Antonio
Paul Porciello
Anna
Stuart Whitman
Karl
Egon Brecher
The Choport
The Ruber
Herman Ring

"HOLD 'EM YALE"—Paramount. From the story by Domon Franco. Adapted by Paul Gerard Smith and Edith Welch. Directed by Sidney Lanfield.

CAST:

Clarice Van Cleave
Patricia Ellis
Gigolo George
Joe
Cesar Romero
Liberphs
Andy Devine
Mr. Van Cleave
Barber
Charles G.
Mr. Wilson
Hale Hamilton
Coach Jennings
Guy Usher
Cherry
Grant Willers

"FOUR HOURS TO KILL"—Paramount. From the play by Norman Krasna. Adapted by him. Directed by Mitchell Leisen.

CAST:

Tony
Richard Barthelmess
Edith
cine
Eula
Herbert Heyes
Delma
Helen
Beulah Mack
Nora
George M.
Mae Dani
Dorothy Tree
Johnson
Karat
Ray Milland
Capt. Andrews
Charles C.
Mae
Travers
Capt. Covent
Paul Harvey
Anderson
Mr. Madison
Joe
Lee Kohlmar
Lud
Howe
But
Little Girl
Lois Kent


CAST:

George
George Burns
Onracle
George
Allen
Eagle
Larry Devine
Joe Harrison
Colonel "Dad" Downey
J. C. Nugent
Sheriff
Richard Carter
Mrs. Casidy
May Clay
Roy Cop.
Wade Reiter
Eilion Bowen
Banks
Johanna Reggar
Jack Maluch

They Sway in New York——

Newspaperman and woman two vehicles in a race to be elected fashion dictator of the country. Copies of the gowns Orry-Kelly creates for Kay Francis, Dolores del Rio, Verree Teasdale, Jean Muir, and others are on sale in one department store in each sizable city in the country. Newman’s and Adrian’s creations, in considerably cheaper copies, are sold in the stores that have cinema shops. At the moment, Mr. Newman threatens to forge ahead with the quiet assistance of Ginger Rogers and Irene Dunne. But wait until you see the Orry-Kelly clothes designed for Marion Davies in “Page Miss Glory”!

A Comédienne from Grand Opera.—Search for a story in which to introduce the Metropolitan Opera’s particular pet, Lily Pons, to screen audiences is carving furrows in the brows of RKO executives. The slender and soulful-eyed Miss Pons is full of surprises.

With Gladys Swarthout and Helen Jepson, also opera canaries, she appeared at a theatrical benefit singing “Minnie the Moocher” no less, and sang it with great gusto. Then at the great post-season jubilee performance at the opera, she appeared as an acrobat. In tights and span-gled trunks, with a nicker of grim egress, we close.

she proved so ingratiating, so hilariously amusing, that she combined many of the best features of Shirley Temple and Zasu Pitts. RKO was looking for a vehicle for a young and beautiful opera singer. Now they find they have to get a story for a musical buffoon.

No Sales Resistance.—Mary Boland off-screen is just as vital, just as entertaining, but quite different from the meddlesome magpie that she plays on the screen. She was interviewing a newspaperman when I went to see her at the Savoy-Plaza.

Firing questions at him about the income tax, the Lindbergh case, politics and news stories that he had relegated to the past, she revealed a pungent and somewhat cynical wit. Callers tried to veer to the subject of Mary Boland, but first thing we knew we were talking about Helen Hayes, Ruth Gordon, Alice Brady, all of whom she admires greatly, of plays and night clubs Miss Boland had been seeing, and of bridge which she plays avidly for hours at a stretch.

She has no sales resistance against radio appeals—swears by the hand lotion, cold cream, eye wafers, and so forth extolled by her radio favorites. She was about to appear on a yeast program and hoped she wouldn’t yield to its recommendations, but was fairly sure that she would.

Her most enjoyable moment during her visit had been hearing Sophie Tucker sing “But I Didn’t Get My Man.” In the song, Sophie uses all the gargles, soaps, creams, and tonics advertised to make a woman irresistible, but she doesn’t get her man. But even if she is gullible about advertised panaceas, Miss Boland points out that at least she has never taken up a special diet or systematic exercise.

In Search of Ann Sothern.—Come one, come all, on a sight-seeing tour of New York. We thought we were going to present Ann Sothern to you, but all the time she was grounded in a dust storm somewhere along the airplane route from Hollywood. We didn’t know that, though, first. We thought we had just missed her at the Newark airport. O Horrifice Schorr, confidante, professor, and ringmaster to Coluni’s players and I set out to look for her in all the places an ex-musical comedy player would be most likely to spend her first day in New York.

We were willing to take almost anybody on faith, because Ann looks different in every picture. We ed Sardi’s, the Algonquin, and the
They Say in New York——

**She Is In No Hurry.**—Having been off the screen for so many months, Ruth Chatterton figured that a further delay would not matter much. Seized with nostalgia for Spain, which she last visited with George Brent during their brief marriage, she skipped off for a few weeks’ trip. For months she has frantically read plays and novels, searching for a vehicle for her return to the screen. At last she found two, “Feather in Her Hat” and “Modern Lady,” and decided that her eyes needed a rest before facing the camera. Columbia will try to do for her what they did for Grace Moore.

**One Worry Is Over.**—Stars can now visit New York with more peace of mind, owing to the courage of the wife of a prominent business man. For months a racket has flourished here that threw terror into the hearts of film belles. Photographic experts printed stars’ faces on revolting pictures of nudebodies, then demanded hush money, under threat to turn them over to company executives.

Many a girl paid because the pictures were diabolically clever fabrications, and the terror of the moral turpitude clause in their contracts had them jumpy. When the racketeers tried to pull the same stunt on the wife of a well-known business man, she caught them and turned them over to police. But don’t be too hard on the stars’ lack of stamina. People are always so ready to believe the worst of them.

What’s Gracie Allen up to now? It looks as if she’s planning a safe and sane Fourth, more or less, and if she survives she’ll be in “The Big Broadcast of 1935.”

Continued from page 18

During the absence of Mrs. Clive, who is in London, he is leading a quiet existence in a mountainside residence with his servants and Brenda, a Cairn terrier.

“Speaking of pets,” I said, “I should like awfully to own a leopard.”

Colin scoffed, openly and unrestrainedly. I gathered from his remarks that neither in this nor the next five incarnations did he wish to be even remotely connected with such an animal.

“Leopard!” said he, flashing amused reproach from his fine gray eyes.

“Tell me about your work,” I hastily suggested.

“Well, I noticed in this morning’s newspaper—it must be a mistake; such things can’t happen even in Hollywood—that Bella Lugosi, Boris Karloff, Claude Rains, and myself are to appear in the same production. I can’t imagine what a picture would be like with four horror actors running at large in it.

“I nearly laughed myself to death during the making of ‘The Bride of Frankenstein.’ Again and again the director would have to call ‘cut. Every time I looked at Karloff——”

Feeling another “seizure” coming on he abandoned the subject.

**Clive of England**

Since Mr. Clive has traveled widely, I asked in what place he preferred to make his home.

“It seems silly to mention the California climate,” said he, “so I won’t. I should prefer to live in New York or London, but only because such cities make stage work possible for me. I prefer the stage to the screen and have had more success in the theater. After all, I’m no Clark Gable in the matter of looks, and I require a good dramatic play before my fatal charm is discernible.”

He closed his remarks with a characteristic wink and began investigating his damaged hands.

Granting that Colin is not exactly an Adonis, his appearance is entirely pleasing. Although he patronizes London tailors, I doubt that he is ambitious to rival the local Brummels in the matter of sartorial enchantment. The clothes he wore at the time of our talk appeared to have been taken from the wardrobe at random.

Finding that Katharine Hepburn, with whom he appeared on Broadway in “The Lake” and in a picture, “Christopher Strong,” is a cherished friend of his, I couldn’t resist a nosy question: “Is it true that she swears like a trooper?”

“No,” said Colin. “I have never heard her swear at all.”

Although he sportingly takes whatever rôle is assigned him and does his best with it, he admits that failing to get the rôle of Lord Clive in “Clive of India” was disappointing.

“I would have liked an opportunity to portray that hard-drinking ancestor of mine,” said he. “Instead, I was given a small rôle that required less than four days’ work—a rôle that any actor could have played.” He suddenly eyed me askance and exclaimed, irrelevantly, “Leopard!”

Ignoring this I again referred to the biography. “It says here that you once wrote a play. Was it a success?”

“It ran for three months in the Queen’s Theater in London,” he replied. “Now I am working on one that transpires three thousand years in the future.”

At that I eyed him askance and elevated the eyebrows a bit. At that, he probably knows what he is about, for Colin Clive is mentally capable and alert.

Despite the fact that he is “no Clark Gable in the matter of looks,” and has no appreciation of leopards, I found Clive of England to be a very interesting and agreeable person.
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He has a double shift of butlers, so that when he is entertaining, the second shift can relieve the first, fatigued by replenishing glasses, carrying ice, and stepping lively.

He goes to the fights one night and the symphony concert the second, enjoying both equally.

He is a fanatic on life insurance; any agent can catch his car, and any good salesman can sell him.

He dresses well for the most part, but clothes do not occupy his waking moments as he has no wish to usurp Adolphe Menjou as the male mannequin of Wilshire Boulevard.

Around the Metro-Goldwyn studio Bill is rated a right guy who will not be imposed upon. They told him how he refused Louis B. Mayer when requested to work on Sunday. He had no religious scruples but he felt that a day's rest was his due, after six solid shooting days.

After the picture was finished, Frank Whitbeck, in charge of exploitation for MGM, asked Bill if he'd do a trailer for his department.

"Sure," said Bill.

"We have to rush it to-morrow," said Whitbeck. "Nine a.m."

"Nine a.m."

And on the morrow, Sabbath though it was, Powell worked with the exploitation crew turning out the trailer.

"We worked until midnight," said Whitbeck, "and no effort was too much for Bill. He directed the thing, helped with the camera angles, shoved sets around, and acted the darn thing. I think the guy's aces."

Metro-Goldwyn made a tidy sum on "The Thin Man" and very cannily the powers have decided that since the public must like Powell and Loy, Powell and Loy it will get. In the meantime you are seeing Bill in "Reckless," with Jean Harlow, and in "Star of Midnight," with Ginger Rogers. Then he is scheduled to impersonate Flo Ziegfeld in a picture to be known as "The Great Ziegfeld." Stardom hasn't changed Bill Powell. The only difference I could find in him was that instead of serving highballs he had champagne.

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Even when she was in high school, she admired Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, and Alice Terry, and tried to analyze their qualities to see what they had that produced glamour. She decided then that any girl who worked to give her best points distinction, could acquire glamour.

"Any girl who uses her intelligence in the right way can acquire glamour, in a degree," she added.

"The vital things that enter into this precious glamour are voice, appearance, poise, and grace. As the screen was just finding its voice when I began my career, I concentrated mainly on voice."

You will have to admit that her voice, with its deep, mellow, sexy tones does thrill. You may forget her face, but never her voice.

She insists that hers is not a cultivated voice, but a studied one, which I think is a most interesting comment.

Maria Gambarelli, the petite ballerina nicknamed "Gamby," is making a screen début in "Hooray for Love!"
History. American history particularly fascinates him, and he intends to start on James Fenimore Cooper as soon as he gets time.

To most American children that may seem a pretty heavy diet for a boy just turning eleven, but it's all in the way you look at it. But reading isn't the only thing he likes to do. He loves to swim and ride horseback. And he likes to go to pictures and plays. He only had time for one play while in New York, and his choice centered upon "Romeo and Juliet." He was then looking forward to "Clive of India" and "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

Freddie was born in London, March 28, 1924. When he was three years old he began acting in amateur theatricals. He has a wonderfully retentive memory, and when he was still very young would learn long passages from Shakespeare and whole chapters from Dickens and recite them in public. He became the rage in the little town of Warminster, where he lived with his aunt, and was in constant demand. Later he had a tiny part in two London plays and two pictures, but there was no serious thought of a career when he and his aunt started off to America "for fun."

One day Freddie read that Metro-Goldwyn was looking for a boy to play young David Copperfield, and he was wild to do the part. His aunt made inquiries, thinking he had a chance from the description sent out for the type of child wanted. But when she heard that thousands of children had already applied from all parts of the world, she thought it would be a waste of time. But Freddie's heart was set on it. The more he thought about it the less he wanted to give it up. He worked himself into such a state that to play David Copperfield seemed a matter of life and death to him.

His governess, who travels everywhere with him, told me that when he played some of those scenes he showed the true quality of the artist, completely losing himself in the character of the boy he was impersonating. You saw it in the scene where the poor neglected child is trying to do his lessons with the two mugstones glowing at him. His terrified cry, "I can't do it; oh, I can't do it!" is one of the finest bits of acting in the picture, to my mind.

Why search the world for a child to play David Copperfield, you may say, when Hollywood has plenty of clever child actors. But the problem here was that the child selected to play this part must not have an American accent, must have a personality sympathetic to the sweep of the story and must be appealing. Freddie was the right answer to all these necessities. Now Jackie Cooper, splendid as he is, would be completely out of place in the part of the wistful Dickens character. Jackie can be wistful, too, but with a difference. With a great difference.

Freddie is a manly little fellow, slight, with a wide, high forehead, clear, white skin, and dark, wavy hair. His eyes are dark blue with long lashes, and he has the stamp of poetry all over his intelligent little face. He writes poetry, too, and some prose, but he best likes to chronicle his impressions of the day's adventures. His aunt encourages this, feeling that one day his imagination will find expression in written words as well as in acting.

Helen Gahagan, star of the stage, comes to the screen at last in "She," H. Rider Haggard's famous romance which practically every one has read. She's the wife of Melvyn Douglas in private life.

Already the Barbolomews are beginning to feel the glamour of the limelight. Fan mail is pouring in, beautiful letters, most of them interesting and intelligent comments about the picture and Freddie's work in it. A fan club has been started in his honor, and he gets more invitations than he could possibly accept, even if he wasn't a little boy and had to have a generous amount of sleep each night.

Freddie is enchanted with the new life that has opened to him. "It's so much fun having something to do all day long," he said. "I don't get up very early because I'm in the theater until after ten, so it is almost eleven when I wake up. Then when I have tidied up and had my breakfast it's time to get ready for the theater. It takes me half an hour to get into this suit—so many buttons and things." He referred to his Copperfield costume, which was complicated as a lawyer's brief. Of course, his routine in California is different.

Between shows he would go places and see things, the zoo, the top of the Empire State Building, the Museum of Natural History, which he was crazy about, and other places of interest in the city. There was always an interesting dinner engagement, then the theater and home to bed.

He speaks very distinctly, with a decided British accent. His aunt was somewhat perturbed to read that he had been kept from the company of other children while he was in Hollywood in an effort to keep this fiction pure.

"I'm sure the writer did not mean to give the impression, but people did get it, that Freddie was rather caged in and not given the freedom of companionship a child should have. He couldn't do much visiting because the studio kept him very busy, and when he was not actually working he was doing his lessons in a little studio built for him on the set. Then he had to have a certain amount of exercise in the fresh air, so with such a busy schedule he had little chance to make friends."

What amazes me is the manner these present-day children have. There is nothing bold or aggressive about Freddie, but he has the savoir faire of a grown man. We went up to the dressing room in the theater to have our talk and some one offered me a cigarette.

"Mayn't I light it for you?" he said instantly, and struck a match. It was out and he tried again, and the third time. "It's this window," he decided. "You see, the draft blows the flame so low that the cigarette won't ignite. I'll just hold my hand around it and see what that does." He cupped his little hand and success was achieved. But he wasn't embarrassed or self-conscious in the least at the failure of the match. He has perfect poise, charming manners, but he's a real boy, and at times up to plenty of mischief.

When I arrived at the theater he was plastered against the proscenium arch off stage where he could just see the screen. The news reel was on, and some snow pictures. When his governess called him he said in a tense whisper, "Just a moment, may I? The sleds are just going down the hill!"

He will have another interesting part in Garbo's "Anna Karenina," so life looks pretty bright and rosy for this little visitor from overseas.

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THE OTHER CONNIE

By Judith Field

Often as Constance Bennett has been criticized, just so often has she been defended. Now a friend who has known her since childhood discloses lovable characteristics that contradict those attributed to the most misunderstood star in Hollywood.

through her enthusiastically gleaming eyes Miss Bennett may be glimpsed as a fitting subject for one of those articles entitled “A New—or Another Constance Bennett.” That is, if the sight of such headings hasn’t already bored you to tears.

Unfamiliar disclosures reveal that Constance is devoid of conceit, possesses congeniality and can even be sentimental. And you haven’t heard anything yet!

“She is the cleverest girl I ever met in my life,” vowed her friend earnestly, and proceeded to tell all about it.

She was first amused by an entertaining sample of Connie’s strong personality when the star was only twelve. In those days the Bennetts were a two-car family. They owned a Ford and a limousine, the Ford being used to carry the Bennett children to school.

“Mother,” Constance inquired one day, “can’t you send me to school in the big car so that people will know we have something else besides a Ford?”

As a popular sub-deb of fifteen, Constance, followed by devoted escorts, liked to attend tea dances at the Hotel Plaza in New York. The impression the young beauty made, with her blond hair, blue eyes, and willowy figure, is still vivid in the minds of observers who even then were fascinated by her grace.

Her continually surprising and unexpected accomplishments have always won admiration for her.

On one occasion Barbara Bennett, who was a professional dancer at the time, was very pleasantly demonstrating some new steps before a group of friends. No one was aware that Connie had studied dancing, but she suddenly rose and went through the same intricate routine with such delightful ease that Barbara gasped, “Well, I guess I’ll have to retire!”

Although she has never mentioned it, as an adult she also became skilled in drawing. In fact, a description of Constance’s aptitude for casual sketches of pretty faces was concluded with the firm assertion that the girl could have gone in for magazine-cover illustration. Another

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ON the opposite page you will find the most intimate and appealing description of Constance Bennett ever written. It does a great deal to dispel the belief that she is cold, aloof and conceited by citing instances of her friendliness, sentimentality and hilarious sense of humor. Altogether a remarkable insight into a baffling character.
THESE glimpses of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" further illustrate the trend toward simple, wholesome pictures based on widely read books. In the upper photograph are Norman Foster and Dorothy Libaire. The tall youth on the far right is Wallace Reid, Jr. The lower views show Charlotte Henry with Mr. Foster and Tommy Bupp.
Anatole France's "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard," a story as touching and tender as it is famous, comes to the screen as "Chasing Yesterday," and would be welcome by any name.

THREE of the principals who made "Anne of Green Gables" memorable are united in the new picture. They are Anne Shirley, O. P. Heggie, and Helen Westley. The young man with Miss Shirley is Junior Durkin.

AS SWEET AS A JUNE ROSE
Eagerly awaited is Grace Moore's new picture, "Love Me Forever." Again it will be a feast of tuneful music and light-hearted acting, with Leo Carrillo as the prima donna's vis-a-vis.

HER popularity enormously increased by the success of "One Night of Love," and further enhanced by a winter's broadcasting. Miss Moore smiles from the peak of fame, as unspoiled to-day as she was when a choir singer in Jellicae, Tennessee.
"Em Have It" is the exciting film which describes the activities of the Department of Justice in combating vice in this country. Leading roles are played by Richard Arlen, Virginia Weid, Alice Brady, and Harvey Stephens. They are pictured on this page, with Cece Cabot and Eric Linden also prominent.
THREE-STAR EXTRA

Katharine Hepburn, Charles Boyer, and John Beal brilliantly shine in "Break of Hearts."

MUSIC is the keynote of the picture, Charles Boyer being a celebrated orchestra leader and Katharine Hepburn an eager devotee of the symphony. She is with Mr. Boyer, top, and with Reginald Pasch, above.

HERE Miss Hepburn again is opposite John Beal, as in "The Little Minister," but Mr. Boyer is the man who breaks her heart and heals it again. Remember his magnificent performance in "Private Worlds"?
"PARIS IN SPRING" is the fragrant title of the picture that brings together Mary Ellis and Tullio Carminati. You saw her in "All the King's Horses" and him in "One Night of Love." Both are smooth sophisticates who shine in light comedy, while Miss Ellis is a singer of high repute.

IDA LUPINO and James Blakeley are paired as the juvenile sweethearts whose love affair amiably complicates the musical passion of Miss Ellis and Mr. Carminati.
Noel Coward, famous playwright, actor and composer, makes a film début in "The Scoundrel" under the enviable auspices of Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. The story is fascinating, original and dramatic. Mr. Coward is with Julie Haydon in the large photo. Miss Haydon, above, Martha Sleeper, right, and Rosita Moreno, next, display smart costumes worn in the film.

CYNIC'S FATE
The Mystery of Maureen

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As a matter of fact, Maureen is a rather unusual person. With the appearance of a standardized ingenue she has never accomplished anything particularly outstanding in pictures, and yet her popularity has steadily increased. Whereas several ingenues who entered pictures when she did have disappeared from the Hollywood scene, Maureen has managed to remain, giving consistently good performances with sometimes a glimpse of brilliance, as in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and "David Copperfield." But it’s only a glimpse. She returns to stereotyped leading lady parts that could as easily be played by any one of several girls on the lot.

It’s as if she had the capacity to do something outstanding, if only she cared enough to exert herself. Maureen in reality isn’t just a sweet and girlish ingenue. Seldom have I met a girl of her years with as definitely a mind of her own. She could be, I firmly believe, one of the important dramatic actresses of the screen. But since meeting and talking with her, I doubt that she ever will be.

In the first place, she hasn’t the consuming desire that spurs on girls like Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, or Ginger Rogers. She’d rather be married to her Johnny—Farrow’s the name, in case you don’t know.

In the second place, she insists she’s lazy and that her entrance into and progress in pictures can all be attributed solely to luck. This she told me the second time we met. It was in Hollywood, when we had lunch together one day. It was then that she gave fate full credit for everything she’s ever accomplished.

"I’ve just been lucky, that’s all. I guess I’ll continue in pictures as long as my luck holds out, and I’m going to collect while it does last," she declared.

"It’s strange about luck, isn’t it?" she considered reflectively. "I believe definitely that the reason some of us are successful in Hollywood and others aren’t is because Fate smiles on some of us and not on others. And yet, I’m convinced, too, that we have something to do with our own luck. Take for example, how I got a start in pictures. I might easily have missed my chance.

"I was going out an awful lot in Dublin—every night to a show or a dance or party. Mother thought I was going out too much and should stay at home more. One night she put her foot down and definitely stated that I shouldn’t go out that particular night. I suppose I’ve always been pretty headstrong, so I put my foot down and said that I should go, but that I’d stay home the next night if she really wished it. So I went.

"That was the night I attended the dance where Frank Borzage saw me and offered me a contract, and the next night, instead of staying home as I had agreed, we were all madly packing for my trek to Hollywood. "I didn’t deserve a chance in pictures—I had done nothing to merit a contract, had seldom even thought of acting, but luck brought it to me. And yet, by such a small margin, I might have missed it altogether. Strange, isn’t it? I can’t figure it out."

It’s pretty obvious in talking to Maureen that life right now isn’t exactly as she would have it. She declares emphatically that she thinks a woman is happier at home than engaged in professional work, and that she’d rather be married than starred in pictures. But because of their religion, she and Mr. Farrow can’t yet be married because of some technicality in his former divorce. The luck that has been so kind professionally seems to have deserted her in her personal affairs.

"I like making pictures, and I like living in Hollywood, but I certainly wouldn’t be happy if I thought I’d spend the rest of my life here," she declared. "No one can have roots in Hollywood. Everything is constantly changing here. The people you meet and like one day are perhaps gone tomorrow. I’ve lived in a trunk since I’ve been in California. I don’t feel settled enough to buy a house. When Johnny and I marry—if it is ever possible—we want to buy a house, perhaps in the California hills, but preferably back in Devonshire.

"Of course, as long as I am in pictures Hollywood will be the only place to live, but Johnny, being a writer, can fortunately live anywhere. His work is not limited by geographical locations. In Devonshire we would be near my family. I have three young sisters, you know, and a brother. We can have roots and raise a family and feel settled. That’s what I’d like, I think." She looked off wistfully in the distance.

Educators say that it is only the things we give our full attention to and work earnestly for in which we achieve satisfying success. Without doubt, that is the principal reason why Maureen O’Sullivan is still a leading lady instead of a star. But how can she concentrate entirely on screen romances in the transitory environment of Hollywood, when she’d rather be securely settled in her own home in Merrie England, living a real-life romance?

Henry Fonda, highly regarded stage actor and former husband of Margaret Sullavan, is with Janet Gaynor in "The Farmer Takes a Wife."
The Other Connie

of her talents is a gift for languages. She knows Spanish, can speak French, and has a smattering of Italian.

For a person whose appearance has attracted as much attention as hers, the natural expectation is that she's conceived. She isn't, although her manner appears to belie it. Many less favored women spend hours dressing before their mirrors, while Constance is very brief and expeditious about her toilette.

And she isn't a slave to the human sense of gratification which comes after one has posed for a good photograph. For she was never known to go voluntarily to have her picture taken until she had to do so for professional purposes.

The absence of vanity in this particular Bennett was amazingly displayed when she once relegated a beautiful portrait of herself to the basement because there wasn't room anywhere else. Most of us would have made room.

After her divorce from Philip Plant she was at loose ends.

"What shall I do now?" she mourned to a confidante.

She shook her head unhappily at the suggestion that she return to the films. "Oh," Connie sighed, "I'm too old."

She was then only about twenty-three.

Can you imagine the suave and aloof Constance Bennett sprawled on a bed laughing and talking with a woman friend, working crossword puzzles until three o'clock in the morning? Yet, that is what she's done frequently. It's her companionship in moments like these and her marvelous sense of humor that close associates find so charming.

And her sense of the ridiculous cropped up even at her own wedding. As the car stopped before the minister's house in Greenwich, Connecticut, for her second runaway marriage to be performed, Connie, already nervous and excited, began to shriek with almost hysterical mirth. The other members of the party couldn't understand what was so funny.

"My God!" she cried, pointing to the approaching clergyman. "This is the man who married me before!"

Later in Paris, stunningly gowned from hat to slippers in a new blue outfit, she hurried out to keep a luncheon appointment. Unexpectedly, the monstrous sheep dog who was the household pet appeared before her. With an extreme display of affection, he lunged toward the frail Constance, knocked her down, trampled on her and licked her face before she could recover. Of course, she looked a wreck after that. Her battered hat lay in the dust, her dress was streaked with mud, and blood oozed from the holes in her torn stockings.

Constance was speechless with rage and grabbed off her shoe to hurl it at the animal. But his bewildered expression and her own predicament suddenly tickled her, so she sat down on the curb and shouted with laughter.

Even her poise, it seems, can be pricked with an appeal to her humor.

During a trip to New York she visited a night club. Gorgeously dressed and the center of attention, she was very much the bored movie star. Then, a member of her party made a wisecrack while passing her on the dance floor. The grand manner was forgot and Constance bent over in such a fit of giggling that she had to be led back to her table.

Like all slight people who depend upon their nervous energy, her appetite is enormous. An occurrence in a Paris restaurant is recalled with a smile. Connie devoured twelve tea sandwiches, one after another, and took several more to eat in her car.

After all that has been said about her, it does seem strange to suggest that Constance is sentimental. But what else could you call it when she names her adopted son and second cousin Peter, because that was her pet name for her ex-husband, Phil Plant? Then, there's the evidence of the small gold-linked slave bracelet which she always wears on her right arm. It was the first thing Plant ever gave her.

A more familiar trait is the Bennett determination. One of her earlier ambitions was to be able to sing. Every one made fun of her efforts—she even laughed at them, herself. Nevertheless, she would play her own accompaniment and practice for hours. And, if you remember, she finally did sing in "Moulin Rouge."

Those thrifty tendencies of hers aren't recent acquisitions. She began saving way back in the days when she first started in pictures. One morning she was rushing out of her apartment and ran headlong into an acquaintance. Curious in regard to her haste, he asked where she was going.

"I have thirty-five dollars," she explained, "and I'm going down to put it in trust."

She is just as one-track minded when in love. Then, she is only interested in being in the company of the man she cares for. The presence of almost every one else is, to her, an intrusion and a bore—and she doesn't hesitate to show it. It is a habit which has done a lot to stimulate her celebrity, but these details have already been plentifully discussed.

After Miss Bennett is finished with pictures, she plans to live in Paris—a place she adores. Once there, it's said, she becomes a different girl as soon as she steps off the ship.

Even her best friends admit she has all of her reputed temperament. Though, coupled with that admission is still the insistence, "She's sweet when you know her."

My Mother

Continued from page 13

this method stands out in my mind at

I was at the playhouse age, and

my playhouse was a play theater. All

the kids in our neighborhood were

interested, either as participants or as spectators, and I was the leading lady. Thinking back, I do believe

the director dected out to that im-

portant part, but I would have fought

hard had any one contested my right
to it. But they didn't, and I was the leading lady.

Now, leading ladies must have

wardrobes, particularly if the plays are costume plays. All of ours were

—beautiful things (to us) without

rhyme or reason, wherein the hero

and the heroine were invariably

knight and lady, and the villain a

combination of Uriah Heep and that

uncle you don't like. Mother encour-

aged us simply by permitting us to go

ahead.

The costumes were important to

me, very important, and one day

while wondering what I was going

to wear in our newest production, I

happened to poke my head into moth-

er's clothes closet. There I saw just

the thing—a beautiful piece of ma-

terial, covered with sequins. How

those sequins would glisten behind

the lantern footlights!

That the piece of material hap-

pened to have been made up into an

evening dress some weeks before, and

that mother had not yet worn it, seemed to have made no impression

whenever on my mind. I took the
dress from the closet, cut it up into

a costume, and wore it in the play.

As might be expected, that was
decidedly not the end. A few days

later, mother decided to wear the
dress for the first time. When she

got to get it, naturally it was gone.

I heard her say:
My Mother

"I wonder what on earth became of my new evening dress?"

I was sitting on the floor, reading. To lie about it never entered my mind, so I told her that I had taken it, and had cut it up into a costume. If, at that moment, she had punished me, the whole course of my life might have been changed. It leads to much speculation. But it so happened that she did not punish me. She merely looked at me for a moment, very thoughtfully, and asked:

"Did it make a nice costume, dear?"

I assured her that it, and I in it, had been very successful.

"Were you satisfied?" she asked.

I answered that I had been completely satisfied.

She never mentioned it again. And with that little story, I believe I have illustrated her lifelong attitude toward me and David. The important point to her is: Does what we do completely satisfy our own natures?

That attitude has bred in me a demand on myself that at times has led to torment, particularly in regard to my work. Does it satisfy me? The answer to that question, to date, is no.

After two years at high school, mother thought that for me to finish at a so-called finishing school would be of benefit. I agreed, and we chose a well-known school in Los Angeles noted for its ability to turn out "young ladies," whatever the term might mean. Mainly I wanted to go there because it offered a course in dramatics.

For one year I attended classes. Well, in so far as I was concerned, it was a "finishing" school, all right, and it almost finished me. The dull routines, the insistence on meaningless little formalities, the whole petty scheme of it—all these things were threatening to stifle every bit of individuality I had. I realized that I had come to a crucial period in my life. Would I go on and submit to the mold, or would I rebel against it? I rebelled. And when I told mother that I couldn't go on with it any longer, she said:

"If you feel like that about it, stop."

She realized the seriousness of the situation from my standpoint.

I stopped. A few months later I was dancing in the chorus of Sid Grauman's prologues at the Egyptian Theater in Hollywood. I had been studying dancing since I was a child, and securing this place was comparatively easy. And for two years I pranced and plodded through dull routines, and finally I sickened again. I quit to work as an extra in pictures.

The year that followed was at times heartbreaking. I thought I'd never get anywhere. When I'd come home crying from a day of seemingly futile extra work and bemoan my lot, mother would not sympathize with me, knowing that if she did, I'd check the whole thing. And she knew that I didn't want to check it. She would get my dinner, put me to bed, and let me sleep off my weariness and discouragement. Next morning I'd feel like going on, yesterday's despair forgotten.

At that time I thought her rather heartless because she refused to sympathize with me. But how glad I am now that she didn't! It would have instilled a self-pity in me that would have submerged me completely.

She has handled David the same way when he has been discouraged about his art work. Encouraging always, but never pitying. She has helped us to help ourselves.

Now about her trip abroad. About two years ago, with my aunt in town to look after David and me, she suddenly decided that she needed a rest—which she most certainly did. And, having decided, she moved with characteristic efficiency and speed.

Turning over all business affairs to a competent manager, she booked passage for Italy on a freighter for the simple reason that she had heard that there was less formality and better times to be had on such a vessel. That she was alone and past her youth meant nothing to her.

She didn't know a soul on the boat, and no one in Europe. But to hear her tell it, she knew half the people on the Continent by the time she was ready to come home. Possessed of amazing energy and a penchant for making friends, she didn't have a hard time making me believe it.

At times she has a tendency to "crab." You would think that the responsibility of the world's continuance rested on her shoulders, if you took her seriously. But David and I long since learned how to handle that. We just let her spiel on, knowing she'll be all right when she gets it out of her system. It's a dose of her own medicine, and she has to take it whether she likes it or not, just as we did when we complained. Besides, it isn't half as bad as she makes it sound. She can't fool us—we've known her too long.

She retains all her old friends, mostly in Culver City. As an outlet for her energies, she does a great deal of work in the Women's Club, and in a philanthropic organization when she isn't putting about her garden at home. Give her some old cotton gloves, a pair of pruning shears, and lead her to a flower garden and she's happy. And she does know how to coax even the most reluctant plant into bloom.

In closing, I could say that my mother is the sweetest, dearest, most beautiful, most devoted mother in the whole world. But I won't. She'd think I was kidding her if I did. Besides, that's a lot of slush. I believe she's like the average mother, and all that that implies. But she's mine, and she's given me everything I've needed all my life. I couldn't ask for more—even if she does become a problem at times.

But I suppose yours does, too.

Paramount lines up a sextet of beauty and talent for your inspection. Gertrude Michael comes first, then Wendy Barrie, Gail Patrick, Ann Sheridan, Katherine DeMille, and Grace Bradley.
instruction, taking three lessons a week. Also Anna can paint, and she has never taken instruction in her life. And what’s more, she may do a little writing one of these days. She has gifts along that line. She is, above all, the perfection of naturalness and reality—rare qualities in the artificial world of Hollywood.

All Landis Present.—Elissa Landi has been having a great family reunion of late. Not only her mother, but her father, the Count Zanardi-Landi, has been with her, as well as her brother and sister-in-law. Elissa’s father is a most interesting person, his business being the salvaging of ships from the depths of the sea. He has a great knowledge of international affairs.

The only cloud on the Landi horizon is delays in the maturing of another picture starring her since “Enter Madame.” She is considering a possible return to the stage.

Visitors Lionized.—The Countess of Warwick, tall, patrician, and brunt, was a much-feared guest of the colony during recent weeks. Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames, who met her in England, have been entertaining her as house guest, and Edmund Lowe also gave a party in her honor, Feder Chaliapin, the celebrated basso, found various hosts about the town on his recent visit.

But all that was as nothing to the way Michael Balcon, head phallic for Gaumont-British, was lionized while he was in Hollywood looking for talent. Too, he captured quite a bit of talent for English pictures, including Richard Dix, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson, Peter Lorre, Noah Beery, Maureen O’Sullivan, C. Aubrey Smith, and Boris Karloff, all of whom will make at least one film abroad. Balcon also signed up Walter Huston, who was playing on the stage in “Dodsworth.” Day and night he was pursued by agents who wanted him to engage various other actors, directors, and writers.

The Children’s Crusade.—Whether little girl or little boy actors will now remain in the ascendency seems to be a much-debated question in the films. Shirley Temple really pioneered a place for girls after the first time ever in pictures. And since then Virginia Weidler has been deemed a great find because of her work in “Laddie.” Then there’s Jane Withers, who is being starred with Jackie Searl in “Ginger.” It’s quite the most remarkable group of children of the feminine gender so far assembled.

On the other hand, predictions are being made that Freddie Bartholo-

Hollywood High Lights

new will outdistance any of these competitors. This is based on his work in Garbo’s “Anna Karenina” following, as it does, “David Copperfield.” Garbo herself is taking a great interest in the boy.

Canine Rampages.—Filmland dogs are getting to be very obstreperous. A couple of Anita Louise’s pets recently tore up her diary, and one of Anna Sten’s spitzes recently just about wrecked her bathroom, when she locked him up in it. He finally wound up by swallowing the top of a medicine bottle, and had to be taken to a veterinary for castor oil, etcetera.

Anita Louise had kept her diary for years, and was pretty put out by three growing children, and he has bought himself a lot of brand-new togs. Furthermore he’s after his brothers, Ev and Larry, to be very fashionable. And it’s caused a terrible psychological upset in the Crosby family, even though his brothers didn’t have half as far to go to the “well-dressed man” stage as Bing.

Boyer’s Day of Triumph.—Naught but raves are heard everywhere, since “Private Worlds,” about the performance of Charles Boyer. He is, by the way, just the second Frenchman to have won prominence in pictures, since they became talkified, Maurice Chevalier having been the first.

It begins to look as if there would be a lot of rivalry between Boyer and John Beal concerning who will play opposite Katharine Hepburn in forthcoming films.

Boyer is noted for keeping out of the public eye. He is very retiring. And he and Pat Paterson are apparently very happily married, despite the long separation which followed right on the heels of their wedding.

May’s Anniversaries.—May Robson gets all the breaks on parties among the elderly actresses. The reason is that she is beginning to celebrate anniversaries at a great rate. About a year ago she was given a testimonial luncheon by MGM in honor of her fiftieth year in the theatrical profession, and just a few weeks ago a tea was given to honor her seventieth birthday. Incidentally, May’s probably going to inherit one of the films announced for Marie Dressler, “Living in a Big Way.” Which shows the trend of things.

Ill-fated Heroine.—Real regrets have been expressed since Mary Astor and Doctor Franklin Thorpe broke up their marriage, especially since Mary lost the custody of her child to her ex-husband—anyway, that’s what he will be when the final decree is granted. Ill luck seems to be dogging Mary lately, what with the court troubles she had with her parents and all. And then it wasn’t so long ago that she lost her first husband, Kenneth Hawks, in the airplane tragedy. They were very happy together, too.

Anita’s Annulment.—Anita Page’s marriage, per Mexican ceremony, to Nacio Herb Brown was short-lived. She obtained an annulment after a few months of married life. The annulment was possible because Brown’s California decree of
divorce from his former wife wasn't final.
Anita is round and about these days, and will probably go on another personal-appearance tour. She is living with her father and mother, but may later decide to maintain a separate establishment. Great are the changes in the life of the former "nine o'clock girl."

Hollywood High Lights

Eddie's Champagne Punch.— Eddie Love recently gave the first party at his house since the death of Lilyan Tashman, and the honored guest of the occasion was the Countess of Warwick. Eddie occasionally escorted her ladyship during her visit to Hollywood; but, of course, he is really attentive to that beauty of golden charm, Marian Marsh.

Eddie’s party, as were his and Lilyan’s during her lifetime, became famous for the champagne punch that Eddie brewed. The ingredients are white wine, two bottles; champagne, one quart; gin, sufficient to fortify reasonably; pineapple or lime juice, and crème de menthe. There are very few people who know how to concoct a champagne punch in Hollywood.

The Lovely Rosalind.—Rosalind Russell is about to become the style queen of Hollywood, and she has her own very personal ideas about clothes, as had Lilyan Tashman, and as has Hedda Hopper, who is known as a sartorial high priestess.

Much of Miss Russell’s personal charm has seemed to reach the screen in her portrayals in "The President Vanishes," "Reckless," "West Point of the Air," and other films. She is a highly cultivated woman, who evades the egotism usually associated with youthful Hollywood winners. And there is scarcely a director who does not demand her for his pictures, if he has a chance.

Traveling Light.—All kinds of wisecracks are being made about the studios moving from California to the East. "What will we do with our equipment?" ask the studio heads. "Shall I take my household goods with me, or just what I can carry on the limited?" cry the stars. You see, it’s had them all in quite a dither. The climax was reached when Johnny Weissmuller calmly announced he was shipping his Tarzan costumes east in a telegram.

John Lodge, Rhetorician.—John Davis Lodge takes the palm as one of the best reciters of poetry in the colony. And what’s more, he isn’t limited to the English language. He can do a little number or two by Paul Verlaine in French. And he knows lots of Shakespeare by heart.

John has a fine voice, as was demonstrated last summer by his work in "A Midsommer Night’s Dream" at the Hollywood Bowl, and this year he’ll probably do a big and impressive reading of some other play. Nobody knows why Lodge hasn’t been able to get more movie jobs since he appeared in "The Scarlet Empress."

Buck Jones, idol of juvenile movie-goers, uses the studio gymnasium for the frequent work-outs that keep him in condition. His new picture is "Stone of Silver Creek."

We never have understood why this young lady can’t make a screen return. She’s as pretty as ever, if not more so.
Anita and Brown were not quite simpatico.

A New Dolores.—Dolores Costello Barrymore—remember her enchanting beauty in silent films— is emerging from her shell ever since she moved out of John Barrymore’s domicile in Beverly Hills. Her sister, Helene, is also back in Hollywood from Cuba, and has played in a picture or two. Dolores looks lovely and radiant. She has lost considerable poundage, and now wears a Grecian hairdress which is most becoming. You can look forward to seeing her early return to the screen.

Whether John Barrymore will make another film seems a matter of great debate. Also what will be done about that marriage? It looks like divorce.

Mae’s “Marriage” Good Ad.— Mae West couldn’t have got better publicity for her picture, “Goin To Town,” than all the matrimonial talk which was given space on many front pages of newspapers throughout the country. In the picture itself, much stress is laid on the theme of Mae’s marriage. Could there be any relation between the “news stories” and the plot?

A Not-so-ardent Fan.—Somebody asked Mrs. Pat Campbell at a party recently whether she went often to the pictures. “Oh, dear, no!” Mrs. Pat exclaimed; “I haven’t seen a thing lately. In fact, the last picture I saw was ‘Riptide.’” That’s the one, of course, in which she appeared with Norma Shearer.

Myrna No Sentimentalist.— Myrna Loy doesn’t care to play weepy, unsophisticated rôle. She made this known during “Masquerade.” It was to be another of those William Powell-Myrna Loy pictures, but after about four days’ work Myrna quit the cast and received executive approval on her decision.
Her retirement from the picture gave a chance to Luise Rainer, who was more or less discovered by Bob Ritchie, fiancé of Jeannette MacDonald, on his European trip of about a year ago.

Rosamond Will Yet Win.— Rosamond Pinchot is the latest personality to have done the little trick of being under contract to a studio without making a single picture. Miss Pinchot, during her stay in Hollywood, appeared in the stage play, "Glorious Gallows," for the Pasadena Community Playhouse, but that was all. She was much feit...
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Gilbert was not in love with Garbo again, nor was she in love with him. Whatever gossips might say, whatever the sob sisters might spread over the daily papers, Jack and Virginia were really in love with each other. No person came between them.

G. P. Huntley, Jr., and Frances Dee were so captivated by the charm of the waltz quadrille they danced in "Becky Sharp" that they're trying out a modernized version of it.

No. The problem reached far deeper than what appeared on the surface. If Gilbert succeeded—and he gambled heavily on this turn of the wheel—it meant continued happiness for him and his wife.

Fortunately, this film was not a good concoction in the first place. It was a gloomy, historical picture of a mannish queen, and though that element was toned down, Garbo did have to wear male attire. After a few scenes of romance, spoiled by direction that had Garbo wandering about fondling everything in the room where they had found love, the rest was involved intrigue in an ancient Swedish castle, something to do with wars and ambassadors and greedy noblemen. To cap it all, the public saw no reason why Gilbert had to die and give the film a tragic ending. It may have been art, but it wasn't good box-office.

The history of what happened in that picture is important to our story because it is the turning point. If it had been a success, Gilbert would have found happiness in his career, happiness in his home. Its failure was like a row of cards tumbling down, swiftly, one after the other, until it reached Virginia and baby Susan.

It brought their marriage to an end. A girl made of less stern stuff would have given up long before she did. And the long train of events set into motion by "Queen Christina" ended in their divorce.

But the story, already filled with dramatic events and surprise twists, now enters upon an even more exciting chapter.

Virginia had learned a great deal about life during the two years of her marriage. She had rubbed elbows with artists, thinkers, society people, producers. She had, as a wife, the duties of hostess in the home of a big star, and those duties called for tact and cleverness.

The things a girl has to learn in Hollywood could easily fill another book; what with the complicated social problems and the diplomas in diplomacy which a wife must earn by her own wit. Mothering a small baby adds its share to the complications of life.

Virginia, now divorced, was not one to sit idle and let time go by. She needed work, and she intended to resume her career. True, she had done very little in pictures, and it was a long, hard fight that she faced in carving out a career. What she won, she would have to win alone, without the help or guidance of Jack Gilbert.

She took a small home at Toluca Lake, a few blocks from the Richard Arlen, the Crosbys, and Dick Powell. Her mother could see that Susan Ann was cared for while Virginia went to the studios.

Her first big chance came in "The Mighty Barnum," starring Wallace Beery. She appeared in this production as Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale. And she was breathlessly lovely. Everybody in the theater buzzed with interest when she came on the screen. I remember hearing people about me asking, "Who is she? What's her name?"

It recalled a similar flurry when an unknown girl appeared in "A Bill of Divorcement," and the public demanded to see more of the actress named Katharine Hepburn.

History repeats itself so often in Hollywood that it positively stutters.

The public also wanted to see more of Virginia Bruce.

Metro-Goldwyn gave her a part in "Society Doctor," with Chester Morris. After the executives looked over the rushes they decided to take the plunge, and feature Virginia immediately. They had an exciting detective story, "Shadow of Doubt," in the works. It would be just the ticket for Miss Bruce. They signed Ricardo Cortez as her leading man.

Those who believe in destiny regarded this situation with interest, for years ago Ricardo Cortez was given an unknown named Garbo as his leading lady, and thus began a far-reaching train of events.

Quite evidently a similar situation arose when this picture was finished, because even before critics could preview it, Metro-Goldwyn announced Virginia Bruce's next picture, "Times Square Lady." Then she was borrowed by Reliance for "Let 'Em Have It" and is now with William Powell and Myrna Loy in "Masquerade."

Spanky McFarland, cute little husky of "Our Gang," is ready for all comers. He says he can lick any man of his weight.

The mills of the gods are in motion. By the time this reaches print, Virginia Bruce may have been announced as a star, so rapid has been her rise. And the climax of her amazing story will have been written.
Hail the Woman!
Continued from page 15

He knew that she feared snakes above all living creatures. But he had seen her conquer her fear of the crawling things in Hawaii.

Claudette hesitated. "Well, no. But you can do something about it, some sort of taking, so that I shan't have to handle one, can you?"

"When the time comes, we shall do something about it," DeMille promised her.

What he did was this. A week before the scene with the snake was to be shot he arrived upon the set with a huge king snake wound about his arm and his neck. He approached Claudette who recoiled and screamed.

"Do I have to touch that? Oh, tell me I shan't have to touch that ugly, dreadful thing!"

"It's quite tame," DeMille told her, fondling the snake. "It can't possibly harm you."

Claudette retreated, shuddering. Suddenly the director put his hand in her pocket and brought out a tiny, threadlike reptile, saying, "Why not begin on this one?"

She was so relieved at the difference in size that she consented to touch, later to caress in a gingerly fashion, the tiny one. The snakes were daily visitors to the set for the next week and by the time they were ready to shoot the scene, with the little one, Claudette was on friendly terms not only with him but also with his big cousin, the king snake.

Does that Cecil DeMille know his feminine psychology?

She is a strange collection of little contrasts, this Claudette, who has zoomed suddenly to a position of enormous importance in the picture industry.

For instance, she employs an Italian chef. She never eats anything more hearty than chicken or lamb at her own table. She likes to dine, daintily dressed, at eight, making a little ceremony of the meal. Yet, clad in sweater and slacks, she likes to eat hamburgers and do the conversing at a beach pier, on occasion.

She will dress with painstaking, meticulous care to attend a preview of one of her pictures, and then run like anything to avoid being seen by any member of the audience at the close.

She will fret, "My hair is terrible!" and fuss with it for goodness knows how long with water and fingers and combs and then slam a tiny hat over the architectural magnificence she has achieved, scoot off for an informal gathering of friends and the most impassioned urging will not persuade her to remove the hat.

She loves bracelets and one can scarcely please her with any gift as much as with a nicely designed dingus for her wrist. Yet, she rarely wears them. She is interested in hats, shoes, gloves, bags, exquisitely equipped week-end cases, blended perfumes and similar niceties. She delights especially in dainty bedroom slippers and owns dozens of them. She takes a serious and intelligent interest in the designs for her costumes in pictures. But the selection of frocks to wear off the screen bores her. Her taste in clothes for everyday wear runs to the distinctly informal.

She has one gift which is rare in any circle these days and which is particularly rare in Hollywood. She is an intelligent and enthusiastic listener. Whenever a studio magnate is burdened with the wearisome task of escorting a visiting celebrity about the lots, he darts, like a homing pigeon, to whatever set is embellished by the Colbert presence.

Be the visitor a politician, a famous scientist, a sportsman, the head of an oil company, or an ambassador in two minutes Claudette has found out all about him, has asked intelligent questions, has flattered him by displaying energetic interest in his pet concerns, his favorite theories and in the individual, himself, as a person. She has made him feel that he is important and charming.

Well, there she is, this charming and rather puzzling young woman who has caused such a stir in picture circles in the past year. The powdered, luxurious young woman who can take more physical discomfort than most men in pictures.

CLAUDETTE.
I adore the flaming Crawford.
The exquisiteness of Harlow.
The genius of a Hepburn.
The art of the great Garbo.
But in all the market of beauty
The screen has offered yet.
The most charming and beautiful
Is the lovely, vivacious Claudette.

RUTH WHITMAN BOWERS.
Close Harmony

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to another director. Recently, however, Paramount decided to place Dietrich in other hands, thus breaking up a famous combination.

In a less conspicuous but none the less definite manner does Sylvia Sidney work best when her pictures are directed by Marion Gering, while Ann Harding has done some of her best work when directed by E. H. Griffith. And likewise does Mae West seek the advice of Boris Petroff, stage director, who acts unofficially as her dramatic coach, and who hopes some day to direct her.

Much more rare is the actor-producer relationship. Usually they meet only under business compulsion, and there's usually a bit of guarded enmity—art versus box-office battle. Not so in the case of Gene Raymond and Jesse L. Lasky, who are the closest of friends as well as, by unspoken agreement, business associates. It was Lasky who first brought Gene to Hollywood after seeing him in "Young Sinners" in New York. It was when Lasky left Paramount, where Gene was under contract, that the actor felt his picture career was slowly being smooth-ed by a series of unsympathetic roles, and it was when Lasky cast him in his own "Zoo in Budapest," that Gene won his real screen success. It is now understood between them that whenever a suitable role occurs in a Lasky picture, Gene will play it.

Hollywood's most frequent association is, of course, the costarring one. It's always a bit delicate, frequently shadowed by professional jealousy, and rarely lasts long. For a long time the salient exception to this was the Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell team, but this partnership eventually was dissolved by differences of opinion. Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell are simply exuberant about working with each other. Their joint appearance in "42nd Street" meant fame for them both, and since then their ingenuousness and naive charm have made them an ideal team, and formed a friendship they carry off the lot with them, for with Al Jolson they make one of Hollywood's most frequently seen trios. And Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles are devoted to their role as the typical American couple.

Grace Bradley scampers up the racks, the better to see the plane that is taking her sweetheart from Catalina Island to the mainland. And while she's perched on a peak, you can get a better look at her swimming togs.
shoes, when the old ones resisted all efforts to make them look respectable.

Even an economical young lady has to eat occasionally in three years, and Elizabeth was delighted with commercial photographers who found her piquant face a good photographic subject.

That was the time when you could have seen her almost on any billboard cooing English by-passers to purchase certain brands of alarm clocks and baby foods and drinkables.

There came a time, of course—in the last few months, as a matter of fact—when her face on a poster could mean important money to her, but at that time posing served to keep the wolf at least two and a half inches from her door.

Eventually, small roles did come her way. For a year she toured England with a Shakespearean repertoire company. In 1930, she made her first London appearance in "Michael and Mary," in which Herbert Marshall and Edna Best were starred. Through them she met William J. O'Brien, an actor's agent, whom she later married and from whom she is now separated.

Mr. O'Brien, from the first meeting, was intrigued by Elizabeth, and he put forth his best efforts in her behalf. He found a bit part for her in "Alibi," one of the first acceptable English-made pictures. She clicked in the tiny role, and from then on divided her time between the stage and the screen.

A Hollywood eagle eye espied her in "Reserved for Ladies," in which she supported Leslie Howard, and before she could say " Skegness, Lincolnshire, England," she was aboard a ship bound for California, for which her heart had yearned through many months.

Hollywood then, as it is today, was a heavenly dream come true. Confidently, Elizabeth will tell you that if Metro-Goldwyn, her present employers, paid her much, much less than they do, she would still be glad to play in pictures for them. That is, if they gave her a lot of work and kept her busy learning lines days on end.

For she is one who rejects leisure and finds tennis and golf and horseback riding and swimming—her main diversions—a poor substitute for being continually under the hot glare of stage lights.

Elizabeth has an idea that Hollywood has been of tremendous benefit to her. She will tell you that it has given her a new independence and a new self-reliance which marriage to a rather masterful man curbed. There was a time in recent years when Elizabeth was no good at all at keeping track of her luggage or her tickets during her travels. Now, she is getting to the point where she can tell you from minute to minute where her smallest possession is.

Without a question, the past year has wrought some changes in Miss Allan. Twelve months ago, she was frantic with delight when newspaper paragraphers chronicled her comings and goings, and when little boys lined up to beg for autographs. She has a more adult—or perhaps it might be a more sophisticated attitude—toward such to-do's, attendant on fame. She no longer asks naively "Do you think I'll ever get into the papers?" but takes publicity more as a matter of course. Which is as it should be.

She is very cautious about becoming temeramental, even though other actresses indulge that tendency.

"If I find myself going temeramental," she will tell you, "I go off in the corner and chide myself, because I remember those tough years and how lucky I am to be where I am. Sometimes I feel sorry for the people who go to the top with no struggle at all. Personally, I wouldn't have missed being hungry and cold and discouraged for all the money in the world. There's nothing like the memory of a hungry stomach to give you perspective and understanding. I'd never have dared to do some of the roles I have done in the past two years if I hadn't had a background of troubles and humiliations."

Elizabeth Allan is a girl with an outdoor look, an outdoor mind, who after a year of going through the Hollywood mill, continues to wear gold hooped earrings in pierced lobes, who prefers little sport frocks to dazzling dinner clothes, and a set of tennis to the gaudiest parties.

I have an idea that behind the candor of her eyes there is an astute mind which weighs and balances every item in her existence, with uncompromising honesty.

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The Sweetest Story Ever Told
Continued from page 45

Old-fashioned? Certainly. But just the practical manifestation of the idealism with which a Hollywood chorus girl and chorus boy set forth upon the great adventure of marriage.

The girl is Eleanor Bayley, who for more than two years has been dancing in Warner musicals and was only recently selected with several other pretty and talented girls from the chorus and given a contract by the studio under which she will have an opportunity to play bits and demonstrate her ability as an actress.

The boy is Eddie Foy, who has also been in Warner chorus lines for the past two years, and he also has recently taken the first steps toward professional advancement, having been given an opportunity by Busby Berkeley to serve as an assistant dance director. It is his ambition, however, to be an actor of virile, dramatic roles, and it is safe to say that he will continue his dancing activities only as long as they mean the difference between having a job and not having one.

He is a serious young fellow of an extremely practical turn of mind who came here with his parents from Fort Worth, Texas, several years ago to make a career for himself in pictures. He is not related to the well-known Foy family of stage fame, for his right name is William H. Sprinkle, but in choosing a professional name he had no thought of subsequent confusion, for he merely took the name of his maternal grandfather, unaware at the time of the existence of the other theatrical Foys. Like virtually every other Hollywood chorine, Eleanor is a small-town girl who migrated to the Coast with her family. Specifically, it is Atchison, Kansas, that boasts of her, and "boasts" is used advisedly, for every step of her professional advancement is recorded faithfully in the well-known Atchison Globe. Her recent wedding was not only the subject of an extended story in the home-town paper but, before the event, the Kansas City Journal-Post, under the heading, "Home Town Girl's Nearing Wedding in Hollywood Is Thrill to Atchison," printed a signed story from its Atchison correspondent. The story, with pictures, took up two full columns.

Both her parents, it was pointed out in that story, are members of leading families of Atchison, and mention is made that the first announcement of her engagement appeared in the society column of the Globe, "reported by Miss Nellie Webb, beloved society editor of that paper, who had written the account of the wedding of Eleanor's parents, the child's birth and the various stages of her progress in amateur theatricals in Atchison."

So you can be certain that whenever a full-length photograph of Eleanor in unconventional scantiness or costume appeared in the newspaper advertisements of the musical pictures in which she had danced—her picture has been thus used often—the good residents of Atchison did not exclaim, as you and you and you may have done, "that blond Hollywood hussy!" No, they asked each other "Isn't that a cute picture of that sweet little Bayley girl?"

Which is just another indication of how a knowledge of actualities may prevent the harboring of erroneous impressions.

With all the sophistication she may have acquired around movie lots, Eleanor is still, in the essentials of her character, the same girl she would have been if she had remained in Atchison. And so is Eddie Foy the same youth essentially that he would have been if he had remained in Fort Worth.

They fell in love two years ago—"at first sight," they will tell you. Eddie was impatient to be married at once, but Eleanor insisted upon waiting until she could have everything dear to a bride's heart. "Anyway, mother thinks I'm too young to get married before we know each other thoroughly," she said at that time. Eddie never lost his impatience, but he acceded to his loved one's desires and entered wholeheartedly into the planning and saving for their little love nest.

It may have been their old-fashioned temperaments, but they soon found that there was much more pleasure in buying an attractive piece of furniture for their intended home than going to parties or dancing at a nightclub.

"We went to lots of pictures shows," Eleanor will tell you, "but going to dances costs so much money. We dance all day, anyway, and we thought it more fun to pay for our furniture."

"I didn't have many clothes at first, because all the money I was earning, as well as Eddie's, went into the house. I didn't want to be one of those brides who can't have any new clothes for the first few years of her married life because all the money has to go to pay for the furniture."

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Well, now she can buy those clothes, for their little home, high in the hills back of Hollywood, was completely furnished by the time they were married. And the pleasure they had in furnishing it is amply reflected in the tastefulness and attractiveness of each room. Judging by appearances, you would say it was the home of much wealthier persons than a chorus girl and chorus boy who furnished it with their savings of only two years.

When they became engaged these youngsters started looking at houses, and it was fully a year ago that they found just the one they wanted. They took it at once, moved in such furnishings as they had accumulated, and while Eleanor remained at home with her parents, Eddie took possession and lived there in solitary bachelor grandeur. But he occupied all his spare time in redecorating the rooms, painting furniture, gardening, building a fish pond and otherwise making it as attractive a site as possible for a honeymoon cottage. Whenever Eleanor had any freedom from her work she dashed over to the house and helped Eddie at these tasks. Small wonder it was complete in every detail by the wedding date.

Following the wedding, Eleanor's hope chest—of course she had one—and the wedding presents were moved in. A few weeks before the wedding, the contents of the hope chest had been generously augmented at a shower which all the Warner chorus girls united in giving for her at the home of Lois Lindsey, who had been chosen as one of her bridesmaids.

The shower was such a complete surprise to Eleanor that when she was lured over to the house where it was to be held she was wearing a pair of old slacks and a sweater. Of course she wept when she realized what was what and then all the other girls wept over the little girl who was going to get married—believe it or not, you too-wise cynics who think that chorus girls are essentially different from any other girls.

Tears flowed copiously again on the night of the wedding, but don't people always cry at weddings? It was a pretentious affair, but Eleanor's parents thought they should stretch their purses to the limit to provide a grand, old-fashioned wedding for a daughter who had proved herself a grand, old-fashioned girl.

The fact that the wedding day fell on the thirteenth of the month did not dampen the spirits of the couple, and their marriage took place in the beautiful Wee Kirk o' the Heather, in near-by Glendale, with Reverend Arthur II. Wurtele, rector of St. Thomas's Episcopal Church of Hollywood, officiating. Everything was done in accordance with the time-honored conventions except that Eleanor had no maid of honor, being loath to favor any one girl in her quartet of dearest friends. The only Hollywood touch was when many people, upon receiving their invitations to the wedding, had called Eleanor up to ask if they might bring a friend.

The guests were agreed that they had never seen a more beautiful bridal party than that composed of Eleanor and her four bridesmaids. Eleanor is one of the prettiest blondes in Hollywood. Three of the bridesmaids are certainly contestants for that honor, and the fourth ranks exceedingly high among the brunette beauties. The blondes, all of them chorus girls, were Lois Lindsey, Victoria Vinton, and Virginia Grey, while the dark-haired miss was Plum Noisom, a former Warner chorus beauty who is now Claudette Colbert's stand-in.

Eddie's four ushers—none of them hard on the eyes, either—were George Ford, Lee and Roy Moore, twins, and Bob Spencer, all of them film dancers who, like him, aspire to be star actors some day. His best man, however, was Woody Spears, a nonprofessional, a friend of his school days.

And now that she's married, what are Eleanor's plans? Well, for the present she thinks she should continue to work for a little while, until she and Eddie accumulate a sizable nest egg. But only until then, she says, and adds: "My career from now on is being a good wife and raising a fine family."

---

**GEOGRAPHICALLY SPEAKING.**

*Frances* is a river flowing
Toward the heaving Irish Sea.
While *Rochelle's* another, showing
Gotham gleams of majesty.
Malama has a city
That was named for *Dany* and *Bob*,
While for *Mary* and for *Kitty*,
Pennsylvania does the job.

Nestled near a Jersey highland
Is a town that's *Pat's* alone.
But *Patricia* shares an island
That's another *Mary's* own.

Here's a chance for sheer perfection:
Not a village, state, or bay:
Nothing but one lone direction
On the compass—first name, *Mae*.

*Brock Milton.*
What the Fans Think
Continued from page 10
pronunciation as all English stars must do. It is an insult to our ears to listen to some of them.
What a contrast to hearing the refreshing and appealing voices of Katharine Hepburn, Elissa Landi, Helen Hayes, Margaret Sullavan, Ann Harding, and Norma Shearer. Their voices are an integral part of themselves and blend beautifully with their charming personalities. Their speech is fitting and constructive and uttered in the well-bred diction of ladies of culture.
JEAN LILIAN.
568—21st Street,
West New York, New Jersey.

Is Lederer Underrated?
WHY doesn’t some one give Francis Lederer a break—give him what he deserves? I am speaking of his latest picture, “Romance in Manhattan.” Look at the billing they give him. He is costumed with Ginger Rogers. Well, then, why not acknowledge it as such?
I do not say that Ginger is not a good actress. She is; but no is Lederer a good actor. He is a great artist, too. Just looking at his work can tell you that. Who else could give “Romance in Manhattan” the life and color that it has? Making poverty, hunger, and strikes appear romantically appealing. It is easy to be a hit in a picture where costumes and beautiful scenery will help you, but in the drabness of poverty, it is different. It was Lederer’s gay and pleasant personality that really saved the picture.
Then, too, he is not a beginner. He has made success after success in Europe. He is the byword of Europe. Giving such a man scarce billing like that is not fair. In “Pursuit of Happiness” his work was better acknowledged, but he deserves more than that.
All you Lederer fans, let’s hear from you! Do you want him to fail, to get his last breaks he is getting now? He will if we do not stick together and show them what wrong they are doing. Only by our sincere support can the studios be made to appreciate him.

MARIA LUKASIEWSKA.
1161 Noe Street,
San Francisco, California.

Who’s to Blame?
READING letters of criticism in your magazine makes me tell you something that I have had on my mind for a long time.
There is some one in Hollywood I know—a young lady named Lilian Harvey. Not a very familiar name, to you, of course, but to me and the French, England, and Germany, Lilian is one of our greatest stars.
I remember reading in a German paper of Miss Harvey’s connections with Hollywood. She had been offered a salary no actress in Germany could ever hope to get and turned it down, saying she’d rather be the Queen of the Movies in Germany, than one of the queens in Hollywood. Why she changed her opinion and went to Hollywood, anyhow, is not for me to ask.
Fact is that she has been there now for some time and can’t get a break. The pictures she has appeared in so far gave her absolutely no chance to unfold her talent. Whose fault is that? Why doesn’t she get a decent picture to introduce herself to the American public as the actress she really is? She proved to be one of the best long ago in Europe. Yet, Hollywood turns her down, overlooks her. Why?
Wouldn’t Otto Kruger and Harvey make a good team? Instead she has some young fellow as a leading man who does not know what it is all about. What is the matter with those directors, can’t they see straight?
If I were Miss Harvey, I would go back home. She has the choice of three countries to go to. Why should she waste her lovely self in a place where nobody cares about her? Wake up, Lilian, and don’t forget your pride.

PEORIA, ILLINOIS.

Not Logical.
IT seems necessary to be illogical as well as unintelligent? “Commentator” takes exception to the flutters and caperings of Shirley Temple and our modern grandmothers, and in the same breath requires cuteness of Ann Harding. Apparently, this super-critic does not appreciate refinement or sensitiveness, and it is indeed fortunate that the type of mind that cannot appreciate the delicacy of the intimate scenes in “Queen Christina” is so obviously in the minority.
The publicity campaign also seems to be the excuse for a lot of nauseating nonsense from people whose minds seek unpleasantness. “Two Worried Mothers” would be better employed if they suppressed their virtuous shudders over Cagney and Gable, and exercised some authority over their children’s evenings out, if they seriously believe that the movies will affect their

MAY ROBSON is an inveterate knitter and has been for years. Here’s her invention, a satchel sewing-stond which she carries around or opens and sets up to fit her need of the moment.
Has New Hair

Mary H. Little has ignoring new hair. For years her head, as she Donald E. Thompson, of the back of her hand.

When her hair was first to fall, she tried to spin it out and wash it shampoo, and had to been continued to come out, her mind and heart it to be in a wiz.

Lucky she be to have about Kotalko, and from a Washing in Kotalko's method, efficiently she and the hair continued to grow.

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THURSTON, Grant C. 1-7
20 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

minds to a greater extent than their own limited vision. He should know.

In any case, I would recommend Picture Play's critical guide to the new films, where they might rely on the impartial judgment of one who has a broadened outlook.


A Large Order.

I MAKE bold to ask you to employ the influence of Picture Play to eradicate certain features from our much-discussed output.

1. Let the producers know that we will not tolerate many more pictures with Bing Crosby and his senseless crooning.

2. Rid the screen for all time of hard-boiled cutie types such as Carol Lombard, Joan Crawford, Constance Bennett, and Jean Harlow.

3. Let Garbo and Dietrich go home.

4. Kill those so-called stars whose only excuse for being on the screen is a beautiful figure. For instance, Claudette Colbert, Kay Francis, Gloria Swanson, Loretta Young, and Dolores del Rio.

5. Have the producers give marvelous Elissa Landi perfect roles so as to be in keeping with her charming personality, exquisite beauty, and artistic acting.

6. See if any better roles for producers to get better roles for Francis Lederer, David Manners, Brian Aherne, Paul Lukas, and Chester Morris, not forgetting sweet little Anson Elgow. Address America for Booklets.

7. Ship all those so-called British imports back to England—Diana Wynyard, Pat Paterson, Ida Lupino, Evelyn Laye, Herbert Marshall, and Clive Brook. We are bored to death with them.

LEWIS W. DELAFIELD, Plainfield, New Jersey.

Star Material Wasted.

I AGREE partly with Jack W. McEl- veyne's letter in Picture Play for November. I'll Hamilton could act all the players who he supports off the screen. Why producers waste such fine talent in the roles Mr. Hamilton has been playing I have often wondered.

However, I'm not sure if Mr. McEl- veyne is right when he says this is due to Mr. Hamilton living his own life away from the "Hollywood game." Other fine actors seldom attend premieres or show places, and their careers have in no way suffered. Cagney, George C. Liss, Ronald Colman, and Ramon Novarro, all front-rank stars, who are seldom photographed except for films, are accomplishing what I blame entirely the producers, who must think that Mr. Hamilton has such a large and faithful fan following that they'll see his pictures only so long as he's in them, and therefore they devote their time and thoughts to newcomers.

This probably is quite true, but why should we watch mediocre players in star roles just for a glimpse of Mr. Hamilton? I really can't understand.

Neil should be starring in his own films, after the years he has consistently fine and sincere acting has been put into his roles.

EVELYN WESTWELL, 167, Denton's Green Lane, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

Katharine the Great.

I AM a regular reader of Picture Play, and it is a complete movie magazine. We have not one to compare with it in England.

Katharine Hepburn makes acting an art. She holds her audience with her amazing personality, which is destined to rank with such great personalities as Bernhardt, Duse, Rejane, and Terry. Only a great actress could have rendered so perfect a heroine in "Evelyn Lovelace" in "Morning Glory," and Jo in "Little Women."

There is only one word to describe her— that's "great." Miss R. P. BOYDEN, 51 Bedford Square, W. C. I., London, England.

Her Heart-throb.

I AM only fifteen years of age, but may I have my say?

I see each of Frankie Darro's pictures at least half a dozen times. Why? Well, because I think he is just about perfect. There is a boy who has what it takes, and any, let my vote be cast for Clark Gable; I cast my vote for bigger and better roles for my one and only heart-throb, Frankie Darro, and I don't mean mean.

Dotty GOL.

135 Hunterdon Street, Newark, New Jersey.

Joan Should Be Praised.

IN answer to Mr. Alfred R. Parr's letter in Picture Play for January, I wish to say that the description of Joan Crawford as a brazen burlesque type is a lie. I have the deepest respect for Miss Crawford's acting. I don't know Mr. Parr, but I would like to bet he has a voice like a fraise.

No other star has worked any harder than Joan, and I think she should be praised for her work—not shamed. She is my favorite actress, and it sure did make me angry when I read that. I don't think we can ever have enough pictures of Miss Crawford. Here's wishing her luck.

ERICH DURDMOND.

1319 North 18th Street, Charlestown, West Virginia.

Pleasant Diversion.

HAS any one ever thought of discover-

ing music to fit the personalities of the stars? It is great fun. Here are a few of my guesses.


Margaret Sullivan, "The Traviata Prelude.

My favorite actor is Russell Hopton, but I cannot find anything musical that comes within the sphere of expressing his rather elusive self.

Maybe somebody else can.

42 Claude Road, Manchester, England.

The Public's at Fault.

WHAT'S all the noise about? What's wrong with the pictures? Everything possible under the sun is wrong with the movies, from Mae West down to little Shirley Temple. Was there ever such a sympathetic player as Shirley Temple? Soft public? Mae West is too hot, Elissa Landi is too cold, Shirley Temple is too bold. Esh!

Public, do you know what's the matter with you? The movies have been altogether too wonderful for you. They've given you every type of picture it was possible to make. They've sweet blood, paid
fortunes for new types, new talents, to say nothing of the poor stars that are born to a frizzle just to give you what you want. What would you do without the movies? Think this over. Quit howling and, in humanity's name, be charitable. This goes for the Legion of Decency drive, too.

T. H. HAYWARD
Oyster Bay, Long Island, N. Y.

Romantic Raft.

I HAVE the deepest admiration for George Raft. Besides being an actor of rare ability, he is the most graceful dancer on the screen. George has had a series of poor pictures and I am looking forward to seeing him in a film worthy of his talent. In my estimation, he is the greatest lover. He is sincere in his love making, which is an uncommon thing in these days of crazy histrionics on the screen.

Last but not least, he is the only actor to whom the term "romantic" may be applied. Try as I may, I can think of no other actor who bears the least resemblance to George Raft.

BERNICE LAMBERT
San Jacinto, California.

Katie the Spice of Life.

I T'S beyond me to fathom why some of your correspondents have the heart to write in such cruel terms of Katharine Hepburn. Once apart from her natural talent, she is such a working-little girl who gives us the very best in her. She has no illusions about her personal beauty, but she knows that she has something very lovely within which is far greater than classical features.

I cannot see any point in comparing her with Greta Garbo. To my mind, they have nothing whatever in common. Hepburn is so obviously of a newer generation, although their birthdays may not have been far apart.

Again, Greta has had many years of experience on the screen, while Katharine is still a newcomer, with her wings untied. There is something so wonderful and lovely about her personality that I cannot understand how any one can criticize her features. She gives us that "something different to look forward to, which is the very spice of life." - Dave M. Hollman.

Whyte Croft, Wood Ride.

Potts Wood, Kent, England.

Typical Emotions.

I ALWAYS think of various stars as expressing a certain emotion which is typical of them.


Oakland, California.

NAOMI ROGERS

Information, Please

Continued from page 8

LENNOX ALLEN.—The music and lyrics for "Sweet Adeline" were by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II. The song hits were "Here Am I," "We Were So Young," "Don't Ever Leave Me," and "Why Was I Born?"

M. E. D. T.—Paul Kelly was born in Brooklyn, New York, August 9, 1899. He has dark hair and gray eyes. Married to Dorothy MacKaye. For his photo, write to him at 2134 Biltmore Studio, New York. August 1934, issue of Picture Play contained an interview with him. Bob Steele may be reached at 1803 North Wilcox Avenue, Hollywood. It is customary to include two cents with each request for a picture.

ROSE AND PHILIP SCHACCA.—Elissa Landi was born in Venice, Italy, December 6, 1906. Gene Raymond in "Hoary for Love," and Joel McCrea in "Our Little Girl." In 1932 Shirley Temple played in picture which bears her real-life name. John Boles is with Fox.

AMELIA PETRO.—Clark Gable was born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1, 1901; six feet one, weighs 190, brown hair, gray eyes. Claudette Colbert, Paris, France, September 7, 1907; five feet four, weighs about 168, reddish-brown hair, brown eyes. Diana Wynyard, London, England, January 16, 1908; five feet six, weighs 125, and staid blue-gray eyes. Elisabeth Bergner, Vienna, Austria, August 21, 1900; light-brown hair, brown eyes.

PHILIP L. SCHACCA.—Colleen Moore and Spencer Tracy had the leads in "The Power and the Glory." For a photograph of Norma Shearer, address her at Metro-Goldwyn. Robert Donat is making "Captain Blood." Carol Lombard is playing in "Rhumba."

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Tala Birell
John Mack Brown
Tullo Carminati
Nancy Carroll
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Wallace Ford
Jack Holt
Victor Jory

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Rosemary Ames
Lew Ayres
Warner Baxter
Madge Bellamy
Bill Benedict
John Boles
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Alice Fay
Norman Foster
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Tito Guizar
Rochelle Hudson

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
Edward Arnold
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Freddie Bartholomew
Wallace Beery
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Mary Carlisle
Leo Carrillo
Mady Christians
Jacque Cooper
Violet Kemble-Cooper
Joan Crawford
Nelson Eddy
Wera Engels
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Preston Foster
Betty Furness
Clare Gable
Greta Garbo
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
William Henry
June Knight

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Ross Alexander
John Arledge
Mary Astor
Jean Benedict
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Dorothy Dare
Marion Davies
Betty Davis
Olivia de Havilland
Dolores del Rio
Charles de Spar
Robert Donat
Ann Doran
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Kay Francis
William Garson
Leslie Howard

Peter Lorre
Edmund Lowe
Marian Marsh
Tina McCoy
Grace Moore
Florence Rice
Edward G. Robinson
Billie Seward
Ann Sothern
Raymond Wallburn
Pey Wray

Paul Kelly
Walter King
Nino Martini
Frank Melton
Herbert Mundin
Pat Paterson
Valentin Parera
Gene Raymond
Kane Richmond
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Shirley Temple
Claire Trevor
Jane Withers

Otto Kruger
Evelyn Laye
Myrna Loy
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
Eleanor Powell
William Powell
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Walter Huston
Lana Turner
Leatrice Joy
Sally Eilers
Katharine Hepburn
Kathleen O'Neil
Clara Bow
Evelyn Brent
Esther Williams
Ann Dvorak

Fred Astaire
Nils Asther
John Beal
Bill Boyd
Chie Brook
Frances Dee
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Betty Grable
Margot Grahame
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Kay Johnson
Francis Lederer
Mary Mason
Virginia Reid
Erik Rhodes
Ginger Rogers
Anne Shirley
Bert Wheeler
Gretchen Wilson
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss
Constance Bennett
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Miriam Hopkins
Frederic March
Merle Oberon
Mary Pickford
Anna Sten
Loretta Young

Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Binnie Barnes
Nina Beery, Jr.
Phyllis Brooks
Russ Brown
Andy Devine
Sterling Holloway
Henry Hull
Baby Jane
Lois January
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Bela Lugosi
Douglass Montgomery
Chester Morris
Zaza Pitts
Claude Rains
Cesar Romero
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullivan
Sloan Summerville
Irene Ware
Alice White
Jane Wyatt

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Iris Adrian
Gracie Allen
Wendy Barrie
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Kathleen Burke
George Burns
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Johnny Downs
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
W. C. Fields
Cary Grant
Samuel Hinds
David Holt
Rosemary Karns
Jan Kiepura
Elissa Landi
Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
Carol Lombard
Pauline Lord
Ila Lupino
Helen Mack
Fred MacMurray
Margo
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Ray Milland
Joe Morrison
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
George Rait
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**WILLIAM POWELL**

**Escapade**

with

**LUISE RAINER**

**FRANK MORGAN**

**VIRGINIA BRUCE**

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PREVIEWS:

WHAT YOU MAY EXPECT OF PICTURE PLAY

One thing is certain, there will be no dull season for you—and us—this summer. Not while Hollywood is humming with activity and while we are conscious of our duty to inform you of every club that matters in the progress of the screen. All Picture Play will be pledged and primed to tell you more than ever before, to acquaint you more fully with your favorites and, from time to time, to introduce you to choice newcomers on the first rung of the ladder leading to fame.

THE LONELIEST BOY IN HOLLYWOOD

Who is he? That's your first question. He's a young actor you know well, one of the finest of the juvenile players. Whenever he enters a new school, no one will have anything to do with him. The boys refuse him admission to their clubs, the girls pass him by with sneers. Yet producers and directors seek him and praise his work. He is a success, but he is lonely, unwanted, shunned. "I don't want to be an actor when I grow up, but I probably will." Read Jackie Searl's true story in next month's Picture Play!

BETTE DAVIS SPEAKS UP

And, as usual, she is frank. Dorothy Woolridge continues her popular series, "What Hollywood Has Given Me—What It Has Taken From Me," with Miss Davis as the subject. Her answers bring her closer to her admirers than anything heretofore written about her.

LILY PONS

The famous French soprano of the Metropolitan Opera is in Hollywood making her first film. Tiny, vivacious, a born comedienne with a bird-like voice and as slim as a child, she is sure to make-film history. September Picture Play will bring her to you before she does.
“Accent on Youth”

Should a girl marry a man of her own age or should she choose a more mature husband? Can a girl in her twenties find happiness with a man twice her age? Granted that May and December are mismated; but what about June and September?

Millions of girls for millions of years have asked themselves these questions and attempted to answer them in their own lives.

Now the question—and one of the several possible answers—has been made the theme of one of the most charming screen romances of the season, Paramount’s “Accent on Youth”... As a stage play “Accent on Youth” won acclaim from the Broadway critics and tremendous popularity with the theatre-goers. Opening late in 1934 it promises to continue its successful run well into the summer of 1935.

Sylvia Sidney plays the screen role of the girl who comes face to face with this age-old question. She is adored by young, handsome and athletic Phillip Reed and she is loved by the brilliant and successful but more mature playwright, Herbert Marshall... Which man shall she choose?... That is the question around which the entire plot revolves and to answer it in print would spoil the delightful suspense which the author, Samson Raphaelson, developed to a high degree in his original New York stage success and which Director Wesley Ruggles maintains with equal success and charm in the screen play.

In the supporting cast are such well-known players as Holmes Herbert and Ernest Cossart. The latter is playing the same role on the screen as that which he created in the original Broadway stage production.
WHAT THE FANS THINK

Can't Oberon Be Saved?

GOSH, I’ve been wanting to do this for a week. Hope it’s not too late to save Merle Oberon. She’s a beautiful thing, or at least she was in “The Private Life of Henry VIII” and “The Scarlet Pimpernel,” but “Folies Bergère de Paris”!

What are they trying to do in Hollywood, make a positively stunning girl over to look like a Chinese? Even her acting couldn’t keep me from seeing a beautiful girl underneath a Chinese make-up. Her too-high forehead, the too-rouged lips, and the stupid hairdress—is that supposed to spell “exotic”? I think not. In fact, I’m sure of it.

Discerning Jean Stewart, of Toronto, Canada, applauds Charles Boyer a “find."

Instead of becoming a sensation as a beautiful Anne Boleyn and a grand actress in “The Scarlet Pimpernel,” she will be on a boat, same as the rest of the imported exotics, sailing home.

Please, for every one concerned, have them do something about it. Don’t spoil the only actress I’ve ever wanted as my idol.

DEE DEE FORBES
Bakersfield, California.

Boyer Has Caught On.

THIS is the first letter I have ever written concerning any star, but I was so greatly impressed by Charles Boyer’s sincere performance in “Private Worlds” that I thought it only fair to let him know about it. He’s a real “find” and I hope he gets a chance to prove it in worth-while pictures.

And let me also give Claudette Colbert a great big bouquet. She’s delightful. That’s the word that suits sides being a very beautiful girl, she is also a splendid actress.

Now, I would like to see Miss Sten play the rôle of a modern American girl, and wear some up-to-date clothes. I think it is a shame always to have her portray the peasant and

Kay Francis has a highly enthusiastic admirer in Dorothy Holcombe, of the Philippine Islands.

wear their customary dress. I am sure she is capable of playing the rôle of an American girl, and would wear smart clothes to perfection.

How about some of her fans demanding her appearance in a modern rôle?

FLORENCE ASHBY
495 Pine Avenue, West, Montreal, Canada.

Why don’t producers “discover” Thelma Todd? — inquires Ruth Whitman Bowers

May I be permitted through your valuable magazine to say a few words about Anna Sten? I saw her in “We Live Again” and “The Wedding Night.” Both pictures were excellent, and I think I can truthfully say that be—

Discerning Jean Stewart, of Toronto, Canada, applauds Charles Boyer a “find."

Another Canadian fan, Florence Ashby, thinks that Anna Sten should cease being a peasant and play a modern American girl.

her to perfection, and I hope she keeps on making pictures that really are both refreshing and interesting.

JEAN STEWART
Toronto, Canada.

A Modern Miss Sten.
What the Fans Think

The Fans

FILMS like "David Copperfield" and "The Man of the Laggish Patch" comply with the rules of censorship, but that's about all. Of course, the casts of both were perfect, the settings fine, and the hours of film they are known and love counted, but what of the result? They were both sweetly-sweet pictures, typical of simple home life with mince pies and tender "Vinyl". When the pictures were completed, it might be said that the goal of each was reached, but why in the world do we have to be reminded of such commonplace pictures? Modern pictures are usually intended to release the audience from the burdens of life and make each one forget the trials of living. These pictures only brought most of us back to worrying about the rent.

Kay Francis always gives us a good picture in no matter whether she is part of a Floradora girl or a baroness. She completely wins the attention of her audience and then carries them to a land of sophistication, glamour, luxuriant music, soft lights, and rich furnishings supplying the setting of a glorious romance. After I've seen one of her pictures about four times I watch others' reactions. I've seen them sigh and cry with exultation and emotion when Kay, in a long black velvet evening gown melts in the hero's arms, her long dark hair streaming softly waves to her shoulders, her arms about his neck. So, down with family life pictures, Dorothy Holcombe.

From William McKinley, Aizal, Philippine Islands.

Calling Old Stars.

I HAVEN'T written to Picture Play in quite some time, but the baying letters in the May issue has inspired me to write again.

There are several fans I should like to answer today, and vice versa. First, why doesn't some one give Thelma Todd a chance? I'll tell you why. Producers are too busy looking for new talent really to discover the old! I don't mean old in years, either, but old in experience on the screen, which ought to make one more in demand if anything.

And where is the Ruth Chatterton, that lovely and talented lady who made the earlier talkies bearable? The screen must have new faces to satisfy the film producers, cry while all the time the fans are crying for their old favorites to be given a chance again.

Charles Farrell and Barry Norton were called for again. As seldom as Barry has appeared the last few years, fans beg producers to give him a chance.

In the May issue, a fan asked that Alice Brady be given roles worthy of her talent. Who doesn't want the best for the gay, sparkling Alice, who has the ability for either comedy or drama and is great in one or the other?

Fans asked for better parts for Buster Crabbe, Elissa Landi, and Mary Carlisle. Why? They've been and are wonderful. You never hear a fan begging for new talent. It is always "give some one a chance" or "better roles," and the like.

I used to open my mind to Malcolm H. Oettinger. Though Mr. Oettinger has and will always be my favorite interviewer, I like to think that the letter signed M. L. Hollywood, is from some intelligent actor, or perhaps actress, who has made a struggle for success and attained it, and who knows pictures; and though he can see the shanty and tinsel, is loyal to his kind.

If only Picture Play would tell us or M. L. would just speak up and say he is an actor, how thrilling that would be for the fans! For M. L. must be a very tolerant person, with an understanding of the heights to which man may ascend, and the depths also. Bravo, M. L. ! Your defense was excellent. But if you read Picture Play you must know that Mr. Oettinger is not afraid to tell the truth about his favorites and that's what we like to hear.

Ruth Whittman Bowers, Box 57, Children, Texas.

Three Complaints.

I HAVE just read that Merle Oberon is to play the Vilma Banky rôle in the new edition of "Dark Angel" and I think it the most appalling example of miscasting I have ever heard. Miss Oberon is fairly interesting in her own sultry way, but to put her into the Banky rôle is utter madness. Vilma herself is no longer suited to look the part, but why have we some new talent to try? That girl should be the exquisitely dainty, ethereal type, not an Asiatic adventuress.

Why did no one nominate Tullio Carminati in "One Night of Love" for the Academy Award? There was real acting for you! Gable was a dear in "It Happened One Night," but as an example of fine acting his performance did not come up to Carminati's. And speaking of Carminati, why doesn't some bright mind think of starring him in "Conrad in Quest of His Youth"? I'm sure he would make a delightful film if he were to wear the film in the silent days, with Tommy Meighan as Conrad. There's a fine, adult, and clean, film for you! Carminati would be glorious in that rôle !

In a recent issue of Picture Play, Pola Negri naively asks if the fans want her back. No! A thousand times no! I hear she's gone back to Europe and I hope she stays there. Elissa Landi is another who can go with her; also Leslie Howard. His voice about Hollywood produces she be fairly accurate, but I don't approve of biting the hand that's feeding you, and that's a common failing of English importations. I think it the wrong sort of people, as individuals, should strive to be a trite more appreciative of private blessings at our hands. They come over here and spend more money in a month than they can make in "dear old Lummie" in a year, then go home and thumb their noses at us. Yet they trot back about their superior American Oh, yeah? If they've got it, why doesn't some of it show! Mabel Shaw.

5110 Bonner Drive, Highland Park, California.

Franchot Worthy of Better Things.

WILL Hollywood in general, and interviewers in particular, forget the resentment they have shown toward Franchot Tone because of certain qualities he has? Surely he is not the only well-educated male in their midst who looks and acts like a gentleman. I hope they will manage to take those things for granted, in the future, as an integral part of the man.

He is every bit okay—a fine actor and a right man who, after he keeps his equilibrium pretty well and will probably continue to do so, since he has been in Hollywood for over twenty years. That's about all, except to say that he deserves more careful casting than given by MGM. He is anything but the good-for-nothing type they persist in associating with his screen characters. Some day, perhaps, they will actually put him in a sympathetic part, which will be almost too much to expect. Until then, we'll have to continue seeing him in such rôles as those in "The Girl from Missouri" and "Reckless," knowing that he is worthy of better things.

Ellen W. White.

5247 Florence Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

In Joan's Defense.

A CORRESPONDENT certainly did tread on my toes in May Picture Play, wherein he states that Joan Crawford's coiffures are ridiculous, that her make-up is awful, that she always looks as if she had lost her best friend, and that painted mouth! Such remarks make me see red.

What qualifies you to pass criticism on Joan's make-up? Others have praised that her make-up is unattractive and unbecoming? You can't. Then the reason you say this is just because you don't think, isn't it? Such silly accusations prove that you don't think.

Crawford's coiffures not smart? That meaningless statement makes me think that you penned your little note as a means of gaining publicity. Is that not true?

What a smile, what gay laughter, what charm! Add them all together and they equal plus. Her make-up is glamorous. Joan's "shiny" face helps to display her inner charm and grace. In short, her perfectly proportioned face has qualities that are a pleasure, and which removes from her all trace of sensuousness. She never has given prominence to her slim, beautiful figure. In other words, she uses proportions and discretion. To me she is the most alluring, yet the cleanest-acting female in pictures. Joan, never in youth. I think she is more beautiful than ever in "Chained" and "Forsaking All Others."

Miss Crawford is always immaculately and gracefully groomed. She wears her clothes beautifully. Her influence on her audiences is upbuilding.

As an actress Joan is superb. She is truly a dramatic genius. After her charming
ANNETTE MYER.—Dick Powell's birthdate is November 14, 1904. "Page Miss Glory" and "Broadway Gondolier" are his next films.

A WASHINGTON READER.—George Raft's right name is Raft, but in 1924 he petitioned the Superior Court to change his name to George Raft. He was born in New York City, September 26, 1903. Mary Pickford has made no announcement of his return to the stage at this time. It is possible, however, that she may do a stage play if a suitable one can be found.

FRANKIE.—Paul Kelly is with Fox. That was Jean Sanders as Whitey and Dean Jagger as Burton in "Car 99"; Armand de Bordes as Marcel in "The White Cockatail," and John Darrow as Chase in "Firitation Walk." Frankie Darrow will be seventeen on December 12th.

B. B. P.—Nelson Eddy, the man of the moment, was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1901, the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Darus Eddy, both of whom are singers. Nelson was a boy soprano in a church choir. He was educated in grammar school at Rhode Island Normal. The remainder of his education was obtained in night school, and from correspondence courses. First job was as a telephone operator in an iron works company where he later worked in the shipping department. For the next five years he worked on newspapers as reporter, copy reader, etcetera. Then he wrote advertising copy for a large concern, but was fired because he paid too much attention to music. He learned operatic arias from phonograph records. His first stage appearance was in a society show in 1922. For the last three years he has made successful concert tours. He went to Los Angeles in March, 1933, under an unknown substitute artist. The result was a screen test and a MGM contract. "Dancing Lady" and "Naughty Marietta" are his only films to date, but he will be seen again opposite Jeanette MacDonald in "Americans Can Sing" as his next, Mr. Nelson, who is still single, is six feet tall, and has blond hair.

DORIS LAMBERT.—Robert Donat is married and has two children, Joanna is about four, and John is about three. He recently arrived from England to make "Captain Blood" for Warners. You might address him at that studio. That is his right name.

MARY MCDONALD.—Bing Crosby's chum in "She Loves Me Not" was Eddie Nugent. Both Preston Foster and Bruce Cabot are under contract to Metro-Goldwyn. It may be that occasionally the studio supply photos of the stars free of charge, but it is customary to inclose 25 cents with each request to cover the cost.

Nelson Eddy, a Bengal Lancer," address the Publicity Department, Paramount Pictures, Paramount Building, Times Square, New York City. These sell for ten cents each. Rich- mond Corsellis was twenty-five on January 8th.

LEOPOLD ST. CHARLES.—Months ago Pola Negri planned a comeback in American films, but instead decided to go to Europe where she has remained ever since. Her current whereabouts here was in "A Woman Commander."

T. M. C.—George Brent has not remarried since his divorce from Ruth Chatterton on October 4, 1924. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15, 1904; is six feet one, weighs 170, hazel, 25, black hair. Latest is with Kay Francis in "The Goose and the Gander."

FREDIEE GOLBER.—If the Jean Lee Carter about whom you inquire was in pictures it must have been as an extra, for I do not find her name listed in any of the old or new studio directories. I am sorry that there just isn't any available information about her to pass on to you.

LOLA K.—John Mack Brown is married to Cornelia Foster. Their daughter, Jane Harriet, was born about August, 1929, and their son on September 12, 1933. Johnny comes from Dothan, Alabama, where he was born September 1, 1904; six feet, weighs 165; black hair, brown eyes. Janet Gaynor with Henry Fonda in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." Fredric March with Greta Garbo in "Anna Karenina," Sylvia Sidney with Herbert Marshall in "Accent on Youth."

AGNES.—If you had included your full name and address I would have answered your questions by mail so that you would have received them before the contest closed. You probably don't realize that it takes several weeks for answers to appear in the magazine. Martha Sleeper was born in Lake Bluff, Illinois; Frances Drake, New York City; Kathleen Burke, Hammond, Indiana; Valerie Hobson, Larn, Ireland. Conchita Montenegro was a 1931 débutante star. Irene Hervey played the wife in "Stranger's Return."

T. M. C.—If you had included your full name and address I would have answered your questions by mail so that you would have received them before the contest closed. You probably don't realize that it takes several weeks for answers to appear in the magazine. Martha Sleeper was born in Lake Bluff, Illinois; Frances Drake, New York City; Kathleen Burke, Hammond, Indiana; Valerie Hobson, Larn, Ireland. Conchita Montenegro was a 1931 débutante star. Irene Hervey played the wife in "Stranger's Return."

E. M. D.—Fifi Dorsay is a native of Canada, born there April 16, 1908. Her real name is Yvonne Lussier. Married Maurice Hill, son of a wealthy Chicago manufacturer, December 6, 1933. You'll find her address among "Free-lance Players" on page 82. For stills of "Lives of a
What the Fans Think

The Fans Think

Thanks, Malcolm H. Oettinger always impressed me as having a bump on himself. It's about time some one put a dent in his inflated ego.

To John Bryan, N. Y. C. All you say is true, but it does take Hollywood so long to learn and MGAV doesn't do so on femmes fatales, as you call them.

To Peace Wyatt-Zeeman, South Africa. I say, young lady, you South Africans do have the right ideas, don't you? You and Alex Knox should get together. But then, no doubt you have already, as I notice you live in the same province, in towns quite near each other.

Ernest S. Grant.
45 Stearns Road.
Brookline, Massachusetts.

Bert Wheeler shows what it feels like to get up early, even when a starring career beckons and the alarm clock sounds. You'll see how he comes out of his daze in "The Nihwits.

He-Man Cromwell.

In the May issue, Roger Strawn, of Montreal, Canada, wrote a pleasant letter about Richard Cromwell and he's my friend for life. It's true. Mr. Cromwell never had a chance to prove what a truly great actor he is until "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" was released.
Although not the star of this superb production, he all but snatched it away from the others. In spite of his boistous character, he's proved he fits equally as well into daring he-man roles. I, for one, want to see him more often in these grown-up roles.

Go to it, Richard, and show every one that you can top the best of them!

Eleanor I. Boldt.
1842 Greenleaf Avenue.
Chicago, Illinois.

Major L. Dietrich is to appear in a Spanish film called "The Devil Is a Woman." Why do the directors still picture the Spanish woman in costumes of about one hundred years ago, and have them serenaded by admirers who, incidentally, are always shown dressed as bull-fighters? Are they the last of the most beautiful brunettes when there are just as many blondes in Spain?

Another thing. Why do the producers always have bull-fighting scenes in practically every Spanish film?
If the producers insist on making Spanish films, I would suggest that they first ascertain the correct mode of dressing, customs, and habits of our country.

Ramón de Tobaray Villabaso.
Bilbao, Spain.

Contemporary letters are being received of interest and value.

Thoughtful Comments.

Here's to "What the Fans Think" in May Picture Play. It hasn't been so good for a long time.

May I offer a few bouquets to correspondents?

To Roger Strawn, of Montreal, Canada. Many thanks for the grand letter on Richard Cromwell. There are many here and in England that feel the same as you do. Wasn't "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" a marvelously funny picture? We'll have to admit that Hollywood is second to none when it comes to glorifying England and the Empire, i.e., "Cavalcade," "Bengal Lancer," "China." It's a fact.

To Alex Knox, of South Africa. Of course we have seen Jessie Matthews in the States and think she's quite the top. We have been "Evergreen" twice and are hoping that in the near future she will make a picture with Fred Astaire. What a treat that would be, seeing those two artists dancing together.

To William Thomas, Boy! What a letter, I could shake your hand for writing it.

To Gloria Hunt. Your letter of reproof to Marjorie Payn was a gem, and a pleasure to read. It was written in such good taste, without ranting and raving and tearing your hair. Congratulations.

To M. L., Hollywood, California.

Misrepresented.

For quite some time I have been reading in nearly all the newspapers and magazines that Marlene Dietrich is to appear in a Spanish film called "The Devil Is a Woman." Why do the directors still picture the Spanish women in costumes of about one hundred years ago, and have them serenaded by admirers who, incidentally, are always shown dressed as bull-fighters? Are they the last of the most beautiful brunettes when there are just as many blondes in Spain?

Another thing. Why do the producers always have bull-fighting scenes in practically every Spanish film?
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Ramón de Tobaray Villabaso.
Bilbao, Spain.

Two Features Exhausting.

This is my first contribution to your interesting department and it seems unfortunate to begin with a criticism through a medium that brings so much pleasure to so many people to register a very definite objection to the double-feature policy followed by innumerable theaters.

The exhibitors realize that after one full-length picture a second fills the average person with a feeling of satiety? For example, at our local theater my family and I saw the lovely poignant "The Wedding Night." This was followed by "Mississippi." Each picture suffered because of the length and lack of balance of the program.

On another occasion it was "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Against," Again, "Roberta" and "Sequoia," and yesterday, the inimitable Maurice Chevalier in "Folies Bergere" and the splendid Edward G. Robinson in "The Whole Town's Talking." In each case there were short subjects, too.

In the first place, three hours and more is too long for the average intelligent picture-goer. I know of many people who refrain from certain showings because the length of the program puts the start of one of the features at such an impossible hour, and for the reason that by the end of such a long showings, pleasure becomes boredom, and often exhaustion. Why not return to the feature, newsreel, comedy, or other varying "shorts" of yesteryear and hold an audience only too anxious to continue as ardent devotees of the screen?

Catherine M. Livingston.
132 West Moveed Street.
Sarasota, Florida.

Gentleman Actor.

I have noticed that Picture Play seems to be boosting Colin Clive, and I should add just this one more word of admiration for this fine actor. No matter what part he plays he always does it with such naturalness that one cannot fail to accept it. In spite of all his fine work, he appears to be very retiring and does not gather laurels for himself. Why do others overlook him? He surely made an effort for pity in "The Right to Live," and his torture overshadowed all other characters and performances in the picture; your critic, Norbert Long, considers his performance "the best in the picture."

A well-known actor on the stage for "Journey's End," why isn't he a star in pictures? He is handsome, and oh, so romantic! Any one can see he is better-looking than Clark Gable. What women
see in Gable when Clive is around is beyond me.

Maybe you don't know it, but Clive was a real Bengal Lancer. Why not give such an actor who shows all the evidence of culture and refinement, breeding, and education as well as modesty as an actor, a chance? He is not on the stage, but would appreciate this high-class gentleman actor for a change. Let's give him a boost there. 

Arieline

Brooklyn, New York.

Close Observations.

I SAW "Sweet Music." My, how Rudy was improved in his acting and how much better the photographs.

Bette Davis deserves much credit for her recent pictures, although they may tend to depress the fans.

Gene Raymond is one of the screen's finest actors. He plays his parts with such ease.

John Beal, too, deserves honorable mention. There's a chap who will go far.

Can't they let Hepburn do a picture without a costume? The second picture she played in was one of her best—"The Man with a Million." This quaint character after a while become a bore.

Charles Laughton is great, but in his manner of speaking he is so cocksure of himself that it grows a little "too much of the one thing.

Janet E. Murray
8831 Fort Hamilton Parkway
Brooklyn, New York.

Loyal to Novarro.

RAMON NOVARRO, I didn't believe you'd do it! I didn't believe you'd leave MGM no matter what stories and roles they wished on you. You certainly have given your many loyal fans new courage.

Thanks, Ben Maddox, and Picture Play, for that delightfully reassuring article.

They all cannot agree, however, with Mr. Novarro when he says "the public thinks I'm versatile, but in my heart I know it isn't so." He may have been discouraged because he has been given little opportunity to show that versatility. Why, if he does all the things that article says he has in mind to do and is capable of doing, he is much more versatile than he realizes, and time will prove that versatility as he will be able to choose the roles when he will play.

Moreover, I feel the versatility exploited on the screen to-day is merely a matter of expert make-up, and those actors are playing the same roles to-day that they played the first time we saw them.

There is but one Ramon Novarro, and his fans could never be reconciled to his leaving the screen permanently. Assurance of their steadfast loyalty has often been given, and their best wishes are sincere with him in his new ventures.

LA DOWNA IRENA
Reading Center, New York.

Gable a Sissy?

IT would be a great idea to subject Clark Gable to a little torture for turning sissy on a million femme who worshiped him for being an ingratiating, challenging, youthful, primitive male.

For Hepburn's sake, we want Clark rough, uncouth, a cave man—anything but the way he is to-day. Where is all the brash virility the man had, the terrible punch which a dominating picture star of the man who seemed to carry a prehistoric club in his eye?

I tried to watch him flash that old sex-appeal grin, and how I used to sigh to think that actresses actually got paid for scenes with him! But now, my fascinating two-fisted guy has donned misplaced eye-brows, and for no good reason has stopped exercising that menacing charm of his. I'm forced to admit that the performances of my one-time idol now leave me cold.

Gable has a full face, shaggy eyebrows, large dimples, and big ears. Isn't that enough on one face? I should think he would at least spare us the mustache.

Can't something be done to make him take off the silly, unbecoming thing, and be the man he was in "Susan Lenox," "Hell Divers," "Red Dust," and "Hold Your Man?" Yes, he's certainly a changed man, and as far as I'm concerned, he can change back.


Those Publicity Stunts.

FOR many years I have been reading this department. Sometimes the fans say pretty nice things about the stars and sometimes pretty rude things. But I don't know into which group my letter may be put, but here goes.

Two stars—or sometimes a star and a nonprofessional—are divorced. For months after we are deluged with articles in papers and magazines insisting, my proclaiming, that the divorced couple are the best of friends, that they are together frequently, that they send each other gifts, and that they have the warmest affection for each other, and so on, until one wonders in Heaven's name why they were divorced.

Why is it that every female player when first heard from insists that her age is inhuman. Why not? They announce eighteen? It may be just a coincidence, of course, but it does seem strange they all arrive in the public notice at the same age. Recently, however, they all another young a deluge of young hopefuls of sixteen thrust upon us. Is that to be the official begin-ner's age any more? I think one reason only too well how swiftly the years roll on, and the younger the given age the longer it will take them to grow old. Indeed, some of our stars never do seem to reach thirty.

It would be a decided pleasure to the fans to read a star's history and find in it no mention of her having attended a convent school or a finishing school. It seems to matter not how poor and humble her parents, she managed to have herself finished off.

The stars all read autobiographies, it seems, exclusive of every other form of literature. They write of how they all their charities never reach the public ear. In those operatic films we are led to expect will be produced.

Frankly, it is my opinion that only men can enter from the screen. Also, a voice of great volume is a distinct drawback on the stage. It is not greater voices but greater compositions which are needed and which were in no small measure responsible for Grace Moore's success in "One Night of Love."


What the Fans Think

Shirley or Jane?

I WAS very pleased to see a picture of Jane Withers in your April issue. I am watching this child with great interest for she has something about her acting that is fresh and unusual never noticed in any other star—true sincerity and naturalness. I hope Picture Play will soon have her picture on the cover.

I see where Shirley Temple won a special award for her work in "Bright Eyes."

If there was one to be presented for that picture it surely belonged to Jane, for she handled the most difficult role of the year, in my opinion. Any child could have done what Shirley did, but Jane really acted.

I hope Fox will turn the attention to some good stories like Mitzi Green tried to play in, for she has that mischievous way to put them across.

Mrs. D. Dan Mitchell
408 Philadelphia Avenue
Whittier, California.

Continued on page 80
In Picture Play's recent contest, a challenge to its intelligent readers, more letters were written in tribute to Claudette Colbert than any other star. Just another wave in the tide of popular approval that is bearing this lovely favorite upward and onward. Two new pictures are engaging her at present. First, "She Married Her Boss" for Columbia, and then a return to Paramount for "The Bride Comes Home."
Arline Judge will tell you that it was such photographs as this that engaged her before she got a chance to act.

Loretta Young, left, center, once obliged with pictures such as this for the sake of publicity before her acting spoke for itself.

Five years ago, Rochelle Hudson, below, worked out her contract in this way, never a chance on the screen coming her way.

By Helen Pade

THERE are still many ways for beginners to get movie contracts. They may catch the eye of a producer, director, or star. Only the other day Eddie Cantor discovered a charming nurse, Dick Powell, a chorus girl. They may win a beauty or hog-calling contest. Or attract attention as fan dancers, stage players, radio performers, night-club entertainers. Hardly a week goes by that some studio doesn't announce, with a flourish of trumpets, such a discovery. A potential star, signed on a long-term contract!

It is really a trial contract, with options. It may be for six months, a year, three years, or even five. The salary ranges from forty to a hundred and fifty dollars a week; in exceptional instances, considerably more. Everything looks rosy. The contractees see only success ahead, and along the broad highway which leads to that success, lots of fun, prosperity and opportunity. But wait.

Thelma Todd, outer left, graduated from Paramount's school of acting into a contract and duties like this.

Once Alice White was a "heartbreak" contract girl and earned her salary posing for publicity pictures.
BREAK" CONTRACTS

If you aspire to screen fame, what could be grander than a contract with a big studio? It’s sad but true that it is sometimes better to have none at all. The fate of the young contractee often is painful and uncertain, his chances of success as remote as if he never were rubbing elbows with stars.

After signing their contracts, they seem to disappear almost totally from the public view. Perhaps we see occasional photographs of the more shapely girls among them, posing with tame lions, new beauty products, during bathing suits, or politicians. Ordinarily, we look for them in vain where we might justly expect to see them—on the screen.

Some of them never do reappear, but others, after a few or many months, are actually seen in small parts. They may continue to be seen at intervals; may even score hits that lead toward stardom. Or they may disappear again as mysteriously as before.

What is happening to them during these blank periods, and why? What decides their fate? Why do some succeed, and others fail? Why are some of them dropped at first option time, others kept on indefinitely, without being given a chance to show their wares? That is told here for the first time, a story of particular import to those who aspire to become actors or actresses.

There are fifty-odd young contractees in the studios today—a colorful company from all walks of life. Headed hopefully toward a single goal, they encourage each other with such inspiring legends as Garbo’s. She, too, had to pose in scanty or trick costumes for snapshots with lions, commercial gadgets and track teams, in order to earn the one hundred and twenty-five dollars they gave her weekly. She, like them, had narrow escapes at option time. Look, they say, where Greta is now!

They also seek inspiration in the careers of successful players such as Loretta Young, Claire Dodd, Ann Dvorak, Rochelle Hudson, Gertrude Michael, Virginia Bruce, Arline Judge, Richard Arlen, Robert Young, and Ross Alexander, who had trial-contract pasts. Ross, successful now, once languished in alternative hope and despair through two contracts with two different studios, without being given a single chance to show what he could do. Then, by some miracle, he wrangled a third contract from a third studio, got a chance on the screen at last, and made good in a rush.

There is one considerable difference between past and present conditions affecting newcomers to films. Recently all paths to screen fame have converged, until now there is only one, except of course for celebrities from other fields, with their valuable reputations. For all others there is only one route, and one form of contract: the trial contract.

Once many shrewd, ambitious players refused to sign such one-sided, option-filled agreements. They saw better chances in extra and bit-player ranks. Probably many of them had heard that the paper technically known as a term short-option agreement too often merits its nickname, "heartbreak contract."

To-day extra lists are closed. Former stars are seeking all available free-lance work. If an influential director or producer wants to help a beautiful girl, the best he can get for her is a trial contract. Once he might have given her a fat salary and an ironclad agreement, with corresponding screen opportunities. But financial backers have at last put a stop to this amiable practice.

The new contractee soon discovers that he or she hasn’t been handed the keys to movie fame on a silver
Those “Heartbreak” Contracts

platter. A struggle is still ahead. True, sporadic advice and hit-or-miss efforts to instruct the beginner in costume, make-up, and acting are sometimes made. But ordinarily studios can’t spare time or money to this end. And getting actual camera experience becomes largely a matter of luck, supplemented by shrewd opportunity-counting.

Formerly, chances for seasoning in small but discernable bits came along with fair regularity. Now most of these are given to veterans, who whether young or old, are capable and experienced and must be ready for. What director wants an untried youngster when a fine selection of proved talent is available?

Rochelle Hudson’s career offers one of the best examples of a trial contractee’s varying fortunes. Rochelle got her first heartbreak contract with Fox, the company with which she is now zooming to fame. But she did not survive many option periods on that occasion. By showing a film test they had made of her, however, she obtained a similar contract with RKO.

There she earned her salary by doing the usual things. Posing for publicity snapshots, modeling for fashion photos, helping entertain visiting theater men and film distributors at Hollywood conventions. Journeying here and there to lend pulchritude and photographic publicity to the opening of a movie house or new grocery store, the unveiling of this or that statue, the dedication of this or that new bridge or irrigation dam.

This was good advertising for the studio, but not for Rochelle. Practically her only experience before the camera was in making tests. Even these were rarely tests of herself, but of a new kind of make-up, a new costume dye, a new photographic wrinkle. Or, less frequently, a new leading man from the stage or another studio, trying out for some particular rôle. In any case, the test would be scrutinized to determine the worth of the leading man, the dye, the film, or the make-up, rather than Rochelle.

Then Director Wesley Ruggles prepared to film a picture in which youth had all the juicy rôles, “Are These Our Children?” Six principal parts were to be enacted by youngsters, and it was planned to use youthful veterans of the stage or screen. Eric Linden of stage fame, Mary Kornman of “Our Gang” comedies, and Ben Alexander, the grown-up child star, were hired. Then casting difficulties began. The noted juvenile players needed happened to be busy in other pictures and would not soon be free.

Ruggles, a director of vision and daring, suddenly decided to give the two most important feminine rôles to RKO contractees. Rochelle got virtually the ingenue lead. Arlene Judge played a feminine menace. Both clicked. For Rochelle it meant the opportunity to play other fairly important rôles: for Arline, recognition of her ability. And, incidentally, Arline, as the result of a romance begun while making the picture, later became Mrs. Ruggles.

Did this bring Rochelle a featured contract? Hardly! The later options in her trial contract called for slight increases in salary. The studio decided to release her rather than meet these raises. Fortunately Rochelle was able to join Fox again. She pleased producers by her fine work in several pictures, clicked loudly when lent to Universal for “Imitation of Life,” and pulled out of the heartbreak list for good when she made a hit in “Life Begins at Forty.”

Another illuminating success story, just as typical now as when it happened, is Richard Arlen’s. For many months Dick got one hundred dollars a week on a heartbreak contract, and no chance on the screen. Every option-time filled him with dread, for although he hung about the studio as unobtrusively as a mere visitor, success meant much to him: the possibility of failure loomed as a major tragedy.

[Continued on page 75]
Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery

THIS prerelease glimpse of a celebrated pair in "No More Ladies" shows a poised and lovely Joan and a scapegrace Bob, the rôle he plays best of all. They are in a glittering comedy of modern marriage in a fashionable setting— butlers, bars, country houses, moonlit terraces, ultra-smart gowns for Joan and polite, forgivable infidelities for Bob. Miss Crawford's next picture, by the way, will have Brian Aherne for her leading man.
THE STRANGE CASE

By Richard Griffith

But does that ring true to you? After four years of Hollywood success, four years during which she has gained world fame where before she was known only to a comparatively small group of theatrogoers, does it seem possible that Miss Hayes should ditch a flourishing career just because she can't fit it into her commuting schedule conveniently?

Suppose we look back over her career and cast up accounts. Maybe we'll find that her stardom has been something less than one long flower-strewn path. And perhaps the relation of profit to loss will throw some light on a decision that would otherwise seem meaningless.

Turn back the hours to the year 1931. Helen Hayes, then a prominent stage star with but one movie experience and that one disastrous, had just gone to the Coast for a picture. No proud pilgrimage, this. Broadway luminary though she was, Miss Hayes was aware that she knew nothing as far as movies were concerned. She went expecting to do what she was told.

Accustomed to working out her characterizations through long periods of rehearsals and road tours, she was bewildered by the mechanistic efficiencies of the studios. Every day, she learned, an actress begins and completes a part of her performance. It's up to her to meet the difficulty of making the whole develop smoothly.

Miss Hayes's first reaction was that it was all quite, quite impossible. She was ill at ease in the new method; it did not suit her painstaking style of acting. Yet people did it every day, obviously, and did it well.

She put herself completely in the hands of Irving Thalberg, to whom she was under contract. After a careful search for a suitable story in which to introduce her, he chose the play "Lullaby." They made it. It was unsatisfactory.

Direction and continuity both were slow, and the result was a druggy, weepy picture. These are matters which every fan understands, and for which no one blames the star. But Miss Hayes wanted to take the next train for Broadway. She thought the picture was terrible; she thought her acting was worse.

But Thalberg refused to let her go. To her surprise, he saw merit in the picture. He insisted that she stay and make a few retakes. Then he lent her to United Artists for Ronald Colman's "Arrowsmith," and went into a huddle with the workers in the cutting room. Miss Hayes was still unconvinced.

She finished her part in "Arrowsmith" as quickly as possible, then bought a ticket to New York to do a play. Thalberg permitted this. He was willing to leave the verdict of her film future to the fans.

Once back in Times Square, Miss Hayes saw her Hollywood experience as a bad dream. The stage was the place for her. She should have known that in the first place, but now she was doubly sure. With a sigh of relief she began to rehearse her play and set about to forget her picture adventure.

Before the play opened, there appeared in New York the film called "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," which Miss Hayes dimly recognized as "Lullaby."

A star is a public figure and an integral part of the social life of Hollywood. She must keep herself in the spotlight without seeming to do so. This Helen Hayes failed to do.
of HELEN HAYES

The great talent which amazed the picture-going world four years ago is no less and her fame is far greater, but a star is quitting the screen because her films are no longer popular. What more is demanded than she has given? The answer to this is the strangest of all Hollywood’s paradoxes.

The critics raved, the fans gushed, and Helen Hayes pondered. She was unable to understand why the new picture was any better than the original. She had worked hard on “Lullaby,” had strained to make her performance the best she had ever given. She had done no better work in the retakes. What, then, had brought about the change? Nothing with which she had anything to do, evidently. The magic had been wrought by Irving Thalberg and the people who paste pieces of film together.

Well, anyway, here she was a big star, some said potentially the biggest. She didn’t understand what they meant by “potentially.” As far as she understood it, her efforts had little to do with the success of “Madelon Claudet,” and if that were true, what could she do about following up her first hit? Nothing, it seemed to her, but hang on Irving Thalberg’s every word.

So ends the first chapter of Helen Hayes’s screen career. And thus far we’re still in the dark. A shaky start, then a triumph. But that’s only the beginning.

After her play closed, she returned to Hollywood. “Madelon Claudet’s” success had not shaken her loyalty to the stage, but films made her money and brought new admirers. Why not combine the two? Especially when making a picture demanded so little thought from her. As she saw it, all she had to do was give the best performance she could and leave the rest to the technicians.

Critics raved and fans gushed when they saw Helen Hayes as Madelon Claudet. She won the Academy award for her performance and delighted interviewers with her modesty.

“What Every Woman Knows,” one of Miss Hayes’s greatest successes on the stage, was a failure in films. Beautifully produced and acted, the subject did not appeal to modern-minded fans.

Two failures do not mean the end of a career, especially when they have been preceded by an unbroken series of great hits. Helen Hayes’s mistake came from her refusal to forget that she was a stage star and needed to give more to her pictures than splendid acting.

Photo by Dell
Mr. King made his first real hit in “One More Spring,” taking his place as a first-rank player beside Warner Baxter and Janet Gaynor, but his film experience dates from the early musicals.

Of course I like to give interviews, and talk about myself—if asked. Yes, you can tell the world I’m a married man, father of a girl of six and a boy of three.

“Naturally, I take acting seriously. I like everything about pictures. I enjoy having fans recognize me. Now that I am in a position where all these likes are being realized, I hope to learn how worth while it is to feel this way.”

In brief, as you can see, Walter King is no lethargic creature, satiated with his art, indifferent to admiration. He is willing to please, so he will be liked—and liked a lot.

If setbacks dampen one’s enthusiasm, he should by now be a very soured Thespián. If getting sleepy while waiting for Dame Fortune is a feasible excuse, Walter could be Rip Van Winkle the second without any apology.

His opening remarks explain why he has arrived, why he has won his wings, and why he is soaring, instead of souring, on the job.

“One More Spring” did more than establish him. It placed him on an equal footing with such fixed stars as Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter.

Comparing this picture with others he appeared in offers proof to any skeptic that Walter King is a real actor. His earlier film work in “The Girl Without a Room” and “Embarrassing Moments” showed that. In each he placed himself alongside experienced players, Hollywood favorites, yet kept abreast, if not beyond.

Of course he has had plenty of experience. Quite enough, in fact, to fit him for any position in the acting world.

With a good voice, looks to match, he set out from his native San Francisco for New York, then the city of histrionic opportunities.

KING of ZEST

Nothing succeeds like the right attitude in Hollywood. Take Walter King. Broadway favorite, he doesn’t disdain interviews, autographs and contact with fans. He likes everything connected with being an actor! He’s zestful!

By
William H. McKegg

“I intended to become an actor,” Walter related, eager to oblige with personal details. “But when I turned up on Broadway there were more established actors, budding actors and aspiring actors than there were opportunities.”

“I said to myself: ‘Sing now; act later.’ After all, musicals are not so far off the beaten track. It was better for me to dive into something I could do right off the bat, such as singing, than hang around agents’ offices, asking for work in dramas. I knew I’d land in them eventually. I mean in plays.”

As indeed he did. As Walter Woolf, he made himself known. An operetta “Lady in Ermine” was one of his early successes.

“Because there was a good story behind the music,” Walter added. “It was an excellent role for me. The fellow I portrayed was one of those brutal-tender chaps. I played and dressed him for all he was worth. I carried a whip. During the love scenes, the audience expected me to use it on the heroine any moment.”

“Strangely enough, women liked it tremendously. It also appealed to men. And it afforded me my first real insight into the power of the theater and of the actor.”

“In the short time I’ve been in Hollywood I have once again discovered how
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FAVORITES of the FANS

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee
And if you model your clothes after the good taste shown by Margaret Lindsay's navy-and-white ensemble, especially the jacket of white crépe with its open front and huge pearl buttons. It is the perfection of artful simplicity.

ON the right we have Verree Teasdale in one of her informal summer frocks. It is of nubby cream-colored wool with wide tan stripes. The twine-belt is fastened with a big coral buckle.

EVELYN VENABLE, at top of page, is gayly turned out in a striking sports costume, white crépe with blouse, coat sleeves and pockets of brilliantly striped silk.

OLD-FASHIONED dotted Swiss is brought back by Kathleen Burke, above, with devastating effect. The dots are bright blue and so, too, is the rick-rack braid which borders the ruffles.
Must Dress

these beauties of the screen, you can't go wrong—not even if you use less expensive materials.

DASHING yet dignified, that's the description of Yerree Teasdale's costume, right. A navy-and-white print with a pleated flounce at the hemline. Her toreador's cape is of unlined navy wool.

DELECTABLY cool is Miss Teasdale, below, in snow-white chiffon in rippling ruffles of graduating width. Jeweled clips of ice-clear stones carry out the frosty effect.

RED-AND-WHITE peppermint stripes, diagonally cut, make an arresting backless dance dress for Patricia Ellis, above. A pleated tie-on lei is an unusual touch, too.

AGAIN Margaret Lindsay, right, shows how to be fashionable without an effort. Her frock is of navy-and-white checked taffeta, set off by a wide belt of navy kid.
ARLINE JUDGE

BEWITCHING Miss Judge, petite with dark-brown hair and eyes, has that certain something—call it hotcha, if you want to—which places her in college films, one after the other. She's just finished her fifteenth, "College Scandal." And as long as she doesn't yearn to play Ophelia, the films will continue to be gay.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

ANN HARDING

"AND who is the young man who is to play opposite me in 'Peter Ibbetson'?" Ann Harding is reported to have asked the Paramount bosses. "Gary Cooper," was the reply given the Duchess of Towers. The idealistic role of the soulful heroine who lives and loves in her dreams should be perfect for Miss Harding. But first you will see her in "The Flame Within" as a modern psychiatrist.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull
ROBERT ARMSTRONG
CHARLES BOYER

SIR GUY STANDING
PAUL MUNI

A SWELL JOB
FAR from being a young intellectual iceberg, Evelyn Venable sparkles with friendliness and humor, says Ben Maddox in his encounter with her on the opposite page. She's been a movie fan all her life too, and when she and her husband are in a frisky mood they wrestle and roll all over the house. Yet Miss Venable has been misrepresented.
Evelyn Venable has been maligned by publicity which made her something of a prig and very much a highbrow. She couldn't be kissed in pictures and she carried a gun for protection against bold males. Now she speaks for herself and introduces a very different sort of girl.

The first blow was learning that she was working at the Hal Roach studio in a very modern comedy. The second shock was Evelyn, as she is.

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NEW YORK—

Preconceived notions about stars vanish when you meet them informally.

By Karen Hollis

If you want to make a hit with Grace Moore, just call her "Colonel." She loves it, and so far only the studio carpenters and electricians have obliged. And please remember that she is no ordinary Kentucky colonel, of which there are some thousands, including Mae West and Ben Bernie. She is a Tennessee colonel, the first woman to be so honored in her home State. They really should make her official greeter of the State University, too, she is so hospitable to all her kid brother's friends who wander out to Hollywood.

Play "Pomp and Circumstance," Please.—Attended by her husband, a caged canary, and a maid, Miss Moore arrived in New York recently headed for honors which will make it difficult for any one to wrest the title of First Lady of the Screen from her. She received a medal from the Society of Arts and Sciences for popularizing operatic music in films, is to sing at Covent Garden in London as part of the King's Jubilee, then give a command performance before the King of Sweden. From five hundred to a thousand letters a week have come to her from England telling her that she is the first American to sing at Covent Garden. And each correspondent expresses the intention of going to hear her.

Miss Moore bears her honors with justifiable pride, and no false, simpering modesty about it. She is a dominant individual, which leads reporters, interviewers, and many others to set her down as "difficult." She can be overwhelmingly gracious when the occasion merits it; she can be brutally intolerant when she shrewdly figures she can afford it.

Myrna Loy is casual about engagements but charmed all who were lucky enough to see her.
They Say in New York——

The New Matinée Idol.—While Grace Moore has been taking the lead among feminine stars, Charles Boyer has quietly slipped into the place of national matinée idol. "Private Worlds" and "Break of Hearts" can be counted on to keep him intrenched in the hearts of women from sixteen to sixty for the next few months. Meanwhile, he and Pat Paterson, his wife, are off to France where he will make two pictures, then to England where they will visit her family. They are due back in Hollywood about October when he will go on making pictures for Walter Wanger, she for Fox. They are an ingratiating couple; she blithe and crisp and radiant, he somewhat darkly brooding and intense.

An Unpredictable Bennett.—Joan Bennett has suddenly become one of the major joys of my life. She was so unlike what I had expected. Sitting next to her in cafés and during chance encounters while shopping, I had pigeonholed her as mild and serene and disciplined in quiet courtesy to the point of chill reserve. Then I dropped in to see her one twilight recently and found her as gusty as wind or rain.

She gives an impression of deep currents that make her excessively pretty pastel countenance a mockery. "This face is my undoing," she admitted with a deep chuckle. "It crops up all sweet and girlish when I want to do heavy dramatic parts. That's why I'd like to do a play. Behind the footlights that face would not show up so much. I'd give almost anything to play Jenny in 'February Hill.'"

Being a Bennett Is a Career.—"Every time I come to New York, I swear it's the last time," the youngest Bennett proclaimed, burrowing further into the depths of a Sherry-Netherland lounge and stretching out her feet incised in cumbersome white fur mules.

"There are too many of us. Barbara has a new baby and wants to rush me to Greenwich to see baby, dogs, house, friends. My stepfather is eager to show me a place for sale in Old Lyme near his and mother's. My mother has a lot of plays for me to read. My father-in-law—" She gave it up with a shrug. "It's too much all at once. I feel as if I were being pulled in all directions. I stoll off alone the other afternoon, went to the movies and stayed for hours. I'm really lazy. Hope it rains so I won't have to go anywhere to-morrow. My husband is so ambitious for me. Always after me to work with a physical trainer or a dramatic coach or a voice teacher. And I can think of the best excuses to stall them off." She relaxed with a sigh and urged me not to go. There's an ingratiating hostess for you—she seemed so deeply content at the moment, critical of every one and everything outside.

The Talk of the Town.—Myrna Loy's very first trip to New York came after ten years of playing Manhattan types, first sleek sirens, then smart young women. She confused every one pretty thoroughly by telling interviewers that she had no convictions about the parts she wanted to play, though the studio executives were the best judges of that. In view of the fact that she had just walked out of a part they selected for her, it was all a little puzzling. Then she shut off her telephone, gave the Metro-Goldwyn office no inkling of her plans, cropped up here and there in smart cafés, and finally rushed off to Europe.

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BERGNER REFUSES $100,000

Calmly, emphatically, the star of "Catherine the Great" and "Escape Me Never" turns down a fortune rather than go to Hollywood. "I am afraid of the place," she says in an interview that has the pomp of a court presentation.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

BERGNER in lights is a name to conjure with at the Schauspielhaus in Berlin, the Aldwych in London, the Staats Theater in Vienna, and more recently, the Shubert in New York. Elisabeth Bergner is, you see, an international star, an artist at home on both hemispheres. Her technique has been acclaimed by critics of all lands, her stage presence worshiped by adoring audiences.

Despite her celebrity, Miss Bergner is as seclusive as Greta Garbo. She enjoys the silence of a hideaway as much as Constance Bennett enjoys the rat-tat-tat of clicking cameras announcing her comings and goings.

When she came to New York for the Theater Guild to simulate the gamine Gemma of Margaret Kennedy's "Escape Me Never," she was not at home to the press or any part of it. She was standing on her constitutional rights, and away from the theater she was invisible.

Some one unearthed the fable that she liked to cook her own meals and sit by a roaring fire rather than eat restaurant fare and endure central heating. Indeed, the saga went, she searched for days in Manhattan until she found an apartment with a real log fireplace. But that lonely anecdote was all that trickled out about Miss Bergner. She was a wraith-like figure, barely discernible in the mists of her self-imposed privacy.

Then Joseph Schenck decided to unveil his star to the press.

She has made pictures in Germany and England which have been received with huzzas in select circles in this country, although not widely released.

She is about to make a picture of George Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan" for United Artists, so perhaps Mr. Schenck said "Elisabeth, my pretty one, publicity helps poor pictures and makes good ones thrive. Hadn't you better succumb to a
THEY'RE CAPRA-CRAZY

To Hollywood, Frank Capra represents the ultimate in directorial achievement, and there isn't a player out there who wouldn't be happy to work under his guiding genius. This is the story of the man.

By Whitney Williams

Not content merely to direct a film, Capra works on every story he produces, collaborating with the writer until the desired excellence is effected.

Frank Capra with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable when they were making "It Happened One Night," the picture which received the Academy award.

HOLLYWOOD has gone completely Capra-conscious, just as yesteryear Herr Lubitsch and Cecil DeMille, before him, occupied the center of the directorial stage.

The name of Frank Capra now is as familiar along the Boulevard, and nearly so in the outlands, as the most glamorous star.

To the film capital, he represents the ultimate in directorial achievement.

To theater managers, a craftsman whose pictures assure big returns at the box office.

And to audiences, his name attached to a production signifies exceptional entertainment. He is responsible for such hits as "Broadway Bill," "It Happened One Night," and "Lady for a Day."

Such honor immediately elevates Mrs. Capra's boy Frank to a position of importance in the world of amusement, and makes him, at thirty-seven, a personage of high rank in Hollywood.

Were Horatio Alger still alive to tell the tale, this young Italian, native of Palermo and immigrant lad at the age of six, would be immortalized in one of his volumes. The title of "From Rags to Riches" already graces the cover of Alger's most popular book. It would, of necessity, have to be used again, in describing his rise to eminence, for Capra's life story reads like a success novel.

Born in Sicily, the youngest son of a vineyardist and one of seven children, when Frank was six his father decided to emigrate with his large family. Destination—Los Angeles. They traveled third

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THREE

What of Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwill, and Boris Karloff, prime portrayers of horrific characters? What are they like, what do they think of their abnormal rôles, and what have been their experiences? This joint interview tells you all you want to know.

By Helen Louise Walker

Bela Lugosi has no yearning for different rôles. He thoroughly enjoys making people shudder. He memorizes all the syllables of a part before he studies the words as a whole. That is because he can extract all the more horror from them.

AN' the wind goes 'wooo-oo' in the words of Orphant Annie. The children clustered closer to the fire and peered furtively over their shoulders, fearing the approach of those 'Gobble-uns who git you ef you don't watch out!'

The spellbound children of yesterday loved those tales of naughty youngsters who were snatched through the ceiling by ghostly hands, or the story of the little girl who mocked and shocked old folks and then got what was coming to her. When the lamp wick sputters and the flame burns blue——

Modern youngsters do not have to cluster round a kitchen fire to experience their nightmare thrills. They may save their nickels and go to the theater at the corner and be frightened even more effectually than was Annie's eager audience. And don't think that their elders are not willing to accompany them. A right powerful, hair-raising scare is worth anybody's money. Horror and mystery pictures are second only to Westerns in popularity at the box office.

Why? Why do the kiddies, to say nothing of father and mother and also grandpa and grandma, so enjoy jittering at the goings-on of a Frankenstein or producing gooseflesh over Dracula?

Lionel Atwill is just as soothing in suave rôles as he is chilling in monstrous ones. He can change himself before one's eyes without the least make-up.

Being horrible is a business, a matter of mechanics, to Boris Karloff, a cricket-playing, practical Englishman who doesn't even enjoy reading horror stories except as potential screen material.
LIVE GHOSTS

Wondering about these matters, I braved the Hollywood "gobble-mus" recently and asked them about their private lives. Somewhat to my dismay, I found the three chief monsters to be dignified, prosperous, and rather civic gentlemen.

First there was Bela Lugosi who, what with years of playing the dreadful Dracula on the stage and then upon the screen, is almost our pioneer hair-raiser. Bela likes making you shudder and producing chilly sensations along your spinal column. And he admits to an occasional more or less enjoyable shudder, himself, in the pursuit of his horrific career. When it began to seem that the portrayal of Dracula might well become his life work, he used to have pretty awful dreams about sucking blood.

"Your nerves are bound to be affected," he remarked, "by any rôle which you play constantly over a period of years. If it were only the repetition, it would do something to you. But when you are playing, with all the earnestness and sincerity you can muster, a horrendous monster, when that portrayal is constantly on your mind, it must eventually have some effect upon your nerves and your mentality. It never becomes quite mechanical. Toward the end of my session of portraying Dracula I became downright neurotic about the character."

Yet, he likes playing horror roles. He has always been interested in psychology, and the study of the reactions of the human mind to the horrible has absorbed him since he has become, as it were, a professional house-ghost. He receives a greater volume of fan mail than do many of the romantic heroes of the screen. Almost as great a volume, in fact, as does that new star, Shirley Temple. Most of this is from women and children.

"But why?" I marveled. "Why do these people enjoy being frightened out of their wits? Why will they stand in line, eager to deposit their money at the box office for the sake of a gruesome thrill?"

Mr. Lugosi, professional frightener, shrugged and smiled. "Most women are masochists," he opined. "That is, they enjoy suffering, or they think they do. Every psychiatrist and almost every layman is familiar with the woman who insists upon being ill, enjoys her imaginary symptoms or who invents mental woes which she enjoys discussing.

"With children I think it is a little different. To them it is romance and unreality. They enjoy these stories of monsters just as they enjoy the tales of dragons and Gorgons, fairy stories or accounts of intrepid hunters who face man-eating beasts of the jungle."

He told an amusing story of a time, recently, when he was making a personal appearance in a theater. An urchin recognized him as he entered the stage door one afternoon and when he emerged there were swarms of youngsters waiting for him.

"Make bogyman faces for us!" they begged. Bela explained to them that the management of the theater did not allow him to go about frightening people on the streets for nothing. But since these enthusiasts obviously could not pay to see him in costume and make-up, he donned a few dreadful grimaces, to their intense delight.

He feels that his slight Hungarian accent is an asset rather than a liability, that it lends a certain distinctive flip to his macabre performances. He memorizes carefully all the actual syllables of the lines of a role before he allows himself to hear the cues or to try to get the sense of the lines. Interpretation comes after he is, literally, letter perfect in a part.

Boris Karloff, the horrific Frankenstein, is extremely practical about these matters. Karloff, a cricket-playing, plum-pudding Englishman, son of a clergyman, fine journeyman actor, finds it "much more fun" to play horror roles than to essay straight parts. He is not in the least neurotic about his work. He is not interested in the study of the occult. On the contrary, he is a bit impatient with the very notion of such a thing. Being horrible is a business, a matter of mechanics, to Boris.

"The fun comes in trying to invent tricks, to visualize eerie effects, in devising make-up, inventing walks and gestures which will be suggestive of the terrible," he said.

Boris doesn't enjoy reading horror or mystery stories unless they are potential material for pictures. He has no natural tendencies in these directions. He has never shivered a single shiver or had one hair stand on end over a "thriller."

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Karloff and Lugosi, most famous of frightening teams, are together again in "The Raven," the new horror picture inspired by Edgar Allen Poe's eerie poem.
Given the lead in "Redheads on Parade," Dixie was obliged to dye her hair. It is her reported success in this film which should place her among the topnotchers.

So fresh and lovely, it is incredible that one so young could be the mother of three children.

Marriage to Bing Crosby interrupted Dixie Lee's screen career, but now that the films have again claimed her, she bids fair to become as famous as her husband.

For six years I have been telling Dixie Lee, and anyone else who would listen, that, properly handled and with a little confidence in herself, she could be one of the big stars of the screen. And for six years mine has been a voice crying in the wilderness of Hollywood unheeded by public and producers alike. Now, at last, my prophecies seem in a fair way to bear fruit.

I met Dixie when I first went to California. She was the first girl I ever had a date with out there. That was long before she ever heard of Bing Crosby.

In those days she was as pretty and as cute as could be, a typical flapper. Her trousers were always worn at a more rakish angle than any other's, her coats fitted a little tighter, her skirts were a little shorter. She used to sing "Button Up Your Overcoat" and "Is There Anything Wrong in That?" in a way that put Helen Kane to shame.

She was under contract to Fox at the time and had been given the old song and dance that is always fed to newcomers on every lot: "We're going to do big things with you."

She was given enough publicity in those first few months after her arrival in Hollywood to make a star of
her, if the studio had backed it up with good parts. She sang one number in the first “Fox Movietone Follies,” called “Why Can’t I Be Like That?” She sang it as wistfully and poignantly as ever Fannie Brice sang the unforgettable “My Man.” But there was a long stretch after that when the studio gave her nothing but bits to play. Then Dixie got the lead in two pictures, “Cheer Up and Smile” and “The Big Party.” She gave a good account of herself in both of them, but they turned out to be Class B pictures.

Things were not going so well with her. When I first knew Dixie she had one of the most carefree dispositions imaginable. A year later she had turned slightly cynical and, at times, there was a sullen expression on her face.

The studio, realizing the great amount of publicity Sue Carol and Nick Stuart had enjoyed as a romantic young couple, had tried to publicize a synthetic romance between Dixie and David Rollins.

In the meantime, Dixie had met Bing Crosby and they had fallen head over heels in love with each other. To make matters worse, Bing had acquired an undeserved and unearned reputation around Hollywood as a roué. He was relatively unimportant at the time and Dixie’s infatuation for him did not at all fit in with the studio’s plans. They forbade her to see him again under pain of dismissal.

But she and Bing took matters into their own hands and married. The studio promptly notified her that her option would not be taken up and shortly thereafter she was free-lancing—with no offers.

I have never been able to understand it. As I said, I have always thought she could be one of the ace attractions of the screen. She has looks, personality, a gorgeous sense of humor and she is one of the few girls in pictures who can put over a “hot” number.

Paramount borrowed her once for the second lead in one of Clara Bow’s pictures, “No Limit.” I thought she would be deluged with offers, but she wasn’t. Her career reached an apparently unbreakable impasse.

Although Bing was packing them in at the Coconut Grove, he was getting nowhere on the road to riches. As suddenly as they had married, he and Dixie packed up and left for New York. Both national networks had been after him, but up to that time he had been absolutely lacking in interest in their offers.

To this day Dixie swears the only reason Bing ever consented to try his luck in New York was because they had had a quarrel and that was the only way they could make up without either having to give in. When they had been married a short time Bing wanted to live with his brother. Dixie wanted a place of her own. When Bing refused, she packed.

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A typical flapper was Dixie Lee when she first went to Hollywood under contract to Fox.

Dixie has looks, personality and a grand sense of humor—a perfect combination on or off screen.
CLAUDINE RAINS is a many-sided man, flashing his contradictions with such suddenness that his interviewer is left gasping in admiration. The result is one of the most fascinating descriptions of a star that Picture Play has ever published.

RIPPLENT, malvolent" the critics wrote, a tribute to the man who could instill such power into his performances, doubly a tribute when you know the real "Invisible Man," the invincible Claude Rains.

In his first picture he was not even one man, being invisible until the fade-out. Then he was two men as Lee Gentry and his inner self in "Crime Without Passion." Following that, nearly a genius and nearly a madman in "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head." Devout fans wondered what extreme would be next. Would he play quintuplets or a half-man? The answer is he will play another different character.

In a New York hotel lobby shortly before his departure for Hollywood, Rains threw back his head with the wild forelock of hair, and laughed.

"Do I mind being diabolic? No! I love all acting. However, I don't want to be eternally evil just because I started in films as a rather gay fandel. I'm an actor and don't want horror alone. I think I'm getting away from it, too. In 'The Clairvoyant' are poignancy, tragedy, and comedy, and the fellow I play is quite sympathetic. In the new picture for Paramount, "The Last Outpost," the stipulation was that it was not to be a horror story."

Rains' voice was so gripping, with its peculiar combination of the better features of English and American speech, that I was sorry when he stopped talking.

To convince him of his prowess as a menace I confessed having seen "Crime Without Passion" eight times.

"Yes, that was my favorite, but it wasn't a conventional horror picture. I don't mind being grim."

Well could Rains be grim. Despite his good humor and kindness, which are obviously sincere, a sinister aura lingers near. His vivid eyes contain something cunning, made almost fearsome by the gleam in his forehead and the uplifted eyebrow. That mouth could be cruel. Somehow, he suggests a volcano, only rumbling at the moment, but capable of destroying. He possesses that mysterious glamour for which so many stars strive.

He yearns to do the life of Edmund Kean. "He was a colorful figure. Began as a tumbler, became the greatest tragedian of the Drury Lane Theater. Drink broke him, though."

Another reason the English actor would banish pure horror is that he tries to live his part. "After working all day you go home, rest a few hours and start to learn the next day's lines. With such a program, when you endeavor to be the man you're creating, it would be quite a strain if the character always was sinister."

He was surprised when I asked how he learned lines. I said that some actors studied en route to work, some were cued by friends, others practiced before a mirror.

"A mirror? Oh, no!" That soft, compelling laugh

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GRAND OLD GIRL

Helen Westley, veteran of the stage and screen, is presented in this informal interview as the great-hearted, tolerant and understanding woman that she really is.

By Laura Ellsworth Fitch

HELEN WESTLEY met me with large brown eyes fairly bulging. "Now, my dear," she began excitedly, "what on earth can you possibly write about me that will help you earn a livelihood? I am no longer—well, shall we say a subject for cupid to ponder over? What could the readers of a fan magazine, young, pulsing with life, with adventure, with romance, with ideals for accomplishment, want to read about me for?"

"Miss Westley," I said. "There you have it. With ideals for accomplishment. Do you think you have nothing to say about that to interest the younger generation? Come, come," I added severely. "Some years ago you did a play for the Bandbox Theater group. Since then that little group has grown by stormy stages into the most imposing and successful dramatic organization in America, the Theater Guild. Some dropped away, but a few of you clung to the ideal you had during those years and pushed it through to a success the whole theater world respects."

Miss Westley smiled. "Youth," she said a bit thoughtfully, "is the same to-day as it always was.

Miss Westley as she appears in "Chasing Yesterday," with Anne Shirley and O. P. Heggie.

The fans are beginning to love Helen Westley on the screen, just as she has been admired on the stage as the foremost character actress of her time.

They have different ways of doing things, that's all. Different ideas of what's worth doing, but youth is still interested in building a home, a business or a career in spite of what the tabloids would have us believe, and the same principle that we applied to our theater can be applied to each of their ambitions.

"In Hollywood it seemed to me that many youngsters of eighteen or so were unusually level-headed. They were not vexed by that spirit of contrariness that poisons so many lives, driving people to do just the things they should not do in order to gain the success they want."

"I know nothing more heartbreaking than the things Continued on page 77
DON'T take the Merle Oberon-David Niven engagement reports too seriously. There's a lot of chi-chi about that. Miss Oberon was engaged to Joseph M. Schenck not so many months ago, and that didn't take. Also there were rumors of attentiveness on the part of Leslie Howard, confuted by the fact that he is, of course, married. Then, too, Willis Goldbeck escorted Miss Oberon to her début party in Hollywood. Altogether, it approaches "playing the field," and there's always safety in this. However, Miss Oberon is by way of becoming a very haring, if not much engaged lady, as a result of all the chitchat. And no question but she's the new beauty rave in the films.

Paulette's Stylistic Triumph.—Bernard Newman, fashion expert, must approve Paulette Goddard. Without

we were much interested in Paulette's garb on the night she was with him. She wore a very girly-girlish costume—a sheer brown polka dot gown, and a sailor hat with the brim rolled up. It was sort of Dolly Varden. Incidentally, Paulette is growing day by day to look more and more like Katharine Hepburn.

Fiancé Accompanies This Time.—Benita Hume, who graced the screen for a brief while a year or two ago in Hollywood pictures, returned lately, bringing her swain, Jack Dunfee, the racing driver with her. Benita looks more slender, and even her eyes seemed to have changed a bit in shade. One or two actors who had played with her seemed scarcely to recognize her.

It's in the books, of course, that she and Dunfee will be married. On her last visit, he did not accompany. Playing safe and sure this time!

Durkin's Death Lamented.—Trent Durkin's death was a terrific blow to the younger set. They don't often face tragedy, but this one struck them bitterly and unexpectedly. Durkin belonged to that group of in-their-teens-or-just-past stars who include Tom Brown, Anita Louise, Patricia Ellis, Paula Stone, Jackie Coogan, Anne Shirley, Mary Carlisle, William Janney, and others. His sisters, Grace and Gertrude Durkin, go around with this set, and occasionally appear in the films.

George Ollerman, Jr., one of the youthful coterie, assumed the part that Durkin was to have played in "Jalna." The group was happy over that, because they preferred it should be one of their own rather than an outsider. Trent Durkin is, of course, better
remembered as Junior Durkin, the name he bore in “Huckleberry Finn.” He began using Trent about a year ago, when he assumed more grown-up parts.

The Mystery Infant.—A mystery is always an exciting thing in Hollywood. And mystery, of course, has surrounded the adopted baby of Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler, principally because the photographers were not allowed to take pictures which would show the infant’s face.

Miss Keeler had to argue against it all the way out from Chicago, beg off, and do other things to prevent the child being snapped. The explanation is that the hospital, where they obtained the baby, advised them to avoid the photographs for fear the mother of the child might seek them out, if by any chance she recognized the pictures. It’s all kind of tragic.

William’s Maritime Penchant.—Probably the quietest-living star in Hollywood is Warren William. He’s an awfully nice chap, too. He does his work in pictures, slips off to his home, or out on a boat, and hardly anybody ever sees anything of him. Sunday, if he and Mrs. William are at home, they have a few friends in for tennis and swimming. Their house is very much sequestered among live oaks, and looks, in some ways, like a bit of the East transplanted to California. It’s a place that they’ve made over, with plenty of modern appurtenances, and William has a chart room in which he keeps models of ships, books on the sea, and other maritime paraphernalia. Such a mariner is he that even the paved portion of his yard represents the sea, lapping rocks and a shore. Images of whales, dolphins, and other fish are formed by the stone flags. It’s a sort of miniature Treasure Island that he has created, and it’s called that. All very interesting and unusual!

Isabel’s Father Loses Sight.—After all the efforts made to retain and restore

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THE SECRET of COLOR

A famous authority interprets the stars by the coloring they choose for their background and gives surprising facts about the influence of color on us all.

HOLLYWOOD again is to the fore with an innovation. This time it is an interesting angle on color. For some time we have been hearing about the development of color photography, and have all seen "Becky Sharp," forerunner of the dramatic film entirely in color. But something new has been started.

With the introduction of color into dressing room suites for their stars, Metro-Goldwyn has done away with the stereotyped cream-tan walls, with their accompanying green or mulberry draperies and the usual furniture, from their traditional place in room decoration, and have assigned color to a new role. Now color is being employed not only to add to the pleasure of stars, but to enhance their personalities, create favorable moods and to insure their well-being.

Standing in the heart of studio activity, is a new building recently erected by the far-seeing heads of MGM. Two hundred thousand dollars was spent on this great white stucco dressing room apartment. While it is simple in detail, with its soft green trim, it has an unmistakable air of grandeur. At first glance one has the impression that it may be another one of the sets that are here to-day and gone to-morrow.

This building, planned for the use of some of our greatest stars, is one of the progressive steps that are being taken by the producers.

For several years many of the stars have insisted that certain colors seemed to inspire, while others irritated and depressed, and have clamored for colors that suited them individually. Finally, at a board meeting of the directors of MGM, it was voted that the stars should have what they wanted. So, each star who has moved into this new building has been permitted to decorate his or her suite with individual colors. The result is that the sixteen dressing rooms are so colored that each reflects the personality of its occupant.

These stars have found that color is something more than a decorative pleasure. They discovered that this

A corner of Franchot Tone's sitting room reflects a color scheme of brown and white. It was designed by William Haines who believes in color, too.

Erected at a cost of $200,000 by MGM, this new dressing-room structure contains sixteen suites furnished in colors that not only add to the pleasure of stars but enhance personalities, create favorable moods and insure well-being.
By
Maie
Lounsbury
Wells

The informality of knotted pine walls and ceilings, sporting prints and simple, gayly colored hangings proclaim Robert Montgomery.

intriguing phenomenon of nature has a tremendous effect on the way they feel and therefore, on everything they do.

Conservatives in the picture world are aghast. "Phooey! Superstition and extravagance," one hears. "What have colors to do with it? Just because one wears red, don't tell me that has anything to do with a star's attainments, with glamour, or wealth, or worldwide recognition."

Yes, perhaps on the surface it does seem extravagant and far-fetched; but is it?

Hollywood doesn't think so, and they have been studying this color business for many years and from many angles. They say that red, yellow, blue, green, and other colors have a startling effect on health, success, and happiness. And I can reasonably say, and with sound scientific backing, that Hollywood is right.

For many years I have experimented with the effects of color on the health, moods, and general well-being of people both normal and otherwise, and I have found that color is a powerful and vital force, one that should be used carefully and intelligently. Another thing which should be of great interest to every one, is that we all have our own color radiance, colors that are a part of us, and which should be brought into everyday life.

Every one knows that he likes some colors and can't endure others. We are all color-conscious to that extent. But most of the world doesn't stop to figure why some colors lift us to the sky, and others send us tumbling to the depths of the well-known blues.

When the color schemes selected by the stars as their own were called to my attention, I did a little research and found that their accurate sensitiveness to their own colors is nothing short of amazing. And yet, when one knows that color influence is felt, it is not to be wondered at that people of the screen should be among the first to realize the effect of color. This is because their entire life lies in the realm of emotions.

Why, says John Boles braved many a laugh by wearing a green handkerchief when he is interpreting his characters for the screen? And on the other hand, why does George Raft dislike this same color? In fact, I have been told even the sound of the word "green" is distasteful to him. And Alice Brady, why does she say that green is her lucky color, that every time she wears it her work is a success?

The answer is very simple and very logical when you realize what a big part color plays in the individual make-up. You are quite naturally drawn to those that harmonize with your own color radiance, and are annoyed by those that are discordant.

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WHEN IT RAINS—

How do you suppose the stars amuse themselves when California has its rainy season? Or are you one of those who think the sun is always shining out there? Well, don't be deceived, because umbrellas and galoshes are an important part of their wardrobe.

IF people stopped to think about it, they would know that it rains in the land of perpetual sunshine the same as it does in every other State. But because there is so much steady sunshine and because people new to the climate have so much to say about it, the general public is under the impression that the stars in Hollywood don't have to think up amusements for a rainy day along with the rest of the world.

Now, it does rain in California—and how! But it is a very orderly rain. It concentrates on a period of six weeks, more or less, during the winter months. For days beforehand the heavens cloud over, giving every one plenty of time to dust off galoshes, raincoats and umbrellas, and arrange their program.

None of this going into a theater in your best bib and tucker and coming out with the elements bent on destroying it—and you without the price of a taxi. However, the girls in Hollywood have something to contend with, too. The hot summer sun parches the land until a flash from Clark Gable's eyes is almost enough to start a conflagration.

Every year Hollywood is menaced by fires that sweep from the plains over hill after hill, roaring and spitting and lifting angry tongues fifty feet in the air, raging that something always robs them of their prey. One year they actually reached Cahuenga Pass and the Hollywood Bowl, when a sudden turn in the wind swept them back at the very threshold of success.

Those things go on and continue until the first rain, which usually arrives early in December. If it hangs over until January the air is filled with tension; every one is restless and irritable and jumpy for no apparent reason. With the first drops of rain-parched bodies relax and luxuriate in the blessed relief, as all nature does.

If the stars happen to be working their work goes better, but if they are between pictures they plan their different activities.

Fay Wray had the terrace of her home at the mouth of Laurel Canyon enclosed in glass and turned into a game room to accommodate her ping-pong
Mae West concentrates on new gags and dialogue for her next picture when forced to remain indoors.

Now Wallace Beery, it seems, doesn’t care for the rain, and what do you think he does? Being more fortunate than most mortals, he climbs into his plane, flies above the clouds and into the sunshine again.

Dolores del Rio likes to play ping-pong, parchesi and conquer jig-saw puzzles.

Glenda Farrell buys all the detective magazines and fills her mind with the latest crimes. In that she shakes hands with the brainy men of all nations, many of whom it is said read a detective story every night.

Gary Cooper has a pleasant little pastime. It is knife throwing. He and Dick Arlen had a contest one time on location, and I hate to tell it on Gary, but there being no target handy except a wardrobe box, he made excellent use of that. It wasn’t damaged much. He threw the knives so neatly that afterward he could press the splinters in again with his thumb. At home he has a proper target, but he likes his own jackknife.

Miriam Hopkins and Marlene Dietrich, being devoted mothers, spend as much time with their children as they Continued on page 71

THEN WHAT?
By Helen Ludlam
Illustrated by Alfred Bendiner

A curious thing about Fay, though. It isn’t any game that absorbs her time during the first rainy days, and you’d never guess what it is if I didn’t tell you. She takes an inventory of all her goods and chattels, just like the most proper housewife in the land. She makes a list of linen and china and kitchen ware that need replenishing and staples for her larder. She goes over the entire house inspecting furniture that might need mending or reupholstering, and planning for summer covers and curtains. Would you ever think it of Fay?

Then when that is finished she gets into a pair of thick-soled shoes, tweed coat and vagabond hat and tramps for hours. After a few days of that and if the rain still continues she sends for the latest novels and published plays, curls up on a sofa before a eucalyptus fire and that takes care of the rest of the rainy season.
Ann Sothern represents the new order of movie stars, possessing education, refinement and stage experience. She is one of those who consider acting a business as well as an art, and she conducts herself accordingly.

By Laura Benham

Ann Sothern is more than a lovely young girl. She is a symbol. A symbol of Hollywood to-day, with its newly found poise, its adult psychology, its really splendid achievements and its industrial importance.

In the beginning the cinema capital was a placid village of broad, unpaved avenues shaded by pepper trees and lined with small, freshly painted bungalows wherein dwelt the hardy, hearty, early settlers who, like all pioneers, had never heard of Emily Post.

They worked and played with equally rowdy abandon, tossing their lives and salaries to the wind, indulging in gaudy, glaring display, living loudly and lustily.

But as asphalt changed the dirt roads to boulevards, as picturesque white shops reared red-tiled heads proudly over the fruits and vegetables, as hillside chateaux replaced bungalows, as mammoth sound stages rose on the sites of the old ramshackle studios, a new order of men and women succeeded the stars of yesteryear.

Men and women of education and refinement, with cultural backgrounds and experience on the stages of New York and Europe. Individuals with cosmopolitan ideas and metropolitan.
a player’s ability or how earnest his effort, unless he gets the breaks he won’t succeed.

“I say this not only because of the things I’ve seen happen to others, but from my own experience as well.

“I was in pictures once before, you know. It was several years ago, and I had gone to Hollywood to visit my mother who was living there at the time. She knew one of the head men at Warners and took me to see him.

“He thought I was a screen type and gave me a test, with the result that I was given a six-month contract. I appeared in any number of publicity pictures, but never in one intended for the screen.

“But I didn’t get a break. My option was allowed to lapse at the end of the six months, and it was then that I came back to New York.”

Back to New York under the Ziegfeld aegis, she modestly failed to add. For the Great Glorifier had met her at a Hollywood party and had offered her a part in “Smiles.” At the time, Ann thought Ziegfeld was merely being polite and, therefore, was greatly surprised to receive a wire from him later, repeating his offer. She accepted posthaste and hopped the next train East.

“My friends back here have been greeting me with delight, telling me that I’m the first girl that Hollywood hasn’t changed,” she volunteered gleefully, her bright eyes crinkling at the corners just as they do on the screen. “They mean that I haven’t had to get false teeth, or have my nose done over, or my eyebrows plucked all out of shape,” she added apologetically. “For, of course, I did have to dye my hair and change my name.”

This last was the hardest thing she had to do. As she explains, her own name, Harriette Lake, had served her well for a good many years. Ever since she opened her eyes in a small North Dakota town where her mother, a singer, stopped between engagements long enough to welcome her little daughter.

As Harriette Lake she had gone to school and to the University of Washington, and had added glamour to the name on Broadway.

But when she arrived in Hollywood with a Columbia contract tucked safely in her handbag, the first thing the studio did was to call a council of war. There were already several Lakes in pictures—Alice Lake, an early star who is to-day doing extra work; Arthur Lake, who has never lived down his adolescent characterization of Harold Teen; Florence Lake, Arthur’s sister, one of the cleverest comedians on the screen. There was danger that the new Harriette might become confused with these other Lakes in the minds of the public.

“After I fought it all out with myself, I decided that if I made good, the public would accept me even if I were called Sophie Zilch, so I agreed to find a new name.

“For days I puzzled over what it should be. It was like trying to find a name for a new baby. I wrote to all my friends for suggestions. I looked in the dictionary and the phone book. I even started to go through the city directory. Until at last the simplest solution presented itself. I took Ann, from my mother’s name Annette, and Sothern because it’s a good old acting name. And now I’ve grown to like my new name very much,” she added truthfully.

She likes it so well, in fact, that she is not contemplating another change, she insisted, when I asked her if marriage was in her plans for the near future. She belongs to the same young element of Hollywood who feel that marriage in the cinema capital begins with all odds against it.

“I don’t think it’s Hollywood, or the climate, or too much money that wrecks marriage there,” she explained.

Continued on page 79

On a recent visit to New York, all Ann Sothern’s friends told her that she is the first girl Hollywood hasn’t changed.

Photo by Morgan
The McCreas, Joel and Frances Dee, stand out in Hollywood. Not because their love is dramatized, not for any conscious reason at all. It is because of their refreshing normalcy, their youth, good looks and intelligence perfectly matched. And because their work on the screen makes them important as artists.

By Mark Dowling

FRANCES DEE and Joel McCrea are completely different from any other stars in Hollywood. Wholesome, healthy, and deeply devoted to one another, they pursue ordinary lives in a normal, unaffected way that is absolutely revolutionary amid the freakish surroundings of the most abnormal city in the world.

Hollywood's most idyllic married pair, they would rather stroll down the beach at Santa Monica, hand in hand, than be with the smart lunch crowd at the Vendome. Or spend weeks at a time, between pictures, at Joel's thousand-acre Circle M ranch, where he mows his own hay and herds his own cattle, while Frances takes complete care of their six-months-old heir.

This sane and simple life is the more amazing because before marrying they were both lively young persons who were seen at the best parties in the company of our most sophisticated denizens. Joel's friendship with such glamorous beauties as Constance Bennett, Gloria Swanson, and Tallulah Bankhead provided columns of titbits for the gossip writers, and Frances was seen about with our most eligible bachelors.

Even then, however, Joel was a fairly model young man with certain ideas of what should be and what should not. He did not smoke. He did not drink. And every now and again he would threaten to leave Hollywood's social whirl and retire to the privacy of a tent somewhere up the coast above Malibu. He would tell interviewers, seriously. "When I marry I want a girl who doesn't belong to the cocktail-drinking, bridge-playing set. A home girl." Somewhat to her surprise, Frances fills the bill.

"I never expected to become such a stay-at-home," she told me. "In fact, Joel thought me quite giddy.
when we first met. And since he had a premonition that we were destined for each other he was pretty discon-
solate about it. I used to feel that an evening was wasted
if I spent it around the house.”

Now the McCrees love to sit by the fire and read, and
as like as not they’ll be tucked in bed by nine-thirty.
Their nearest neighbors, at the ranch, are two miles away.
They seldom have guests. They don’t own a telephone.
“People can’t reach us except by wire,” Joel says with
satisfaction. “It’s easy to forget to answer a wire.”

Daytimes the actor works around the place with his
foreman, plows the fields, and rides horseback. Recently
he has been “helping” a sick neighbor. Goes over and
drives cattle out of the man’s grain fields, or helps
him with the mowing.

“I always wanted a house on a hillside with a white
fence around it,” Joel told me. “That’s the ranch. It
isn’t a large place; I don’t like big houses or many serv-
ants. But there are always interesting things going on.
Now there are all the little calves, the spring round-up,
and a lot of new mowing implements I’m going to
try out.”

Such pastimes might sound less than entrancing to
most film celebrities, but they are better than night clubs,
dinner parties, or Hollywood flirtations in the opinion
of the McCrees. That’s what makes them different.

Forerunners, perhaps, of that race of superman loyal
Californians like to predict, they use their own honey
instead of sugar, eat their own vegetables, are always
gloriously tanned, and have marvelously healthy bodies
of whose charms they seem happily unconscious.

“It seems to me that half your life is your battle
against or your harmony with nature,” Joel says. “I
hate having things made easy. It’s possible to get a tan
by sitting indoors under a sun lamp, but I like getting
sand in my hair on the beach. It’s possible to ride eleg-
antly along a bridle path, but I enjoy saddling my own
horse, having a rope in my hand and something to do
with it. It’s the inconveniences that make the sport.”

We talked to him, fittingly enough, in the bright sun
outside the Beach Club at Santa Monica, and the inter-
view was a drowsy affair because McCrea, every now
and then, sometimes in mid-sentence, fell fast asleep. Six
feet two in a pair of brief trunks, he looked natural as a
savage, and completely relaxed. Between naps, his re-
marks were surprisingly alert.

“Getting too far from simple living frightens me. I
hate the strange-looking airplanes, the weird houses they
design nowadays. When I hear about such things as
air-conditioning—as if it’s too much trouble to open a
window!—I feel that I’d rather have been born a hun-
dred years ago than a hundred years in the future. Soon
they’ll be providing us with mechanical children!”

Better rounded than most disciples of healthful living,
he is not much on small talk but can make occasional
acute observations. He reads newly published books
with a fine critical taste, and when he finds one that
offers movie possibilities, rather naively drops notes to
producers calling it to their attention. “Magnificent
Obsession” was purchased by Universal after such a
reminder.

Individually, you see, the McCrees are different, too.
Joel is, more than most stars, intelligently realistic about
his own worth. Neither overly modest nor immoder-
ately conceited, he was not annoyed when a producer
asked him to make a picture, having tried to get Clark
Gable for the part and failed. “I’d rather have Gable
myself if I were a director,” he remarked, adding, “But
I’d also rather have McCrea than a lot of others.”

Continued on page 79
"THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN."

The great appeal of "Frankenstein" continues in this sequel which has been directed with the same intelligence, imagination and feeling for dramatic effect. It has been welcomed with huzzas wherever it has played and should be seen by every devotee of horror yarns. In it The Monster created by Frankenstein is discovered not to have died in the flames that you thought consumed him in the original. Not only that, but he has learned to speak through gratitude for the only kindness ever shown him by man. But when a mechanical woman is provided for his mating and she turns from him in loathing, it is too much. Hurt and furious, he destroys the laboratory and all its devilish contraptions. Boris Karloff leaves nothing undone in making The Monster a memorable masterpiece of make-up and curiously affecting acting. Elsa Lanchester is every inch his match in impersonating the synthetic woman whose heart was stolen from a corpse and made to beat again by the black magic of Doctor Pretorius, a character splendidly played by Ernest Thesiger.

"MARK OF THE VAMPIRE."

More morbid than most of its kind, this has the advantage of the incomparable Bela Lugosi whose popularity with readers of Picture Play speaks for itself and them. Bats, spiders and other creepy things are also present, not to mention a bat-woman who floats through the air with the greatest of ease. The background and atmosphere of this murder mystery, which is a horror film too, is more like that of "Dracula" than any other picture. Not only is the unmasking of the guilty person accomplished with a sort of brooding suspense, but it comes as a complete surprise. Carol Borland, hitherto unknown, plays Luna, the strange woman who lifts great wings and flies like a bat searching for prey. You will remember her make-up long after you have left the theater. But more than the excellent players, who include Lionel Barrymore, Elizabeth Allan, Jean Hersholt, Henry Wadsworth, and Lionel Atwill, is the weird environment and detail of the production. It is genuinely ghastly, shivery.

"BREAK OF HEARTS."

First position is given this picture because of Katharine Hepburn, Charles Boyer, John Beal, and Jean Hersholt. But for them it would go to the foot of the department, there to have clapped on it the dunce's cap for stupidity. Stimulating talent is wasted on uninteresting characters that never capture one's imagination or sympathy. Miss Hepburn fares worst in a pallid, conventional role which might fit a routine actress but never should have tempted a star. None of her flashing moods are here, none of her buoyant spirit, none of that genius she has for pathos bravely masquerading as laughter. In this her heart speaks not at all. Instead, she gives us monotonous close-ups of brimming eyes in describing the grief of a musical amateur who marries a famous orchestra leader and leaves him because of jealousy and wounded pride. Both take to drink, Miss Hepburn by way of fashionable bars, Mr. Boyer in a quick descent to sudden drunkenness until Miss Hepburn takes him in hand and cures him by the sweet persuasion of love. All this is inexcusably trite. Worse, it sadly proclaims the limitations of Miss Hepburn's judgment and skill. There are stretches when her acting is blank, and never a moment when you cease to wonder why she chose the story. It is a triumph for Mr. Boyer, though, and will do much to give impetus to the tide on which he is riding to fame. John Beal's light comedy is winning, but all the players would have profited by better direction.
“GO INTO YOUR DANCE.”

The screen union of Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler is pleasant. One of its positive virtues is the dancing of Miss Keeler, seen more frequently here than in any previous film, and of course it adds to the attractiveness of this one. Mr. Jolson is his familiar self, another way of saying that he is just himself, and he enjoys his routine hugely. They are cast in a backstage story which is neither new nor interesting, but it suffices to give them both full opportunity. Mr. Jolson is a musical comedy star who loses his position on Broadway because of his habit of walking out on shows; Miss Keeler a chorine whose understanding and help restore him to the show world. The picture is lively, tuneful and tastefully spectacular but hard to remember. Patsy Kelly, that stimulating comedienne, is briefly seen, and Helen Morgan is sparingly used as a singer instead of the actress she proved herself to be in “Applause” some years ago.

“THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON.”

Any part that Henry Hull plays is interesting because of his intense voice and presence. It is unfortunate that in spite of his vivid acting, none of his pictures has qualified to the degree his talent deserves. His newest is thrilling in the manner of “Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,” the camera work that transforms Mr. Hull into a wolf-man being startling and convincing. But the scenario and the direction might have been more interesting, more modern. Well, anyway, Mr. Hull, an English botanist in Tibet, is bitten by a werewolf. According to what the screen calls a “legend,” he is doomed to turn into a wolflike monster and can only be restored to his natural self by killing the person he loves best. The juice of a flower that only blooms by the light of the moon is also a cure. Fascinating photographs of Mr. Hull trying to coax the plant by artificial light add appropriate atmosphere. Valerie Hobson, an English newcomer, is gracious and sympathetic as Mr. Hull’s wife and the entire company is notable for refined acting.

“OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA.”

Unusual, absorbing and superbly acted, this is the tragic plight of man’s insignificance beside the power of capital. The happy ending doesn’t matter and you will respect the picture more if you don’t believe it. Until then the story is honest, truthful and enormously compelling. It follows the fortunes of a representative of an American oil company in China and what his loyalty costs him: his child, his friend, almost his wife and logically his life, if you respond to the implicit realism of the subject. Not alone the story makes the picture poignant, but the care with which it is directed, the subtle appeal of the backgrounds and characters and—I may as well get to it right away—the tender glory of Josephine Hutchinson’s acting. We have in our midst, as the saying goes, one whose artistry is exquisite, poignant and throbbing, whose every word and gesture communicates womanly appeal at its loveliest. Fans aren’t appreciating her and probably never will. Why? Because she isn’t a physical type. She is an actress, another Dorothea Wieck.

IN REVIEW

BY NORBERT LUSK

PICTURE PLAY’S HONOR LIST

The Best Acting of the Month

Elisabeth Bergner, “Escape Me Never”
Charles Boyer, “Break of Hearts”
Josephine Hutchinson, “Oil for the Lamps of China”
Pat O’Brien, “Oil for the Lamps of China”
Victor McLaglen, “The Informer”
"THE GIRL FROM TENTH AVENUE."

Bette Davis offered a natural set-up for a smashing picture. We expected her to come through with another performance that would be talked about. But the gods of the cinema, otherwise her shrewd bosses, decreed otherwise. Apparently they decided that the attention she had attracted would put over any picture. So they saddled her with material salvaged from the trash basket and called her a star. She does not rise above it and her acting is on a par. She plays a factory girl with an inferiority complex, marrying an alcoholic patrician out of kindness and then imagining that he is belittling her because she isn't blue-blooded. The character is neither written nor played with understanding and is merely a figure involved in theatrical make-believe. Anyway, she crashes a luncheon given by an ex-flame of her husband, and threatens to push a grapefruit in her face if she doesn't lay off. The episode is roughly effective, but it is vulgar and is not Tenth Avenue, either. Don't let the scenario editor do you wrong again, Miss Davis.

"LET 'EM HAVE IT."

The newest insight into the working of the Department of Justice is better in some respects than "G Men." Neither as noisy nor as thrilling, it is more absorbing because of the trouble taken to show us the infinite pains taken to find crooks, assemble them and build them up into the likeness of the guilty person. Naturally, this slows down the chase and silences the gun play, but actually it dramatizes the brains behind the capture of criminals more satisfactorily than in shooting them down. Not only is it more believable, but it is more a tribute to the intelligence of the Federal forces. In short, this is a superior detective melodrama rather than a gangster film. Vigorously acted, it recruits such admirables as Richard Arlen and Harvey Stephens, brings back Eric Linden, minus hysterics, in the best acting he has ever given us, and shows Bruce Cabot as a perfect criminal in the best part he has ever had. Also it introduces Gordon Jones, a most likably natural newcomer who is sure to capture the interest of fans.

"GOIN' TO TOWN."

Mae West's new one is more insolently wise-cracking than her last and her innuendoes are much, much bolder. For that reason this latest edition of herself is to the liking of the West cult and is more certain entertainment for the majority. While there are growing signs that her talent is thinning through repetition and that she has shot her bolt, she shows more shrewdness in this picture than in the last two. Not only does she surround herself with good actors, but now she gives them an opportunity to show what they can do. She has not yet made this exception in the case of a woman, but it will come. Paul Cavanagh and Gilbert Emery are immensely helpful in giving substance to an absurd story. It begins with Miss West in a dance hall and ends with her sloping Long Island society with her wealth and wisecracks, emerging triumphant over plot and counterplot and marrying Mr. Cavanagh who is a British title in disguise. "Now I'm in society, come up and see me sometime," says Miss West in the fade-out.

"THE AGE OF INDISCRETION."

The dull season may be said to have begun earlier than usual, this picture ushering in the yearly doldrums with finality. Smooth, amiable, it jogs along inoffensively, offering warmed-over situations and trite speeches as earnestly as if it had something to say that one wanted to hear. Paul Lukas, a publisher, loses his wife, Helen Vinson, when financial difficulties face him. She marries a youth who is dominated by his rich mother, giving little thought to her son, David, Jack Holt, who remains with his father and finds a companion in Madge Evans, the publisher's secretary. The lonely old woman demands that her daughter-in-law claim the custody of the child and, failing to get the boy, she discovers the publisher and his secretary in what seems to her a compromising situation. So the father is hailed to court and accused of unfitness. It all smooths out when she realizes her mistake and tearfully apologizes to the judge. May Robson finds congenial outlet for her vigorous acting and her scenes with the Holt boy momentarily stir the picture from its apathy.
thing of mankind's mistakes and growing utilities in him. He is more than a type. As brought to life by Victor McLaglen, he is a haunting, tragic figure without a predecessor on the screen, and Mr. McLaglen acts him superbly. His performance automatically cancels all the dumb detectives he has played and, taking its place beside his two other best works, "What Price Glory?" and "The Lost Patrol," hails for showing off personalities rather than in causing you to share the problems that the characters are play-
ing. Edmund Lowe is cocksure when he should have been casual as the detective who solves the elusively murder mystery. John Dixo, as his partner, delivers her wisecracks amusingly but misses making any role human. The return of Victor Varconi to the screen continues to interest because of what it promises when he gets a real opportunity. His performance here is excellent but brief. He is the murdered man who must needs disappear early in the picture to keep the other characters busy. He is murdered by an invisible assassin while playing the organ for a rapt visitor, Verna Hillie. It is never made entirely clear how a certain musical chord could fire off a concealed gun, but one guesses that vibration causes it. The idea is unusual, but it is a bit too complicated to be convincing on the screen.

"Ladies!"—RKO. There is a real charm here, homy, inescapable charm if you believe in human nature more than you do in dramatized fiction. It is a companion piece to "Anne of Green Gables" and like its delightful predecessor, it has a character as refreshing as Anne. She is Little Sister, a bommbold and neighborhood busybody, whose absorption in other people's affairs is forgiven because only good comes from it. She irons out every difficulty in the lives of those around her, but the character never seems overdrawn. This is largely due to the quaint personality of Virginia Weidler and her remarkable understanding of the child she plays. The major romance comes from John Beal and Gloria Stuart, he a young farmer and she the daughter of a mysterious, aloof English family with a secret sorrow. Mr. Beal gives a touching, simple performance that is poignant in its sincerity. Miss Stuart is no less appealing although a little too studied and much too romantically costumed for this period and rural locale. The entire cast is admirably suited to the simplicities of the characters they play, and the picture is a great deal more entertaining than you might gather from the rather innocuous set-up.

"A Night at the Ritz."—Warners. No one will object to this. It is mild, digestible fodder that leaves no aftertaste and never pretends to be a chef d'oeuvre. The fairly interesting story is out of the ordinary. It dwells on the comic predicament of a good-natured chef who is hired as chef by the Ritz Hotel at $1,000 a week and cannot cook at all. Because he is descended from a famous chef he deludes himself that he himself cultivates the temperament. A rapidfire press agent is responsible for "selling" him to the hotel and he, too, believes that Leopold is the origin of the creation of sauces, etc. Etc. The kitchen in pandemonium on the first night of Leopold's engagement, his creations are so eccentric that they save the situation. In the role of the conceited, humorless Leopold, Erik Rhodes, with first serious vaude-
vorses," is excellent. William Garrigan, the press agent, is lively and likable, while members of the Warner stock company—Patricia Ellis, Allen Jenkins, Gordon Westcott, Dorothy Tree and others—fit neatly into fa-
miliar places.

"The Screen in Review"
CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

"BREAK OF HEARTS"—KRO. Adapted by Lester Cohen. Directed by Phillip Moeller.

CAST:

Constance...Katharine Hepburn
Ruby...Charlie Ruggles
Johnny...John Beal
Tom...Tina Modotti
Marc...Sam Hardy
Mr. Wilson...Sylvia Sidney
Sylvester...Helene Millard
Pazzini...Ferdinand Gottschalk
Elha...Sidney Blackmer
Schubert...Lee Kohlman
Dill...Jean Howard
Phyllis...Anne Grey


CAST:

The Monster...Boris Karloff
Henry Frankenstein...Colin Clive
Elizabeth...Joan Clowes
The Mate...Elsa Lanchester
The Old Woman...Mary Shelley
Doctor Pretorius...Edward Van Sloan
Karl...Dwight Frye
Bosunmaster...E. Cline
Minnie...Laurie Dreyfuss
Shepherdess...Annie Durling
Percy Shelley...Douglas Walton
Lord Byron...Gavin Gordon
Baron Otto von Hildebrandt...Reginald Barlow
High Priest...M. M. Karr
Uncle Glutz...Gunnis Davis
Auntie Glutz...Tempe Pigott
F. Glutz...Frederick Butter
L. Glutz...Lucien Prival


CAST:

Professor...Lionel Barrymore
Count Mora...Belas Lugosi
Innkeeper...Bruce Cabot
Ban Varnac...Raymond Hatton
Karl...James Cagney
Simun...Frank Craven
Jacques...June Citron
Max...Junior Durkin
Johanna...Vera Vito
Sir Karel...Holmes Herbert
Lancaster...Michael Visaroff

"GO INTO YOUR DANCE"—First National. Screen play by Harry Sternquist and Arnold Schulberg. Directed by Archie L. Mayo.

CAST:

At Howard...Al Jolson
Dorothy Wayne...John Hays
Sadie Howard...Glenda Farrell
Lucy Bell...Leon Erwin
The Duke...Baron Marlene
Blonde...Sharon Lynn
Irina...Frances Kelly
Reyn Rubín...Himself
Eddie Rice...Phil Keegan
Fred...Eugene Westcott
Maid...Eliza Taylor
Show Girl...Joyce Compton
Mae Kemal...Joseph Crehan


CAST:

Stephen Chin...Pat O'Brian
Heater...Josephine Hutchinson
Iyan William...John Eldredge
Buck...Allen Jenkins
Jim Barnes...Elyse Kelvar
René...Lyle Talbot
Randy...Nelson Howland
Horn...Raymond Hatton
Kato...Ronnie Coby
Lin...Gaston Glass
Manzar...Edward McWade
Jorgen...Christian Rub
Harriet...Henry O'Neill
Steeghanger...Oliver Jones
George...George Meeker
Miss Cunningham...Florence Fair
Bill Randall...George Meeker

"WEREWOLF OF LONDON"—Universal. Story by Robert Harris. Directed by Stuart Walker.

CAST:

Doctor Glenden...Henry Hull
Doctor Yoganda...Warner Oland
Lasa Glenion...Valerie Hobson
Paul Amey...Ronald Warren
Miss Ettie Coombs...Spring Byington
Hugh Kenway...Clare Williams
Lady Forsythe...Charlotte Valeen
Colonel Forsythe...Josephine Joseph
Doctor Phillips...Reginald Barlow
Head Coach...Louis Vroom


CAST:

Miriam Brady...Bette Davis
Johnny...Jeffrey Lynn
Bain...Hume Cronyn
Helen...C. S. Lejuene
Mrs. Martin...Allison Skipworth
Mandart...Colin Clive
Valentine French...Katherine Alexander
Clerk...Cary Grant
Mrs. Eddy...Elsie Dinsmore
Max...Andre Cheron
Marcel...Adrian Rokey

"LET 'EM HAVE IT"—United Artists. Screen play by Joseph Monaure and Elmer Harris. Directed by Sam Wood.

CAST:

Mal Stevens...Richard Arlen
Eleanor Spencer...Virginia Bruce
Eunice Elby...Judas Brady
Joe Keefer...Bruce Cabot
Ben...Tyrone Power
Buddy Spencer...Henry Stephens
Erlinda Barbara...Joyce Compton
James Gordon Jones...Mr. Keefer
J. Farrell MacDonald...Mrs. Keefer
Dale Ross...Police Chief
O'Connor...Exsenaor Reddy
Iva Hamilton...Dorothy Appleby
Milly...Barbara Pepper
Thompson...Mathew Betz
Big Bill...Harry Woods
Peter...Clyde Inwood
Matty Pain...Sam
Paul...Donald Arco
"Duck"...Enzio Strong
Aunt...Rebecca Kohl
Mrs. Henkel...Eleanor Wesselhoft
Walton...Wesley Barry
Mrs. MacNamara...Tom MacNamara
Doctor Hoffman...George Pauwfort

"GOING TO TOWN"—Paramount. From an original story by Marion Morgan and George B. Bowdell. Adapted by Max Welt. Directed by Alexander Hall.

CAST:

Cleo Borden...Ma belle St. Clair
Mike West...Edward Barrington
Paul Cavanagh...Ray LeBec
Tahoe...Tito Gaudio
Clara...Crazy Griffith
Buck Gonzales...Fred Kohler, Sr.
Fletcher Colton...Monroe O'Connell
Gordon...Gilbert Emery
Young Fellow...Grait Withers
Maurice...Amir Kadoori
Signor Vitala...Luis Alberni
Vicenis...Viccnceo Ellerson
Dolores Lopez...Mona Rico
Henderson...Pat Hickey
Sheriff...Francis Ford
Ranch Foreman...Wade Boteler

"ESCAPE ME NEVER"—United Artists. From the play by Marvelette Kennedy. Screen play by Fronzal and Carl Zuckmayer. Directed by Robert Berliner.

CAST:

Emma Jones...Elizabeth Bergner
Sebastian Sanger...Hugh Sheldrick
Penelope McLean...Penelope Dudley-Ward
Caryl Sanger...Mary Irving
Griffith Jones...Jule Hopman
Deadly...Lyn Harding
Sir Ivor McClean...Leon Quartermaine
Lady McClean...Irene VanRheker


CAST:

Robert Lowchart...Paul Lukas
Sarah Kent...Jane Bryant
Eve Lowchart...Helen Simon
Emma Shaw...Mae Clarke
Jack Holt...Ralph Forbes
Felix Shaw...Colin Clive
Aunt Grace...Madge Kennedy
Mrs. Williams...Beryl Mercer
Minor Warner...J. Patrick O'Connor
Mrs. Williams...Mary Astor
Dotty...Shirley Ross

"THE INFORMER"—KRO. From the novel by Liam O'Shailerty. Adapted by Dudley Nichols. Directed by John Ford.

CAST:

Gypo Nolan...Victor McLaglen
Mary Phillips...Heather Angel
Big Joe...Richard Barthelmess
Katie Madden...Margot Grahame
Frankie Phillips...Wallace Ford
Blacky...Regis Toomey
Terry...J. M. Kerrigan
Bobby...Robert Emmett O'Connor
Tommy Connor...Neil Fitzgerald
Brosse...The Blind Man
Jim...D'Arcy Corrigan
Clancy...Maurice Matherne
Daly...Gaylord Pendleton
Flynn...Francis Ford
The Lady...Grizelda Harvey

"LADDIE"—KRO. From the novel by Gene Stratton Porter. Screen play by Ray Harris and Dorothy Yost. Directed by George Stevens.

CAST:

Laddie Stanton...John Bell
Pamela Pryor...Virginia Weidler
Paul Stanton...William Robertson
Mrs. Stanton, his wife...Dorothy Peterson
Shelley Stanton...Charlotte Henry
Sally Stanton...Gloria Shea
Leon Stanton...Jimmy Butler
Mr. Pryor...Peter O'Flynn
Maggie...Gracie Ikins
Mrs. Pryor...Mary Astor
Mrs. Freshett...Margaret Armstrong
Their Daughter...Maxine Hickers
The Minister...AF James

"MR. DYNAMITE"—Universal. From the story by Dashiell Hammett. Screen play by Harry M. Miller and Harry Clark. Directed by Alan Crosland.

CAST:

Mr. Dynamite...Edmund Lowe
Lane...Jeffrey Lynn
Jubal...Ralph Ingalls
Brogan...Victor Varconi
Mona...Verna Hillie
Lehigh...Mae West
King...Robert Gleckler
Williams...Jameson Thomas
Roxie...Mae Marsh
Rod...G. Pat Collins
Len...Greta Meyer
Felix...Bradley Page
Joe...James Burk

"A NIGHT AT THE RIZZ"—Warner. Based on a story by Albert L. Cohen and Robert L. Shonkoff. Dialogue by Mau-

CAST:

Duke Regan...William Garagan
Gyp...Allen Jenkins
Leeroy...Eric Leon
Tree...George Scudder
Leopold...Eric Rhodes
Brown...Ben Carter
Scrim...Gordon Westcott
Mamie Javits...Bedell Rosenthal
Henry...Paul Peralta
Comedy...William Davidson
Isabelle...Mary Teem
Miss Harry...Mary Russell
WHEN Jane Withers made a hit as the mean little girl in Shirley Temple’s “Bright Eyes,” no one suspected that she was Hollywood’s newest Cinderella in disguise. But that’s exactly what she was. For she won a Fox contract to star and drew one of the cleverest boy actors as her partner, Jackie Searl. Soon you will see the result in “Ginger.”
Continued from page 39

his sight, Isabel Jewell’s father has finally suffered complete blindness. The trouble began, when as a bacteriologist and physician some years ago he did much close work with the microscope while isolating a germ. Disintegration of the retina of his eyes set in, and while it was thought, recently, that his sight might be saved, the light, which gleamed brilliantly for a few days or weeks, finally died out. Isabel has been terribly unhappy about it, though she did everything possible to help.

Quaint and Sirenic.—Jed Harris, the theatrical producer, is very much interested in Luise Rainer, the new little Hungarian star, who will be seen in “Masquerade” for the first time. It wasn’t so long ago that Harris was reported devoted to Margaret Sullivan, but of course she’s much married to William Wyler. Harris is a colorful Broadway character, who has been spending considerable time lately in Hollywood. Miss Rainer is the quaintest personage to have appeared in the movie town for a long while. She’s also supposed to be a better actress than Elisabeth Bergner. We believe Harris vouches for that.

Actress or not, she is dreadfully afraid to drive an automobile at night. We discovered that about her the first time we met her. She was having fearful jitters on the subject, and it was dark then, too.

New Guessing Game.—Nancy Carroll started a new kind of guessing contest at a party recently. Nancy espied a clipping of a nude beauty on the wall of her hostess’ home, and happening to recognize the lady, refused to tell who it was but had everybody trying to find out. It became such a game, that probably every Hollywood whoopee room will henceforth be adorned with some mysterious nude damozel, and those present will be required to solve her identity. It’s a competition that’s bound to be popular with the men.

One Bout Too Many.—That idea of the Countess di Frasso’s about having pugilists stage a made-to-order battle at a party proved to be quite a bell-ringer in the movie colony. You may have heard how a scuffle, all framed up in advance, took place between some professional fighters in the entrance hall of the countess’ home, with the guests subsequently adjoining outdoors to witness the supposedly irritated gentleman battle it out in a real prize ring.

The whole thing was a hit, until some one, probably rather “high,” announced that the countess herself would be the challenger in the next bout. Which gave a very gauche wind-up to the whole affair, and caused disgruntlement and embarrassment among the guests. Those little gags in Hollywood often go too far—further even than a hostess expects.

The Twin Parade.—Since Bing Crosby started the custom, there’s no telling how far it may go. You know how things run in cycles in Hollywood. Anyway, Richard Dix is the latest proud father of twin boys. They arrived about a month ago, and are doing splendidly. Somebody checked up on twins in Hollywood, and discovered four pair altogether.

Besides Crosby and Dix, those credited were Lawrence Tibbett and...

Hollywood High Lights

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Besides Crosby and Dix, those credited were Lawrence Tibbett and in the spring for three or four weeks, with work held up on the “Broadway Gondolier” the better part of that time. He suffered from influenza and a stomach ailment.

Dueling at Dawn.—Anna Sten continues to steal all honors for parties that last far into the morning hours. Her Russian Easter celebration was the latest event of events. Guests remained far after sun-up, and the prettiest sight was Marlene Dietrich and Anna, just about dawn, sitting on the floor beside the piano, singing. Marlene warbled all her familiar songs. She was in a brilliantly gay mood.

Harmony Re-proved.—Gene Markey and Joan Bennett are very much together in public, which sort of officially disposes of any rumors of a break-up in that family. These were circulating, you know, while Joan was away in the East. But then, isn’t that the usual thing?

Webb Rival of Astaire.—They say Clifton Webb, who will make his début in "Broadway Melody," is going to step all over Fred Astaire’s shoes, Fred being the rather exclusive male dancing star outside of that clever colored chap, Bill Robinson.

Webb is a very noted stepper, and MGM, which has him under contract, is going to boost him a lot. He arrived with his mother, and more baggage than a prima donna, not to speak of a couple of pedigreed hounds.

Men of Brawn Favored.—Judith Allen, who was married to Gus Sonnenberg, the wrestler, when she first arrived in Hollywood, recently wed Jack Dayle, the boxer. That must indicate a certain preference for brawny knights of the ring.

Salvos for Norma.—No star has ever received more cheers for carrying out her role of mother than Norma Shearer. It seems to be the talk of the town, her complete and happy forgoing of any following-up of her success in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," which was nominated by critics as the best picture of 1934. Norma won’t be returning to the screen until late in the year, from present prospects.

Bill Cagney Quits.—Bill Cagney is quitting the game of acting. He’s Jimmy’s brother, you know, and he’s been having a try at a career for several years, but the resemblance between the two is altogether too marked. Bill couldn’t get the sort of parts he wanted, except in inde-
Hollywood High Lights

Nino Martini Welcomed.—More fuss is being made over Nino Martini than any singing star who has arrived in Hollywood. He even outdid Gladys Swarthout in the grandeur of his entrance. Jesse L. Lasky, who has him under contract, gave a most elaborate party in his honor, with practically everybody in movieland present, and during the course of the event Martini’s voice was heard in song, which is distinctly a departure. Songbirds usually keep their warblings for the microphone, but Martini made a good impression by being quite willing to sing. Miss Swarthout made her début by appearing with the symphony orchestra.

King of Zest

Continued from page 18

Great it is to be an actor. The other day I was stopped on the Boulevard by a Japanese girl. She spoke flattering of ‘One More Spring’ I know an actor is supposed to ignore this sort of thing. To show pleasure is to brand yourself a newcomer, a greenhorn.

“I am the first, I’ll admit, but not the second. I’ve no use for players, however great, who scoff at the public and their tastes. You hear many say they are in pictures only for the money. The money is gratifying, I’ll agree, but no real actor is honest when he makes such a statement. He acts because he likes to act.

“It is also supposed to be a sign of superiority to disdain the ways of Hollywood. Undoubtedly, there are many things which call for a smile rather than admiration. But that goes for any town. And it is the people in it, not the place.

“I can speak this way, because I’m not a total stranger. I know Hollywood well.”

Indeed he does. Probably that is another reason for his steady but sure advancement in the film mecca. He has seen others rush to Hollywood, rush into several pictures, and rush into oblivion.

“When talkies appeared,” Walter remarked, “every one of note, or even fair standing, on the stage left Broadway for Hollywood. Perhaps it is a latent business instinct in me that made me pause and study the situation. Early musicals were pretty terrible. I was in one of them. At that time producers did not know how to film musicals. Usually, the entire piece was photographed just as it was played on the stage. It made us all seem very wooden and artificial.

“Another drawback to the talkie pioneer was that he was invariably blamed for imperfections. There

faces or clothes.” Yet Margaret herself exhibits no craze for sartorial adornment. She still prefers slacks and other informal garb.

New Style Flamboyance.—Fantastic is the craze over styles in movieland. The latest fad is wearing a sari or head covering like the Orientals. Lily Damita emerged, draped in one of these one evening, and danced with it on. The sari is being used, but only when one is going to and from social events. It isn’t supposed to be worn over one’s head while actually at them. But trust Hollywood to defy the conventions!
She is no young intellectual iceberg, nor is she old-fashioned. Her large, blue-green eyes are particularly lovely and, what's more, they belie her dignified face. They sparkle with friendliness and humor.

Taller than average, to-day she is slim. I boldly complimented her on this stunning slenderness.

"Isn't it grand!" she exclaimed with honest feminine joy. "I’ve been doing so many costume pictures I guess you hadn’t noticed. This is my first chance at modish clothes. I’ve lost seventeen pounds! One time I weighed a hundred and forty, when I was on the stage.

"That was passable there, but before I started West I tried everything to reduce. Diets, exercise, less sleep. And had bad luck. Just wouldn’t melt away. Then last fall three weeks of strenuous performing in ‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ miraculously did it!"

This frank humanness was disarming. "So you had designs on Hollywood? Do you approve of the cinema?"

"Cinema!" Her laughter bubbled out. "It’s movies to me! Why, I’ve always been an ardent fan. Like any other fan I dreamt what fun it would be to be in films myself. I concentrated on the stage because it seemed so much more possible."

When lunch was called we walked over to her dressing room from the set, where I’d been introduced. Before I sensed what she was doing she had cleared the plain table which, pushed against the wall and underneath a mirror, served as her dressing table. Adjusting it alongside the window seat, she democratically whisked my sent-in lunch off a tray and her own from a paper bag. She prefers to patronize her own cook.

"Of course I complained continually at that absurd publicity they sent out about me," she explained, "but they simply wouldn’t listen to me. That no-kissing business, for instance. Why, I was kissed in my first picture and in every subsequent one. Still the legend persists.

"I did have a pistol which I kept in my car when I had to work nights and would be driving home late. Protection from boy friends? Ridiculous! I still hope that by the time I’m twenty-five I’ll be in a position to have a Shakespearean troupe of my own. But that doesn’t mean that I’m ritzy toward Hollywood.

"On the contrary, I love it. I’ve discovered many intriguing people here. Acting on the stage is fascinating, but so is acting in pictures. Just being in this movie whirl is a thrill for me. Probably because I’ve been such a fan all my life. I always have bought all the film magazines and used to keep scrap books. Once I counted my favorites. I had six hundred!"

"Beat that for enthusiasm if you can. One thing she promised herself she would do if ever lucky enough to click on the screen. "That was that I’d pay personal attention to fan mail. I do, for I used to send for photographs and I recall how disappointed I was when some star failed me."

Last fall she eloped with Hal Mohr, top-notch cameraman. They

Not Annoyingly Noble

lywood has made in my plans is that love came along sooner than I expected it would.

Hal is considerably older, yet she feels age is no barrier. My best friends have always been thirty-five, at least. And Hal is as full of fun as any one could be. You should have caught a glimpse of our home-life the other evening. We were in a frisky mood and wrestled and rolled all over the house. Our dog nearly went mad barking at the spectacle.

Not the outdoors-scoring type, her pet pastime is riding.

"I was always crazy about horses, but never had an opportunity to own any. So I bought two here, before I even got a car. I have an Indian instructor. He puts on his native array. I don green pajamas, tie a scarf around my hair, and away we go." She rides bareback so long as they stick to the bridal paths.

Currently free-lancing and doing well at it, she made a courageous move last fall when she deliberately gave up a contract. "I didn’t want to be typed. I asked for certain new conditions: they declined. So I left. Costume and super-decorous roles are all right, but I didn’t think it wise to be catalogued as suitable only for them."

Since Hollywood publicists invariably choose the easiest way, it really isn’t astonishing that the Venable background has been plugged so insistently. After all, I suppose it was too classy to ignore. Not a single awe-inspiring detail had to be invented.

Only child of a noted Shakespearean professor, Evelyn was born in Cincinnati and reared in surroundings where intelligence, culture, and ideals were taken for granted.

At the age of ten her reading included literary gems usually attacked only by college grinds bent on mastering the finest thoughts ever inscribed by mortal man. At eleven she conversed ably on Mr. Shakespeare’s plays and even went so far as to memorize much of his dialogue.

In high school she shone in Latin and Greek, and in Shakespearean presentations. A scholarship to Vassar followed and in the learned halls she continued to distinguish herself. She quit when Walter Hampden recognized her remarkable talent and invited her to join his company.

Two years ago they acted "Hamlet" in Los Angeles and the nineteen-year-old Evelyn was so excellent as Ophelia that the movie promptly grabbed her. They’ve tried to put her in a highbrow niche, but I didn’t once get to flaut my knowledge of the bard. So I insist that she is too swell and smart to be a smarty.

Clifton Webb, Broadway comedian and dancer of great reputation, arrives in Hollywood for a film debut with Joan Crawford, insisting that he’s not out to compete with Fred Astaire.
Three Live Ghosts

Baby Leroy says he'll show 'em, if they only give him a chance. He's to be in a picture with all the children under contract to Paramount in the cast.

These affairs causes him to sifh this mail carefully in the hope of finding one letter which will offer him a grain of hopeful truth.

The roles he plays, the horror roles, are tied up in his mind with his researches in metaphysical fields. But Lionel, also, has his mechanical tricks from which he gains a certain boyish satisfaction.

"Certainly you are affected by any role you play over a long period," he said, in total agreement with Mr. Lugosi. And he proceeded to relate anecdotes of famous actors and the effect that their roles had had upon them.

Mr. Atwill continued, "For instance, I have learned certain tricks of being dreadful. I have found them very useful in private life. Like this." He became, before my eyes, a frightful creature and just as I was preparing to leap through the French window, he laughed. I gasped and relaxed.

"It is a useful face to make at people who want me to buy expensive and useless advertising space in small periodicals," he observed. I thought that it might well be!

"It is only this," he continued. "I smile a wide smile, showing all my teeth, and I allow my eyes no expression at all. The effect, ordinarily, is what you experienced just now. My wife doesn't allow me to do it in the house any more.

"I have found myself walking with a threatening and carefully rehearsed tread along the Boulevard, to the dismay of newsboys and vegetable mongers. These things get to you! There is no preventing it. You dread about these roles, you have them on your mind. It is dangerous to allow yourself to dwell too much upon them."

Lionel Atwill's closest friends are mostly people outside the acting profession. Doctors, bankers, journalists. From these he draws not only pleasure but fresh perspectives upon his own work.

A banker friend brought his eleven-year-old son to call recently. Atwill tried to engage the boy in conversation without success. The lad merely peered at him fearfully from a corner. Atwill, knowing that the youngster had a passion for tennis, finally asked him to come and inspect his own excellent courts. The boy declined, politely but with an emphatic firmness. At last the truth came out. The kid was not sure that Atwill would not turn him into something vicious before his eyes.

After Lionel had gained the lad's trust and friendship, he opined that the boy was really disappointed to find him just a regular human being. He was a little like Karloff's young admirer who, having asked for and received an autograph from the great frightener, requested, timidly.

"Would you mind putting the name of 'Frankenstein' under 'Karloff'?"

They want to be frightened, they insist upon having their shivers, and I think that they will be glad to know that these portayers of horrific roles are a little bit afraid of or sorry for the monsters that they create.
Nothing new can be said of Miss Harlow, you say? Well, how about looking at her through the eyes of one who has known her since she was an extra in pictures?

By Leroy Keleher

My first meeting with Jean Harlow occurred when she was Harlean Carpentier, eighteen, and an extra in Richard Dix's "Moran of the Marines." Later, I met her again at several parties and found myself heartily disliking her. I decided that what irritated me was her practice of entering rooms with a dramatic flurry that proclaimed a calculated appreciation of timing and effect.

She wore sleek, seductive gowns and her every public appearance was greeted by a chorus of "Ohs" and "Ahs." One would have supposed that she dwelt amid mauve and sin and that she subsisted on nothing but caviar and nectar. I have since learned that she deliberately planned this impression in an effort to live up to her screen reputation.

"My 'act' was really the product of a terrific inferiority complex," she confides, "I had always considered other people superior to myself. As a child, I avoided choosing playmates who were my own age because I was inordinately sensitive about the fact that they could ride bicycles and play games better than I could, although I was quite a tomboy.

"When I was older, crowds frightened me and I could scarcely gather enough courage to meet strangers. At the première of 'Hell's Angels,' the crowd had me in a panic. I still thought I was the world's worst actress.

"As I progressed in my career, I grew proportionately unhappy. Many nights, I cried myself to sleep because I had heard gossip or read disapproval in some one's eyes. I could never have been the person people thought I was, because having to live with myself kept me from being such a fool.

"In that desperately unhappy period of my life, no girl ever scrutinized herself more minutely or impartially or tried harder to minimize her faults and enhance her virtues than I did. I went out of my way to make friends. Friendship was, and always shall be, the motivating factor in my existence. It means more to me than fame or money.

"During this interval of self-analysis and readjustment, I recalled the ideas and ideals that were instilled in me from childhood. I was fortunate in having a mother who was both a pal and a confidante. She has always regarded me as an individual with personal feelings and liberties. She advises instead of scolds by appealing to my better judgment. She taught me to abide by my own heart which is a woman's supreme tribunal and to be true to myself rather than to stereotyped conventions.

[Continued on page 70]
JEAN HARLOW has made herself what she is to-day by self-analysis and readjustment. "I could never have been the person people thought I was because having to live with myself kept me from being such a fool," she says to Leroy Keleher, an old friend, on the opposite page in an article that brings you face to face with Miss Harlow's inner self.
These glimpses of "Anna Karenina" would indicate that we are to see a much more glamorous Greta Garbo than when she played in the silent version of the Tolstoy novel with John Gilbert.

GARBO, left, as the faithless wife who forsakes her husband and child. Lower left, Anna Karenina with Basil Rathbone as Karenin, her husband, and Freddie Bartholomew of David Copperfield fame, as Sergie, the son. Below, Fredric March, in the role of Vronsky, the lover, who pleads with Anna to leave her family.
"Stranded" has the Travelers' Aid Society for its background, with Kay Francis, Patricia Ellis, and George Brent, right, heading the cast. Below, Miss Francis off duty, and lower right, Donald Woods, a social worker, who is hopelessly in love with Lynn Palmer.

Social AIDS
GLORIES OF KNIGHT
HOOD

"The Crusades" is another Cecil B. DeMille spectacle which brings to the screen the exploits of King Richard I, "the Lion-hearted," played by Henry Wilcoxon, and Loretta Young as the beautiful Berengaria.

THE Crusaders, above, mounting the steps to reach the True Cross. Upper left, Henry Wilcoxon on the jousting field. Outer left, King Richard at prayer. Left, Loretta Young being crowned Queen of England. Below, Katherine DeMille as Alice of France, asks King Richard to give up Berengaria. Upper right, Berengaria appeals to the Hermit, C. Aubrey Smith. Lower right, the Saracens to King Richard's rescue.
Together again in "Top Hat" is the now famous singing and dancing team of Astaire and Rogers. Left, we see Freddie disguised as a cabby which he dons in his pursuit of Ginger as the lovely Dale Tremont. Right, Astaire with Edward Everett Horton, whom he startles by a fast dance break.
In Dante’s “Inferno,” Spencer Tracy strives for power and position which he finally gains at the expense of the lives and happiness of many people. Right, Tracy and Claire Trevor before fortune came their way. Left, Claire Trevor with Alan Dinehart and young Scott Beckett.
"She" is the gripping story of an expedition into Muscovy in search of a flame which triumphs over death. Making her screen début in this picture in the title rôle is Helen Gahagan, stage and opera star.

FROM her throne, upper right, the Ruler of Kor condemns to death the savage Amahaggers, while Randolph Scott looks on. Above, Gustav Von Seyffertitz, She's Prime Minister, Nigel Bruce, Helen Mack, and Randolph Scott. Right, our little searching party seems in awe of the command of the Amahagger.
Dixie Does It

up and went home to her mother, de-
ing to return to him until he agreed
to get an apartment just for the two
of them. By going to New York,
they both saved face. Bing had lived
with his brother as long as they were
in California and Dixie had stuck to
her guns. By going to New York
Dixie could join him without having
to yield her point. They had a place
of their own in the metropolis.
I've never seen two people more in
love than those two, nor have I ever
seen them quarreling more than
they during that first year of their
marriage. Yet even when they were
quarreling they were constantly hav-
ing dates together.
Three years later they returned to
Hollywood. Dixie was even prettier
then than she was before, but the
flapper had given way to one of the
most modishly gowned girls out
there. I look at her to-day and it
seems impossible that one so young
can be the mother of three children.
She has one of the most pro-
nounced inferiority complexes I have
ever encountered. I know of no
other young girl in pictures who can
put a song over as she can, but she
has a nervous rigour every time she
has to sing. And that after a year
on the stage in "Good News" and
four weeks at the College Inn in Chi-
cago, to say nothing of all the pic-
tures she has made.
She makes new friends slowly. She
always has the feeling she is be-
coming cultivated because she is Mrs.
Bing Crosby rather than for herself.
Once she makes friends, however,
nothing ever shakes that friendship.
She is the only person I have ever
met, anywhere, who is one hundred
per cent loyal in her friendship. If
she likes you, nothing any one can
say will alter her feelings.
A false sense of pride is her great-
est failing. Sensitive to an extreme,
she constantly imagines slights where
none are intended.
The day she returned from the
hospital after the birth of their first
baby, Bing rode home with her in
the ambulance, had ordered so many
flowers the place looked like a florist's
shop, saw to it that she was com-
fortable, knew that the nurse and a
couple of Dixie's girl friends would
be with her, and off he went to the
golf course. Had he any idea she
wanted him to be with her that day,
that she would feel hurt if he weren't,
I'm sure nothing would have induced
him to leave her. But Dixie wouldn't
ask him to stay and she nursed that
hurt for weeks, without ever saying
a word to him about it.
Once I expostulated with her.
"Why do you torture yourself that
way?" Bing isn't doing those things
to hurt you. You happen to have a
disposition that remembers anniver-
saries and takes account of people's
feelings. Bing doesn't. There is no
one who would be more attentive if
he thought of those things, but he
just doesn't."
When they moved to Toluca Lake
Dixie wanted desperately to go to
the Golf Club. Joby Ralston Arlen,
Frances Werker, and a number of
friends offered to take her, but she
wouldn't go. She wanted Bing to
accompany her the first time. It
never occurred to Bing to invite her.
They were members, the club was
open to her, she knew people there
and that was that. And Dixie was
too proud to ask.
This all sounds as though she were
a patient Griselda sort of person.
She isn't. The incidents I've men-
tioned were scattered and are entirely
a thing of the past. I know of no
happier couple than she and Bing.
I mentioned that she has a rollick-
ing sense of humor. Once when Bing
was making personal appearances at
the Paramount Theater he asked me
to drive her down to Palm Springs
where they had taken a house with
the Arlens. On the way down I
started singing. Once I paused long
enough in my recital to remark, "I
think the old songs had much smarter
lyrics than those nowadays, don't
you?"
"Yes," she agreed doubtfully,
whereupon I launched into one called
"The Cynical Owl" which probably
has the most stupid lyrics of any
song ever written.
"Cute," she observed sarcastically
when I finished. To this day she
tells that story at my expense when-
ever she can find listeners. At the
time I did not realize what a double-
cross she is and, greatly encouraged
by her apparent enthusiasm, I dug
further back into my repertoire. My
voice is not one of my greatest
assets.
Dixie, used to Bing's crowing,
stood it as long as she could. After
about an hour and a half she
squirmed in her seat. "Don't sing!"
she hissed at me.
A few weeks later, Thanksgiving
Day, I was at their house for dinner.
The holiday spirit was strong and
started humming. Dixie gave me a
meaning look. "It's Thanksgiving!"
I replied defiantly.
"It's terrible, no matter what day
it is," was her withering reply.
Without exerting herself visibly,
Dixie is one of the most gracious
hostesses in Hollywood. Her home
might well be called "Liberty Hall."
Of all the people I know, she most
hates to be alone. She is thoroughly
miserable by herself. Possibly that
is the reason she has developed into
such a charming hostess.
Her return to the screen after a
hiatus of four years, was accom-
plished in an independent picture
called "Manhattan Love Song." It
was not an unqualified success.
Dixie was thoroughly discouraged.
"I told you I'm no good on the
screen," she railed at me for having
urged her to make the picture.
Months later, after arguments and
persuasions that nearly drove her
friends frantic, she yielded once more
and played in "Love in Bloom." The
luck with which her picture career
has been ill-starred, continued. It,
too, turned out to be a Class B film
and was not released in the first-run
houses. But, for the first time, in-
stead of singing a solo of Dixie's
ability as a singer and actress, I
found myself one of a large chorus.
The notices for her work in this opus
were by way of being raves.
Immediately Paramount, Fox, and
Warners dangled contracts in front of
her. She still wasn't sure of what
she could do and declined to bind
herself to an agreement for more
than one picture.
Then Jesse Lasky signed her for
the lead in his most pretentious film
of the year, "Redheads on Parade." Those
who have seen the rushes of
her work in this picture say she is
sensational. If only the picture
turns out to be a good one, my
prophecies will come true.
I repeat, with proper handling she
could be one of the screen's biggest
stars. She has what it takes and is
one girl whom success or failure will
never change. She's-she's-well,
she's just Dixie.
The Strange Case of Helen Hayes

She made "A Farewell to Arms," "The Son-Daughter," "The White Sister," "Another Language"—all of them hits. There was no longer any question about her position as a front-rank star. Interviewers dogged her and were pleasantly surprised at her modesty. It made arresting copy to record that Miss Hayes thought she had nothing to do with the success of her pictures.

Still, all was well. Perhaps only Mr. Thalberg had doubts when he saw the star he had made content to remain a product of studio efficiency. The time for the annual trek back to the stage arrived, and Miss Hayes proceeded to register a tremendous hit in New York in "Mary of Scotland." That play made Helen gloriously happy. She was reunited with her husband and child, and she was doing the work she loved and understood. The day when her contract called for her return to Hollywood must have been a dark one.

For she was growing a little tired of what she regarded as her mechanical job as a film star. She felt that she was becoming little more than a cog in the vast cinematic engine, which perhaps was true. And if she still knew nothing of the way films were produced and given dramatic value, at least she knew what sort of rôle she liked. So she decided to make her first demand of Thalberg and the studio. She asked to be allowed to film Sir James Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows."

She had done this play on the stage and knew she was effective in the rôle. At least it would give her a chance to act a part she liked. So she insisted upon starring in it.

You know the rest. The studio acquiesced, the picture was produced and was a resounding failure. It was followed by "Vanessa: Her Love Story," another literary work whose cinematic worth defied detection, and which was equally unsuccessful.

The studio became alarmed and began to look for a story similar to those in which she had been a hit. Meanwhile Miss Hayes had gone on tour in "Mary of Scotland" and announced that she was through with pictures.

My cynical readers will murmur that the obvious reason for her decision is that pictures are through with Miss Hayes. But that is not fair to Hollywood. Two failures do not mean the end of a career, especially when they have been preceded by an unbroken series of great successes. I'm sure that MGM would renew her contract if they had any assurance that she would make an effort to put herself across on the screen.

The point is, they have no such assurance. In the four years Helen Hayes has been in Hollywood she has contributed nothing to the success of her pictures but her admittedly excellent acting. And more is required of a film star than that.

Navy blue looks well on Bette Davis, much better, in fact, than pastel colors which do not offer enough contrast to her intensely blond coloring. These lounging pajamas are of corded crêpe.

For one thing, a star is a public figure and an integral part of the social life of Hollywood. She must keep herself in the spotlight without seeming to do so, for fans have been known to forget the unobtrusive. She must gauge popular taste and see to it that the stories selected for her are of a type which are currently popular and in which she will be seen to good advantage.

But above all things, she must realize that the burden of a picture's success lies on her shoulders. That is what stardom means. No matter whether every one else falls down on the job, it's up to her to put the most mediocre picture across.

I may be wrong, but it seems to me that Helen Hayes has failed to fulfill a single one of these obligations. Hollywood has meant exile to her, and she has seldom stayed there longer than was absolutely necessary to finish a picture and wait for the possible necessity of retakes.

She is virtually unknown in the society of the film colony, and her position in the news is even vaguer. To the selection of her pictures she has usually been indifferent, and when, as in the case of "What Every Woman Knows," she did intervene, it was in favor of a play which she happened to like but which was scarcely to the taste of her fans.

It's understandable that she should be bewildered by films at first, but she has persisted throughout her career in her attitude that picture production is fundamentally incomprehensible and that she need not bother about anything other than learning to-morrow's dialogue.

The result has been that she has become just what she feared she would become: an acting machine. As a definite film personality she is no more. And regardless of acting ability, the disappearance of personality means the death of stardom, even for the most talented player.

Those of my friends who prefer the theater to the movies tell me that, nowadays, nothing can be accomplished by a Hollywood newcomer unless he has come direct from Broadway. Stage experience, they intimate, is absolutely essential to give an actor the proper assurance when confronted by the cameras. And that experience, that assurance, they say, is all that is needed.

In my rebuttal to these arguments, the case of Helen Hayes shall henceforth be known as Exhibit A. Miss Hayes, one of the finest actresses the stage has ever produced, made her first picture with years of stage experience behind her. She gave flawless, poised performances. But she has flopped, and she will remain a flop unless she forgets that she is a stage actress and begins to learn from Hollywood.
They're Capra-crazy

Continued from page 31

class, of course, and after passing through Ellis Island, entranced for the West Coast, carrying as much food as their accommodations would permit.

Once settled in their new home, the Capra children were placed in school. Frank particularly thirsted for knowledge. And despite his handicap of not knowing the English language, soon outstripped all his classmates, skipping grades and establishing a record for brilliancy.

But the Capra funds ran low, money had to be earned, so Frank and Tony, his elder brother, sold papers on the street.

Even at so early an age, his dramatic instincts evinced themselves, talents that later were to win him fame and fortune. When nightfall came and there remained many papers yet unsold, he worked out a plan whereby Tony would seem to be beating him.

Passers-by would stop to learn why the larger boy was picking on the smaller one, and Frank would weep that it was because he hadn’t sold all his papers. Whereupon, sympathetic listeners would relieve him of his bundle and Frank and Tony would run home hand in hand to show the family how much they had taken in that day.

During this period, Frank was looking ahead to the day he would need money to continue his education. Consequently, he saved every penny that did not go for family support.

In high school, he managed a paper route and devoted long hours to study. He wanted to be an engineer and at sixteen, when he was graduated, he applied for admission to the California Institute of Technology, popularly known as Cal-Tech. He couldn’t matriculate until eighteen, however, so spent the next two years with a pipe company making money to help pay his college expenses.

A brilliant student, Frank won a five-hundred-dollar scholarship at the end of his first year. He waited on tables and also became editor of the school paper, a paying position that netted him eighty dollars a month.

With the advent of the United States in the War, he left school in his senior year and enlisted. He felt he owed much to his adopted country. When the War was over, he returned home to find the family state of affairs in a tragic condition and he himself without funds.

So that he might complete his education, he took a position as tutor to a son of wealth. In this way, he saved enough to return to Cal-Tech and graduate with honors.

Unable to find an engineering job, he became interested in motion pictures, as a logical outlet for the stories he wrote. He enrolled in a scenario school, picked up what little information he could there, and so that he wouldn’t starve, sang for his supper in cafés about town and pruned trees, at twenty cents each, for ranchers in the San Fernando Valley.

All his friends in the Italian colony who hadn’t gone to school were earning comfortable livings, but there seemed no market for his talents.

Seriously, then, he applied himself to pictures, and in a laboratory job learned a great deal about films. Taking another job with a producing company, he won the friendship of a director who taught him many things, and gave him the encouragement for which he was hungering.

He met an actor named Montague who was considering a production based upon a poem. Frank convinced him that he was the man he needed and became writer, director, technical crew, actor, and cutter. The one-reel picture, made in two days at a cost of seventeen hundred dollars, proved extraordinary. Pathé purchased it, the film ran two weeks on Broadway and received good notices.

The success of the novelty led to Pathé hiring Montague to make a series of twelve more one-reelers. The actor decided he’d do better by writing the poems himself, rather than filming classics, and fired Capra.

As a consequence, he went broke, too stubborn to realize that Capra had been responsible for the success of the first film.

There followed, then, several years of jobs as gag man, with one thought uppermost in his mind—to direct.

Finally, Harry Langdon left Sennett to make feature-length comedies on his own. Capra sold him the idea of allowing him to direct. Among the several he made with Langdon was “The Strong Man,” regarded as one of the ten best pictures of 1926 and conceded by some critics the finest comedy ever made.

Langdon, like Montague, decided he didn’t need a director, could survive on his own merits, under his own direction. With Capra leaving him, the comedian’s career may be said to have come to an abrupt halt, never to be successfully resumed. Once again, Capra had proved his mettle.

A picture career is difficult, at best, and Capra returned to his estate of gag man, wondering when, and if, he would ever get a break. Many months passed before this opportunity arrived.

Harry Colin of Columbia, who likes his coworkers as young and ambitious, his company, invited him over to his studio for a chat. He was so impressed by Capra’s enthusiasm, to say nothing of his pertinent ideas about pictures, that he assigned him to an unimportant program picture. The young director endowed it with so much charm and idiosyncrasy that the picture was released as a special, and with his signing a directorial contract as a result of this film, Capra was on his way.

To-day, Capra remains as modest and unassuming as that moment, thirty-one years ago, when he gazed in awe at America’s welcoming beacon, the Statue of Liberty, in New York harbor. Rich now in laurels and experience, he is yet that simple Italian boy who looked ahead at great things to come.

He always keeps in the background, shunning publicity as others seek it. He does not care for praise. To him, the great success of his various pictures is merely work well done.

Not content merely to direct a film, he works, without credit, on every story he produces, collaborating with the writer until the desired effect is achieved. During production, every waking hour is devoted to the picture, and upon completion he refers to the feature not as my picture but as our picture. He has never been known to lose his temper on a set and always is most liberal in giving credit where credit is due.

His theories of direction are amazingly simple. So simple, in fact, that they show the man as the artist he really is.

He regards himself as an audience, the representative of all audiences everywhere. He discusses a
They're Capra-crazy

They put the actor in "It Happened One Night" and you know the result. He turned in one of the best performances of the year.

In the same picture, he gave Claudette Colbert all the rope in the world, saw in her, too, a comedienne and directed accordingly. Like Gable, Miss Colbert contributed a fine job.

The foregoing are only two examples of what Capra accomplishes with his people. There isn't a star in Hollywood who wouldn't jump at the chance to work with him, for he inspires all with new courage, and determination. He never stiles the emotions or cramps the style of his players. That is one explanation why actors give such outstanding characterizations under his directorship.

As retiring in his private life as he is reserved at the studio and professionally, he seldom goes out socially. He has few intimate friends, believing that old friends are best. He lives simply with his wife and baby, and his favorite dish is the spaghetti and ravoli his mother prepares especially for him.

His one extravagance is books. He has one of the finest collections of first editions in Hollywood and constantly is on the look-out to augment it with some rare volume.

Capra's is one of the outstanding success stories of the decade. From immigrant boy, without knowledge of our language, he has risen to foremost prominence in the nation's fourth largest industry and the recipient of highest award by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Checking Up On Jean

"In moments of profoundest unhappiness, she taught me that life inevitably offers threefold compensation for every single heartache and that it is only foolish people who allow adversity to make them bitter and cynical. I also learned not to worry over trifles, to trust in the essential goodness of people and always to reciprocate any act of kindness by an expression of sincere gratitude."

Jean will not tolerate brutality or excessive authority, but she is thoroughly responsive to considerate treatment.

She never wears high heels except to a formal affair and then her feet are tortured. She breakfasts every morning with her mother in the latter's bedroom.

Once she said to me: "Gosh, I hate being a blonde. If I had my way, I would be a brunette. If I still had my way, I would be a man. I would trek to the Yukon and dig for gold and travel to the four corners of the globe on freighters."

She evinces little interest in clothes, regarding them merely as incidental. The predominating colors in her wardrobe are black, yellow, and white and all her clothes are remarkable for their simplicity. Her sartorial expenditures are confined to six costumes a season—two street ensembles, a dinner frock, a restaurant dress and two evening gowns.

Her hats are generally similar in shape as she has them designed after an old one which she has owned for years. To go into statistical raptures, she wears size twelve dresses, size three and one-half shoes, and size six and one quarter gloves.

"Her speech is fluent and frank, and as a rule, faultlessly idiomatic. There are times when she displays a relievancy of thought that, to say the least, is amazing in one so young. I have yet to hear her speak disparagingly or unkindly about another person. Such tolerance is seldom encountered in Hollywood—or anywhere else.

Jean regards her orchidaceous screen self with unfeigned contempt. If you ask her concerning the nature of her current role, she will wrinkle her nose and say: "Oh, I play another of those darn sex-vultures!"

When she is in the midst of a production she goes to bed at nine o'clock. She attends few parties and does not play bridge. She hums her favorite tune, "Night and Day." day and night, removes her shoes, chews gum, and plays Bing Crosby's records on the set between scenes. Her suppressed ambition is to be a "soh sister" on a newspaper, because she detests routine and welcomes continual variety.

She insists that she is not beautiful. Who am I to contradict a lady? But just because she and the corner fireplace, the gal's mirror must be an awful liar. She is singularly devoid of vanity and never embarrasses her escort by producing a make-up compact in public.

She is an ardent angler and even baits her own hook, "I keep my eyes closed, though," she chuckles. She spoke French before English as her mother was French. Her hobby is collecting perfumes which her mother promptly hides to prevent Jean from giving them to her friends.

The other day I was sitting with her on the edge of her swimming pool. Below us stretched the panorama of tiled roofs and verdant gardens of Brentwood. Chad in brown slacks with a yellow turtle-neck sweater, she looked more like a slim boy than a siren.

"I am happier right now than I have ever been," said Jean, leaning her head back so that the wind tangled itself in her incredible hair. The sunlight was bright on her face and her eyes were a reflection of that brightness.

"I have my work and my family and my friends. In Bill Powell I have the ideal friend. He has a divine sense of humor. Knowing Bill has given me tremendous mental stimulus.

"Sometimes I sit out here alone in the moonlight and wonder what the future has in store for me. I used to make plans, but nothing ever turned out as I planned, so I stopped looking ahead. I am still a girl and yet I am a woman. My life has been so hectic, so——"

Her long lashes dropped and her clasped hands pressed against her mouth. Presently, she lifted her face and her eyes looked into mine frankly and steadily.

"This is the life I have always dreamed of," she continued. "I want to live simply but amusingly. I want the affection of those I love and the friendship of those I respect. I want to feel that my work is good and that its goodness will live after me: that when I leave this earth, people will say:"

"Jean Harlow was honest with herself and others. She never pretended what she was not."

That is the credo of the real Jean Harlow who is my nomination for the grandest girl in Hollywood.
When It Rains—Then What?

and polishing is usually a rainy-day job with him. But rain doesn’t stop this lover of the outdoors from tramping through marsh or woodland stalking a bit of game.

Jean Harlow cherishes the ambition, and has written one story that has been made into a picture. Both Jean and Nat are writing books.

Branchot Tone likes to read, particularly manuscripts of new plays, so there’s a break for you would-be playwrights. His idea is first to find a play for himself and then to find something he thinks his friends in the Group Theater in New York might like.

When Joan Crawford isn’t reading, studying or singing, she is rehearsing plays in her theater which she had built in her new house. This gives her a tremendous thrill.

C. Henry Gordon catches up on his fan mail, and Jackie Cooper gets out his airplane kit and designs new models, or he boxes, or both.

Jeanette MacDonald either practices or hunts through new music for interesting songs.

Louise Fazenda turns her full attention to her home, not that she ever neglects it, because Louise is essentially a homebody. But on rainy days her house gets a thorough looking over from garret to cellar and the corners of dark closets. And then she gets up one of her famous meals. I’ve never tasted better cookies anywhere.

There are three musketeers in Hollywood whose loyalty to each other defies time and tide. They are Ronald Colman, Dick Barthelmess, and Bill Powell. Every now and then they have a get-together.

Karen Morley’s delight is reading plays, particularly foreign ones. She is also amazingly well read in other fields of literature, and on a dull day, there being no lure in the beach or tramping about, for her, she can, with a clear conscience, devote her entire time to reading and to amusing her small son.

Sooner or later you will find the men collecting about the card tables at the Maskers’ Club, and the women giving luncheon parties at the Trocadero, Embassy, The Brown Derby, or the Roosevelt. And the Mayfair does a tremendous business when one of its meetings falls during the rainy season. So does the opera, and so do the theaters. It’s a grand excuse to give parties.

Unlike the inhabitants of other cities, who would rather hug the fireside, Hollywood rustles about when it rains.

No, not good-by.
Why not say,

Hasta mañana
When you go away?

Hasta mañana
Isn’t forever good-by.
’Tis only until a to-morrow
Will come by and by.

RUTH WHITMAN BOWERS.
They Say in New York——

center of any stage, even if it is a sidewalk, and clowns vociferously, winning every one by sheer grit and energy if not by her sometimes cruel gibes at the fumbles of younger players, The King’s Jubilee crowds are going to have some raucous laughs.

The Most Prevalent Joke.—

Maybe you have heard it already, for every afternoon people are wandering from table to table in the cocktail rendezvous explaining that Rudy Vallee is really to blame for the dime chain-letter mania. For it was he who first sang “Your Dime Is My Dime.”

Our New Dress Model.—Fay Wray came back from London and paused en route to Hollywood long enough to show the town what Schiaparelli and Molyneux and all the other ranking designers in Europe were up to. Just to round out her wardrobe she shopped diligently in New York, adding the best efforts of American designers. Foolish maybe, she admitted, as she goes out very little when her husband is not with her, but she had just begun to take a really intense interest in clothes.

In England, where she made two pictures, fans followed her around on bicycles. At first she was puzzled when they called out “That’s Fy Wry” but finally assumed they were friendly at heart. A remarkably pleasant and endearing young person, and very beautiful, Fay has no gift for dramatizing herself. She places herself inconspicuously in the background, and listens. In order to enjoy some California sunshine, she sped over from England while her husband was busy directing his first picture. And maybe just to keep busy she will redecorate her house while there.

Busy as a High Tension Wire.

—It is no small feat to see Alice White these days. In the morning doctors treat her for low blood pressure, inactive glands, and sinus trouble. Then a masseuse takes command and pounds her into quite the most spectacular combination of voluptuous curves and tiny measurements you have ever seen. Then she plays three or four shows a day in a strenuous dance act.

But Alice still finds time to answer all telephone calls herself and complains if she gets less than a bale of letters and telegrams at hotel and theater. Odd moments are devoted to Elmer, a gray female Pekingese about nine inches long, who is almost as hard-working a trouper as Alice herself. And after her last show she does the night clubs until the wee hours. Once she tried going to bed early—one a.m.—as the doctor ordered, but the next day she felt listless.

Eight Years—One Argument.—

Since the day when she jumped from script girl to player, Alice has gone far financially and in popularity, but she hasn’t realized her ambition. What she thinks of the parts she has played on the screen cannot be repeated. She loved doing “Dinner at Eight” on the stage, and she is determined to show that she can play dramatic parts on the screen. Maybe she will have a chance in England this summer. She has been offered several parts in Broadway plays, but hasn’t found one yet that just suits her.

“Read this,” she begs, tossing visitors a play script while she plays with Elmer. “Is there anything in that for me?” Alice gives the customers an awfully good show for their money in her dance act. She works, like vaudeville trappers of old, winning the audience when she first steps on the stage. Except for this sure, professional touch, she is very much the Alice of old—explosive, a giddy array of colors—“Because the day was dark and I thought bright clothes would look cheerful.”

The Worm Turns.—Ann Sothern met a lot of people, during her visit
to New York, who had been catty and mean and crude to her when she was just Harriette Lake, the little upstart from the West who had come in to be in a Ziegfeld show a few years ago. They pretended not to recall that she was the same girl, but she couldn't resist reminding them.

"I'm the elephant who never forgets," the very decorative, self-styled elephant told me. "I'll never forget how kind Tom Howard and Fred Astaire were to me in that show. They made up for the maliciousness of the others. The other night when I broadcast on the Vallee hour and saw Tom Howard there, I just couldn't stick to the script at first. I had to throw my arms around him and tell everybody how swell he is."

Chatterton's Enthusiasm.—Hollywood and Spain will have to move closer together if Ruth Chatterton is to make many more pictures. She has succumbed completely to the charm of the land of bullfights. Returning from Seville en route to Hollywood where she is to make two pictures for Columbia, she told of one glorious day when several bulls were killed, several matadors narrowly escaped death, and the youngest bullfighter dedicated one session in the ring to her. And she doesn't look bloodthirsty at all. Quite the contrary.

While Scenario Writers Groan.—The Hays office won't allow films to show scenes that educate children in the ways of crime, thereby banishing an episode from real life that scenario writers are just dying to use.

A youngster in New York bought four bottles of milk charged to the family account, dumped the milk in the gutter and collected twelve cents for the returned bottles. Ten cents got her into the theater where Kay Francis was appearing in "Living on Velvet" and Joan Blondell in "Traveling Saleslady," and so thoroughly did she relish the sight that she stayed until police found her there, a lost-strayed-or-stolen alarm having gone out.

Now somebody—a member of the society for the prevention of cruelty to scenario writers no doubt—will have to pass a law that little girls are not to think up ingenious episodes that educate writers in the ways of juvenile crime.

All Around the Town.—Constance Cummings will leave the Broadway stage long enough to do a picture in Hollywood this summer. It's "Amateur Girl" for Reliance.

It looks as if Leslie Howard's play will run on forever, so his wife is driving East with the Bill Gargans to visit him.

Edwina Booth, who has suffered so long from fever contracted while filming "Trader Horn," arrived in New York on a stretcher, settled her suit against MGM and left for London to consult tropical-fever specialists.

Julie Haydon landed a Paramount contract for her poignant performance in "The Scoundrel."

Mary Ellis has scored a triumph on the stage in London in a mythical kingdom operetta called "Glamorous Night."

Ethel Merman has built up a tremendously enthusiastic radio following who want more Merman songs in the next Cantor picture.

Miriam Hopkins, Margaret Sullavan, and Katharine Hepburn go sailing back and forth between Hollywood and New York via plane so often that their friends have combined the best features of "Welcome Home" and "Farewell" parties and now call them "Well-well" parties, because "Wel-fare" sounds too much like a reform element rampant.
Continued from page 30

mass interview before sailing?" And Miss Bergner, pouting, must have acquiesced, for what should come to my workaday desk the other day but this compelling wire:

"Joseph M. Schenck requests the honor of your presence at a cocktail party Friday afternoon at five promptly at the Ambassador suite eleven thirty given in compliment to Miss Elisabeth Bergner who is granting her first and only interview in America."

With such an august summons in my pocket I was justified in expecting big things.

The suite in question was manned by efficient publicists, gracious hostesses, and a troupe of tireless waiters who drifted about with viands and stimulating waters. Two rooms had been thrown into one for the affair. At one end was a buffet, complete from caviar in ice to champagne in the correct buckets. At the other end was Elisabeth Bergner, looking very small and helpless on a huge divan facing twenty or thirty gilt chairs arranged in a semicircle, informal but terrifying.

Occupying the chairs, overflowing onto window sills, and standing on the fringe of the audience, with a step back to the buffet now and again, were the fact-finders and floggers of the press, those astute ladies and gentlemen who determine just what makes a star tick and why.

Questions were shot at Miss Bergner, and come well, come woe, Miss Bergner answered them. Not everything, of course. She was not at liberty to give the title of the play Sir James Barrie has written for her; he wouldn't like it. She could not tell us what sort of a play it was, although she let slip the fact that she plays the hero.

Her first picture? A triangle affair with Emil Jannings and Conrad Veidt: "Nju." In German. Her first American venture had just ended, after a run of twelve weeks. Yes, she was pleased with the results. And the Theater Guild made money, too. She smiled. Her next picture? "Saint Joan." Shaw himself was helping with the script, so delighted was he that she was playing the role. Did she like Shaw? Tremendously. As an artist.

Hovering over Miss Bergner was Mr. Schenck, benignant, smiling, not unlike a guardian angel. He patted her shoulder in moments that taxed her patience, held her hand reassuringly when some one posed a particularly incept question, stirred her to smile with a quip when things lagged ever so slightly.

The ladies who write for a living pierced poor little Miss Bergner with analytical stares and prodded her with soul-searching queries. Did she like American men as well as European? Was she fond of marriage as an avocation? How long did it take her to make up for a part? Did she think Garbo as great as Bernhard?

Nothing was too silly to ask the embattled star. Squirming, but game, she parried the impossible questions and answered the others tactfully and satisfactorily.

Whatever she may be on the stage, with the glamour of the footlights to render her alluring and exclusively charming, Elisabeth Bergner is less than breath-taking in the cold light of the afternoon sun.

As she sat there, feeding off thoughtless questions, she looked like

Bergner Refuses $100,000

Carol Lombard, and Ginger Rogers. These stellar gals build an interview into a personal appearance. It's the Hollywood touch, and it's showmanship.

But Miss Bergner had apparently been coaxed into the interview ordeals unwillingly; she had agreed grudgingly, and refused to stage a scene as a reward to herself for having gone through with it.

When my colleagues had repaired to the oasis at the far end of the apartment I seized the opportunity to ambush Miss Bergner for a few exclusive moments devoted to readers of Picture Play. She eyed me with a smile that served to hide a troubled mind. She had undergone a severe buffeting at the hands of the press. If there was never another interview it would be all too soon for her.

"What do you think of a mass attack like this?" I asked. "What privacy is the artist entitled to?"

She shrugged her shoulders, grinned and looked askance at the ubiquitous Mr. Schenck.

"I think this sort of thing"—with a gesture of the hand that included the entire matinee—"is unnecessary and uncalled for."

"Why do you, an established star, submit to it?"

"For diplomatic reasons," she smiled. "Remember this is my first interview in ten years."

Time was fleeting. A beady-eyed sister of the press was bearing down on us. One more question before Miss Bergner disappeared into the silences for another decade.

"Why aren't you going to Hollywood to make a picture instead of returning to London to do it?"

"She was offered $100,000 to do one in California, but she refused," said Mr. Schenck. He smiled down upon her as a proud father beams upon his child.

"I am well paid in London," said Miss Bergner demurely. "I do not go to Hollywood because I am afraid of the place. Hollywood and I would not mix. I would be out of my element—a fish out of water. Hollywood is artificial, high pressure, very social. I am not of these things."

Miss Bergner graciously hied us good-by and withdrew to pack for her voyage on the morrow.

Barrie writes a play that he admits she inspired.

Shaw agrees to let the cinema reproduce his "Saint Joan" because Bergner is to play the part.

There is something in this star that does not meet the eye, more than a cocktail party can reveal. In order to get Bergner at her best you must see her on the stage or screen.

Again the press agents are frenziedly proclaiming a newcomer, Luise Rainer from Vienna, and they may be right this time. Anyway, she is teamed with none other than William Powell in "Masquerade," and that means she's to have a real part.
Those “Heartbreak” Contracts
Continued from page 14

Then he got a part originally intended to be a mere bit. It was with Buddy Rogers and Gary Cooper in “Wings.” He was so wildly enthusiastic over getting a chance at last that he “ate it up,” and nearly stole the picture. After that, he could no longer be ignored.

Many failures must be chalked up against the relatively few success stories, however. Striking ballyhoo which hails the signing of a newcomer often seems to point and emphasize the deadly quiet of his slide into oblivion. Here before me is a pile of newspaper clippings, all blurring enthusiastically certain “sure-fire” discoveries, “young players destined to succeed.” Let us check up on them:

Harriet Hagman was picked from Earl Carroll’s “Vanities.” Football fame got Russ Clark his contract. Linda Parker, Margaret McConnell, Dorothy Short, Pauline Brooks, and Claire Myers were the famous “MGM Débutantes.” Lorraine Bridges sang her way “to the very door of stardom.” Beautiful blond Jean Connors, winner of a beauty and talent contest, was “eagerly signed by RKO.” Jean Chatlham, Frances Dade, Jayne Shadduck, Antoinette Cellier, Leo Chalzel, and Adele Thomas were all similarly ballyhooed, all mentioned as having the things that stars are made of.

Where are they now? You may know, but I don’t. And these are only a few. The annual turnover is around one hundred persons.

Even if one does ultimately fail, what’s heartbreakng, you may ask, about having a regular job, and a chance, slim though it may be, to become a star? An opportunity to rub elbows with men and women who are stars; to work inside the studios; to hold a contract, no matter how option-filled, that calls for from forty to a hundred and fifty a week? Principally, two things: First, the maddening ebb and flow of hope, of chances nearly won. The sight of the banquet at which others are feasting while you go hungry. Second, the fact that professional expenses absorb nearly all your salary—often more than your salary.

You must compete with established players who can afford to spend freely, and with wealthy or “hacked” persons within your own ranks, who if they can outshine you and entertain you in studio and social circles, get, by attracting attention, many chances you might otherwise secure for advice, instruction, and actual screen experience.

Looking at last year’s crop we see, apparently well on their way out of the heartbeat ranks, some very promising young people. Robert Taylor made a hit in “Society Doctor.” Muriel Evans has begun click ing in small parts, and leads with Charlie Chase. Just coming into view is a striking brunette named Rosalind Russell. Phil Regan, former New York policeman, gives promise at Warners; Gail Patrick and Grace Bradley of Paramount have done excellent work. Louise Henry is another who seems to be getting places.

From now on these players will be getting real opportunities before the cameras—the sort of opportunities that come so rarely to the heartbeat contractee.

In the very latest crop of fifty-odd are some other likely-looking boys and girls. But who can foretell their screen fate? Far be it from me to utter even a single prophecy. The road they must travel is too full of tricky hazards, discouragements, temptations—and options.

Dick Powell goes Venetian in a mild, musical way for his attractive role in “Broadway Gondolier.”

THE APPLIED RESEARCH SOCIETY

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Astrology is no more related to “Fortune Telling” than is a Doctor’s advice to eat certain foods and avoid certain infections.

— Or the caution of a Beach Guard that you should keep inside the ropes at high water. Both tell and caution, but do not COMPEL.

Just so Astrology tells, but does not compel; it cautions, restrains or indicates action on certain Dates and about certain things.

These favorable and unfavorable Dates are not matters of chance, but determined by mathematical progression of Star positions from the exact time of your own Birth.

That the advice is good and the Dates are accurate can easily be accepted, because of Astrology’s absolute accuracy upon intimate personal matters, known only to you.

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APPLIED RESEARCH SOCIETY

85 Prospect Street • Marblehead, Mass.
The Secret of Color

There is a warning, though, for Joan. Too much blue will produce too great a sadness which, in time, will deaden her personality. The minor tone is intriguing as it is, but if she will be careful to lighten it at all times with a clear red, and the happy, golden yellow, there will be no doubt that hers will be one of those lasting personalities of the screen.

And Greta Garbo, our mystery lady of the screen, what about her color world?

With typical racial reticence, she rarely expresses a personal opinion. Colors do not seem to matter to this star who has refused to move into the new dressing room suites. That is, it seems so to the casual observer.

Freddie Bartholomew has gone Western, but he hasn't acquired cowboy speech, thank Heaven. The good news is that he's to be Oliver Twist after he finishes in "Anna Karenina."

But they do matter, and a great deal.

To any one who sees sparkling rainbows in the snowflakes, and who sits hour after hour watching the whirling, glistening colors fall to the ground, as she did when a child, colors mean much.

Hers is a reflective nature, one that lives most of the time in inner worlds. Not that she actually wants to be withdrawn from outside affairs, but because it is something she can't help. She was born that way. She is Garbo.

To introduce red into her color background would drive her to distraction. It is no part of her. To Garbo belong the illusion, cool, reflective blue-violets, the mysterious blue-greens, the simple, direct yellows, the subtle, warm hues of orange and the natural greens. These colors accurately interpret Garbo's personality—mysterious, deep, aloof, simple, direct, and natural. The orange reflects that passionate mental warmth that make her love scenes burn with unforgettable vital intensity, characteristic only of the real artist.

In the dressing room of Norma Shearer, we find that yellow is the dominant note. It underlines every color she has used. Thechartreuse green is the yellow-green; the topaz, the crystal yellow; and back of her beige notes lies the yellow-tan. This is not surprising because yellow-gold is the keynote of Norma's color radiance. This color has everything to do with her inner desires, her ambitions, self-expression, achievement, and is particularly helpful in 1935.

If at times, when she is in need of mental stimulus, she will bring out the tones of the soft orange-yellow, she will find that these soft-yellowing shades will be most harmonious.

When the nerves are all aquiver from work at the studio, the restful rays of the extremely soft rose-violet will help her to relax.

When you know the qualities that are associated with each color, and then know the real people back of the glamorous characters of the screen, it is easy to see why they have selected certain colors for their backgrounds.

It is interesting to notice how sparingly the stars have used red. Joan Crawford's dressing room is the only one with a splash of this color, and she is right in using this major note as a balance to the great amount of blue in her room.

This lack of red has not been just an accident, and I'll tell you why.

Hollywood stars are steeped in emotion. Their work plunges them to its very depths. Red, while a wonderful color, is intensely emotional and should be used thoughtfully and carefully. It stimulates activity to a great degree. If any one of us were to be constantly in the presence of red, we would soon feel irritated and would wonder why we were so easily given to fits of temper.

This color business is not to be treated lightly. We simply can't get away from color. It is present everywhere, and every hour of the day. It is, even now, a pleasure and a necessity for our well-being.

And the best part is, that color is one of those things that is not set aside for the exclusive use of the great artists of the screen, but it is for you, for me, and for all who want to live happier and more useful lives.
young people have to struggle through, their emotions whipped at every turn. Every disappointment seeming so much more important than it is.

"As one grows older one learns that the end of the world didn’t come with the loss of our first sweetheart or our first job or the death of a beloved relative. As one grows older one realizes that next morning’s sun is just as bright and just as warm and beautiful as it was the day before our tragedy, and we learn to fight with it instead of against it.

"But it’s so hard for young people to feel this, and so it surprised me to find many of them in Hollywood astonishingly philosophical. They have learned, too, the value and the comfort of good books. Reading is a very important spoke in the balance wheel of any person, no matter what their vocation may be. Every one must build up something within himself toOffset the tides of loneliness, restlessness, and depression.

Miss Westley herself is a great reader. Her living room is lined with shelves of books, likewise her hall and bedroom. Nothing rests her more than diving first into this volume and then into that. It is like conversing with very dear friends.

That living room of hers is one of the most delightful and homy that I have seen in many a day. Obviously she has gone about and bought furniture and ornaments that she liked, regardless of fashion or period. It may well be said that the league of nations is found in that room, for half the nations of the world are represented there.

"But if you want to get a line on what Helen is really like," said a friend who happened in while we were talking, "just have a look at her refrigerator. If you’re not careful, she will feed you several delicious chocolate cakes and quarts of milk before you leave."

"Why, of course!" exclaimed Miss Westley. "Wouldn’t you like some milk and homemade chocolate cake?" I agreed that it sounded tempting, and she disappeared into the kitchen. In a moment there was a grand crash.

"Only one of the eight quarts of milk always to be found in that ice box against the invasion of neighboring youngsters," said the friend wisely. And so it turned out to be.

Half the youth of Greenwich Village in New York knows Helen Westley’s chocolate cakes, and Hollywood is gradually finding out about them. Although in Hollywood she lives at the Château Elysée and doesn’t keep house.

"Not exactly. California bungalows for me," said Miss Westley vigorously. "I want to be high up, where no one can get at me. There isn’t a house in California that couldn’t be entered with a first-class can opener, I’m certain, and I hate to be startled."

"Did you like Hollywood?" I asked, none too subtly.

"Now what a leading question that is!" she laughed.

"Well, if your feelings are too violent I’ll be tactful."

"It won’t be necessary," she replied airily. "I found Hollywood a very delightful place. The first picture I did, "Moulin Rouge," I was scared to death because of the very different technique, but after that I relaxed and became myself."

But "Moulin Rouge" was not Miss Westley’s very first picture. No, indeed. Years ago, when the industry was young, she played the title role in "The Mexican Bad Woman" at the old Edison studio in New York. She also played in "Becky Sharp," starring Minnie Maddern Fiske. She was to have been in the new "Becky Sharp," but because of the many postponements had to give it up to fill her stage contract.

It used to be that when the name of Helen Westley appeared on a program, one expected a tornado of a woman to sweep across the stage. Did any of you see "Liliom"? What a spectacle she was in that one! In pictures she has quieted down, has played a few parts more like the woman she really is, gentlehearted, tolerant, understanding. There was "Anne of Green Gables," for example, and "Roberta."

Her current picture is again with Anne Shirley. It is "Chasing Yesterday," an adaptation of "The Crime of Sylvester Bonnard." by Anatol France. When I saw her she was rehearsing for the Theater Guild production of "The Taming of the Shrew," with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, and which, it is rumored, may reach the screen, what with all this to-do about Shakespeare and the classics being what the public wants. And if you don’t hope the rumor is true, you’ll be doing yourselves out of some very robust entertainment.

However, during the next year you will laugh and cry with Helen Westley in many pictures, for she is beginning to be loved on the screen as she has been admired on the stage as the foremost character actress of her time.
broke out again. "I couldn't look at this face all that time. I analyze the
lines, see what's behind them, rip
them apart, toss them up in the air a
few times, then kick them around the
room!"

There is the reason the name of
Claude Rains is synonymous with
dynamic portrayal. To him, instead
of being just speeches they are the
thoughts and emotions of some man.

There, too, is revealed his lack of
conceit. What actor would speak of
disliking to look in a mirror? Before
the camera he never rants about close-
ups or lighting effects to bring out
the better features of his face. Seven
cyars close association with Sir Her-
bert Beerbohm Tree taught him that
the play, or the picture, is the thing.

This attitude is no pose and is far
from the shallow, artificial modesty
so many cinema greats assume.

Charles Laughton was reported to
have studied under him in a London
school of the drama. Rains easily
could have claimed credit, boasted
that the star's ability had been
because of his guidance and implied
that the Academy award really should
have been presented to him.

He merely waved a deprecatory
hand. "I didn't teach him anything.
Laughton knew all about acting
when he arrived there. I just hap-
pended to be an instructor."

Of other Hollywood folks he said:
"So many players are clever that I
couldn't be so bold as to select favor-
tes, but I do think Myrna Loy the
loveliest."

Claude's ambition is to continue
acting. "I hope to go on until I drop.
Don't you think it would be
nice for an actor to die after a good
scene or at the end of a per-
formance?"

His coworkers have remarked
three things, his ability, his eyes, and
his energy. They have wondered
whether sometime he will not col-
lapse after a scene. The vibrant in-
tensity of his work should exhaust
any one and although this is hidden
in his cool, polished impersonations
on the screen, people behind the stu-
dio walls know.

Since an auspicious début at the
age of ten with Fred Terry and Julia
Nelson in "Sweet Nell of Old
Drury" at the London Haymarket in
1900, acting has been his life and
pleasure.

"I've been in the theater since I
was a little boy and have been try-
ing always to improve. I'm hyper-
critical of my work. If a shot is
completed and I consider it mediocre
—no, not mediocre—less than my
absolute best, I ask to have it re-
taken over and over."

This avidity for perfection, for
work, marks Rains apart from most
screen notables. Possibly now one
may see why reviews of his acting
hold superlatives.

"Work" was his enthusiastic re-
ply to my question concerning hob-
bies. "I have a tidy mind. When
one job is finished another com-
 mences."

This is no slave-driver's routine,
for Claude enjoys working and has
ever had a single aim—upward. He
also possesses tremendous vigor, vis-
gor that reminds you of a coiled
steel spring. It has made his life a
success story. Starting as call boy

Joe E. Brown's sense of humor is per-
fectly expressed in the oversized uni-
form he wears in "Alibi Ike."

in His Majesty's Theater, he became
prompter, assistant stage manager,
and finally an actor, advancing from
road companies to the Theater Guild
and celebrity. The same driving
force was evident when he joined the
British Army as a private dur-
ing the World War and left, a cap-
tain and adjutant of his battalion.

In leisure he likes to travel "with
nature on all sides." He has gone
as far as Australia with stage suc-
cesses, but wants to call America
home.

After his fourth marriage recently
he bought a farm in Pennsylvania.

"The West is interesting, the South
stately and, to me, Pennsylvania the
most beautiful."

Those penetrating eyes soften as
he describes the Eighteenth Century
house, the neighbors, "real Ameri-
cans," and the garden.

"I like to be in the open. If I had
 to live in a city I'd jump out the
window. I plan to take enough time
from pictures to do stage work and
then live on the farm. Of course it
would be foolish for me to risk my
few pennies by trying to be a farmer,
but I am going to fence the place and
buy some sheep. They're much
more effective than lawn mowers,
you know."

Claude thinks that because he gives
the audience his utmost when before
them, he should be entitled to a pri-
 vate life and he resents the gushing
bores who treat every star like a cir-
cus exhibit.

The characteristic Rains laugh
burst forth again as he recalled an
amusing incident that occurred at the
film fest:

"I love to do what is known as
puttering around a garden, and one
evening after a session I was tired,
far from immaculate and entirely
pleased with myself for having trans-
planted some shrubs.

"A car with a fashionably dressed
woman, a man and some children ap-
proached. The woman said that they
had taken the wrong road and asked
if she might turn around. Then she
demanded: 'Aren't you that Rains
man?' I answered, 'Madam, you can
leave quite as easily by going
straight ahead.'"

He realizes that actors must ex-
pect attention and appreciates fans,
but offstage he wants to be an indi-
vidual without fame or, as he terms
it, "notoriety."

He saluted with his Scotch and
soda. "They'll be waiting. Come
on."

"They" proved to be Mrs. Rains,
a comely, winning young woman, a
friend, and Patience, an impatient
hunting dog. As the actor disap-
ppeared toward the train I had a
glimpse of a few of the ordinary
qualities which together make an ex-
traordinary man.

Everything was prepared, thanks
to that tidy mind he had mentioned
and, although he appeared to think
no more of the impending cross-
country journey than a crosstown
taxi ride, he walked about con-
 stantly. Graciously he autographed
a photo for an admirer and then
laughed as he played with Patience.

The sun shone in the sky and that
beneath atmosphere was present.
Truly, Claude Rains is a unique and
fascinating figure.
That Southern Belle
Continued from page 45
"I think it's just the work. For screen work is the hardest and most exciting of any that I know.

"When you're making a picture, you have to get up at six in the morning, be on the set in makeup and costume by or before nine, work steadily through the day with your nerves and emotions, as well as your body, strained to the nth degree. Then, when you reach home in the evening, you're too completely worn out to be civil to any one. All you want to do is to climb into bed, have a light dinner brought on a tray, and go to sleep.

"That isn't marriage, and whether both husband and wife, or only one of them, come home in that condition, there's no chance for real companionship.

"And I believe that in any city, in any line of business, where the individuals have to work as hard and as intensely as we do in Hollywood, the divorce rate would be as great as it is here. Only super-men and women can survive such a strain, and the fact that there really are some happy marriages in Hollywood is indeed a tribute to the survivors."

Frances Drake's odd fan is made of glass and cellophane composition, with a handle of kid.

For herself, Miss Southern looks forward to a good many more years before the lights and cameras, but she hopes to have the courage to retire when her star dims.

In the meantime, she is systematically saving her money. Extravagant by nature, she has a business manager who withholds a little over half her salary and invests it in an annuity. Of course, she has enough to live on nicely and to meet her obligations, about which she is intentionally serious.

"I have certain family responsibilities and have had for many years, and I think they're good for me. I feel that any young person benefits from the sense of having others dependent upon him. It makes him realize he is only one cog in the wheel of life and that he must fulfill his obligations and meet his debts."

That Ann is a real person is certain. Keenly alive, with a brilliant future before her, she is, nevertheless, sane and sensible, with a clear perspective on life, its obligations to her, and more important than that, her obligation to it.

Meet one of the new order of stars, fellow fans!

Two Who Are Different
Continued from page 47
Once he worried about the theory that a player can last only five years on the screen, but now, just starting his sixth year, he is appearing in such pictures as Shirley Temple's "Our Little Girl," and the critically applauded "Private Worlds." "Manhattan Madness" will be next.

He can say sensibly, "I'm glad I've climbed slowly. I'm never out-standing in a part, and audiences don't get tired of me. I can go on longer than if I'd made a sudden, spectacular success."

Critics call him "pleasing" and "straightforward," and he is like that personally, too. He would rather follow the career of screen-trained Gary Cooper than such stage-trained stars as Charles Laughton or Frederick March. "I've watched movies since I was a kid in school, and I've noticed that the quiet, unassuming fellows last the longest."

Frances, too, is fascinatingly different. Unlike the girls who can talk for hours about their loves, their philosophy, and their lipstick, she finds it practically impossible to reveal anything of her private life to reporters. She has a habit of disagreeing, violently, with almost any proposition an interviewer suggests. Once I talked with her on the subject of her old-fashioned marriage—old-
Two Who Are Different

fashioned because it is founded on ideals of faithfulness and loyalty which have seemingly become outmoded.

She said definitely, "I think it's silly to call a marriage old-fashioned or modern. People use the words without knowing their real meaning. Marriages are good or bad, and I imagine they were good or bad in former times just as they are now."

That was that.

When not talking for publication, however, she can discuss any topic under the sun with the lively intelligence of a well-educated débutante. She loves music, and goes to the Bowl concerts. She adores the baby. And Joel.

But she warns, "Don't think of us as inseparables just because we spend so much time together. We don't want to get in each other's hair. I'm going to keep on with my work for that very reason." Recently she played the important rôle of Amelia, in "Becky Sharp."

"I think a marriage is more apt to be successful if both members have outside interests. A woman who works contributes something to marriage, I believe, that another cannot."

She was brought up, like Joel, in California, and for some time they lived in the same block. She thought him then "a terrible prig." Their families were well-to-do and they were raised rather strictly. Perhaps that early foundation of sanity is why movie fame and movie money never turned their heads.

"My father never worked up to a salary as big as mine, but his position in life was infinitely more important. And he put his three children through college, and left us independent when he died. Perhaps that's why I can say now that one hundred dollars a week still sounds like important money, even though picture salaries are generally so much more."

Perhaps you gather why the McCrea are refreshing to the shock-wearied eyes of a Hollywood reporter. Something Frances once said to me gives a clear picture of the natural, casual way they go about their lives.

"I had no idea our married life would turn out as it has. I thought you just fell in love with some one, married, and hoped for the best. I had no idea of the perfect companionship that could develop between husband and wife. Now I'm the most surprised—and the happiest—person in the world. I love Joel more now than when I married him."

Sometimes it's nice to be different.

What the Fans Think


CLYDE LAMB.
2016 North Beachwood Drive, Hollywood, California.

Three Cheers.

AN old subscriber would like to pay his tribute to three talented newcomers, namely and to wit: Marie Okeren, Bette Davis, and Fred Astaire.

La Oberon is just about the niftiest eyes I have seen in a dog's age, and Bette is a sure-fire actress who startles you with the earthy quality of her character studies. As for the dancing Astaire—I imagine producers have been dreaming about such a lad ever since sound was perfected. Whatta comedian! Whatta singer! Whatta hoofer, and whatta man! I'elail! He's the top! Give us another picture soon, starring Freddie of the flashing feet. And another and another. FRANK TULLY.
20 New Street, Danbury, Connecticut.

In Appreciation.

I HAVE seen many American films proclaimed as magnificent, stupendous, the finest film ever made, but never one which lived up to these superlatives. But I have just seen "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" which is having its London premiere, and can honestly say that this film, whose publicity was modest in the extreme, lived up to all the adjectives I have just mentioned. It is impossible to single out any one of the heavy conferences interrupts the action of "Stranded" while a vital point is settled. Everything seems to depend on George Brent's opinion. Those hanging on his words are Delmer Daves, writer, Frank Borzage, director, and Kay Francis, star.
the cast since every performer was excellent.

It was a relief to get away from sex in ultra-modernistic settings, from countless million-dollar channels, and to find oneself in a picture the emotions and impulses which are the noblest, saddest, and most elegant of mankind.

Gerald Nuttall has shown the world once again that given a suitable vehicle he can equal, if not outrun, any of Hollywood's male performers. And Richard Cromwell, in his role of the wholly sympathetic, never for one moment lost the audience's sympathy. In Hollywood there is no other young actor in the same class as Dick—only he would be perfect as the star of some of America's famous classics? I think he is quite the most popular of America's younger actors over here.

In "Bengal Lancer," Sir Guy Standing and Franchot Tone were magnificent, both given parts which I think for the first time justified their abilities; and for C. Aubrey Smith, his work is always beyond criticism.

Hugh Hamilton.

Upper Park Place.

England Liked "Bachelor Girl."

I WOULD very much like to say how delighted I am that Ann Harding has at last appeared in a film where she has her own lover and has an opportunity of showing her charming and delightful sense of humor as in "Biography of a Bachelor Girl."

I pray she will never again do anything approaching "Vergie Winters." She is too grand and beautiful to portray such disagreeable roles, and to wear such atrocious clothes. She looked beautiful. How many stars could still be shining through the run of bad stories that Ann has had lately, I wonder?

I do hope that at last her talent and beauty have been placed in the right direction to gain her the applause and appreciation she deserves. She has a great many people who care for her, as well as myself, wish her every possible success and happiness.

Jean E. Millar.

21 Kendall Avenue, South, Sanderstead, Surrey, England.

Silents Versus Talkies.

MOST of the fans are sure to have seen the Goldwyn's "Treasure Island." Some may have seen and remember as I do the silent picture that Maurice Tourneur made of this classic for Paramount many years ago. I do not know if any felt as disappointed as I at the unavoidable comparison. To my mind, Tourneur's work was greatly superior, but perhaps Victor Fleming has given good assistance from the script writer and the cameraman.

The scenario of the silent picture followed the novel closely, although the dialogue in the talkie version was very good. But above all, Tourneur, like the wizard be was, caught the spirit and essence of Stevenson's narrative, and what was more important to us fans, managed to transplant it to the screen.

Truly, besides Griffith, no one has managed to catch on the skin so poignantly beautiful moments of sheer eloquent expression of suspense and horror so charged with just the right atmosphere which brings with it a feeling of Doubt which resemble Tiny Mephi's feeling in the East End of London out of sight. No wires, batteries or head pieces. They are instantaneous. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who washes the dead.


Has the screen really improved by becoming audible? Perhaps. But it seems to me that European directors have put it over the Americans in utilizing sound and talk on the screen. Take for instance René Clair, the Frenchman who made "Sous les tois de Paris" and "Le Million." I hope this, if true, is only temporary. The artistic development in the screen, also, is a two-fold development, were American, and as a fan who has got so much from your pictures I can only wish that your nation will sympathize with you. Your pictures have been the finest in the world, when judged by the only just standard, its superior productions, and may they continue to come, free from the spirit of the obstacles of censorship and commercialism.

Norwegian Film Fan.

Bergen, Norway.

Madge's Hindered Career.

To any one familiar with Robert Browning, "Anne B.'s" denunciation of Fredric March's delineation of him in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" is nothing short of ridiculous.

Browning was a blustering winter wind, a dynamo of energy, so full of life, so vital, the touch of his hand gave Elizabeth Barrett courage and the desire to live.

Mr. March was a superb Browning—not always prancing, as Anne B. put it, but at times, as in the scene where "Ba" tells him of her love—the tenderest of lovers. His was a great performance overshadowed by Laughton's and Shearer's only because theirs were more opportune roles.

I am utterly fed up with references to Madge Evans as "sweet," "dainty," "delicate," and "pretty." True, she is all these things, but Madge is a living, breathing, human woman, and I hope some day she loses it and blasts all these silly conceptions of her. Because the words "sweetness" and "goodness" and "nothingness" have always been applicable to the roles in which she has appeared, is no indication that those roles are her ultimate.

I happen to be one of those who saw Madge in her very first film in which she portrayed a girl not quite as wholesome as her ensuing charmers but much more forceful!—and she was amazing! Especially so when one ponders on the inseparable association of Evans and sweetness and light.

It would be a mistake if Madge left them—went to another studio—and became one of the biggest stars. They've had a gold mine of ability under their noses for four years and haven't had enough sense to cultivate it. If Madge were given a role that required real ability and emotion, perhaps she'd call on her abundant resources. But with an ordinary knowledge of acting whatever knows that no actress can make a great picture out of a "hammy" script and a shallow, empty character.

I am sorry Madge left the stage so soon; but Hollywood couldn't bear to see the stage steal another march on them. Yet they have hindered her development rather than furthered it. Dorothy N. Rogers.

Detroit, Michigan.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and those who are merely tone-deaf, Mews, Church and Radio, because they use Acme Stethoscopes and Phonographs, which resemble Tiny Mephi's feeling in the East End of London out of sight. No wires, batteries or head pieces. They are instantaneous. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who washes the dead.


DARK, LUXURIOUS LASSES
INSTANTLY AND SAFELY

Every day more and more beauty-sense women accept their individual beauty and individuality in the screen. Take for instance René Clair, the Frenchman who made "Sous les tois de Paris" and "Le Million." Instantly dark brown plusses to the appearance of long, sweeping lashes. Contain dyes that do not irritate, nor impairing vision. Non-harming... non-sensational... non-irritant... non-toxic. Good. Home. Keeping and other leading authorities. Relish. Be - and you'll be a perpetual toil goods counter. Relish Me.

Max Well, Chart Guide.

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Tala Birell
John Mack Brown
Tulio Carbognani
Nancy Carroll
Ruth Chatterton
Valter Comolli
Donald Cook
Richard Cronwell
Wallace Ford
Jack Holt

Victor Jory
Pet Lorre
Edmund Lowe
Marian Marsh
Tim McCoy
Grace Moore
Florence Rice
Edward G. Robinson
Ann Sothern
Raymond Walburn
Ray Wray

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

John Blondell
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Alice Faye
Norman Foster
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Tito Guizar
Rochelle Hudson
Arline Judge

Paul Kelly
Nino Martini
Frank Melton
Herbert Mundin
George O'Brien
Pat Paterson
Valentino Parera
Gene Raymond
Kane Richmond
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Shirley Temple
Claire Trevor
Jane Withers

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
Edward Arnold
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Freddie Bartholomew
Wallace Beery
Constance Bennett
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Mary Carlisle
Mady Christians
Jackie Cooper
Violet Kemble-Cooper
Joan Crawford
Nelson Eddy
Wera Ewing
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
William Henry
June Knight
Otto Kruger

Myrna Loy
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Fredric March
Geneviève Tobin
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Ross Alexander
John Arledge
Mary Astor
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Dorothy Dare
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olive de Haviland
Dolores del Rio
Clark Gable
Robert Donat
Ann Doran
John Eldridge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Hugh Herbert

Leslie Howard
Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
A1 Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Aline MacMahon
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Dietrich
Phillip Reed
Phill Regan
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Geneviève Tobin
Rudy Vallee
Warren William
Donald Woods

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Fred Astaire
John Beal
Bill Boyd
Frances Dee
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Preminger
Betty Grable
Margot Grahame
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Kay Johnson

Francis Lederer
Helen Mack
Lily Pons
Erik Rhodes
Buddy Rogers
Ginger Rogers
Anne Shirley
Frankie Thomas
Bert Wheeler
Gretchen Wilson
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Miriam Hopkins
Fredric March

Joel McCrea
Evelyn Ankers
Merle Oberon
Mary Pickford
Anna Sten
Loretta Young

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Nils Asther
Binnie Barnes
Noel Beery, Jr.
Phyllis Brooks
Russ Brown
Andy Devine
Sterling Holloway
Henry Hull
Baby Jane
Lois Janney
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff

Bela Lugosi
Douglass Montgomery
Chester Morris
Zasu Pitts
Clyde Rains
Cesar Romero
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullivan
Tiny Summerville
Irene Ware
Alice White
Jane Wyatt

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen
Wendy Barrie
Mary Boland
Charles Boyer
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Kathleen Burke
George Brent
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Johnny Downs
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
W. C. Fields
Cary Grant
Samuel Hinds
Jack Holt
Dean Jagger
Helen Jepson
Roscoe Karns
Jan Kiepura
Elissa Landi

Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
Carol Lombard
Pauline Lord
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Ray Milland
Joe Morrison
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Joe Penner
George Raft
Lyda Roberts
Charles Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sybil Seely
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Sir Guy Standing
Glady's Swarthout
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WALLACE BEERY

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AINSLEE'S

A STREET & SMITH PUBLICATION
CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1935

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PREVIEWS:

One More Human: The Life Story of Myrna Loy
It begins in October Picture Play and it is the finest biography of a star that has ever been published.

It does not tell the trite story of Myrna Loy’s struggle to free herself from Oriental or half-races. That is too obvious a chapter for Picture Play to offer.

Instead, it takes the reader to the ranch in Montana where Miss Loy was born and makes him a part of the household on the day her famous green eyes opened.

Step by step, day by day, the baby is fashioned into girlhood and womanhood. The joys and sorrows of childhood are intimately shared and the description of Montana life so acutely captures every detail of Miss Loy’s past that the reader might be spending his vacation in the West!

Picture Play is proud to publish this exceptional story by Dudley Early. It sets a new standard in accuracy, truthfulness and sympathetic understanding of a remarkable girl and an amazing career.

Can a Lady Succeed in Hollywood?
Can she? Can an actress adhere to the principles and traditions of well-bred society and hold a place on the screen? Isn’t it necessary to compromise?

You must read Helen Pade’s sensational discussion of these questions next month. Just what have been the vexations of Claudette Colbert, Elissa Landi, and Ann Harding in facing the issue every star must face in Hollywood?

“I Slipped,” Admits Chester Morris
When an actor candidly confesses to lost ground in his profession, he has an interesting explanation of it. Mr. Morris, who regained his lost prestige in “Public Enemy Rumsay One,” tells the illuminating truth about his ups and downs to Samuel Richard Mook in the next Picture Play.
Romeo and Juliet!...Antony and Cleopatra!...Tristan and Isolde!...Dante and Beatrice!...Heloise and Abelard!...Lovers all—out of the scores upon scores of lovers who down through the ages have fired the imagination and the creative artistry of bards and minstrels, poets and playwrights, painters and writers.

Without end are the enduring love stories of the world—those transcendent inspirings romances that reach into the scheme of the Gods in Paradise!

\[\text{[Image: Gary Cooper and Ann Harding in a scene from the Paramount Picture "Peter Ibbetson" directed by Henry Hathaway]}\]

As a novel, "Peter Ibbetson" left an indelible imprint on all who read it. As a stage play, and then again as an opera, idealized with music, it entranced those fortunate enough to have witnessed its performance. Now it is being brought to the screen by Paramount, with a devotion to casting and direction that promises to further deify, if possible, what is already recognized as an immortal work.

Gary Cooper has been chosen to portray the sincerity and manly manliness of Peter Ibbetson, while Ann Harding has won the coveted role of Mary, who was the Duchess of Towers. The screen play has been placed under the lucid and understanding direction of Henry Hathaway, who guided the destinies of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

As a living, breathing canvas that recreates the glamorous scenes and the passionate interludes of Du Maurier’s story, the photoplay "Peter Ibbetson" gives every promise of presenting another screen masterpiece in this story of a love that will last through all eternity.
He Praises, Too.

HOW tastes differ! I have just been reading the letters in this department, and have decided to compare my likes and dislikes with theirs.

J. Carter Livingston likes Elissa Landi.

I agree with Peace Wyatt-Zeeman in that Joan Crawford is greatly to be admired, but thumbs down on Harlow. I like actresses and actors, not made-up artists' models. I like people with something underneath their make-up, such as Garbo and Helen Hayes. Both are intelligent, worth-while people, actresses you remember, not just pretty faces and figures.

Miss Landi's performance in "Enter Madame" was ridiculous. I don't know yet whether it was comedy or tragedy, but I do know I laughed in the wrong places. She is utterly devoid of poise, and doesn't seem to be able to keep herself together. She was all over the place at once, falling over things clumsily, clawing the air awkwardly. Needless to say, I shall stay away from her further efforts.

"Because she is the loveliest of the many I have seen," is the high tribute paid Virginia Bruce by Charmion Fairchild.

something I cannot understand. Oscar Fasel considers Marlene Dietrich the best actress. I consider her the worst.

Herbert Marshall speaks too rapidly, criticizes Ethel Carlson, who adds that she "telescopes" words and phrases.

Anton Markel's intelligent praise of Gertrude Michael should please and inspire her.

Dietrich just stands and stands and shifts her eyes, one, two, three, shift, and never speaks above a hoarse whisper. I said I thought her the worst actress in pictures. What I mean is, she's no actress at all, just a self-conscious mannequin.

My, such slamming! But all my praise goes to the two aforementioned, and Francis Lederer, Ronald Colman, Nils Asther, and Tullio Cominotti, and because I have seen her so many times in person, and because she is the loveliest of the many I have seen. Virginia Bruce. Charmion Fairchild.

Villa Riviera,
Long Beach, California.
What the Fans Think

I don't dislike tinted tresses, but usually it's not becoming. I liked Helen Mack blond, and Fay Wray should never have stopped bleaching her. But Patricia Ellis, Ann Sothern, Grace Moore, Alice Faye, Bette Davis, Anita Louise, Gertrude Michael, and Marian Nixon should let their hair be natural.

On the other hand, Kitty Carlisle, Rochelle Hudson, and Elissa Landi ought to lighten theirs. — ANNA STEIN.

New York, N. Y.

and how much suffering such remarks as yours bring to those stars who work endlessly to give you good entertainment, you would be a lot more careful about condemning things you know nothing about.

I happen to know a great deal about Miss Harlow's private life, and there is nothing "gaudy" or "disgusting" about her. If there were, if she were half as dissipated as you seem to think, it would not be possible for her to keep that flawless complexion, figure, and hair. The sparkle in those eyes would dull. Her face would never show the sweetness you will notice if you watch her more carefully. — MARGARET A. CONNELL.

811 Prospect Road,
Des Moines, Iowa.

An Answer to Lillian Sellett.

JUST from one Lillian to another, may I say that by placing Claudette Colbert in the same class with Carol Lombard you do Miss Colbert a great injustice. Since when has a "painted marionette" been worthy of an Academy Award? Claudette Colbert's performances in all of her films are always warmly human, refreshingly different, and most realistic. Attributes which, to my knowledge, a marionette does not possess. Marionettes, in most instances, are mere stereotyped versions of one another except in wig and costume.

Claudette is completely unique in person and personality. No other actress in Hollywood has quite her dash and versatility. Despite her much discussed marriage arrangement, that portion of her life which she wishes to keep private, remains a mystery. I imagine the real facts which the magazine writers know about Claudette could be counted on the fingers of one hand. No, Lillian Sellett, Claudette Colbert is no marionette. She is too wise to become "just another Hollywood star." thank Heaven! — LILLIAN MANN.

7512 Kingston Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Likes and Dislikes.

HERE'S to Picture Play, the best and cleanest screen magazine in circulation.

Hollywood is doing a fine job of cleaning up pictures, and while they are at it, they ought to make a complete job of it by getting rid of the big headache group: wooden Garbo, expressionless Dietrich, artificial Constance Bennett, coarse Joan Crawford, morbid Ann Harding, and tiresome Marion Davies. Garbo's and Dietrich's greatest asset was sex appeal, and that is out of date. The new trend in pictures is charm. Therefore, neither Garbo nor Dietrich, Bennett nor Crawford, have any place in them.

Elissa Landi: beautiful and graceful, with an effervescent gayety and charm blended into a sparkling personality.

Loretta Young: the essence of love's dream, exquisite, fragile, shimmering with radiance, a symphony of ecstasy and romance.

Joan Bennett rates a gold star for every characterization she portrays.

Continued on page 9.

Those Bleached Tresses.

THOUGH I hate to do it, I'm going to give two of my old favorites a knock. Claudette Colbert for getting hard-looking by dyeing her hair and shaving off her eyebrows, and Ginger Rogers for saying she hated her bleached hair which the studio supposedly forced on her, and then bleaching it lighter than ever.

Maureen O'Sullivan's beach dress is simple in this illustration, but it is striking in actuality. Hand-blocked linen in odd figures is the material, white on blue the colors.

In Fairness to Jean.

I AM usually amused by the stupid slams cast at the stars; they are in disgusting bad taste, but the opinions are no affair of mine. However, when any one is so narrow-minded as to think that stars are the same in private life as their screen selves, I feel impelled to "batt in."

Miss Dolly Lyons, if you only knew how fine and splendid Jean Harlow is,
HELEN JENNINGS.—Mary Astor and Helen Vinson with Edward G. Robinson in “The Little Giant.” The players, with Mr. Robinson in “Little Caesar” included Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glenda Farrell, Sidney Blackmer, Thomas Jackson, Ralph Ince, Buster Collier, Maurice Black, Luellementa Verne, Stanley Fields, George E. Stone.

GLORIA STEIN.—No doubt there are some stars who send their photos free of charge, but I am not informed as to just which players do. Jean Harlow has appeared in “Saturday Night Kid,” “Hell’s Angels,” “Secret Six,” “Iron Man,” “Public Enemy,” “Goldie,” “Platinum Blonde,” “Three Wise Girls,” “Beast of the City,” “Redheaded Woman,” “Red Dust,” “Hold Your Man,” “Dinner at Eight,” “Bombshell,” “Girl from Missouri.” “Reckless.”

K. A. AND M. L.—Rosemary Ames was born in Evanston, Illinois, December 11th. She is five feet six, weighs 128, reddish-gold hair, blue eyes. Married to J. Auner Stilwell. When Fox failed to renew her contract recently, Miss Ames left for Chicago to spend a vacation with her husband. You may have seen her in “Such Women Are Dangerous,” “Wanted,” and “Parades.”

BOSTON FAN.—Maureen O’Sullivan is now playing in “Anna Karenina,” to be followed by “Manhattan Madness,” with Frankfort Tona, and “Tarzan Returns,” with Johnny Weissmuller. Maureen’s birthdate is May 17, 1911.

A. D. B.—That was Linda Watkins who played opposite James Dunn in “Sub Sister,” her first film. Then followed “Good Sport,” “Gay Caballeros,” “Charlie Chan in the Dunes,” “Cheerleaders,” “Play.” Miss Watkins was last seen on Broadway in the stage production “Say When.”

A. E. L.—If you think that George A. Chamberlain’s “Two on Safari” would make an ideal screen play for Clark Gable, I can only suggest that you submit your idea to the Metro-Goldwyn studio. I doubt if any company has yet purchased the screen rights to this novel.

M. R. M.—The role of Joe Abercrombie in “Life Begins at Forty” was played by Thomas Beck, whose latest is “Charlie Chan in Egypt.” Stuart Erwin is still under contract to MGM, but hasn’t made any picture since “After Office Hours.” Lyle Talbot’s present films are “Our Little Girl,” “Oil for the Lamps of China,” and “Page Miss Glory.”

B. N. K.—The hero of “Eskimo” is not an Eskimo but a well-known figure in Hollywood whose right name is Ray Wise. His next picture for MGM is entitled “Mala,” opposite Lotus Long.

A FUTURE STAR.—Anita Louise was nineteen on January 9th. As far as I know, there were no Wampas Baby Stars selected for 1933.

PHILIP J. SCHACCA.—In 1932 Shirley Temple appeared in “Red Haired Alibi.” Ava Sten was supposed to have died after her fall in “The Wedding Night.” Spencer Tracy’s latest is “Dante’s Inferno.” Next is “Murder Man,” with Virginia Bruce.

E. R. M.—Benita Hume has just returned from a long stay in England where she made “Power” for GB. Her earlier pictures in America included “Clear All Wires,” “Looking Forward,” “Gambling Ship,” “Worst Woman in Paris,” “Only Yesterday.” Dorothy Weeck appeared in two pictures before returning to Germany. They were “Cradle Song” and “Miss Fane’s Baby is Stolen.”

VICTORIA VALESKI.—William Powell was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, July 29, 1892; Madge Evans, New York City, July 1, 1909; Genevieve Tobin, New York City, November 29, 1904. Peggy Bear’s divorce is from A. C. Blumenthal.

SCHOOLGIRL.—Stan Laurel was born in Ulverston, Lancashire, England, June 16, 1895; five feet nine, weighs 160; auburn hair, blue eyes. His name is Arthur Stanley Jefferson. Married Mrs. Ruth Rogers on April 3, 1934, following his divorce from Lois Neilson. The team of Laurel and Hardy started in 1925. At the time, Hardy was working in a Pathé comedy and Laurel was a writer on the show. Hardy hurt his arm and Laurel took his place. Shortly afterward they decided to become partners.

H. E. H.—Richard Cromwell is to appear in “Unknown Woman” and “Annapolis Farewell.” Dick was born in Los Angeles, California, January 8, 1910; five feet ten, weighs 140; light-brown hair, green-blue eyes. He has three sisters and a brother. The family name is Radaugh and he was christened Roy.

FRANK J.—Their real names are Loretta Young, Gretechen Young; Robert Taylor, S. Arlingtong Brugh; Jean Parker, Mae Brown; Gail Patrick, Margaret Fitzpatrick. The others you mention use their right names.

J. OLIVER HUMMER.—Mary Miles Minter resides in Beverly Hills, California. Occasionally she does interior decorating for private families, but seems to be no longer interested in a film career. I have no record of her street address.

RAMON DE VILLABASSO.—Mack Sennett was a chorus man at the time the old Biograph Company started to produce pictures. He succeeded in joining the new organization and began making Keystone comedies. He wrote, acted, and directed them. He worked for several companies and then started his own, George Gershwin is the composer of “Rhapsody in Blue.” The Jazz Singer was released the latter part of 1927. “Nashi’s Ark” in 1929. Jackie Kell was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1926. Jack Hubert, Ely, England, April 21, 1892; Ina Lupino, London, England, May 17; Bert Wheeler, Paterson, New Jersey, April 7, 1893; Arthur Hohl, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, May 21st. “The Gay Divorcee” included Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton, Erik Rhodes, Eric Blore, Betty Grable, Lillian Miles.

IRENE.—Glen Boles was born in Hollywood, California, September 14, 1912; Louise Brooks, Wichita, Kansas, 1909; Grace Bradley, Brooklyn, New York, September 21st; Wynne Gibson, New York City, July 3, 1907; Thelma Barra, 1896; Helen Twelvetrees, December 25, 1908; Gertrude Astor, Lakewood, Ohio, 1906; Barbara Larr, Richmond, Virginia, 1898; Ida Lupino, 1917; Hedda Hopper, June 2nd.

HIS SNELLEY.—Dorothy Weeck is in Germany, but I haven’t her home address. She was born January 3, 1908.
And for her sweetness, refinement, natural manner, and appealing charm.

Margaret Lindsay. If this well-bred girl isn’t climbing fast in pictures, the producers must be near-sighted. This charmingly dignified young lady is bringing a refreshingly lovely type of brumette to the screen.

We like Mae West. In spite of her crudeness there is an unusual dazzling charm about this “how’m I don’” lady that we can’t resist. She never bores us. She is decidedly entertaining. Only a person utterly devoid of imagination and humor could say she isn’t.

We like Jean Harlow. Although lacking in a lot of things to meet my aristocratic demands, I must admit that she is dripping with beauty, charm, and a spark that few actresses possess.

Now a few raves for some of the boys.

Robert Montgomery: the handsomest fellow in the world. The most charming personality, boyish, reckless, adroit, renowned.

Phillip Reed: splendid, charming, debonair, and sincere. For Heaven’s sake, producers, give us more of this chap in better pictures and give him the leading part.

Charles Laughton: marvelous actor.

Francis Lederer: oh! oh! Couldn’t find an adjective to register my raves for him. In fact, his blazin’ eyes, his curly hair, his dazzling charm of manner—why he’s everything nice personified.

George Arliss: always my favorite. I’m not gifted enough to describe him so I won’t try. (JOAN CHAPAN.)

New York, N.Y.

The Gable Technique.

I’VE just read the April issue of Picture Play and found it interesting except for Howard Bridge’s criticism of Clark Gable, which was very unfair. I’m still wondering where Bridge gets the idea that he-men don’t grow mustaches, and would be obliged if you could enlighten me.

Gable is a man’s man. I’ve been going to pictures for quite a long time and so far only two stars have won my admiration. They are Clark Gable and that glamorous Ginger Rogers. Both of them are swell, especially the latter. She’s a knockout. I understand from our local press that she intends visiting the East, and if that is true, boy, will I get a break!

I always get a kick out of any of Clark’s pictures. That guy’s got personality with a capital “P.” The way he tackles the dames is marvelous. Recently I saw the Frank Capra production “It Happened One Night.” The show was excellent and so was Clark. I studied his tactics and “worked” it on one of my girl friends and in two days she was in the “pal of my hand,” so to speak. That’s the way to tackle ‘em, Clark, believe me.

FERNANDO A. GUTIERREZ.

P. O. Box 1343, Hongkong, China.

Her Constant Rave.

WHERE does the man’s versatility end? Who? You’ll soon learn, for I am about to go into a rapturous dither over Fred Astaire. His first picture showed he could sing and dance and had a divine sense of humor thrown in for good measure. And now he tickles the ivories with an original touch that rivals Duke Ellington.

At first glance he doesn’t seem like the kind who would make a girl’s blood pressure rise to a perilous point, but after his last two pictures I’ll exchange four movies starring a brutal lumihed for one glance of Mr. Astaire any day. Like men he equally well, which speaks volumes. I hope they have plenty of stories on hand for him because it’s rather hard on so ardent a fan to wait between pictures. If I rave any more, words will fail me, and I still want one word left to say “Congratulations, Fred!”

ALICE LORENZ.

7043 Bryn Mawr Avenue

Chicago, Illinois.

What the Fans Think

Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, all differences with everybody forgotten, are themselves again as killed comedians in “Bonnie Scotland.”

Jane Austin Admires Gene.

I HEARTILY agree with Mrs. Seely’s opinion of Gene Raymond in June Picture Play, and should like to add a few words of praise.

Mr. Raymond captivated Detroit during his personal appearance tour. He sang several songs in an excellent voice, and did not disillusion us as to his good looks.

He makes the most of each opportunity, and plays his roles with intelligence. Surely he should be rewarded with more noteworthy parts.

Jane Austin.

Detroit, Michigan.

Deplores Academy’s Choice.

DON’T give a darn how many brickbats I bring down on my defenseless head. I’m going to air my peeve just the same. What do you fans see in Claudette Colbert to rave about, anyway? To me, she is a very ordinary mortal, with no spark whatever of greatness or distinction, or even personality. She is too ruffled and too sultry-looking to be charming.

“It Happened One Night” might be called an entertaining picture as far as the majority of fans are concerned. But if you apply your intelligence in determining a great picture, how would you apply your measurements? Was there anything outstanding or worth while about either Gable or Colbert? Certainly not. Now were you impressed by it? It was the story, the setting and the natural sound effects that put the picture over. Compare that to Bette Davis’s superb performance in “Of Human Bondage.” Can any one who saw her ever forget her acting in that picture? Never! Robert Donat in “The Count of Monte Cristo” was excellent, wasn’t he? And “The Barretts of Wimpole Street” with Norma Shearer, Fredric March, and Charles Laughton. They are unforgetable, aren’t they? George Arliss in “The House of Rothschild.” He was perceptive, wasn’t he? It is pictures and performances of this sterling quality that deserve the highest rank.

Do those Academy award judges know what a great picture is, anyway? Emphatically, I say they do not. They have pushed artistic and superlative acting into oblivion in favor of popularity and personality. In the future, let the public pick the best performances of the year. They will have the good sense, anyway, not to confuse real acting and artistic genius with popularity and personality. How many agree with me?

GRACE M. TALBOT.

Montclair, New Jersey.

Only the Best Musical Voices.

KENNETH BROOKS’S letter in the June issue prompts this epistle. I cannot agree with him that Grace Moore is a first-rate artist. While her talents and vocal equipment are somewhat similar to those of Bette Davis, hardly has the experience and finish of a great artist, and I doubt that she ever will. However, “One Night of Love” was charming and a rare treat indeed.

To class Miss Moore with Rosa Ponselle or Elizabeth Rethberg is not fair to any one. Miss Ponselle is a great singer, actress and a finished artist in every respect. Miss Rethberg’s vocal technique is considered the finest of any singer by the New York Voice. Frankly, Miss Ponselle is not beautiful, but there should be a place for her in Hollywood.

I am interested to know that Gladys Swarthout is now engaged in making her first picture. While she hasn’t a great voice, it is most pleasing, and she is attractive personally.

Richard Crooks would do well vocally, but he is not an actor. However, every one engaged in making pictures in Hollywood is not an actor, so that can’t be a drawback.

If Ezio Pinza could master the English language, he should be a find for Hollywood. He is tall, handsome and possessed of a magnificent bass voice.
What the Fans Think

I recently saw "My Heart Is Calling" and enjoyed the work of Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth. Their voices should find a welcome in Hollywood. The screen, like the radio and phonograph, can do an enormous part in placing the finest voices and best music before a vast public. A few less Dick Powells and Bing Crosbys would be a most welcome change. One realizes the desire for the best in music won't come overnight, but surely the producers owe something to the public, and if they can spend hundreds of thousands on a "Gold Diggers," it is not asking too much that we have a few pictures a year with the best music and real voices of artists. The CAVANAUGHL, Newark, New Jersey.

"We Want Novarro Back!"

NOVARRO fans! Did Ben Maddox's article in May Picture Play stir you? I can hardly express how it makes me feel. I am indeed sorry that Ramon has quit, whether it is permanently or only temporarily. And I am disappointed in MGM for causing him to leave. But I say, let's make it known to MGM that we want Novarro back. In case MGM officials read this, here's a message to them.

The first picture in which I saw Ramon, "The Student Prince," he was a very young man. In his last, "The Night Is Young," many years later, he is supposed to be twenty-five. Don't you know that any normal person would have more mature ideas after all these years? And don't you know that he quit MGM because he was cast in such appallingly unfilled roles.

You have no proof that he can't take the part he desires to play. You never have given him a chance to be versatile. When fans began to protest against Asta's portrayals of the gay nineties, Paramount wisely cast her in a modern society role. They're giving her a chance, but what are you giving Ramon? Nothing, except causing him to step entirely out of the unworthy roles you've piled on him for the past five years. You've never given him a chance to show what he could do in an adult, mature way.

Please give us Ramon in the role he desires.

Leland E. Allen.

Filthmore, California.

Smile-maker.

IT is a great pleasure to write a letter in praise of Shirley Temple. She is quite artless in her actions, and we can't but feel happy whenever we see her on the screen. I dare say she is welcomed and cheered by every nation.

Shirley, be innocent always!

FUMIO SUEKI.

Kaminokawa Shizuko, Japan.

More of Neil and Marian.

WHAT a picture! "Isn't it marvelous?" That is what I heard the audience say after seeing "Once To Every Bachelor." Neil Hamilton was grand, and some one in the audience called him "the life of the show." And how he could do that tipsey sequence! Such beautiful scenes on the deck, and the wonderful tricks in playing bridge which Marian Nixon did. The plot of the picture was marvelous. It made you wonder how it would all end.

What a picture! Can you blame the audience for their "ohs" and "ahs"? Here's hoping for more pictures in the near future with Neil and Marian.

MRS. MABEL J. HUGUES.

314 West 49th Street.

New York, N. Y.

"Micawber" Thrilled Her.

LIVING in a mere speck on the map, a movieless town, I had waited long to see "David Copperfield." This week came my big moment. My son took me to Chicago to see it. I'd read my Dickens. I had a mental picture of the characters: David, as boy and man; Aunt Betsey Trotwood; good old Peggoty; the mournful Gummidge; the enigmatic Uriah Heep, but above all the redoubtable Micawber. He would be the whole show for me if he rang true.

Almost breathlessly I watched for his first appearance on the screen. I knew I would be able to pick him in a million. And then, there he was. The very image of my mental picture of him, even to the precise selection of words, "kind of muddled through his teeth." Hadn't I heard him a dozen times? I might have known that only my good old friend of former days, W. C. Fields, could do Micawber!

Thrilled! Why, I haven't got over it yet. Let no man dare try to tell me that Fields is getting old, that he is in his race. That man's just begun! He is a marvel! His acting is what "makes the wheels go round" in "David Copperfield."

Mrs. J. O. Kennedy.

Box 116, Byron, Illinois.

Good Wishes for Novarro.

OVER a decade ago, when I was in grammar school, I discovered my first and last movie "crush" in the debonair person of a dark-eyed, handsome young man who gracefully wore the romantic uniform of that favorite fiction villain of my childhood, Rupert of Hentzau.

The dashing brunet's name, Ramon Novarro, was destined to become familiar, almost overnight, to every movie patron. To the post-War world, weary of grim realities, the dreamy-faced Novarro brought a welcome illusion of delicate, ideal romance. After his initial villainy as Rupert, he played incredibly noble heroes with credible nobility. So well did his sensitive appearance become his roles, to many of us Mr. Novarro seemed a veritable personification of upright young manhood.

Fortunately, our faith in him was not shaken. For a considerable number of years, the Mexican actor remained in the critical public eye as an almost solitary example of unprejudiced and dignified acting. Because of this, his retirement from the screen cannot fail to arouse the deepest regret in the hearts of his public. His fans, however, appreciate his courage in refusing to appear in boisterous roles at his mature age.

He is leaving us a gay, flawless memory of the charming, youthful screen figure that he gave to us. His sincerity and stately humor are uniquely his. He will not be replaced; and, as he leaves us, we thank him for the hours of wholesome entertainment he has given us, and we give him our very best wishes for his future success and happiness in whatever work he may undertake.

A FAITHFUL FAN.

605 Merrick Avenue.

Detroit, Michigan.

Misused Cockney Accent.

HERE is a very real complaint from a reader in England. Why is it that London policemen are shown on the screen as big, lumbering half-wits, usually with their mouths open, walrus mustaches, and hats several sizes
JOAN CRAWFORD refutes the legend that the life of a star is a scant five years. She has been on the screen ten years and a full-fledged star for more than half that period. Without lull or setback, she has steadily gained in popularity. Still more important, she has achieved the importance of being a controversial subject, the arrangement of her hair or the curve of her eyebrows inciting girls to fierce argument and causing untold numbers of them to imitate her. Truly she is the symbol of popular enlightenment.

Photo by George Harrell
IS JANET GAYNOR

This interesting, penetrating discussion of our foremost ingénue star’s character and career answers the question. Open-eyed, knowing exactly what is happening, she plans to lose none of her popularity in the change.

By Helen Louise Walker

Not often does Miss Gaynor abandon herself to open-air play and rarely is she seen in public, but she sees to it that she isn’t regarded by her fans as an aloof, secluded star.

Few mother-and-star relationships are more sound, sensible and mutually helpful than that of Janet and Mrs. Gaynor. They are inseparable, dependent on each other to a marked degree.

ONE evening about nine years ago Hollywood emerged from one of its most brilliant premières, that of "Seventh Heaven" at the Carthay Circle Theater, gasping over the discovery of two young people who were obviously destined to see their names prominent in electric lights for years to come.

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell have both fulfilled, consistently, that initial, spectacular promise.

Janet became, that night, with a concerted scratching of critics’ pens, and with subsequent box-office records, Hollywood’s foremost ingénue. She has remained just that throughout nine long years, years of wholesome, sweet, wistful, little-girl rôles, of young love among the roses, of gingham-clad innocence. And the public has loved it. I doubt whether, during that entire time, Janet has made one picture which was not a box-office success.

But how long can this most wistful wisp of a girl continue to be a foremost ingénue? How long can youth among the apple blossoms persist at a profit to all concerned?

Lovely young actresses must face this question sooner or later. Norma Shearer, Mary Pickford, Helen Hayes, Ruth Chatterton, all these women graduated from the ingénue class with satisfying success. To many successful ingénues the passing years have meant merely defeat.

Janet, although she has certainly changed very little in appearance in these last nine years, must face that necessity, too. The necessity at growing up. And she is facing it with the same determination and ambition with which she sought a career in pictures in the first place. But she has ripened; she has been tempered by the experiences which have come to her since that first dazzling night.

I think, as a matter of fact, that Janet began to recognize this necessity several years ago, and to plan for it. She is a wise showman despite her littleness, her poignant softness.

Remember when talking pictures first made their appearance and a delighted public and a relieved studio discovered that Janet could sing and dance in "Sunny Side Up" and "High Society Blues"? Janet was neither delighted nor relieved. She sensed, shrewdly, that musical pictures were pretty risky vehicles, and she was not to be stamped into pinning her faith on them.
READY to MATURE?

She demanded, then and there, to be allowed to essay some dramatic roles. She even had her curls cut short to show how grown-up and sophisticated she could look. She was obliged to pin false curls on her head immediately afterward when she played in "The First Year."

She began to develop temperament during that trying period. It began to be said of her that she was hard to manage, a dread thing for a Hollywood actress.

Well, it really was no wonder. In the first place, difficulties with her husband, Lydell Peck, were reaching a climax. But there was much, much more to worry her.

I think that Janet was panicky, just then. I think that it occurred to her that poignant youth was an ephemeral asset. People told her that youth was her chief asset, and she felt something so much more powerful within her. She must have an opportunity to prove it!

She squabbled with her studio. One small tantrum cost her $44,000 and the coveted role in "Liliom." When things became too much for her, she fled to Honolulu and soothed her tired mind and body with sun and wind and placid, murmuring surf. Her weight went down to eighty-seven pounds.

A tiny, feminine creature like Janet is handicapped in an argument with business men. She feels what is best for her and she knows what she wants to do. It is difficult to argue, hard-headedly, reasonably, and articulately, with people who are so much more experienced at the game she is trying to play. She felt that she was fighting anew for her career. After just so much of that unequal fighting, she could only flee.

As for Lydell, it is difficult enough for a young couple, under ordinary circumstances, to adapt themselves to matrimonial. Janet found herself married to a young attorney who had, for her sake, uprooted himself from his familiar surroundings, from a budding career in another city.

Lydell found himself in the difficult position of the husband of a star who had "arrived" and who was, moreover, entangled in all sorts of worries and difficulties over her work. He was trying to make a place for himself in fantastic and incomprehensible Hollywood. Janet would be forced to run away from it, and him, for weeks at a time. It is all an old and familiar story. They both tried. But the odds were against them. It would have been a miracle if circumstances had not defeated that union.

Yet, during that period, a close friend asked Lydell whether he would be pleased if Janet were to give up the screen. He appeared distinctly startled at the idea. "Gracious, no!" he is reported to have exclaimed. "She has to have that stimulus, that emotional release, activity. She couldn't exist without it!"

He was plainly upset no end at the idea of Janet as a wife, without a career to occupy her, no matter how trying that occupation might be for both of them.

Janet made up with her studio; the news of her separation and divorce from Lydell was announced. She was teamed again, to the public's delight, with Charles Farrell.

She no longer fled to Honolulu. She disappeared almost completely from the Hollywood scene. Between pictures she stayed in her beach house with her mother and saw very few women friends.

Her work grew more serious. Her interest, for instance, in her costumes assumed proportions which it had never reached before. She studied design and the history of design. She learned to discuss with her designers what long skirts, short skirts, tip-filled hats, fichus, meant. What psychology of men and women in the pageant of history they reflected. She learned something of architecture and interior decorating. She became interested in the dressing of sets, the designing of scenes.

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"THE GAY DECEPTION" happily combines two favorites in a gay, sophisticated comedy that promises to do more for Francis Lederer than any of his other films. Not to proclaim him a better actor—he is acknowledged to be unrivaled—but to give him a "dressed up" rôle such as he never has had. As a prince disguised as a bellboy, he wins Frances Dee, who is masquerading as an heiress.
Sensitive, poignantly human and intensely sympathetic—these were some of the compliments showered on Miss Haydon for her acting in "The Scoundrel" opposite Noel Coward. Taken up by Paramount, she was hurried to the Coast for her next rôle, which probably will be in Kipling's "The Light That Failed," if Gary Cooper ever finds time for it in the numerous films planned for him.
"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley! SHE DANCES AGAIN... SHE SINGS 2 SONGS in this excitingly different story!

"SURPRISE!" SHIRLEY SEEMS TO SHOUT GLEEFULLY. For what a joy package of surprises this picture will be!

"Curly Top" is completely different in story and background from all the other Temple triumphs. This time, Shirley plays the mischievous, lovable ringleader of a group of little girls, longing for happiness and a home. Once again, she dances—she sings—in that winsome way which captured the heart of the whole world.

And... SURPRISE!... Rochelle Hudson, as Shirley's faithful sister, sings for the first time on the screen, revealing a rich, beautiful voice in a song that will be the hit of the year. Her song duets with John Boles—their wealthy and secret benefactor—lead to a love duet that ends in perfect harmony!

"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley... and that means tops in entertainment for the whole family!

You'll cheer these 5 HIT SONGS by RAY HENDERSON
America's Number 1 Songsmith!
"When I Grow Up"
"Animal Crackers In My Soup"
"The Simple Things In Life"
"It's All So New To Me"
"Curly Top"

"Spunky—if you don't stop sneezing, you're going to catch pneumonia. You really ought to have a hot lemonade."
YOU... who loved "State Fair"... HAVE ANOTHER TREAT COMING!

Set in a dramatic, colorful era of American life now shown for the first time... when the speed of the railroad doomed the picturesque waterways... this story is a refreshingly new, vital, heart-warming tale of simple folk on the great Erie Canal, when it was one of the world's wonders, the gateway through which civilization took its Westward march... when its lazy waters rang with the shouts of swaggering boatmen, bullying their women, brawling with their rivals.

Through it all threads the romance of a kissable little miss who hides her sentimental yearnings behind a fiery temper... while a dreamy lad, homesick for the soil, contends for her affection with the mighty-fisted bully of the waterways.

Ask your theatre manager when he plans to play it!
FLYING HIGH

By Madeline Glass

Some players attract attention from the first, others struggle long and never achieve it, and occasionally comes a Robert Taylor who couldn’t escape stardom if he tried. Here is his modest account of himself.

Young Taylor himself is a little mystified and more than a little pleased by his sudden success.

“I don’t feel that I deserve so much good fortune,” he told me.

“It doesn’t seem as if I have really earned it. All my life I have been lucky in getting good breaks. I had no stage experience, except in amateur theatricals, but before I left college I was given an MGM contract.”

This rare piece of luck was the result of a studio executive having seen him in a college production of “Journey’s End” which was put on by the dramatic club at Pomona, California, where Robert was finishing his formal education.

As he says, good fortune has attended most of his ventures thus far, even those into which he went reluctantly and with no expectation of success. Take the matter of public speaking. Oratory had never been one of his ambitions, yet to complete certain college work it was necessary for him to make a stab at it. To his surprise, he garnered first prize in Doane College, which he was then attending. Before he was through, he had won the highest award in his native Nebraska for his efforts.

After a normal, intelligent upbringing in a normal, intelligent family, Robert, who is an only child, began to hanker for a visit to that portion of the West which is adjacent to the Pacific Ocean. His parents saw no valid reason for such a move, and said so.

“Let’s draw straws to decide it,” suggested the buoyant youngster, who had learned early in life that this was a quick and effective way of settling decisions.

His father should have known better, having previously lost, among other things, a bright new car to his son in just this way. But the straws were quickly assembled and drawn, and then Robert started packing and looking up train schedules.

“The publicity department finds me something of a problem,” said he, with an unworried grin. “I’m a little hard to publicize for the reason that nothing very exciting or dramatic has happened to me. I now live with my mother in Hollywood. My only regret is that my father passed away not so long ago.”

“I hope,” said he, in commenting on his professional life, “that I can become and remain as agreeable and unaffected as Chester Morris. He surely is a fine person. Una Merkel is another I greatly admire, both as an artist and as an individual.”

Knowing both Mr. Morris and Miss Merkel, I can only say that Robert shews fine discrimination.

(Continued on page 77)
AVORITES OF THE ANS

GARBO AS ANNA KARENINA

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull
"BUT for the grace of God, there go I." Rochelle Hudson might easily say this of scores of girls who began in pictures when she did and unaccountably disappeared from the screen. Luck stood by her and gave her a contract while she was learning to act. Now she is thought by many to have passed the grade and will show what she can do in "Curly Top," with Shirley Temple.
and will show what she can do in "Curly Top," with Shirley Temple.
WELL, for gosh sakes, hasn't Babbie Stanwyck waked up! And did you ever see a more winning photograph of her? Picture Play hasn't, and it has looked at hundreds. Miss Stanwyck left Warners, meditated for a few months, and was signed by RKO for "Shooting Star." Perhaps it was the meditation that melted her.
BEAUTIFUL Carol Lombard charms by her wit, her chic, and her increasing power as an artist. Give her any rôle within reason and she plays it well, but she is best as an ultra-modern searching for a happiness she cannot put into words. Slightly weary of it all, but humorous more than self-pitying. She is uniquely different and has never let slighted a rôle nor been indifferent to advice or criticism. Carol's tops!

THOUGH Shirley looks serious here, it is only for a moment. A happier child there never was, not because she is the most famous and beloved little girl in the whole world, but because it is her disposition. She loves to act, but is unaware of her uncanny ability which so closely approaches genius, if it is not actually that. Everything is done to keep her free from self-consciousness and to bring her up as quietly, as normally, as possible.
EACH of the six women named in the story on the opposite page met Robert Young at a critical time in his life. Each recognized his inherent worth as well as his possibilities, and each aided him in self-development. From each he received help when he needed it most. That is why he knows the meaning of gratitude to-day.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull
SIX WOMEN and ROBERT YOUNG

How they have shaped his character and his career—a most unusual revelation.

By Sonia Lee

Robert Young is the artistic and philosophical product of six women. Six women who crystallized his ambitions and determined his reactions to life.

Fame came quickly to this boy. One day he was a struggling unknown. And the next he had a niche of his own as a result of his intelligent and sensitive interpretation of the son in Helen Hayes's 'The Sin of Madelon Claudet'.

His path to importance was first marked by Mrs. Sarah Mullen, head of the English department in the Lincoln High School at Los Angeles. Tall, slim, intense, he showed more than the enthusiasm of the average student having a try at play-acting. Very definitely he brought a certain poise, an innate knowledge of timing and of the delivery of lines, to the roles he interpreted on that high-school stage.

Graduation day came, and Bob pushed his dreams aside and went at the serious task of making a living. He was salesman and drug clerk and bank clerk. But not one of the jobs he held could intrigue his interest, or quiet that unrest which he found difficult to interpret. Even to himself he refused to admit that only in the theater could he be happy. But grease paint was seemingly in his veins, and his eyes yearned for the glare of footlights.

Mrs. Mullen, wise in the ways of youth, skilled in analysis of suppressed needs, knew that this boy was destined for a dramatic career. She suggested that he join the Pasadena Community Theater. "At least," she argued, "if you don't make acting your profession, it will be an absorbing avocation. Every one must have something to balance the monotony of living. Why don't you try it? Perhaps, who knows, it might even become your vocation?"

In four years he was in forty productions. Leading man and heavy; bit player and featured player. But his abilities were being polished, his understanding of the nuances of acting was being developed. When he was discouraged with himself and his progress, he found in Mrs. Mullen a never-failing source of hope. And he went on.

He realized at last that acting was his career! That he was not cut to the pattern of a desk or of an office. He gave up his job as a bank clerk and joined the Moroni Olsen Players, a stock company which toured the Pacific Coast for fifteen weeks.

When he returned to Hollywood, pictures were suggested to him, and while still unsure of himself as an actor, he began the rounds of the studios, seeking tests, to get some foothold in the industry which seemed far beyond his horizons.

Fortune was kind to him. His tests with Metro-Goldwyn were successful, and after being farmed out to other studios for a short

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Robert Young's teacher at high school, together with Helen Hayes, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Ann Harding, and Marie Dressler—these are the women who befriended him and pointed the way to success as a man and an actor.

Photo by Bull
What Hollywood Has Given Me—

Four years in the movie capital have wrought a complete change in Bette Davis. To deny it, she says, would be to admit stagnation.

BY BETTE DAVIS
AS TOLD TO

Dorothy Wooldridge

HOLLYWOOD has given me added courage, a capacity for hard work, and taking it on the chin. I have never known better health, and I’m not rapping wood when I say it, either, for I’m not superstitious or a fatalist. I do believe in destiny. If I ever doubted, Hollywood’s guide to the famous ones has removed that doubt. Here, where there are geniuses who are never recognized for their ability and talents, never given a chance, while others less gifted are lifted to the skies and are given everything.

I could cite many instances of those who undeservedly are at the pinnacle of fame and fortune. Some call it luck. I call it destiny. But even destiny works in partnership with hard work. Today I went to Hollywood four years ago this December. I expected nothing but failure. I can truthfully say, “Veni, vidi, vici.” (I came, I saw, I conquered.)

I was appearing in a play, “The Solid South,” in New York with Richard Bennett when Universal discovered me and invited me to Hollywood. I was appearing in a play, “The Solid South,” in New York with Richard Bennett when Universal discovered me and invited me to Hollywood. I was appearing in a play, “The Solid South,” in New York with Richard Bennett when Universal discovered me and invited me to Hollywood.

“Some call it luck, but I call it destiny,” says Bette Davis in discussing Hollywood’s guide to the famous. “But even destiny works in partnership with hard work,” she adds.

Hollywood has given me the terrific satisfaction of doing something I wanted to do.

I have learned that the biggest insult Hollywood can pay you is to say, “Isn’t she a nice girl?”

I have learned to ask for things that I think I should have.

I have never known better health.

Hollywood has given me added courage, a capacity for hard work and taking it on the chin.

It has given me a philosophy which amounts to a creed. Yesterday is gone and there is no to-morrow. In other words, every day is a fresh beginning. To-morrow, if it comes, will be different. What if things go wrong? What if the world seems arrayed against me? Do I have the dumps, drip with self-pity, and give up in despair? I do not. I say to myself, “This, too, will pass away!”

Yesterday is gone and we can’t recall it. Nothing is certain except change.
THINGS don't come easy in Hollywood. It's a rhythm of ups and downs, bouquets and brickbats. What is one man's meat is another man's poison. Fame becomes an empty fantasy, but a profitable one. You lose all your illusions about fame and become just another worker earnestly endeavoring to do a fascinating job well.

I've been asked to define Hollywood. I've looked at it with questioning eyes and thought about it, but never attempted to define it.

During my first year in the cinema capital I mused up my thoughts by trying to analyze Hollywood. First: I decided too much importance is given to trivial things. Second: Your appearance bath and off the screen is deemed more important than a true performance.

I tested it in my first rôle, that of "Laura" in 'Bad Sister." She was a small-town girl, a wallflower-type. I dressed her as such and what was the result? Carl Laemmle, Jr., refused to give me rôles, saying I was the funniest kind of girl and as difficult to cast as Slim Summerville.

I still think you don't have to be a good actress in Hollywood. One good gag is all you need and you're over the top. Yes, Hollywood has robbed me of my ideals of acting. Here, the star is glorified, whereas the writer should be. He represents the brains of the business besides being the basis of the story, and the story is what counts.

Before going to Hollywood I saw "Once in a Lifetime." I didn't think much about it at the time, but now I am of the belief that it doesn't even begin to tell the truth.

You're silly to be fooled into believing that you can have friends in Hollywood. I have three, but since they are not professionals I prefer not to mention their names. It isn't so much that picture people are undesirable. They have to be absorbed in their individual careers, and this forces them to become self-centered.

Screen people are no different from stage people in one respect. They gloat over another's failure. The way to play safe is to admit your faults. Pretending to criticize oneself has become one of Hollywood's most popular pastimes.

About the worst thing that Hollywood does to you is to mess up your mental storehouse with silly things that inadvertently change your ideas about life, and the scheme of things becomes a confused pattern. My mental mechanism has done a flip-

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Hollywood has taken from me all my ideals of acting.
You are silly to believe that you can have friends in Hollywood. I have three, but they are not of the professional world.
You lose all your illusions about fame and become just another worker earnestly endeavoring to do a fascinating job well.
About the worst thing Hollywood does to you is to mess up your mental storehouse with silly things that change your ideas of life, and the scheme of things becomes a confused pattern.
I vowed I wouldn't bleach my hair. I did so shortly after my arrival. I also vowed I wouldn't wear trousers, but I did, and continue to wear them.
Before going to Hollywood I was supersensitive. It has taken that out of me, for which I am thankful.
Don't think because it is called the land of the silver screen that all of the clouds have a silver lining.
I've changed. To say I haven't would be admitting stagnation.
Tey Say

Locals are grateful to radio for bringing swarms of Hollywood visitors East, but agree that it is nicer to see than hear most of them.

By Karen Hollis

Marguerite Swope, of the stage, has joined Paramount after a long detour.

PUBLIC adulation of a star expresses itself in various ways. London’s Covent Garden was thronged during the operatic performances of Lily Pons and Grace Moore; dancing academies promise to make self-conscious young men as agile as Fred Astaire in six lessons; dentists in convention praise Dick Powell for his generous display of sturdy teeth. Not to be outdone, the steadfast admirers of the cinema sphinx throng New England grocery stores to buy wax paper contraptions with which to line garbage pails. They are named—you’ve guessed it—Garb-o.

Hollywood Invasion.—For one reason and another, Broadway has been crowded with picture celebrities for the last few days. Some—Madge Evans, Richard Dix, and Robert Montgomery among them—were off to Europe for picture-making or vacations. Many came on for radio appearances, not because they thought they could win new admirers that way, but because the radio impresarios paid lot fees, transportation and New York expenses as well.

Lyle Talbot paused briefly in town and if you missed his radio sketch, don’t mourn. Anna Sten and Loretta Young both did dramatic sketches to the disappointment of their admirers. The money will come in handy, though, during their European jaunts, and even if they weren’t smashing successes as either stars, they were as human beings. Loretta routed all contenders for the title of Public Beauty Number 1, and Miss Sten floored every one with her simplicity and modesty.

The Only One of Her Kind.—“All I want is one good picture, one that I like,” said Anna Sten. “I don’t want a long contract, because that only means money. I don’t want money at all. I have enough to live on for the rest of my life, living as simply as I do.” Minus make-up, minus perfume and even enameled finger nails, she attracts no attention, and is like thousands of girls of Slavic descent one sees in New York subways and in the factory districts. It is her intelligence that makes her a personality and sets her apart. She is an actress only when she reads the script. Then she turns on glamour, sex appeal, pathos, or what she wills in the fashion of the European artist rather than the Hollywood star whose “act” may be simplicity but is an impersonation nevertheless. After six weeks in Europe, she returns to Hollywood and the “one good picture” she modestly desires.

Loretta Sets a Fashion.—On one of the hottest days on
IN NEW YORK—

Her voice, like muted, tinkling bells, spoke tragically of the past, philosophically of the present. She will support Ruth Chatterton in Columbia’s “A Feather in Her Hat” next, then make other pictures, probably. She doesn’t look ahead very far for any more. You can’t tell what may happen.

Compensation for Middle Age.—If Loretta Young or Joan Marsh, Jean Arthur, or Helen Mack happened to glance at Billie Burke during the opening of “Becky Sharp” at Radio City Music Hall, they must have uttered a prayer that twenty years from now they will be still active and glamorous and interested as she is. Men who fell in love with Billie Burke twenty-five years ago at the heyday of her success in “Love Witches” still find her

The Big Show Is Coming.—Three Broadway favorites are headed for Hollywood cameras, and it is high time. Warner Brothers have finally bought film rights to “The Green Pastures,” after its two seasons on Broadway and five years of touring the country. Walter Huston in “Dodsforth” is promised by Sam Goldwyn, but first Mr. Huston will portray Cecil Rhodes for Gaumont-British.

He sailed from New York sounding very scholarly after weeks of reading about Rhodes, and looking every inch an imposing public monument with his Rhodes mustache. Leslie Howard will make “The Petrified Forest” for Warners, but when is still on uncertainty. Leslie Howard has

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Broadway nominated Loretta Young Public Beauty Number 1.

Photo by Fisker

Michael Bartlett’s début in Grace Moore’s “Love Me Forever” made him a new screen sensation.

Modesty and simplicity are overpowering in the case of Anna Sten.

Enchanting. The gentle, impractical air is the same, they tell me, and the years have added only a poignant wistfulness. With Helen Hayes, who was looking very sleek and woman-of-the-worldish, Billie Burke, with her red-gold hair and white evening frock, looked like a fragile doll.

Fugitive’s Return.—Late that afternoon I had met Billie Burke while she was having an array of new frocks fitted at Madame Frances’s. It made New York seem more homelike to have Frances in business again; Frances who had made her such bewildering dresses at the height of her stage success and handed them over to her with gems of salty wisdom.

It was difficult for Billie Burke to face New York even three years after the collapse of her world at the death of Florenz Ziegfeld. She had been out to their old home at Hastings and come back laden with flowers from their garden. She had looked at the majesty of the ten thousand dollars’ worth of blue spruces he had bought, and wondered if any one would ever appreciate them again. But she had also found a new air of cosmopolitan gayety in New York’s smart cocktail bars and sidewalk restaurants.

record, Loretta Young showed up for a radio rehearsal wearing a simple white crêpe dress and a robin’s-egg-blue felt hat with a huge blue chiffon handkerchief draped in Oriental sari fashion around her neck and caught to the hot at the back. She looked cool, serene, mysterious, and, needless to add, very beautiful.

In New York—

Bartlett’s début in Moore’s "Love Me Forever" made him a new screen sensation.
POOR LITTLE SINGING GIRL

Lily Pons, about to make a film début, is the most famous singer to be heard on the screen. But with all the gifts of the gods, she is denied the joys of the ordinary girl.

By Dana Rush

LILY PONS is the leading coloratura primo donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, the most important opera group in the world. The same Lily Pons who sings high Es and Fs on the radio, and who has conquered not only every major city in the United States, but the capitals of Europe and South America on her concert tours. And who will be starred in "Love Song" by RKO for her first appearance on the screen.

All of this sounds very impressive. Not only sounds important, but rates hers among the highest incomes on Uncle Sam’s tax list.

When in New York she lives in a duplex apartment, decorated by a well-known artist into a dreamlike place of beauty. Off a gold-and-black foyer there is a huge studio filled with paintings, all sorts of objets d’art given her by admirers who are legion in number.

Every day she receives orchids, gardenias, roses. She has a maid to dress her hair, other maids to do other things, a French chef, a secretary, a chauffeur—in fact, twenty-two people engaged in making her life easy.

Petite, still in her twenties, with a figure like a musical-comedy star and a voice like a lark, Lily Pons is sure to succeed in films.

Every minute of Lily Pons's day is occupied, every day of the year arranged by schedule. That is why she cannot find time to play, to dance and to enjoy the companionship of the man she loves.

A person to be envied, you would say, especially when she is young, still in her twenties, and looking not more than sixteen. A figure like a musical-comedy star, and a voice like a lark.

The good fairies must have gathered at her birth and held a shower, bestowing upon her the best of all their gifts. And still Lily Pons hasn’t everything. Not as much as you and I.

The thing she would like most is to have a good time. Go to parties, dance into the wee small hours of the morning. Marry the man she loves. Do all the things that youth enjoys and which could be hers because of her great charm and eagerness for them, if she had not been so richly endowed by those well-wishing fairies. She is the poor little rich girl who looks out from her mansion of abundance envying those who have time to play.

The appointed hour of my interview was five o’clock.

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S. S. ROSALIND  By Molly Lewin

Named for a ship instead of Shakespeare's heroine, Rosalind Russell belongs to the new order of screen actresses: poised, authentic, frank, and very much worth knowing.

There's a line of potter interviewers use when getting a story from newcomers to Hollywood. It grew from necessity, and its mood is one of consolation. We urge them not to fret and not to worry. We convince them that they needn't get impatient merely because they've been under contract for eleven months and so far they've had only one part and that was cut out after the preview.

Though still a newcomer in spite of a rush of films, Miss Russell is to play opposite William Powell, in "The Black Chamber."

She is what might be called a product of our times, a depression-proof girl, utterly self-reliant, whose job happens to be acting.

We tell them that of course they've been miscast ever since they set foot in Hollywood, but they will strike their stride eventually. We assure them that the town is mad, quite mad, but what can one do? And we agree that it is a shame that one has to be on the set in make-up, fully clothed, at nine in the morning, while back in the dear old days of the 'theatoh' one never rose before noon.

With Rosalind Russell my line failed utterly. The girl was without need of consolation. She had the situation well in hand. Not only did she have to her credit seven pictures in her first five months in Hollywood, but she had played every conceivable type of rôle, babes in arms excepted, in those seven films. And was quite ready for seven more in equally rapid succession.

All told, the girl is full of surprises. I had scarcely expected to find her so young, having first noticed her as the startlingly beautiful menace in "Evelyn Prentice." I think I was looking for a 1935 Americanized Pola Negri. But in she romped, willowy, vivacious, looking scarcely past the débutante age.

"Of course," she explained to further baffle me, "I just escaped being an ingénue. A few years ago I was on tour with a company that played Los Angeles, and was doing the only ingénue rôle I've ever played in my life. And on the basis of it I came awfully close to a picture contract. But I didn't think I was quite ready for the screen."

As an actress, Rosalind is just an upstart in the Russell family. There was no justification for her. Her three brothers and three sisters in New York are all engaged in orthodox careers. Her father had been a lawyer. "I used to imagine," she mused, "that at least my name was theatrical. I was sure that my parents had named me after Shakespeare's heroine in 'As You Like It.' When I asked mother, she said, quite emphatically, 'You, my child, were named after a boat!'"

Rosalind is what might be called a product of our times, a depression-proof girl, utterly self-reliant, whose job happens to be acting.

(Continued on page 75)
This is Fredric March at the time of his first film, Clara Bow’s "The Wild Party," in 1929. Troubled with an inferiority complex, he said, "No one is interested in me. I’ve had several interviews, anyhow."

Mr. March to-day is a very different person. No less modest, he is no longer diffident and self-effacing, and he doesn’t dread meeting other stars as he once did. His gradual change is splendidly described by Mr. Mook.

Fredric March’s nickname really points a moral and adorns a tale. You will appreciate it when you read this unusual comparison between the actor he was and the star he is by one who has known Mr. March from his beginning in pictures.

By Samuel Richard Mook

When I first met Fredric March, six years ago, he had about as well developed an inferiority complex as ever I’ve seen. The first time I interviewed him, he got me to talking, and at the end of the visit he knew all about me, but I had learned nothing about him. When the time was up I had no material for my story.

"Oh, you can think up something to write," Freddie consoled me. "It doesn’t much matter what you say because no one is interested in me, anyhow." He hesitated a moment and then, "It’s a shame I haven’t your background. Nothing much has ever happened to me. I’m poor copy."

That he really believed no one was interested in him is proved by the fact that shortly afterward he went to the man in the publicity department who maneuvered interviews and said, "I don’t think you’d better arrange for any more stories about me."

"Why not?" demanded the astonished fellow.

"I’ve had several already," Freddie answered, "and I’m neither particularly well known nor popular with fans. If they see interviews with me in every magazine, they’ll begin to dislike me."

He talked apologetically of himself. He had so little self-confidence as a conversationalist that he used to cram his speech with platitudinous phrases such as "in the main" and "by and large," and he was full of moldy aphorisms such as "Nothing succeeds like success," et cetera.

When you really knew him, you found that he was lots...
of fun. His cracks and jokes were always harmless and impersonal, however. But one pointed remark or a wisecrack aimed directly at him, and his buoyancy subsided like a pricked balloon.

He was known around Hollywood as "The Interviewers' Despair." No matter how well you knew him or how much you kidded with him as a guest in his home, the moment you said "interview" he tied himself into a mental knot that defied you to get a story out of him, despite his attempts to be helpful.

That's all changed now. When you meet Freddie, after a chase lasting five months, he greets you with, "Hi, old son, how've you been? You've got to come to dinner to-night and no back-chat, either. But, first, I want to hear all about yourself."

"No, you don't," I laughed. "You pulled that on me once. I'm here to learn about you."

So Freddie started telling me about himself while I listened in open-mouthed amazement.

"You're coming along," I remarked. And all at once I realized that Freddie has no more inferiority complex nowadays than Omaha or Gallant Sir or Equipoise.

The part you will next see Fredric March play is Greta Garbo's Russian lover in "Anna Karenina."

"How'd you get over your inferiority complex?" I asked.
"Did I have an inferiority complex?" he queried in mild surprise.

"You know blamed well you did," I assured him.

"I suppose so," he agreed moodily. "It wasn't any sudden thing, though. I suppose it all traces back to the fact that I never had any confidence in myself. When I was little my mother was always thinking of things that would give me confidence. I used to go to parties and watch other kids being the life of the crowd and wonder why I hadn't the faculty for making my presence felt. My mother used to urge me to be myself and never try to be anything other than what I was. That helped some, but not enough.

"When I was in college I walked five miles to my brother's home one night to ask if I should buy a notebook that opened at the side or one that opened at the top!"

"When I finished college and went to work in a bank I failed to set the woods on fire the first year and was convinced I was doomed to go through life a 'Mr. Average Man.'"

"On the stage, although I managed to get a few parts in New York productions, I was never the season's outstanding sensation. In fact, I was never really important in the theater."

"Then I met the girl who is now my wife—Florence Eldridge. We were playing in stock at Elitch's Garden in Denver. Florence was really a big shot in New York. We fell in love, and Florence devoted herself to helping me overcome that inferiority complex which she thought was holding me back more than any lack of ability. She began throwing scenes my way."

"After we were married the Theater Guild sent us on tour as the leads in their traveling company, and she continued her mad practice. All the critics were not clever enough to discern what she was doing, and gave me some pretty fine notices, whereas she was the one who really should have received credit."

"Well, when you pick up the papers week after week and read how good you are, read encomiums showered on you by people who are notoriously hard-boiled, it eventually bolsters confidence in yourself."

"Then we came out here, and I was signed for pictures. Immediately all my new-found confidence evaporated. I felt it was easy enough to be a leading man when you were connected with only one company and traveling in territory that didn't see very many actors. Out here I was in the midst of the big stars of the industry. They all had names, reputations, popularity, assurance—everything. I had nothing."

"When I'd go to a gathering of any sort it was agony for me to enter a room crowded with celebrities, and torture for me to meet any of them. 'What,' I wondered, 'have I to offer that might make any of them feel they would ever like to know me?'"

"Then some one, Ian Keith I think it was, said to me, 'When you enter a room, enter it as though it was absolutely empty, as though you were alone in it, and you'll enter it unself-consciously.' I've never forgotten that advice, and I think it has helped me more than anything.

"My salary began to increase, and people began asking us around. A few years ago I thought they were asking us on account of the salary, but Florence wouldn't have it that way."

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HOLLYWOOD

A summary of daily doings in the dazzling picture colony.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

Claudette Colbert, left, forgot her dignity and became a regular cut-up at Carol Lombard's mad party held in the "Fun House" at a seaside resort.

The candid camera catches Joan Bennett, right, enjoying a bottle of pop with the thirst of an ordinary mortal. Her elder daughter, Adrienne Fox, and husband Gene Markey are with her.

Recovered from their recent illnesses, Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale, below, return to Warners for work.

She has a crackling and devastating humor that conceals her great humanness, and if the recipe is ever discovered to bring out those contrasting attributes, she will hit the highroad of conquest. Well, let's see what comes of this prediction.

Honeymoon Quickly Fades.—The marriage of Margaret Sullivan and William Wyler is doomed to be short-lived. Excuses were given about the whole matter when the two were discovered living apart, and the usual denials, but it is pretty well understood that the "honeymoon is ended." Both are temperamental, and Margaret, besides, is very impulsive. Incidentally, her first husband, Henry Fonda, is making a great hit in the studios. Prophecies are that he will be one of the big stars of to-morrow. Perhaps he and Margaret will have a reunion some day.

"Panther Girl" Speed.—Quickest in and out of a marriage lately is Lono André, a "panther girl." She was wedded to Edward Norris, an actor, and started annulment proceedings less than a week afterward, on the ground that hubby had misrepresented his capacity to support her. If you're interested in knowing Lono's real name, it was brought out in the legal happenings. Consider this: she is La Uno Anderson. Lono eloped, and so did her two sisters, Margarette and Betty Ann, just about the same time. Their mother, who has been a widow since she was twenty-two, and who has devoted her life to the growing girls, was planning to marry fol-

VICTORY for Mrs. Patrick Campbell! She is the most brilliant woman in Hollywood, yet for one whole year she has not done a single screen rôle. Now she is returning in "Sylvia Scarlett," with Katharine Hepburn, and later may play in "Mrs. Von Kleek," a story once purchased for Marie Dressler.

The history of that lean year of waiting has been one of singular heartbreak, because Mrs. Campbell has kept up such a daring and bold front throughout the time. A woman with a glorious career on the stage, she proved that she could "take it" valiantly, and our belief is that she has the quality which may make her an outstanding character star. Indeed, she may score a triumph equal to that of Marie Dressler, though of a far different order.
HIGH LIGHTS

inquiring the trio of elopements, but possibly the return of Lana will deter that intention. Mather just can’t get the breaks in this family.

Alimony Troubles Denny.—One reason actors have a hard time of it is because of alimony. When they least anticipate it, alimony has a strange way of creeping up on most of them. It seems like years since Reginald Denny was divorced from his first wife, Irene, and married Bubbles Steiffel, but here’s Irene suing him for $15,000, alleged unpaid balance on a property settlement.

Goldwyn’s Problem Star Quits.—Anno Sten’s severance of her contract with Samuel Goldwyn leaves much curiously unexplained. Undoubtedly, Goldwyn was disappointed that Miss Sten did not turn out to be another Garbo or Dietrich. Miss Sten, for her side, didn’t like the roles one bit to which she was assigned, and was particularly dissatisfied with the one she played in “The Wedding Night.”

The talk about diet being the cause of the break is pretty foolish. Actually, we believe it was a case where a star and producer simply weren’t en rapport, and the extravagant build-up of the Sten reputation before she appeared on the screen only heightened the difficulty, because too much was expected on both sides. This is one instance that shaves the folly of too much publicity. Miss Sten’s talents as an actress are highly recognized in Hollywood, as they evidently are also by the public.

A Most Temperamental Lady.—Dozens of beautiful and supposedly temperamental stars were present at the big Warner Brothers’ convention banquet. They included Dolores del Rio, Joan Blandell, Margaret Lindsay, Jean Muir, Josephine Hutchinson, Bette Davis, Louise Fazenda, and various others. But the only person who kicked up a rumpus, because she didn’t like...

Six little newcomers fishing in the Paramount pool for a chance to show themselves on the screen. They are Esther Pressman, Dene Myles, Beula MacDonald, Dorothy Thompson, Bonita Barker, Kay Gordon.

No Politics for Gary.—There’s positively no such thing as getting the stars mixed up in politics. Will Rogers is the only star who has anything to say about them, except possibly Jimmy Cagney. But recently Gary Cooper withdrew completely from the Hollywood Hussars, an organization with which he had been connected, because it was assuming a political character. He remained with it as long as it was purely social. He was among the founders of the troupe, which is headed by Col. Arthur Guy Empey, who wrote “Over the Top.” Cooper liked it in the beginning because it was a western and range institution, with the principal sport horseback riding.

Stork a Specialist.—All daughters! That’s what the stork is bringing to Hollywood this year. Miss Narma Thalberg was one of the new arrivals—a sister for little Irving Jr., born to Narma Shearer on June 14th, Flag Day. Marguerite Churchill, wife of George O’Brien, and Molly O’Day, in private life Mrs. Jack Durant, also presented

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It required three engagements in Hollywood to proclaim the great talent of Mr. Boyer which everybody recognizes to-day. You will enjoy a clever writer's impressions of this true Frenchman.

“She is out shopping, you know.” He smiled. “There are always so many things a woman needs before she sails, and we have only two days in New York,” in explanation. For with a host of other celebrities, the Boyers were sailing the following day for France, aboard the “Normandie,” the new queen of the seas. And Mr. Boyer was properly enthusiastic.

“It's time we returned to Europe, for we've been too long in Hollywood. I don't think an actor can grow if he remains there constantly,” he observed. “In Hollywood, every one is an actor. Yet we don't play actors always on the screen. And to create other characters faithfully, I think it is necessary to know them in real life. It is by meeting and associating with every type of person that we learn what they are really like. What they think, how they dress, how they conduct themselves.

"Then, when we are assigned to portray such a person, we know how to build our characterization," Mr. Boyer went on in his charming voice which is made more attractive by its slight accent.

"From all I have heard during the years before sound, movie folks seldom ventured out of California. Therefore, when sound broadened the scope of pictures and the voice-trained stage players descended on the cinema capital, they were able to contribute not only pleasant speeches, but also better, truer portrayals. This was due to the fact that most graduates of the theater have played on the road and have mingled with people

Pat Paterson and Mr. Boyer have worked out an interesting, intelligent plan to preserve their marriage, but they refrain from gush about eternal happiness.
all over the country in their travels. They have learned how the other half of the world lives."

There was so much common sense to Mr. Boyer's interesting theory that I wondered if he planned to make a tour of this country at some future time, to acquaint himself with the different types of life and persons to be found in America. I thought of our rock-bound New Englanders, our breezy Westerners, our gracious Southerners and of how diverse are their manners, customs, and characteristics.

"No, I don't think I'll travel over this country," Mr. Boyer replied with a Gallic shrug of his shoulders. "You see, I don't expect ever to play an American because of my accent. Therefore, it would do me no good to know the various sections of this country."

His answer surprised me, while it convinced anew of the French disinclination to become part of any foreign land. However, Mr. Boyer is firm in his intention to spend at least part of every year on the stage of his own country.

It was just one of those unaccountable desires that led Charles Boyer to the theater in the beginning. Born in Figeac, in the heart of France, he was the son of a prosperous business man. After receiving an elementary education in the school and lyceum of Figeac, he went to Paris and entered the Sorbonne, which he attended until time to do military service for eighteen months.

His duty to his country fulfilled, he returned to Paris and, according to his own admission, with little difficulty obtained his first job, making a theatrical début in "Les Jardins de Murcie." Other rôles followed, with the inevitable offer of a screen contract.

He had appeared in two silent films when sound roared into the studios. Well fortified by his stage training, he was ready and eager to meet the challenge of the microphones.

A number of successful films for UFA followed, as a result of which he was summoned to Hollywood by MGM to appear in the French versions of "The Big House" and "The Trial of Mary Dugan." At that time his sojourn in the cinema capital was attended by no fanfare of public-
Jackie Searl meets his match in meanness when seen with Jane Withers, in "Ginger." They promise to be the most refreshing of juvenile teams because they don't go in for sweetness and light.

Because he is so talented an actor, he is the loneliest boy in Hollywood, shunned because those who don't know him won't believe he is regular.

"I'd like to pop that guy," a young man of twelve leaned over and whispered to me, fiercely, during the screening of "Skippy" several years ago.

The "guy" in question was Jackie Searl, who played the chap who always was tattling on Jackie Cooper.

"I'd like to get my hands on that mugg," quoth the same small gentleman, just as savagely, three years later, while the two of us were watching a preview of "Peck's Bad Boy."

Once again, the "mugg" chanced to be Master Searl, appearing with Jackie Cooper and again seen in the same type of brattish rôle.

And each time, I agreed that I, too, would have liked to "pop" the little ruffian, get my hands on "that mugg." Even though I'm accustomed to meeting picture people who are the exact opposites of the characters they portray on the screen, Jackie enacted the two rôles so perfectly that I was convinced he would be a nasty little individual when face to face.

Of course, I was wrong. You couldn't find a more regular man's boy than Jackie Searl. But therein lies one of the tragic tales of Hollywood.

No one will believe Jackie isn't like he is on the screen! The two instances cited above might be the words of any man or boy in the land. Even the women find the characters Jackie plays contemptible.

That's one of the penalties for flawless acting. If a player can successfully interpret a despicable character, with no redeeming qualities whatsoever, it's a hundred-to-one cinch that everybody will think him the same type of person off-screen. And that precisely is Jackie's plight.

Ever since he came to the attention of the public in "Tom Sawyer," in 1930, he has been responsible for more hisses, particularly from the younger members of audiences, than any personality ever seen on the screen.

And for that reason, Jackie has to sell himself practically to every person he meets.

He isn't accepted as other boys. There is none of the camaraderie accorded him that other lads receive as a matter of course. He is looked upon with dark suspicion, convicted without even an hearing, as it were.

Whenever he enters a new school, no one will have anything to do with him. The boys refuse him admittance to their clubs; the girls pass him up with sneers on their young faces. Upon entering a school for the first time, he is the most unpopular individual ever to pass through its portals, strict teachers not excepted.

"Every time I go to a new school or move into a new neighborhood, I have to fight half a dozen kids to show that I'm regular," Jackie told me, as we sat munching a few sandwiches his mother had made for us.

"You see, all the kids have seen me on the screen and naturally think I'm the same tattle-tale. I'd probably do the same thing myself, if I were in their place."
Jackie Searl's Private Grief

"Sometimes it takes months for me to make any real friends in a new community. Besides, my being on the screen leads them to think that I'm stuck-up. Then, I have to think up ways to prove I'm not.

"One of the best ways is to go in for athletics. I like all kinds, and I'm pretty good in some, so this is more fun than work. Then, sometimes, the kids change their minds about me."

Jackie can hold his own in any line of sport. He can out-run the majority of his classmates, because he's unusually fleet of foot, and while too light in weight to go in for football seriously, he generally may be glimpsed in the middle of scrimmage. He's only thirteen and still under one hundred pounds.

On several occasions, mothers have refused to permit their children to play with him. They have told him that they do not want their sons and daughters to associate with anybody so utterly mean as he.

What a tragic burden for any young and healthy youngster! In most cases, children placed in a similar predicament wouldn't be able to subsist under the scathing treatment he often receives. But Jackie manages to keep his sense of humor and balance, even though you might imagine him hopelessly lost in an inferiority complex as a result of the general attitude he encounters wherever he goes.

Following the showing of "Peck's Bad Boy" one evening, an performance that Jackie attended with his mother, a woman holding two children by the hand, costed Mrs. Searl and remarked, viciously, "If I had such a brat for a son I'd drown him."

"Of course, it hurts me to see people hate Jackie as many of them seem to do," Jackie's mother commented, "but I'm happy in the thought that he can play this type of rôle better than any other child on the screen."

"In 'The Unwelcome Stranger,' Jackie had his first sympathetic characterization. One of the first days on the set, a hairdresser, who happened to be sitting next to me, mentioned Jackie.

"'Do you know,' she said, 'when we started this picture I had a feeling I'd rather have anybody else in the world on the set than Jackie Searl. I had taken such a dislike to him on the screen that I knew he'd be perfectly impossible. And now that I know him I find he's one of the greatest boys I've ever met.'"

"'I take that as a very high compliment,' I told her, laughingly. 'I'm Jackie's mother. You have no idea how glad I am to hear you say that because so many, who have only seen him on the screen, feel the same about him.'"

For the racing scenes, the company trekked southward to the Agua Caliente track, where Jackie mingled with the jockeys. One of them told the assistant director, after the company had been there for several days, that all the boys at the track had just been waiting for 'that Searl kid' to make one bad move—and then! "But," he added cheerfully, "he's one of the swellest kids we've ever known. We're hoping he'll come down again on location.'"

As evidence of their and the track officials' faith and admiration, Jackie was asked to ride in one of the regular races, a rare compliment indeed. Jackie, you see, rode a race horse in the picture and immediately endeared himself to all the jockeys for his nerve. Small, wiry, and perfectly at home atop a steed, he has two horses of his own at home and one has taken eighteen ribbons in shows.

Without many friends as a direct result of characterizations on the screen, Jackie contents himself with his greatest passion, horses. He is intensely interested in acquiring a stable of his own and is looking forward to the day he will own that stable of hunters and racing horses.

"I don't want to be an actor when I grow up," he said, "but I probably will. Shucks, it's easy to act. All you do is stand up before the camera, make a few faces and go through your part. It's the easiest way I know to make money, and I want a lot of it so I can buy horses." He then went into the more intricate details and respective merits of three-gaited and five-gaited mounts, not to mention an amazing display of knowledge on hunters.

Actually, as I say, Jackie has a charming personality, as unlike those characters he portrays on the screen as night from day. Because he is so talented an actor, he's the loneliest boy in Hollywood.
A modest, intensely sincere young fellow is George Murphy, who has been jerked into the spotlight and is quietly and grimly trying to make a place for himself.

The very thought that his talented wife might have to support him precipitated George Murphy into a stage career for which he had no previous training. The world may have lost a promising young engineer, but movie fans are happier, because of him, so all is well.

It's a good trick if you can do it. George Murphy did. And he started out to be an engineer, too.

He's not much of an engineer, though he spent years at Yale and elsewhere preparing for that profession.

But he's a first-rate actor, with only three weeks of preparation for a theatrical career before landing his first job on the stage.

He jumped into the movies quite as unceremoniously. His first assignment was the juvenile lead in Eddie Contor's "Kid Millions." Next he played a leading rôle in "Jealousy." Then "I'll Love You Always," with Nancy Carroll.

But why this startling difference of time spent in preparation for these two professions? Is it so much easier, then, to be an actor than an engineer?

"It depends a great deal on the man," says Murphy. "But principally, I think, on the incentive. You see, there was Julie—"

When George met Julie he had just finished his first, and his last, engineering job. This was on the end of a pick handle in a Pennsylvania coal mine. In so far as he was concerned at that time, people thereafter could burn oil or wood or old newspapers or could move to a warmer climate.

So he had gone to New York to help build a skyscraper. But it seemed that New York didn't care for any more skyscrapers just then. And they also had all the young engineers they needed. So George got a job running errands for a banking house in Wall Street.

Then he ran into Julie. She had come to New York to go on the stage, just one of the thousands who had come for that same purpose.

But to George she was not just one of the thousands—she was the one in a million. Nor was George to her just an engineer tromping the streets, looking for a job. He was the young engineer who was destined to share her life.

They were both fighting against overwhelming odds. They both had courage and vision and youth. They both thrilled to life, and to love, in spite of the fact that life seemed to have no economic niche for them. There was always love. And that was the thrilling thing about life, after all.

At last, Julie got her chance. It would take her out of town; down to Florida, in fact, with a road show. But she was overwhelmed with excitement. Her chance, at last! After all these months of struggle and disappointment. Wasn't it grand? Wasn't it just too good to be true?

Of course, George was glad. He tried very hard to be glad. "Sure, honey, sure. It's great. I'm tickled to death for you. But—but—"

"Don't you want to leave New York?"

"I? Where do I come in on this?"

"Don't be silly, George. I'll be making enough for both of us to live on, and you might get a good job in Florida."

"Oh, so you think I'll let my wife support me, do you, while I hang around the stage door?"

And that's how George happened to go on the stage.
He wouldn't let Julie go alone. He had to make a place for himself with that stock company.

They were scheduled to leave in three weeks. George went to work. And how he worked! He'd had no stage training, and he had taken on himself a task that looked hopeless: a good deal more hopeless than landing a job as an engineer. But this time George had something besides himself to fight for. And this time George would not admit defeat.

He didn't become an actor in three weeks, but he did learn a dance routine which got him in the show. And this was the beginning of his new career.

Later George appeared in several stage shows, including "Of Thee I Sing," "Roberta," "Hold Everything," and "Good News." Heywood Broun gave him his first real chance to act. That was in "Shoot the Works."

Then came the big break, Vivian Janis, a Follies girl, was due for a screen test with her dancing partner. The dancing partner became ill. A friend of George's at the Fox studio in New York called him to fill in. George, always obliging, went to the studio. It was his job just to go through the routine with Vivian. It was she who was getting the test, not he. But the outcome was as ironic as most outcomes in the movies. George got the contract, and Vivian didn't.

And George got a real contract, too. Not just a bit player. Not just a part in some obscure short. But a real part in "Kid Millions," and then a leading rôle in "Jealousy" with Nancy Carroll. In one jump he was right with the top-notchers.

Sincerity is his chief personal characteristic. There is nothing of the egoist or show-off in the manner of George Murphy. In this respect he is like his old friend, Fred Astaire. He and Freddie used to haunt the night clubs and theaters in New York, studying dances. He says that Astaire is unquestionably the greatest dancer of the day.

He says it with absolute sincerity, and no tinge of jealousy. He says it in a low, well-modulated voice, with a glance that is level, frank, almost naive. Nothing of the belligerency his rôle in "Jealousy" made imperative. Just a modest, intensely sincere young fellow, who has been jerked into the spotlight of movie fame and is quietly and grimly determined to make a place for himself among the top-notchers.

He and Julie have been married for seven years. Julie has turned down numerous offers for a screen test. She prefers her home, and George, and the dogs.

George goes in for Kerry-blue terriers, a hunting dog and the oldest breed of Irish dog known. He spends most of his spare time with his dogs. But he doesn't have a lot of spare time.

In his newest picture with Nancy Carroll, "After the Dance," you'll have an opportunity to see George display his dancing ability.

George is very proud of the fact that he was born on July 4th, and he and Julie had a grand celebration with friends on his recent thirty-second birthday. New Haven, Connecticut, is his home town, which is the reason he chose Yale for his Alma Mater.

He stands just five feet eleven, with brown hair and Irish-blue eyes, tipping the scales at one hundred and seventy-eight pounds.

He is under contract to Columbia, and has been assigned to an important part in their production of "Lady Beware," in which Jean Arthur has the leading rôle.

To have made such a positive place for himself in a com-

paratively short time would indicate that it was more than mere chance which first brought him to the stage and eventually to the screen.

His pleasing personality and unassuming manner are assets in his favor, and it is the sincere wish of all who come in contact with him at the studio that his career will be marked with progress.

If there is anything to the common belief that Luck is always on the side of the Irish, there is every reason to believe that she will not desert this Murphy lad.

He considers Fred Astaire our greatest dancer. Who knows but that some day this same Freddie will find himself sharing honors with his old friend?

Anyway, good luck to you, George!

In "After the Dance," his next film, George has an opportunity to display his dancing talent. Incidentally, this is his third consecutive picture with Nancy Carroll, which should be a compliment to the young Irishman.

Photo by Lippman
WELL, well! That ever I should see the day when the much-courted, elusive Richard Dix would settle down as a Benedict—and like it. Of course, the advent of the twins has had a good deal to do with his thralldom. One baby will turn the head of any father, but when two appear at once a man is apt to become slightly delirious.

But it was the career of Richard Dix that prompted my talk with him, he will be surprised to learn, not emotion about the twins. Almost any man can be and is a father, but comparatively few can be actors with as many years of success as Richard can boast of.

I didn't dare tell him that. He'd have dropped me out the window if I had, so I had to humor him a little and I coaxed, "I suppose they look like you, Richard?" But I was touched when he flashed a swift, delighted smile and said, "That's what people think."

That stopped me a minute, and I thought what a wise, level-headed girl Mrs. Dix must be to have wrought such a change in the turbulent Richard. His frequent references to her showed how greatly he missed her, but no matter in her right mind would think of taking babies on a long trip unless she had to, and as Richard said, he'd only been gone six weeks.

I suppose Richard Dix has been "through," or so he thought, more times than any other star. No one else thought so, not even a studio which is quick to nate the coaling public, and his contracts were always renewed. But every so often he would get restless and discontented and feel that he was just treading water and not acting at all.

and every actor was shaky about his future. This mark of confidence didn't cheer him a bit. He had been doing what he called "so-so" pictures for six months; he was doing one now and life was very sad indeed.

And they had given him another inexperienced actress as a leading woman for the third consecutive time. Poor Richard! He was always given new people to break in. If there was ever a little girl who the producers thought had ability and promise they'd save her for a Dix picture, believing him to be popular enough to carry the burden of her inexperience and knowing him to be too kind-hearted to deny her a break.

But Richard's chivalry was rewarded. I happened to be on the set when he got news from Hollywood that the studio had just the story for him to follow the picture he was then on. It was to be a second "Vanishing American." It was to be the greatest picture ever made. It would make the name of Richard Dix immortal. The name of the picture was "Redskin," and it should have been the marvelous achievement claimed for it, and I think it would have been but for one thing.

Once more, and this time fatally, the studio made the mistake of giving the star a novice to play opposite him. She was only fifteen and such a child that when the director limited her to a one-sada pop a day because she had made herself ill with a dozen the day before, she cried for an hour. A fine specimen she was to put into an emotional rôle that would have taxed the most experienced actress! It finished her career right then and there.

Although the picture seemed flat in spots when released,
MY PAL JIMMY

An old school chum discusses James Cagney more accurately, perhaps, than any other story ever published about him. He confides that “it's funny to the gang who know him so well to see Jimmy cast as the tough guy.”

By Ethel H. Barron

I know Jimmy—and boy, how I know Jimmy!—he must have got a laugh out of Max Reinhardt’s selection of him as Hollywood’s best actor. Jimmy considers his career a streak of luck, and the whole acting business a racket.”

Andrew Hacker and I were discussing his favorite topic, James Cagney. Andrew lived in Yorkville at the time Jimmy did, went to the same school with him, swam with him, and knows him as well as, if not better than, his own family.

“Poor Jimmy! I can just see him wincing under the blast of Reinhardt’s send-off. He’s been in the news a lot lately, hasn’t he? First they had him down as a communist, a socialist, just because he contributed $10,000 to the strikers in California. What most people don’t understand is that Jimmy’s a champion of the underdog—always was and always will be. When he contributed that money, he did it not because he was interested in the communist movement, but because he was sorry for the strikers.

“He was always that way. I remember something that tells it better than I can. When we were about fifteen Jimmy and I rented a bungalow in New Jersey. Jimmy was walking along the road one day and happened to see an accident. A guy had been hit by a truck. The company swore the man had been drunk and, therefore, it wasn’t responsible. But Jimmy knew darned well he hadn’t been.

“Time and time the case was postponed, the company figuring that if it was put off often enough, the only damaging witness would get tired of coming. But Jimmy fooled them. Despite inconvenience to himself, he was Jimmy-on-the-spot every time the case came up for trial. Finally, the company settled. I truly believe it was to get rid of Jimmy.

“He’s the most generous soul I ever met,” Andy continued, “especially to his family. They’ve only to express a wish and presto!—it’s theirs. He’d always treat the bunch, in spite of our protests, whenever we went out and he didn’t have any too much money in those days. He couldn’t have made more than a couple of dollars a week as wrapper in a department store where he worked on Saturday afternoons.

“Now that he’s got more, he spends more. His wife holds the purse strings now because she knows Jimmy’s so generous that if it depended on him, they’d be penniless. He’s satisfied with that arrangement. In fact, he suggested it. He knows his own failing.”

“I asked Andy how he happened to become such a good pal of Jimmy’s.

“We went to high school together and we both lived in the same neighborhood. He was one of the most popular fellows there. Everybody liked him. He was a little gentleman always, despite the fact that he was brought up in some of the toughest districts. We used to go swimming together during the summer. Jimmy’s a champion and he’s won several medals. But you’ll never get him to show them to you.”

Andy cackled and I knew that a new reminiscence was on the way.

“I’ll never forget the time we rented that Jersey bungalow. That was an exciting summer for us. One of the boys owned a boat he had bought the year before. The rowboat had been in dry dock for the winter and needed caulking. Not being any too well acquainted with rowboats, we took it out of dry dock, put it on the lake without having it caulked and set out for a nice row. Before we knew it, the boat filled with water and sank. It’s lucky we knew how to swim!

“I remember, the boys were rowing like mad, but Jimmy could only grab for two oars and wade in. It was a sight.

“Incidentally, Jimmy is a terrible sailor. He gets seasick even on a ferryboat.

“It’s so funny to the gang who know him so well to see Jimmy cast as a tough guy,” said Andy. “When

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“Tough guys are supposed to be hard-hearted,” says an intimate friend, “but Jimmy’s heart must be made of jello.”
AN actor is a many-sided personality," Madge Bellamy once said to me. "We are mostly moods. But one dominating trait in our personalities stamps itself on the public mind. By this ruling trait we gain popularity."

Indeed, there is something to this. I have often heard people say "I like so-and-so, for she seems to have so many of my mannerisms."

It would seem that most of us go to see our favorites only because we see a reflected part of ourselves.

Naturally the more versatile they are in their portrayals, the more famous they become. And the more universal the dominating trait is, the bigger the fan following will be. But after all, the players impress themselves on the public through one chief characteristic.

It is not very difficult to pick out the dominating traits and characteristics among Hollywood's famous. If you watch them closely you will see for yourself.

In Katharine Hepburn we have a personality that symbolizes the present time—the new age. "Revelation" is Hepburn's trait. One might even say surprised revelation. It is the greatest asset any actress could have. When Hepburn looks upon love or sorrow or happiness in her screen portrayals, she tops all others.

Whenever I see Elissa Landi on the screen, or talk with her in actuality, she suggests "Combat." That is, she seems to have the knack of making others start to think within themselves. Perhaps her creative talents give the impression of conflict, for conflict goes with creation. Landi is the only actress who can throw me into temporary silence, a feat almost beyond the belief of my friends.

Neil Hamilton stands for one very definite thing on the screen, "Sincerity." He convinces you that he actually believes what he is doing, and is the man he portrays. This is an excellent trait for any actor to

EACH A DIFFERENT

This unusual analysis of the stars reveals the dominant characteristic that explains why we are drawn to some and repelled by others.
VIRTUE

By William H. Mckeev

possess; that is, if he hopes for longer popularity than a few years. In person, Neil reveals one fixed trait, wariness. He seems to fear that no one takes him seriously.

The growing popularity of Maureen O'Sullivan comes from the dominating trait uppermost in her real self, "Reflection."

Maureen reflects those things which attract her. That is why so few people understand her. She appears to them as insincere. This is entirely wrong, for there is nobody more sincere than the O'Sullivan. Of late, Maureen has altered. Her inner self seems to be growing into full bloom. Her acting shows this. When she fully reflects herself, Maureen will become an out standing actress.

A young chap who has come to the front ranks is John Beal. His performance with Hepburn in "The Little Minister" ends all arguments against his importance. In common with the rest, Mr. Beal has one dominating trait in his personality, "Fear."

Let me explain what I mean. In the several parts he has played, John approached the various situations as if filled with fear, afraid of what he was doing, or what might happen. This is another good trait for any actor to possess. Most of us in life are afraid of most obstacles looming ahead of us. Seeing Mr. Beal reveal this on the screen causes us to feel akin to him.

So evident has been Joan Crawford's dominating trait that it will be nothing new for me to write "Ambition." In her screen rôles, Joan reveals ambition and desire, desire for knowledge and greater things. Her vast popularity comes from this trait, for it is universal. In her the world sees achievement.

Joan has at many times been ridiculed for her many changes of character. Why, I do not know. The person who does not change is the

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This third entry in the cycle of "G Men" films is best of all. It is more thrilling, the characterizations are less conventional and it is acted with exciting perfection and originality. Lionel Barrymore excels himself in one of the most humanly poignant portrayals that he has ever given. He is a broken-down surgeon in the pay of criminals, a wreck of the great doctor he might have been but for drink. Chester Morris, obscured of late, comes back in a part worthy of him, the heroic Federal "dick" who mingles with the men he is out to trap, and Paul Kelly, on the side of law and order, is stern and likable with splendid genuineness. The picture is a hit for Jean Arthur, too, but it is a newcomer from the stage, Joseph Calleia, who gives a new quality to underworld villainy at this late day. Tense, tigerish, he dominates the picture by the extreme magnetism of his presence and, of course, his fine repression which never breaks out in obvious acting. The story, naturally, deals with the government's round-up of the lawless element and you've seen nothing worth while until you see this.

"THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS."

While this doesn't offer Robert Donat the juicy rôle he handled so expertly in "The Count of Monte Cristo," fans won't be disappointed in this English-made picture. The story deals with spies who resort to a most unusual method of obtaining a secret vital to Britain's air defense. Donat, as "Hannay," finds himself innocently involved in tracking down the guilty persons. Though forced into many tight spots, he manages always to outwit his pursuers in a way which sometimes is intensely exciting and sometimes amusing. There is one touching scene when he seeks refuge at the farmhouse of an elderly Scotsman and his youthful wife. But by no means is the very natural and charming Madeleine Carroll, who plays the leading feminine rôle, to be overlooked. She, too, unwittingly is implicated in the plot. Though unwilling at first to believe "Hannay's" plea of innocence, it is easy to guess that she will eventually be convinced and assist him in running down and exposing the secret agents. For all those who have been demanding to see more of Robert Donat, there is every reason to believe that they will enjoy "The Thirty-nine Steps."
IN REVIEW

BY NORBERT LUSK

PICTURE PLAY'S HONOR LIST

"Becky Sharp" for its importance as a forward step in the development of color photography.
"Public Hero Number One" for sheer excitement in "G Men" melodrama.
The most impressive performances come from Sir Cedric Hardwicke, in "Becky Sharp"; Joseph Calleia, in "Public Hero Number One"; Louis Hayward, in "The Flame Within."

"NO MORE LADIES."

Again Joan Crawford plays her familiar rôle, again the minority who think her capable of a new one are overwhelmed by demand of the majority. Her pictures are standardized and apparently incapable of variation. The reason is, of course, that they are profitable and Miss Crawford is too valuable a star to experiment with in fresh fields. Meanwhile she stands still as an actress, vastly pleasing her periphrastic admirers but leaving her more critical ones waiting for her to appear in a strong, romantic picture. Her new one, though disguised by extraordinarily handsome settings and new quirks in Adrian's costumes, is old material and weak at that. A very modern girl who knows the worldly answer to everything marries a playboy with her eyes wide open. When he doesn't come home on the 11:15 suburban train, she wilts and weeps and is sorry for herself. She doesn't face facts bravely, philosophically, or even reasonably. She goes into Victorian defeat. This is the unvarying prescription for a Joan Crawford picture. Then she plays a mild game of tit-for-tat, makes her husband jealous and forgives him in a gesture of divine compassion. You feel that neither husband nor wife has learned a thing and that they will go on tiffing as long as there is an audience. Miss Crawford has outgrown this glittering, superficial stuff. When will her public do likewise?

"STRANDED."

At last Kay Francis has a lively, diverting picture, her best in ages. Queerly, it combines the polite problems of a worker for the Travelers' Aid Society with the more brawny conflicts of iron and steel toilers, dropping one for the other with fine disregard for cohesive drama, but the delighted reaction of average audiences to the picture as a whole shows complete indifference to such shortcomings. The film entertains. That alone is what counts with members of the Francis cult. In it she is a coolly competent and sympathetic ministrant to a variety of troubled callers at her desk in a railway station, George Brent a childhood friend in charge of a construction job. The best part of the picture shows Mr. Brent's efforts to coax Miss Francis away from her job and her insistence on attention to duty. When all this is dropped and labor troubles become uppermost, the film loses its charm but not its interest. You will be surprised to know that Miss Francis somehow brings harmony to the battling riveters and makes them see the light.

"THE GLASS KEY."

George Raft gives the best account of himself in years, the best since "Scarface." The reason is not obscure. He returns, in this, to the underworld, the sinister, brutal underworld. There is no equivocation as there was in "Night After Night" and none of the sentimentality that has dimmed him in other pictures. He dominates as the star by consistent, convincing acting which shrewdly confines him to laconic speech through tight lips. The picture absorbs because of the characters and their acting instead of what concerns them. The plot, emerging slowly, never quite settles into a clear pattern, but there's no denying the arresting quality of what goes on. When Mr. Raft kicks Ray Milland in the shins, one is reminded of his coin-flipping in "Scarface." When he is beaten within an inch of his life by Guinn Williams, you feel that one more blow would be unbearable because the punishment is administered with such terrifying realism. In short, the acting is unusual and painfully realistic.
"THE FLAME WITHIN."

Given all the richness of production and smoothness of continuity and conversation for which MGM is famous, Edmund Goulding's new picture is heavily pretentious and empty save for good acting. Its treatment of psychiatry is superficial, as if courage were lacking in delving deeper into the subject. Challenging comparison with "Private Worlds," it falls into second place. A woman doctor treats a young alcoholic and unites him with the neurotic girl who loves him. But in rehabilitating him and bringing happiness to the pair, the doctor has fallen in love with him. Out of this tangle a happy ending somehow comes through, if you can believe what you see. Louis Hayward, a newcomer from the stage, plays the young inebriate with finesse, charm, and distinction, giving a clear, understandable portrayal that vibrates with superior intelligence. Maureen O'Sullivan has moments of brilliance as the half-crazed girl, with Henry Stephenson and Herbert Marshall vying with each other as human, worldly gentlemen. Ann Harding is more a gracious star than a troubled doctor. She doesn't indicate contact with suffering humanity.

"THE CLAIRVOYANT."

Claude Rains is important because he is arresting, disturbing, and unlike any other actor. But his British film is not important except in so far as it enables us to see him in one of his infrequent appearances. Again the fault is in the way the story is set forth. It doesn't come through clearly and with mounting drama. Yet separate episodes are imaginatively photographed and acted compellingly. The total, however, fails to stack up impressively. Mr. Rains is "Maximus," a vaudeville mind-reader who knows the trick of convincing audiences. Through association with a girl he becomes more than a charlatan. When she is near by he actually achieves second sight. His predictions come true, he foretells the Derby winner and warns against an underground explosion in a mine. Newspapers refuse to publish his predictions and the miners scoff at his warning. Then the disaster comes true. He is blamed for it and brought to trial when another vision enables him to "see" the trapped miners. All this doesn't exactly make sense, but Mr. Rains makes it interesting.

"CHARLIE CHAN IN EGYPT."

The eighth adventure of the Chinese detective is as good as the best, a really entertaining mystery attractively arranged against Egyptian backgrounds and atmosphere. The settings and props mean more than usual, especially to those interested in decorations seldom seen in films. But the picture has more than this, much more. "Charlie Chan" is assigned to explain the appearance in European museums of valuable objects recently excavated and owned by a government-financed expedition. His deductions are fascinating and Warner Oland's fine characterization makes them wholly believable as he smoothly, suavely, and politely comes in conflict with those who resent and doubt him. The picture is excellently acted throughout, Pat Paterson making a charming heroine and that very talented character juvenile, James Eagles, giving a fine exhibition of overwrought nerves as her brother. A good-looking newcomer, Thomas Beck, will please fans and such reliables as Stepin Fetchit, Frank Conroy, Jameson Thomas, and Paul Porcasi give authority to their respective roles.

"OUR LITTLE GIRL."

Shirley Temple is the victim of a dreary tale of divorce which attempts to combine "Little Friend" and "Wednesday's Child" and only succeeds in yielding a weak picture. Yet, because of this handicap, Shirley's acting is more interesting than usual and is, of course, well worth studying. There is nothing to distract one's attention from it. Certainly not the marital difficulties of her screen parents who decide to divorce for no valid reason and who are easily reconciled. So overwhelmed are Joel McCrea and Rosemary Ames in the roles of parents that they do not succeed in establishing hardly more than casual relationship with Shirley. One never feels that they are doing more than pretending to be her father and mother. It is in a short scene with J. Farrell MacDonald, as a tramp, that Shirley has her most brilliant moment, although there are many winsome interludes. There is uncanny depth and understanding in her acting when she confides her troubles to the derelict. One has only to see her in this scene to realize that the child is unconsciously a genius or something very near it.
Few players from the stage have "caught on" with as little effort as Kitty Carlisle. She needs only to pour forth her smooth, beautifully true voice and remain serenely dignified for admirers to pledge undying loyalty. The New Orleans mocking bird will next be heard in the Marx Brothers' "A Night at the Opera."
CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

"BECKY SHARP"—MGM. Directed by Charles Brackett. Screen story by F. Edward Faragoh, based on the novel by Thackeray. Cast: Becky Sharp, Miriam Hopkins; Amelia Sedley, Frances Dee; Sohanny de Moyne, Colleen Moore; Lady Barnacles, Bille Burke; Miss Crawley, Alphonse Rhys; William Crayle, George Osborn; Mr. Pitt, G. P. Huntly; Miss Crawley, Jr., Pat Merson; Sir Pitt Crawley, George Hassel; Duke of Wellington, William Prince; General Tuf, Charles Richman; Dayriff of Richmond, Jules Lourd; Turquin, Leon Mende; Lady Blanche, Bunny Reyt; Bowles, Ray Regis; Portrait, May Renay; Merton, Myrtle Stedman; Joseph Sedley, Nigel Bruce; Rawdon Crawley, Alan Mowbray.

"PUBLIC HERO NUMBER ONE"—MGM. Directed by Paul Fejos. Screen play by J. Walter Ruben and Wells Root. Cast: Doctor, Lionel Barrymore; Mr. Thomson, Jeff Crone; Officer, Chester Morris; Wife, Josephine Calhoun; Duff, Paul Kelly; Warden Albott, Lewis Stone; Monk, Robert Barran; Rufa Burke, Paul Hurst; Truck Driver, John Kelly; Sven, Sigmund Berger; Andrew, Lawrence Wheat; Little Girl, Jane Curn Collins; Mrs. Higgins, Lilian Hams.

"THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS"—Gaumont British. Adapted by Charles Bennett. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Cast: Hannay, Robert Donat; Pamela, Madeleine Carroll; Mrs. Jordan, Helen Hayes; Miss Smith, Margarettahf; Crofter, Peggy Shannon; Fraser, John Laurie; The Servant, Mervyn Wood; Myron, Wylie Watson; Maid, Peggy Shannon.

"NO MORE LADIES!"—MGM. From the play by A. E. Thomas. Screen story by Robert Lord and Harry Garson. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. Cast: March, Jean Crawford; Sherry, Robert Montgomery; Edgar, Charles Ruggles; Jack, Jack Oakie; Fancy, John May Oliver; Oliver, Pat O'Malley; Lady Diana Minton, Virginia Osborn; Caroline, Jean Burtfield; Lord Morland, Arthur Treacher; Daffy, David Horsely; Sally, Jean Chatterton.

"THE GLASS KEY"—Paramount. Directed by Donald Crisp. Based on the story by Dashiell Hammett. Screen play by Kubec Glasmon and Kathryn Scola. Cast: Ed Beaumont, George Raft; Pat Beaumont, Pat O'Malley; Janet Henry, Claire Dodd; Tandy, Rosalind Keith; Senator Henry, Charles Kielman; "Mom," Robert Gleckier; Charlie, Tammy Young; Anson, Frank Puglia; Porr, Harry Yakich; Charles E. Wilson, Donald MacBride; Maloney, Pat Morarly; Denny, Frank Marseo; Woman, Susan Montefiore; Nose, Ann Sheridan; Reporter, Alice Kelton; "Strawberry" Temple, Elia Gilbert; Rosemary Ames, Rosemary DeCamp; Doctor Donald Mitchell, John Hoyt; Joel McRae, Elisha Cook; Hale, Henry Leile; Taggart, Sarah Eggleston; Erin O'Brien, Moore; Cains, Genevieve Ethridge; Thomas, Dorothy Lamour; Professor Thurston, Frank Conroy; Edna Ahlrum, Nigel de Brulier; Mrs. Aragon, Elizabeth R Му; Found, Soames, Patoresi; Snowshores, Stephen Fitch.

"OUR LITTLE GIRL," Fox. Based on the story by Florence Leighton Phillips. Directed by Robert tails; Screen play by Stephen Avery and Allan Rikven. Cast: Molly Middleton, Eliza Gilbert; Miss Middleton, Rosemary DeCamp; Doctor Donald Mitchell, John Hoyt; Joel McRae, Elisha Cook; Hale, Henry Leile; Taggart, Sarah Eggleston; Erin O'Brien, Moore; Cains, Genevieve Ethridge; Thomas, Dorothy Lamour; Professor Thurston, Frank Conroy; Edna Ahlrum, Nigel de Brulier; Mrs. Aragon, Elizabeth R Му; Found, Soames, Patoresi; Snowshores, Stephen Fitch.

"THE CLAIRVOYANT"—Gaumont British. Story by Ernst LaRohe, directed by Maurice Elvey. Cast: Maude, Claude Rains; Rose, Pay Wray; Simon, Anna May Simons; Mrs. Bracken, Helen Broderick; Nurse, Claude Cairope.

"STRANDED"—Warner From the story "Lady With a Badge," by Frank Weid and Ferdinand Hopper, directed by Delmer Davs. Directed by Frank Borzage. Cast: Lynn Palmer, Kay Francis; Jack Hale, George Brent; Velma Tuffit, Patricia Ellis; John Wesley, Donald Woods; Stanislaus Janaschek, Robert Barre; Harriet MacLane, Joan Martin; Quin, Joseph Cahn; Wink Hartridge, Warren Hanff; Marvel Young, Shirley Gray; -fame Travis Tiah, Henry O'Neill; Lucy Young, Felicia Burre; Mike Gibson, John Way; 1azar, Mae Rose; Grace Dun, Anna Shumaker; Mrs. Tuffit, Minna Devine; Miss Wash, Florence Rain; Mrs. Tuffit, Ann Shumaker; Jack, Gavin Gordon; Tim Power, Eddie McWade; Diane Nichols, Joan Gay; "THE FLAME WITHIN"—MGM. Story and direction by Edmund Goulding. Cast: Mary White, Ann Harding; Gordon Phillips, Herbert Marshall; Mac, O'Sullivan Beaton; Jack Kerre, J. Franklyn Locks; Mrs. Gravel, Margaret Seddon; Miss K. Margaret Scobell; Miss Murdock, Elly Molony; Nurse Carter, Claude Kaye.

"CHARLIE CHAN IN EGYPT"—Fox. Based on the character created by Earl Derr Biggers. Screenplay by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Directed by Louis King. Cast: Charlie Chan, Warner Oland; Carol Arnold, Pat Patterson; Candy Chan, Thomas Bevers; Nayda, Rita Cansino; Anise Murphy, Marjorie Rambeau; Professor Thurston, Frank Cunoroy; Edna Ahlrum, Nigel de Brulier; Mrs. Aragon, Elizabeth R Му; Found, Soames, Patoresi; Snowshores, Stephen Fitch.


"VAGABOND LADY"—MGM. From the story by Frank Butler, directed by Sam Taylor. Cast: Tony Spear, Josephine Spiggeni; Paula Venable, E. Venable; Capt. Loudon, John Spear; Rinalda Benna, Gilda Bena; Mrs. Spellings, Frank Craven; Mrs. Mack, Corky Nye; Secretary, Forrester Harvey; "Tommy," Dan Creath; Harold Brandon, Edward Everett Horton; Faye, The DeMarcus Singer, Winifred Shaw; Henry, Phil Regan; Claud, William Davidson; Captain, Harry Corder; Secretary (Miss Larry), Florence Fair; Entertainers, Joe Jones; Mexican Hill Billy, Judy Canova.

"MEN WITHOUT NAMES"—Paramount. Based on the story by William DeLannoy. Screen play by Kubec Glasmon and Marc- robert. Directed by Ralph Murphy. Cast: Richard Ford, Fred MacMurray; "Dick" Grant, Fred MacMurray; Dick, Richard Ford; Gabby Lambert, Lynne Overman; John, David Sherrill; Sam "Red" Hanwood, John Wray; Mr. Newsome, J. C. Negri; Monk, Leslie Fenton; Crawford,人工智能算法; J. C. Negri; Monk, Leslie Fenton; Crawford,人工智能算法; J. C. Negri; Monk, Leslie Fenton; Crawford,人工智能算法; J. C. Negri; Monk, Leslie Fenton; Crawford,人工智能算法; J. C. Negri; Monk, Leslie Fenton; Crawford,人工智能算法; J. C. Negri; Monk, Leslie Fenton; Crawford,人工智能算法; J. C. Negri; Monk, Leslie Fenton; Crawford,人工智能算法; J. C. Negri; Monk, Leslie Fenton; Crawford,人工智能算法; J. C. Negri; Monk, Leslie Fenton; Crawford,人工智能算法; J. C. Negri; Monk, Leslie Fenton; Crawford,人工智能算法; J. C. Negri; Monk, Leslie Fenton; Crawford,人工智能算法; J. C. Negri; Monk, Leslie Fenton; Crawford,人工智能算法; J. C. Negri; Monk, Leslie Fenton; Crawford,人工智能算法; J. C. Negri; Monk, Leslie Fenton; Crawford,人工智能算法; J. C. Negri; Monk, Les.
RONALD COLMAN and REGINALD OWEN

AT LAST! The first glimpse of what must surely be one of the really important pictures of the new season, "A Tale of Two Cities," second offering in the cycle of Charles Dickens's works to be filmed in the modern manner. Mr. Colman is, of course, "Sidney Carton," and Mr. Owen is "Stryver." "Oliver Twist" will follow, with Freddie Bartholomew in the title rôle.
They Say in New York—

however, Columbia ordered him to return at once to play opposite Claudette Colbert in “She Married Her Boss.” Mr. Bartlett, as the quaint saying goes, has everything. Collegiate in manner and athletic in looks, his operatic training in Italy has given him the voluntary gestures of an Italian. He wears the most amazing shoes you have ever seen, made all in one piece.

The Cow Barn Circuit.—Clarence Brown is touring New England in search of local color for the film “Ah, Wilderness,” and is taking a look at the far-famed little theaters of the region en route. Among the promising local talent he is headed to see are Will Rogers’ daughter and Ed Wynn’s son at Skowhegan, Maine, that promising Thespian, Katherine Hepburn, at Saybrook, Connecticut, and Irene Rich all over the map.

Getting Away from It All.—Robert Montgomery got restless in Hollywood and decided that what he needed was a long vacation in the rustic simplicity of his farm near White Plains, which is just about as rustic and simple as a national park with a State capitol building thrown in. A few days of that paied, and he was off to Europe to try the idyllic quiet of Monte Carlo.

Local Girl Makes Good.—Marguerite Swope has landed with Paramount after some long detours. She grew up in Hollywood, danced at a theater there as a child, and at the Hollywood School for Girls directed plays in which an extraordinarily pretty girl named Harlean Carpenter appeared.

After playing extra in some of the DeMille pictures just because all the crowd was doing it, Marguerite came to New York to go on the stage. The theater is, and probably will remain, her passion. When there isn’t a part for her in New York, she slips off to a stock company—it was Cleveland last winter where she was the local idol—and played anything from tragedy to farce. She would feel right at home in Hollywood even if it weren’t the old homestead, because among the young hopefuls who used to haunt her apartment to be cheered by a cup of tea and her enthusiasm are those two rising young players, John Beal and Erik Rhodes.

Living Up to His Pictures.—Tullio Carminati is a great satisfaction to a girl who has found too many actors just shrewd business men when encountered away from the grease paint. In his New York apartment, which he keeps year after year though he is far away, Mr. Carminati is surrounded by the romantic trappings that might be a stage set. There are innumerable photographs of lovely ladies, heaps of books new and old, a grand piano heaped high with music.

He has two great gifts which make time speed when you are talking to him. He speaks little and draws others out with the most shly and flattering manner, and when he does speak it is with acute and worldly observation.

He is a little tired of two legends that America has enveloped him in: that he was Duse’s leading man on her last tour here, and that he is an opera singer. As a young man he did play in Duse’s company in Italy. The nearest he ever got to being an opera singer was playing one in “Strictly Dishonorable.”

Nelson Eddy followed his successful starring début in “Naughty Marietta” with a concert tour that swept him to even greater success. The studio’s forgotten man no longer, he is at work on another musical film with Jeanette MacDonald, “Americans Can Sing Too,” which you will see in the fall.
Is Janet Gaynor Ready to Mature?

Janet's choice of this play is significant and shrewd. In the first place, it is a "big" picture on which a great deal of money necessarily must be spent. Because of its expensiveness, it cannot be booked casually by theaters nor offered to the public as a program film.

Secondly, the part Janet plays requires all her softness, sweetness, and wistfulness as a victim of village gossip, but it is definitely a grown-up rôle. The heroine has had experience with life, she has known the perfidy of man, she is a mother and an unmarried one at that! It is the most advanced rôle that Janet has ever taken, the most worldly, and probably the most pathetic.

Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess played the parts now assumed by Miss Gaynor and Mr. Fonda under D. W. Griffith's direction in 1920. It is unlikely that Fox will permit it to be less important than it was then, nor is Janet unaware of the challenge in Miss Gish's unforgettable performance.

What is happening to Janet? Well, I have an idea that she is growing up, maturing, facing this necessity deliberately, wisely, carefully. I think that, despite rumors, there will be no romance for Janet until she settles her career in her own mind.

She is handicapped, or will be, by her littleness, her softness, by the aura of wistfulness with which her public has surrounded her. But her ambition, her determination, her intensity, should offset these things.

Janet, open-eyed, knowing exactly what is happening, is facing maturity!

(Editor's Note. Since this was written, Miss Gaynor was injured in an accident and forced to withdraw from the cast of "Way Down East," her part being assigned to Rochelle Hudson.)

Charles the Conqueror

Mr. Boyer has a home in Paris to which he is taking his bride for the first time on this visit. And he considers it their permanent home. While in Hollywood, they live in a rented apartment or house, and expect to continue to do so.

His ambition is to spend six months a year in Paris in the studios and on the stage, and the other six months in Hollywood. But despite this equal division of time, he will always remember that Paris is home. He's a true Frenchman!
me to go to Hollywood. I remained with that studio a year and was on the verge of packing up and returning to New York when Warners offered me a role with George Arliss in "The Man Who Played God." I've been with them ever since.

At first, Hollywood judged my acting solely by my appearance—the clothes I wore—both on and off the screen. That judgment came very near to sending me back to New York branded a failure. And all because I was getting too many goody-goody roles. I rebelled.

I conquered after a prolonged argument with studio officials to become a bad woman, cinematically speaking. The roles of "Mildred" in "Of Human Bondage" and "Marie" in "Border Town," two hateful characterizations, turned the wheel in my favor.

I have learned that the biggest insult Hollywoodians can pay you is to say, "Isn't she a 'nice' girl?" Another thing, never be laughed at in Hollywood. Laugh first, then she laughs with you, but not at you. I've had to cultivate and maintain a sense of humor. I've learned to ask for things that I think I should have.

I came into this world twenty-six years ago at exactly fifteen minutes to nine in the morning to the accompaniment of an April shower. Rain has been music to my ears ever since, besides bringing me luck.

It rained when I signed my first contract with Warners. After my marriage in Yuma, Arizona, several years ago, in crossing the desert back to Hollywood with my husband and our party, we were greeted by one of the most glorious rainbows I have ever seen.

It rained the night I made my first appearance at the Provincetown Theater in "The Earth Between." The show went to New York, giving me my first opportunity to play on Broadway. It poured the night "Broken Dishes" opened at the Ritz Theater in New York. The author and director had harbored misgivings about me, but after the first performance the author came back stage to tell me how delighted he was that I had remained in the cast.

On another occasion, Warren William and I were making a personal-appearance tour and as we dashed into the Earle Theater in Washington in the pouring rain, I said, "This means good luck." Our tour was a success.

I was a most normal child; at least my mother says so. I had a temper.

Was fastidious about my appearance. I was determined, but disliked fighting and still do for that matter. Yet I can't bear to fail.

When I entered the Cushing Academy in Ashburnham, Massachusetts, there were seventy-five students. When the term ended there were only four and in order to finish my training I turned waitress.

My mother and father were divorced and the burden of supporting and educating my younger sister, Barbara, and myself fell upon mother's shoulders. I thought it only right that I should lift the load. Later, when my first engagement with a stock company at the Cape Cod Playhouse in Dennis, Massachusetts, came to an abrupt close at the end of the first week, I worked as an usher in the same theater.

My mother and sister live in a separate establishment, but I see them daily. My husband's vocation, singer and pianist, necessitates that he remain in other cities a good part of the year. I spent my six weeks' vacation with him last February in San Francisco. Other times we have gone on long motor trips when both of us had a holiday. On these occasions we preferred staying at tourist camps. I would do all the cooking and housework.

I've not only studied but perfected myself in a business course in case my career should end in some unforeseen way. I believe everyone should have a second string to his or her bow. The plight of former "big money" stars who are working as extras, or not at all, has served as a warning.

Hollywood has given me added poundage both in flesh and money. When I arrived I weighed 112 pounds. To-day I tip the scales at 118. I have taken out a policy with Lloyds of London insuring me against reaching 121 pounds. On the other hand, if I drop to 113, I must submit to instructions and regulations as to diet, exercise, etcetera, from the insurance company.

Hollywood has given me the terrific satisfaction of having done something I wanted to do. It has given me a philosophy which amounts to a creed. Yesterday is gone and there is no tomorrow. In other words, every day is a fresh beginning. To-morrow, if it comes, will be different. What if things go wrong? What if the world seems arrayed against me? Do I have the dumps, drip with self-pity and give up in despair? I do not. I say to myself, "This, too, will pass away!" Yesterday is gone and we can't recall it. Nothing is certain except change. I've learned all this in Hollywood.
What It Has Taken From Me

Bette," Balzac's heroine in "Cousin Bette.

Before going to Hollywood I was supersensitive. It has taken that out of me, for which I am thankful. I used to be hurt by everything unkind and untrue that was published about me. Soon I learned that it was impossible to live three hundred and sixty-five days without being insulted by the press. I also discovered that what appears to-day is forgotten to-morrow.

The actor who complains that he can't live his own life in Hollywood is babbling rubbish. Players complain, among other things, of being mobbed when they appear in public. What of it? So are kings and presidents, and so are freaks.

I don't hesitate to say what I think except when asked by interviewers to discuss certain subjects—for instance, motherhood. I simply refuse.

I advise every girl or boy who aspires to become a screen player to stay away from Hollywood unless he or she has had previous stage experience. The competition is too great. Talent and beauty without experience are a total loss, and you will grow old and weary waiting for a chance. Don't think because it's called the land of the silver screen that all the clouds have a silver lining.

Since going to Hollywood I've changed. To say I haven't would be admitting stagnation. But Hollywood has given me much more than it has taken from me.

Freddie the Floater

"Why, even in unimportant things, if Penny ever had to wear glasses, for instance, I can hear Florence saying, 'Look, Penny, other little girls and boys only have two eyes, but you have four! Isn't it wonderful?' And Penny would end by believing that it really was wonderful and being proud of her glasses.

"Florence's treatment of that child has been an object lesson to me as well as to Penny. It's shown me how very thin the dividing line is between an inferiority complex and a superiority complex. If that child could go about believing as implicitly in herself as she does, there's no reason why I couldn't.

"I began sizing up people I knew. A few of them, of course, are outstanding, but the majority are just average. The difference between those who are conspicuous successes and those who are just getting by is confidence in themselves. If you believe you're nothing out of the ordinary you're licked before you start.

"Once, when I was talking to some executives about a contract, I suddenly got the idea that I must convince them I had something to bring to that part no other actor could. And it worked! I got the part plus the salary I was asking."

Another writer drifted into the room for an interview. "Oh, Mr. March," she breathed without much preamble, "I've always meant to ask you, if ever I met you, where you learned that divine walk. I don't know any other man on the screen who walks with the grace and effortlessness that you do. You don't walk—you float!"

I choked and stole a glance at Freddie. His face was a study in seriousness as he gravely explained with whom he had studied walking, or floating. Somehow it was borne in on me that with every one giving you a pat on the back and telling you how wonderful everything connected with yourself is, you've got to have confidence in yourself.

I left him with the other writer, and as I drove home I kept mulling over the changes that six years have wrought in Freddie, changes largely for the better. I have watched him change from a somewhat pedantic and rather diffident chap, eager to have people like him, to a successful star without losing either his sense of humor or his humanness, and without letting his newly acquired confidence in himself make him high-hat or egotistical.

But, somehow, irrelevant as it is, it wasn't of "Freddie the Self-Made Man" or of "Freddie the Star," I thought. I kept snickering and snorting over "Freddie the Floater!"

Master of a hundred moods, Laughter, fear, and strife—Whatever character you play You bring to pulsing life.

CHARLES LAUGHTON.

The shades of feeling you display Touch and stir the heart, Your smallest subtle gesture shows The splendor of your art! Edith Grames.
GLAMOUR is just a GADGET

Kay Francis has no use for all this talk about glamourousness, how to acquire and keep it. She has it, but it hasn’t got her!

THERE has been so much commotion stirred up over Hollywood glamour, and how you’ve simply got to have it, that I decided it was time to break the news about Kay Francis. For here is one star who unquestionably has it, and it hasn’t got her!

In Hollywood she is apart from the other first ladies because she reaps all the rewards and doesn’t give a hoot for all those glamour rules.

She is as intriguing in person as in her dramas. But without a lot of fuss and expense to make her thataway, for years we have been swallowing that ancient story of how our glamour-seeking women of Hollywood have to pay out practically all their wages. They have to purchase scads of clothes, for it would be disastrous to be seen twice in the same duds. A couple of super-snappy motors are taken for granted. The place in Beverly is definitely a burden. To say nothing of shacks at the beach, mountains, and desert.

When a starry girl travels, the money automatically rolls away. That is another oft-repeated assertion. The darlings hate to be extravagant, but they have their position to consider.

Knowing Kay Francis, I say that this is what those who douse on artificial glamour by the shovelful believe. Knowing Kay, I have discovered that they are all in error. She is ultra-glamorous, and she hasn’t a thing in common with the rest of them who take their movie fame royally. Kay looks like a million and still lives as you and I.

She doesn’t live in an expensive neighborhood, and the frame cottage is exactly like thousands of average American homes. There’s a front porch and no landscaped grounds.

Kay rents it, too. She moved there three years ago. She asked the owner to dab on some new wallpaper, and then she poked about town until she found comfortable, inexpensive furnishings. No interior decorators got to first base.

You would expect her kind of house to look well with a Ford in the garage. Lo and behold, that’s exactly the means of transportation Kay has selected. She could have a Rolls-Royce and loll back while James sat up in front in livery. Instead, she has a standard black coupé, and, furthermore, drives it herself. Every two years she trades in for a new model.

The entertaining problem is simple. She does hardly any. Occasionally she’ll invite a small group to dine. But if she wants them to see a picture, she hires them to a theater. No private screen for her. Not until you

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THOUGH one of the ultra-glamorous girls of the screen, Kay Francis doesn't at all live up to the extravagance which is accredited to one in her position. Ben Maddox, in the story opposite, gives an interesting account of Kay's own opinion on the subject.
Peter Lorre appears as a morbid surgeon in his first American film, "Mad Love."

PSYCHIC PARADOX

PETER LORRE, upper left, as the weird doctor. Above, Sara Haden, Frances Drake, and Murray Kinnell seem interested in the voice on the radio. Mr. Lorre, left, visits the horror theater, while, right, in a tense scene with Miss Drake.
"The Big Broadcast of 1935" offers a wide variety of entertainment, what with the roster of important figures from the radio and stage combined with Paramount's leading fun-makers.

WENDY BARRIE and Henry Wadsworth, left, working up to a big romance. Above, Burns and Allen to the rescue. Lyda Roberti and Jack Oakie, right, around whom the story revolves. The scene below is for "It's the Animal in Me" episode, sung by Ethel Merman.
JEAN HARLOW, above, plots to learn a secret from Wallace Beery. Clark Gable, right, being very polite to Ivan Lebedeff, pirate chief. Gable, below, seems to be upset upon finding Jean in Beery's room.
IN "The Dressmaker," Clive Brook has to decide whether it is the little French seamstress with whom he is in love, or with the great Russian diseuse, both rôles played by the lovely Norwegian star, Tutta Rolf.
WHEN three women pursue a young artist, as they do in "Escapade," and two of them are already married, complications are inevitable. William Powell, the artist, with Virginia Bruce. Holding the lighted candle for Laura Hope Crews, while Miss Bruce looks on, is Luise Rainer, promising newcomer. Below, Frank Moraan with his charming wife.
BUDDY ROGERS returns to the screen in "Old Man Rhythm," college musical in which he woos with delightful songs. Above, Grace Bradley, rival for our hero's affections; Buddy, and several of his chums, Johnny Mercer, Douglas Fowley, and John Arledge. Below, we see Buddy again with Miss Bradley, but it is Barbara Kent, shown with John Arledge, who wins Buddy.
"Page Miss Glory" shows the metamorphosis of Marion Davies from a very plain-looking chambermaid to a gorgeous creature who represents "America's most beautiful girl."

SOME striking costumes worn by Miss Davies after she is accidentally discovered to be just the person to fill the rôle of "Dawn Glory."

DICK POWELL, left, dare-devil aviator, is unaware of Miss Davies's love for him. Above, with Pat O'Brien, her promoter.
time, he was recalled to play the difficult role of Helen Hayes's son.

Robert Young didn't know then how important Miss Hayes's first picture was to be to the industry as a whole.

Three and four and five executives and producers were constantly on the set. To Robert Young his first great test became an ordeal by fire.

And to-day he says: "To Helen Hayes I owe whatever success I achieved in this first important rôle. She was wise and understanding. When I told her the spot I was in, that I had to make good, she didn't reassure me with Pollyanna platitudes. But she generously included me in every discussion, made me feel a part of the production.

"I was frightened to death and her attitude toward me gave me confidence. She understood how imperative it was for me to do a good job. To-day I realize how easy it would have been for her to pay no attention to me, to be wholly indifferent, to make no effort to lift me into complete immersion into the character I was portraying by her own sublime genius.

"To Helen Hayes I credit the good fortune which has since come my way, the opportunities which have been given me.

"She took me over the first great hurdle. But it was Norma Shearer who made me fully realize how far from success I really was. While playing with her in 'Strange Interlude,' I saw a brilliant, keen mind, functioning flawlessly. She knew precisely the effect she wanted to gain by every intonation, by every word. Watching her, I became humble. Real achievement seemed more distant than ever. If the things upon which I had set my heart were to be mine, then I had to work and study ceaselessly. Miss Shearer became a symbol, a steadyizing influence. She was an example, a lesson in concentration.

"With each picture, Robert Young's artistic stature increased. He was definitely a rising star. But now he came to crossroads in his personal life. He wanted to marry the girl whom he had known in high school. But there were those who shook their heads. Marriage now, they warned, would complicate his career, would perhaps subtract from his popularity.

"And it was Joan Crawford who re-affirmed his belief that there were other important things in life besides a career. That there was that elusive personal happiness. That there were stability and contentment which only marriage could give. Not for a moment did Bob even consider sacrificing his love for intangible fame. Yet whatever doubts he had were dispelled. Joan taught Bob the importance of keeping life balanced, of giving no undue value to momentary adulation. Fame passes she told him. And the memory of it may become bitter. But even if happiness has an aftermath, enchantment with the ideal can remain.

"To Joan," Bob says, "I owe one of the greatest thrills in my life. It was shortly after 'Madelon Claudet' was released. I had come into the studio and in this division, Ann Harding was his capable instructor. Ann has extraordinarily clear vision. She permits neither the Hollywood parade nor its curious philosophies to chisel in on her personality or her own tight little sphere. She has a zest for life and enjoyment, but a zest which comes from within, without the false stimulation of exaggerated praise or self-importance. It is this fine gauging of the relative significance of events, of people, of opinions, and of the catalogued emotions which Bob acquired from Miss Harding and which has become an integral part of his character and a vital factor in his progress.

"Miss Crawford taught him not to subjugate his heart; Miss Harding, to sublimate his mind.

"It remained for Marie Dressler, whose son he was in 'Tugboat Annie;' to demonstrate irrefutably the worth and the valiance of struggle, to convince him that the arrogance and the impatience of youth must be tempered with stoicism and blended with hope. Bob has been fortunate in his contacts. To his every spiritual need he has found answer in the inspiration and the wisdom of intelligent, understanding women. He has borrowed from the philosophies, from the trademark quality of each of them, to evolve his own philosophy, to create for himself his own guidebook to life and to living.

"To-day he is an extraordinarily balanced young man. His eyes never waver. He has a beguiling freshness. He might be an elder brother home from college for the holidays. He has poise and assurance. His sprawling length tells a tale of hours of physical conditioning. Of a meticulous observance of regularity in living.

"The help he has received has no measure in gold. What Robert Young is to-day as a person, his evident destiny as a significant actor, is the rec- compense to the teacher who nursed his fledgling talent.

"To Helen Hayes who initiated him into the fellowship between actors. To Norma Shearer, who taught him relentless and rigid artistic discipline. To Joan Crawford who gave him a pattern of simplicity. To Ann Harding who put a scale in his hands for the weighing of values with detachment. And to Marie Dressler who left him as a legacy a standard of courage. To all these women Bob is in debt.

"For he is a product of the varied and intangible contributions of six women.
I arrived a few minutes early and was asked to wait because Miss Pons was engaged with the representatives of a South American concert tour. The Brazilians and Argentineans had gone wild over the diminutive singer when she visited them two years ago. They wanted her again. And she would like to have gone, for on that trip she had met Doctor Fritz von der Becke.

He was the ship's doctor, and during the voyage over romantic tropical seas the little French girl had found love. They became engaged. And would have been married if Miss Pons had been just an everyday girl. But being a prima donna she must return to America to fill radio, opera, concert and movie engagements. Her work separates her from the German doctor whose duties demand his presence in another part of the world. Fame and money cannot make up entirely for the companionship of the man you love.

Every minute of her day is occupied, every day of the year arranged by schedule. An hour's rehearsal for her broadcast, an hour's rehearsal for the opera and an hour's work with her dramatic coach preparing her for her picture début are only part of her day's routine. Interviews to the press, photographers, artists, sculptors to pose for. Lessons in English, Italian, German. On the upper floor of that sumptuous duplex the cook was preparing dinner for the household. Delicious food for every one but the captive princess. She must eat lightly always.

The flowers sent to her she cannot enjoy, because they do something to injure that golden voice. Invitations galore to delightful festivities from the nicest and most desirable people. But Lily cannot accept. She must rest between strenuous hours of work.

I learned all this from her secretary while I waited in her office off the studio where sat Miss Pons in conference. Looking through the partly open door I was startled to see what at first glance seemed to be the screen character of Charlie Chaplin. Derby, cane, oversized shoes and coat, shuffling back and forth. Beneath the derby I caught a glimpse of blond curls.

The secretary explained. It was Mina, Lily's chum. She did things like that to make Lily laugh. The borrowed galoshes and derby of the pompous Latin visitors were quickly discarded as a movement from the studio signalized their going. When the door had closed upon them, Mina and the little diva went into gales of laughter. Schoolgirl laughter.

But not for long. The secretary interrupted them. I was the next one to claim the captive princess's time. Though I had read of the charm of Lily Pons, I was not prepared for anything quite so bewitching. Her brown eyes are warm. Her smile captivates you instantly. Though she is French, born in Cannes on the Riviera, she is not an exotic foreign type. Though she is beautiful, she is not glamorous.

The blond Mina turned to exit, but the diva, smiling a welcome to me, held her friend's hand, pleading in a whisper, "Don't go." The secretary looked forbidding. And Miss Pons explained, "Mina wait all day so we talk—" An expressive gesture told time to buy—what you call it?" Appealing to the secretary to translate.

"A suit," interpreted the secretary.

She was dressed in a plain tailored blue suit, the type of dress she likes best. "For two months," she went on, "I want to buy new suit. But I can't, because I have not ze time."

She looked so disappointed, and her personality is so appealing that instantly you want to grant her every wish, so I suggested I cut short my stay, hoping the extra moments might be enough to get the much desired clothes.

"Non, non!" she exclaimed. Re- morseful that perhaps she had been inhospitable, she suggested, "You must see my Skye terrier—and I geve you peecture. You want peecture of me?"

Of course I did. And off she flut- tered to get it herself.

I spoke of her engagement to Doc- tor von der Becke, asking if they would be married soon.

"I cannot marry now. It would spoil my characature."

It was neither character nor caricature that she was trying to say, but career. The career which has been so kind to her—and so cruel. At sixteen she graduated from the Paris Conservatoire where she had studied piano. Two years later she married Auguste Mesritz, former music critic of Paris, from whom she is now divorced. It was he who discovered her voice. Doctor Edward S. Cokle, noted throat specialist, has said that her vocal cords are the strongest and sturdiest of any throat he has examined with the exception of Caruso's. And which accounts for the fact that she sings the sad scene in "Lucia" a whole tone higher than it is usually sung.

After two years of voice study she made her début in a small opera company in Alsace. Before she had become important in the European opera world, Gatti-Cazazza discovered her and signed her for the Metropolitan, where she made her début in 1931. The critics were enthusiastic. Her singing is like a virtuoso displaying fine musicianship upon a beautiful, flexible instrument.

In fact, Lily Pons is a real flesh-and-blood phenomenon, a paradox. Legiti- mately, she is everything she is rated to be, yet not like anything you expect. Her film will show the public that a grand opera singer may be petite and pretty. But the entire charm of the real Pons can only be experienced by meeting her.
he takes as much as a drop of wine, he gets so dizzy that it's a scream to watch him. That's the time he's really funny. We always say that the movie maguls should get him drunk and then cost him as a comedian. He'd be a riot.

"Tough guys are supposed to be hard-hearted, but Jimmy's heart must be made out of jello. Do you know that he would never go fishing with us because he doesn't believe in catching fish just for the pleasure of it? He couldn't bear the idea of the hook going into the poor little minnow's insides. To him it was cruelty. We used to kid about it, but we respected him for it just the same."

"Has Jimmy's career made any difference in your friendship with him?" I asked.

"Not a bit. Don't forget he's Jimmy Cagney first and an actor second. Jimmy's never forgotten that he had to work step by step for his success. He never even talks about his work except in passing."

I asked Andy whether he knew brother Bill Cagney.

"You bet I do. Billy was the kid brother who always tagged along. Jimmy had Bill go out to Hollywood, not to become an actor but to get in on the business end of the game. Bill had been employed on the advertising staff of a trade journal, and Jimmy thought he could get him a better job in Hollywood.

"One look at Bill and every one said he was much too good-looking to be an advertising man. Then agents began running after him. He's tall, you know, and better-looking than Jimmy. Much against his brother's advice, they put Bill in roles that were much too big for him. Besides, Jimmy thought one actor was enough in the family. It hurt him terribly when Bill married Boots Mallory. He didn't think the kid was ready for marriage, either. He had entirely different plans for him. I guess maybe he was right, because Bill didn't exactly set the world afire in pictures and recently gave up acting to become an agent."

According to Andy, there's just one thing that Jimmy Cagney feels has been a handicap to him. It's his lack of height.

"He'd give anything to be taller and insists that he photographs even shorter than he is. His hero is Clifton Webb, because Clifton is so tall, slim, and a great dancer. Jimmy has a wonderful appreciation of the esthetic, no matter what form it takes."

The waiter was beginning to look daggers at us and Andy asked for the check as we rose to go. "Gee," he said, "I could talk all night about Jimmy, he's such a swell guy, but what I'd like to bring home about him more than anything else is that he always takes the part of the underdog."

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**My Pal Jimmy**

Stars must have toys, you know. Here is Ann Dvorak and her new one, a sand sled which will be recognized as a scooter by the children.

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**WITHOUT MAKE-UP.**

I croved on ideal mon—os what girl doesn't?—
With curly hair like—you know—Cory Gront's,
And eyes like Freddie March's or Bob Taylor's.
Or do John Lodge's promise more romance?
With pulse-disturbing voice like Bing-Bing Crosby's,
And feet like agile Astaire's for the dance.

And then you come without a scrap of glamour,
With thinning sandy hair and dull blue eyes,
Your voice, a raucous cow; your dance steps clumsy,
For who'd have grace with feet of such a size?
There was no single thing to make me love you,
But sometimes romance takes a funny guise.

I know no silver screen will ever claim you,
Nor any chatter column ever name you.
I know no lovesick movie fan will frome you;
Where there's no glamour, there can be no shrine.
I wouldn't have the screen know what is in you,
Or any writer for dissection pin you.
I wouldn't have some lovesick maiden win you;
I want you plain John Smith and mine, all mine.
Grace Evelyn Tobin.
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it did a great deal to increase the popularity of the star and he continued to sail along in mediocre films that, however uninspiring to him, were nevertheless good box-office.

Doubly Blessed

studios, poor stories and politics that had broken over his head, and could still fly the flag of victory. And the answer I got was:

"Yes, they look exactly alike. Exactly!"

"Twins always do," I snapped.

That set him off again, like a tarpon playing light tackle. "No, indeed, twins are not always alike. There is usually some feature about them that's different, but these are alike as two peas."

I thought this over and my mind raced on some twenty years hence and saw embarrassment for some girl, so I inquired anxiously whether they couldn't possibly be told apart. And then the skeleton came out of the closet. Richard grinned and said there was just one thing that was different. Bob had a tiny birthmark on the calf of his left leg!

And that worry being off my mind, I turned relentlessly to my question. "I don't mean to slight the importance of the twins," I said severely, "who I can see are going to be spoiled unless their mother takes a firm hand in their management, but I do want to know it—"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said, laughing happily, "but you see I don't think I've had very much to do with my success as you call it. I think friendship and the loyalty of those friends who were in authority have helped me over most of my dangerous spots.

"I can't say enough for William LeBaron. He invited me to go with RKO and I thought the change might be a good thing. But I fell into a rut there, too, and then the studio bought 'Cimarron.' I think if I hadn't landed this picture I really would have folded up, and at that I almost didn't get it. Others in the studio wanted some one else to play the rôle, but Bill LeBaron stood firm. And certainly I did all in my power to live up to his faith in my ability to handle the grandest part I have ever had.

"But that wasn't the only time Bill saved me with a good picture when I felt I was slipping. If I've had success it is my friends who have helped me keep it."

My goodness, I thought, I believe he's modest. I looked at him sharply. I can handle 'em when they think they're the cock o' the walk, but when they're modest I just fall at pieces. And here was modestly, or I never saw it before. Richard's face was as earnest and as guileless as a dove's.

"I almost wrote you a fan letter about 'Cimarron.'" I began and then pulled myself together because I wanted to hear about the new picture and had only a few minutes left.

Gordon Jones is that striking young chap in "Let 'Em Have It" who made an instant hit. You remember, the ex-cowboy who worked with the Federal agents, Richard Arlen and Harvey Stephens. You'll be seeing more of him.

He is enthusiastic about "The Tunnel," which he is to make for Gaumont-British, with Madge Evans and Conrad Veidt. It has to do with a passage that runs from England to America under the ocean!

If you saw Dolores del Rio off the screen, this is how she would look. Simple but smart is the keynote of her informal attire, which is entirely of linen.

This, however, is all reminiscence on my part. Richard was still going strong on the twins, whose names, by the way, are Richard and Robert, and I tried to check the torrent of adjectives with a question uppermost in my mind. I wanted to find out how he had weathered the storms of merging

In the storied long ago,
While 'Ricardo' thrilled his Queen
By annexing Mexico,

"Frances" sank a Spanish fleet
And became a nation's toast;
"Bruce" left Venice to complete
Study of a frigid coast.

* Arthur, Cortez, Drake, Cabot, Johnson, Harding, Temple.

HISTORY LESSON.

While "Ricardo" thrilled his Queen
By annexing Mexico,

"Frances" sank a Spanish fleet
And became a nation's toast;
"Bruce" left Venice to complete
Study of a frigid coast.

Presidents were 'Kay' and 'Ann'
One of whom did not survive.
While the other was the man
Lincoln left in '65.

Time's most startling prank is this:
Razed in old Jerusalem.
"Shirley's" still a tiny miss
With a starlet's diadem.

Brock Milton.
Each a Different Virtue

He told me long ago that he suffered terribly from an inferiority complex. He didn't know why he should be placed with the other popular actors of Hollywood. I think he's sincere in all this, for his dismay breaks out in his screen self in the confused panics he falls into.

Nancy Carroll is a very determined young person, off and on the screen. She is a fine actress, actually being able to show her mental attitude even if contrary to her speech and actions. Nothing in the plot can entirely crush her own individuality. Nancy shows a determination that will never see defeat. There it is, "Determination."

Ever since Paul Muni appeared on the screen the entire world of fandom instantly recognized him as a masterly actor. No matter what rôle he plays, Muni drives its spirit home to us with unbelievable force. "Power" is Muni's chief trait. We all admire power of feeling, power of thought. So we admire him.

When Clark Gable first entered pictures, he was cast as the heavy. The reason is not hard to find. Gable's chief trait in acting is "Hostility." In most scenes, especially the dramatic ones, he appears hostile toward the whole world. Recently, this characteristic has been slowly changing into something else. This change is also making Clark a finer actor. He is now learning compassion.

Perhaps Gene Raymond stands alone in his personality, that of "Surprise." Gene is a skilful actor, well-liked. But it is his surprised outlook on events in his pictures that attracts the fans. It is good these days to meet some one who can be surprised at things!

Robert Montgomery could be a greater actor in every sense if only he'd stop being afraid to reveal his real self to the fans. When a pathetic scene comes along, Bob handles it with expertness. Then, just as everything is going fine, he smashes all the paths with some comical remark. An actor should never be afraid to show his sensitiveness. "Scarf" would appear to be Mr. Montgomery's chief trait.

Last, but a choice morsel at that, is Alice Faye. Alice made a hit right off the bat. Her leading trait is "Self-confidence." You can imagine her tackling any situation and never fearing. In her first screen performance, Alice made it obvious that she was afraid of nothing, not even the public. We liked her for it.

All these traits that draw us to the stars are ones seen in most human beings. We see ourselves, so to speak, not the stars.

Every fan will enjoy the glimpse of Robert Donat's home life pictured here. For all his fire and romantic abandon in "Monte Cristo," Robert is domestic in his taste. John and Joanna will agree to that any day their father finds time for an hour in their playroom.
their husbands with girls. The Durant baby was the couple's first. Especially well wishes and felicitations were offered the George O'Briens, because of the tragic circumstances attendant upon the arrival of their first-born several years ago. The infant lived but a few days.

Yesteryear's Stars Enterpriseing.—Doings of some of the old-timers are interesting and varied. Charley Ray has opened a flower shop in Hollywood called "The Rosery." The announcements telling of his new venture reflected much of Charlie's friendly spirit; each was accompanied by a box of flowers. Patsy Ruth Miller, recently turned writer, lent her literary talents to the screen version of "Barbary Coast." Almost the very day that Colleen Moore breezed into town with her wondrously beautiful and costly doll house, the news broke on her divorce suit against her second husband, Al Scott. And while Estelle Taylor sought restoration of her maiden name, in order to sever every connection with the name of her former husband, Jack Dempsey, Pola Negri once again saluted the romance with the announcement that her fourth spouse-to-be is "prominent in London social circles."

At Last—A Wild Party!—Honor of staging the maddest party ever in Hollywood goes to Carol Lombard. She held it in the "fun house" at Venice, and that's a Coney Island establishment full of dizzy slides, revolving contrivances that toss one around like marbles in a roulette wheel, huge, whirling barrels, and what not. Why some of the people present didn't have broken necks was a mystery, and there were quite a few bruises.

Practically every feminine star was smart enough to wear trousers to the affair, so the wear and tear on clothes wasn't as heavy as it might have been. Marlene Dietrich and Heddo Hopper topped everybody else by wearing shorts, and they made a late entrance when all the guests were assembled. Claudette Colbert and Lois Wilson rivaled each other in doing the slides.

Astaire Tips on Dance.—Don't be surprised if Fred Astaire writes a book on the dance, and it will certainly have a lot of good tips in it for steppers. For Fred knows his routines as does nobody else in the movies. Anyway, he has been enjoying his first good vacation since he began his upward climb, and when he returns he will do another picture with Ginger Rogers. They simply can't break up that team.

The Latest Duets.—Ruth Chatterton and Clifton Webb seem to be rather interested in each other these days, and, of course, that romance between Cesar Romero and Betty Furness looks very, very warm indeed. While Cary Grant is paying a little attention these days to Toby Wing, Maxie Rosenbloom, the prize fighter, is seen everywhere with Mae Murray, and Lee Tracy and Estelle Taylor are mutually attentive.

Two Barrymore Ex's Present.—It's quite extraordinary to find two John Barrymore ex-wives in Hollywood simultaneously. Dolores Costello has, of course, severed the bonds, with considerable said about the difficulties in managing John aboard his yacht, and about mid-June Michael Strange, the second Barrymore spouse, arrived to spend the summer at Malibu. John himself will probably remain away indefinitely. If anything, he plans to return to the stage next fall.

Katie Tempted by Bard.—Katharine Hepburn is seriously considering playing in Shakespeare. Imagine that! And yet why shouldn't she, because she has the right verse for that sort of poetic endeavor. Max Reinhardt is desirous of having her appear as "Viola" in "Twelfth Night" in a production to be given this fall in the Hollywood Bowl, and Katharine herself is quite eager about the whole idea.

Florine Altar-bound.—Florine Mc Kinney is another young lady who is entering the holy state of wedlock—holy as things go in movieland. She helped to design her engagement ring—yellow gold, with a diamond surrounded by a cluster of carved leaves. She's to become the wife of Barry Travis, a writer. Thus another ingenue gives up her freedom.

Damita Finally Married.—Lily Damita's romantic life and experiences have finally culminated in marriage. The French star is Mrs. Errol Flynn, following a Yuma elopement that nearly turned into a double wedding, because Lyda Roberti thought she might marry Bud Ernst, aviator, on the same day. She had to work instead. Errol Flynn, Lily's spouse, is an actor and athlete. Irish by birth. Just the day she married him the engagement of Lilian Bond to one of Lily's former admirers, Sidney Smith, stock broker and sportsman, was announced.

Hollywood High Lights

Dickie Moore and Virginia Weidler are in the garden of enchanted memories in "Peter Ibbetson." Dark Virginia has been skillfully blonded to resemble Ann Harding who plays the grown-up role, Dickie playing Gary Cooper in childhood.
Lily was several times reported engaged prior to her marriage, once to Louis Ferdinand, son of the former German crown prince, Joseph M. Schenck, the film producer, and Hugo Brossie, rich Englishman. But the Irishman won out.

Lily said of her wedding: "She was heavenly!"

Clara Young Returning.—Clara Kimboll Young's long period of penury and trial is apparently over. She has been playing in "She Married Her Boss" Claudette Colbert's picture for Columbia. And it promises to be a mighty good role. The misfortunes and privations that Clara suffered were the subject of various newspaper stories a year or so ago. Wouldn't it be remarkable if she should make a big come-back?

Gene Courts Mary.—Gene Raymond, that blond fascinator, who keeps every one guessing as to his romantic attentions, seems to be giving his special devotion to Mary Brion since she returned to town. And it wasn't so long ago that Janet Gaynor appeared to be the one and only. Dick Powell was away in the East for a while, which only helped Gene's opportunities so far as Mary is concerned.

Head-bumping Painful.—Oddest of accidents was the one involving Janet Gaynor.

While Henry Fonda and she were pursuing a colt on location for "Way Down East," they got too frisky themselves and collided head-on. Janet suffered pain, but didn't believe any serious damage had been done until things began to grow worse. Then she discovered she had a slight concussion. She was sent to bed for a week or so.

Romero Also Injured.—Another player who kept going after he was injured recently was Cesar Romero. He hurt his knee and paid no attention to it at the outset. Finally he was forced to go to bed on account of the accident, and had to give up his part in "Storm Over the Andes" to Antonio Moreno.

Battle Royal Over Rent.—Basil Rathbone, Peggy Fears, and Estelle Taylor all had a merry time in a rumbus over rent. Estelle's house was leased by Peggy, and she in turn rented it to Basil. Because Estelle felt she should get the money, instead of Peggy, the rent payments were impounded, or something of the kind. Anyway, Peggy didn't get the cash, whereupon she sued Basil, which made it look as if he were defaulting. However, he managed to exonerate himself completely. All told, it was nearly as bad as some of Hollywood's marital complications.

Stars Shunning Hollywood.—Stars who flee Hollywood, almost as if it were the pest, are increasing and multiplying. Kay Francis seems to skip to Europe as soon as she has a breathing space between films. Ann Harding looks to any locale for peace and quietude from Carmel to Honolulu, but won't go to the big cities. Miriam Hopkins has her home in New York, and rushes there whenever possible. Constance Bennett lives a kind of life.

ARKANSAS.

Romance, and you:
These are his sm.
But when Dick Pow
The heart of the
The full, rich sound
As sweet as a
Creates a beauty
Long after the

FREE!
THIS LOVELY NEW
MAKE-UP MIRROR
Given to Induce
You to Try
YEAST FOAM TABLETS
... the dry health yeast that brings quicker relief from constipation, indigestion and skin troubles.

YOU'LL be delighted with this new kind of mirror that you can get abroad!
are taken into Kay's chummy circle do you learn how unorthodox she is. I went bumpy-bump over the hill to Warners to pay an official call. She rose from behind a square desk in the publicity department and reached across to shake hands.

My eagle eyes reaffirmed the fact that she wears no make-up off the sound stages. Another shock, isn't it? Fancy going around without eye-shadow and mascara!

Street pajamas are her pet garb, and she was wearing a pair of dark-blue satin ones, with a short fur jacket. As soon as she forgot we were on business she relaxed. Kay does this by tucking her legs up and sitting on them.

I always say that talking casually is a better way to sneak up on a star. Even if you don't have so much to show for it when you write your little piece, stock questions gather stock answers. Pretty soon, when Kay was trustful because I hadn't bombarded her about her love life, I put in a query I've long wanted to make.

Glamour—just how much is it worth to the everyday girl? Should one try to follow the suggestions one reads?

"It's just a gadget!" Kay's voice rang out explicitly. "Physical glamour, a surface asset, is a nice quality to have. But too great an emphasis has been put on it. Certainly it's not worth giving up all the ordinary pleasures

Glamour Is Just a Gadget

"I wouldn't give up the thrill which going places and being interested in meeting new people always gives me. I'd be excitingly mysterious, but I live but once.

"I don't try to be dressed perfectly all the time. I dress on formal occasions. But when I'm not going to a party I wear what's most comfortable."

Come to think of it, no fashion stills are ever made of Kay's personal wardrobe. And why should she pose only in ensembles designed for pictures? Ah-ha, that so-clever Kay! "I don't want to spend a lot of money on clothes. If I had my own photographed it would date them. They'd be familiar to people."

Glamour being mixed up with costume in so many minds, I shall let you in on more of Kay's secrets. You'd suppose that her clothes hangers are crammed. You have heard how stars buy complete wardrobes in one swoop.

But not Kay. "I don't have many clothes because I can get by nicely with a small selection." When she needs a particular dress she just pops to town and buys it.

"There are various gadgets which enhance our lives," Kay opined, flicking a saucy cigarette ash onto a dictionary. "Their duty is to make our lives more colorful. Glamour is merely one of these accessories. There are times when it's fun.

"Some study of how to achieve desired effects is necessary. But my main idea is getting as much happiness from each day as I can. So whenever glamour and doing anything that pleases me clash, glamour's licked."

"I actually plan about only one thing, saving money. I suppose it's amusing; this being extravagant in the widely publicized Hollywood fashion. Personally, I'm endeavoring to save a good share of the money I'm earning in pictures."

She isn't a rags-to-riches Cinderella. Kay was educated in the best schools in New York. But she never relied entirely on herself until forced to do so. Until she stumbled upon the knowledge that luck never holds one way forever. She spent her stage salary as fast as the checks came in.

Even her sense of humor refuses to conform to the pattern for poise. Kay roars when some one slips and falls down. She enjoys kidding her friends. If she treats you with a profound air you don't interest her.

"If you don't go haywire over glamour," I declared, "you must have time to evade all troublesome complications."

"I do not!" she retorted. "And I hope there'll always be some. Why, I thrive on them. I hate routine, deadly calm. If nothing else diverting comes up, I'll stay home and fight with my cook."

Here indeed is a model for girls who want to be dashing sometimes, and yet themselves when they feel like it. Kay Francis doesn't lean on props. Except when she's in the mood and figures it would be fun to be glamorous for a while. Her life is full because glamour is just one of the various gadgets she utilizes.

JOAN CRAWFORD.

Beautiful, wistful drama face
That looks like a Benda mask,
What are you longing for?
What is it of life that you ask?

Even, when you're gay
There's a hidden sadness
Beneath your laughter,
And a tragic light
Behind your eyes.

Could it be that
On the road to fame,
You dropped along the way
Little pieces of your heart
That can never return
To you again?

Ruth Whitman Bowers.
A sheltered childhood, comforts, advantages—a career was by no means a necessity. Born ten years before her time, she would have taken the easier way of marriage, a home, social position.

"But it never occurred to me not to want to earn my living. I think that's true of all the people of my generation. The necessity of a woman's independence was drummed into our heads as securely as feminine dependence had been the generation before.

"I realized that private school was fitting me for very little. If you were a good basketball player, you made the grade there. So I went to Barnard, where the competition was stiff and the students in earnest. For a while I thought I might go in for journalism."

Rosalind didn't have to tell me that; I had guessed. From the very beginning it had been a struggle to keep her from interviewing me.

"But the fact that I got a job was much more important than deciding what field the job was going to be in. I decided on the stage in a very matter-of-fact way. It seemed like a career that would bring me a higher salary, hence more independence, than working in a store or office, so I tried the stage."

The next step was convincing the Russell family, in whose veins, you will remember, had never flowed gypsy blood.

"I told them I was entering a dramatic academy, and they of course immediately decided that I was training to be a dramatic teacher. Mother thought that would be lovely, just lovely—such a genteel occupation. When they found I was training for the stage, they were, well, surprised. When, on the day I graduated, I was offered a job, they were even more surprised. And now that I've survived it for five years, they're quite reconciled."

Those five years have had their lean moments. Rosalind is fiercely proud of her record: From tent show to Theater Guild.

"It may have taken a little time, but I did it the way I wanted to—the long way. That show I was offered on graduation day was a lead in a Broadway play, and I turned it down. I knew I wasn't ready for it. And I turned other parts down until I felt I was equal to them. I hope I can do my picture work in the same way."

"You see," she went on, "those of us who launched our career during the past five or six years have had our hard knocks concentrated right at the beginning. College graduates before us went right into soft jobs. Stage and screen actors plunged immediately into luxurious lives. We've had a chance to do a little bit of pioneering, have gone back to some of the hardships our parents had to fight, and I think we'll last longer for it."

Rosalind shows little sign of living the pace that kills. To her Hollywood hillside home she brought one of her brothers, a law student, to help her stave off loneliness. Eventually she hopes to get a ranch where she can raise her own horses. And she plans to avoid a home in Beverly Hills, usually the second step in a successful film career, because she's a little afraid of the suburban atmosphere. It looks a bit neighborly to her, and perhaps a trifle gossipy, and she loathes petty gossip.

The few brief moments she has when they're not tossing her from rôle to rôle, she spends at golf or riding. For a real vacation there's nothing that equals getting on a boat.

"And of course," I concluded, making one last desperate effort to fit her into the formula, "you hope eventually to get away from it all, to retire and live quietly, a home in the country, a cabin in the mountains, perhaps a villa on the Riviera?"

"By no means," she protested. "I hope to continue being an actress, a good actress!"

And who's to stop her?
A New York taxi driver who becomes the singing pilot of a gondola in Venice—this is the delightful impersonation assigned to Dick Powell in "Broadway Gondolier," the first musical film of the new season. Aided and abetted in fun-making by Joan Blondell, Adolphe Menjou, and Louise Fazenda, Mr. Powell thanks his stars—and costars—for another step in popularity.
Flying High
Continued from page 18

"One can’t help changing in this or any other profession," he continued, "but I hope my changes will all be in the right direction. An actor seldom escapes being called high-hat by some one at some stage of his career. This usually results from the fact that it is impossible to keep in touch with all the people we meet as we go along.

"I’m grateful for the opportunities I’ve had and I hope I can prove deserving of them. Why, if I hadn’t started this break with MGM I might be starving now!"

Hard pressed, perhaps, but not starving. With youth, health, good looks, ambition, and a good mind, it is fairly certain that he would find some harbor even if it were painting cars or working on a farm as he did during school vacations. I asked if he had any particular aversions, and after taking the matter under consideration he was able to name only one: night clubs. Although of a sociable disposition, he has not been able to develop a liking for this type of nocturnal height-de-ho.

"My chief enthusiasm is the theater," said he. "I see every worthwhile play that comes to the Coast."

He also has a marked fondness for sweaters and was wearing one of his large collection when we met. Tennis and horseback riding are his favorite sports. He plays the cello and the piano, accomplishments which, together with his agreeable baritone, kept him on a Nebraska radio station for two years.

Robert—or Bob, as he is customarily called—doesn’t strike me as being the wire-pulling, favor-currying sort. Rather, he appears to be what we like to consider the typical American youth—straightforward, level-headed and ambitious. Though reasonably optimistic, he views his continuous good fortune with slight apprehension.

"Some day," said he, with lurking amusement, "I may get a sock right on the nose!"

He admits to a liking for Claudette Colbert, and says he would like to appear in a picture with her. Again I can only commend his good judgment.

"I admire such sophisticated women as Joan Crawford and Kay Francis," said he, "but in an impersonal way. They have a sort of satiny finish that is pleasing on the screen, but for personal association I prefer a less dazzling type—a chummy, companionable girl who isn’t too modern for comfort or too glamorous to wear well. I don’t care for a purely athletic type, either. To my mind, the ideal girl is one of balanced accomplishments, a girl who can make a good appearance on a dance floor, can swim with a fellow in the surf, and can put together an appetizing meal.

"I don’t expect to marry before I’m thirty, but it’s impossible to make any final predictions in matters of that sort." The easy grin again overspreads his tanned countenance. "When I do take the plunge I hope it will be with a girl who has a domestic turn and a capacity for constancy."

To one who is unutterably bored with countless articles bearing such titles as, "How to Acquire Glamour," or "You, Too, May Have Sophistication!" young Taylor’s remarks come as a bright beam of sunlight in a fog of artificiality.

Since the women of any nation are the men of that nation want them to be, I feel that the United States could do with an army of Robert Taylors. As he himself admits, in speaking of his lack of hectic experiences, there is still plenty of time for him to "get into mischief." Let us hope, however, that this pleasing youth will be kept too busy turning in good performances to develop any fashionable vices.

At last Elissa Landi is to appear in a picture after a year’s idleness. It’s to be "Without Regret," and the story will be recalled by those who saw it silently as "Interference," with Evelyn Brent.
too big? Most London policemen are on the right side of thirty, all are very smartly dressed and pleasant to look at. Also, in England we have many kinds of accents, the cockney accent being limited to parts of London. Why, then, when a film takes place in another English city, or even in the country, do they have to have a village constable, or a servant, with a cockney accent?

However, American films as a rule are excellent, especially with "The Count of Monte Cristo," "The Thin Man," and "It Happened One Night.

L. Anderson.

Norma Shearer Her Hobby.

A BOUT seven years ago I saw a practically unknown but very promising young actress called Norma Shearer in a silent film, and I decided to take her up. I didn't exactly become her fan; rather, she became my hobby. I was a little cynical about her succeeding as so many actresses make good in one film and are disappointing in others, and I was surprised when my hobby gradually became well known as a capable and intelligent actress.

I studied her career closely, took a personal interest in her private life, and never missed one of her films. For seven years I have watched her go slowly but surely to the top, and never once has she failed or disappointed me either in her performances on the screen or in private life. Other stars have come and gone, but not once has she slipped back an inch. She has played hard, sophisticated roles and yet remained a womanly woman.

Perhaps that is why she is one of the most popular stars in America and the most popular star in England. And now in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" she has given her most memorable performance to date. I shall never forget her wistful "If I could see and not be seen." And that scene where she tottered to the window to see Robert Browning depart was one of the finest pieces of acting I have ever seen.

Here's to you, Miss Shearer. I offer this letter as a sincere tribute to a great actress and a charming woman from a fan of long standing. I am very, very proud of you. Dorothy Graylands, England.

Why Always Miscast?

I AM writing this letter in the hope that some of the producers will read it and give Ralph Bellamy a good role, for a change. I've just about given up trying to figure out why Bellamy isn't recognized as an actor and appreciated in Hollywood. I can't understand why he is constantly miscast as in "The Wedding Night" and countless others. Some time ago he played opposite Katharine Hepburn in "Spitfire" in which he was very good. But he hasn't been given anything important since. I've heard many people express the same opinion.

Why not give him a real part in a picture like "Lives of a Bengal Lancer"? He's as good as Gary Cooper or Franklin

What the Fans Think

I have been reading Picture Play for quite a time and am very interested in "What the Fans Think." Is this department for the sole purpose of fans to hit off at each other over silly little differences in regards to favorites? If so, it's a pity, as surely one should be able to state his likes and dislikes in a movie magazine without raising the ire of other fans.

I live in South Africa, so perhaps American fans will forgive me when I say that we English simply cannot understand or accustom ourselves to the American manner of talking.

True, most of our films are American which we thoroughly enjoy, but must the stars have low, husky voices combined with "cute" sayings which we cannot follow?

Another point which I would like explained is why all the rush of praise for Katharine Hepburn? She's no better than any other one. Please don't think I am for or against Hepburn, but just as a point of interest, when "Spitfire" was shown here it only ran for three days. Surely that regards for itself one South African people don't appreciate her, some will say. Perhaps we don't, but thank Heaven, America is broad-minded enough to realize we want variety as we all differ in opinion, and thank goodness we see the good pictures with the bad. But why not more with Betty Davis, Warner Baxter, and Carol Lombard? We don't see enough of them.

One more thing. Elstree is sending Hollywood South Africa's own film star, Marlene Dietrich, so don't look too closely at her. Give her a chance and prove that America can be very broad-minded about "foreigners." After all, it's only a South African who has stated her views and thinks the average American picture is "swell," as the saying goes.

Les Durr, Durban, Natal, South Africa.

A Child's Preferences.

CHILDREN also have their own tastes, don't they, Miss Perkins and Mr. Faul? I am just eleven years old, and hope the following will prove that we kids can be as ardent fans as adults:

Prettiest girl—Jean Muir.
Best-looking male—Nelson Eddy.
Best-looking female—Jean Harlow.
Handsomest man—George Lewis.
Best actress—Katharine Hepburn.
Best actor—Robert Donat.
Most popular girl—Joan Crawford.
Most popular male—Clark Gable.
My favorite actress—Claire Trevor.
My favorite actor—Dick Powell.
Funnest woman—Edna May Oliver.
Funnest man—W. C. Fields.
Best-built girl—Martha May.
Best-built fellow—Nelson Eddy.
Best-dressed girl—Claire Trevor.
Nicest fellow—Robert Young.
Nicest girl—Ginger Rogers.
Best team—Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert.
Most likable girl—Jean Parker.
Most likable fellow—George Brent.
Best male singing voice—Nelson Eddy.
Best female singing voice—Grace Moore.
My ideal—Nelson Eddy.
And also I would like to know just why the censors think they are improving pictures for children. Instead, they are ruining them for us and everybody else. Don't think I don't like pictures, please, because I don't. But I would just love to know what was wrong with "It Happened One Night." I saw it four times, and it was the best picture I ever saw. No rattle-brained old cen-
sors can make me feel any different.

Washington, D. C.

Adieu to a Great Artist.

PICTURE PLAY for May published an article called "Extra: Noacco Quiz!" Evidently we are supposed to rejoice. Instead we mournfully bid adieu to a great artist. He has found a new career and we are glad. We regret for many reasons but particularly because in the past two or three years he has left little for us to remember him by.

His last few contracts have been signed reluctantly. He has tried to break away but, somehow, couldn't seem to cut into a definite division. This restless attitude has reflected in his acting. Only seldom have we been able to catch a spark of that rare and individual
Gentlemen Are Born.

T is a pity that producers do not bring to Hollywood some real gentlemen to play gentleman roles. Gentlemen are born and not made, even in the studios. Clothes never made the man nor the gentleman. One does not have to go far in Hollywood, unfortunately, to get actors who portray only too perfectly such roles as tough guys, con-men, and gorillas. Producers know their public, though, and that to the bulk of their audience "romance" given by gorillas with gleaming teeth, is more palatable than that served by real gentlemen.

Howard Bridge.

Grand Hotel, Vienna, Austria.

Compared to Flowers.

My favorite actresses, like my favorite flowers, appeal to me irresistibly. So, in the language of the flowers, I am going to describe them.

Elissa Landi. All Miss Landi's grace and elegance are personified in the eglantine. She is royally lovely with an individuality, charm and beauty that only the eglantine possesses.

Greta Garbo. Weirdly, beautiful, this flower is very rare. It is too shy to thrive near the haunts of the world. In the primitive forests, in deep mountain ravines, it finds a setting fit for its lofty grace and loveliness. Something in common has this flower with Garbo. Something of her spirit of freedom and her love of exclusion.

Irene Dunne: Asters. How fair are these lovely flowers, what exquisite units their rays reveal! Irresistibly glorious on this earth are these lovely asters, and as fair and as charming as any aster is lovely Irene Dunne.

Helen Hayes: Violets. Few flowers hold a higher place in our affections than do violets. Miss Hayes has every claim that modest little violets have in addition to their delightful and refreshing appeal, their warm and human fragrance.

Loretta Young: Lily. Like the lily, Miss Young has a delicate and fragile beauty. There is an exquisite refinement in the form of the lily and in Miss Young, too.

Katharine Hepburn: Monkey flower. Miss Hepburn is a token of the monkey flower. This flower is very attractive and striking and it affords every conceivable variety of color. The face of the flower is by no means unlike that of the grinning monkey. There is something almost childlike about this flower and the way it carries an expression of mockery about it. It is typical in every way of Hepburn.

Ann Harding: Harebell. Graceful and fragile, divinely fair and tall is this pale-blue flower, and as refreshing as a summer sky just washed by a thunder shower. Miss Harding has all the natural majesty and poise of this flower.

Grace Eleanor Donahue. And Palisades, Miss Donahue, the Jersey City, New Jersey.

Hints to Producers.

Give us more pictures with Mischa Auer, Samuel Hauds, and Dorothy Tree. These character players have real talent.
What the Fans Think

I don't know how one can accuse her of undevoted stiffness. This beautiful woman with the subtly foreign air is the one whom I have chosen a pattern for myself and I will always revel in the pleasure of remembering such a superb actress.

ELOISE J. LAWRENCE.
New York, N. Y.

The Tough Guy They Like.

MAY I throw in my hat? There's a cocksure, hardbailed, pugnacious, though extremely likable, little mug on the screen who answers to the name of Frankie Darro. With his personality and color I'd rather watch this kid than some of the fellows who are nominated for best-acting honors. He was grand in "Wild Boys of the Road," and what a keen sense of comedy he revealed in "The Merry Frinks." We grown-ups enjoy him every bit as much as the children, maybe more. He's a real personality and
ters criticizing actors and actresses. Not their acting, oh no, but their looks and personal life, mostly.

I'd like to see some of these so-called critics and visit their homes. I don't think I'd have a hard task to decide which I preferred Jean Harlow's, Leslie Howard's, Claudette Colbert's, et cetera, etc. It's usually these people who are gossips, as well as bad managers of their own homes and personal affairs.

If they would practice writing letters such as those by Gordon Sellett, Kenneth C. Brooks, Mrs. Average Fan, and Ruth Ann, it would be a lot better for every one concerned.

Perhaps these lines by Robert Burns may help you all to write finer, more helpful letters about and to the stars.

"Oh wad some power the gittie gie us To see oursel's as others see us!"

I close saying "thank you" to all you film folk for hours of splendid entertainment. Especially big thanks to Freddie Bartholomew, Leslie Howard, Grace Moore, Franchot Tone, Claudette Colbert, Jean Harlow, Dick Powell, Jesse Matthews, Edna May Oliver, and Jessie Ralph. And Bessie Nichols, Jr.

R. R. 1, Matsqui.
B. C., Canada.

A Great Love.

CONGRATULATIONS to Doctor Francis Griffin of New York City and to his lovely wife, Irene Dunne of Hollywood, for the charm and dignity with which they conduct their married life. Here indeed must be the great love one reads rather skeptically about in novels. Such divine tolerance, fine intelligence and understanding cannot but keep their little craft always in safe, serene waters.

Thank you, Doctor Griffin, for giving us Irene Dunne without any of the fuss and trouble you might easily be forgiven for making.

I suspect that her happiness is yours, also that if she had to choose between you and her career you are the one who would win. Thank you again for being too big to make that decision necessary.

BEE PEERCE.

A Blessing in Disguise.

WHETHER or not it was due to the Legion of Decency, the film industry certainly has emerged from the coarse, raw, sex angle, and Hollywood with its true "gentleman and lady" attitude has at last earned the admiration and respect of the world.

The producers are to be congratulated on their brilliant answer to the Legion of Decency's demand for wholesome and inspiring pictures. They themselves will be the gainers by the success of such pictures as "David Copperfield," "Great Expectations," "The Count of Monte Cristo," "What Every Woman Knows," "The Little Minister," "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," "Ruggles of Red Gap," "The Little Colonel," "Naughty Marietta," "Roberta," and "One Night of Love."
All scored triumphantly at the box office and their success proves that the public does not want the cheap dull of the Crawford or Harlow type, with their heavily coated sex films. I, too, believe that the days of Garbo, Dietrich, and Constance Bennett are over as they have lost favor, judging from the hissing and booing of audiences.

Producers, keep on subordinating raw sex in films and delve more deeply into the old and new masterpieces of dramatic literature. You have seven of the world's most brilliant actresses. In fact, I think they are immortal. They are Katharine Hepburn, Elissa Landi, Norma Shearer, Miriam Hopkins, Helen Hayes, Loretta Young, and Anna Steen. Let these incomparable women bring to life on the screen the great personages of history. The lives of Florence Nightingale and Joan of Arc, the great works of Thackeray, Tolstoy, Victor Hugo, Ruskin, and Charles Dickens. You have absolute proof now that the public will support drama drawn from the best literature. After all, the campaign for cleaner pictures has solved your hardest problem. I think it proved a blessing in disguise.

GORDON SELLET.
West New York, New Jersey.

Hollywood Owes Her Plenty.

HOW any one can pan the all-powerful Katharine Hepburn is beyond me. She may not be a chocolate-box beauty, but she has genius, personality, and a brilliant mind, which I am sure every one will agree is one hundred per cent better than a pretty face. Three years ago she was unknown. To-day she is first lady of the screen, and she has only herself to thank. She owns Hollywood nothing, but Hollywood owes her plenty.

She has the grace of a wood nymph, and her hands resemble one of two beautiful fluttering butterflies. I am sure America must be proud of her talented daughter.

R. P. BOURDIER.

Information, Please

Continued from page 8


J. G. A.—"My Heart Is Calling" was made in England by Gaumont-British, with Jan Kiepura, Marta Eggerth, Sonnie Hale, Hugh Wakefield, Ernest Theiger, Marie Lohr, Jeanne Stuart, John Singer. Sorry, but I have no information on Errol Flynn, except that he is under contract to Warners.

JANNY.—Frankie Darro is to appear in "Born to Fight" first in the series of eight Peter R. Kyne stories to be produced at the Talisman Studio. I take it that you read the interview with him in Picture Play for March, and we'll keep your request in mind for a full-page picture some time. He is an only child, Tommy Conlon hasn't appeared in any picture since "Only Yesterday."

LINDY BOTTAIN.—For a photograph of Greta Granstedt, you might write the Baltimore, West 47th Street, New York City, where she is appearing in the stage production "If a Body." She was born in Malmo, Sweden, has blond hair, green eyes, and is five feet one. Before entering silent pictures, she was a waitress, a vaudeville dancer, and an artist's model. Married Ramon Ramos November 1, 1933. Cecilia Parker is a native of Fort William, Ontario, Canada, born there April 26, 1914, five feet three, weighs 110, blond hair, hazel eyes. She is a MGM contract player and was last seen in "Naughty Marietta."

A DARRO FAN.—See my answer to Janny for information about your favorite. As for Ray Milland, after a varied career he began on the stage in England. Then in silent films. He has also appeared in British films. Born in Drogheda, Ireland, January 3, 1907; six feet one, weighs 168, brown hair, hazel eyes, Right name is Jack Millane. Playing in "Alias Mary Dow."

SUE McHILL HOLBERT.—Perhaps MGM's Publicity Department, 1340 Broadway, New York City, has the information you are seeking about "The Cat and the Fiddle."

DALLAS, TEXAS.—Lois January has dark-brown hair and blue-gray eyes; Sharon Lynn, reddish-brown hair, dark-brown eyes; Jane Wyatt, dark-brown hair, hazel eyes; Rosemary Ames, red-dishe-gold hair, blue eyes; Frances Drake, brown hair, gray eyes; Olga Buchanan, blond hair, blue eyes. Patsy Ruth Miller is five feet two, weighs 108; Laura La Plante, five feet two, weighs 112; Lewis Stone, five feet ten and three-quarters, weighs 174; Lew Cody was five feet eleven and three-quarters, weighed 175; Lucille Browne, five feet four.

A FAN.—Renee Gadd was born in South America. She has fair hair and hazel eyes. Alice Joyce in Kansas City, Missouri, October 1, 1890; five feet seven, weighs 120, brown hair, hazel eyes.
ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Jean Arthur
Tala Birell
John Mack Brown
Tullio Carminati
Nancy Carroll
Ruth Chatterton
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Irene Dunne
Wallace Ford
Victor Jory

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Lew Ayres
Warner Baxter
Madge Bellamy
Bill Benedict
John Boles
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Alice Faye
Henry Fonda
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Tito Guizar
Rochelle Hudson
Arlene Judge

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
Edward Arnold
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Freddie Bartholomew
Wallace Beery
Connie Bennett
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
MaryCarlisle
Jackie Cooper
Violet Kemble-Cooper
Jean Crawford
Nelson Eddy
Wera Engels
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Louise Henry
William Henry
June Knight
Otto Kruger

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Ross Alexander
John Arledge
Mary Astor
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe F. Brown
James Cagney
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Havilland
Dolores del Rio
Claire Dodd
Robert Donat
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patsy Kelly
Glena Farrell
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard

Peter Lorre
Edmund Lowe
Marian Marsh
Tim McCoy
Grace Moore
George Murphy
Florence Rice
Edward G. Robinson
Ann Sothern
Raymond Walburn
Fay Wray

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Fred Astaire
John Beal
Bill Boyd
Frances Dee
Richard Dix
Preston Foster
Bette Grable
Margot Grahame
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Kay Johnson
Frances Lederer

Helen Mack
Lily Pons
Erik Rhodes
Buddy Rogers
Ginger Rogers
Randolph Scott
Anne Shirley
Frankie Thomas
Helen Westley
Bert Wheeler
Gretchen Wilson
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Mirtlem Hopkins
Gordon Jones

Fredric March
Joel McCrea
Ethel Merman
Merle Oberon
Martha Packford
Loretta Young

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Nils Asther
Binnie Barnes
Noah Beery, Jr.
Phyllis Brooks
Russ Brown
Andy Devine
Valerie Hobson
Jack Holt
Henry Hull
Baby Jane
Lois January
Buck Jones

Boris Karloff
Bela Lugosi
Douglas Montgomery
Chester Morris
Zasu Pitts
Claude Rains
Cesar Romero
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullivan
Slim Summerville
Jane Wyatt

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen
Wendy Barrie
Mary Boland
Charles Boyer
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Kathleen Burke
George Burns
Kitty Carlisle
Charlotte Colbert
Gary Cooper
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby

Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Johnny Downs
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
W. C. Fields
Cary Grant
Juhe Haydon
Samuel Hinds
David Jack Holt
Dean Jagger
Helen Jepson
Roseme Karin
Jan Kiepura

Elissa Landi
Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
Carol Lombard
Pauline Lord
Fred MacMurray
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Ray Milland
Joe Morrison
Jasper Oakie
Lynne O'Byrne
Gail Patrick
Joe Penner
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Charles Ruggles
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Gladys Swarthout
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Virginia Weidler
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Toby Wing

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood.
Ralph Bellamy, 6414 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood.
Ralph Forbes, 1011 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood.
Jean Bennett, 9050 La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles.

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NEW! ENLARGED! at the SAME PRICE
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The heart of a man called to the heart of a woman. "We love", it said, "and love is all." Heart answered heart. With eyes open to what she was leaving forever behind her, she went where love called...to dark despair or unimaginable bliss. It is a drama of deep, human emotions, of man and woman gripped by circumstance, moved by forces bigger than they—a great drama, portrayed by players of genius and produced with the fidelity, insight and skill which made "David Copperfield" an unforgettable experience.

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW
(You remember him as "David Copperfield")

with MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
MAY ROBSON • BASIL RATHBONE

CLARENCE BROWN'S
Production

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture... Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK
SWEEPING ON TO NEW FAME TOGETHER...

Three distinguished players join hearts in a drama of tender beauty, love and sacrifice...each giving the finest individual performances of their careers! Alone, they were superb... together, they enact a story...the poignant beauty of which will linger long in your memory!

Samuel Goldwyn
PRESENTS

FREDRIC MARCH
MERLE OBERON
HERBERT MARSHALL

in

The DARK ANGEL

with JANET BEECHER • JOHN HALLIDAY • HENRIETTA CROSMAN • FRIEDA INESCORT

From the play by Guy Bolton • Directed by SIDNEY FRANKLIN • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1935

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PREVIEWS:

THE JURY OF BEAUTY
Next month's Picture Play will introduce you to twelve expert judges of beautiful women in Hollywood and their verdict. They will decide what star possesses the most beautiful, more nearly perfect hair, eyes, nose, mouth, teeth, hands, legs, ankles, feet, back and body!

All the jurors are well known and are personally acquainted with the stars they have considered. They were chosen because of their intelligence, their freedom from bias and their willingness to express an opinion without fear or favor.

This extremely interesting feature is presented by Dorothy Wooldridge and settles, for the time being at least, the important question of beauty as it actually exists in Hollywood, in the flesh, rather than in photographs and on the screen.

Don't miss "The Jury of Beauty." It is not a discussion but a verdict based on signed ballots.

THE LIFE OF A LONDON LANCER
Perhaps "adventurer" would better describe Ray Milland, the young English actor everybody likes. Anyway, his fascinating story is one of the most colorful we have ever published. In November Picture Play.

IS FRANCHOT TONE SMUGLY PLEASED WITH HIMSELF?
No, no, a thousand times no! You have only to read his frank confession next month to become acquainted with one of the most human and likable stars. His sense of humor in appraising himself is irresistible!
FIRST PREVIEW OF PARAMOUNT’S
"THE BIG BROADCAST
OF 1936"
A Picture With More Stars Than There Are in Heaven!

Everything’s ookie-dookey as Jack Oakie takes the air in "THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1936"

Bing Crosby sings the hit song of the season, "I Wished On the Moon"

Mama Loves Papa? Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles in a skit from "The Big Broadcast"

Lovely Wendy Barrie and Nancy Walker add the necessary romantic touch to "The Big Broadcast"

Ray Noble, composer of "The Very Thought of You" and "Love Is the Sweetest Thing", leads his orchestra in his latest piece, "Why Stars Come Out at Night"

Bill Robinson, greatest of all tap dancers, moves his feet to the hot rhythm of "Miss Brown to You"

Lyde Roberti has two men—not two—on her hands as she goes into her song "Double Trouble"

Ethel Merman, who has scored such a tremendous hit this year in "Anything Goes" sings "It’s the Animal In Me"

A Paramount Picture... Directed by Norman Taurog

A Parament Picture... Directed by Norman Taurog
Gone Glamour a Holiday.

What has Hollywood done to the ravishing Merle Oberon? It was almost impossible to reconcile the exotic femole and beautiful women before her descent on Hollywood, and all she required to further her American career was a good rôle in a worth-while picture.

If her second American film is no better, she would be well advised to return to the Korda fold, where her temperament and talent ore understood. However, since she is to make a picture a year for Samuel Goldwyn, I would suggest to the astute Sam that he cast her in a screen version of the colorful life of Mary, Queen of Scots. Merle is ideally suited to play the ill-fated Stuart sovereign.

Now for a well-deserved bouquet to Hollywood for "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," "Clive of India," "David Copperfield," The Borretts of Wimpole Street," "Vonnesso," and "The Little Minister." Superlative entertainment! We British fans should be mighty grateful to America for bringing to life on the screen these typically British themes in all their greatness, charm and pictorial splendor.

John Beal deserves great praise for his outstanding performance in "The Little Minister." I live near the locale of the play and have seen the rôle played on the stage by various actors, but in my opinion Beal's portrayal tops them all. I can pay him no greater compliment. Hepburn, too, must be highly complimented for her charming "Lady Bobbie." She has never been more appealing. Beryl Mercer, unfortunately, was sadly miscast. Producers please note that Scottish mothers do not indulge in lachrymose whining!

David Donald Jolly.

Fredric March surpassed Charles Laughton in "Les Miserables," says S. H. B.

Beryl Mercer, unfortunately, was sadly miscast.

Producers please note that Scottish mothers do not indulge in lachrymose whining!

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Producers please note that Scottish mothers do not indulge in lachrymose whining!

David Donald Jolly.
"PAGES MISS GLORY"

...and you'll find magical Marion Davies in her first picture for Warner Bros.—her finest for anybody!

She's back, boys and girls! Back with that glamorous gleam in her eye...that laughing lift in her voice...that merry, magical something that makes her the favorite of millions.

Of course you read the headlines a few months ago about Marion Davies' new producing alliance with Warner Bros., famous makers of 'G-Men,' and other great hits. Well, 'Page Miss Glory' is the first result of that union—and it's everything you'd expect from such a thrilling combination of screen talent!

It's from the stage hit that made Broadway's White Way gay—a delirious story of Hollywood's 'Composite Beauty' who rose from a chambermaid to a national institution overnight...

It has a 12-star cast that makes you chuckle with anticipation just to read the names...

It has hit-maker Mervyn LeRoy's direction, and Warren & Dubin's famous song, 'Page Miss Glory'...

It has 'Picture-of-the-Month' written all over it!

Don't think you're dreaming! All these celebrated stars really are in the cast of Marion's first Cosmopolitan production for Warners—Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell, Frank MacHugh, Mary Astor, Allen Jenkins, Lyle Talbot, Patric Kelly, and a dozen others.
Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

CONNIE.—Jeanette MacDonald was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, June 18, 1907; five feet four inches; weighs 122; red-gold hair, green-blue eyes. For stills of "Naughty Marietta," address the Publicity Dept., Metro-Goldwyn Pictures, 1540 Broadway, New York City. They sell for ten cents each. Robert Donat will not appear in Warners’ "Captain Blood," after all. He is to make another picture in England for Alexander Korda entitled "The Laying of the Ghouli Ghost," which follows "The Thirty-nine Steps."

Pierre SUMMERS.—There is no "Checkers" in the cast I have on file of "Million Dollar Baby." I’ll be glad to list all the important company articles if you’ll send along a stamped envelope.

MADIE MAE.—John Wayne is appearing in Republic Pictures which are made at the RKO studio. His most recent are "The Dawn Ride," "Paradise Canyon," and "Westward Ho." Born in Winterset, Iowa, May 26, 1907; six feet two, weighs 200; dark-brown hair, blue eyes.

J. H. KELLY.—The Hollywood Screen Exchange, Drawer V-1, Dept. A, Hollywood, California, advertised in August Picture Play that they had fifty different poses of Rudolph Valentino for sale. Or you might try United Artists Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Valentino was five feet eleven, weighed 154, and had black hair and dark-brown eyes. His favorite sports were sailing and horseback riding.

CONSTANCE HILGHMAN.—You probably refer to Robert Barrat who was Captain Ferring in "Wonder Bar" and the Commandant in "Devil Dogs of the Air." You’ll see him next in "Murder Man," with Virginia Bruce and Spencer Tracy, and "The Payoff," with James Dunn, Claire Dodd, and Frankie Darro. A letter will reach him at Warners.

FLORENCE CAIREE.—You will find a list of addresses of players in the back of the book. For photographs of the stars, address them in care of the studios indicated, inclosing twenty-five cents with each request to cover the cost.

BONITA, MITZI, BOB PERRY, AND CECELLA.—Felix Knight, the tenor who played Tom-Tom in "Babes in Toyland," is a former radio singer. That has been his only picture. Henry Klembach was Barnaby.

VASELMA.—Mary Boland’s birthplace is Detroit, Michigan. Loretta Young, Victor Jory, and David Manners in "The Devil’s Love." In "Beau Geste," Ronald Colman was Michael, Neil Hamilton Digby, Ralph Forbes John, and William Powell Baldini, released in 1926. The silent version of "The Dark Angel" was released in 1925, with Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. George Rigas comes from Greece.

J. A. M.—Their heights are: Ida Lupino, five feet four; Claire Dodd, five feet six; Virginia Bruce, five feet six and a half; Gail Patrick, five feet seven.

H. A. REED.—George Raft is divorced. His family name is Ralft. Born in New York City, September 26, 1908; five feet ten, weighs 155, black hair, brown eyes. Next is "Rich Man’s Daughter."

DAVID W. ALTERS.—We published an interview with Josephine Hutchinson last January which covers all the points about which you inquired. This back issue may be had by sending your order with remittance of fifteen cents to our Subscription Department. Miss Hutchinson was born in Seattle, Washington, October 9, 1904; five feet four and a half, weighs 110, red hair, golden-brown eyes. Her most recent release is "Oil for the Lamps of China."


IDA SPENCE.—Victor Jory is with Columbia. He made his film debut in "Pride of the Legion," in 1932. You’ll see him in "A Midsummer Night’s Dream."

TOORS B.—Randolph Scott graduated from Western roles into feature parts in "Robertar," "Village Tale," and "She." Address him at RKO. He was born January 23, 1903.

E. L. S.—By writing to Paramount’s Publicity Dept., Paramount Building, Times Square, New York, you will be able to obtain the desired stills of "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer." At the same time you might inquire about the poem recited by Franchot Tone.

MARY M. LATTEN.—Frank Conroy played the role of Lord Rintoul in "The Little Minister"; Irving Bacon. Cal in "It’s a Small World," and Robert Elliott Inspector McKinney in "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round." Richard Barthelmess has yet to be assigned to another role since "Four Hours to Kill."

MARGARET HAUPT.—The principals in "King Kong" were Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong, Bruce Cabot, Frank Reicher, Sam Hardy, and in "Jane of Hong Kong," Robert Armstrong, Helen Mark, Frank Reicher, John Marston, Clarence Wilson.

POWELL-KELLER FAN.—"The sequel to "Flirtation Walk" is "Anchors Aweigh." The new picture has the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis as its background, with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler heading the cast. Warners’ 1935-36 schedule includes "Dress Parade" and "Colleen" as vehicles for this team.

M. E. M.—Gary Cooper was born May 7, 1901; six feet two, weighs 180. Dick Powell, November 14, 1904; six feet, weighs 174. Ginger Rogers, July 16, 1911; five feet five, weighs 112. Ruby Keeler, August 23, 1909; five feet four, weighs 103. Al Jolson, May 28, 1886; six feet, weighs 155. James Cagney, July 17, 1904; five feet nine, 155. Francis Lederer, November 6, 1906; about six feet, 130. Edward G. Robinson, December 12, 1898; five feet eight, 158. Pat O’Brien, November 11, 1899; five feet eleven, 175. George O’Brien, September 1, 1900; five feet eleven, 176. Tom Brown, January 6, 1913; five feet ten, 155.
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FROM THE FIRE-DIPPED PEN OF DUMAS!

Reckless sons of the flashing blade ride and fight for love again! This month a real thrill comes to the screens of the world as RKO-RADIO gives you one of its finest pictures.

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Musketeers

WALTER ABEL, dashing young Broadway stage star as D'Artagnan, gay and audacious, as Dumas must have dreamed him! Beloved PAUL LUKAS as Athos, MARGOT GRAHAME, who soared to dramatic heights in the year's most praised picture, "The Informer", plays the alluring Milady de Winter together with a superb cast including Heather Angel, Ian Keith, Moroni Olsen, Onslow Stevens, Rosamond Pinchot, John Qualen, Ralph Forbes and Nigel de Brulier as Richelieu.

Cast to perfection! Produced with a lavish hand by Cliff Reid Superbly directed by Rowland V. Lee. Don't miss The Musketeers!

Fencing Arrangements by Fred Cavens

RKO-RADIO
PICTURES YOU
WILL WANT TO SEE!

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in "TOP HAT."
Music and Lyrics by Irving Berlin . . . Katharine Hepburn as Booth Tarkington's most loved heroine "Alice Adams" . . . The superb screen play from Mazo de la Roche's prize novel "Jilna"
. . . Lionel Barrymore in David Belasco's greatest stage success "The Return of Peter Grimm" and Merian C. Cooper's spectacle drama "The Last Days of Pompeii"
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 6

CRISPY HELEN VINSON.

WISH Picture Play would caution its correspondents to be more choice in their use of adjectives. One of the most careless amateur critics in the July issue, which I read while awaiting the worst at the dentist’s office, refers to Helen Vinson as "insipid." I am not a Vinson fan myself, but if it is insipid the girl is. Garbo stands less than five feet with shoes on. Miss Vinson is more like the inside of a fresh lettuce. Too crisp for a human, I call her. But not, mercy me, insipid! Consider the cucumber.

Chicago, Illinois.

ALARMED AT PUBLIC’S CHOICE.

THE frigid reception given the finest picture ever to come out of Hollywood, “Our Daily Bread,” is discouraging to the critical minority who appreciate artistry and hail anything off the beaten track as a benison. Deeply moving in the beauty of its simplicity, it won the undivided admiration of the discerning who found the problems of that little struggling band of humanity sympathetic and heart-breaking.

Considered by many to be the finest director, King Vidor surpasses himself in this achievement. He has created an immortal masterpiece in this film, so fine that it is high time for alarm when the public voices praise of such pictures as “Bride of Frankenstein” and “G-Men,” allowing a picture of truth and beauty to languish at the box office.

This same public turned thumbs down on that splendid actress, Dorothea Wieck, lavishing its childish praise on Mae West and Jean Harlow.

Now being shown is a picture starring the greatest actress who ever stepped before a camera. Surely the public cannot fail to recognize and accept the remarkable charm and gifts of Elizabeth Bergner in “Escape Me Never.”

JACK HITT.

P. O. Box 965.
San Bernardino, California.

WASTED IN BIT ROLES.

I AM writing so that Warners will know that audiences want much more than mere fleeting glimpses of their brightest and most intelligent player, Phillips Reed.

I have long admired this actor’s fine work, and was positive some shrewd producer or director would recognize his unique ability and star him in a picture that would allow him to exemplify a splendid type of modern young American manhood. But it is all too obvious that the producers can’t see very far.

It is beyond my comprehension why they fail to give Mr. Reed the advantage of his versatility. It is deplorable to see his agile grace, keen intelligence, acting ability, perfectly groomed masculinity, bright and kindly humor, very pleasing voice, and a most charming personality wasted on bit parts.

Mr. Reed is indeed an inspiration, the way he faces life with head up and courage high. His face beaming with the hilarity or hope reveals a pioneer son that is capable of blazing its own paths. When he tops the arch of his brilliant career he will carve for himself a niche in cinema history.

G. E. D.

Palisade Park, New Jersey.

LAUGHTON VERSUS MARCH.

HAVING read all the letters in the July issue, my thoughts are slightly muddled. B. H. H.’s extolling of the fine acting ability of Charles Laughton brings to mind some of the distasteful characteristics of this actor. One, his tendency to try to be funny, as in “Ruggles of Red Gap.”

In “Les Miserables,” Laughton’s acting was considerably better, but, in my estimation, did not begin to compare with the dual rôle enacted by Fredric March, whom I consider the greatest character actor in the world to-day. Not alone for his part in “Les Misérables,” but for all his past performances. He has never been a disappointment to me. Why? My answer is that his roles are diversified. In other words, he is not a “one-style actor.” In one minute he can change from a comedian to a tragedian without the observer saying, “Oh, here comes some more of that stuff.”

S. H. B.

Ridgewood, New Jersey.

THEYE FIT THE SONGS.

SOME very fair ladies and very charming gentlemen of the screen have inspired me to become lyrical. They remind me of popular song titles, so here goes:

Ruby Keeler—“Stay As Sweet As You Are.”

Mae West—“Object of My Affections.”

Kay Francis—“Lullaby of Broadway.”

Katharine Hepburn—“I believe in Miracles.”

Ginger Rogers—“Here Comes Cookie.”

Norma Shearer—“A Little White Gardenia.”

Clark Gable—“I Get A Kick Out of You.”

Dick Powell—“Rhythm of the Rain.”

Fred Astaire—“My Hat’s Off To You.”

Ronald Colman—“Blue Moon.”

Robert Montgomery—“Sweet Music.”

Leslie Howard—“Smoke Gets In Your Eyes.”

1414 Devon Avenue.
Chicago, Illinois.

BITTER POETRY.

HERE are a couple of “peeves” I’d like to air in your department.

Pathetic! Pathetic! For Greta Garbo, Constance Bennett, Marlene Dietrich, and Marion Davies to try to hold us with their shoddy talents. Charitable to a certain extent, to those four ladies I would hoist up the white flag that spells “Retire!”

I wonder how much longer the pro-
AGAIN her native South calls Margaret Sullavan, this time to play a heroine of the Civil War in "So Red the Rose," and here is a first glimpse of her as "Vallette Bedford," all beauty, charm and that searching sincerity which is completely Miss Sullavan's.
If she means to succeed in a big way she must compromise. She must work at being genial and ever avoid being thought reserved and dignified. For Hollywood resents a lady—except its own pattern of one.

BEING a lady may be an accident of birth. You might even say that it is on art that can be cultivated. But you'd hardly rate it the unpardonable sin that Hollywood does.

Levity? Exaggeration? Ask Ann Harding, Elisso Londi, or any of half a dozen others whom old-fashioned folk would style real ladies. As long ago as last spring, Hollywood wrung from Ann a cry of anguish that is still reverberating in film circles.

A soldier's daughter, Ann had fancied she could take it. She was wrong. In the face of strong inhibitions of training and caste, she uttered that one protest to assembled reporters:

"Hollywood resents a lady!"

Film Town was profoundly shocked. Bit the hand that fed her! Brake the rules and squawked! The very idea, implying that she is better than the rest of us. Aren't we all ladies?

Elisso, and others such as Dolores del Rio and Irene Dunne, didn't join in the chorus of hisses and catcalls. Nor did Mae West with borb or wisecrack. Something in the Ann Harding quotation was like a threat to Mae herself.

"I've tried to live here as a lady should, unpretentiously, quietly. In fact, I've always lived a very quiet and secluded existence, finding my pleasures in normal, wholesome things."

Mae recognized in this an apt description not only of Ann's life, but her own. Mae West's seclusion is as complete and even better guarded. In her private life there is no hint of scandal. No gain's on ond few gain's out, except to movies and the fights. Dangerously ladylike, Is Mae in danger of being found out, in her hitherto secure hiding behind the valuptuous curves and spicy, ungrommotical reportee of "Diamond Lil"?

By Helen Pade

"Hollywood resents a lady!" It was Ann Harding who nettled the film colony when she made this protest.

Irene Dunne compromises with her innate reserve and Hollywood's demands, but she had to learn.

Her exquisite refinement and spirituality doomed Dorothea Wieck after two beautiful performances. Hollywood decided she had no sex appeal and let her go back to Europe.
A LADY TOO?

Greta Garbo is the pinnacle of exclusiveness, yet no one resents her. She is regarded with pride and tolerant amusement. So evidently mere exclusiveness isn't the key to the mystery! Miss Landi wanders if it's having foreign aristocrats in one's family tree. Miss Dunne wanders if it's having American aristocrats. Jean Muir wanders if it's being born on the right side of the tracks.

All this contradictory evidence merely proves that none of the reasons cited is in itself enough to convict a girl of being a lady in the eyes of Hollywood.

Before we tell how and why ladies are punished for being ladies, let us shaw, through an example, what does convict them.

Ruth Chatterton is as democratic a soul as ever trod the boards or faced the cameras. She is human and earthly. It took the transcendental imagination of a press agent to label her high-brow, to coin that unfortunate phrase, "The First Lady of the Screen." Highly successful in her film début, Ruth enjoyed a year among the screen's top-money earners. Then her popularity dropped almost vertically. She was soon out at films.

Now this writer has seen Ruth vaulting hedges, parking gum wads, and chasing her Sealyham with an abandon that would have done credit to Lupe Velez. Her conduct was the impulsive, human sort that usually clicks in Hollywood. But while the cayalyn didn't dislike her—it couldn't—it failed to understand her, failed to give her good screen stories, failed her in every way. No wonder Ruth, in filming "A Feather in Her Hat," her comeback picture, is trying valiantly to have her past and that fatal slogan forgotten and forgiven.

Jean Muir declines to conform with any one's ideas but her own on any subject—and she is not the toast of the town.

Claudette Colbert romps when required, knowing the deadly danger of being branded ritz or too ladylike.

Obviously it was Ruth's reputation that condemned her. Just as Mae West's skillfully press-agented reputation has confused her with "Diamond Lil" in the minds of producers and public alike, no woman could possibly feel that her own conduct is censured while all the world is chuckling over those racy jokes fabricated around the "Lil" character.

Being branded a lady brought punishment to Miss Harding, disaster to Miss Chatterton, near disaster to Miss Landi. It prevented Irene Dunne, Dalores del Rio and several others from scaring the easy, spectacular brand of success which has brought great rewards of fame and fortune to some very indifferent actresses.

Dorathea Wieck is out of American pictures, Jean Muir and

Continued on page 91
Beginning a life story that is different. Intimate, authentic, it transports the reader to the ranch where Miss Loy was born and makes you a member of the household, not an outsider looking in. You follow the actress's first step and watch the development of a character that explains her success.

There was an air of sadness over the inherently happy occasion. Fifty miles out of Helena, on a ranch, the father of the groom lay dying. It had been his desire that his son and the girl of his choice should be married before he left them forever. A blizzard was no obstacle to the granting of such a wish.

The wedding supper after the ceremony was short. Then the anxious bride and groom boarded a snow-laden train, to journey to the bedside of the dying man, to show him that his last request had been granted.

They didn't reach the ranch that night. At Toston, forty miles from Helena, where they left the train intending to hurry on over the last ten miles by horse and buggy, they found the blizzard at the height of its fury. So the young Williamses spent a horrifying night in Toston.

The elder Williams knew they were on their way, and with his last strength he wished to live until they arrived.

Next morning he saw them, and was happy. A new cycle of life was replacing the old.

CHAPTER I.

"I hate it! I'll drown that funny-looking little pink thing as soon as I can!"

Little Laura Belle Wilder gazed down at the newborn baby nestled in its mother's arms, and repeated: "I'll drown it!"

Her own mother was shocked. "But that's your little cousin, Laura Belle!" she cried.

"I don't care! I don't like it!"

The mother looked up at her sister from the hospital bed, and managed a wink. She understood. Laura Belle was jealous. Hitherto the only grandchild in the family, she had had things much her own way, garnering all the affection. Now a rival had come.

A daughter had been born to the David Williamses, eighteen months after their
MYRNA LOY

By Dudley Early

wedding to the tune of a raging blizzard. Now it was August, hot and sultry as August usually is. The baby had been born on the second day of the month. Soon mother and child could be taken back to the spacious ranch house which was their home.

Young Dave Williams awaited their arrival eagerly. He had practically lived at the hospital for days, then had gone back to the ranch to ready it for his family’s coming.

Soon the baby girl saw her home for the first time. As yet she was unnamed, but Mrs. Williams was pondering that now. One evening she broached the subject to her husband, saying that she thought it would be nice to remember her two grandmothers, Anna and Isobel, in naming their daughter. Didn’t he like the name Annabel for the child?

Yes, Dave thought that was a very nice name, and he liked Grandmother Anna and Grandmother Isobel, but—

“I’m going to ask just one thing of you, Della,” he said, “and that is, let me name her.”

“All right,” said his wife, but hesitatingly, “What would you suggest?”

“Do you remember,” he asked, “when I took that trainload of cattle to Chicago last Spring? Well, when we were creeping through South Dakota, I saw a sign by the side of the track. It designated that point as a flag stop, and had the prettiest name I’d heard. I decided right there that if we had a daughter, I’d like her to be called just that.”

The humor of thus selecting a name for a child was not missed by his wife. She laughed. He looked aggrieved, so she hastened to ask, seriously:

“What was the name?”

“Myrna,” he said.

It was a pretty name, and from that moment the child was known as Myrna.

Little Myrna had a nurse, Mary Platt. Miss Platt had held out for the name Sue, because, she said, the baby looked like a Sue. But she took the defeat of her choice good-naturedly. Her job was taking care of the baby, whatever the name. It didn’t take her long to discover that, even at a very tender age, Myrna had a will of her own. And was she independent! She didn’t like to be held, and if any one insisted, she’d squall.

Laura Belle and her mother were frequent visitors, and Laura Belle had got over her first antipathy toward her cousin. She even desired to play with the infant now. Mrs. Wilder never failed to try to cuddle Myrna, and Myrna never failed to protest by screaming lustily.

She never wanted to sleep. When Miss Platt would take her to her crib in the evening, Myrna would wait until the nurse was nearly to the door.

Mr. Early delightfully describes how Miss Loy was given the unusual name of Myrna. She was named for a flag stop on a railroad.

Then she would let out a yell that would bring Miss Platt scampering back. Mrs. Williams, had her own way of handling her child, and it usually worked. But no one but herself could carry it through. She would just let Miss Myrna cry herself to sleep.

But Mr. Williams and Miss Platt couldn’t withstand the wails of loneliness. Consequently, for many months, they were on edge most of the time. And, despite Mrs. Williams’s protests, Myrna was pampered.

As the last born child in the family, she was the object of much attention. Every one was proud of her little pink cheeks, signifying health, and of her saucy little smile. Only one of the family found fault, and that was Grandmother Johnson. She would sit looking at Myrna when she visited the ranch, and say:

“That nose! Look how it tills. There never was a nose like that in our family before.”

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TRAPPED IN THE HELL OF MODERN LIFE
they fight... AS YOU DO... for the right to love!

ENTHRALLED — you'll watch this
BLAZING SPECTACLE OF TODAY TORMENT
THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE DAMNED!
See this man and woman living your
dreams, your despairs. Fascinated... 
behold the raging spectacle of hell here
and hereafter... of Inferno created by
Man and Inferno conceived by Dante!
This drama blazes with such titanic
power that IT WILL BURN ITSELF INTO
YOUR MEMORY FOREVER!

FOX FILM PRESENTS

DANTE'S
INFERNO

SPENCER TRACY • CLAIRE TREVOR • HENRY B. WALTHALL • ALAN DINEHART
Produced by Sol M. Wurtzel Directed by Harry Lachman

THRIll AS YOU SEE
Ten million sinners writhing in eternal torment
— cringing under the Rain of Fire — consumed in
the Lake of Flames — struggling in the Sea of Boil-
ing Pitch — toppling into the Crater of Doom —
wracked by agony in the Torture Chambers —
hardening into lifelessness in the Forest of Horror!
Plus the most spectacular climax ever conceived!

A STARTLING DRAMA OF TODAY... AND FOREVER! TIMELY AS
TODAY'S NEWS... ETERNAL WITH ITS CHALLENGING TRUTHS!
Will Rogers in his greatest picture
'STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND'

ANNE SHIRLEY • IRVIN S. COBB • EUGENE PALLETTE • STEPIN FETCHIT

Directed by John Ford • From a novel by Ben Lucien Burman

IT'S BIGGER than a laugh picture!

Will blazes a new path in his screen career as he scores his greatest triumph! Hollywood calls it the most important event of the season!

'Steamboat Round the Bend' throbs with the romance, the humor, the adventure, the human emotions of the old, colorful days on the roaring Mississippi! And what a climax! Spellbound, you will watch Will Rogers and Irvin Cobb, rival captains, race their boats down the river with a girl's happiness and a man's life at stake!
DANISH ARISTOCRAT

Despite his splendid masculinity, one senses in Carl Brisson a deep tenderness, a fundamental sweetness that is utterly ingratiating and lovable. A high tribute to one who has been a prize ring champion, an intimate of kings and notables, and a successful stage and screen star for a number of years.

By Juliette Laine

ALTHOUGH Carl Brisson has been a star of stage and screen for over ten years, was welter, middle and light-heavyweight champion of the European prize ring while still in his teens, is the friend of kings and innumerable celebrities, he is the most delightfully informal, easy-to-know, and genuinely charming person I have ever met.

I can't help it if this sounds like gush. Remember, please, that I am describing a personal experience, that I really encountered all this charm and graciousness face to face, and that writers are, after all, only human. In other words, let me be a fan just once instead of a cautious reporter.

You all remember what he was like in his first American film, "Murder at the Vanities," and again in "All the King's Horses." Well, I can think of no better description than to say he's exactly like that in person.

He has wavy brown hair and incessantly twinkling blue eyes, but instead of the Nordic fairness one expects, the California sun has tanned him browner than a coffee bean. He has the same ingratiating smile off screen that he has on, and a boyish enthusiasm that is as refreshing as a shower after a sultry day.

He wastes no time getting acquainted, plunges bang into the interview, and talks straight from the shoulder with complete candor and honesty. There is no hooey, no affectation, and very little mention of Carl Brisson.

On the contrary, we talked of everything else, from Axel Munthe and his Island of Capri—the place, not the song—the Grand Duchess Marie, his recent guest, Princess Katherine of Greece, down to dogs, flowers, and canary birds, literally "of cabbages and kings."

He did tell me, too, but only after urging, of the diamond-studded cigarette case that was given him by the notorious Rasputin after a command performance, of the serene, happy days when he gave boxing lessons to the Crown Prince of Germany, and then of the terrible days, so soon after, when he and his young bride were caught in the maelstrom of the Russian Revolution.

It was interesting to be told that it was our own W. C. Fields who first inspired his ambition toward the stage.

"Billy Fields used to come to Copenhagen with his vaudeville act every season, and I thought he was great. I used to try to imitate him, hop-

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FAVORITES
OF THE
FANS
RUTH CHATTERTON

Photo by Russell Bell
AFTER a winter in London, Fay Wray went back to Hollywood to bask on the beach and acquire a sun tan. But any one could have told her she wouldn’t be allowed to loll for long, not with every studio working at top speed and Miss Wray as popular as she is with producers and directors. So Fox stepped in and put a stop to her idling. She’s in “Hard to Get,” with Warner Baxter.
ROSALIND RUSSELL

ROSALIND RUSSELL's dusky, glowing beauty is set off by the coolness of ice-blue satin in stately lines and the dignity of long fringe. The girl knows how to dress as well as act, and she has a gift that is rare in Hollywood—the ability to play a society type without a trace of strain. She's to be William Powell's heroine in his next picture, too.

Photo by George Hurrell
HERE is your favorite Nelson Eddy as he really is; not as Hollywood knows him, but as he is seen in Philadelphia, where he worked at various jobs and received his early training as a singer. Now the Quaker City claims him as her very own, but permits the whole world to enjoy his glorious voice.
THE natural British charm of Elizabeth Allan seems to fit her for Dickens characters on the screen. You remember, of course, what a lovely "Mrs. Copperfield" she was, Freddie Bartholomew's gentle mother in the film that brought him to us. Now she is to be "Lucie Manette," in Dickens's "A Tale of Two Cities."
THE cool and collected Miss Venable undergoes a dramatic transformation! Simply by rearranging her hair and putting on a daring frock, she becomes a different personality. She hasn’t changed within herself, though, but only for the purpose of playing in “Alice Adams,” with Katharine Hepburn, whose rival she is in the picture.
Now you have become acquainted with Helen Gahagan in "She," and eager to see what she looks like without the bizarre costumes of that fantastic rôle. Long important on the stage, she is only now casting her lot with the screen, which gave a warm welcome to her husband, Melvyn Douglas, some years ago.
The coming of autumn finds the well-dressed girl in Hollywood.

**KAY SUTTON**, left, wears this cadet-blue embossed crêpe evening ensemble with a contrasting shoulder bow of sapphire-blue velvet.

**SYLVIA SIDNEY**, below, is stately in her cape of ruby velvet over a dinner gown of black chiffon and velvet.

**GRACE BRADLEY**, above, cheerfully sports tweeds, knowing that nothing is smarter right now. The jacket blouse has the new patent-leather buttons.
OF FALL

ready with smartly simple attire.

HOW Gail Patrick, left, has blossomed lately! Here you see her in a tailored model of brown wool. Frances Drake, right, combines shell pink with maroon in her negligee.

CLAIRE DODD is the joy of Hollywood designers. Her slimness is their delight, for any gown becomes her. But it is her effortless smartness that is her trade-mark.

Below, she wears a dressy swagger suit of black corded wool. On the right she is simplicity itself in a two-piece sports ensemble. A girl must be truly chic to wear a sweater with the success that Miss Dodd displays.

CLAIRE DODD shows you something new in evening wear, right. Over a semi-fitted foundation of midnight-blue chiffon she models an open-front sleeveless tunic of metal cloth, the hemline pointed toward the knees. The original belt is of gold kid.
BELIEVE it or not, it's Mary Astor! Any one with a good memory will recall her as a demure madonna with a cameo profile and melting eyes. Now look at her! Still as lovely as she was as an ingénue, she knows how to be a siren, too, and she's a better actress and a more interesting one than ever before. See for yourself in "From This Dark Stairway."

Photo by Elmer Fryer
BING CROSBY found himself so happily teamed with Joan Bennett in "Mississippi" that when the time came to begin "Two for To-night," his new one, great was his satisfaction to find that little Joan was to be his heroine again. Mary Boland and Lynne Overman are also in the picture, and Gordon and Revel have written marvelous songs for Bing.

Photo by William Walling, Jr.
THE delicate blonde you first saw in "The Glass Key" was Rosalind Keith. Here she is far removed from the underworld atmosphere of that film. She is, in fact, swept by the breezes of Chesapeake Bay during the making of "Annapolis Farewell," in which you will see her as leading lady.

Photo by C. Kenneth Lobben
"As sweet as the heather in the dell." That aptly describes Paterson, the charming English girl who married Charles Boyer and is now blissfully enjoying a honeymoon with him in his native France. They will be back before long, however; she to resume her place with Fox, and he to continue his great success.
ANNA STEN

SHE is as real as a tree, as close to the soil as the waving wheat of her native Russia. That is why Anna Sten has a beauty all her own, a penetrating understanding of life and character untouched by commercial sophistication. In Europe now for a reunion with her mother, she is coming back without fail. "I love America," she says. "It is my home." How many foreign stars have said that?
EAGER yet reserved, studious yet ardently in love with life, Karen Morley is unique among actresses. She goes her way serenely and with dignity, always giving a fine performance, but never dramatizing herself as a person. Her new film is "Thunder in the Night," with Edmund Lowe and Paul Cavanagh.
THINK of it! Margaret Lindsay, poised and slightly blasé on the screen, began life as a shy, gangling youngster usually up to some tomboy prank. To Leroy Keleher she tells, on the opposite page, how she made herself over, and he embellishes her story with some intimate observations of the alluring result.
YOU’D NEVER THINK IT

By Leroy Keleher

You wouldn’t suspect the dignified, slightly blase Margaret Lindsay of being a gamin at heart, would you? But she is, and admits that it is an effort to suppress her tomboy instincts.

MOONLIGHT on the Hudson after a snowfall. The gleam of Cinzano in a Venetian glass. Flavor with a pinch of Galsworthy and Noel Coward. The result? Why, Margaret Lindsay!

In Hollywood, where nearly every one drips synthetic glamour, Margaret is unique. She is reticent, but neither coy nor mysterious. She is wise in the ways of the world, but she is not cynical. She radiates charm and smartness, but she is not sophisticated. She is practical, but not unimaginative; decorative, but not inane; modern, but not theatrical.

Yet she says: "I’m the poorest copy in Hollywood. I’ve never won a beauty contest nor been accused of being a genius. My life is far from sensational. I’m just an average girl who has made the most of what she possessed. Any girl can do what I’ve done."

An amazing statement, uttered by one of the screen’s loveliest and most capable actresses. Do you aspire to be popular, but despair because you lack beauty or glamour? Are you self-conscious and inarticulate in the presence of others? In either instance, draw up a chair and learn how Margaret Lindsay conquered similar handicaps. It is a saga of achievement that should inspire every woman who seeks to improve herself.

"I started out in life as a shy, gangling youngster," she confided, nestling on a divan in her hilltop home. Her unstockinged legs were curled under her, and her dark head rested against a cerise pillow.

"It made me miserable to see the effortless grace with which other girls conducted themselves. Eager to become an actress, I studied screen personalities, speculating particularly on that quality which the majority of them possess—glamour. I decided that glamour is a state of mind, a point of view. A person who finds life interesting and exciting is himself interesting and exciting. That same person is also glamorous.

"I overcame my reticence by literally forcing myself to associate with people. This gave me self-assurance, besides teaching me adaptability. I learned not to be afraid of the sound of my own voice. In an incredibly short time, I was a facile conversationalist and, what was more important, a good listener. Through diet and systematic exercise, I developed a healthy, supple body."

She dipped her finger tips in a cocktail, extracted the cherry and began nibbling it.

"It was once my habit to use cosmetics lavishly," she continued, "I soon learned that a well-scrubbed look is more desirable, and that flagrantly painted finger nails are abhorrent to most men."

Continued on page 65

Privacy and ideals mean more to Margaret Lindsay than a career. She is willing to give up the latter if she cannot be an actress and honest with herself at the same time.
The public and the stylists disagree loudly about Luise Rainer while Broadway is busy sending a favorite son to Hollywood.

By Karen Hollis

Luise Rainer's first picture was a big hit, but—

Fred Astaire, unruffled by success, really thinks he is clumsy on the screen.

Anna May Wong, back from London, is reading stage plays while Hollywood overlooks her.

Broadway and innumerable thousands of radio listeners have unwillingly relinquished Fred Allen to Hollywood, where he will appear in "Thanks a Million," for Twentieth Century.

His most ardent admirers hope that Hollywood will not be kind to him. He is most inspired when he is annoyed. Once he got bored with Admiral Byrd, and the resulting skit he played was the most vicious and vitriolic bit of criticism in recent stage history. It is a ten-to-one shot that he will puzzle Hollywood.

Prosperous as he is, he spends most of his waking hours in a study furnished with one chair, one table, and one typewriter. Nothing else. He scorns clubs patronized by successful men, and plays handball at the Y. M. C. A. with the unemployed. His face usually looks as if he had just been kicked by a mule. That will cause make-up experts and cameramen to love him, to be sure. And local celebrities may be a little confused when they receive from him a huge express package containing waste paper, accompanied by a note saying, "Please put this in your wastebasket for me. Mine is way across the room."

Triumph with Variations.—Cond' id and genuine Luise Rainer, the most skilled
player to début on our screens for some time, scored a big success in "Escapade." Then the dress and gadget manufacturers started complaining. "This girl just can't be the outstanding success of the year. She can't launch fashions. She's too natural, too unassuming," they said. It was bad enough to have Elisabeth Bergner at the casual clothes dominate the stage last winter. Stylists feel that the screen must give them a Harlow, a Crawford, or a wind-swept Hepburn an whom to hang the coming season's fashions.

Shadow On Her Path.—Just to make matters worse, Myrna Loy returned from Europe just as Miss Rainer was getting well launched. Immediately MGM announced that Miss Loy would again be teamed with William Powell in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Foreign travel and work in London films are part of Jean Parker's education and development.

Irene Dunne has been elected one of the ten great ladies of the entire world, taking her place beside duchesses and social leaders.

That need not surprise you, however, as much as learning that the part she refused in "Escapade" was written exactly as Miss Rainer played it, a naive, convent-bred ingénue. It was too far a cry from Myrna's slant-eyed Orientals at the past, too far even from the sophisticated worldlings she has lately played.

There isn't a star who in real life is as unlike her screen self as Myrna. Although she resembles no one else, she would never be recognized except by very sharp eyes. It is her unassuming manner and her plain, unostentatious clothes that afford a complete disguise.

Great Lady of the Films.—No less a personage than Elsa Maxwell, buxom play-girl at the world and friend of queens and songwriters, has elected the ten great ladies of the universe. Only one film actress is included among the duchesses and social leaders, Irene Dunne. The qualification, according to Miss Maxwell, is never seeming aware that one occupies a great position, making kings and carpenters equally at ease. She likes Irene Dunne bath an and off the screen because she avoids the limelight.

Eleanor Roosevelt, that outstanding figure of the newsreels and radio, was omitted from Miss Maxwell's list, but I still like her qualifications for a lady better. She says that a lady is kind and always at ease. But Irene Dunne is still the only film

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ys CHESTER

When he first landed in Hollywood, Chester Morris was quite a sensation. While his popularity seemed to be on the wane, his biggest success in “Public Hero Number One” proves that he is in his stride again.

Chester looked at me quizzically. In his hand he held a telegram ordering him to report to Universal for a picture.

“Funny business,” he remarked.

It was a lazy afternoon, and even answering was too much effort.

“What I mean is this,” he explained. “Last week I made a personal appearance in St. Louis when ‘Public Hero Number One’ opened there. I was all set to go to the Capital in New York this week. Everything had been arranged. Then I get a wire from MGM to return immediately to start work. So I had to cancel the booking and rush back to Hollywood. When I arrived I found that Universal and MGM weren’t on friendly terms. I owe Universal another picture, and now there’s this—waving the telegram. “Which means I can’t start on either picture until the lawyers have finished scrubbing over which picture I do first.”

He paused. “It isn’t so funny,” I answered. “I’ve often known of similar mix-ups in the commercial world. Misunderstandings arise, but they’re always settled, eventually.”

“I wasn’t thinking only of this specific instance,” Chester said. “I meant the whole set-up. You’ve known me long enough and intimately enough to realize that I’m not boasting when I say I was pretty hot that first year I was out here.”

“Pretty hot!” I echoed. “You were the hottest thing in town after ‘Alibi.’ I know a few pictures were held up until they could get you. How many films did you make that first year—eight?”

“Eleven,” said Chester, “but that’s not the paint, either. What I’m driving at is that I was pretty well established. A man I had met during the making of ‘Alibi’ became my closest friend. I didn’t know a thing about pictures, so we got together on a deal. He was to handle my business affairs, get me engagements, sign the contracts. He was to have absolute say about what I was to do. My salary was to be split between us, fifty-fifty.

“At the end of the first year I said, ‘I’m well established now. I don’t want to make so many pictures next year. People will tire of me. Four is the limit.’

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The refinement and sincerity in Gene Raymond's face and manner have taken him far. These, in addition to his talent and ambition, will take him even farther.

BLONDS, according to authorities on the matter, are conceited, fickle and other unpleasant things.

Although Gene Raymond's hair is far from the platinum tint described by some overimaginative writers, he is blond.

By putting together one and one, I obtained the customary two, and my meeting with the actor loomed ahead as something of an ordeal. The authorities could not be wrong. But they were, one hundred per cent, or else Gene is the proverbial rule's exception.

Fickle?

At what is known as a tender age, Gene began in the theatrical world, and for years, through periods of adversity, he remained an actor.

His face, rather more mature than it appears on the screen, shows that he is the type of fellow who does competently anything he attempts.

"I'm a fatalist, but I don't believe in letting fate do all the work. It's not enough for a chap to think 'Well, I'm a clever bartender,' and then sit and wait for a job. You have to help fate."

He has helped fate, but never brags of the sacrifices he has made for art. They are merely part of the job.

While making "The Woman in Red," one of his wisdom teeth became infected. In agony, he rushed to a dentist, but the tooth's condition was such that it could not be extracted far nearly a week. To hold up production would cost thousands of dollars, so Gene returned to the set and arranged to be photographed with the swollen side of his face away from the camera. In constant pain, and living on aspirin, he worked until the picture was completed.

Even with such difficulties he likes his work. He yearns to play in costume pictures. "Dumas, Hugo, Sabatini," he said, candid blue eyes alight, "wrote about characters who did things, who were colorful and alive."

He desires particularly to do "Scaramouche," the rôle, as he says, "Ramon Navarra did so well."

Gene's thoroughness will help him in costume pictures. Besides cultural subjects, he studied sports and fencing, the latter so well that he left the academy a champion.

He is an athletic young man, as the Raymond physique attests. His physique attests. His photo by Hurstell.

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Gene yearns to play in costume pictures and hopes some day to do "Scaramouche."
An extraordinarily vital, gleaming girl with reddish-brown hair, a lovely English voice, remarked for its liquid speech—this is the Merle Oberon who charms all who meet her and whom you will see in "The Dark Angel."

Hollywood stars snubbed Miss Oberon on her first visit—all but Jean Harlow. The rude ones feared the effect of the Oriental enchantment of the newcomer on their men.

WHEN I first heard of Samuel Goldwyn’s plan to change Merle Oberon from a beautiful exotic into a fresh-faced English girl, I thought he was plain crazy. Here was the first lovely, luminous personality that we had seen in years, and now they were going to tinker with her and completely remake her. Why couldn’t they let well enough alone?

I explained my views to the editor of this magazine, and to my surprise he answered, “I am inclined to agree with Mr. Goldwyn’s wisdom in so doing.” I went to see "Thunder in the East," and more than ever I thought the proposed change a foolish step.

And then I met Miss Oberon. To my astonishment, I found her not a slinky, vampish sort of person with a mass of shiny black hair, swaying sensuously when she walked, like one of those Elinor Glyn heroines.

I found, instead, an extraordinarily vital, gleaming person with reddish-brown hair, a lovely figure whose tweed suit detracted not a bit from the charm of her personality. Except for her eyes, which naturally slant, I could see no excuse for putting her in Oriental garb, and certainly never in old-fashioned vampire roles.

What you’ve seen and liked in Oberon on the screen is that power of hers to project an inner spark which fascinates you. You see glamour. Glamour, of course, is an ephemeral thing and difficult to define, but it is something Claudette Colbert possesses to a great degree. Joan Craw-
OBERON the EXOTIC

ford in a different way, Garbo, of course, and others of our stars. Oberon has a big chunk of it.

She is one of those rare individuals who possesses this off as well as on the screen. She has great sex appeal. When she walks across the set, all eyes are focused on her. She has so much personality that she shouldn’t need aids in the way of wigs, costumes, or fantastic make-up to project it. And that is why Sam Goldwyn, sensitively attuned to glamour through all his work in pictures, decides to let her be natural.

What he is doing to her in "The Dark Angel" is exactly what I said I wished he’d do. He is "letting well enough alone," or endeavoring to let the real Marla Oberon emerge. From her he has taken all the veneer of artificiality, all the dark, braided hair, all the gold paint make-up, all the slinky dresses. He is letting her true personality be free to project itself.

The experiment is a most interesting one, and whether it works or not depends upon how fans like her in "The Dark Angel."

Over a spot of tea in her portable dressing room we talked about the change. Incidentally, "a spot of tea" to Miss Oberon is a cup half full of milk and sugar and flavored with tea, topped off with a couple of pieces of chocolate cake.

I don’t believe, which is just as well, that she knows exactly what is in the back of Mr. Goldwyn’s mind in changing her personality. She doesn’t realize exactly what he is trying to evoke from her. She

Herbert Marshall and Fredric March share honors with Miss Oberon in the revival of "The Dark Angel."

then that I have started on the road to becoming an actress.

"It seems to me that how I screen is more or less a make-up problem. My Oriental appearance developed as a result of a make-up man’s imagination. I wasn’t so very Oriental in the beginning, but one of Alexander Korda’s men watched me and said Mr. Korda on the idea of accentuating the line of my eyes. With each succeeding picture it was accentuated more, and finally I found myself in ‘Thunder in the East.’ I should think that if they could make me Oriental, they could make me un-Oriental just as easily."

Ruth Fraser, her secretary, a jolly girl with much more of a clipped English accent than Miss Oberon’s, came into the dressing room to say that the director wanted Miss Oberon “just for voice.” She looked startled. “Just for voice?”

It was the scene where Fredric March, her lover, is leaving for the front, and he tells Merle to close her eyes and not watch him as he goes out the door; lest they break the

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How would you feel if confronted by your "personality portrait" such as you see pictured here? Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, and Mae West inspire a new fad which suggests a game every fan can play.

If you want to be cleverly current, you just must play the new game, "Britton." It is the popular parlor game of New York and Hollywood, since Kenneth Britton has displayed his novel "psychological portraiture" of the stars.

It is a modish variation of the old stand-by, "Who am I?" And it is loads of fun. You play it by analyzing people into objects, which suggest the famous personalities to be "guessed." So don your special thinking-caps to choose concrete things which illustrate your favorite actors' personages.

Da you see Jean Harlow as a fluff of cotton, Joan Crawford as caught in a mousetrap, Mae West as a radiator, Myrna Loy as a siren protected by a sheaf of corn?

These strange "portraits," in which the features of the subject are not seen, are attracting interested, or amused, or occasionally annoyed stars.

Same chuckle over the odd delineations of their famous selves, recalling Robert Burns's famous line about "seeing ourselves as others see us." A few wax indignant. Mrs. Pat Campbell, who, incidentally, is not represented, thought them "very, very rude."

The artist sometimes does poke gentle, good-humored fun at his friends, most of whom take it in comrodely spirit.

These "personality portraits" are not painted on canvas. They are collections of articles which suggest the players' individualities, each a separate exhibit under glass.

The artist makes them from flowers and bubbles, from nails and cellophane and cotton.

Mae West is a large beer "schooner," its shape, Mr. Britton remarked, conforming with her own curvature. In it are a toy gilt radiator twined with red roses, and two white kid curlers.

Jean Harlow is composed of a handful of cotton emerging from a cup, a silver spoon filled with pins, and same green poker chips.
Imagine Their Feelings!

Greta Garbo's case is lined with steel wool, from which rises a sunflower. A bridge curves, stopping halfway. A veil hangs over the inclosure.

Myrna Loy is personified as a siren with long, brawn tresses. For skirts she has a deflated, colorful balloon. Near by is a triangle of matches—isn't she often the third side of that popular movie situation? But over her gently waves a sheaf of corn.

"Corn is wholesome," Mr. Britton explained. "It suggests womanhood, because of its fertility and because it is the food which woman cooks for the family. Though Myrna acts the exotic type, she is a normal young woman, vital and clean."

The artist has visualized Mary Pickford as a cluster of three electric light bulbs resting on a bed of slightly wilted violets. Near by are three nails, indicating steely strength of character.

Others require thoughtful meditation. Women visitors pander silently the meaning of the various objects in the
the golden links of love, to life and fertility—by inclination and choice, a family man.

Another is labeled: "Hartford Girl Makes Good." A procession of little red insects approaches an alab, crystalline egg. Do they symbolize the girl fans who pester Hepburn for autographs? At one side is a discarded silver slipper, perhaps signifying that she has chased self-expression through a career instead of society.

Johnny Weissmuller baffled me: a tall, green feather, a little rabbit, a spoon, and a silver book. What do you make of it?

The artist refuses to explain some of his interpretations, offering them merely as his personal analyses.

Shirley Temple is going to be "The Candy Kid." A stick of peppermint, surrounded by wee toys and stacks of bracali—spinach dressed up, you know. And everybody must be aware by now that Shirley is a spinach starlet.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt is objectified by a cogwheel

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Joan Crawford's personality is expressed by green cellophane in a glass with a broken stem. A mousetrap, four pink doves, and a red flower complete the idea.

Joan Crawford exhibit. Across a torn newspaper is laid a bit of tapestry. Beside red flowers with frilled petals is a plain mousetrap. In the background is a tilted wineglass from which spills thin strips of green cellophane. A procession of pink doves is in the far background.

"Smilax, I suppose," one woman deduced. "Are the doves Joan's young girl fans? The tapestry indicates the artistic environment which she has made for herself, smoothing her life into a pattern of rich beauty. Self-improvement, yes. But why the mousetrap?"

Mr. Britton gave his version. "I think that Joan is caught in a trap. Intensity, determination, vital energy—that's a splendid spirit. But it does make bands. Such persons invariably find themselves prisoners of the very things they have created."

Ben Lyon is made as concrete as a flock of butterflies hovering over an apple, from which a golden chain leads to an egg. Ben flies his plane high; and he is chained, through
CALL it "Glitter" or "Glamour" or by any other name—and MGM hasn't quite decided what it shall be—Joan Crawford's new picture will succeed in attracting throngs. Because, you see, she has that gift. Here she is pictured in one of Adrian's gowns which you will see. It is of gold metallic material, its novelty being found in the waist treatment.
ANOTHER "Champ"? That's what every one is hoping for the new picture, "O'Shaughnessy's Boy," which brings together Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper for the first time since their memorable teaming in the prize-fight film. Mr. Beery is an animal trainer with a big circus, and young Cooper is his son whose mind has been poisoned against him. They are brought together touchingly, dramatically. Can't you hear them speaking as you look at this photograph?
WHICH MOTHER

By Myrtle Gebhart

FOR the first time in screen history one studio has under contract two girl starlets. Production facilities are promoting their careers; big organizations revolve around them.

It is a race between six-year-old Shirley Temple and nine-year-old Jane Withers. It really amounts to this: a contest between two interpretations of childhood to determine what it means to adults.

Shirley is the fair-haired, cuddly "Curly Top," a symbol of sentiment. Jane, the imp, the riotous "Ginger" brot, is entertainment. Shirley is emotional, Jane is mental. Sunshine or tétered from the crudities of life, where people compete for success and often cruelly hurt each other, Jane has been taught carefully to face facts in preparation for self-protection. Shirley probably will develop into a charming, lovely young girl; Jane will individualize through her career.

"We want to keep Shirley unspoiled and innocent, in blessed ignorance of unkindness, of commercial matters," Mrs. Temple told me. "We want her to look back on her childhood with happy memories."

"We believe that Jane must be herself and meet life squarely," Mrs. Withers explained the views responsible for Jane's self-assurance. "To do so, she must be current. Times change; though basic ideals hold good, each generation encounters new trends of thought. Young people today must have a mature mental poise to win through."

Mrs. Temple regrets that occasionally Shirley picks up bits of slang around the sets, and

"I'm getting a salary now!" Shirley bubbles. "They pay me for acting!" Her "salary" is her weekly allowance of four dollars and twenty-five cents.

"We want to keep Shirley unspoiled and innocent, in blessed ignorance of unkindness, of commercial matters," says Mrs. Temple. "We want her to look back on her childhood with happy memories."

tempest? One is adorable, the other is amusing.

These children are distinctly opposite personalities, the essential thing being that each reflects a definite maternal attitude. There is justification for the viewpoint of each mother.

While Shirley has been shel-

gently discourages their use, feeling that the child will develop finer qualities and a broader range if her retentive mind is trained into the arts and languages. Already she is studying French and music.

Mrs. Withers believes that slang is a phase of the contemporary life which Jane must learn to negotiate, for her own good.

So the frequent, exuberant "Swell!" or "Tops!" with which Jane expresses approval is never reprimanded.

"I'm getting a salary now!" Shirley bubbled, dancing around me, her warm little hand nestling in mine. "They pay me for acting!"
IS RIGHT?

Mrs. Temple shields Shirley from life's crudities, while Mrs. Withers has taught Jane to meet life squarely. Shirley has never heard of people who aren't nice, but Jane has shared her mother's struggle to advance her. What will their future be?

She thought she was just "being in the movies for fun," absolutely unaware of its importance, and is elated at "doing so right" that she gets paid for it, like the grown-ups.

Her "salary" is her new weekly allowance of four dollars and twenty-five cents, which

"We always talk over contracts before her, impressing upon her that she must be grateful for these wonderful opportunities," says Mrs. Withers in explaining the education of Jane along practical lines.

"We always talk over contracts before her, impressing upon her that she must be grateful for these wonderful opportunities. We are guarding her against conceit. But we want her to be capable. Would shielding her prove best for her, if she were thrown on her own resources?"

At half past three Shirley was playing in the Baby Burlesque comedies, just one of a group of children. Jane, at that age, had made her radio début, standing on a chair to reach the mike, letter-perfect in her dialogue through hearing her mother read it twice. She gave an impersonation of Fifi Darsay on the stage after seeing her anco. She now does thirty-seven caricatures of celebrities.

Shirley is not allowed to see many of her pictures for fear that she might become self-conscious. Nor does she ask to da so. She is ready for "more fun" doing new things.

Jane discusses her work earnestly. "Please, I'd like folks to get this right. I am not really, truly a meanie. I have to tear around because it's in the script that way.

"I don't want to be a gaady-gaady heroine when I grow

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HOLLYWOOD

Lightly, gayly treading the gilded pathways of the picture city.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

Jean Muir and George Brent are an attractive pair. No, it doesn't mean that they're plotting matrimony just because they're dining together. Probably Jean is confiding her stage yearnings.

Clifton Webb, who makes his film début in Joan Crawford's "Elegance," learns his way about Hollywood's social maze with the best people. Here he is escorting Marlene Dietrich.

LONG, loud cheers are being lavished on Rochelle Hudson. It's a complete reversal. She was never popular in the past, but suddenly she seems transformed into a studio favorite. Rochelle had a reputation for being snippy. It extended not only to those who worked with her, but to possible friends she might have won for herself. She is said to have been scolded lately by studio executives. She was told she would never get anywhere unless she radiated charm. Evidently the advice registered, and so everybody has started boosting Rochelle's stock. She has also been given Janet Gaynor's rôle in "Way Down East," with Henry Fonda.

Gaynor Exit Puzzling.—The Goynor retirement from "Way Down East" gave rise to all sorts of rumors. It was attributed to a head concussion. She and Fondo ran into each other while playing hide and seek in a scene on location. Janet, according to studio statements, tried to continue in the part, but found herself unable to do so. Finally the doctor sent her to bed and told her to stay there.

It seems there is another story that Janet was really fearful of the Fondo competition. He happened to be superexcellent in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." Also, still another tale is that she just didn't like the rôle Lillian Gish played in the original.

Has an Italian tenor taken the place of tions? Anyway, Nino Martini and Miss Tom Brown to bite his
HE STICKS TO THE TRUTH

You have to hand it to Russell Hardie for candor. He carefully debunks his studio biography which credits him with an education, accomplishments and tastes that he doesn’t possess. “Actors are never allowed to be just average at anything,” he naively explains.

By Drummond Tell

If I didn’t know him I wouldn’t believe it. I mean that a person could reach Russell Hardie’s age, have been on the stage as long as he, and still be as naïve. Nor is that all. Russ is six feet one and weighs a hundred and ninety pounds. From his appearance, both on and off screen, you would expect him to exude self-confidence. Instead, he is one of the most self-conscious persons I have ever run across.

It is agony for him to meet people and when strangers address him he flushes a vivid red and immediately becomes tongue-tied, except when he is in front of a camera.

An excellent actor, with never an indifferent performance against him, Hollywood hasn’t given him the chances he deserves. Let’s hope “In Old Kentucky” puts Russ over in a big way.

Russell Hardie comes from a family of poor but honest and hard-working people. His father was a horseshoeer.

"I can’t explain it, even to myself," he confessed. "I’m not a bit self-conscious then. It must be because when I’m before a camera I’m not myself but the character I’m portraying."

He’s been in Hollywood two years and has been to one party—the one the studio gave to celebrate the late Marie Dressler’s birthday. "They asked every one in the studio to come," Russ explained, "and it didn’t seem like a party. I’ve never cared about social functions," he went on. "Perhaps it’s because I’m not sure of myself."

Russ comes from a family of poor but honest and hard-working people. His father was a horseshoeer. Russ is one of the very few picture people I have met who is not ashamed of his humble beginnings. Aside from already liking him, frankness about his background raises him another hundred per cent, in my estimation.

His naïveté is apt to cause the studio some embarrassment. His biography, carefully prepared by the publicity department, assures me that he went to Canisius College in Buffalo and, a little later on, to St. Mary’s; that he is an expert high diver, excels at tennis and ping-pong, and that he loves music.

"They told me," Russ observed doubtfully, "that it would be a good idea to say I went to college, even though I didn’t, so I picked on Canisius, but somehow I can’t quite stomach saying it when I know it isn’t so."

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RESPECTFUL ADMIRATION

A next-door neighbor’s delightful impressions of Alison Skipworth explain what “Skippy” means when she utters the title of this story, with lovable haughtiness, as a rebuke to those who say they love her.

By Helen Louise Walker

A LISON SKIPWORTH, well-known stage actress and pet protégée of Daniel Frohman, had the idea that she would not like acting in pictures. She was so sure of this that, despite persistent offers, she refused for years to have anything to do with them. At last, however, after twenty consecutive failures upon the stage, she found her bank balance considerably flattened, and the income tax due. So she accepted the current invitation to go to Hollywood with a four weeks’ guarantee and her railway fare.

On the train she made an initial discovery concerning the importance of the silver sheet. After the first day she began to feel that it would be pleasant to chat with some of her fellow travelers.

She made little advances to them, offering this are a magazine, passing the salt, mentioning the weather, the scenery.

These overtures were met with chilly stores, and by the third day she was convinced that there must be something about her appearance which displeased, if not actually alarmed, her companions.

On the fourth day, as the train neared Pasadena, a bay entered the Pullman calling for Miss Skipworth. When she acknowledged her identity, he shouted, "A telephone call from your studio says that you will be met at Pasadena by a car, and requests that you proceed directly to the studio to confer with your director and to look at the sketches for your costumes."

The entire Pullman car pricked up its ears. Passengers swarmed upon the neglected actress, cooing, "Dear Miss Skipworth! Are you really in pictures? What pictures are you going to make? What studio is employing you? Do tell us all about yourself!"

Miss Skipworth stemmed the anrush with a haughty glance, hastily closed her bags and swept from the train in her best grande-dame manner, leaving her fellow passengers crushed.

As she had anticipated, she did not like pictures, and comforted herself with the thought that four weeks, three weeks, two weeks from Monday, she would depart for New York. With mixed feelings she learned that her first picture, "The Circle," would be finished a week early, and that MGM wanted to buy her last week and a few subsequent weeks for "Raffles."

That was five years ago, and "Skippy" has been threatening to start for New York on Monday ever since. If she ever departs for the metropolis to stay she will have to do it on a Monday or make an awful fibber of herself.

"I don’t see what they want with me, anyhow," she says. "With a face like mine!" She has been under contract for some years now and professes astonishment each time her option is taken up.

This event occurs regularly on the twenty-eighth of January. On the first of February she begins to look forward to next year. "They won’t renew my contract again," she says, "And then I shall be free to do as I like."
IS ALL THAT'S REQUIRED

But about the middle of August she begins to wonder what would happen to her numerous dependents if she did not resign. She is financially independent. But years of trouping have taught her the precariousness of free-lancing, no matter how much in demand an actress may be. And she has assumed financial responsibility for numbers of struggling and deserving young artists. What would happen to these?

She signs at last, of course, and contents herself with telling studio executives in pungent terms exactly what she thinks of them and their methods, a procedure which startles and delights a studio. The executives listen to her tirades with respect, admit the truth of what she says, and chuckle at the wit with which she says it. They usually end by telling her that they love her very much.

To which the redoubtable Miss Skipworth replies, "I object to your loving me. A respectful admiration is all that is required!" She twinkles as she says it.

She dislikes the sight of herself on the screen so consistently that she declines ever to look at the rushes of any of her pictures. When I ask her, after a preview, how she likes herself in a picture she replies with a shrug, "Oh, so-so." After a moment's deliberation she adds, "I'm very clever, but, God, I'm ugly!"

Despite that opinion and despite her twenty successive failures on Broadway, she has never had an unfavorable notice from the press. Mr. Frohman, who brought her from England years ago, has said, "Alison Skipworth is the one actress about whom there seems never to be two opinions!"

Of her own work she says, "I've never done anything great. I have done some things which might be called good. I've never given a really bad performance."

No matter what it may cost her in money or in favor with her employers, she refuses to play any rôle or to speak any lines which seem vulgar to her. Two or three times she has walked off the set and through the front gate of a studio when pressure was brought to bear to force her to do things which offended her taste in the course of making a picture.

A script was submitted to her a day or two ago, and when the director telephoned to ask what she thought of it, she retorted, "I see just one thing to do with it. Throw it in the fire and put a match to it!"

"As bad as that?" he asked.

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The handsome Miss Skipworth of Broadway in 1896. In all the years that have followed she has never received an unfavorable criticism from the press.
Strange, unearthly fantasy is seldom seen on the screen. When it is, it is rarely done with the technical brilliance of this. Marvelous feats of the camera are performed in imaginative settings that suggest nothing one has seen before. But when I tell you that the producer of "King Kong" also sponsored this film, you will know what to expect. "She" is the Princess of Kor, sovereign of a hidden kingdom somewhere behind the ice barriers of the Arctic Circle. But do not think that she is the fur-clad queen of a frozen waste. She rules in exotic splendor, an ageless immortal who is as old as time itself but looks as glorious as the morning. She is personified by Helen Ghagan, of the stage, who acts with taste, dignity and fine distinction. She is truly regal. It seems that Randolph Scott is the man she has been waiting five hundred years for. He is an explorer who with his companions, including Helen Mack, comes by accident upon the kingdom of Kor. Somehow it is necessary for Mr. Scott to kill Miss Mack in order to become the queen's consort and this he refuses to do. All this is interesting as a spectacle, not as drama.

"THE ARIZONIAN."

An out and out Western that has all the essentials of the old ones, yet is more concerned with conversation and character than riding, is this which brings forward Richard Dix in an excellent performance and has the novelty of an English actress as the heroine. She is Margot Grahame, who was fine as Victor McLaglen's wretched paramour in "The Informer." She is interesting here, poised, lovely and uncommonly intelligent. It is difficult, of course, to reconcile her personality with the part she plays. Nothing is said to account for her British speech nor her presence as an entertainer in a typical dance hall, nor even to explain her relationship to James Bush, her brother in the film. Anyway, Miss Grahame is interesting far more so than the stock heroine of a Western, and so is Mr. Dix. Gallant, ingratiating, sincere, he handles his routine rôle with authority and charm. Never mind the story. It is reminiscent of a hundred similar ones. But it is interestingly played and directed, never straining for effect and never achieving any marked excitement.

"THE MURDER MAN."

You may not believe all you see in the new picture that employs Spencer Tracy, but you can't help having faith in what he says and does. In short, he gives conviction and reality to a fair story and makes it seem more important than it is. He is a reporter, one of those hearty, flip and cynical fellows who knows all the answers before the question comes up. And is, of course, the best newspaper man in town as well. He dictates his stories into a machine and has a private office. Mr. Tracy even makes forgivable these solecisms in newspaper-office routine. He is concerned in proving the guilt of a broker whose crooked partner has been murdered, a dramatic moment coming when Mr. Tracy tells the man, convicted and in prison, that he knows he did not commit the crime and moreover, knows who the real murderer is. Harvey Stephens is excellent in this rôle, baffling because he skillfully combines guilt and innocence in manner and speech, and Virginia Bruce's good looks glorify the sob sister she plays. Or is it an adviser of the lovelorn?
An amiable Powell and Fazenda as their comic aids. Every one of these vehicles, which means that they display the accomplishments that have made them popular in countless prior films and have made Warner casts virtually a closed corporation. Let an outsider try to break up the combination if he dare! Anyway, Mr. Powell is a taxi driver who falls in a radio audition, follows his broken-down singing teacher to Venice and is “discovered” by Miss Fazenda, wealthy sponsor of an American program, as just the star her cheese hour needs. “Mio gondolierio!” she coyly exclaims and one can’t help laughing at her because she isn’t the first middle-aged American matron who has been taken in by the Grand Canal and its romantic atmosphere. So Mr. Powell, in velvet jacket, sash and what not to complete his masquerade as an Italian, goes to New York and is a radio sensation. Mr. Menjou’s superior artistry is evident in his caricature of the singing teacher, which manages to be very real, too.

“GINGER.”

Jane Withers, who made a great impression as the mean little girl in Shirley Temple’s “Bright Eyes,” is a star herself now. That means she is intent on capturing sympathy instead of being childishy wicked. Consequently she is not as original and stimulating. She is a clever juvenile, though, in one of those tailored vehicles crammed with opportunities for the star to troupe. She does everything from an imitation of Garbo to reforming the cast, with never a wisecrack overlooked. If all this is unbelievable and far-fetched, don’t blame Jane but her forced stardom. She is an orphan who is being reared by an ex-actor until she is adopted by a society woman, an amateur psychologist, who thinks she knows all about a child’s needs. Jackie Searl, as her priggish son, is an example of her training. Walter King is the unhappy father with whom “Ginger” strikes up a friendship and with whom, incidentally, Miss Withers has her best scenes. Her hard-boiled slang and bluntness set the household agog and the fairy tale ends with mulligan stew served to the delight of her Park Avenue sponsors. Even stately Katharine Alexander exclaims, “It’s the nuts!”
"ESCAPADE."

The début of Luise Rainer—pronounced Ryner—is the brightest and most refreshing event in a parched, arid month. The Viennese actress has charm, individuality and humor, not to mention promise of becoming important. Certainly she is like no current favorite though she reminds me of Florence Vidor and Madge Bellamy, especially in the sparkling, liquid beauty of her dark eyes. She is introduced in an amusing, not too original comedy of life in Vienna at the turn of the century. A quiet, convent-bred girl, she is the paid companion of a racy countess who smokes cigars. She is drawn into an intrigue which involves William Powell, a celebrated artist, and a flirtatious matron who has indiscreetly posed for him clad principally in a chinchilla cape. Publication of the picture causes embarrassment for the lady and suspicion for her husband until Miss Rainer is declared to be the model. Misunderstandings increase until they climax in a shooting. But meanwhile Miss Rainer's childlike innocence has captivated Mr. Powell and put a stop to his philandering. The entire picture is beautifully acted by distinguished players.

"THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE."

No, this is not a circus picture. It is the facetiously titled opus which represents the latest effort of W. C. Fields and his troupe. It happens to be one of their best. While it is no different from other films starring the great comic, it follows a pattern that he has made peculiarly his own, ironic, penetratingly human comedy. Always, however, Mr. Fields does more than provoke laughter. He symbolizes the millions of commonplace men, their futile, drab lives and their yearning to escape. In this he is an office clerk who summons courage for the first time in twenty-five years to ask for an afternoon off. He says his mother-in-law has died. News of the supposed death in his family spreads and he is exposed as a liar and discharged because of his deception. Now all this is not the most original material in the world, but as played by Mr. Fields it is hilariously funny and curiously touching. Such expert portrayers of character as Kathleen Howard, Grady Sutton, Lucien Littlefield, Vera Lewis, and Tammany Young aid Mr. Fields, while Mary Brian is his sympathetic daughter.
THE most famous legs in the world—and the most beautiful, according to connoisseurs—are here displayed naturally, modestly, and far more strikingly than when they were masked by Miss Dietrich’s wisely discarded trousers. She idles in her garden while awaiting the call to begin her new picture, "The Pearl Necklace," which everyone is hoping will reveal a "new" Marlene.
THE new actress with the unusual name acquitted herself with such distinction in her very first performance, as "Hermia" in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," that she was given the lead opposite Errol Flynn in Sabatini's "Captain Blood," as she is here pictured.
HE SPOTS RHYTHM

Rouben Mamoulian, director of "Becky Sharp" and other important films, explains his unusual theories. To him, stars are colors and they act rhythmically, with a metronome clicking the tempo of each scene.

Garbo and Dietrich are much alike, 'rhythmically' speaking." The quotes came from Rouben Mamoulian who has directed them both.

He has more recently directed Anna Sten and Miriam Hopkins. Of them he said: "Sten, like Garba and Dietrich, has the slow rhythm of the old world but with this difference—and it is a very definite one—she is of the earth, earthy. Miss Hopkins is more typically American and staccato."

To Mr. Mamoulian, who rehearses his scenes with a metronome ticking off tempo, no particular rhythm is better than another; but every person has both rhythm and color.

"I direct rhythmically," he explained, "because all art is creative. It somewhat amuses me when I hear a great picture described as a 'mirror of life.' If that were true then our newsreels would be our best pictures. Quite the contrary, the best drama is that in which author, actor, and director create a perfectly orchestrated symphony."

Rouben Mamoulian, an artist who dips his brush into a palette peopled by the stars of the screen, and with broad sweeping strokes on his canvas paints a picture of almost incredible skill, color and magnitude, is, you know, the director of "Becky Sharp."

At his rooms at the Algonquin, I found a man for whose brains one must have instant respect. He is rather younger looking than he appears in photgraphs, yet there is no frivolity about him beyond his delightful sense of humor. He is sincere, thorough, and eminently successful.

Does this business of rhythm seem just a bit confusing? Do you want to know, as I did, what it had to do with Garbo, Hopkins, Dietrich, and Sten?

Let me tell you ar, rather, let Mamoulian.

"A story," he explained patiently, "to be a great story must have rhythm. So must a star. Direction is the successful blending of both—just as color is another name for rhythm. For instance, in describing a forest you might say 'It is a mass of green trees.' Or quite properly you could describe it as 'a collection of growing things.' It is, you see, merely how you sense it.

"Now take a scene in a picture. I'll select the scene of the Battle of Waterloo in 'Becky Sharp.' Because color represents certain emotions to human beings, the red coats of the soldiers, the blazing of cannon, the general background of red predominating, immediately suggests danger to the spectator. And the rhythm of the scene is in keep-

Mamoulian's Color Chart for Stars

<table>
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<th>Women</th>
<th>Men</th>
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The staccato rhythm of Miriam Hopkins is apparent in the scene where "Becky Sharp" has supper with Cedric Hardwicke. Mamoulian senses in him the slow, measured tempo of approaching doom.

In Garbo's scene with John Gilbert at the inn, when she lovingly touched every object in the room, she was rhythmically expressing the ecstasy of love.

Continued on page 85
and COLOR in STARS

Fredric March: yellow-green.

Marion Davies: sky blue.

Gary Cooper: blue.

James Cagney: orange.

"A story," says Mamoulian, "to be a great story must have rhythm. So must a star. Each great scene in a picture is a poem in rhythm. Others may be prose. Especially is this true of love scenes."

By Dena Reed
Hollywood High Lights

party that began Sunday afternoon and lasted well into the evening. Lily didn't know half the people who arrived, which is never unusual in the colony, but made the best of it. And that same day, a blistering hot one, she had spent five hours at the studio recording the Bell Song from "Lakme." Real endurance, we'll say!

Also, no swans of Hollywood for Miss Pons. She's interested in André Kostelanetz, the famous musician.

Prima Donna Competition.—Nat to be outdone by Pans, Gladys Swarthout put on a show all her own. Instead of having the guests at her home, she transported them in large busses to the Trocadero Café, where they had a festive evening. Many say Swarthout will be the next great screen discovery —due more to personality than voice. But, then, what prima donna should worry about the reason she is a sensation?

Wally Emulates Daniel.—Wallace Beery actually went into a lion's cage. We saw him do it. Which must have taken him back to the good old days when he was a Sennett comedian. Wally did his little stint with the wild animals for some scenes in "O'Shaughnessy's Boy," Richard Boleslawski, the director, being a stickler for realism.

Wally also had to perform in a sort of wrestling match with a tiger. Very few first-line stars would da as much to please the picture-makers and picture-goers.

A Sentimental Note.—Hollywood must be getting sentimental in an old-fashioned way. For annually now the colony is holding a "father and son" day. The idea is for "pap" and his child or children to get together en masse, and compete in athletic tests, three-legged races, baseball games, tennis and maybe even golf. It's really quite the most rural and simple set of pastimes that the colony has indulged in for ages.

Wrecking Favorited Theory.—If Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are married—well, there goes Na. I smash-up of the great credo announced by several celebrated film duos; namely, that no matter what happened, they wouldn't wed.

Joan said a year ago, and reiterated it since, that marital life and a career simply wouldn't mix, and that she was through attempting to blend them.

But you know how it is with that little assertion, no matter how much it may be supplemented by oaths and forswearings.

Carol Lombard's dressing room employs exactly the colors that you would expect to match her personality. Pale-blue walls, white furnishings, and lemon-yellow for the upholstery. Perfect!

Eddy Keeps His Head.—For all the idolatry that has been laid at his door, since he made a hit in "Naughty Marietta," Nelson Eddy remains singularly unsullied. He still has a good time singing at parties, and is always willing to oblige the studio when they are staging an entertainment for out-of-town visitors. Eddy has already attained a peak in fan mail from admirers of his voice and personality, and having waited long for success he doesn't let it go to his head.

Barrymore "Ex" on Scene.—John Barrymore's cavortings in the East may make the headlines of the newspapers, but Hollywood followers of the Royal Family's doings have had some cause for wonderment, too.

The striking event was the arrival of Michael Strange, who a few weeks ago led a vogue for trousers in New York. She was married to Barrymore just prior to Dolores Costello, and had a daughter by John. She went to the Coast to appear in a Pasadena Community Playhouse production of Shakespeare's "King Richard III," and may remain on for pictures.

Fighting Back to Fame.—Dolores and Helene Costello are both endeavoring to renew their careers. Dalores took a test for Paramount, and Helene starred in a stage play called "The Wilder Beauty." Incidentally, Helene has become the life of the party in Movieland's social world. She experted in dancing the rumba at the house-warming given by Frank Morgan, while Frank himself shook the gourd filled with shot.

They say it's all ended between Helene and her Cuban husband.

Reed Beau Ideal.—Phillip Reed, who shines in "Accent on Youth," with Herbert Marshall and Sylvia Sidney, is quite the beau of Hollywood. He's a handsome chap, and is reasonably attentive to the young ladies he escorts, without becoming too romantic. That means he's a nice, acceptable person. Reed escorts Margaret Lindsay every once in a while, Marina Schubert, and others.

Pons Sweeps Into Town.—Lily Pons made a grand entrance into Hollywood. She was introduced to the elite at various luncheons and dinners, and also was presented to the press at a party at the Hotel Knickerbocker. Right on top of that, she herself entertained a throng of celebrities at a
Jealous Over Norma.—Plenty of broken hearts are to be found in Hol-lywood since Norma Shearer has really decided to play “Juliet” in “Romeo and Juliet.” Evelyn Venable had her heart set on this romantic heroine, and Anita Louise was another contender. Evelyn went so far as to play in a much-abbreviated stage version with a very poor company just to prove her fitness. Evelyn’s discomfiture will be truly complete if Katharine Hepburn or Greta Garbo ever actually decide to play “Joan of Arc” on the screen. That’s the part she has been fighting for ever since she went to Hollywood.

Mae West Turns Hermit.—Mae West has almost retired from the spotlight. She seems content to concentrate on picture-making, without furnishing the world with wisecracks or otherwise making a bid for ballyhoo. She goes to prize fights pretty regularly, and is said to be somewhat interested in a little-theater project, but that’s about all.

Well, anyway, nobody ever had a greater fling at publicity while it was going on than Mae. But her star is dimming.

Gertrude Nearly Confesses.—Gertrude Michael almost said “Yes” when asked whether she is engaged to Rouben Mamoulian, the director. They have been seen together often, although not constantly, and the understand- is that there may be a wedding some day.

The Tibbett Conclave.—Lawrence Tibbett’s come-back film, “Metropoli- tan,” is eagerly awaited. He was the first grand-opera star to score a signal triumph, and it is felt that now he will win an even more faithful audience. It was curious that when Lawrence arrived in Hollywood, his ex-wife Grace Tibbett came into town only a few days later. Tibbett, of course, was with his second wife. It was called “just a co-incidence.”

Artistically Devoted.—Jean Muir and George Walcott are seen about together. Incidentally, they are very much interested in a little theater or- ganization, which Walcott heads, with Jean virtually the moving spirit in the enterprise.

An Amateur Puppeteer.—Binnie Barnes caused more excitement than any other star who visited the San Diego Exposition, which has been a drawing card of late for the movie great. Binnie stirred up the luror when she visited the puppet show there just prior to the evening opening. She wanted to have fun, and oper- ate the puppets by pulling the strings, and what did she do but get those strings all twisted up. It was just about the time the show was to open, and so the regular puppeteers went pretty nearly crazy trying to straighten them out. Now they have a “verbatim” sign up for all film players who want to become puppet manipulators.

Marian’s New Attendant.—That beauteous young belle of Hollywood, Marian Marsh, is being escorted these days by the younger Brisson, yclept Freddie. He’s the son of Carl, and handles his father’s business affairs. Marian and Edmund Lowe are seldom together right now. Eddie more or less plays the field, anyway.

Bouquets for Suzanne.—One of the cutest young girls in pictures is Suzanne Kaaren. And what a hula she can do! She proved this recently at a Tahitian party given by Mala. Every native Tahitian at this affair was bound and determined to dance with Suzanne, and she was rushed to death. Suzanne was born in Australia, which probably helps to account for her proficiency in South Pacific dances. Or is it just a gift?

Robbing the Cradle.—They’re picking them younger all the time. Vir- ginia Weidler, aged seven, was re-cently chosen the “movie sweetheart” of the class of graduating seniors at the University of California. Some people, by the way, think that little Virginia is soon going to outrun Shirley Temple as a favorite, but she’ll have to step if she wants to surpass the Shirley of “Curly Top.”

Horse Opera Stars.—Oddity of this age for all those who remember his successes of past years is the news that Conway Tearle is to make a series of Western pictures. Conway had a long career as the highest-paid leading man in the silent films. Later he won great success on the stage in “Dinner at Eight,” but even that didn’t help to re-instate him in his former status. Our friend, Nick Foran, also has suddenly become a Western star. They call him Dick Foran now.

Romantic Adjustments.—Everything is happily sailing again with Roger Pryor and Ann Sothern. That was just a little flurry when Ann appeared in public with Gene Raymond. And were we interested recently to see Gene es-corting Jeanette MacDonald to a con- cert! But Jeanette’s mother was also along.

One of those location lulls which try the patience of stars finds Bing Crosby, Mary Boland, and Joan Bennett listening to Harry Ruskin, the dialogue writer, when they’d all rather be working on “Two For To-night.”
spell. All the director wanted of Oberon was to catch a murmurm from her as Freddie left.

I walked back with her to the set and perched outside camera range on the window seat, while Freddie practiced going in and out the door. Between takes, we continued our conversation in hoarse whispers, much to the annoyance of the assistant director, who finally shooed us back to the dressing room.

I wanted to know if there was any psychological change within Oberon's self with the change of roles. I know that Goldwyn in the past, in rebuilding personalities, has worked upon them mentally, developing an inferiority complex in one case and tearing down a superiority complex in another.

"Well," said Miss Oberon, "if he has worked any of his psychology on me, I've been unaware of it. I'm still just me. Just because I played a tragic-eyed Japanese wife in 'Thunder in the East' didn't mean that I went home every night, put on tight-fitting slippers and kimonoos and felt like a Japanese wife, and when a man spoke to me I was quickly obedient to his wishes. Do you think Charles Laughton carried his militaristic rôle in 'Les Misérables' into his private life?"

While that wasn't exactly what I meant, it was at least an answer.

Like most beautiful women who have that aura of glamour, Merle Oberon's name is constantly being associated in a romantic way. She says that some of this is publicity, much of it is gossip, and very little of it is true. I presume that she thinks this statement really true, although by this time she must know of her power to attract men.

If you ever meet her, don't mention the word "engagement." She has been "engaged" twice this year, once to Joseph M. Schenck and once to David Niven. She refuses to discuss the Schenck incident except to say that he is a charming gentleman and a good friend, but that she isn't in love with him. About the Niven incident, she will tell you that she was very surprised to hear it, that she and David have been excellent friends, but that there's been nothing romantic between them.

"I am certainly surprised the way engagements occur in this country," she told me. "I've never seen any sense to announcing a promise to marry a man unless you are deeply in love with him and planning the wedding. Of course, some people say engagements are good publicity, but I don't think so!"

Lost—Oberon the Exotic

But just because she isn't engaged, don't think Miss Oberon is any wallflower. She goes places with Niven, with Edmund Lowe, and with Brian Aherne. Ronald Colman is a frequent visitor to her beach cottage, but so far he has not escorted her to any parties.

"If I found a man I loved very much I would marry him. My career could take its chances. Marriage would come first. And as far as husbands go, give me a British one rather than an American, although—"she paused—"I don't think nationality will matter much when I'm really in love."

Merle Oberon's views on Hollywood's treatment of her when she first arrived are emphatic. Hollywood snubbed her, she says, and she was pretty hurt about it. "I was really frightfully snubbed. I won't mention names, but I was coldly treated by some of the stars. The one person who was really nice to me and from whom I least expected it—I don't know why, now that I know her—was Jean Harlow. She came clear across the room to meet me and said something very gracious about admiring my work and wanting to know more of me. After my first few experiences, I just stayed at home and didn't go anywhere. I don't know why they acted that way."

On why they acted that way you may place your own interpretation, I would say it was because some of our Hollywood stars, who are pretty much woman under the skin, were scared of that aura which Miss Oberon exudes, and wanted, in a purely feminine way, to give her no aid in meeting the eligible men on whom they had designs.

Miss Oberon continued that she is still annoyed about that first reception, although she admits now things are different, and life is pleasant. She said, "I had heard that Hollywood was famed for its hospitality and warmth. All the American people I've met have impressed me as being unusually gracious and delightful. I had looked forward to Hollywood and thought I was going to have a grand time. British people are much more reserved and harder to become acquainted with, but Americans are widely known for their generous attitude toward strangers. Well, I went to two parties on my first visit to Hollywood, and no more."

"When I came back this time, I took a house at the beach and, determining to live my own life quietly, gradually I have found friends. Strangely enough, the same people who insulted me on my first trip are now very pleasant, and I have discovered in other groups that warm American hospitality which I had hoped for. It's a strange town, but I'm growing to like it. I am supposed to go back to England to appear in 'Cyrano de Bergerac' with Charles Laughton after I finish 'The Dark Angel,' but it is problematical if I go or not. Mr. Goldwyn wants me for another picture, and I hate to make that long trip and come back so quickly. I think I want to stay now."

And I shouldn't be surprised if Merle Oberon stayed quite a long time.
You'd Never Think It

To-day the only make-up I use away from the studio is a light shade of lipstick. I also learned that mere physical appeal does not make a girl charming. True charm is a subjugation of the physical and an accentuation of the mental. Every girl must dramatize herself. Glamour is an expression of individuality. Don't be afraid to be different, which really means 'be yourself.'

There is diffused from her a vague and enthralling perfume that is not only of clothes or cosmetics or hair, but a distillation of all three. Zola would have described her carriage as "a simple, feline undulation." She is not beautiful, but she is piquantly good-looking. Her face has character. Her rather angular jaw indicates that she is hard to convince, stanch in her convictions, and happiest when left to her own resources. Her mouth is provocatively kissable. Her skin has the pinkish sheen of a rose petal. Under her eyebrows are dusky blue eyes that might have haunted the dreams of the Florentines of the quattrocento.

Patrician in appearance, she gives an intriguing impression of restraint. She seldom involves herself emotionally. When such a disaster seems imminent, she exercises that most efficient of defense mechanisms, namely, feminine detachment. She has never been wed or engaged, and love doesn't interest her—much.

"Don't you think men are—well, necessary?" I asked.
"Yes," she retorted, "but so is the weather!"

Of all the roles she has played, her favorite is that of the society girl in "Bordertown." She regards her work seriously and intends to keep in shape for it. And what shape! She is one of those fortunate people who can eat almost anything. Her lunch frequently consists of a fruit or fish cocktail, a lamb chop, two vegetables, a salad and a dessert.

She dislikes pompous people and protracted conversations. Cynics amuse rather than annoy her, because she believes they are sentimentalists on guard.

Usually dignified and un effusive, she forms a concept of people before meeting them, but is quick to alter her opinion when she realizes her mistake. She plays a wicked game of tennis, nearly always winning because her opponent can't keep his eye on the ball.

"People tell me that the only way to get ahead in pictures is to be seen and talked about," she told me. "If that's true, I'm content to remain a featured player. Privacy and ideals mean more to me than a career. If I can't be an actress and also be honest with myself, I'll say good-bye to the screen.

"Believe it or not, it is more than a month since I've had a date." I seldom go to a theater or night club. I get my enjoyment elsewhere. One of my best friends is an elderly housekeeper who lives with me. Janet Gaynor is my only girl chum. We're like sisters. We spend our leisure at Janet's beach house, where we loll on the sand and forget about studio routine. You see, I'm happy only when I'm being myself. That probably sounds incongruous, coming from an actress, but that's how I feel.

I have seen her sit awwestruck under a star-pricked sky in Hollywood Bowl, listening to Wagner's "Parsifal." I have seen her run like a nymph along the wave-washed shore of Malibu. On both occasions I had to reassure myself that she was the same girl. She drives a Ford roadster which she calls "Lindsay's chariot." It is distinguished for its infinite variety of nickel-plated horns and lights. Every pay day she adds another gadget, until the car is the last word in something or other.

She can discuss Swinburne and Chaucer, but she is not an intellectual. On the contrary, she is a gamín at heart. She admits it.

"People who know me on the screen as a dignified, slightly blésed person would be surprised if they knew what an effort I make to suppress the tomboy in me. When I was a youngster I scared my mother out of her wits a number of times. Once, while she was downtown, I discovered an old snake-skin in the attic of our house. I conceived the idea of stretching the gruesome thing on the front porch. When mother returned she saw the apparently live reptile and let out a shriek that must have been heard for blocks. She dropped her packages, scurried down the street, and I was convulsed with merriment. Presently she returned, preceded by a formidable policeman. He drew his gun and was about to 'kill' the snake when I popped out of a hedge and confessed my hoax.

"Gee, did I have fun!

She was the incarnation of all life's springtimes as laughter spilled over her words.

"To prove that I'm still a gamín," she continued, "I'll tell you what happened a few days ago. I was lunching in the Brown Derby with Jeanette MacDonald and Lily Damita. A school chum whom I hadn't seen for years sat at a near-by table. We recognized each other simultaneously, and I shouted:

"'Hi, there!'

"'Everybody in the place looked at me. Was I embarrassed!'"

Gamin or lady—which is she?

Joel McCrea and Maureen O'Sullivan enjoy a cooling pick-me-up between scenes of "Manhattan Madness." It looks like nothing more exciting than "cake" with a straw to us.
favorite screen portrayal was "Zan" in "Zoo in Budapest," not only because the part was well written, but because it permitted him antics reminiscent of the Doug Fairbanks technique.

"I'll get a costume rôle some day," he murmured determinedly.

In view of past performances it is certain that he will.

"At some time every one has a feeling he has done something noteworthy, just about his best. I'll think of retiring when I have that feeling.

You see, he wishes not merely to work well, but to live well.

"People weren't meant always to work, so when I'm at the peak I'd like to bow out. Then possibly I'll raise horses, perhaps produce plays, even marry.

"You know, one has to work at marriage. A film career and a wife can't be handled together with satisfaction. After a full day at the studio the movie actor and his bride don't care if they see each other. And a jealous wife would be unbearable. In this business you must have some one who is understanding. Publicity, too, hurts Hollywood marriages. No," he laughed, "I'll wait until this job is done. If I were to meet the right girl just as I retired it would be great, wouldn't it?"

Concealed?

The glare of fame has not blinded him to himself. "Gratifying but demanding," he calls this fame.

"One of man's greatest pleasures, I think, is to be able to lose himself in a crowd, just window-shop and walk where he wishes." This simple joy is denied a screen star. Gene rarely ventures to public places in daylight.

Occasionally the fans' insistence becomes annoying. While in Florida Gene was sent a script containing a potential part for him. "Endless parties kept the script in a drawer for ten days. Finally the last day for my decision came and I started to read. Before I had finished two pages about a hundred people stopped in for cocktails. Of course, the script was shelved. Later I decided to escape to the beach by myself and finish reading.

"At the gate were two high-school girls. I suppose the easiest procedure would have been to sign their autograph books, but I wanted to be alone at that moment.

"I headed for another exit and the girls followed. It was like a Mack Sennett comedy. I would walk faster and the girls would, too, until we were almost running. At last I rejoined my guests and the script was mailed, un-
Kent Taylor and Gail Patrick try marriage on an income of $150 a month in "Smart Girl," but after a few moons of giddy romancing they find it wasn't the smart thing to do.
It's the big dance number in "Top Hat," starring Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, and here you see
PICCOLINO

the marvelous Venetian set during rehearsal. Below, a glimpse of some of the action.
PASSION IN THE DESERT

Cary Grant, Claude Rains, and Gertrude Michael are the triumvirate of stars who share intense emotions in "The Last Outpost," a story of British valor, chivalry and romance in Africa.

The strange story has Mr. Grant and Mr. Rains in love with Miss Michael, unknown to each other. The best of friends, they part in bitterness when the truth breaks upon them and Mr. Rains swears revenge. For Miss Michael is his wife. But when he has Mr. Grant in his power, his hand is stayed by a weird signal from the unseen world.
GAMBLING

Warren William and Claire Dodd, the latter in a leading rôle at last, promise sophisticated fun in a farce called "Don't Bet On Blondes."

MR. WILLIAM is incomparable as a light comedian. Here he is the proprietor of a flashy gambling establishment where the slogan is "We bet anything on anything." Miss Dodd is a stage beauty whose scamp of a father insures her against marriage. Now you guess who cancels the policy, but you'll never guess the smooth trickery he employs!
"Broadway Melody of 1936" is the big, new glittering
ON the opposite page you will see Robert Taylor in his first dancing rôle, his blond partner June Knight, while in the circle is popular Jack Benny, who returns to the screen a famous radio star. Eleanor Powell, celebrated tap dancer, is with Mr. Taylor, below—first as herself, and then disguised by a blond wig. With Mr. Taylor and Miss Powell, bottom, are Buddy and Vilma Ebsen, stage dancers.

WHITE WAY

musical film that looms large on the moviegoer’s calendar.
"She Married Her Boss" brings back Claudette Colbert to the Columbia studio to join Melvyn Douglas, Michael Bartlett, and Jean Dixon in a comedy of business life.

MISS COLBERT is the super-efficient secretary to the owner of a big department store whom she loves for six years without giving a sign. She is seen, top, with Miss Dixon, her wisecracking friend who can't understand her reserve. Mr. Bartlett is with Edith Fellows, above, and on the left you have Miss Colbert with Mr. Douglas.
WARBLER

He is Nino Martini, the Italian tenor of opera and radio, who makes a film début in "Here's to Romance."

The pleasant comedy has Mr. Martini an unknown with a voice who is helped by a wealthy woman played by Genevieve Tobin. She is with Mr. Martini, Reginald Denny, and Ernestine Schumann-Heink in the top picture. Again, with Mr. Martini and Anita Louise, the heroine, below. Miss Louise plays a sentimental scene with the star, right.
SEPTEMBER will bring Charlie Chaplin's long-awaited picture which probably will be known as "The Factory." Certainly the likeness of him, below, makes that title a fitting one, for he is a mechanic, a mere cog in the great wheels of a modern plant. The situation, left, is a familiar one to admirers of Chaplin pictures. "The Tramp" tries to coax "The Gamin" to smile. Paulette Goddard is also photographed, left, in this leading role.

CHAPLIN AT LAST!
SURELY "Peter Grimm" must be one of Lionel Barrymore's greatest rôles. He is viewed, right, with George Breakston, who plays an important part in creating the pathos of the story.

"The Return of Peter Grimm" is an oddity in story-telling. It describes the return after death of a lovable old man who seeks to correct the mistakes he made during his lifetime. He struggles to avert catastrophe by warning his loved ones, and he can't make himself heard.
WHATEVER the title, she
was billing Jean
Cassanidy
as Professor in her
advertisements.
Through the voice of Mr.
Kenashe, one of the
ancient chieftains of today,
he prays peace for
uncle Stanley and
agrees.

78
"The Last Days of Pompeii" is the big dramatic spectacle every fan anticipates.

PRODUCED on a magnificent scale, the new picture promises to show us the elegance, the grandeur and exquisite beauty of life in one of the most polished cities that civilization has ever known. Preston Foster has the leading rôle, that of a favorite gladiator. He is pictured, right, with David Holt as his adopted son, and, above, with Gloria Shea. The patricians at the banquet table, below, are Basil Rathbone, Louis Calhern, with Mr. Foster.
"ALICE ADAMS" is a small-town girl who has dreams of conquest far beyond her middle-class means. The high light of the story comes when she makes an elaborate camouflage of her family's poverty at a dinner for the handsome stranger who is rushing her. Can't you hear Hepburn's voice as you look at these eloquent photographs? Fred MacMurray is the man.

GIRL'S DREAM

Booth Tarkington's famous "Alice Adams" provides just the right part for Katharine Hepburn. More than any of her pictures, it recalls her memorable "Morning Glory."
The immortal romance of "Peter Ibbetson" is relived by Gary Cooper and Ann Harding who create a sublime love out of childhood memories.

HAIL, all hail Gary Cooper in his first poetic rôle! "Peter Ibbetson" spends almost all his life in prison. But when he sleeps he dreams of his love for "The Duchess of Towers." Virginia Weidler and Dickie Moore, above. Ida Lupino with Mr. Cooper, above, left, and John Halliday, top.
It isn't the fashionables that we see in London's famous pleasure ground but a group of whimsical derelicts who have no home except a deserted tea house which they call "Forbidden Heaven." This also happens to be the name of the picture starring Charles Farrell and Charlotte Henry.
Which Mother Is Right?

Jane prattles, too, of her small interests, her "penthouse playhouse" on the roof of the apartment building, her pets, their new car, her jumping rope, her eighteen dolls, all named Patsy Something.

But Jane can switch immediately, if she fears she is boring you, to more adult topics. She holds her hands primly in her lap, and awaits your questions. With quaint poise, she deposits her coat and scarf on a chair, "so they won't get mussed."

What she doesn't understand she begs your pardon about, and asks you politely to explain it. Her appeal is more skillful—trained in courtesy. I have seen her do, and heard her say, little tactful things which wouldn't occur to the average child. Yet they seemed spontaneous.

Shirley loves pretty, fluffy dresses, preferably blue. Jane has a smart clothes sense, having chosen her own "for years," she says.

Shirley is content with her happy world as she finds it. Jane's eager curiosity must be appeased.

Their main difference in appeal is evident also in their fan mail. Adults who have only "dream children" invariably write to Shirley, wistfully thanking her for her gentle gayety; between the lines, for their vicarious parenthood. Their letters often are as whimsical as fairy tales.

Business men write to Jane, to say "hello" to the "brat," informing her in rollicking sentences that she is just like the little tornadoes that they have at home.

Other children in the present flock merit attention. Poetic Freddie Bartholomew, otherwise "David Copperfield," reads Dickens and Thackeray, and likes literature and history. His manner is studious and boyishly dignified, though he rides a bike and chews gum.


Which of these children will bridge that inevitable, awkward gap of the adolescent years? No child player yet has maintained the prestige suddenly his or hers through baby appeal. True, Jackie Cooper still acts, but he has slid down from the pinnacle.

I remember Jackie Coogan, big-eyed, with a poignant charm. "The Kid" now is a nice, slightly plump young fellow with no outstanding talents.

I quite realize adorable Shirley's exceptional, native talent—greater than Jane's, I think. But Jane will jump the hurdles via her comic capers, or squirm through somehow, perhaps by burlesquing the situation. If necessary, Jane the adroit will commercialize her gawky age cleverly.

Jane is a comédienne. She can twist that little rubber face of hers into all sorts of comic contortions and do grotesque antics with her lithe, small self.

You love Shirley, but you have a better time with Jane.

"Darn being an actor!" remarks David Holt as he submits to the curling iron for his part in "The Last Days of Pompeii."

Her mother will forget and ask her the name of a song, for Jane knows one hundred of them, in three languages. She isn't cocky; her manners are too perfect for indulgence in tantrums. But she does know her way around, expertly.

Her poise seems natural. She instinctively uses it as needed, turning afterward to "sweetheart" with Will Rogers or Jimmy Dunn. She meets people, as the occasion demands. Her inquisitive mind sponges up information and adapts it to the situation of the moment. Her remarkably alert and elastic mentality has been sharpened by contact with the world.
Then she would take the baby on her lap—squalls or no squalls—and push down on the little nose. Then she would pull it anything to make it straight. But despite all her efforts, it continued to be snub. Grandmother would shake her head more sadly with each visit, and her "icks!" were numerous. Her manner was one of foreboding. With a nose like that, she felt that Myrna would come to no good end!

CHAPTER II.

August, September, October, and the heavy winter lay on the Williams ranch. Even with the best of care, many infants succumbed during those bleak months. But Myrna was healthy, with a sturdy health inherited from both mother and father. She missed most of the diseases of infancy.

February, March, April, and it was spring again. With the coming of spring, Myrna became venturesome. She had been given two kittens, which her father had named Timothy and Allala, two most staple products of the ranch.

One day, Timothy walked away from Myrna’s petting, and right out the door. Myrna watched it go; then, very laboriously, she stood up on her unsteady little legs, and tried to follow her pet. Mrs. Williams walked into the room as her daughter took just a few steps, then proceeded to fall right on her little red head.

It was a proud moment in the Williams household. Father and mother went fifty miles into Helena to tell Grandmother Johnson that Myrna was walking! Grandmother listened calmly, then asked:

"How’s her nose?"

But even grandmother’s lugubrious questioning couldn’t dampen the proud parents’ spirits. They celebrated that evening, and returned to the ranch late. Miss Platt was waiting for them.

"Is Myrna asleep?" asked Mrs. Williams.

"Yes," answered Miss Platt, somewhat pleased with her success in getting Myrna to bed early. "She hasn’t cried for hours."

Mrs. Williams went into the bedroom to view her daughter, but the crib was empty.

The horror of that moment!

Was it kidnapping? For Montana was not particularly law-abiding in those days. Mrs. Williams screamed and collapsed on the bed. Her arm fell over to the side, near the wall, and came in contact with a fuzzy head.

Startled, she looked, and there was Myrna, cooing softly to herself as she watched her hand dangle the fringe of the bedspread. In some way, testing her new-found powers of locomotion, she had climbed out of the crib and had found her way to the place of concealment, where her progress had been arrested by the sight of the swaying fringe. And luckily, too, for with a child’s lack of apprehension, she might have kept on going and bashed her tender young head against the wall, with goodness knows what result.

From that night on, precautions were taken against the young lady’s further wanderings.

Then she had a birthday. And what a birthday party! A little cake, with one candle. Neighbors from all around were invited, and it was a joyous occasion. Miss Platt finally managed to blow out her candle, then, crying loudly, was whisked off to bed by Miss Platt.

The ranch was a large one, and right after her first birthday, Myrna’s father began taking her on rides over it. Forswearing his usual saddle horse, he would have a buggy hitched, and with Myrna well bundled, would drive her around, pointing out various interesting parts. She would stare wide-eyed, first at her daddy, then at the landscape, understanding few of the words but following his gestures. But invariably she would fall asleep somewhere along the way.

"She'll never make a good rancher," he would tell his wife upon returning to the house. "She isn’t interested in ranching. She went to sleep again today."

"The man’s crazy!" Miss Platt would say to Mrs. Williams later. "What does he expect from a one-year-old?"

There was nothing in the course of the next year to merit attention.

Then, shortly after her second birthday, came an incident which gave the first expression of a characteristic that was to be hers from then on. It earned for her the nickname, "Ali’bi Ike," by which members of the family still know her on occasions when it is justified.

(To be continued.)

One More Human: Myrna Loy

Dolores del Rio and Everett Marshall run through their lines in preparation for their first scene in "I Live for Love." Mr. Marshall, famous on the stage and air, hasn’t been on the screen since the early musicals.
Crawford were two entirely different women. In one, "Rain" was an April shower, and in the other a deluge. "Resurrection" and "We Live Again" were utterly different pictures, although based on the same story. So were the "Daddy Long Legs" of Mary Pickford and Janet Gaynor, and we are to have a third with Shirley Temple.

I can't think of any one theme made into several pictures which, through eye, about whom some sense of mystery has always persisted.

He's decidedly tall, dresses with unreeling taste and is given to smoking big black cigars almost constantly, though he was quite pleased to learn that I preferred candy to cigarettes.

In the midst of his conversation, carried on in Russian, which for the first time in my life I realized was a beautifully sounding language, he turned to me and said:

"Isn't this funny?"

"No," I answered, thinking he meant the Volga touch, "I think it's charming."

He smiled. "I mean," he explained, "here I am talking to Anna Sten when we were just discussing her."

It was rather exciting, I thought. When he had finished I noted the heavy silver chain on his wrist to which the celebrated gold whistle about an inch and a half long, is attached. It is this whistle on which he blows short, sharp blasts, which play such an important part in his mob scenes.

When it is heard, action is arrested and the scene becomes a living painting. Again when it is blown, action is resumed and in Mamoulian mob scenes each player really acts, for each is required to contribute form and rhythm to the whole.

He thinks the ideal manner for scenarios to be written is the exact opposite to the way they usually are. He would select a cast first and have the story written for the players, thus insuring the precise elements of rhythm and tone. And he next wants to do a modern picture in color—not necessarily a drawing-room story but one that is excellent of its kind and "exciting." With it he believes he can best demonstrate what color can do.

If all the gypsy tea rooms go out of business and crystal gazing and handwriting experts turn immediately to the new and exciting and really more scientific art of color analysis, now that Mamoulian has discovered that each person has his or her expressive color, I shouldn't be surprised. In fact, I'm not surprised at anything any more since I've learned that Mae West and I share the same tone—red—in spite of the fact that I'm anything but curvaceous."

Rhythm and color, those twin godmothers of to-day's screen, will undoubtedly in the near future present many new and thrilling surprises and it's my guess that Rouben Mamoulian will be the director-elect to spring them on us.
I happen to have a tennis court and ping-pong table so they immediately put down that I am an expert at those games. I'm terrible at both. I'm not such a hot diver, either," he added, "but actors are never allowed to be just average at anything."

"But the music," I gasped, overwhelmed by his candor, "you do love music, don't you?"

Russ surveyed me in vague alarm. "I think," he answered cautiously, "you have to be educated to music. Without knowing anything about it, you can't just hear music and, regardless of your mood, immediately fall into an ecstatic trance. If I happen to be in the right mood and hear excerpts from operas—I, like 'em."

There are few people in Hollywood who know anything about him. In the profession his only intimates are Bill Cary, who played with him in "Happy Landing" on the stage, Cesar Romero, and John Beal. The four of them used to dine together nightly in New York and the intimacy has continued. "Except," Russ amended, "Romero likes the social life and I don't see him very often any more. And I haven't even laid eyes on Beal in six months, at least." But he still sees Cary and, periodically, Richard Cromwell.

He lives by himself in a large house with extensive grounds. "Isn't that a pretty large place for one person?" I asked with that tact of mine.

"'Yeah," he agreed, "but I had to take the house in order to get the grounds and," hastily, "it isn't expensive because the furniture is pretty well shot. That makes it fine because my dogs and I can't hurt it and I don't do any entertaining, so it doesn't matter."

"What kind of dogs have you?" I inquired.

"One of them is a pedigreed English bull," he answered proudly. "His name is 'Weary' because he's always completely exhausted. The other one's mother was a Scotch terrier and his father was one of the best dogs in town. That's 'Boaz,' "

"What do you do with yourself when you're not working?" was my next query.

"Well, sometimes I stay home and play with the dogs, sometimes I read, other times I go to a movie. Lately, I've had a terrific yen for prize fights and wrestling matches."

I glanced absently at Russ's bulk. "Ever played any football?"

He shook his head. "'Never had time. Say," he went on, "you know what? None of us who worked in 'The Bond Plays On' had ever played football, but the director decided there wasn't to be any doubling. So we had to get out there and scrimmage." He smiled ruefully. "Those guys on the U. S. C. and U. C. L. A. teams sure gave us an awful beating. And for what?" he continued in an injured tone. "In the long shots you couldn't tell if it was us or doubles, so every once in a while they would stick in a close-up to show it really was us."

"Art for art's sake," I murmured tritely.

"Must be great to have a sense of humor like yours—always clowning and kidding," he remarked.

"Nuts!" I retorted succinctly. "I mean it," he repeated obstinately. "I can laugh at jokes but I don't know how to crack them. You better watch your diet," he finished suddenly, "or you'll soon be rolling instead of walking."

"Not much, you don't know how to joke," I yapped.

"That's no joke," was his indignant come-back. "I have to go now," he finished, glancing at his watch. "I've an appointment with the doctor for a slight operation."

"Good doctor?" I asked.

"Oh, sure. He slops me around pretty rough, but he's the only one I know about so I keep going to him. And he's reasonable. He only charged me $250 to yank my tonsils. Madge Evans paid $300 to have hers out, and Una Merkel had to shell out $500. I have a good dentist, though. Who's yours?"


"I was walking along the Boulevard with a toothache and happened to look up and saw 'Doctor Zook, Dentist' and I went in. He accidentally turned out to be good."

"Hm-m-m," said Russ, and then, "what you doing about your hair?"

"Oh, I go to Helen Clarke's for treatments a couple of times a week."

"She doing you any good?"

"Of course," I barked, touching my locks feelingly. "Can't you see?"

"No," said Russ. "I've got a guy who just came from the East with letters from a lot of doctors and professors. He's pretty expensive but I think he's doing me good."

He glanced at his watch again and rose. "See you some more," said Russ and departed.

I looked after him. "There," I reflected, "goes a fine actor and, with any breaks at all, a potential star."

When he finished school in Buffalo, he went to work for the Ford Motor Company, but always Russ has wanted to be an actor. So, when he heard of a stock company being organized, he joined it. After a few months some men who were organizing another stock company in Memphis came to town to look over the leading lady. They ended by engaging Russell as a utility actor. He spent the first ten weeks "butting." From Memphis he went to Kansas City and then to Birmingham.

Christmas overtook him in the latter city and he became homesick. So he returned to Buffalo and decided to give up acting because he hadn't enough money to get to New York. He then sold vacuum cleaners but the venture wasn't on unqualified success.

Another stock company was organized in the city and he went back to the stage. This time he saved enough to take him to New York and carry him until he found an engagement. His first appearance in the metropolis, curiously enough, was the lead in the phenomenally successful "The Criminal Code."

With all the hue and cry being raised for new faces, with indifferent and untried actors being signed right and left, it's a mystery to me why Russ Hardie hasn't been given more chances. He has what it takes and if you don't believe me, see him in Will Rogers's "In Old Kentucky" and judge for yourself!
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DON'T let a pimply skin spoil your good times—make you feel unpopular and ashamed. Even bad cases of pimples can be corrected.

Pimples come at adolescence because the important glands developing at this time cause disturbances throughout the body. Many irritating substances get into the blood stream. They irritate the skin, especially wherever there are many oil glands—on the face, on the chest and across the shoulders.

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They Say in New York——

find time to visit the aquarium after finishing passport maneuvers at the customs office.

Many of the visiting stars go downtown there to see the butterfly fish, and go away in search of a dressmaker who can catch the some lovely colors and swirls in an evening frock. Loretta Young has vowed to be the first to launch the fashion. She will appeal to Schiaparelli in Paris to design a butterfly-fish dress for her.

Foreign Tutelage.—Just as Jean Parker began to outgrow the sweet and ingenious stage, where she was kind to misunderstood heroes and other dumb animals, MGM executives couldn’t decide what to do with her. If you have been a fan for more than a week, you know that at such a point a girl dyes her hair, puts on long earrings, is photographed reading a book—it should be Loretta this season—and her company announces that she has overnight become a “l’emmer folotole.” MGM took the easier course—sent Jean to Alexander Korda in London, and are sitting back, waiting to see what foreign travel does for her.

At last we’re to see Harold Lloyd again! What’s more, he’s at work right now on “The Milky Way.”

She is but one of a vast set of extraordinarily pretty girls around New York who think it is idiotic to do anything that suits into one’s time. Imagine getting up early in the morning! Imagine having to stay at the studio and work when a man asks you out dancing! Miss Brown is about four grades ahead of the average girl who wants to go to Hollywood. She knows it is hard work to be in pictures.

Another Revival Meeting.—The Long Island studio is making its semi-annual effort to prove that pictures can be made anywhere but in Hollywood, and by any one but Hecht and MacArthur. A musical comedy is being whirled up with a cast of radio, stage, and screen favorites. Sidney Fox of the screen plays the lead, Frank Parker from radio warbles, and many of the scenes will take place in Jock Dempsey’s restaurant with Jock himself present.

Grand Op’ry, Too, If You Care.—A group of New York and Philadelphian socialites who are also patrons of the arts have decided that it is time to introduce full-length grand opera on the screen. They are backing a production of “Faust,” to be made at the Long Island studio.

Well-trained singers, but not necessarily famous names, will sing the chief roles, except for that of “Mephistopheles.” His songs will be cut out to make it strictly an acting role. The “Walpurgis Night” sequence will be included so as to add a Busby Berkeley touch. And I won’t be happy unless they include my favorite Metropolis Opéra chorus girl, aged seventy, who, in the midst of the most baccanalian revels on that stage, waddles comfortably around as if going to market.

Carrying Laurels Lightly.—Fred Astaire come back to town without so much as a trumpet blowing. He still grins engagingly at the news that the Astaire-Rogers pictures are a knock-out wherever they’re shown. He still acts surprised when lovely ladies envy his grace. He still thinks his dancing looks clumsy on the screen.

A pet of society long before he was known to the hinterland, he ond his wife slipped quietly back into the Long Island set they have always known. Only once hos Broadway seen them. That was at a farewell shindig given for Countess di Frasso, who was returning to her home in Italy.

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actor of my acquaintance who seems eligible.

Glowing Through London Fog.—The Hollywood colony in London is now a thriving one. Helen Vinson, who is rumored engaged to marry Fred Perry, the tennis player; Loretta Young, who was Perry’s guest at the Wimbledon tennis matches; Walter Huston, Madge Evans, Richard Dix, Anna Sten, and D. W. Griffith, who is remaking “Broken Blossoms” with an English cast, are all there.

Maybe She Will, Maybe She Won’t.—When word gets about that Anna May Wong is on on incoming liner, the ship news reporters go down the bay in their best bib and tucker to learn what American film company has captured her. They think she is about the most distinguished young woman they’ve ever met.

Anna May smiles at them gratefully and says she thinks Hollywood producers don’t care much for her, they offer her such shoddy parts, just the sort she flew from years ago.

Soon after her arrival she appeared on Rudy Vallée’s radio hour, singing delightfully, then retired to Bronxville to read stocks of plays. Anna May’s misfortune is that she reads classics for pleasure. What the plays are like is that she reads the line of work is best expressed in a shrug of her elegant, sleek shoulders.

Nothing to Wear.—During Loretta Young’s brief visit to New York she was invited to spend a week-end at the home of Mrs. Harrison Williams, elected by French couturiers as the best-dressed woman in the world.

Loretta went into a pique, as any girl well might. She burrowed through her wardrobe, hurling dresses this way and that. Slick little Hollywood numbers that looked pretty good a week before now reminded of some run up by Aunt Bello. Finally she decided to wear the simplest and most inconspicuous white frocks and sports suits she owned. And it really would not have mattered. Mrs. Williams was so enchanted by her simplicity of manner, according to fellow guests, that she probably would not have noticed if Loretta had been wearing sequin heels and a sombrero.

Sight-seeing, Star Style.—Jean Parker spent only part of a day in New York, so she did not get so much as a glimpse of the night clubs. But she did...
"I Slipped," Says Chester

Continued from page 38

"Well, imagine my surprise when I found there wasn’t even one picture lined up for me! I couldn’t understand it. Then my manager said, ‘You’ve been working too hard and making too many pictures. Take a rest. Take a long sea trip. Stay off the screen a year!’

"I did. That was when I happened to pick up a fan magazine, three days out at sea, and saw that little classic you wrote: ‘One more picture like “The Bat Whispers” and Morris is through!’

"Eight months of idleness ahead of me, no picture to start on when I returned, no unreleased pictures behind to take the taste of ‘The Bat’ out of the public’s mouth, and a warning like that from a friend to take abroad with me!

"Well, when I returned, United Artists had a contract for me. I was lent to Howard Hughes for the lead opposite Billie Dove in ‘Cock of the Air.’ It was an awful flop. What made it worse was that it was my first picture since ‘The Bat.’ Then came my first starring picture for United Artists, ‘Cor- sair.’ That wasn’t much better.

"You can appreciate how worried I was over the whole thing. My manager and I had had a number of differences during the making of ‘Cor- sair,’ and had quit speaking. Finally I went into his office and said, ‘Our whole association has been a ghostly mistake. There’s no sense going on like this. I want my contract back.’

"He said, ‘Go home and write me a letter about it.’ So I called the best lawyer I could find, told him the whole story, and asked him to draft the let- ter for me. A few days later the man- ager sent for him and said ‘Chester can have his contract back, but I want to be paid for it.’ He demanded an exorbitant amount.

"I thought it over and decided I’d be damned if I’d give him any such sum in addition to what he’d already got out of me. My contract had only one more year to run, and I was de- termined to work it out.

"The year came to an end, and I drew a breath of relief. Free! I could go back to being an important actor again in important pictures. It seems silly now, but I had so little idea of what had really happened to me, of how badly I’d slipped, that I didn’t even bother to get an agent. I waited. Nothing happened. Not a telephone call, not a contract, not even an offer.

"It isn’t easy to talk about this even now. But can you imagine what it was like then? To know you’d been one of the most sought-after actors two years before and now couldn’t get an offer. Can you appreciate the humiliation of my position?

"Perhaps I’m not as hot now as I was a few years ago. Perhaps I never will be again. That doesn’t matter. What matters is that I slipped and have managed to fight back, to justify my faith in myself, and my friends’ faith in me.

"Last week, as I told you, I went to St. Louis to make personal appear- ances at the opening of ‘Public Hero.’ When the box office opened at nine in the morning there was a line a block long waiting to get in. When I made my appearance, their reception of me was just as cordial, just as enthusiastic as it was six years ago, when I went East to make an appearance at the opening of ‘Alibi.’ And there was the offer from the Capitol. All of which gave me more courage.

"I want to get away from Hollywood regularly from now on if I can. It’s a good thing for an actor. It keeps his perspective fresh. It enables him to meet the public. And if he knows how to behave himself when he meets people, he can’t help but make a good impression. I look on personal appear- ances now as being something in the nature of a good-will tour.”

"The sun dipped behind the hills, the gold faded from the sky, and a purple haze filled the air.

"Ches glanced at the telegram in his hand once more. “I wonder,” he mur- mured, “if you know what it means to me to have two major studios arguing over me again?”

"Suddenly he thrust the wire into his pocket. “Come on in,” he invited. “I’ll buy you a drink.”

"Inside I glanced around the cozy library with its bar at one end and a flood of memories loosed itself. Memo- ries of some of the happiest hours of my life spent in this room. “It seems funny to think of all you’ve gone through,” I speculated. “Nothing here seems changed. You haven’t changed, except that perhaps you’re less insulting than you used to be!”

"“Oh, yes, I’ve changed,” Chester re- iterated stubbornly.

"“Well, slightly, maybe, if you in- sist,” I conceded. “Anyhow, here’s to The Man Who Came Back!”

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THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS
ing that if I could learn his tricks I could same day do on act like that myself," he went on. "But it wasn't until I was grown up, years later, that I met him personally. By that time I was firmly established in opera; I never did learn to juggle."

During his years in the prize ring he used his real name of Carl Petersen, but on turning to the stage he adopted Brisson.

"I was still in my teens, but there was nothing left to do in the ring; I had gone as far as I could. In trying for the stage I wanted to begin at the bottom and work up, and I felt that to use the name under which I had won distinction in the ring would be a handicap rather than a help. You know, 'For a dancer he's a good prize fighter,' or 'His left hook is better than his high C'; that sort of comment I wanted to avoid. So I learned to dance, and with my sister, Tilly, I worked up a cabaret act. That was the beginning."

One thing led to another, until Carl became the singing and dancing star first of his own country, then of Sweden, Norway, and presently London. In the latter metropolis he appeared for two years as "Prince Danilo" in a revival of "The Merry Widow," following this with "Wonder Bar," "The Du Barry," and half a dozen others. Screen offers followed, and eventually came Hollywood. The rest you know.

It was amusing to hear him tell of his attempts to "do a male Garbo" when first he went to Hollywood. Every one had told him that it was very important to hold himself aloof, but he just couldn't keep it up. He loves people, likes to entertain, go places and do things—so why not do them?

"Mauritz Stiller used to say that an artist could only preserve the necessary illusion by complete withdrawal. Maybe he was right, but I hardly think so. After all, what the public thinks of us in our work on the screen is surely the all-important point, is it not? If a star is seen constantly in all the swank places, yet falls down in his screen performances, what price publicity then?"

Bisson adores Hollywood, lives like a king on a magnificent Bel Air estate, and is devoted to his beautiful wife.

"We've been in love ever since we were so high," he says, indicating about two feet from the ground, "and we've been married since we were seventeen. What's more, ours is one marriage that neither Hollywood nor anything else will ever break up. We've gone through so much together that existence apart would be unthinkable!"

One hasn't the least doubt of it, for in Madame Brisson one encounters the same warm friendliness, the same understanding, the same wholesomeness that one finds in her husband. She has given up her own career—she was a popular interpreter of Ibsen's heroines—in order to devote herself wholly to the job of being a wife, but she's proud of her sacrifice, not resentful.

An interview with Carl Brisson isn't just a talk, it's an experience. Many people are kind, some are gracious and helpful, but very few leave one with the reaction that Mr. Brisson does. He is a man's man and a woman's too, for despite all his splendid masculinity one senses a deep tenderness, a fundamental sweetness that is utterly ingratiating and very, very lovable.

One comes away feeling refreshed, uplifted, fully convinced of the inherent decency and fineness of one's fellow men. And if you don't think that's an unusual experience, just try interviewing for a while!
Can a Star Be a Lady Too?

Continued from page 13

Karen Morley are struggling against the handicap of being ladies. It has retarded the advance of others. But some clever girls, such as Claudette Colbert, saw the danger in time and shunted or pranked their way out of its reach.

Katharine Hepburn, Marlene Dietrich and others had to plan their campaigns carefully. Katie's is perhaps the best. In her "I'm No Lady" act, she does everything she was taught to consider unladylike in her well-ordered home. Marlene, like Ann Harding, comes of rank-conscious military parentage. A German officer's daughter is very much the lady. But fortunately Marlene's display of limb in "The Blue Angel" gave her the nickname of "Legs" Dietrich. When her natural dignity and exclusiveness had outweighed this safeguard, her growing reputation for bohemianism helped take its place. As that faded, her masculine attire added a happy flavor of eccentricity, the mark of genius.

Lately Marlene has succeeded in shaking off the old vestiges of her Old World artificial dignity. At Cora Lombard's "fun-house" party, we beheld the spectacle of Dietrich in shorts, cavorting on the slides, whirligigs and revolving barrel. No one was having more fun, except perhaps Claudette Colbert and Josephine Hutchinson. Josephine does plenty of romping in order to live down her family's dignified reputation and her own highbrow theatrical past. Claudette is especially democratic now, for fear she'll be thought rizity after winning that Academy award.

The experience of such girls seems to prove that a real lady can get by in Hollywood. Can perhaps live quite pleasantly and successfully, if her past reputation or current efforts keep film-talk and the public fooled. But let her slip, and she must face the music.

Why? What forces or foibles of Hollywood have brought this peculiar condition about and continue to maintain it?

The answer was gleaned by patient inquiry among some of the more informed and thoughtful authorities.

The roots of to-day's situation reach back to the custom of dignity baiting on early-day movie sets. Wired chairs, practical jokes, off-color pranks and stories. Dignified women were the chosen victims. The practice was thought to promote harmony, break down icy reserve, and help develop emotional ability. Women who couldn't take it weren't wanted.

When Will Hays and other restraining influences stopped the cruder forms of dignity baiting an sets, it evolved into a social custom, more refined in form and better motivated. For now the theory was advanced that movie audiences also resented ladies!

From exalting dignity, social pomp and circumstance on the screen for the edification of easily impressed audiences, pictures suddenly began to debunk these things, take a slapstick-comedy attitude toward them. Hollywood's great campaign to level social barriers and prick bubbles of pretense reaches its present climax in such films as "Ruggles of Red Gap" and "Goin' to Town."

It has created a younger generation to whom yesterday's awe-inspiring social spectacles are to-day's big laugh. To this audience it is not jarring if Miss Asta's good-looking chauffeur suddenly calls her "baby."

So to audiences thus created in Hollywood's own image, the too-ladylike actress is unwelcome. And this constitutes another valid reason why she is disliked in the film colony. A Mae West success spreads prosperity, but a Miss Ritz failure cuts many a movie income besides her own.

Meanwhile, another influence has come to make social form appear more artificial than ever to film colony eyes. Hollywood has become the world's most concentrated racial melting pot. As different nationalities with different customs rub elbows in one small town, it becomes evident to all how absurd the artificial dignities and distinctions must appear to those not reared in their tradition.

One locale's perfect lady tells shocking stories, yet she is horrified at another woman's way of performing an introduction. A European woman with a gigolo looks askance at one of our film "Cinderellas" who calls her butler "dear," and so on.

Far-separated lands bring to Hollywood countless divergent, contradictory rules governing human conduct in love, scandal, husband stealing, and what constitutes gentility.

Thus as the months fly by it becomes increasingly impractical, and as Hollywood views it, absurd to defend any social barriers less tangible than the dollars of one's weekly pay check.
Imagine Their Feelings!

Freddie Bartholomew goes in for water sports with all the zest of the everyday boy. Of course, you know that we're to see him as "Oliver Twist," and that inspired casting cancels practically all Hollywood's mistakes.

The opportunities to certainly the players in things is endless once you set your interested minds on the problem.

Mr. Britton scenes at least a week on each of his portraits in objects. First he analyses the person and visualizes the display. Then he chooses a set room, searching the likenesses, shoes, department stores and ten-cent stores for the necessary articles.

With painstaking care he combs the objects onto a base covering the exhibit with glass. Some are set in round domes others in square cases while a few are small plaques of flat at small things.

The clever fan could make a portrait exhibit of her favorite star. Or she could gather her friends together for an evening of fun playing "Britton" along with the elite of Hollywood and New York's professional circles.

Or she could instruct each guest to write out a list of objects which represent each star, awarding a prize to the most expressive or amusing.

Robert Barnum; an impish Buck a tramp; a guitar, Ann Harding; a suite of satin on an oak table beside a flag of bugs; and an open skirt, Spencer Trice: a gardenia, a silver-bound book of poems; an ornamental coat of field glasses.

Marlena Dietrich: a filmy gauze over a sausage black pearl studs; Fred Astaire: a miniatures motor; a Six hat; Ginger Rogers: a pair of lace over a calla slip a curling from a halo; Grace Moore: a canary a glass of champagne.

Bill Powell: a modernistic steel back-case, all crazy angles, a silver cocktail snooker and one eye winking, Wallace Beery: a herald of fancy beavershells; Joan Bennett: a rose-tinted lamp, a delicate tea service, an Angoraitten.

Wil Rogers: a big golden key a pitchfork a pad of gum Clark Gable: fighter's knuckles or a boxing glove an aunt; Louise Fazenda: a rocking-chair a river a safe pan a bunch of cactus seeds.

Claudette Colbert: a plain cigarette in a jade holder a carving of orchids tied with a serviceable rubber band Jane Winterson: cluster of balloons, merry-go-round.

Come on, let's play the new game, Britton, now that you know now.
Respectful Admiration Is All That's Required

Worse than that! Than you should address me by offering such a plume! She hung up and turned to me:

I may be too old to view platonic love in a commonplace way, but I'm sure that Miss Doodles was not thinking in terms of such a situation. I don't see any reason why she should.

I didn't know how to answer her, so I said:

I am wondering what I should do. I am thinking of taking a trip to Europe, but I am not sure if I should stay in the U.S. I am leaning towards the latter, but I am not sure if it is the right decision. I would appreciate your advice.

To which she replied:

I think you should stay in the U.S. It is a beautiful country, and you can experience a lot of things there. I am sure you will have a great time if you decide to stay.

I thanked her for her advice and decided to stay in the U.S.

The next day, I received a letter from Miss Doodles:

I am glad to hear that you decided to stay in the U.S. I am sure you will have a lot of fun there. I wish you all the best.

I replied to her letter and thanked her for her support.

In summary, Miss Doodles was a great person who always had time for others. She was always ready to help and gave me valuable advice.

Thank you, Miss Doodles.
The Magic of Marriage
Continued from page 50

at the time of the War. Brother had enlisted in the Marine Corps, and be-
sides doing kitchen police, he was as-
signed to stage shows and to help raise
money for the Liberty Loan drives.
Ginger’s mother, Lela, then a news-
paper woman and scenario writer for
Baby Marie Osborne—remember her?
—also enlisted as a marinet in the
Marine Corps. My brother met her,
and they worked together staging
shows and writing songs for them.

"I remember Ginger then," brother
said after I had worked over him with
a pulmator to get him to talk. "She
was a cute-looking thing with red
hair and freckles, and even at that
tender age, wild as a hawk. Lela had just
separated from her husband and was
mighty cut up about it. She plunged
into war work to help her target her
troubles. I remember Ginger bounc-
ing up and down on my knee, and in a
determined voice telling me that
she wasn't ever going to marry. The
kid, of course, didn't know what it was
all about."

"Didn't she? I wonder. Perhaps it
was at that early age that Ginger's
fixation against marriage was born.
Baby that she was, she had even then
determined to live her life without it.

"From time to time Mrs. Rogers
came East with Ginger," brother con-
tinued. "Every time she'd drop in the
office to see me about her legal af-
fairs I could see Ginger grow taller
and lankier. There was talk of her
going on the stage, but there was
nothing definite about it."

At sixteen Ginger did succumb to
marriage. A boy played on the same
bill with her in vaudeville, and Ginger
forgot her vow never to marry, forgot
her mother's unhappiness and plunged
headlong into matrimony.

It didn't last. And Ginger, disillu-
sioned as her mother had been, swore
off marriage for all time. She was
playing in Texas then. Her act was
billed as "Ginger Rogers and Her Girl
Friends."

"I didn't like her at all then," said
a friend. "I never thought that sev-
eral years later I'd be seeing her on
the screen and grow wild about her.
I just can't believe it's the same per-
son."

When Ginger was signed for the
screen, she said in her first interview
that marriage wasn't for her.

"Every star in Hollywood is a slave,"
she said. "They are more lettered,
more restrained, more dominated than
were the Negroes before Lincoln set
them free. And I'm a slave like the
rest of them. I've a fixation just as
they have. But my fixation happens
to be happiness! And I've learned
how impossible it is to acquire it when
one combines it with marriage."

That was her philosophy two years
ago. And then she met Lew Ayres.
Lew, too, had been through the ex-
pandence of an unhappy marriage.
It had left him thoughtful, introspective.
They met at a party and they liked
each other. They say opposites at-
tract. They must. Here was a joy-
ous, life-loving girl and a subdued,
reticent, almost somber, young man.
Each saw something in the other
that he and she lacked. They fell in love.

And then success came to Ginger.
She was really in love for the first
time, for her former marriage must
be discounted. She was slowly being
lifted spiritually and then body into
the glair of fame. She began getting
bigger and better roles. Her person-
ality, through the influence of the man
who loved her, grew more compelling.
She realized the force of that love and
what it was doing for her, but she
wasn't yet ready to marry Lew Ayres.
She was afraid to chance it.

She came East. This was right be-
fore she decided to make the plunge
again. Photographs met her at the

Beautiful!
She had her
Nose Corrected

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It won't be long now before every one
will be talking about Mickey Rooney.
He is pictured here as "Puck" in "A
Midsummer Night's Dream." It's his
wonderful performance in Shakespeare
that will cause a stir.
troin. She was given a suite at the Waldorf-Astoria. Through it all she walked, serene and slender, tender and starry-eyed. A girl in love. She came into my brother's office.

"She was a star, don't forget," he said, "but one would never have guessed it. She hadn't let it 'get' her at all. She's the most unassuming, modest professional I've ever met. But something had happened to her. Something grand. You could see it in her eyes.

"I said, 'Success certainly has done something fine to you,' She shook her head. 'Not success,' she said. 'Love.' It was the dinner hour, and I asked her where she'd like to dine. I thought she'd suggest the Ritz or the Waldorf. Ginger shook her head again. 'Uh, uh,' she said, 'let's go to a quiet little place. I want to go somewhere where we can sit without being noticed and I'll tell you all about Lew.'

She went back to Hollywood and married Lew Ayres. The press made much of the mariage. Some of her friends said it wouldn't last.

It has lasted so far. It has made a star of her. Far soon after her marriage she was cast in the rôle which brought her fame. The part was the girl in "The Gay Divorcee," and the heavy job of playing opposite Fred Astaire was assigned her. But she came through, came through to win the acclamation not only of her audiences, but of Astofo himself.

"It is a treat to dance with Ginger," he said. "She is superb." That is a

ordinary compliment when it comes from the greatest dancer in the world. Would he have paid it to her three years ago?

After "The Gay Divorcee" came "Rhapsody," and Ginger not only danced, but sang and acted as well. She was called upon to speak with a foreign accent and she did convincingly. RKO saw in her not only an excellent dancer, but a dramatic actress as well. She was cast in the "Star of Midnight."

It is true, of course, that Ginger has talent. She could hardly have come to the screen in the first place without it. But it is doubtful if she could have reached the heights she has attained had it not been for the serenity of her mind, the peace and security, the maturity and poise and deep, underlying contentment which her marriage has brought her. It is evident in every part she plays.

I hope that this happiness lasts. It would be fatal for her art as well as for herself if it should fail. She was intended for marriage—she is too feminine to live without it. The housewife instinct lies too deeply embedded within her for her grandaughter, Eben-ezer Ball, invented a jar that housewives use to-day in preserving fruits and vegetables.

But there is no such ward as "fail" for Ginger this time. She is determined to make a success of her marriage. For, as she says, it has been the greatest thing in her life so far.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

diers think we are going to tolerate Bing Crosby, Maurice Chevalier, and Caril Brisson. They are a transgression on our intelligence and sanity. For them up goes the white flag of "Surrender, Saps, Surrender!"

Heaven hear my outcry against foreign talent! To them I cry "Exit!" Producers, why not favor us with our own better talents?

Who are the big guns that insist on killing our interest in the talkies with such nauseous stars as Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, and Carol Lombard? What cheap imitations.

The public has already indicated by its response to better pictures that it will tolerate only a certain amount of the above-mentioned. The sooner they are taken off the screen the better for the future of pictures. They have killed themselves with their own weight, especially the once glamorous Garbo.

Krit M. Cozzens,
Saratoga, New York.

A Matter of Opinion.

CONSTANCE BENNETT: A nice hairdress and exceptionally beautiful hands are her claims to histrionic ability. Her rasping, irritating voice and boring personality her bad points.


FRÉDÉRIC MARCH: Too intense, overacts in every rôle assigned him, and his familiar mannerisms are making him one of the screen's most disliked actors.

Garbo: In suitable roles, the greatest actress of the generation, but not even her most ardent admirer will point to "The Painted Veil" as an example.

JEAN HARLOW: The world's worst actress. She does try, which is something, but not even sincerity entitles her to be called an actress. Picture Play readers who say she has learned so much

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DEPT. F-9

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Saranac Lake, N. Y.
about acting have my sympathy for hav-
ing to see her early attempts.
Paul Muni: "Second only to Laught-
ton and his performances are gems of
realism, technique, and sincerity."

Maeve Evans: A poor, a very poor
carbon copy of Norma Shearer, and I
don't think Miss Shearer has any claim
to greatness.

Gertrude Michael: I enthusiastically
called Picture Play in acclaiming
Miss Michael one of the most talented
actresses on the screen and the most
promising.

Norman Lusk: Picture Play's best
feature.

P. O. Box 963,
San Bernardino, California.

An Artist's Dream.

There are many who are incapable
of appreciating Philharmonic sym-
phonies, a beautiful painting or any of
the other fine arts. The same may be
said of those who fail to appreciate the
artistic acting and fine inner quality of
captivating appeal displayed by Elissa
Landi, in addition to her exquisite
beauty, natural charm, and unique per-
sonality.

Pity those who can only respond to
cheap, risque, and ballyhoo situations. I
am not a worshiper of clay, but were I
an artist instead of a half-baked archi-
tect, I would certainly aspire to do Elissa
in oils.

Does not her exquialatory beauty of
figure arrest the eye? Is not her strange
"Mon Lisa" smile curiously seductive?
Her beautiful, fringed green eyes, which
appear to see everything and tell noth-
ing, have all the weird beauty of the sea.

What artist would not love to capture
that flowerlike masset head in a disorder
of waves and curls? Who would not
love to sketch that exquisite oval face
that has such a poignantly familiar ap-
pearance? Who does not love to watch those
mysteriously intriguing eyes melt to a
sweet transience, and that luminous
lightening of her face, that gives Elissa
incredible power to charm?

No other actress in Hollywood can
radiate animation and charm as beauti-
fully as Elissa Landi. Who does not
adore her? Hah? Herbert Stafford.

Westfield, New Jersey.

Not All Perfect.

Having been in Hollywood ten
months, I thought I'd give my im-
pression of some of the stars I have seen.
Joan Crawford: One long pose.
Made up to the hilt. Smart dresser.
Would look good-looking if she toned
herself down and was more human.

Norma Shearer: Has a squat and
how legs, but is still marvelously beauti-
ful. Lovely complexion, teeth, and

Garbo: She must have a wonderful
cameraman.

Fredric March: Intelligent and dis-
tinguished-looking. Very unctuary.
Sincere and charming. And good-looking.

Francis Lederer: Dresses like a fash-
ion plate. Childishly coquetted. Naive.
Teumpelemental and amusing—unintention-
ally.

Ramón Novarro: Un-a-m. Delicious.
Those eyes—and that olive skin.

Dick Powell: Looks as if he couldn't
be mean if he tried. Very obliging.
Sense of humor. But uses make-up.

Ann Harding: Unaffected. Little un-
tidy.

Bing Crosby: Looks like the garbage
collector's assistant. Wears an old
sweater. Old and dirty. And a cap.

Fattish. Has no idea at all of his own
importance. Nice.

Robert Montgomery: Overworks his
charm. Too consciously cute. James
Cagney: Small. But good
physique. Gentlemanly. And quite cul-
tured. Florence Browne.

Los Angeles, California.

Cary Into Oblivion? Never!

I am wrothly, simply wrothly, over the
way Paramount is treating Cary
Grant these days! Imagine the stupid-
ity of casting an actor of Grant's caliber
in the role of a beauty doctor, as in the
mediocre "Kiss and Make-Up." Medi-
cere, yes, but it was notable for one
thing—Cary's singing. Those few thrill-
ing moments were worth the price of
the whole picture.

If any one were as rabid a Grant ad-
mirer as I, he would gnash his teeth and
tear his hair, a thing that I have been
doing since this crusade to shoo Cary
into oblivion started. How do such
players as Franchot Tone, John Boles,
and their type get meaty roles opposite
favorites like Joan Crawford, Jean Har-
low, Ann Harding, and Irene Dunne?

Is it because Cary Grant has no in-
fluence, or pull, that he is not getting to
the top where he rightfully belongs? I
am inclined to think so. But Cary has
influence of a kind, producers, and the

What the Fans Think

best kind, at that. He has thousands of
fans everywhere.

Give him the roles he got at the be-
ginning of his career, when he played
the lover of Marlene Dietrich in "The
Blonde Venus," and the heroic aviator in
"The Eagle and the Hawk."

He would make a charming and mas-
terful lover to Joan Crawford or Jean
Harlow. He and Marlene made a per-
fect pair, and, to my mind, there is cause
to believe that Garbo would appear at
her best with him. He would come into
his own in character roles especially, for
he has the necessary ability and depth,
yet he is, I believe, the most natural
actor on the screen.

B. C. H.

Villa Nova, Pennsylvania.

Constructive Condemnation.

D. E. Vine writes that she was
"bored to tears" by "Here Is My
Heart," just to see her beloved Bing
Crosby. Well, the way I look at it is
that if she cares for Bing's work enough
to call him "beloved," I don't see how
she could have been bored. As for me,
I could see Bing any day of the week
in any kind of picture. Of course, I'd
like to see him get the stories he de-
serts, but I'll take what's now do-
ing and like it. Furthermore, "Here Is
My Heart" was very entertaining. I
saw it six times.

My second complaint goes to Lewis
W. Defafield. First, because he says
he won't "tolerate pictures with Bing
Crosby and his senseless crooning." How
in the world can any one call Bing's
singing "senseless crooning"? Bing can
sing better than any one on the air or

Bobby Breen is an eight-year-old lyric
tenor, if you please. He can warble
operatic arias in four languages, ex-
cluding the Scandinavian. He's to be
starred by Sal Lesser, discoverer of
Jackie Coogan and Baby Peggy, so he
must be good.
screen, and that's not taking in half enough territory. And Bing can act, too. He has a fine sense of humor and is a clever comedian. And I think Mr. Delafield was a bit too harsh on some of the other stars who came under his barrage of body blows. Just a bit of advice to you, mister. Don't you think it's much nicer to write about the stars you like than the ones you don't care for and whom millions of others do? When condemning, don't go to such extremes in harshness. If you have any criticism, make it constructive, not destructive.

Cecilia Joseph,

North Vassalboro, Maine.

Box 103.

Deriding the Hollywood Pose.

I THINK that most of the intelligent patrons of movie theaters are in agreement with Francis Lederer and C. B. DeMille in their criticism of Hollywood players.

With some notable exceptions, players in this spotlighted, overpublicized California city have gone Hollywood, that is, fallen into the delusion that they are great actors and actresses; deservedly famous because they are ephemeron popular with a lot of indiscriminating fans, and permanently fixed as stars in a galaxy as impersonal as a falling meteor.

With this fact in view, one is amused at, if not pitiful over, the pose assumed by so many Hollywood players; the importance they attribute to interviews, sketches and biographies written by magazine contributors, and their unmitigated egocentricity which has developed in them conceit, self-importance, social exclusiveness and fadism, high-hattedness—all those qualities stressed by Mr. Lederer which are marked evidences not of greatness in any particular, but of a shallow, superficial mentality.

The art or technique of ordinary characterization in most roles is easy to acquire, and a large number of those who are so popular by popularity have obtained it through good looks, sex appeal, and an average facility of expression.

E. S. Goodhue.

1033 Clark Street.

Honolulu, Hawaii.

In His Own Defense.

S. Miss Edith Drummond in July Picture Plays, says that the description of Joan Crawford as a brazen burlesque type is a lie.

We all have our prejudices and idiosyncrasies, and I don't like to extend my dislike to any artist. I have great respect for any belief in the nobility of hard work, but I fail to see where Joan has accomplished anything worth while to the contribution of fine art. She doesn't know enough to cultivate her voice. To me she seems to dispel everything nice that fine art is.

I agree with Harry Browning when he says that Joan has achieved her success from systematic, well-organized publicity. If she studied hard, as you say, it was not from intellectual thirst, but from publicity machinery. We should be praised for? Conceit?

Alfred Parr.

Yonkers, New York.

Weeds, Just Weeds.

THE invasion of foreign talent is like the chickweed, a plant that came to us from Europe many years ago with the thistle, the dogfennel, and the pigweed and drove out native plants and took possession of our fields and waysides. Our own actors and actresses are unsurpassed, but will have their worst drawbacks while engaged in the struggle with invaders.

Every American should support Congress in its attempt to stamp out foreign talent. If they don't, they are only standing in their own light. It certainly is deplorable that these aliens first get a footing, then a home, and finally a kingdom right here in our own homeland. With the exception of a few unusual and talented stars of merit, they are as unwelcome and as troublesome as the most persistent weed. We haven't the privilege of enjoying one quarter of our own actors as long as the producers are busy raking in new talent in the form of foreign imports, while our own are permitted to languish in oblivion.

I am not referring to such outstanding players as George Arliss, Francis Lederer, and Robert Donat, Elissa Landi—she will soon be an American—Greta Garbo, Elisabeth Bergner, and Heather Angel. But what is there about the majority of the foreign imports that American players don't surpass? Don't you think fine actors like Douglas Montgomery and Phillip Reed should be elevated to stardom? How many fans agree?

Eloise MacDonald.

Avon-by-the-Sea.

Avon, New Jersey.

When Virginia Bruce has guests for cocktails she always sees to it that her cook prepares just the right canapés. She likes them warm from the oven.
Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Jean Arthur
Tala Birell
John Mack Brown
Tafto Carminati
Nancy Carroll
Ruth Chatterton
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Irene Dunne
Edith Fellows
Wallace Ford
Victor Jory
Pauline Lord
Peter Lorre
Edmund Lowe
Marian Marsh
Grace Moore
George Murphy
Flora Snow Rice
Edward G. Robinson
Ann Sothern
Raymond Walburn
Fay Wray

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Warner Baxter
Madge Bellamy
Bill Benedict
John Boles
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Alice Faye
Henry Fonda
Ketti Gallinger
Janet Gaynor
Tito Guizar
Edward Everett Horton
Rochelle Hudson
Arline Judge
Paul Kelly
Nino Martini
Herbert Mundin
George O'Brien
Pat Paterson
Valentin Perara
Kane Richmond
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Shirley Temple
Claire Trevor
Jane Withers

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Freddie Bartholomew
Wallace Beery
Constance Bennett
Virginia Bruce
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Mary Carlisle
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Nelson Eddy
Wera Englund
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Louise Fazenda
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Louis Hayward
Louise Henry
William Henry
June Knight
Otto Kruger
Frances Langford
Myrna Loy
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Mala
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Chester Morris
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
Eleanor Powell
William Powell
Louise Rainer
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Harvey Stephens
Lewis Stone
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Dana Wynnard
Robert Young

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Miriam Hopkins
Gordon Jones
Fredric March
Joel McCrea
Ethel Merman
Merle Oberon
Mary Pickford
Loretta Young

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Binnie Barnes
June Clayworth
Andy Devine
Jean Dixon
Valerie Hobson
Jack Holt
Baby Jane
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Frank Lawton
Bela Lugosi
Zasu Pitts
Claude Rains
Cesar Romero
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Slim Summerville
Clark Williams
Jane Wyatt

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Heather Angel
Fred Astaire
John Beal
Frances Dee
Richard Dix
Preston Foster
Betty Grable
Margot Grahame
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Kay Johnson
Francis Lederer
Helen Mack
Lily Pons
Gene Raymond
Erik Rhodes
Buddy Rogers
Ginger Rogers
Randolph Scott
Anne Shirley
Helen Westley
Bert Wheeler
Gretchen Wilson
Robert Wolders

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Ross Alexander
John Arledge
Mary Astor
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Marlon Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Haviland
Dolores del Rio
Claire Dodd
Robert Donat
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glena Farrell
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Hing Herbert
Leslie Howard
Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Carlyle Black
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Everett Marshall
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Dick Powell
Philip Reed
Phil Regan
Winifred Shaw
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Rudy Vallée
Warren Williams
Donald Woods

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen
Wendy Barrie
Mary Boland
Charles Boyer
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Kathleen Burke
George Burns
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Johnny Downs
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
W. C. Fields
Cary Grant
Julie Haydon
Samuel Hinds
David Jack Holt
Dean Jagger
Helen Jepson
Renee Karns
Ian Kiernan
Rosalind Keith
Elissa Landi
Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
Carlyle Black
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Herbert Marshall
Gerrin Michael
Ray Milland
Joe Morrison
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Joe Pember
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Charles Ruggles
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Gladsy Swarthout
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Virginia Weidler
Max Weir
Henry Wilcoxon
Toby Wing

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood.
Ralph Bellamy, Sally Eilers, 6615 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood.
Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. Joan Bennett, Roger Hargreaves, Al Hart, Brian, 430 California
Bank Building, Beverly Hills, California. Lionel Atwill, Adri
Esther Abbott, Estelle Taylor, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins,
Douglass Montgomery, Eric Linden, Chick Chandler, Walter
King, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood. Neil Hamilton, Room
302, 9415 Wilshire Boulevard, Hollywood. Fifi Dorsay, care of
It's time you looked into this smart up to the minute magazine for the smart young women of America. Fashions, fun and fiction. A fresh new note in the magazine world. Mademoiselle

20¢
EVERY MONTH • A STREET AND SMITH PUBLICATION
IT’S A NEW SENSATION! SO AMAZINGLY LIGHT! SO BUOYANT!

See how invisible Rhythm Treads support the foot at 3 strain points in every stride.

1. As your heel pounds, the invisible Rhythm Treads cushion the shock and protect delicate nerve centers.

2. As full weight centers on ball of foot, the metatarsal arch is supported, keeping delicate bones in position.

3. As weight shifts to your arch, all strain is absorbed and cushioned, in addition to the usual built-in arch.

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The exclusive Rhythm Treads buoy up your foot at three additional points, instead of merely bracing the main arch. They so scientifically tread your step and cradle your foot that Rhythm Step shoes keep their dainty shape and provide perfect support for all arches—instead of just one! With this entirely new invention there is no need for thick leathers, heavy construction, blocky heels and heavy shanks to ease the strain of body weight. It means extra support at no extra cost—in shoes so fashion-right and lovely they won smart young Paula Stone instantly. See them now—at smart stores everywhere!

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STREET & SMITH'S PICTURE PLAY

NOVEMBER 1935

YRNA LOY

BY
NIA SALL
M-G-M again electrifies the world with "Broadway Melody of 1936" glorious successor to the picture which 7 years ago set a new standard in musicals. Roaring comedy, warm romance, sensational song hits, toe-tapping dances, eye-filling spectacle, a hand-picked cast.

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SING THESE SONG HITS!
"On a Sunday Afternoon"
"You Are My Lucky Star"
"Broadway Rhythm"
"Sing Before Breakfast"
"I've Got A Feeling You're Foolin'" by Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed, composers for the original "Broadway Melody"
A GOLDEN SYMPHONY
OF THRILLING SONG,
VIBRANT ROMANCE
AND SOUL-STIRRING
EMOTION!

Even the world's applause ringing in her ears could not silence her yearning heart-song for one glorious moment with the man she loved and one enchanting hour with the son she could never claim!

Harry M. Goetz
presents an EDWARD SMALL production

"The Melody Lingers On"

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GEORGE HOUSTON
HELEN WESTLEY • JOHN HALLIDAY • WILLIAM HARRIGAN
WALTER KINGSFORD • MONA BARRIE • LAURA HOPE CREWS
DAVID SCOTT • FERDINAND GOTTSCHALK

A Reliance Picture
Directed by DAVID BURTON
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
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SCOOP! EXTRA:
BERGNER: THE RIDDLE WOMAN IN DECEMBER PICTURE PLAY

What do fans know about Elisabeth Bergner? What does any American admire her most—her acting on the stage and the screen know about this mystery woman from Europe? That she is shy, that she lives a secluded life, that Shaw permitted his "Saint Joan" to be filmed because she would play it, and that Barrie has written a play for her to perform on the London stage. Everything of the present Bergner, but nothing of the Bergner of the past. Nothing to explain her genius, nothing that has ever brought Bergner to you as an individual. You do not know where she comes from, really, or where she has lived in Europe. Such talent as she possesses does not flower overnight. It comes from contact with life, from knowledge of people, from insight into minds and hearts.
"So Red the Rose!"

The Flower of Southern Chivalry
Dewed with the Shining Glory
of a Woman's Tears

WHAT THE FANS THINK

Unheralded Genius.

SOME one in the movie business for the last two years has been displaying a decided lack of intelligence. Ditch diggers are coached, policemen are taken off the
eight. I can watch Fredric March or Clark Gable go to the gallows and enjoy a candy bar meanwhile, but when Colin Clive dies he breaks my heart," writes Leslie Flood.

Thirty London working girls of unusual intelligence vote Norma Shearer their "first lady."

Katharine Hepburn. A great actress whose undoubted talent is marred by theatrical posing and a selfish, "spoiled-little-girl" attitude toward her public. Helen Hayes. A brilliant artist both on stage and screen. Human, lovable and wholly delightful.

Dorothy Ross takes issue with the published ages of stars, citing Loretta Young's twenty-two years as unbelievable.

Marlene Dietrich. Once a very beautiful and promising actress, now degenerated into a painted, arrogant showwoman, about as animated as a piece of ice.

Mae West. Another showwoman, whose crude vulgarity has long since been widely deplored in Hollywood and is now considered unbecoming.

Junior Michel feelingly describes his disappointment in Richard Cromwell, who, we hope, will reinstate himself.

The Voice of Thirty Londoners.

After many lengthy discussions around club fire, camp fire, and coffee stall, a group of London working girls beg to offer their opinions of some of your female top-liners. We are all ardent fans and regular readers of Picture Play, and being peace-loving by nature, we trust those fans who do not agree with us will not take offense. So here goes!

Greta Garbo. A genius, whose wonderful personality rather overshadows her chances as an actress. Too cold, aloof and mysterious for us to have any warmer feeling for her than a great admiration.

FIFER many lengthy discussions around club fire, camp fire, and coffee stall, a group of London working girls beg to offer their opinions of some of your female top-liners. We are all ardent fans and regular readers of Picture Play, and being peace-loving by nature, we trust those fans who do not agree with us will not take offense. So here goes!

Greta Garbo. A genius, whose wonderful personality rather overshadows her chances as an actress. Too cold, aloof and mysterious for us to have any warmer feeling for her than a great admiration.
THREE HOURS OF ENTERTAINMENT
THAT WAS THREE CENTURIES IN THE MAKING
"From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven . . . imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown"

WARNER BROS.
will present for two performances daily, in selected cities and theatres,

MAX REINHARDT'S
first motion picture production

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

from the classic comedy by
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
accompanied by the immortal music of
FELIX MENDELSSOHN

The Players
JAMES CAGNEY JOE E. BROWN DICK POWELL
ANITA LOUISE OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND JEAN MUIR
HUGH HERBERT FRANK MCHUGH ROSS ALEXANDER
VERREE TEASDALE IAN HUNTER VICTOR JORY
MICKEY ROONEY HOBART CAVANAUGH GRANT MITCHELL

Augmented by many hundreds of others in spectacular ballets
directed by BRONISLAVA NIJINSKA and NINI THEILADE. The music arranged by
ERICH WOLFGANG KORNGOLD. The costumes by MAX REE. The entire production under personal direction of MAX REINHARDT and WILLIAM DIETERLE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE
Since there has never been a motion picture like A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, its exhibition to the public will differ from that of any other screen attraction. Reserved seats only will be available for the special advance engagements, which will be for a strictly limited period. Premieres of these engagements will be not only outstanding events in the film world, but significant civic occasions.
Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

THELMA MANSON.—I hope you are as delighted with the additional rotogravure pages as we are to give them to you. These birthdates are: Jack Buchanan, April 2, 1891; Julie Hayden, June 10, 1910; Allan Hale, February 10, 1892; Henry Hull, October 3, 1896; Majorie Rambeau, July 15, 1889. Hal Skelly, deceased, May 31, 1894.

C. M. DAVIS.—When requesting photographs of the stars, it is customary to inclose twenty-five cents to cover the cost. Glen Boles is a free-lance player.

MONICA.—Mary Brian completed “The Man on the Flying Trapeze” before accepting the lead in Andre Charlot’s London stage revue. She was born February 17, 1908; five feet two. Helen Vinson, September 29, 1910; five feet six-and-a-half. Frances Drake is five feet two-and-a-half.

GENEVIEVE R.—For stills of “Naughty Marietta,” you might write Metro-Goldwyn’s Publicity Dept., 1540 Broadway, New York City. They cost ten cents each.

LOS ANGELES.—George Raft is a New Yorker, born September 26, 1905; five feet ten, weighs 135, black hair, brown eyes. Right name is Ranft. His latest is “She Couldn’t Take It,” with Joan Bennett, to be followed by “I’m Coming Back to You,” with Marsha Hunt.

A. PERKINS.—Clau dette Colbert and Norman Foster aren’t divorced. It is just that they maintain separate apartments. They are still the best of friends. Alice White and Sidney Bartlett are separated. Gwili Andre was divorced last March. Anita Page’s marriage to Nacio Herb Brown was annulled in April.

BUBBLES.—Nelson Eddy’s next film for MGM is “Rose-Marie.” He was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1901; six feet, weighs 150, blond hair, blue eyes.

LOUISE M. COXNE.—Sorry to disappoint, but it is our policy not to disclose the home addresses of stars. This rule was established at their own request.

J. B. S.—Gail Patrick is five feet seven. Rosemary Ames, five feet six, weighs 128. Tala Birell, five feet six, weighs about 115. Billie Seward, five feet five, weighs 126. Virginia Bruce, five feet six-and-a-half, weighs 128.

J. A. H.—The cast of “Lily Christine” included Corinne Griffith, Colin Clive, Margaret Bannerman, Miles Mander, Jack Trevor, Anne Grey. However, I’ve been unable to unearth any cast for “The Stronger Sex.”

R. J. D.—Kermit is Ken Maynard’s brother. “Tinther War” and “His Fighting Blood” will be his next. Frankie Darro was five feet three last January, but it is very likely that he has since grown. Yes, that was he in the Robert Young role as a boy in “Tugboat Annie.”

LOUIE SAUNDERS.—Before she made “Kick In,” Wynne Gibson appeared in “Nothing But the Truth,” “Children of Pleasure,” “Fall Guy,” “June Moon,” “Gang Buster,” “Man of the World,” “City Streets.” In October, 1923, we published an interview with Toby Wing, which may still be had by sending your order with remittance of ten cents to our Subscription Dept.

M. D.—Since you live in New Zealand, a copy of December, 1932, Picture Play will cost twenty cents. Our Subscription Dept. will be glad to mail it to you upon receipt of your order and remittance. The play of “Smiling Through” by A. L. Martin, was brought out some time ago by Samuel French, 153 West 43rd Street, New York City, in a seventy-five-cent edition.

C. M. F.—Frankie Darro’s next picture is “The Payoff,” with James Dunn and Claire Dodd. A letter may reach him at Warners. He will be seventeen on December 22nd.

JERRY DELANE.—Robert Montgomery has been married to Elizabeth Allen since 1928. Joan Bennett was born February 27, 1911. I’m sure she’d like anything you may send to her in the way of a gift.

RUTH KEMP.—Jack Holt is now under contract to Universal. There is no “story” in his break with Columbia, so naturally we see no reason to print anything about it.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—It was Frankie Darro who played the role of the crooked jockey in “The Unwelcome Stranger.” See “C. M. F.” for his next film and birthdate.

SHEAVER-BROOK-MACKAIL ADVERTISER.—Mabel Ballin has been happily married for a number of years to Hugo Ballin, mural artist, and has many star friends, one of whom is Dolores del Rio, a neighbor. The Ballins live in Santa Monica, California. Mabel hasn’t appeared in films since 1925. Josephine Hutchinson was born in Little Washington, October 9, 1904; five feet four-and-a-half, weighs 110, red hair, golden-brown eyes. Gertrude Michael, Talladega, Alabama, 1911; five feet five, weight 130, light hair, blue eyes. Ida Lupino, London, England, 1917; five feet four, weighs 110, blond hair, violet eyes. Clive Brook’s latest picture is “Dressed to Thrill”; Elisha Laddi’s “Without Regret.” Elizabeth Allan’s, “A Tale of Two Cities” Maureen O’Sullivan’s “The Capture of Tarzan” and “The Bishop Misbehaves,” with Lilian Bond also in the latter. Norma Shearer is to make “Roméo and Juliet.”

DOROTHY LINDGREN.—The stills from “Journey’s End” are no longer available, since Tiffany Productions, which produced the films, has since been dissolved. The music for “The Bride of Frankenstein” was by Franz Waxman, but I have no record of the selections played throughout the film. A letter to Universal may bring the desired information. The May, 1933, issue of Picture Play may be had by sending your order with remittance of ten cents to our Subscription Dept.

DICK.—Mary Brian was born in Corpus, Texas, September 17, 1908. She has an important part in “The Man on the Flying Trapeze.” I guess Dick Powell reads as much of his fan mail as any of the stars do. You can’t expect the players to read and answer all the letters they receive. That is why the studios maintain fan mail departments. Mary Blackford is in the Good Samaritan Hospital, Hollywood, California.

AN ADVERTISER.—Loretta Young was christened Gretchen Young. She is the youngest of her two sisters, Polly Ann Young and Sally Blane. (Continued on page 67)
SMART MODERN FICTION

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE ILLUSTRATED FIFTEEN CENTS

AINSLEE'S

A STREET & SMITH PUBLICATION
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 6

ceased to be amusing. We are not
prudes by any means, but Miss West
leaves us quite cold. She may be the
daring of America, but in England her
box-office power is decidedly small.

Margaret Sullivan. A talented and
charming actress, with a future.
Imagine of her fine personality, she
never used her face clean of that awful
make-up and stuck to light comedy.
We have read of your dream of occupying
Garbo’s throne, Miss Crawford, but for
give me, please, as your dramatics always
awake in us an overwhelming desire to
laugh.

Norma Shearer. Our beloved first
lady, best loved star in England. At the
bottom of our list because “the last shall
be first.” There’s generally a fight for
seats when her pictures come to London,
but they are always worth it. Her por-
trayal of Elizabeth Barrett was some-
thing to cherish and remember. A brilli-
ant and talented actress, a charming
woman, and a glowing, radiant person-
ality.

“Thirty of Us.”


Clear Yourself, Dick Cromwell!

THE Richard Cromwell of the screen
is the everyday Richard are vastly
different, so I’ve never levered. However,
I never realized the difference would
bring disillusionment to me.

On the screen, Dick seems to he the
typical American youth—friendly,
courteous and well-mannered. In real life,
one would imagine him to be the same
sort of fellow, one who appreciates the
loyalty and interest shown by his fans.
A recent experience has taught me other-
wise.

In order that Dick might learn of my
great interest in him and his career, a
friend gave me his home address in La
Jolla, California, so that I could write to
him personally.

I took pains to type him a long in-
troduction, mentioning all about my
interest in him and his career. I in-
closed a photograph, reproduction of a
still, I had made for him, showing a
favorite scene from one of his plays.
Imagine my shock when my letter and
photo were returned with this written on
the envelope: “Opened and returned by R.
Cromwell!” The handwriting and sig-
nature were his, according to speci-
mens of his penmanship.

Still unable to believe my eyes, I re-
turned the letter and photo with a note
explaining there must be some mistake,
being sure Dick wouldn’t treat a loyal
friend in such a manner. And, believe
it or not, again the letter and photo were
sent back to me; with a notation above
his signature showing the letter had
been opened by him. Imagine my chagrin!
My letter had been read—and returned.

This time, however, Dick sent the
letter to the Dead Letter Office after read-
ing it, because I neglected to put my re-
turn address on the envelope, although
it was on the letter inside. Therefore,
I had to pay “postage due” for the

pleasure of getting my letter back. I
was enraged.

Of course I realize that perhaps he
doesn’t like to be bothered with mail at
home, but he could have acted a bit
more decent. Very few know his home
address, and he could have made an
exception, after reading my letter of
admiration and loyalty. But doing what
he did!

They say Dick is quite sensitive; but
that should be all the more reason why
he should be careful about hurting the
feelings of others—his fans and staunch
supporters—who were instrumental in
bringing him to his present place on the
screen.

Certainly Dick is in no position to be
snooty to fans, when greater stars than
he are gracious. Perhaps that old say-
ing, “the bigger they are, the nicer they
are,” has more than a grain of truth in
it.

JEROME MICHEL

1724 Kilbourne Avenue.
Detroit, Michigan.

Those Who Remember.

WHEN one has been a regular movie
fan for over twenty years, it cer-
tainly is irritating to note the ages
that some of our fading stars assume.
A few months ago, Bebe Daniels
appeared in person and in the course
of an interview coyly admitted to thirty-
five. Now, Bebe is one of the first movie
actresses I saw as a ten-year-old school
kid. She was Harold Lloyd’s leading
woman when he was a “star.” She was
no Shirley Temple, that is twenty-two
years ago, and as I am thirty-two, Bebe
must be—well, figure it out for yourself.

Note the ridiculous ages given out by
the following, in view of the long years
they have been before the public.

Gloria Swanson. Over twenty years in
pictures. Married four times. Has a
grown daughter, Thirty-five.

Norma Shearer. Was commercial
model sixteen years ago in New York.
Thirty.

Joan Crawford. Was chorus girl
thirteen years ago in New York City.
Twenty-six.

Colleen Moore. Started eighteen years
ago in pictures. Thirty-three.

Loretta Young. Leading woman for
eight years. Married five and one-half
years ago. Twenty-two.

Charming, all of them, and they may
fool the youngsters, but not us older
gals.

Broadview Apts.,
Toronto, Canada.

Repeatedly Buried Alive.

It would appear that Hollywood has a
man by the name of Ricardo Cortez
who is one of the oldest actors on the
screen today. But what are they doing
with him? Ever since he appeared in
“The Melody of Life,” where he proved,
beyond doubt, his ability to act, I have
been waiting for him to appear in roles
equal to that one. But, alas, I have been
doomed to disappointment.

He has been so badly treated, so un-
fairly treated that over here his name
is not boomed in the same way as, say,
Fredric March, Leslie Howard, Her-
bert Marshall, Francho Tone or Gary

Cooper, and the fault is not his. He has
been given pictures that were not even
worth while; but in spite of that he has
never once turned in a bad performance.

I have read that he is to get the part
of Ouzard in “Anthony Adverse.” I
humbly beg with all my heart that he does
not! While he may not dominate the story,
here is a part where he will be called
upon to give some superb acting, where
he could even steal the picture. The
eclectic, whimsical, and simple-minded
banker. What a charmer!

Don’t you think Hollywood is really
foolish to bury alive, so repeatedly, such
a fine actor instead of exploiting him in
suitable roles? I know, so far as Britain
is concerned, he would make an excellent
proposition. He always gets good press
notices over here, but it needs a lead
from Hollywood to put him in the lime-

light.

MRS. E. LAING

5 Leith Street Terrace.
Edinburgh, Scotland.

Miss Hollis, Take Note.

WHAT did George Raft do or say to
Karen Hollis to ruffle her so?
I’m referring to the subtle cuteness she
showed in his expense in July Pic-

ture Play.

I know that people either like Raft
or loathe him—no in-between feelings.
To me, Raft’s personality on the screen
—and the camera is a merciless judge of
character—is fundamentally decent and
fine. He may look like somebody you
wouldn’t care to meet round a dark cor-
ner at night—he’s not a pretty leading
man—but I’ll swear he’s kind and gen-
rous and a gentleman.

There’d be a few much needed gaps
among the gossip-writing fraternity if
we fans had our way. They, too, often
choose a low-down way of turning on
actors and actresses who have hipped
them in some way. ELLA MILESTONE.

72 Red Lion Court

The Spirit of Youth.

He’s the fellow who improves with
aging. I teach succeeding pictures. He is
the boy who makes you forget your troubles
and smile, whether you want to or not.
He is the spirit of youth incarnate; the
lad who makes the old sigh for their lost
youth and the young appreciate the gift
which is theirs. Of whom am I speaking?
Dick Powell, of course.

Smiling infectiously, laughing, fairly
exuding friendliness, good spirits and the
joy of living, he sings his way into your
hearts and makes you feel that there’s
nothing to worry about.

In addition to being one of the most
natural actors, most lovable personalities,
and grandest singers on the screen to-day,
Dick seems to exemplify the kind of sweetheart
ey every girl dreams of.

Long may Dick Powell continue to
delight us from the silver screen and the
ether waves! MISS M. L. D.

Racine, Wisconsin.

Tut, Tut, Mr. Lusk!

JUST a word about your reviewer.

Norbert Lusk. He has always shown
such extreme impartiality and very good
Another important singer makes a film début. She is Gladys Swarthout, favorite contralto of radio and the Metropolitan Opera, who is starred by Paramount in "Rose of the Rancho," with John Boles. The famous play of early California has been given a musical setting for the advantage of the singing stars, a splendid cast including Charles Bickford and Don Alvarado, and a picturesquely lavish background.
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

judgment in his criticisms, that I was extremely shocked when I read his review of “Les Miserables.” How any one could have seen that picture and then written a review of it, never mentioning the fact that Frederic March was in the picture, is beyond me. I’ve had various friends tell me that Mr. Lask is prejudiced against attractive men, but I never believed it until I read the above-mentioned review. I can think of no other reason for such an oversight.

WANDA WHITMAN.

1408 North Detroit Street,
Hollywood, California.

Inexcusable Criticism.

IT is absolutely disgusting the way some people criticize the stars. I have always heard that no one has a right to criticize another person unless he can do better himself.

Joan Myall and Lewis W. Dafield, writing in the July issue, would do well to practice this old saying. I agree with Miss Myall in her belief that Norma Shearer and Elissa Landi will never become monotonous, but it is inexcusable for her to say that Greta Grabo, Ann Harding, Claudette Colbert, Joan Crawford, and Irene Dunne are dull, monotonous and without animation or charm. True, Mae West and Marlene Dietrich do portray characters that are alike, but some people like that kind of character and never tire of it, but Miss Myall should at least be decent enough to ad-

mit that they portray the type wonderfully.

And now about Mr. Dafield. It would be good riddance if all people of his type were exiled to some desert isle to eat coconuts for the remainder of their lives. I agree with him that Ethel Landi, Francis Lederrer, David Manners, Brian Aherne, Paul Lukas, Chester Morris, and Heather Angel should be given better roles, but in his other criticisms he shows that he doesn’t know the meaning of the words “beauty,” “singing,” or “acting.”

If both Miss Myall and Mr. Dafield think they can act better than the stars they dislike so much, let go to Hollywood and give us two wonderful new stars, or if they know that they can’t do as well, let them keep their prejudices to themselves and stay away from theaters showing the stars they dislike, for unless they can do better, they have no right to criticize.

JANET S. CAMPBELL.

915 20th Avenue, South,
Nashville, Tennessee.

How She Rates Them.

WHILE reading the July issue I became aware that I disagree with the opinion of other fans because I think Greta Garbo clumsy and crude.

Lyle Talbot insipid.

“David Copperfield” is too old. Why do we have to turn back the clock? “It Happened One Night” was intended for a modern generation. If people insist on looking backward and being narrow-minded, of course they wouldn’t like it.

Loretta Young’s one of Hollywood’s loveliest actresses.

Ann Harding is homely.

Claudette Colbert is abused. She is not a “clotheshorse,” and turned out a magnificent performance in “Private Worlds.” She has a marvelous voice. Irene Dunne is dull and was a dazzling success in “Roberta.”

Ruby Keeler does not depend on Dick Powell. “Go Into Your Dance” proved this.

After all, Americans aren’t supposed to have English accents so thick that they can be cut with a knife.

There is nothing to Lilian Harvey, who made a flop of “Let’s Live Tonight.”

Loretta Young and Dolores del Rio have more than beautiful figures.

I don’t see why people go for Hepburn. I know that every one has a right to his own opinion, and I’m sending my answers to the July letters.

PATRICIA HANSEN.

Tacoma, Washington.

No Future for Joan.

I HAVE never taken enough interest in stars to submit an opinion, but after reading comments of readers I am pretty sure some are right. I agree whole-heartedly with Harry Browning’s letter about Joan Crawford in July Picture Play.

She has no special talent for acting. She has only a fascination that hares a novice who attends picture shows. For

Jane Wyatt demonstrates the proper way to handle a water horse on land. Miss Wyatt has returned to the Coast after a long and successful stage engagement in “The Bishop Misbehaves.”

How She Rates Them.

Combining Music with Stars.

THE idea of combining personalities with music that Iris Billing suggested in the July issue, captured my fancy and I herewith offer my combinations of music and movie stars. Being the stars they are, they might well be called the terrestrial Pleiades, the “seven sisters,” whose personalities are the music of the spheres brought down to earth.

Liszt in “Liebestraum” by Liszt. As delicate, fragile and graceful in its musical tones as is the loveliness of Vilma Banky.

“Mahagoni” by Leonna, Throbbing with all the suppressed fireness so typical of the Latin race and so expressive of the inner glow of Dolores del Rio.

“Roses of the South” by Strauss, Its old-fashioned waltz rhythm and its lilting grace suggests the youthful, sprightly sweetness of Jean Parker, a modern young lady with a charming air of the old-fashioned about her.
SOFT AND SHARP FOCUS

BY NORBERT LUSK

The first appearance of this new page in Picture Play answers the demand for a corner where The Editor may talk to readers as informally, as sincerely as he would if they called on him. Often he has wished to express opinions or cite cases in praise of blame which he believed would interest fans, but there has been no room for such confabulation. Now he has cleared a small space for that purpose which he means jealously to guard against encroachment.

Alive to the privilege of meeting readers on a more intimate and freer basis than before, he intends to be neither heavily editorial nor anxiously flippant; neither a pulpiteer nor a gossip.

Mostly he wishes to interest and entertain. If he perhaps enlivens and enlightens, so much the better. Now for an honest enthusiasm!

In bringing Shakespeare to the screen with taste, feeling for the humanities and with rich imagination, Warner Brothers have taken a forward stride as echoing as their introduction of the Vitaphone eight years ago.

Now they give the lord of language to a world vaster and more listening than ever heard the beauty, wit and wisdom of his words before.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" will do more to cause enemies, censors and critics of the screen to throw down their arms than a vehement and aggressive clean-up campaign, with its inevitable rankling defeat or doubtful victory.

Why? Not because Shakespeare's pagan revel is awesomely literary or high-brow. Not because it will throw art theater groups into ecstasies. Not even because it films a schoolroom classic. But solely because it is delicious entertainment.

A DOZEN reasons for enthusiasm spring to mind after seeing "A Midsummer Night's Dream." All are worth discussing. But above all I single out the remarkable adaptability of the players in responding to Reinhardt's coaching. They speak Shakespeare's lines as smoothly and familiarly as if they had never made their mark in modern stuff; as if not one of them had ever uttered a Warner wisecrack.

This proves that our Hollywood favorites are not as limited as their accustomed rôles have indicated. That, if given a chance to step out of routine, they can demonstrate a gift for acting far more worthy of respect than sticking to type and playing the same rôle again and again. Producers find it safer and more profitable to keep money-making players in a groove, but from the standpoint of longer life on the screen and larger stature as artists, there is nothing like changing rôles. There isn't one star in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" who will not be remembered longer for his part in this picture than in any of the ordinary ones, no matter how much money they may have made.

Next month I shall tell you what you have never read before of Gary Cooper.
Carol Lombard has the most beautiful body in Hollywood, according to the majority of votes. "Perfect symmetry and the most womanly," they say.

Since Adam dallied over the apple there have been juries, thousands of them. Juries for matricide, patricide, homicide, suicide, psychiatric and kleptomaniac cases.

But here is a jury so unique, so colorful, that there is nothing shabby or shopworn about it.

The jury of beauty!

Twelve judges to select the perfect high lights, the perfect proportions, the perfect assets from all the stars of screenland for a composite of perfection.

Without sham, unbiased, casting aside any form of favoritism, these twelve men, internationally known authorities on feminine pulchritude from Hollywood to New York, from Paris to Timbuktu, have sought from the cavalcade of charm among the greatest of the great stars, and have emerged with what can be honestly termed a verdict!

Beauty personified, perfected, free from artifice, unadorned!

The prevailing opinion is that there are no beauties on the stage or screen.

Cecil DeMille lends his name to the startling pronouncement that "There are no perfect beauties on the stage or screen; no great actress has been a perfect beauty. The case of the peacock is exactly that of modern feminine beauty," he opines. "Nature is inexorable in the manner with which she follows Emerson's much-quoted Law of Compensation. If at any time she gives too much of any one quality, she reduces the amount of another."

Eugene Robert Richee, portrait photographer, is quoted as saying, "Of all the beautiful women in Hollywood, there is

Kay Francis ties with Carol Lombard for the most beautiful back. Here it is in all its glory.

Jean Harlow has the smallest feet among MGM stars, and shares votes with Marlene Dietrich and Ginger Rogers.
JURY of BEAUTY

Twelve well-known Hollywood authorities cast honest votes for perfection of face and form among the stars they know well. Their judgment is surprising, sensational. And remember, their verdict is based on personal inspection.

not one who possesses a perfect face. photographically speaking."

Penrhyn Stanlaws stated in an interview, "There is not one perfect beauty in Hollywood."

On his return to New York after a stay in Hollywood several years ago, McClelland Barclay, noted artist, likewise revealed in an interview that not one star fulfills his ideals of a true beauty. However, he later declared that Claudette Colbert's figure is "nearer artistic perfection" than any he ever has seen.

The subject, however, is a debatable one, and no doubt will continue until the curtain falls and the world calls it a day.

With the cavalcade heading toward the bar of judgment, filmdom may be prepared to renew an old argument as the commentators name, in

Marlene Dietrich runs away with honors for the most thrillingly perfect legs. She would!

Irene Dunne's nose is pronounced "pure Grecian and clear-cut like a cameo, not only beautiful but patrician."

The hands of Rosina Lawrence, a Fox newcomer, are voted most beautiful by one third of the jurors.
The Jury of Beauty

Lorelta Young received most votes for the beauty of her eyes.

their opinion, the most beautiful hair, eyes, nose, mouth, teeth, hands, legs, ankles, feet, back and body.

The jury of twelve men selected by Picture Play is composed of the following:

Juryman No. 1: Mitchell Leisen, Paramount director.
Juryman No. 2: Busby Berkeley, director of dances and ensembles for Warners.
Juryman No. 4: Orry-Kelly, stylist for Warners.
Juryman No. 5: René Hubert, famous French costume designer who superintends the wardrobes of Fox stars.
Juryman No. 6: Robert Kalloch, creator of fashions for Columbia.
Juryman No. 7: Omar Kiam, designer for Samuel Goldwyn's stars.
Juryman No. 8: Perc Westmore, Hollywood's dean of make-up and hair styles; chief make-up artist for Warners.
Juryman No. 9: Wally Westmore, head of Paramount's make-up department.
Juryman No. 10: Mel Berns, for ten years director of make-up for RKO.
Juryman No. 11: Charles Dudley, noted American hair stylist, director for make-up department of Fox.
Juryman No. 12: Jack Pierce, head of Universal's make-up department.

Votes

Mitchell Leisen prefaced his votes with the following deductions: "Having found that nature was unusually wiser than man in building human beings, I quit trying to take people apart to make them over. When you start to analyze a face, feature by feature, you are suddenly confronted with the problem, 'What is a beautiful eye, mouth, nose?' After all, the shape is fundamentally the same, and to a degree its beauty is largely dependent on the other features of the face, and I find it almost le to pick out an eye and say, 'This is beautiful.' My on viewing an eye on my desk finds nothing beautiful a hand detached from an arm inclines me more to tis rapt admiration of its slenderness. hese reservations, and warning you that much sur- thisy is also included, I cast my ballot as follows:"

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RAMON NOVARRO and JEANETTE MacDONALD

THROUGH Picture Play, Ramon Novarro greets his loyal friends among our readers who have come to look upon this magazine as his friend and theirs—and doesn’t he know it! “So many kind letters from dear friends, it is impossible to answer them all. Won’t Picture Play let them know for me how deeply grateful I am for every thought and feeling?” he asked. It was a “new” Ramon who made this request. No less animated and charming, but with greater poise and depth, and with new understanding of himself and life. This picture was taken at the preview of the film he wrote and directed, with Jeanette MacDonald congratulating him.
The romantic idol of radio and opera comes to the screen—and triumphs in a sensational debut! Millions will thrill as Martini portrays a struggling young tenor who sings a song of love on the heart-strings of one woman and the purse-strings of another!

Here is a cast of famous names from the opera, the radio, the screen, the concert stage. Here is romance at its happiest, songs at their brightest, dances at their gayest!

NINO MARTINI, idol of the Metropolitan Opera and popular radio programs. With his magnetic personality, his magnificent voice, he flashes to stardom as the screen's new romantic hero.

A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION with
NINO MARTINI
GENEVIEVE TOBIN
ANITA LOUISE
MARIA GAMBALELLI
MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK
REGINALD DENNY
VICENTE ESCUDERO
world's greatest gypsy dancer!

Directed by Alfred E. Green
FAVORITES of the FANS

KATHARINE HEPBURN

Photo by Ernest A. Barbrach
ATTENTION was first focused on husky-voiced Frances Drake because of her dancing ability. However, she soon proved that she could handle dramatic rôles with ease, and that is why she was cast for an important part in Elissa Landi's "Without Regret."
HE frankness and
warm which is evi-
dent in every part
e portrays is so
very much the real
Gertrude Michael, it
no wonder she has
come such a fa-
rite with the fans.
ith Cary Grant
nd Claude Rains,
"The Last Out-
post."

Photo by William Walling, Jr.
STILL another newcomer is Molly Lamont, South African beauty-contest winner. The brunette lovely has forty English films to her credit, but it is the Hollywood-made "Jalna" which introduces her to American audiences.
Many players are tagged with the label of sophistication, but few have Claire Dodd's finesse for putting over the type of rôle with which she has become so popular. This is particularly true of "The Payoff," opposite James Dunn.
REFINEMENT and culture are the two most outstanding characteristics of Katherine Alexander, whom you will remember as the society matron in "Ginger," and who is now in the Claudette Colbert film, "She Married Her Boss." In the latter she wears this stunning dinner gown.
THE fans are as eager for Irene Dunne's each successive appearance on the screen as the various studios are for her services. With the completion of "Magnificent Obsession," Universal has "Show Boat" lined up for her, which should be good news to her constant admirers.
OF course, Herbert Marshall might be fascinated by the diamond-shaped lighting fixture suspended from the ceiling, even though it would appear that the blond Jean Harlow, on the page opposite, held his gaze. But chances are he is reflecting on "The Dark Angel," which he has just completed.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull
CERTAINLY no player is more capable of holding her place in the cinema limelight than the vivacious Jean Harlow. She came through with colors flying in "China Seas," with Clark Gable and Wallace Beery, and promises to equal this in her next, "Riffraff," with Spencer Tracy opposite.

Photo by Hurrell
NO, Jane Withers hasn't gone high-hat on us. This is just one of the costumes she wears in her latest offering, "This Is the Life." And already Fox has "The Immigrant" set for the talented young lady's next production. The kid's made of the real stuff!
As you will see, Jeanette MacDonald doesn't concentrate all her time on singing and pictures. Once she has taken up swimming in a very serious way, she wouldn't think of beginning the day without a dip in her pool before breakfast. Next is "Rose-Marie," with Nelson Eddy.

By Clarence Sinclair Bull
Cary Grant's career is his lead opposite the inimitable it. We know Cary will do is the beginning of a long les for him.
In just a few short months Robert Taylor has become one of the screen's most popular leading men. You've enjoyed his acting, and when you see "Broadway Melody of 1936," you will agree that he can sing and dance too. And now Irene Dunne has him for "Magnificent Obsession."
SOMEHOW Ruby Keeler has never lost her simplicity and little-girl charm, and that's why she has endeared herself to so many. This, in addition to her unusual talent, is why you'll not want to miss her latest with Dick Powell entitled "Shipmates Forever."
WHEN Oliver Goldsmith wrote: "Her modest looks the cottage might adorn, sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn," it must have been some one very much like Anita Louise who inspired the words. In Paul Muni's next picture, "The Fighter."
MARY ELLIS

YOU saw and admired Mary Ellis in "Paris in Spring," but did you know that she sang with the Metropolitan Opera at sixteen and starred in plays ranging from Shakespeare to musical comedy subsequently? You must read all about this exciting newcomer on the opposite page.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee
The dazzling career of Mary Ellis may be cited to prove almost anything. The point is: read about it and draw your own conclusions.

By Louise Williams

At the age of fifteen, Mary Ellis was rushing like a cyclone through dancing, singing and painting lessons, leaving her teachers limp and exhausted, but arriving home with such a superabundance of energy that she promptly looked around for something else to do.

Flocks of beaux tried to distract her, but while Hermon Elsos, her father, delved into research in his study, and her mother practiced her repertoire on the piano, Mary studied languages.

No one, apparently, ever doubted that she had great talent, but many amateur prophets insisted that she would soon land in a padded cell, spontaneous combustion having claimed her nervous system, or in a side show billed as the human dynamo who will try anything once.

The prophets were wrong. Not only did she sing at the Metropolitan Opera at sixteen and star in plays ranging from Shakespeare to musical comedy in the years following, but she developed such composure and graciousness meanwhile that she is a downright restful person to meet now.

She had only one day in New York en route from Hollywood to London, but she had plenty of time to see an interviewer. Except for a few baggage tags on a desk, there was no evidence of an imminent departure. In her manner there was no flurly. She had finished "Paris in Spring" but a few days before and was faced with rushing from the ship to rehearsals for a London stage play, but she looked as radiant and blooming as if vacations stretched behind and ahead of her.

She talked not only freely but with gusto on any subject from artificialities of opera to the temper of an ex-husband, but not with the deep earnestness she shows in a book she inscribed to a student who had hopes of a dramatic career.

"Be true, Marion," she wrote in a volume of Shakespeare which she gave to the girl. "If you are true you will find simplicity, and that is the keynote to being a great person. And then you have the key to being a great artist. Be sure of your dream and then make it happen. Above all, concentrate and work, not on yourself, but on becoming the perfect medium through which great thoughts and ideas may find expression."

Somewhat wryly the Marion in question observed to me:

Continued on page 91.
They Say in

This year Myrna Loy is elected to set the fashion styles. And Eleanor Powell is destined to become known as the female Fred Astaire of the screen.

By Karen Hollis

Myrna Will Be the Fashion.—Each year after the Paris and New York showings of first fall fashions, various manufacturers get together and decide which picture star is most likely to influence mass fashions. Then they feature clothes suited to her type. Not seeking any obvious tie-up such as having her pose in them, but merely presenting clothes suited to her.

For years Lilyan Tashman was the idol of the rag business; Joan Crawford had her day, and last year Katharine Hepburn influenced styles. This year Miss Loy is elected. A girl who can be swathed in Oriental splendor by night, who can wear saucy hats and conservatively tailored suits by day, a girl who is slim and straight and vivid in coloring. Hepburn clothes were streamlined, windblown, and looked best in motion. Loy clothes are to be more dainty, look best in repose.

Directors’ Choice.—For some years Hollywood clothes have been the last word in fashion. Usually the wrong word.

After making "The Crusades," Henry Wilcoxen is pleased that he is to play opposite Mae West in her next picture.

An imposing battery of lawyers have not, at this writing, untangled the dispute between Myrna Loy and MGM, so who am I to render a verdict? It looks at this point as if she were the winner, since she has arranged to make a picture for Hecht and MacArthur engagingly called "Soak the Rich."

Her second blooming, when she escaped from exotic roles and romped through "The Thin Man," was as nothing to the current change in her.

When she publicly announced that MGM had broken their contract with her—their contention being, of course, that she broke it—she was positively radiant.

Camermen and reporters caught up with her strolling on Park Avenue, learned that she was amusing herself these days reading in the papers that she is insufferable, temperamental and full of whims. She has been so busy making fifteen pictures in two years that she hadn’t noticed it.
NEW YORK—

but the last one, anyway. This wasn’t the designers’ fault, but the directors’, who withheld their O. K. from clothes that didn’t scream the prosperity of their wearers with dripping sables and brilliants.

Now every one can be happy, for fashion leaders have decided to abandon severely simple clothes and launch an era of opulence. For the extremists there will be fur gloves that look like muffs, shirred breastplates studded with jewels on evening dresses. For the more conservative there will be full sleeves, shorter skirts, draped necklines, hooded coats and capes. There will be furs and feathers, rich velvets and sequins. And, too, there will be metal cloths that shimmer in movement.

Wardrobes to Copy.—If your clothes budget is that of a manicurist or a secretary, two pictures soon to be released will show you how well you should be able to dress in spite of penny-pinching.

Carol Lombard, in “Hands Across the Table,” will wear a street outfit which can be duplicated in any department store for twenty-five dollars. This includes handbag, gloves, shoes and hat as well as dress. Travis Banton designed these clothes, also those which Claudette Colbert wears in “She Married Her Boss.”

Pausing only a few days in New York en route to England, Margot Grahame, right, looks quite as lovely and impractical as a lotus flower.

Eleanor Powell, below, has the faculty for doing difficult tap steps in a most modest and ingratiating manner.

And just look at the slimness of Charles Laughton! By swearing off starchy and sweet food for one year, he brought his weight down from 225 to 167 pounds.

In that the budget is a little higher, as befits a secretary’s dignity, if not her purse. There is only one flaw in the argument that you, too, can look as sleek and well-groomed as the stars. After all, you would have to get ready-made clothes, and theirs are made especially for them. And every one knows that the lines and fit of a dress are more important than fabric or style.

Handle With Care.—Those grim pessimists who believe that an exquisite creature on the screen is apt in real life to be just like the sturdy, sensible girl next door, ought to meet Margot Grahame. She looks quite as lovely and impractical as a lotus flower. Her very blond hair is

Continued on page 62
FRANCHOT tells on

"The first thing that hits my eye when I see myself on the screen is my big Adam's apple. Can you imagine a surprised-looking turtle with a huge lump in its throat? That's the way I look to myself," says Franchot.

In this amazingly frank discussion of himself, Mr. Tone dispels forever any suspicion that he is pleased with what he sees in his mirror or upon the screen. And in doing so he inadvertently makes us better acquainted with him than ever before.

By Jerry Asher

Franchot Tone paused between scenes of "Mutiny on the Bounty" to say, "I dislike my superficial knowledge of a great many things and my lack of real knowledge of any particular one."

"O Franchot Tone won't talk! So he's the very smug young man who is perfectly satisfied with himself and bored with it all!

So he's the one who is said to be high-hat, conceited, just too, too indifferent to be annoyed by what others think of him! Well, maybe, if you judge him by most of the roles they've given him, and most of the interviews that have been written.

But why not judge the man for what he really is? It's true that he hasn't gone about being Hollywood's polly-wolsy.

If you know anything about Franchot's background, his breeding, his fine sensitivity, you know he couldn't go in for that sort of thing.

He is one of the most regular guys in the world. But only his closest friends have ever had a chance to know him that way. At heart, Franchot is an extremely shy person. From childhood he has found it easier to go his way alone, rather than try to make people understand his retiring nature.

Because the average person has been able to break down Franchot's wall of reticence, many of them have the impression that he is conceited. Because they do not know every quirk of his nature and every trend of his thoughts, as they do most Hollywood actors', they've branded him as dull and superficial.

Franchot himself does not think he is very exciting. And it's difficult for him to understand how any one else can be interested in the things that could only affect his own welfare. But if you think he's a smug young man with a bored expression, this will give you a small idea of what he thinks about himself.

"I dislike my so-called ease of manner," says Franchot. "I
HIMSELF

dislike it on the screen and I dislike it in real life. It stands in the way of my creating a character on the screen, instead of just playing myself over and over again. If I'm portraying strong, true emotions, instead of giving subtle indications of what the emotion might be, it stands in the way of my ever doing any really fine work, such as in Shakespearean roles. Some day I hope to go beyond it.

"Of course, it's fine for those Park Avenue playboys I've done to death. I dislike that kind of part intensely. I've played so many, people actually think I'm that kind of smug chap. I agree with them, and if I weren't so lazy I'd have done something about it long ago.

"Speaking of laziness, this is another thing I dislike about myself. For instance, I put off writing letters for weeks at a time. I hate to delegate them to some one else, especially my fan mail. It takes about four or five hours a week to do it, but somehow I seldom get around to it. But when I do write or send photographs, I send them myself. I feel it is cheating to let some one fake my signature, so at least I do it right when it is done.

"My family back in Niagara Falls likes to hear from me every week. A few hastily written lines to let them know I am well is all they expect. But I put off writing, and then have to go to the expense of a long-distance call, when a three-cent stamp would have done the work.

"People may think I'm conceited, but that doesn't prevent me from disliking my looks in general. The first thing that hits my eye when I see myself on the screen is my big Adam's apple. Can you imagine a surprised-looking turtle with a huge lump in its throat? Well, that's exactly the way I look to myself.

"I dislike my superficial knowledge of a great many things, and my lack of real knowledge of any particular one. I dislike it because it gives the impression of being well read and intellectual. The truth is, I went to college and happen to have a good memory for stray facts, which gives me a superficial knowledge of a great many things.

"Generations of a legal family behind me have made me pedantic. I dislike this in myself. I argue about dates, exaggeration of facts, wrong descriptions, etc. Often they are not important, and the inaccuracy usually makes better conversation. But so many of my ancestors were lawyers that it has made me a stickler for the exact statement about everything.

"I think there's too much vanity in my general make-up. If I weren't so vain I'd make those playboy roles mean something as in 'Dancing Lady' and 'Reckless.' But vanity kept me from doing anything unusual with these roles. I thought it was more important to look well. If I hadn't been so vain, I could have played the parts drunk and disheveled and really kept myself in character. Vanity enters into it when I talk with people. Somehow I never can bring myself to admit my superficial knowledge, even if I only have a vague idea what we are discussing.

"At heart I am timid. But I dislike myself for being that way. I am an actor, and people expect me to be colorful, self-assured and amusing. I feel they expect these things, and they should be carried off with a flourish and an air. When I feel some one looking at me I get terribly self-conscious.

"I dislike myself for not living up to my screen personality. I haven't a right to do this to the people who go to see me. I really should have an act. It would be much more intriguing and interesting. It's easy to put on an act on the screen, but off the screen there just isn't any act. I know it's disappointing, but I can't help it.

"One of my pet dislikes is that I am such a sane fellow. I don't want to be sane, but I'm so colorless I just never think of crazy things to do. I don't seem to have that magnificent abandon that makes a man suddenly make up his mind to jump in a plane and fly to Alaska, or go tramping off to some desert to dig for gold. If I contemplated giving way to an impulse, I'd first figure out how long it would take, and which would be the best way to do it.

"On the stage, and on the sets, especially, people are always playing jokes and ribbing each other. I never think of anything that's hilariously funny. When I first came to Hollywood, I saw some young actors drive up to a premiere in an old battered Ford. These kids were

Mr. Tone even confesses to being pedantic and disliking himself for it. He argues about dates, exaggeration of facts, wrong descriptions and inaccuracies when he knows they don't matter. He accuses himself of vanity, too.

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ONE MORE HUMAN:

By nature mischievous, Myrna was seldom a "bad" child. Each phase of her young life recalls a memorable event—that first day in kindergarten, having the measles, and her first great tragedy, the breaking of a beautiful doll.

PART II.

Myrna stood up very straight and looked her mother in the eye. "I didn't fall," she said. "I jumped!"

It was a flagrant falsehood. No child would have taken that chance. But it would have hurt her youthful pride too much to have admitted that she was so unsure, so ungainly, that she couldn't keep her balance. The only way to preserve dignity in the face of possible humiliation was to convert the situation into one reflecting bravery on herself. So—"I jumped!"

She lacked na o ve, and it was the first manifestation of a characteristic that persists even to-day. And from then onward, whenever that trait asserted itself, she was greeted with looks of disbelief and the words, "Alibi Ike."

Ranch life is not conducive to drawing-room manners in the rearing of a child. Consequently, Myrna was something of a tumbler. She learned to ride Dolly—that is, to stay on the horse's back—before she was four. She frequently came into the house with knees and elbows skinned from climbing trees. She took to wandering far afield on the ranch, returning hours later with an armful of flowers, far her father loved flow- ers and could not have too many in the house. And she was a busy-body, never satisfied unless she was doing something or "intact" something.

By nature mischievous, she was seldom "bad," and escaped the switch. Only once was punishment threatened, and she bawled before the threat. She was still short of four. Her father told her not to go out of the house, for it was a blustery day. But she chose to go out. Mr. Williams saw her leave, and followed quietly. In the yard he called her name, and she stopped. He reached down and picked up, at all things, a hay straw.

Myrna did not stop to reason that the straw in itself was harmless; instinct told her what the gesture meant: it signified authority and perhaps a heavier weapon to come. So, with all the speed of a scared rabbit, she scurried back into the house and made no further move to walk out that day.

The Williamses couldn't look at their daughter for hours after the incident without bursting into laughter. She had
MYRNA LOY

By Dudley Early

presented a very funny picture running before
the threat of an upraised straw.

She had known no illness during this time,
the hard winters giving her not even so much
as a head cold. But in the third spring of
her existence she very suddenly became ill.
Doctor Gilham, whom one imagines to be a
counterpart of Doctor Daloe of quintuplet fame,
was sent for from Helena. He took one look
at the sick child and told her parents that she
must be rushed to Saint Peter’s Hospital in
Helena. She was desperately ill of pneumonia.

There was still no means of travel over those
ten miles from ranch to railroad in Toston other
than the transportation one was able to furnish
oneself. So Mr. Williams hitched a horse to a
buggy hurriedly, and Myrna was carried on a
pillow, sick nearly to death, over the rough
stretch of road and on by train to Helena.

Fortunately she was a strong child, and once
under the proper care, she rallied and threw
off the dread disease without a great deal of
effort. Less than two weeks later she was well
again and driving back over the road from
Toston to the ranch. Again she was on a pil-
low, but in her favorite compartment back of
the seat, watching the road fall back on an
unpleasant experience.

The ranch was sold when Myrna was five
years old. She left it with no regrets, for a
rampy, two-story house on Fifth Avenue in
Helena, not far from grandmother Johnson’s.
Her father had been right—she would never
make a rancher.

Once in the city, the matter of her educa-
tion became important. Too young for regular
schooling at the public school, she was entered
in Miss Mattie Hibbard’s kindergarten.

That first day! Mrs. Williams dressed her
in a little white dress, white stockings, black
shoes, and tied around a curl of red hair a
big, spreading blue ribbon. It was all very
pleasing to Myrna, all but that ribbon. She
hated blue, because she wanted to wear no
color in the world but pink. Now, red hair
and pink ribbons in conjunction is enough to
call out the fire department, but Myrna didn’t
care; she wanted pink. She didn’t get it, how-
ever, and went to school with the blue ribbon
adorning her head.

Mrs. Williams left her at the school door,
in the good care of Miss Hibbard. Mother
and daughter looked a fond farewell at each
other. To Mrs. Williams it was an epochal
occasion; her daughter was going out into the

world for the first time. It is doubtful that Myrna attached any such
significance to the occasion, but she did know that it was all very
strange. However, she tried her best to fit into this new scheme
of things, and didn’t shed a single tear all day. Her mother called
far her in the afternoon, and found Myrna playing with the other
children as if she’d known them all her life.

All the way home she could talk about but one thing, a beautiful
blond child named Ruth Ray whom she had met. The thing that
made Ruth such an object of attraction to her was that Ruth was
dressed all in pink. Had she known that Ruth was to be instru-
mental in breaking her heart just a few years later, she might not
have been so enthusiastic that day. But Johnny Brown hadn’t come
upon the scene as yet.

(Continued on page 93)
HOLLYWOOD says that the average life of a star is five years. After the fifth year of reigning as queen in the hearts of her adoring public—unless she is wise—the box office, that barometer of popularity, begins to weaken in its monetary return and flicker, flicker goes the little star into oblivion.

Why? Not because she has grown crow's feet and settled into old age. No, Marie Dressler, the biggest box-office attraction of her day, proved that youth doesn't count in popularity with the movie public. And don't say that the beloved Marie was an exception, that she gained followers through her superb acting of character roles, because we have other queens who support our contention that every age has its appeal.

The four outstanding new stars who have come into the cinematic heavens within the last three years represent the four ages of life. Shirley Temple is glowing childhood. Katharine Hepburn, twenty years older, is impulsive youth. Mae West, about twenty years older than Hepburn, is blazing maturity, and May Robson, twenty years older than West, is smoldering age. They are all hits. So I'm afraid that the reign of Hollywood queens, and kings too for that matter, is brief because the public is fickle.

"Variety is the spice of life" is a recognized truth. But notice that the truism doesn't say variety is the stuff of life, but that change is the thing that gives life a kick. And in discussing the career of a star we are dealing with people who make a business of putting zest into the lighter moments of a workaday world.

All of which brings us back to the fact that the average star has a brief life because the public is fickle. It takes to a new face simply because it is different. The actor, in his capacity for supplying pleasure to man, should not criticize this quality but cater to it. And we, in turn, should not be too analytical of how he adds spice to his art. We grow weary of the same face on the screen unless an old favorite is smart enough to give us a new personality angle.

I do not agree with the fan who censures an actress who has mowed over her personality by "the addition of glamorous roiment, artificial eyelashes, and a huskier voice." In the land of make-believe, paint and costume are a part of the art of acting. Len Choney's reputation was based largely on his talent to achieve through costume and art. Though Gloria Swanson's career is at a standstill, she held her own much longer than the five years usually expected of a star. This was because she offered variety and contrast. What a difference between her "Sadie Thompson" and the prima donna in "To-night or Never"!

The cry for new faces on the screen comes from audiences, not the producers. How to retain one's popularity is the problem that faces every star. This article tells how some of them have succeeded and why some have failed.
IS FICKLE
By Dana Rush

make-up different characters. They honored this ability by giving him the title of "The man with a thousand faces."

Let's analyze the stars who have held their public beyond the fatalistic fifth year. Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer are in the tenth year of their stardom. Greta Garbo likewise is in the tenth. Gloria Swanson is in the sixteenth year of her career. Kay Francis has successfully passed the critical fifth year of her reign as a Hollywood queen.

Gloria Swanson, veteran of the group, has outlived Beba Daniels, Mary Pickford, Betty Compson, Colleen Moore, Pola Negri, Laura La Plante, Lillian Gish, and Norma Talmadge. Why has she survived her contemporaries?

Of course she has developed greatly from her Mack Sennett days. But Miss Daniels and Miss Compson also began their careers in low comedy and evolved into dramatic artists. Betty Compson's work in "The Miracle Man" would have won her an Academy award if that institution had existed when the picture was made.

When I interviewed Miss Compson in 1933, she said in explanation of her lost popularity, "The public grew tired of me because I appeared in too many pictures in the same year." Gloria Swanson in her Paramount days equaled Betty's record and still held her public. In that phase of her career Gloria was the Joan Crawford of today. Like Joan, she has the dramatic instinct for clothes.

Having exhausted her resources for presenting her adoring but fickle public with variety in modern dress, Gloria went to France to make the costume picture, "Madame Sans-Gêne." Incidentally, during the making of this picture Gloria married the Marquis de la Falaise. The first movie queen to capture a foreign title. The clever Gloria returned home not only with a title but a new screen face in her rôle of Napoleon's laundress.

She followed "Sans-Gêne" with another character rôle, "Sadie Thompson." And when the public had tired of Gloria in character rôles she drew another personality from her bag of tricks. This time it was the prima donna of "To-night or Never."

You may call it versatility or whatever you like, but I call it good showmanship. Like the world's greatest showman, P. T. Barnum, she knows the secret of holding the attention of the American public.

Showmanship, the ability to be spectacular, like the art of make-up and costuming, is an essential part of histrionic art.

Colleen Moore made the Dutch bob famous. In fact, those bangs hanging over Colleen's big, brown eyes were about the cutest things that ever flashed across the screen until we had seen them once too often. Then we wanted to snip them off. They made and unmade the little star. No, it was not the talkies which ousted Colleen from her queenly throne, it was too much of the bangs.

Norma Shearer is a shining example of how an actress can hold the capricious public by presenting a new personality through surface changes. And this is not a reflection on her art. I don't believe she has ever surpassed her work in "He Who Gets Slapped," one of the first pictures she made after graduating from the quickies of the East to major rôles in California.

In the first place, Norma is a commonplace type. Wholesome and pretty, but in a way the girl next

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Here Henry Fonda is seen with Rochelle Hudson in "Way Down East," which is expected to set forth Mr. Fonda's unusual appeal to fans even more emphatically than in his first picture, "The Farmer Takes a Wife."
KNOWS his ONIONS

Henry Fonda planted cautiously, tended his crops and now is reaping the harvest of whirlwind success after appearing in only one film. You will want to know all there is to know about this important newcomer, and here it is.

JANET GAYNOR'S new leading man."
"Margaret Sullavan's ex-husband."

They were the only comments Hollywood had to make at the appearance of Henry Fonda. He was summed up in two sentences. Eight words in all.

Instead of giving them something to call attention his way, Henry remained quiet. But it seemed obvious to the discerning that he had a card up his sleeve.

Now, after his first six months in the film capital, considerably more than a few words are needed to describe him. Some studio circles were aware of his having been in the Broadway stage production of "The Farmer Takes a Wife." Quite a few others, on hearing this, said, "The stage is not the screen." Then waited for the worst to happen.

With the shawling of the picture version they were forced to alter their opinions. If there were stubbarn anes in the mob, they could stick to their ideas about the newcomer. But all had to admit that Henry Fonda knew his job and did it.

He did it so well that Fox signed him for a second picture, once more with Janet Gaynor. "Way Dawn East" went under way, until Janet had an accident on the set. Rochelle Hudson replaced her. But the decision still held good about Henry being in the picture. Every one seems happy about it now.

Except, I might add, RKO, who are anxious for him to fulfill his contract with them as costar with Lily Pons in her film début, "Lave Song."

That's what was worrying Henry when I dropped in to see him. We had met before and didn't stand an ceremony. He did not have to be wary or cautious. He knew he could say what he thought.

And he did.

"I wish this picture would end," he said, alluding to "Way Dawn East." He was not cheerful. He was annoyed, and wanted me to share his annoyance.

"They are waiting for me at RKO, and I can't expect them to wait indefinitely. I really could go now, far after this sequence I am not needed. But the studio is holding me. I have to stand by in case of retakes. I'm afraid that when I do get to play with Miss Pons I won't know what the picture is all about. The others have had several weeks' start on me."

It was the penalty of popularity, I told him. And even that did not mean Henry. He is no novice at acting, having been at it for seven years out of his thirty. That's why he's his own safeguard against flattery. He's known all the heartaches and small glories of the theater world.

One regret has never left him. His mother always longed to see him on Broadway—a real actor, with his name in lights. She often foretold the event. And it is only natural for any actor to make good for his parents' sake. But Henry's mother passed away just a few weeks before he was cast for his big Broadway break.

Just before I spoke to him this last time, he'd flown to Iowa to see his father, who was ill and not expected to live. So it seems that his dad is not to see his success on the screen.

These little ironies of fate disturb Henry Fonda. He never speaks of them to strangers. But they crash down on him with thunderous weight. They make him guarded and secretive about all things, even about himself.

Nevertheless, Henry worked like a Trojan. The day before, he had to swim in the river, filled with blocks of floating ice—all stage properties, but the water was real. He dove and swam, now down, now up. Leaping

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Critics and fans pronounce Henry Fonda a fine, unassuming actor, and a natural personality that will last long on the screen.
WHAT is the future of Janet Gaynor? This question rises above all others at the moment. Her dressing room at the Twentieth Century-Fox studio was recently given over to Ronald Colman. The stanch impresario of her career, Winfield R. Sheehan, recently resigned from the organization. She herself has never worked for any other company. She has led one of the most sheltered lives among stars, and been queen of the lot besides. The Twentieth Century-Fox merger has brought an entirely new régime of management. They may have different ideas about her pictures.

One can't tell yet what's going to happen with Janet, because of her retirement from the cast of "Way Down East," owing to her famous head-on collision with Henry Fonda, she went to Hawaii for a long sojourn. She's not expected to appear in another film until about the first of the New Year.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert
Skimming the studio world for morsels of news, gossip and comment.

Her box-office popularity is terrific, but that has its advantages and disadvantages. Stars who reach the peak often drop into sudden obscurity, unless they are kept right there by the most skillful manipulations. So hers will be a mighty interesting case to watch in the near future.

The Rogers Tragedy.—Fate seems to have struck peculiarly in the Twentieth Century-Fox organization. For Will Rogers was one of their stars, though he never made a picture under the company’s new nabobs. His tragic death left two films unreleased, in which approximately $1,000,000 was invested. What’s going to happen to these films in the theaters? Fundamentally, audiences don’t like to look at stars who have passed on, yet Rudolph Valentino was an exception. His posthumous pictures made money, and even old ones were revived. Valentino’s films were romantic and serious; those of Rogers stress comedy.

Will his throng of followers, for he was the male box-office champion before his death, enjoy the strange reviving of his personality and his humor, or will the fact that he is on the screen touch them too deeply to permit of such enjoyment?

Great discretion is being used in the actual releasing of the films because of this delicate situation.

The Loy Revolt.—Myrna Loy’s salary revolt met with greatly mixed reactions in Hollywood when it occurred. The star was receiving $1,500 a week, and had been negotiating for an increase to $3,000 for some time. Then the company took her off salary when she went to Europe, saying they had notified her that she should come back to work. Whereupon she announced that her contract had been terminated by their act.

Of course, $3,000 a week sounds like a lot of money, though naturally, Myrna receives it only forty weeks in the year. Also, her salary doesn’t compare with some of the others demanded and paid in Hollywood. For example, Sylvia Sidney’s contracts were being negotiated just about the same time at around $6,000 a week. Between the popularity of the two, Myrna would seem to have an edge. The main trouble was that an issue

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Being one of the higher paid stars of the screen, besides earning a neat sum from radio activities, Dick Powell might well live in luxury. But good common sense manifested itself even when it came to a specially built home of his own. Give the boy credit.

**By Maude Lathem**

Dick Powell as you likely know, is one of the most popular young men on the screen to-day. For his picture work, he draws a weekly salary running into four figures. In addition, he is allowed to make his own radio contracts, besides which he has several weeks off each year to make personal appearances or do a stage production. Enough to delight the heart of any actor!

Yet he lives exactly as he lived when he made five hundred dollars a month.

"If I were making five thousand a day, my manner of living would not change in the least," he said. "As the salary increases, however, one is able to look after a few more relatives and friends."

Few players have gone to Hollywood as well fortified as Dick and as little likely to "go Hollywood." You see, he had already been inoculated. Being master of ceremonies at the Stanley Theater in Pittsburgh, Dick not only became a habit with theater-
goers. He becomes a crooner! Thousands of women, and men, too, flocked to hear him. Hundreds waited for autographs. So when this experience was repeated in Hollywood on a larger scale, he didn’t lose his perspective.

Even in Pittsburgh, he was earning seven hundred and fifty dollars a week, and that’s a good salary in any business, so you can’t point to Dick and say “He couldn’t earn a dime in anything except pictures.”

As a matter of fact, this young man saw so clearly the future of sound pictures that he accepted a contract with Warners at four hundred and fifty dollars a week less than he was earning. His present contract proves how right his judgment was.

But I wanted to pin him down to actual facts about how he uses his time and his money.

“I don’t actually budget either my time or my money,” he replied, “if you are referring to the day or the week, but I do budget both for the year. My time and my expenditures have to be flexible, else I would be bound by my own rules.”

This made me wonder if he were fooling himself, or mony before him have done, but soon he convinced me that he knew exactly what he was doing.

“In the matter of time,” he added, “there is none wasted. But I change my schedule each day. I broadcast only one night each week, so I have more leisure on some days than others. I couldn’t pretend to say each day I’ll ride two miles to-day; I’ll play nine holes of golf to-morrow, and at three this afternoon I’ll learn my lines for radio; at four I’ll have a cup of tea; at six I’ll write my mother and at seven I’ll feed my dogs, and so on.”

Any actor who tells you he works out that kind of budget is crazy. It can’t be done in the picture business. I think there even must be flexibility of one’s purpose; otherwise one might be cheated out of a greater good than might have come to him.

“But this much I do: I keep a list of all the things that are ahead of me and as nearly as possible I take care of them in the order of their importance. This is the extent to which I budget my time. But, in addition, I take an inventory at the end of the month, and if I find that I have slipped up on something important, I don’t do that the following month. I am likely to pay no attention whatever to recreation, so I have to check myself up on that.”

Dick has just built himself a home, the first one he has actually owned in California, and naturally this has given rise to the inference that he is thinking of marriage, notwithstanding that there are more bachelor domiciles in Hollywood than almost any other city.

We have to take this house into consideration. Did Dick lose his head in building it? Did he tie himself up in a manner that might cause him to lose it all, if and when his contract is ended? Did he build to outdo his neighbors? Did he pay more for his lot than the average man can save in a lifetime?

He did none of these things.

The fashionable districts of Beverly Hills, Bel Air, and Holmby Hills will see none of Dick Powell. Instead, he bought a “level” lot, 260 x 220, surrounded by beautiful full-grown English walnut trees, in the Toluca Lake estates. The lot, his house, and his furnishings, have cost him far less than such a lot alone would have cost him in the more fashionable districts. Don’t minimize the importance of this location, though, for lots near by on the lake front sell for ten thousand dollars and Dick has for his neighbors the Richard Arlans, the Bing Crosbys, Jim Tully, Virginia Bruce, Marjorie Main, and others.

The house is not built for display. It is a whitewashed brick, somewhat on the Monterey style, all built on one floor, even the outside of the several garages appearing as a continua-

Dick is happy because he knows that his house and everything in it have all been paid for.
A Bachelor Budgets His Life

Dick says he is willing to work hard now and save his money to be assured of economic independence later on.

tion of one side of the house. There are three bedrooms and baths, a large living room and dining room, a library, a commodious kitchen, butler’s pantry, and three servants’ rooms.

The entire place is definitely masculine, except the guest room, which is decidedly feminine. This room is done very simply in blue and white. The twin beds, dressing table and chest of drawers are white, with a suggestion of gold antique trimming. The rug is solid white like whipcord and the curtains are blue-and-white-striped material, looking for all the world like denim but actually of a very heavy silk. But even here there are no gold moiré silk walls nor beds with ermine spreads. The adjoining dressing room and bath are done in pastel shades to match. The bathroom fixtures are chromium, in startling contrast to those of Carinene Griffith and Jean Harlow, in solid gold.

Dick’s own bathroom was given particular attention, for he wanted a place for everything and had the shelves built of tile instead of glass. At one end of his bathtub is a shower and at the other an electric cabinet. The doors of both are of frosted glass with original marine designs. The triple mirror over his dressing table has daylight lighting, as he often makes up at home.

His dining room is French provincial, with curtains of heavy gold and black, and lighting fixtures of especially designed pewter. The kitchen is filled with things that Dick designed himself.

The living-room is large, with comfortable furniture and homy glazed chintz draperies. Couches, desks, lamps, and occasional chairs give it a very livable air. His own bedroom is distinguished mostly by the enormous, especially built bed, at the head of which there are all sorts of receptacles, book cases, a telephone booth, a radio-victrola. It is one of those extra wide beds for which everything has to be made to order.

There is a swimming pool, a Badminton court, a play room, where he has a punching bag, as well as a piano for practice when needed.

This is a sketchy outline of his home, but it is given to show that he has built a house such as he would have constructed on a fair salary were he a business man in Arkansas, his home town.

Dick loves animals but he allows himself only a few dogs, some birds, and a couple of broken-down polo ponies. The studio will not allow him to play polo any more, but he practices a bit on his own lot. He has enough space to raise chickens and would like to do so, but that would mean another man and he intends to have his place run entirely by one couple, a Japanese and his wife. He pays them one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, though many of his neighbors are getting good cooks for thirty dollars.

There are dozens of players who think no house can be run on less than seven servants. Dick never wants a home to become a burden.
DOLORES DEL RIO

COLORFUL, glowing, vivid—these are adjectives most used to describe Del Rio. They are all good, though overworked, words. But there are others that may be accurately applied to her. She is more exquisite and fragile off screen than on, more elegant and reserved and distinguished. But if you love her for her screen self, you will see it in "I Live For Love."
WHO SAID

This revealing description of Margaret Sullavan, the girl who refuses to be spied upon by press or public, is not to justify her attitude but to bring you closer to the realness of an important actress.

By Jeanne de Kolty

"I didn't come to Hollywood to say silly things for the magazines and pose for silly publicity pictures," says Margaret Sullavan. "I came to act." She certainly has acted, and no one could call this photograph silly. It's charming.

Margaret Sullavan, garbed in soiled slacks and an old sweater, fishing for her dinner.

Margaret Sullavan, curled up behind a set reading a book.

Margaret Sullavan, chatting with prop boys and grips and running away in annoyance from prying fans and publicity writers.

Such are the things you will see if you ever happen to be working with the star who won instant success in her first picture and is still on the way up.

So many things have been written about the Sullavan private life; her love affairs, her elusiveness. So little has been written about the real Margaret.

There is only one way to know this girl. That is to work with her, to see her on the set and at ease day after day, to talk with her.

Having just returned from location on "So Red the Rose," Margaret's latest picture, I am convinced that those in Hollywood who know her best are her coworkers.

The myth of her elusiveness is pish, tosh and balderdash to her friends. It is simply the pipe dream of a magazine writer who, seeking an interview, met with disappointment. More than anything else, Margaret hates to have her personal life scrutinized.

"I didn't come to Hollywood to say silly things for the magazines and pose for silly publicity pictures," she explains. "I came here to act."

There is nothing elusive about the actress as far as her fellow-workers are concerned. She will spend hours discussing her beloved New York with a lowly assistant prop boy, but may shun some one who has reached the heights. She selects her acquaintances for what they are, not for the jobs they hold.

Miss Sullavan believes in doing as she pleases, not acting to please others. She is exquisitely feminine, but on occasion can be more of a tomboy than most men.
HIGH HAT?

On the "So Red the Rose" set she was particularly friendly with the girls who handled her wardrobe and make-up. They spent hours of labor in making her as beautiful and charming as possible, and Margaret truly appreciated their efforts.

One evening she invited a group of wardrobe women to her cottage on location. Headquarters for the company were at lovely Lake Malibu, and the main portion of the troupe was stationed at a hunting lodge while Margaret and a few others were given private cottages on the surrounding hillsides.

Margaret wore slacks and blouses when not on the set. "I'm having so much fun," she told the girls. "This cottage is grand. It's so far away from everything that I can be just as dirty and comfortable as I wish and nobody near to stare at me. If it gets too noisy down at the lodge, why don't you girls come up and stay with me? You'll love it!"

The girls, who had never before met Sullavan, were amazed at this obviously sincere and enthusiastic invitation. Before beginning the picture they had heard all the current stories of the star's temperament and unfriendliness. That she was warm, generous and considerate proved a pleasant surprise. Naturally, she was their darling for the rest of the time, and got even more service than before.

When not working she dresses simply, hates being fussed over, and prefers doing things for herself rather than having a maid always within call. She gladly autographs fan photos for studio mail boys, but may turn down the request of a visiting celebrity.

She believes in doing as she pleases, not acting to please others.

Once she was working at the Universal "back ranch" near the Los Angeles river bed. A group of boys came wading, barefoot, up the river. Coming into sight of the set, they stopped, abashed at the presence of the famous Miss Sullavan. Margaret promptly engaged them in conversation, took off her shoes and stockings, lifted her skirts and waded into the river to join them.

Such incidents may be responsible for her reputation as "unusual" and "peculiar," but actually they prove her genuineness. If she wants to wade and is not busy in a scene, why shouldn't she? It's her business, and she doesn't expect her every action to be flaunted before the public. After all, wading is fun!

She is one of the most definite personalities on the screen. She knows what she wants and demands it. Whatever she does, she takes seriously. She works at her work, and when she is finished she makes a point of enjoying her leisure. She hates idleness.

When she is called to the set at eight o'clock she expects to begin shooting immediately, not sit around hours waiting for something to happen. Contrary to the popular belief that she is hard to handle, she is gentle and tractable, except when she feels she is not being fairly treated. Then she can give as stirring an exhibition of anger and disgust as ever you saw.

The high quality of Margaret's pictures is in many ways due to her own efforts. To date she has starred in three released films: "Only Yesterday," "Little Man, What Now?" and "Sinnreich."
"A Midsummer Night's Dream."—Warners. Ravishing spectacle, human comedy and marvelous technical achievement make Shakespeare's fantasy gloriously memorable. Every one in it is to be envied for his part in a milestone in the advancement of the screen. Don't shy away because it is Shakespeare. It is Shakespeare, of course—with Mendelssohn's immortal music—but it is not Shakespearean. There's a vast difference. It is neither highbrow nor arty. It is gay, lilting, rollicking and simple because Max Reinhardt has clarified and humanized it. The spectator is held by a smoothly flowing continuity, dazzled by Reinhardt's imagination and absorbed in his tutoring of players accustomed to far different acting. But gorgeous as scenes and costumes are, spectacle is never permitted to overwhelm character nor to subordinate speech. Every performance is notable. Many are surprising. And the boy Mickey Rooney's "Puck" is truly astonishing.

"Anna Karenina."—MGM. Garbo's greatness as supreme star of the screen is here exhibited for all who have eyes to see, ears to hear and imagination to be stirred. And, as always, the play is made to seem less important than the talent. It is the old story of the tempting, yielding wife. So old, indeed, that it served Garbo before she broke her silence and lapsed into her present perfect speech. Then it was called "Love." The new version is more interesting because it is more painstakingly done, speech giving it new refinements and subtleties. Meticulous costumes and settings complete a marvelous reproduction of St. Petersburg society in the '70s. But dignified acting doesn't altogether disguise the Russian "East Lynne."

"Top Hat."—RKO. So delightful that it seems to top all their prior efforts, the new picture which stars Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire lilt, amuses and dazzles. Strange that no one else has achieved this quality and mood in musical films. Isn't it? Sophistication without striving, grace and smoothness minus strain or self-consciousness. Everything blends, holds together and flows as suavely as a fine old cordial. Never mind the story. It is typical of other Rogers-Astaire films. Which means that it is light and right. The songs are even gayer and better than usual and the background for the climactic dance number, "The Piccolino," is superb, as is the dance itself. This picture is as festive as a perfect Christmas.

"Annapolis Farewell."—Paramount. This is Sir Guy Standing's picture. Splendidly he dominates it, completely he runs away with it. Ostensibly it's about youth in training at the United States Naval Academy. As such, it echoes all the other West Point and Annapolis films. It has the boyish cad, his noble roommate and the plain-faced comic working out their respective destinies in words of one syllable, with a palely drawn ingénue somewhere about. It is all conventionally naive, all indubitably appealing to the majority. But Sir Guy plays a real character that appeals to the mind and emotions. He is "Commander Fitzhugh," retired, who lives in the past when the Battle of Manila Bay brought him renown and President McKinley congratulated him. How Sir Guy makes the picture a personal triumph is worth seeing.

"The Gay Deception."—Fox. A delightfully frothy comedy elaborately and tastefully produced brings forth Francis Lederer and Frances Dee at their best, which happens to be very fine indeed. They are concerned in a light, mocking romance that is irresistibly appealing. The story is reminiscent of O. Henry. Miss Dee, passing herself off as an heiress, is impudently courted by a good-
looking bell boy who happens to be a prince learning the hotel business from the bottom up. The picture combines dash and charm to an unusual degree and should please everybody, especially those who have waited for Mr. Lederer to get a real break.

“The Crusades.”—Paramount. Cecil DeMille’s unique talent for generalship, pomp, pageantry and minute detail finds outlet in a costly spectacle that disappoints. It lacks the human touch, the throb of life, though it certainly is physically impressive, especially in the crashing battle scenes when the forces of Christianity and Islam meet in twelfth-century warfare. And again when hordes of armored horsemen come together at full speed with terrific impact. But the story that inspires these spectacles is dull and the characters never awaken curiosity or capture imagination. This is the most pretentious of current pictures—and “pretentious” is exactly the word that describes it—but for all its magnificence it is disturbingly old-fashioned.

“Alice Adams.”—RKO. It took that great story-teller, Booth Tarkington, to give Katharine Hepburn what was needed for her peculiar genius. His novel provides her with material as appealing as “Morning Glory” and “Little Women.” With extraordinary feeling and sympathy Miss Hepburn brings to life a heroine who is a composite of girls everywhere. A small-town belle, pinched by poverty, inhibited by dreams she cannot realize, she makes a grand play for a handsome newcomer, the climax of her maneuvers coming at a family dinner. Laughable yet heart-breaking, it is human nature written by a master and acted by a star. Yes, Katie gets her man.

“Diamond Jim.”—Universal. Recapturing the lush life of the ’90s with authentic feeling for the fullness of the period, especially on gaslit Broadway, this is as hearty as a circus. Interest centers on the fabulous figure of James Buchanan Brady, nicknamed “Diamond Jim,” splendidly visualized by Edward Arnold. His shrewdness in finance, his passion for diamonds for personal adornment and his huge appetite are exploited in a partly fictional account of a colorful life sentimentalized for the screen.

“In Old Kentucky.”—Fox. Clean, honest, wholesome comedy clipping along at a fast pace is what will endear this picture to fans of the lamented Will Rogers. They will find it one of his best. It is a modernized version of the old play that thrilled your fathers—or was it grandfathers?—in the middle ’90s. Then it had the slightly shocking innovation of a heroine named “Madge”—she’s renamed “Nancy” now—donning the trousers of a jockey and riding a horse to victory. She still does, but it isn’t Dorothy Wilson’s pants that entertain so much as the unexpected and magnificent surprise that comes at the end of her triumphant ride. Only the marvel of the screen could do this.

“Accent on Youth.”—Paramount. Herbert Marshall, a playwright in his forties, is in love with his girlish secretary, Sylvia Sidney, without knowing it. She must go on the stage, marry Phillip Reed and become tired of an athletic nitwit of a husband before Mr. Marshall wakes up—and she has to tell him then. Ernest Cossart, of the stage, is capital as an English butler. But the picture is talk, talk, talk.

“The Return of Peter Grimm.”—RKO. Don’t think that this is a spooky subject or that it has to do with the usual spiritualistic manifestations. It is tender, touching and very human, serious but not gloomy. A kindly old
horticulturist argues with his cronies about life after death and vows that the end of his physical life will not prevent his communicating with them. When he does die he becomes aware of much that he did not know in life, his mistakes and the dangers that threaten his loved ones. Desperately he tries to speak, to warn, as he stands near, seeing all but unseen by those who love his memory. This picture is notable for restraint, taste and acting that is sound and true.

"The Irish In Us."—Warners. James Cagney and Pat O'Brien, brothers, the latter a policeman, are in love with Olivia de Havilland, daughter of a police captain. Constantly at odds, their homy mother acts as peacemaker, matchmaker, presiding genius of a turbulent household. The brothers become estranged when Mr. Cagney wins out over Mr. O'Brien as Miss de Havilland's choice. A rousing prizefight ends the feud when Mr. O'Brien steps into the ring and pinch hits for Mr. Cagney. The familiar story becomes lifelike, touching, exciting, because of feeling, understanding and skill in writing, direction and acting.

"Page Miss Glory."—Warners. Marion Davies's reentry into the arena has her the heroine of a rollicking comedy with obvious, though amusing, values, the result wholly pleasing and the star's gift for the farcical as admirable as usual. She is a plain maid at a hotel and is forced into nation-wide fame as the original of a prize-winning composite photograph labeled "Dawn Glory." a sly promoter glimpsing her in an exquisite gown belonging to a guest and deciding on the deception. A dashing aviator, Dick Powell, falls in love with the newly discovered beauty and everything is rosy make-believe.

"Without Regret."—Paramount. Elissa Landi appears in a murder mystery, playing with elegance a rôle once assumed by Evelyn Brent in the same story when it was entitled "Interference." Miss Landi is the ultra-conservative wife of Paul Cavanagh, a great London physician who has just been knighted. Newspaper pictures of her inspire an adventuress, Frances Drake, to blackmail her on the score of her former marriage to a man who still lives. She calls on the adventuress and her husband comes to settle the score, each without the other's knowledge. Then the villainess is found dead. Evidence points to the two visitors, and the mystery is cleared up after a good deal of talk. All this is heavy drama and not particularly interesting, except for excellent acting.

"The Farmer Takes a Wife."—Fox. Quaint charm, but not too much of it, makes the unusual background of the Erie Canal in 1853 interesting, and fine acting raises the picture to importance. Slight though full of character, the story tells of the gentle conflict between Janet Gaynor, born on the canal and loving it, and Henry Fonda whose love of the soil causes him to work on the canal only long enough to earn money to buy a farm. Time proves to Miss Gaynor that settling down with Mr. Fonda means more to her than being hauled from place to place. Miss Gaynor's best performance to date competes with the reserved and unassuming acting of the newcomer who, fortunately, will be seen often from now on.

"China Seas."—MGM. Good, open-faced melodrama passionately acted, has Clark Gable and Jean Harlow nagging and snarling at each other to prove a great love. She is the notorious "China Doll" and he is a dissipated, hard-boiled skipper whose ship carries gold and colorful passengers from Hongkong to Singapore, with Wallace Beery aboard and in league with lurking pirates. Miss Harlow, jealous of Rosalind Russell, steals the key to the ship's arsenal and gives it to Mr. Beery. The pirates are blown up, the treasure saved, and somehow Miss Harlow's betrayal qualifies her for marriage to Mr. Gable.
"Bright Lights."—Warners. The institutional Joe E. Brown energetically stars in a piece that is a medley of many familiar stories. He is the comedian of small-time vaudeville who "makes" Broadway, falls hard for its lures and neglects his pretty wife for a society amateur actress. Discovering his mistake, he tries madly to retrieve a letter he has mailed to his wife telling her of his preference for the other girl. The most original episode has Mr. Brown locked out of the theater on the night of his opening and having to pay $20 to gain entrance through the front door. Though often funny, he gives a curious exhibition of immodest acting.

"The Keeper of the Bees."—Monogram. Gene Stratton-Porter's stories are simple, direct, and through their virtual absence of plot they achieve a quality of naturalness that more calculated stories often lack. This is adapted from one of the most popular of them and expresses the talent and ideals of the author in terms that every one can understand. The picture is unexciting, of course, but the narrative holds the spectator and is well acted. A soldier gassed in the War overhears the doctors say that he has but six months to live. He determines to have a riotous time in the short span left him. He stumbles into a garden where "The Bee Master," an old man, is dying and the responsibility of tending the bees is forced on the soldier. Clean air, wholesome living, and unselfishness bring him health, strength, romance, and new life altogether. Neil Hamilton, as the hero, gives his soundest and most ingratiating performance in a long time.

"Orchids to You."—Fox. Jean Muir, smartly gowned and cool-mannered florist who delivers her orders in transparent boxes, becomes aware that the wife of her favorite customer, John Boles, is carrying on an intrigue with Harvey Stephens. He sends her orchids daily at five. In the language of flowers at this shop, orchids mean illicit passion. But Miss Muir refuses to tell in the divorce court, Mr. Boles finds out, though, and you are thankful for the end.

"Dante's Inferno."—Fox. This inferno is a side show at Coney Island presided over by Spencer Tracy who begins as a Barker and progresses to the biggest shot on the midway. He is fast-talking, scrupulous, money-mad. Flimflam built, the inferno collapses and kills many, but Mr. Tracy escapes the penalty and turns his attention to a gambling ship. Fire breaks out on the opening night, Mr. Tracy discovers his infant son aboard and redeems himself by saving the lives of some of the passengers. Patient, he supposedly settles down to legitimate work. Constant action, spectacular settings and Mr. Tracy's good acting give life and interest to this.

"Curly Top."—Fox. Shirley Temple takes Al Jolson's indulgence of himself, "the world's greatest entertainer," and makes it her own. And without effort, either. She's immense in her antidote to "Our Little Girl." A winsome inmate of an orphanage, she is adopted by John Boles, a trustee, who takes along Rochelle Hudson, her sister, too, pretending that he is acting for "Mr. Jones." Besides singing, dancing, and impersonating a débutante, a bride, and a grandmother as well as a number of characters in famous paintings, Miss Temple busily arranges a match between Mr. Boles and Miss Hudson.

"Mad Love."—MGM. Peter Lorre, star of "M" and "The Man Who Knew Too Much," is an insane surgeon in his first Hollywood venture. The husband of the woman he loves loses his hands in a railroad wreck. "Doctor Gogol's" revenge for the wife's repulse is to graft the hands of a knife-throwing criminal onto her sensitive pianist-husband's wrists. Fantastically, he has the impulse to hurl knives and "Gogol" causes him to believe that he is a murderer. Ingenious, if artificial, but absorbing always.

"Page Miss Glory."
LOOKING at LUISE
By Mark Dowling

Minus the mask of glamour so often associated with newly imported stars, Luise Rainer startles by being a definite personality of a brand-new kind. This is an intimate glimpse of her colorful self.

Since her amazing reception in "Escapade," Miss Rainer has become the newest addition to Hollywood's brilliant roster of stars.

SHE'S a hoyden, with none of the self-consciousness of a Hepburn. Reviewers lavished praises on her first screen role, crying "Rainer acclaimed the Bergner of light comedy!" "a dark and flashing type," "a find without question," "Bergner in scherzo mood." Personally, she is even more colorful.

Already Hollywood is repeating, in whispers, amusing stories about her, proving her a personality which has landed. The time she went to May Robson's birthday party. Other guests brought boxes of orchids. Rainer struggled through the crowd for half an hour before she could reach the guest of honor. Then she thrust out a firm little hand, clutching three rather wilted flowers from her own garden. "For you I pick them!" she said shyly.

At a luncheon given for one of Hollywood's most glamorous beauties, she filled, startlingly, that pause after cocktails when every one sizes up every one else. Mostly, the ladies were sizing up Lo Rainer.

"Vy ore you not in chail?" she demanded suddenly of the guest of honor.

It turned out that she had read something of the lady being arrested for speeding, and had really expected her to be thrown into the nearest hoosegow.

Such toles have already endeared her to those who can recall the fiery, colorful days of Negri and Swanson and other stars who weren't afraid to be what they chose.

Seeking the individual behind the anecdotes, you have to visit her home in Santa Monica, a large, cathedrallike place with high walls and huge windows looking out onto a garden which is wild, spacious, and unkempt, with tall eucalyptus trees shivering in the salt breeze.

(Continued on page 66)
CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES


CAST:
Thesues, Duke of Athens...Jan Hunter
Herobles of Athens...Lancaster
Lysander...Dick Powell
Demetrius...Ross Alexander
Philip Quine, a Carpenter...Helen Hunt
Sang, a Joiner...Dewey Robinson
Both, a Weaver...Joe E. Brown
Flute, a Bellows-mender...Joe E. Brown
Starveling, a Tailor...Olas Harlan
Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons...Verree Teasdale
Hermia...Olive de Havilland
Oberon, King of the Fairies...Victor Jory
Titania, Queen of the Fairies...Anna Louise Pack
Duke of Athens...Mickey Rooney
First Fairy...Nina Thalas
Mistress...Billy Nancy
Tomo's Ath...Arthur Treacher

"ANNA KARENINA"—MGM. From the novel by Count Leo Tolstoy. Screen story by Charles Balck and Talia Viertel. Directed by Clarence Brown.

CAST:
Anna Karenina...Greta Garbo
Tyrone...Fredric March
Kitty...Kathy Wright
Countess Vronsky...Mary Robson
Lidia...Constance Cummings
Stephan...Reginald Owen
Seraphim...Engelbert Karr
Katia...Basil Rathbone
Iskra...Nan Grey
Yashin...Reginald De Matis
Lev...Giles Hendron
Grisha...Richard Loo
Anna's Maid...Elsa Ebrthide
Young Vronsky...Herbert Cuk JV
Tanya...Cora Cole
Butler...Joe E. Torton
Tutor...Hedley Lamarr
Parish...Herbert Irons
Matve...Harry Beresford
Governor...Sarah Padden

"TOP HAT"—RKO. Screen story by Dwight Taylor and Allan Scott. From the adaptation by Kari Nold, Alexander Farago, and Allan Lustig. Directed by Mark Sandrich.

CAST:
Jerry Travers...Fred Astaire
Dale Tremont...Ginger Rogers
Hawkins...Edward Arnold
Madge...Helen Broderick
Alice...Erie Boire

"DIAMOND JIM"—Universal. From the biography by Parker Mose. Adapted by Harry Cook and Doris Mallon. Screen story by Preston Sturges. Directed by Edward Sutherland. Between 20 and 30 names.

CAST:
Diamond Jim Brady...Edward Arnold
Emma Perry...Jean Arthur
Jane Matthews...Jean Lullar Russell
Blanche Ruhe...Blanche Sweet
Jerry Richardson...Oscar Neebe
Hugh O'Connell...Pistorer
Harry T....William Demarest
Sam Rivers...E. A. Moore
Robert...McMurray
Mary...Mary Morgan
John L. Sullivan (as a young man)...Bill Holahan
Secretary to Horsley...Fred Kelsey
Breed...Otis Harlan
Staging Agent...Harry Kraker
Railroad President...Henry Kolker
Brinks Man...Harry Padmore
Physician...Purdell Pratt
Brady's Mother...Robert E. O'Connor
Brady's Father...Robert E. O'Connor
The Confederate Secret Service...Jeffreys
Jewellers...Albert Conti, Armand Kalin
He's Ray Milland, whose exciting, devil-may-care life is more colorful and unusual than any part he has played on the screen. But now that he has caught the fancy of Picture Play's readers, he's settling down to the serious business of being a success.

He is mild-mannered, soft-spoken, a gentleman in every sense of the word, and, disarmed by his charming smile, one finds it difficult to believe that, in a blinding rage, he nearly shot the Prince of Wales in his flight to become an actor!

Ridiculous as it seems to picture this handsome Englishman in any such lurid real-life rôle, it is a true story, and this is the way it happened:

In London, in 1928, he had made one picture, was then out of work and, as usual, broke. Unable to obtain any kind of acting, he took a job sharpshooting in the British film, "The Informer." An excellent marksman, he had won this rôle by hitting a small coin at a distance of one hundred feet, fourteen out of fifteen times with an unfamiliar gun. In one scene he was required to hit a tiny mirror which Lya de Putti held in her hand.

This job enabled him to eat, but didn't do much for his career as an actor, and when the director of another picture, which was being made at the same studio, asked him to make a test for the leading rôle in his film, Milland jumped at the chance. Cyril McLaglen, the leading man, had broken his leg the day the picture was to start, leaving the director minus a hero.

Milland made the test at noon, and before his own company

Ray Milland's expert horsemanship eventually won him a place in the ranks of the Royal Horseguard, the King of England's personal bodyguard.

When Mr. Milland was eighteen he was left a legacy by an aunt, so he promptly cut short his army career in order to give his undivided attention to spending the money. He spent the last of it taking Estelle Brody, the English actress, to dinner.

RAY MILLAND can best be described by the word "boyish." Fifty years from now, if he lives that long, I'm sure the word will still apply, for he has that illusive quality of youth, both mentally and physically, and, at twenty-eight, admits he looks no older than he did at eighteen.

All his life he has made a habit of doing things pleasantly. Which gets him just as far and just as quickly, he thinks, as a more aggressive mode of procedure. And is much more fun!

In his hands, slightly unpleasant rôles become pleasant ones, which fact has been noted by his employers, and from now on he is not to be handicapped by pictures which might even faintly challenge his rising popularity.
had returned from lunch, was told that the part was his. He thought getting out of his job as a gunman was a mere formality, but the director refused to release him.

"But don't you see," Milland argued. "It's my big chance. If I make good in this part I'll be made."

A sharpshooter as good as Milland was too hard to get, and the director refused to release him.

"I'll work in both pictures. I'll finish my port for you," he begged. But still the director refused.

"All right," Milland told him in a rage. "Either you'll let me play that port or I'll shoot you full of lead."

Picking up one of the loaded guns, which lay on a near-by table, he pointed it at the director.

"We'll shoot it out," replied the director, in same temper himself. And he picked up the other gun.

The armed pair stepped backward, facing each other, and aimed just as the stage door opened and the Prince of Wales, with the Duke of York and a party, being shown around by the studio manager, stepped directly between the two guns.

"Put those guns down!" ordered the panic-stricken manager.

"I'll not put my gun down unless he lets me work in that picture," Milland insisted. Whereupon the manager, to avoid a further scene before his royal guests, quieted the two enraged men by promising to arrange matters to suit them both.

He kept his word. Milland finished his job of shooting in "The Informer," and at the same time, by running back and forth between the two sets, played his first leading rôle in "The Flying Scatsman."

Shortly after that an American picture scout saw him in a London stage revue and offered him a Hollywood contract. He was not forced to shoot his way out of the revue, for Anita Loos interceded for him and he was released.

He went to Hollywood with an MGM contract, but he soon learned that having a contract doesn't necessarily mean that you are in pictures. He was given but a few minor rôles until he was lent to Warners to play opposite Constance Bennett in "Bought."

But even that rôle didn't seem to help his career as he had hoped, and one day, after eighteen months, to use his own words, "I got sick and tired of it and packed up and went home leaving only a note to the company saying he had gone.

His American contract had made him important to British producers, and after his arrival in London he immediately made two pictures. He then returned to Hollywood, where his first work was in "Balero," with George Raft and Carol Lombard. His work in that picture gained him a Paramount contract, and there he has worked ever since, his ability as an actor increasing with the importance of his rôles.

His poise and easy manner on the screen are natural. He has always lived easily and well. He has mingled always with the best people, and the good things of this earth have come to him easily.

He was born the son of a wealthy industrial engineer in Neath, Glamorgan, Wales. An adventurer at heart, he made his first trip in search of experience at the age of seven when, one Sunday, dressed in his first long

Continued on page 83
They Say in New York——

They say that a certain starlet, whom we may call the Miss B. of Broadway, has taken command of one of the most famous flivvers in town. This is the car she took on the road last week to New York. She had a man she knew with her, and a chauffeur. It is said that the Miss B. is quite a lady. She is also said to be quite a business woman.

Sometimes the Melody Turns Sour.—

Right on the heels of the rumor that "Broadway Melody of 1936" proved a knock out at its preview, Eleanor Powell breezed into New York just two weeks late for rehearsals for a stage job. Just let any one tell her that it takes only one great picture to cinch a glorious screen career for a girl, and she will smile wryly.

It seems that she played in a picture house vaudeville unit with Anita Page and Charles King just a few months after they had made their great success in the first "Broadway Melody" and already had worn out their welcome in Hollywood casting offices. She is playing safe.

Before she went to Hollywood to make the picture, she signed a contract to come back to a show in New York. Before going into the show, she signed a contract to go back to pictures. Incidentally, all the dance matinées will be present to give her a rousing welcome to pictures. She does unbelievably difficult tap and acrobatic routines in a most modest and ingratiating manner.

The New Hero on the Air.—All those girls who have been bothering Columbia with complaints because Michael Barlett sang so briefly in "Love Me Forever" will please take out their calendars and put down a date for every Sunday night from early fall until next spring.

He is to sing on the Jack Benny hour. Furthermore, he'll get fine training for the light comedies that every director yearns to put him in, for Jack Benny makes his singers join in the rapid-fire humor that has made him first in the hearts of radio listeners.

Transatlantic Commuter.—Charles Laughton left on his ninth trip across the Atlantic in two years, beaming with good humor. He is used to ship news reporters now, doesn't shy away from them like a clumsy Saint Bernard, but meets them genially, ready to volunteer information about himself. He has renounced his claim to the title of world's worst sailor. Seven weeks on the Pacific for "Mutiny on the Bounty" gave him confidence and a rolling gait.

By swearing off all starry and sweet food, he reduced from 225 to 167 pounds, but it took him a year to do it. He hopes to be quite a bit lighter than the time he starts playing "Cyrano" before cameras in England.

All Around the Town.—Gary Cooper, arriving with his wife on the same plane with Lupe Velez, refused to pose for photographs with the Mexican firebrand. "What does Gary Cooper think he is, anyway? He's no oil painting. He may be an idol to his mother, but he's nothing to me," Lupe sputtered. Lupe is off to South America for personal appearances, Cooper and his wife will motor through New England as soon as he gets word from the studio that there are no more takes and the "Peter Ibbetson" side-burns can come off.

Mary Pickford's first novel, "The Demi-Widow," is out, revealing a much more realistic wit than her fans would expect. She hopes Grace Moore will film it. Miss Pickford came East to do a little hand-shaking at the time of its publication, but hearing that Thomas Meighan was seriously ill, called off all engagements and rushed to the hospital. To the intense relief of every one who can remember Meighan in his great days as a film star—and there was never any one more lovable on or off the screen—he is not going to be a helpless invalid, as doctors feared. Tommy walked out of the hospital without even leaning on his wife's arm.

Now that Robert Montgomery has returned from a European jaunt, he is going to his farm near Brewster, New York, to recuperate.

Josephine Dillon Gable, ex-Mrs. Clark, is completely swamped by young folks eager for her services as dramatic coach. She is training Julie Haydon and Lyda Roberti now.
once it would be too late. Margaret insisted on waiting until next morning to finish the shot. She might have let it go by had she been alone in the scene—I don’t know—but there were children working with her and she didn’t want them photographed to disadvantage. As a result, the entire troupe was called back the following day to make that single scene.

Margaret takes great joy in making others happy. Being a true belle of the old South, she loves Southern cooking. A few months ago her mother sent her a young colored girl from Virginia to act as cook in the Sullivan-Wyler household. Elvira was tremendously thrilled at being in Hollywood, and wished nothing more than to see a film company in action. She gradually convinced Margaret that she needed a maid on the set and, to please her, Margaret graduated her to double duty as cook and maid. Daily Elvira went with her mistress to the studio, thrilled as could be.

Then she expressed a desire to act. Margaret obligingly obtained her a bit in "So Red the Rose." Walking around the set, all decked out in the costume of a plantation slave of Civil War days, Elvira is positively jittery with the excitement of being a movie queen.

Margaret gets a great deal of pleasure out of watching her having such a good time. "But," she laughs, "I don’t get a bit of service any more. Elvira’s so busy whitening her teeth and fixing her hair for her movie job, she can scarcely find time for me!"

At a very early age Margaret acquired a will all her own. She was a delicate child, and would take absolutely nothing but milk until she was five years old. Not only that, she insisted upon having her milk out of a bottle! Any attempt to feed her any other way always ended in smashed crockery and tears.

She attends strictly to business when at work, but few persons enjoy their playtime more than she. Were she less level-headed, she would probably cop honors from Katharine Hepburn as the village hoyden. She is an excellent driver, and one of her chief delights is to drive like mad across the studio lot, terrorizing everyone in sight.

She loves speed, and is always ready to go on a trip at the slightest provocation. When she took aviation lessons she kept airport officials in a panic with her antics. In the midst of a lesson she turned to the pilot and asked: "How much gas have we?"

"Oh, about enough to get to San Francisco," he answered noncommitally.

"O.K. That’s where we’re going," Margaret called.

For several hours harried airport employees were in a stew wondering what had become of their pupil and her pilot.

Margaret is good at disappearing. She feels that her whereabouts is her own concern. So long as she keeps her appointments, is on the set when the day before Margaret was to begin work, the studio tried to call her. She was not at home. Nobody knew where she was. All day long and half the night department heads continued to call her home, all to no avail. Finally they telephoned to Malibu Lake. At four o’clock in the morning, Assistant Director MacDonald awakened the entire troupe, trying to find out if any one had seen Margaret. Not a soul knew where she was.

Finally some of the crew climbed the hill to Margaret’s cottage. There she was, fast asleep! She had arrived on location at eleven o’clock the previous morning. Dressed in slacks and an old shirt, she had spent the day in a boat out on the lake, fishing. That evening she had twelve fish for dinner, every one of which she caught alone and unaided.

"Fish are funny things," she says. "They taste so much better when you catch them yourself."

Most girls would be too tired to move after a strenuous day’s fishing, but not Margaret. She was on the set at eight o’clock in the morning, ready to start work at the exact moment she had been scheduled to appear.

Margaret’s greatest ambition is to be a fine actress. Public opinion notwithstanding, she feels that she has not yet reached that goal. She is not, and probably never will be, very excited about film work. Her forte, she says, is the stage. She would like to do a good play a season on Broadway and travel between times.

She hopes some day to have a chalet in Switzerland where she can spend part of the year, and a farm in New England to call “home.” She believes that motherhood is the greatest of all careers, and hopes some day to have children—seven, she says, if possible.

She is artist, tomboy and business woman all rolled into one. She is the most exquisitely feminine person I know, but on occasion can be a better sport and more of a tomboy than most men.

Perhaps it would be best to describe Margaret Sullivan as a grand, unaffected, natural girl.

A publicity man once said: "The reason Hollywood doesn’t understand Margaret Sullivan is that she’s an entirely normal woman who refuses to let an abnormal town affect her."

I think that statement is the truest ever made about Margaret Sullivan.

Who Said High Hat?

Una Merkel likes to shop now and then for practical things. The camera caught her on her day off in the midst of filming "In the Bag," which stars Jack Benny.
all decked out in tails and top hats, and the stunt got a great roar from the crowd.

"Once in New York, when a party of us were coming out of a speak-
easy, some one in the crowd made a bet with some one else that he
couldn't make a street cleaner dance with him. Imagine dancing with a
street cleaner at five o'clock in the morning! And another time two
friends of mine, on a dare, put up a little fence in the center of Park
Avenue and dug a hole inside it. I wish I had thought of one of those things."

And there you have a life-sized portr
ait of Franchot Tone, the young man
who Hollywood would have you be-
lieve is perfectly satisfied with himself.
If he were perfectly satisfied at the
present moment, one might be in-
clined to grant him that right. Of all
the leading men on the screen, there
is none who is quite the man of the
hour that Franchot is. In the three
years that he has been in Hollywood
his life has been one metamorphosis
after another.

In the first place, Franchot went to
Hollywood for one purpose. He had
heard that the movies paid much more
money than the stage. Being inter-
ested in the Group Theater, he sacri-
ficed being with his coworkers and the
career he loved to go to Hollywood
to hundreds a day, and fell in love with
the novel jewelry.

For one year. In that time he hoped
to live carefully, save earnestly, and
take his money back to the Group and
help finance their plays.

In that year's time Franchot became
a screen success, increased his fan
mail from a few dozen letters a week

Franchot Tells On Himself

It's taken a while for Franchot to
get on to the Hollywood way of do-
ing things. He had to get used to be-
ing photographed from every angle
when he was out in public. He had
to accustom himself to carrying a pen-
cil and autographing everything.

Cherishing privacy and being used to
it, the realization had to jell that he
was a nationally known figure, and no
longer belonged to himself. The very
fact that how he lives, walks and
breathes is news to people is still dis-
maying to him.

After his sensational work in "The
Lives of a Bengal Lancer," every stu-
dio in Hollywood wanted him. And,
typical of Hollywood, his own studio,
who had lent him several times before,
suddenly found so many parts for him
that he'd have to quintet to play them all. Recently he finished a
nine weeks' location trip at Catalina,
where he played in "Mutiny on the
Bounty." Spending ten hours a day
on a rolling ship, acting in the blister-
ing sun, is a far cry from the Franchot
Tone who used to be the best cus-
tomer in Tony's speakeasy.

So even though there are a number
of things he dislikes about himself, it
doesn't seem to be hurting him any.
In fact, it just helps to make him more
human.

This Farmer Knows His Onions

from one ice block to another. After
it was over, the hardened stage crew
gave him an honest hand.

"If he sees he has to do a thing, he
does it, and does it darn well," an ex-
ecutive informed me. I ought, per-
haps, to have compared Henry to a
Greek rather than to a Trojan. So
let's compare him to an ancient Greek.
Isn't that better?

Of course, he was born in the State
of New York, in the town of Fonda.
It was named after its early settlers, Hen-
ry's ancestors. He is of Irish-Dutch de-
scent, with the Irish on top. But obvi-
ously there is a strain of Spanish in him.

He was not, like the majority,
"crazy" to act. Just before he left
college, a friend of his was directing a
Little Theater production of Philip Bar-
ny's "You and I." Henry happened to
be watching rehearsals the day the
juvenile failed to turn up. To be use-
ful, he read the juvenile's "sides" to
cue the other players. So well did he
read lines that he was asked—nay,
urged—to play the part.

A writing career had tempted him,
and still did. As soon as he left col-
lege he meant to set about story writ-
ing in earnest. Then painting reared
its hypnotic head as a possible means
of existence. But acting pushed both
aside and held the lid close.

"Yes, it got me," Henry declared,
without any gush or enthusiasm. In-
deed, he might have been thinking of
something else. Acting with Lily Pons,
for instance. "I had had the stage in
mind. But I never expected to get
around to it so soon. Of course, my
first bits could hardly be called acting.
But I soon got on to the work."

Playing in stock in Connecticut,
Henry met a pretty girl named Aleta
Friel. Without being romantic, they
became good pals. Both were out for
stage fame. Aleta's break came first.
She became a leading lady.

Though Henry only got bits, tempta-
tions were flashed before his eyes. Five
years ago he was offered a con-
tract by Fox to go to Hollywood. He
declined.

"I had no exaggerated opinion of
my standing at that time," he said. "I
had done nothing, and was unknown.
The offer was tempting, for it meant
a possible break and a steady salary.
But I did not want to be one of those
poor misfortunes, sent to Hollywood,
kept waiting in an outer office for six
months, then shipped back to New
York.

"Perhaps it was egotistic of me to
say so, but I vowed I'd never go to
Hollywood until there was a leading
role ready for me. A contract doesn't
assure one of a film career. And I
knew it."

Henry's stage break came with "The
Farmer Takes a Wife." Under con-
tract to Walter Wanger, he was
signed by Fox to play the same-role
in the screen version.

So Henry Fonda kept his vow.
Hollywood still does not know just
how to regard him or understand him.
Not that he is a mystery. But he has
the town guessing. And Hollywood
always is a poor guesser. Henry is an
actor, a good one, but does not do as other actors do.

Right now he is at the most crucial point of a player's life. He is being praised and congratulated on all sides. He is likely to be lionized at any moment.

Most newcomers start out by being overeager to win friends, and to be liked. With popularity, they withdraw, separating the chaff from the wheat. And that's where they annoy their former friends with whom they were at first familiar.

Henry started out right. Instead of going into the film Mecca like an army with banners, he was already in town before Hollywood knew it. For the first six weeks he stayed with his friends, the Ross Alexanders. Aleta—you recall his old pal of Connecticut days—met Ross on Broadway. That is, while both were acting there. Love smote them all of a heap. Marriage was the only thing for them.

Henry stayed with them, at their hilltop home, until ”The Farmer Takes a Wife” was ready. As if to live up to his picture debut, he saw to the upkeep of the Alexanders' livestock. You see, they have a dog, a cat with kittens, ducks, pheasants, goats with a kid, chickens. Besides these, there are fruits, flowers and vegetables.

To be with Ross, Aleta, and Henry at that high abode, you feel back in ancient Greece. They live rustic lives, glassed over with theatrical glamour. It's original and swell. Among oranges and lemons, roses and lettuce, with the various cries and noises of the divers animals, they talk of the theater and art.

However, things too theatrical do not please Henry. Such as his part in his second film to be. As well as the whole film.

"Everything about it seems so stagy," he remarked. "The dummy ice blocks in the water. The imitation falls!" But as I told him, you could hardly expect Fox to demand Rochelle Hudson to go floating over Niagara, Henry in swimming pursuit.

He saw the sense of this, but still felt that the picture would lack too much of a fake on the screen. Such little worries are the annoyances of a Hollywood career.

"What does annoy me," Henry declared, denying that anything else did, "is to get fan letters before my first picture has been released."

It seems there are certain types of fans who collect stars' photos for collection's sake. Learning from advance publicity that a certain Henry Fonda was to play with Janet Gaynor, many wrote him, even congratulating him on giving so excellent a performance. Same wrote even before the picture was finished.

"Now, after the picture has been shown over the country, and my work seen and liked, then I'd highly appreciate any fan letter sent to me. I'd see to it that the writer received a picture of me, if one were requested. But I don't intend to pay the least notice to those insincere letters."

"On the stage, we are seen, but only by the citizens in and around New York. We never get much attention. In Hollywood are receives quick recognition. A single picture will afford us a world-wide audience. Getting letters from all the continents might do anything to the most self-possessed actor."

To clear the air of this approaching shadow, Henry went up to the Ross Alexanders for Ross's birthday. "Ross and Aleta had taken care of George, the black cat you saw in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." It was given Henry for luck. Believing it to be female, Henry and the rest of us got a shock when George turned out to be what his name indicated.

Male or female, so attached to George have Ross and Aleta become that they won't let him go from their bucolic retreat. So he's joined the farmyard stack.

If Henry was uncertain about George's sex, so was Hollywood uncertain about the film career of Henry Fonda. But to-day things are straightened out most pleasantly.

"Henry Fonda?" Hollywood says, when asked. "Why, yes; he's a fine young actor, with a bright future in pictures."

And though Hollywood seems pretty sure of its opinion, it leaves Henry neither hot nor cold.

You see, Mr. Fonda is pretty sure about himself.

Nick Long, Jr., featured dancer in "Broadway Melody of 1936," takes a workout with the aid of some of the girls in the show. Nick's parents were famous in vaudeville long before the MGM studio was built, so he comes by his unusual talent naturally.
Continued from page 58

Rainer greets you at the door, highly excited. "See what I have!" she cries, leading the way proudly to a new victrola which, she announces with awe, changes records all by itself.

Wearing no mask of glamour so often associated with newly imported stars, she strolls by being a definite personality of a brand-new kind.

Her soft round face has a little-girl charm in its varying moods. In the presence of reporters, she looks shy, as if she wanted to run away. Sometimes she does.

Because of this habit, each representative of the press is introduced as the "dear friend" of some studio worker. Then she opens up, talks vivaciously and dynamically, betrays a highly amusing individuality.

Compared to other Hollywood dam- sels she seems a tomboy trying hard to be ladylike and orderly. She wears trim slacks, wooden sandals, a neatly pressed tailored jacket. Invariably she is accompanied by a small black Scottie, her Johnny. "Chonny," she tells you, "has a beautiful face!"

All during lunch, for two hours, the music of a Beethoven symphony drifts from the victrola to the porch—overlooking a pool of lilies—where she prefers to dine. "Music is my inspiration," she says, suddenly serious. "In Europe I often went to visit Beethoven's little house, and walked along the same trails he did while those immortal chords were shaping in his head."

She adores music, she tells you. And long walks, and nature, and children. "Children are so completely natural," she explains. "A friend of mine runs an experimental school, and sometimes I spend an afternoon there, watching and studying them. They know the secret. They do what they want, and say what they feel like saying."

So does Luise.

"It's criminal when people put borders around themselves!" she cries with a flash of dark eyes—the most beautiful eyes in Europe, they were called.

Lunch is served on black dishes, the main course a concoction of croutons, eggs, tomatoes, and cheese which she originated herself. She loves experimenting with foods, and follows no set rules. Color scheme is most important; the right colors on a plate make her happy. The wrong upset her.

For dessert, like as not she will blissfully put away three large pieces of apple pie.

Looking at Luise

She cares nothing for the rules of beauty: diets, regular hours for eating. She dines when she's hungry, whatever the hour.

At the moment she would rather talk of her recent trip to Mexico than of the business of being Hollywood's newest and most exciting discovery.

She lost her money, she relates quite happily, and was refused readmittance to the States by border officials who thought her a girl hobo. She took refuge in an auto camp and washed out her clothes. "But I had nothing with me to make them smooth." Finally she was allowed to cross the border. "For the first time in this country I am really happy."

Bohemian and unconventional, there's a mature intelligence under her bright flashes of surface wit. "I believe a soul cannot die," she said once, "because there's nothing physical about it to die. It isn't so hard to lose people when you know they must go on. Sometimes you meet people and try to place them. Perhaps they have something of some one you have known and loved."

In her childhood, her family was wealthy. She went to good schools and studied writing and art. Her father, a merchant, spent some years in this country, and even became a naturalized citizen, but then he returned to his native home.

When the family fortunes failed, Luise suddenly decided to try the stage. She applied for an audition at the Luise Dumont Theater in Dusseld-orf, an inexperienced girl of sixteen. Ten minutes later she was under con- tract. Her first stage play was an immediate success Reinhardt invited her to his theater. She was acclaimed the greatest emotional actress of the day in Vienna, Berlin, Paris, and Lon- don. She played Shakespeare, Ibsen, Pirandello.

Arriving in America with a Metro- Goldwyn contract, she spoke no English at all, but learned hectically in the three months before "Escapade." She learns the more quickly because she has no hesitancy at all in asking ques- tions about whatever she fails to un- derstand.

Romances have not been discovered by Hollywood's most alert gossips, although her friends include men of Hol- lywood's interesting foreign group. She has been seen with Reinhardt, Lubitsch, and an American composer Herbert Stothart. Despite her naïveté, there is a dignity about Luise which keeps you from asking personal ques- tions.

She is writing a difficult pantomime dance of a boy's life, and will present it on the stage herself. You see her standing on a street corner at the studio, discussing art or music with bushy- haired gents from the music depart- ment. Much waving of hands and frenzied gestures! When she greets a friend, she throws her arms around him gaily, an elfin madcap from Vienna.

Her chauffeur, in a chance conver- sation outside the studio, turned the tables by giving his mistress a naive character reference.

"She's the most thoughtful lady I've worked for," he said. "You see," he added judicially, unaware that he was talking to the press, "in Europe stars aren't treated as they are here. They're not courted and made a fuss over. They don't get into society. So they aren't spoiled."

That's Luise Rainer—clumping about her house on her smart, severe sandals, with wooden heels and leather straps—speeding over California's highways in her Ford convertible, and bewitch- ing motor police out of giving her tickets—becoming, since her amazing reception in "Escapade," the newest addition to Hollywood's brilliant roster of stars.
ROBERT YOUNG and Barbara Stanwyck are paired in a modern romance called "Red Salute." It is a striking story because it deals with a timely issue—radicalism, and its effect on the young people of America—and is Miss Stanwyck's first film in a long time.
UNDER SOUTHERN
“SO RED THE ROSE” comes to the screen in a marvelously true picture of the South as it really was before and during the Civil War, with a hero and heroine as only Rondolph Scott and Margoret Sullivan could play them. Both are bona-fide Virginians. The stately, hospitable Bedford mansion is on the opposite page. Below it are Miss Sullivan and Mr. Scott. On the right of them are Daniel Hoynes, serving delicious juleps to Walter Connolly and Janet Beecher. On this page, Miss Sullivan and Mr. Scott again. Below, Mr. Hoynes, Miss Sullivan, Dickie Moore, Miss Beecher, and Elizabeth Patterson by candlelight.
These scenes from Will Rogers's last picture and one of his best, "Steamboat Round the Bend," are a more eloquent memorial to a beloved national character than anything that could be written. Mr. Rogers was as American as the Mississippi River, as much a part of contemporary life as the newspapers, and was held in affectionate esteem by more of his fellow citizens than usually falls to the lot of any man.

THE thrilling race of the river steamboats is seen above, and the charming girl with Mr. Rogers is little Ann Shirley.
CALIFORNIA, during the gold rush of 1849, was colorful, picturesque and lawless. That is when this Spanish bravo loved and lived adventurously. Warner Baxter is seen in this rôle, left, and with him in the smaller picture is Margo, the interesting Mexican actress.

LOVABLE OUTLAW

He is the historic "Joaquin Murietta" hero of the stirring new film, "Robin Hood of El Dorado."
DOVE IN THE HAWK'S
In the early days of San Francisco's history a roistering, lawless colony sprang into being—the "Barbary Coast," which title has been taken by Samuel Goldwyn for his new picture. It describes the perils of living dangerously and romantically, in defiance of law and order. It also shows the birth of the Vigilantes and their success in rationalizing the community.

The star of the picture is Miriam Hopkins in her first venture for Mr. Goldwyn. She plays a girl who comes to the Barbary Coast in ignorance of its true character. The man she intends to marry is dead. She is befriended by Edward G. Robinson, a rich gambler, and becomes "Swan," chief attraction of his saloon. She is seen with him, left. Just when life becomes most difficult for her, Joel McCrea crosses her path, and you know what happens. Mr. McCrea, above.
NEW CHILD STAR

THE latest entrant in the race for little-girl supremacy on the screen is Sylvia Jason, who came all the way from England to show what she could do in "Little Big Shot." Veteran troupers such as Robert Armstrong, Glenda Farrell, and Edward Everett Horton support her. Good luck, Sylvia.
WILLIAM POWELL is a good egg. Not only did he introduce Luise Rainer to the public in "Escapade," but he put her at her ease and stood aside to give her the breaks. Now he's being gallant to Rosalind Russell in the same way. Not that Miss Russell is unknown. Far from it. She's a coming star. But playing Bill's heroine is helpful. The other beneficiaries are Binnie Barnes and Cesar Romero. Too bad MGM can't decide what to call the film.
RONALD COLMAN is ideally cast as Dickens's lovable hero, "Sydney Carton," who nonchalantly gives his life to the rival beloved of "Lucy Manette," the girl he adores in "A Tale of Two Cities." On the opposite page, top, are Fay Chaldecott, Edna May Oliver, Elizabeth Allan, Mitchell Lewis, and Blanche Yurka. Center, Mr. Colman with Donald Woods. Below them, Mr. Lewis, Claude Gillingwater, and Miss Allan. On this page: top, the revolutionary tribunal. Right, Miss Allan and Mr. Woods united after tears and tragedy.
"Freckles," Gene Stratton Porter's story that has achieved a circulation of two million copies, is once more given to us by the screen, this time with Tom Brown in the title role.

WHO has not read at least one of Mrs. Porter's novels? They have a simple, human appeal all their own, indescribable, irresistible. "Freckles" is an Irish lad who wanders to the timber country of Indiana. There he finds his soul and his character, his life and his love. Mr. Brown, at top of page, with James Bush. Above, with Carol Stone and Virginia Weidler, that earnest little busybody who was adorable in "Laddie." The outer picture is of Virginia, too.
"MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY" is a rousing story of men at sea who fight their lives out among themselves without benefit of love, for there isn't a woman aboard "The Bounty." There's a strange assortment of characters on the memorable voyage. In the upper picture you see Ermen Downey, Clark Gable, Douglas Walton, and Franchot Tone. On the right, Mr. Tone and Charles Laughton, who is, of course, the high—or low—villain in the case. Mr. Gable again, below, and on the outer right, Mr. Laughton and David Torrence.

HARD-TACK
GLEAM OF DIAMONDS

GORGEously the age of romance, chivalry and carefree adventure is recaptured by the screen in a superb revival of "The Three Musketeers." The exploits of Dumas's immortal Gascon, his brave and daring recovery of a queen's diamonds, his tender love for her lady-in-waiting, and his victorious admission to the troop of picked guardsmen known as the king's musketeers. Left, Walter Abel as "D'Artagnan"; Heather Angel as "Constance." Below, Nigel de Brulier, "Cardinal Richelieu"; Ian Keith, "De Rochefort." The lower strip shows Onslow Stevens, Moroni Olsen, Mr. Abel, and Paul Lukas.
THE king's ball is pictured at the top, with Rosamond Pinchot as "Queen Anne of France." Below, Margot Grahame as the beautiful spy, "Milady de Winter." Left, we have an exciting scene between Mr. Abel, Miss Angel, and Ralph Forbes as "The Duke of Buckingham."
WENDY BARRIE
and
LOUIS HAYWARD

THEY are the young lovers in "A Feather in Her Hat," which brings forward a great actress of the stage, Pauline Lord, in the starring rôle. Mr. Hayward is that unusually intelligent and individual newcomer who impressed in "The Flame Within." They are concerned in a touching, dramatic story of a cockney mother's desire to make her son a gentleman, and what her success costs her.
trousers, he was allowed to go to Sunday school alone. Although Sunday school was honestly his destination when he left home, he no sooner found himself alone on the street than he began to speculate on the probability of finding the sea if he walked far enough in another direction than the one which led to church. He tried it, and eventually reached the water, where he swam until dusk.

As the shadows began to fall, Ray became acutely aware of hunger, sunburn and weariness. And before he had gone far on the long trudge home, fear overcame him and he sat down by the road in tears. There a mounted policeman found him, lifted him into the saddle, and returned him safely home.

Soon after this episode he moved with his parents to London, and from then until he was sixteen attended Kings College, intending to enter Cambridge later. He wanted to go to sea, however, and, unable to get work on a deep-sea vessel, worked for six months on a potato boat.

His uncle, a breeder of fine horses, offered the lad a job on his stock ranch, and for a year he worked there, rising at six in the morning to begin his day's work. He broke, trained and exercised racers and jumpers, winning cups and medals in many contests. He is one of the few gentlemen riders in England who has raced over the Grand National course at Aintree without being jolted from the saddle.

His expert horsemanship won him a place in the Cheshire Yeomanry, a territorial cavalry corps, and later in the ranks of the Royal Horseguard, the King's personal bodyguard. It was while a member of the royal troops that he learned to shoot, to box and to fence.

When he was just eighteen years old he was left a legacy of $18,000 by an aunt, so he promptly left his army career in order to give his undivided attention to spending that money.

He became a member of the younger set which frequented the gay spots of Europe. He visited every Continental capital. Ten months later he was back in London, broke.

"But I had the best time any one ever had," he told me. "I went everywhere and did everything, and with the nicest people," he added. "I don't regret one penny of the money or one minute of the time."

"What could be more wonderful," he asks, "than to be in the right place at the right time with plenty of money? The most any one can get out of life is a good time. Money and fame mean nothing if you have no fun with them."

He spent his last fifty dollars at Cira's taking Estelle Brody, the actress, to dinner. She invited him to visit her at the studio the next day. He drove to the studio in a luxurious car, with not one dollar in his pocket.

Miss Brody introduced him to the casting director, who asked him if he would like to put on make-up and work with the crowd for a lark.

"He told me they paid only about five dollars," Milland laughed, "but, oh, boy, if he only knew how I needed that money!"

Before his first day's work was over he was offered a job in a picture which was to be made on location in Scotland, and he left the studio wearing on air. Outside he found his car stripped of everything an it that was worth a thin dime. However, he got around to some friends and borrowed enough money with which to purchase a wardrobe suitable for Scotland. He spent four weeks there on the picture, and not one scene was shot, but the trip had helped out his finances, if not his career.

However, as things come easily to Milland, he soon was given a good role in a picture. By this time he had been bitten by the acting bug. He wanted to be a good actor. He joined a company and toured the provinces in "The Woman in Room 13." It was upon his return from this tour that he became a temporary sharpshooter and nearly shot the Prince of Wales.

When he went to Hollywood he was told his English accent was a bit too thick, so, characteristically, he set about correcting this defect in the most pleasant way. He got himself a girl friend. Which would have been all right but for the fact that he began speaking with a decidedly Southern accent, because the girl he had chosen was from South Carolina.

He had been under contract to Paramount but a short time when "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" went into production. The first day on location, the role later played by Franchot Tone was without an actor to play it. Milland was sent out.

"I thought it was my big opportunity," Milland said. "Riding and shooting are what I do best, and I was thrilled. The horses were there, saddled and ready, and I decided I would be a strategist. I asked for a good jumper. I tried the horse out, and he was pretty good, so I jumped him. I did trick riding, I picked things off the ground, I did shooting tricks. I put on a show which the director couldn't help but see. I was sure I would get that part, but I didn't, and it was a great disappointment to me at the time.

"Now I'm glad I didn't get it. Franchot was grand in the part, and really, I couldn't have done it. I wasn't ready for a big role like that. I would have been terrible, and my career would be over."

Since then things have been looking up for Mr. Milland. His roles have been increasingly important. Other changes are taking place, personal changes. For the first time he is taking life more seriously. He has acquired a home, and the business of furnishing it is occupying his spare moments.

"The place has a grand garden in the back!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "I'm anxious to get at it. It needs a lot of work."

I fear his days as an adventurer are over; that he is settling down. My worst suspicions were confirmed one day recently when, in the midst of a gay party, he suddenly glanced at his watch and made a dash for the door.

"Pardon me," he said, "I have a date to buy a cook stove with my wife!"

Jackie Cooper is glad to get this cup of hot chocolate and cookies after completing a scene for "O'Shaughnessy's Boy" requiring him to be out in the rain.
THAT talented young comedian, Ray Walker, gets a deserved break in "Music Is Madness," which teams him with the glamorous Alice Faye. It is a brisk romance of back-stage life, with Bebe Daniels returning to play a screen star whose supposed sister turns out to be her daughter. Frank Mitchell and Jack Durant supply the fun and Miss Faye, of course, sings typical numbers as only she can.
Hair—Norma Shearer. Because it is thick and natural, with a well-brushed glass, and is untortured by trick ironing.

Eyes—Marlene Dietrich. They contribute much to her alluring quality.

Nose—Irene Dunne. A lovely nose adds to the sensitive, finely chiseled, aristocratic quality of her face.

Mouth—Claudette Colbert. Soft, alluring, well-shaped, humorous, with intriguing quirks at the corners.

Teeth—Katharine Hepburn. Strong, even, beautifully shaped.

Hands—Carol Lombard. Slim, pliable, typically feminine, very expressive, and full of personality.

Legs and Ankles—Joan Crawford. Legs are firm, well developed, and beautifully shaped, with pretty knees and ankles.

Feet—Ginger Rogers. Slim feet that are not only attractive, but used gracefully.

Back—Dolores del Rio. Her back is slim, graceful, smoothly flowing into the waistline, with no bad angles.

Body—Carol Lombard. Slender, yet lively feminine.

Busby Berkeley votes:

Hair—Norma Shearer. Because of its lovely texture and always beautifully groomed look.

Eyes—Anita Page. Expressing madonna-like loveliness combined with a certain wistful sweetness.

Nose—Ann Harding. Ressembling fine Grecian statuary.

Mouth—Marion Davies. Curved to suit a delightful personality, blending from a more than pleasant smile into infectious laughter.

Teeth—Ginger Rogers. Evenly carved, like the finest pearls.

Hands—Marlene Dietrich. Slender, beautifully shaped.

Legs, Ankles, Feet—Marlene Dietrich. They stand out from the crowd with their matchless beauty.

Back—Carol Lombard. Strikingly graceful, and proportioned with a certain definite ease.

Body—Claudette Colbert. Possessed of infinite poise, grace and statuesque beauty.

Bernard Newman votes:

Hair—Virginia Bruce.

Eyes—Loretta Young.

Nose—Irene Dunne.

Mouth—Katharine Hepburn.

Teeth—Claudette Colbert.

Hands—Carol Lombard.

Legs, Feet, Ankles—Marlene Dietrich.

The Jury of Beauty

Back—Kay Francis.

Body—Jean Harlow.

Orry-Kelly votes:

Hair—Norma Shearer. Because it is always beautifully groomed.

Eyes—Marion Davies. One minute they express roguishness and the next are very soulful.

Nose—Greta Garbo.

Mouth—Claudette Colbert for its sweetness.

Back—Dolores del Rio. Her back is slim, graceful, smoothly flowing into the waistline, with no bad angles.

Body—Carol Lombard. Slender, yet lively feminine.

Robert Kalloch votes:

Hair—Merle Oberon. Because it is vital, lustrous and normal in color, with satin high lights.

Eyes—Claudette Colbert. Large, beautifully set; young and mischievous, or very worldly.


Mouth—Marlene Dietrich. Full and gleaming, and a little sad.

Teeth—Grace Moore. Well-shaped and beautifully proportioned.

Hands—Norma Shearer. Small and fluttery, expressing many moods.

Legs—Marlene Dietrich. Of course.

Ankles—Joan Crawford. Slender and beautifully groomed.

Feet—Ginger Rogers. Important little feet, high instep, narrow and musical.

Back—Jeanette MacDonald. It is smooth, with charming dimples.

Body—Carol Lombard. Slim, well-proportioned, flexible. A figure that adds chic to any costume.

Omar Kiam votes:

Hair—Miriam Hopkins. Beautifully blond and naturally curly.

Eyes—Loretta Young. Soft and liquid.

Nose—Irene Dunne. Not only beautiful, but patrician.

Mouth—Grace Moore. Perfect shape and size.

Teeth—Merle Oberon. So perfect they look artificial.

Hands—Merle Oberon. Beautiful and tapering, neither too large nor too small.

Legs—Marlene Dietrich.
Ankies—Ginger Rogers. Small and shapely.
Feet—Mary Baland.
Back—Carol Lombard.
Body—Joan Crawford.

Perc Westmore votes:

Hair—Kay Francis. Because of its natural lustrous beauty and perfect simplicity.
Eyes—Loretta Young. Because of unpucked eyebrows, and without doubt the most beautiful eyes ever to reflect soul and beauty.
Nose—Grete Garbo. Perfect dilation of the nostrils.
Mouth—Ginger Rogers. Valuptuous and shaped perfectly.
Teeth—Jeanette MacDonald. Perfect in form, size and shape.
Hands—Joan Blondell. Graceful, and taper to the nth degree in impeccable exquisiteness.
Legs and Ankles—Ruby Keeler. Infallible shape, correct contour of calf, and consummated measurements.
Feet—Jean Harlow. The petite size for a woman. She has the smallest feet on the MGM lot.
Back—Carol Lombard. Perfectly proportioned contour of torso.
Body—Dolores del Rio. She has that elixir of immortality surrounding the perfect contour of her body.

Wolly Westmore votes:

Hair—Marlene Dietrich. A natural blonde, beautiful quality. Well-groomed at all times.
Eyes—Claudette Colbert. She has the most perfectly spaced eyes on the screen, and largest, most beautiful eyes.
Nose—Norma Shearer. A perfectly balanced nose. Length, shape, width conforms with perfection to contour of her face.
Mouth—Sylvia Sidney. Youthful, sensuous, full-blown with vitality.
Teeth—Claire Dodd. Symmetrical, perfectly shaped, strong, concisely portraying a healthy person.
Hands—Gracie Allen. The gesture of genius to her finger tips.
Legs and Ankles—Joan Blondell. So unique in movement; nearest to anatomical charts of perfect measurements.
Feet—Loretta Young. A combination of softness and rozquishness.
Back—Jeanette MacDonald. The only woman who can turn her back to the camera and maintain the grace and carriage so difficult for a star when not facing it.

The Jury of Beauty

Body—Carol Lombard. Perfect symmetry, and one of the most womanly.

Mel Berns votes:

Hair—Miriam Hopkins. Fine as silk in texture; never has been touched by chemicals.
Eyes—Frances Dee. Violet-blue in color. Brows perfect without artificial arching. Eyes are large, but not too large, and are unusually expressive.
Nose—Irene Dunne. Pure Grecian and clear cut like a cameo.
Mouth—Myrna Loy. A natural cupid's bow, but not too small. When she talks her lips fall into beautiful lines and curves.

Kitty Carlisle gets her wish to sing opera on the screen, even if it is in a side-splitting picture, the Marx Brothers' "A Night at the Opera."

Teeth—Katharine Hepburn. Absolutely perfect in shape and color. They have the burnished mother-of-pearl look that is considered the most beautiful. In addition, her teeth are perfectly fitted to her facial lines.
Hands—Marlene Dietrich. The most expressive on the screen. Long and graceful.
Ankles and Feet—Marian Nixon. Feet are small, highly arched, and ankles are small and slim.
Back—Dolores del Rio. Straight, and as smooth as satin bath in texture and outline.

Body—Ginger Rogers. The most beautiful body, slim, rounded, with narrow hips and small waist, but a full bust.

Legs—Decision reserved.

Charles Dudley votes:

Hair—Claire Trevor. It is like spun gold, of fine texture, and has a natural wave.
Eyes—Janet Gaynor. Dark-brown. They can cloud pensively or shine with joy and animation, and are set off by naturally arched eyebrows.
Nose—Joan Bennett. It is neither too broad nor too thin. Its length is exactly one third of her face, the classic proportion.
Mouth—Anita Louise. Sweet and youthful, yet mobile and expressive. The lips are well proportioned, and of just the right size and fullness for her face.
Teeth—Alice Faye. Gifted by nature with a perfectly matched set.
Hands—Rosina Lawrence.
Legs and Ankles—Claudette Colbert.
Feet—Rosita Dioz.
Back—Jean Harlow.
Body—Jean Harlow.

Jack Pierce votes:

Hair—Margaret Sullavon.
Eyes—Margaret Sullavon.
Nose—Irene Dunne.
Mouth—Sidney Fox.
Teeth—Jean Harlow.
Hands—Zasu Pitts.
Legs and Ankles—June Knight.
Feet—Zasu Pitts.
Back—Binnie Barnes.
Body—Dolores del Rio.

The Perfect Composite Beauty

(According to a majority of ballots.)

Norma Shearer’s hair.
Loretta Young’s Eyes.
Irene Dunne’s Nose.
Claudette Colbert’s Mouth.
Katharine Hepburn’s Teeth.
Choice of Marlene Dietrich’s, Carol Lombard’s, Rosina Lawrence’s Hands.
Marlene Dietrich’s Legs.
Choice of Marlene Dietrich’s, Joan Crawford’s, Claudette Colbert’s Ankles.
Choice of Marlene Dietrich’s, Jean Harlow’s, or Ginger Rogers’ Feet.
Choice of Kay Francis’s or Carol Lombard’s Back.
Carol Lombard’s Body.
And now let the argument start!
Don't ask Mabel—her skin gives me the willies!

Mabel sure has a terrible complexion.

Yeah, she's never gotten over her adolescent skin.

Mother, what's adolescent skin?

Darling, every girl in her teens goes through a pimply stage.

Mabel, why don't you try Fleischmann's Yeast? It cleared up my skin.

Then I can really get rid of these hickies.

Gee, Mabel, I wish you'd go to the prom with me!

Boy, the fellows sure are rushing Mabel—and no wonder—with a skin like hers.

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Don't let adolescent pimples humiliate you

Between the ages of 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the skin—and pimples pop out on the face, chest and back.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears those skin irritants out of your blood. And the pimples disappear!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear. Start today!
was made of her case, and nobody wanted to give in.

Kate’s Change of Heart.—Katharine Hepburn suddenly decided, probably under studio persuasion, to commence talking to the press again. She gave out a few choice interviews to choice interviewers about the time that “Alice Adams” was ready for release. She explained her attitude of silence very cleverly by saying that it was due to the fact that she didn’t want to “bore” people.

Katharine’s boyish bob for “Sylvia Scarlett” is a knock-em-dead effect. Not since Anna G. Nilsson appeared in “Ponja” has any star quite rivaled her. “Sylvia Scarlett” has been a problem film. It was postponed, and postponed, for rewrites of the script.

Merle’s Sirenic Ways.—The most seductive star in the world is Merle Oberon. All the men are cuh-razy about her. Smart and shrewed, she’s superluminine in the most delightful way, and is amazingly young and petite. She’s never been shown quite as she is on the screen as yet, but hopes are entertained for bringing her more exact personality to the public in “The Dark Angel.” Around the United Artists lot, where the picture was made, the mere mention of her name was calculated to send any of the masculine gentry into a rave and ecstasy over her qualities of attractiveness. David Niven seems to be her official escort, but we can’t believe that it’s a romance.

The Brunettes Attack.—A terrific brunette wave has hit Hollywood. It happens every once in a while, and it’s mostly attributed to Louise Rainer, who, by the way, is being given the palm for one of the best performances of the year in “Escapade.” Even the Screen Actors Guild, which is very choosy, tendered her an honorable mention in their report. But about the brunettes. There are Lily Pons and Gladys Swarthout, as well as Kay Linaker, among the more recently imported “finds,” who are being hailed as much for their personalities as their other qualities.

Gloria Loyal Mother.—Nobody could lure Gloria Stuart away from her new baby until she wanted to be bored. She was adamant on the subject, and insisted on a trip to Honolulu with her husband and child before she would go back to work. Paramount

Hollywood High Lights

was one studio that offered her a part in a picture within a month or so after the birth date, but Gloria refused it. Her husband, meanwhile, was working on the script of Eddie Cantor’s “Shooting the Chutes” —he and about a dozen other writers, for there was no end of trouble with this particular Cantor opus. In fact, it got to be a joke that the gathering of writers looked like a football huddle.

Individual Rosalind. Rosalind Russell refuses to go Beverly Hills. She’s quite an independent girl in her personal life, anyway, and she picked the

Papa Breen Spans.—Fur flew at the studios when Joseph I. Breen, the movie censor for the Hays office, returned after his European trip. It isn’t the sex appeal of pictures that is causing the trouble this time, because love scenes are quite restrained. But the “G” men stories have been causing plenty of trouble. Too much shooting on the screen is the complaint that has been raised by all hands. Also, there are squawks about the amount of drinking in the movies, especially since the prohibition lid was lifted. There’s always something to worry about when it comes to the censors.

Fortunes Declining.—Joe E. Brown and Joan Crawford are getting a little richer, but other stars are poorer, according to the tax collector’s report in Los Angeles. Brown showed an increase in his wealth from $55,150 to $111,155 in a single year, according to these records. Joan’s increase was a purely nominal one. Her property was valued at $66,610, only $45 more than the previous year.

Decline in the wealth of various stars was shown, including Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Richard Barthelmess, Constance Bennett, and Gloria Swanson. Even Will Rogers was rated as possessing less for some peculiar reason, though his fortune at the time of his death was estimated at $4,000,000 to $5,000,000.

Engagements à la Mode.—Reports of the forthcoming marriage of Irene Hervey and Robert Taylor are described as just a lot of whoop-to-do. Taylor is getting a build-up as a romantic favorite, and of course it’s nice if he appears to be engaged, but not too steadily to one lady. However, he and Irene are fairly devoted to each other, and may wed some day.

Also, we just have a hunch that that marriage of Norman Foster and Sally Blane will never come off. See if we’re right!

Regrets for Joan.—We deplore quite a bit the fact that the Joan Blondell-George Barnes marriage didn’t turn out successfully. Joan was pretty determined that it would be the ultimate in happiness, and she isn’t the marrying and remarrying type by any manner of means. It will probably be a long while before she embarks on another venture. The curious thing is that Barnes is a very likable fellow. He had, however, been married several times before.
Strong on Buy British.—Leslie Howard and Robert Donat are two English actors who baffle Hollywood with their attitude toward the films. Howard apparently prefers the stage, and his native British soil, and Donat is very difficult to entice away from the home hearth. Money isn’t, it would seem, the object of the affections of either, which is unusual nowadays. Howard probably will come over to play in “The Petrified Forest” later on, and Donat in “Beau Brummell.” But they exhibit no anxiety about starting pictures on the Pacific shores.

Temperamentally En Rapport.—Mrs. Pat Campbell is quite enthusiastic about Josef von Sternberg as a director. Now what do you think of that? She worked in the picture “Crime and Punishment” with him.

Marlene Money Queen.—Marlene Dietrich is likely to get more money than anybody yet far a picture in England. It’s said she will raise the George Arliss ante, which was $200,000 plus, though the Arliss taxes abroad had to be paid out of that. Gaumont-British wants the German star for a film some time next year.

Meanwhile, Marlene seems to divide her interest between Josef von Sternberg, Brian Aherne, and others, pending the start of a Hollywood film. That is, she is never without an escort, except on rare occasions when she goes to a private party.

There’s been plenty of trouble shaping up a story for Ia Dietrich, and Ernst Lubitsch himself has been giving it attention.

Mary Boland Eludes Law.—A process server kept Mary Boland on the jump just before she left Hollywood for an Eastern stage play. She was sued for $150,000 by the wife of her nephew, George Bernard Kummer, who alleged that Miss Boland had interfered with their marital happiness.

Miss Boland apparently heard that the law was after her, and she chartered an airplane to take her to Phoenix, Arizona, where she embarked on the regular transcontinental air liner. It wasn’t the suit that worried Mary so much, she said, as the fact that she might not be able to keep her New York footlight appointment if she became involved with the courts.

Objects to Obscurity.—Warren William had a little trouble with Warner Brothers, which seemed chiefly due to the fact that he had been cast in a comparatively insignificant role after being starred most of the time. William argued against the procedure, and then Warner’s suspended him.

William is an actor who could never be accused of being high in the accepted sense of that word. He has always been a hard-working actor, who indulges in little or no display in connection with his work, temperamental or otherwise.

Boles Rushes to Rescue.—John Boles is considered quite a hero in Hollywood since he saved Gladys Swarthout from being scalded. Miss Swarthout, playing in “Rose of the Rancho,” was in imminent danger of having hot soup and coffee thrown all over her when a folding table slipped. Boles, with marked presence of mind, prevented the dishes from falling. He cut his hand very badly on a sharp metallic edge of the table in the process.

Incidentally, everybody around the Paramount studio is acclaiming Miss Swarthout as the next outstanding screen personality.

The Children’s Hour.—Na sooner does one child star receive his or her medal as a discovery than another shines in the film firmament. A month ago it was Sybil Jason who graduated to sudden success; and now it’s Edith Fellows who is winning all the enthusiasm because of her work in “She Married Her Boss.”

It’s really quite surprising how many youngsters have made good, since Shirley Temple started the ball rolling. Freddie Bartholomew, the real “wunderkind,” Virginia Weidler, and David Holt are among the brightest, while at the moment another youngster, William Burrud, who appears with May Robson in “Three Kids and a Queen,” is expected to make the next hit.

Atmospheric Background.—How does “Misty Mountain” suit your idea of a dwelling place for Katharine Hepburn? That’s where she resides. It was the home in Beverly occupied by Enid Bennett, when she was starred, and her husband, Fred Niblo, the director. They now live far from madding Hollywood on a ranch.

Persistent still is the devotion between Katharine and Leland Hayward, or are they married? Katharine won’t tell, anyway.

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door is. There is nothing exotic dramatic or strongly individual in her beauty. Likable, but the type we tire of most quickly. If she had not been well managed she would have gone into obscurity with dozens of other girls who have been stars for a short time.

Toby Wing leaves her dressing room to walk her Scottie around the Paramount lot, hoping that the big bosses will cast her in a worthwhile part by the time she comes back.

I suspect Mary Brian, Fay Wray, and Joan Bennett have never reached stardom because no one has ever dramatized their garden variety of beauty.

Briefly sketching Norma’s career to exemplify the good showmanship which has held her followers: In her early days she played demure, sweet young things. All soft curls and pretty smiles in fluffy ruffles. Then she went “smart” with a bang and for a time was sophistication personified. In “The Last of Mrs. Cheyney,” “The Divorcee,” “A Free Soul,” and “Let Us Be Gay,” we had Norma with curls slicked back into a smart coiffure and her gowns not only backless but clinging tight in revealing lines. Yes, she gave us the worldly woman until she knew the public had enough of her in that rôle and then presto! a change to the historical costume play as in “The Barretts of Wimpole Street.”

Constance Bennett, Ruth Chatterton, Kay Francis, Joan Crawford, and Ann Harding also are of a commonplace type, but with a difference. Joan and Constance lift themselves from the everyday beauty class because of an inner spark which gives them an electric personality. Miss Harding’s appearance is unique because of her long hair. Bob Ann’s hair and she would lose her distinction. On the other hand, Miss Francis makes an exotic type of beauty friendly because she has the girl-next-door personality. Miss Chatterton raised the domestic quality of her looks through finesse and an ultra manner.

An attribute this group of stars has in common, and more or less to the same degree, is dramatic ability. They are all sterling actresses. Let’s see how they have employed the showmanship and make-up talents of the art.

Joan Crawford is in the tenth year of her contract with MGM. She is the most notable exponent of surface change in make-up and clothes. She has been criticized for this, but when her company sees the continued profit from her films they must believe there is something to the bromide, “Every knock is a boost.” Joan is marching on.

Kay Francis of to-day is not the Kay we knew in the period of her stick hairdress and severely chic gowns. Yes, Kay caters to the public’s love of change too. Not to flamboyantly as Joan. Characteristic of the aristocratic Kay is that she does it smoothly, nonchalantly.

Ann Harding has not changed her appearance, but like Mary Pickford, she originated a new style. Will her long, straight tresses equal Mary’s reign in long golden curls, and then oblivion? Ruth Chatterton suffered an eclipse in her fifth year. A great actress but a poor showman. She didn’t believe that variety is the spice of life. She neither changed her rôles nor the part in her hair. Was it lack of assurance that she could assume a new personality or the complacency of conceit that her public would never tire of the same Ruth Chatterton? She is too valuable an actress to lose, but I don’t believe we should worry, as Ruth has a way of surmounting defeat.

Jean Harlow

A snow-capped mountain in the sunlight,
A diamond pure and bright,
A pool of crystal water,
A lovely shining light,
A white cloud drifting
Across a summer sky—
These are what you make me think of,
There’s no need to tell you why.

Ruth Whitman Bowers.
Tornado in Leash
Continued from page 35

that those words were all very inspiring and that they buoyed her up for months. But Mary Ellis always had a prosperous family behind her to enable her to be true to her dream, and Marian and many others hadn't.

There comes a time when a girl's shoes are wearing thin and she hasn't eaten recently, when she has to stop thinking great thoughts and take just any job that offers.

That is what happens to many, but Mary Ellis's good fairies having endowed her with the most lavish gifts of beauty and talent, threw in a prosperous and cultured family for good measure.

Somewhat timidly I mentioned Miss Ellis's first picture to her, wondering if the habit of success was so strong that she would rail against the late that made "All the King's Horses" a failure.

"But it was very interesting to make that picture. I learned so much," she insisted. "I wanted a chance to learn my way around before a camera and that picture gave it to me. No one expected much of it for me, my part was so completely subordinate to Carl Brisson's. But Paris in Spring" is so much better. I think I would rather work with Lewis Milestone than with any one else. He knows exactly what he wants. He liked me, too. Wait, I'll show you the photograph he gave me."

For some eighteen years Caruso, Farrar, Belasco, and every theatrical figure of note in America and Landon told Mary Ellis she was wonderful, but she is still genuinely excited over pleasing a director.

In the theater and in the studio Miss Ellis frequently terrifies people. Many of them will break down and admit that they have never seen her fly into a rage, but they are not taking any chances on unleashing that dynamic energy. Somehow the impression is abroad that the Ellis temper is not one to trifl e with.

So one day on the Paramount lot, when she was forced to repeat a strenuous song number over and over from nine in the morning until late afternoon, with all recordings reported faulty, no one from studio head to sound mixer would tell her what was the matter. Finally she appealed to a fellow player to tell her what was wrong.

"They can't understand a word you're saying," he told her. "Well, why an earth didn't some one say so," asked Miss Ellis in the most matter-of-fact way, "instead of gathering behind scenery and whispering?" Whereupon she did her song again, speaking each word more simply, but retaining the golden tones as fresh and vibrant as when she first sang that morning.

Since the day I met her, Miss Ellis has returned to Landan and scared a triumph in a musical play, and she won't go back to Hollywood and pictures until late autumn.

She rarely misses a summer in England, partly because audiences there adore her, and partly because at her farm in Sussex she grows flowers, fruits and vegetables, for sale in near-by towns and for competition in the county fairs.

She rides around her acres on a spirited horse, motors down to the coast for swimming, then up to Landan for a performance and parties afterward. Life is vivid and full of pleasures far her.

She was sure of her dream and made it happen. But one slight detail she forgot to concentrate on. Her husbands are not a lasting success.

First there was L. A. Bernheimer, a theatrical producer whom she married when she was very young. Then there was Edward Knopf, publisher and later stage director. Then there was Basil Sydney, her tempestuous costar in many stage ventures.

But like her first picture, her marriage failures have given her wisdom, and they were fun, some of the time, at least, while they lasted.

PRINCE CHARMING.

Golden-haired and golden-voiced, Tall and waman-wise, Nelsen Eddy swagger by With laughter in his eyes.

Masterful, yet tender, His serenades arise To win a lovely lady — And every waman sighs.

Edith Grames.

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to him. He could actually get along with one man if he had to.

But the surprise at this story is that the house and lat and every piece of furniture were all paid for before Dick moved into it!

His only extravagance, if you want to call it such, is that he has a radio-victrola in every room in his house. You see, music is his business. These radios are built flush with the wall, with the exception of the one in his room, which is at the head of the bed.

You will not be hearing at any wild parties at the Dick Pawell menage. That is not in his line. He has been in Hollywood nearly four years and has given but one party.

"Success in pictures," he explains, "means work, a little more work, and still more work. True, we make more money than in most lines of work, but we have less time in which to enjoy the simplest pleasures of life. It makes one realize how true the law of compensation is. None of us can have everything. We actors have moments when we envy the man who has his leisure just as he probably envies us."

It is a rare occurrence for Dick to spend over fifteen dollars for an evening’s entertainment. More often it is one dollar or one dollar and fifty cents, which means two tickets to a picture. And twenty-five dollars an evening for two people Dick thinks is rank extravagance.

"Why work so hard for money, if you have no thought of saving it for a rainy day?" he asks. "That’s why I’m willing to slave now and try to be sensible about my manner of living, so that I may be assured of economic independence when my earning power is at an end."

In an effort to do this, he puts one-third of his savings in annuities, one-third in common stocks, and one-third in bonds, though at the moment he thinks real estate is coming back.

In this connection, I must not fail to mention that his generosity keeps pace with his thrift. Last Christmas, as usual, he asked the Chamber of Commerce to furnish him with the names of twenty-five or thirty families who would like baskets, and not only did he buy the contents of these baskets, but he packed and delivered them in person. Into each basket he put something rather extravagant that the people would not likely buy, as well as the practical things, so it might really seem like Christmas to them.

I was amazed in looking over his expenditures for the year to discover that his clothing bill was less than seven hundred dollars, and his entertaining and expenses for pleasure less than five hundred dollars. If I were to tell you how he keeps household expenses down to the minimum, you would probably receive a lecture from your husband on reckless spending.

The boy is still in his twenties. It would be unfair to say ‘at the height of his career’; for in our opinion he has only begun. With youth, good looks, fame, and almost unsurpassed popularity, he still has business acumen and rare common sense.

"Now, I’m not the perfect package that proud parents pray for," he insists. "Please don’t picture me like that. I have spent about a third of my time retracing my mistakes, and thank goodness, I’m not stupid enough never to change my mind. I frankly admit I talked too much when I came to Hollywood, but we all learn as we go along."

What actually changed the smoldering purpose of his being to a motivating, driving urge was what he saw in Hollywood—the people who were once at the top and are now at the bottom; the players who were imprudent in their heyday and now hardly know which way to turn. Those things made him think, made him resolve not to follow in their footsteps. So, he chose as his counselor Joe E. Brown, whom he admires more than any man in pictures. "Because he is such a fine, up-right, family man," he explains, and to Joe he turns for every kind of advice.

And be it said to Dick’s credit, the biggest of all his accomplishments is that he has control of himself at this age. The boy has everything, everything except a wife, but the way he and Mary Brian look at each other, it’s not unthinkable that he may do something about that, too!
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What every actor knows and what no

Annapolis midshipman knows anything

about—the need for make-up. Dick

Powell powders his nose between scenes of

"Shipmates Forever." Ruby Keeler's

doing the same elsewhere.
Myrna was upstairs on this particular afternoon. Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Edwards heard her cough. Mrs. Williams paid no attention; children coughed all the time. But Mrs. Edwards knew differently. When Myrna coughed again, Mrs. Edwards asked: "Is Myrna feeling well?"

"Of course," said Mrs. Williams. "You know she escaped the measles."

"Perhaps she escaped the epidemic," said Mrs. Edwards dryly, "but I'm sure that sounds like a measles cough to me."

It was. Myrna had waited until every one else was well, then become sick. She has always been different.

There was no new epidemic, no new score, simply because Mrs. Edwards did not report the case to the authorities, not caring to alarm the townpeople further. It was the only case in Helena at the time, and Myrna was soon well.

She was given a big, beautiful doll to celebrate her recovery. It was worth being sick for, she thought, and she loved it so much that as she had loved no other. It was the kind with flaxen curls, and a squeaky voice that piped "Mama" when punched in the tummy.

Myrna kept the doll in bed with her during the last few days of her confinement. Most of those hours were spent in planning new dresses for it, a little house of its own which her father had promised her.

On the first day that she was allowed out of bed, she got up joyfully, talking to the doll about all the lovely things in store for her. While being dressed, she planned a lifetime for the doll and herself.

A little wabbly, she started downstairs. She had to hang onto the banister for support, the doll clutched tightly in the other arm. One by one she made the steps downward, slowly and carefully.

She reached the third step from the bottom; her heel caught, and she reached frantically for support—but with both hands. There was a crash, and all her dreams lay in pieces at her feet! The doll had departed to the land of better things.

Myrna sat down and cried. She cried so hard that she had to be carried back to bed. And she didn't stop crying until every piece of the doll was knocked up on the bed by her pillow. It was her first real tragedy.

Mrs. Williams tried to comfort her daughter, and told her a secret—one that kept Myrna wandering and asking questions for days. Her mother had confided that soon there would be a real, live doll for her to play with for the rest of her life. A doll that grew up, just as she would; one that would not be subject to breakage.

She was going to have a little sister or brother.

To Be Continued.

Continued from page 12

"Finniafia" by Sibelius. Its opening theme seems as mysteriously desolate and broodingly disquieting as is the expression characteristic of Garbo's eyes.

"Kamencag-Ostrow" by Rubinsteir. One of the themes with its soaring, thrilling melody and its majestic background suggests Grace Moore, who will reach every height of glorious song in the days to come through the charm of her personality and voice, plus an air of majesty about her, the majesty that only a singer can possess.

"Bacchanale" from Gounod's "Faust." Tempestuous whirlwind of sound becoming temporarily subdued, then suddenly breaking out into the same unrestrained wildness that is an inherent part of it and cannot be suppressed. In other words, Lupe Velez.

And for Helen Hayes, I agree with Miss Billing in choosing Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." Both Miss Hayes and the sonata possess a certain elusive, delicate, spiritual quality that somehow seems to have captured a bit of the earthliness of moonlight.

Cyrus MAYER.

5121 Warwick Avenue.
Chicago, Illinois.

Mr. Oettinger Was Right.

I've been interested in several references to a letter which appeared in the May issue, signed "M. L., Hollywood, California." I looked up this letter, and then I read Mr. Oettinger's article to which it referred.

My conclusions are that this "M. L." is some one who can't stand having the truth printed about Hollywood, and has decided that the only way to have the public keep its illusions about this famous city is just to deny flatly anything detrimental that is said about it.

One More Human: Myrna Loy

Well, you may have put it over on Iowa, "M. L.," but you and I know that what Mr. Oettinger said about Hollywood is absolutely true and especially the "press party" reference. Dealing with the press is one of the most important functions in a star's life, for the press is in direct contact with the public, and it pays to be on good terms with them, for obvious reasons.

Most of the publicity about the stars' accomplishments is a lot of hooey. To be sure, there are some talented members of the movie colony, but to listen to the publicity of each, one would think that Hollywood was composed of a lot of intellectuals. They're not supposed to be intelligent, anyway, so why talk the talk? An intellectual genius couldn't stand the picture business for one week.

Hollywood's night life is in "rompers" for the simple reason that there practically isn't any. There isn't a real night club in the place. We've been trailing behind New York, in this respect, for years. Why not come out and admit it?

We have a lot of would-be night clubs that charge enough for a first-class trip to Europe, but the only attraction they offer is the sight of some movie stars, and we can see them around town any day.

I don't want to appear to be a crank, but it bared me up to have this mysterious "M. L." come out and, in so many words, call Malcolm Oettinger a liar, when everything the latter said in his article was the absolute truth.

DAN PUTNAM.

6710 Sunset Boulevard.
Hollywood, California.

At Least Two Ideal Marriages.

It is pleasant to read about two swell people like Joel McCrea and Frances Dee. I enjoyed the article about them in Picture Play, but it isn't exactly astonishing that their life is so normal and sane. Why?

Because long ago I remember reading about Joel and his quaint ideas—quaint, that is, in the eyes of Hollywood—and the fine background from which he came. I also remember reading about Frances, her education, sweetness and...
I’m sure that when Ramon, who loves putting his finger in every pie, burns all of them in picture producing and gets heartily tired of acting on the London stage, he’ll come back to his real and first love, the movies. One thing, though, I can tell you, he’ll be hell to sign up with any studio but MGM. That movie factory is enough to kill any star. It’s doing its best to work the quick demise of Clark Gable, Greta Garbo, and Robert Montgomery, just as it did Helen Hayes and Herbert Marshall, two very fine actors. If the picture goes over, Miss Oheron will be given credit, although March and Marshall undoubtedly will be responsible for its success.

The same thing was done with Anna Steen in “We Live Again” and “The Wedding Night.” Luise Rainer was given the support of William Powell in “Escapade.” Ann Harding has been slipping—all had actresses do—so Gary Cooper will have to give her help in “Peter Ibbetson.” Jean Harlow’s greatest successes were with Clark Gable, but Clark never heard about it. Conrie Bennett always had the most popular man of the day with her—Franchot Tone, Fredric March, Clark Gable. And I’d like to see Norma Shearer stand on her own legs for a while, minus the assistance of the best stories, finest directors, and most popular men.

The men never get credit for putting these stars’ pictures over. It’s always Miss So-and-so’s picture. Colbert and Hepburn seem to be the only women who get their share. Give the men star parts for a change, especially Fredric March and Clark Gable.

No Credit for the Men.

I WANT to know why it is that the producers suffer so hard to put some one over, especially if it’s a woman? Merle Oberon has been cast in “The Dark Angel.” To insure success for the picture, she has the support of Fredric March and Herbert Marshall, two very fine actors. If the picture goes over, Miss Oberon will be given credit, although March and Marshall undoubtedly will be responsible for its success.

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What the Fans Think

Loyal to Buddy.

As if S. R. Mook's article about Joe Morrow in February Picture Play were not enough to enrage any admirer of Buddy Rogers, Madeline Glass added fuel to the flame in her March article. There was no rancor in Miss Glass's story, though—she was perfectly sincere; for that we are grateful. Mr. Mook is an experienced hand at casting disparagements. We have come to expect them, and learned to ignore them. However, too much of it, and the fact that Buddy is back in Hollywood, working harder than ever to build a bigger and better picture career, has finally caused this Rogers fan of seven years' standing to voice a protest.

No, Miss Glass, Rogers has not been "given over to the block," and I'd like to say right now that those of us who have remained loyal throughout the last three years, who have been quite the thing to refer to Buddy as being all washed up as an entertainer, are more loyal to our favorite than the fans of any other star you could name. We don't like to be chided with those who provided him with an unstable movie throne based upon mob hysteria, who called themselves Rogers fans in 1929, and proceeded to forget him for the rough, tough guys of the screen in 1933; nor with those who began, you can say, the moment his reign in filmland ended.

Mr. Mook, I've met Buddy several times, and have yet to notice signs of "marshmallow sweetness" about him. Furthermore, you should be the first to realize that the "no smoking, no drinking" publicity given out concerning Buddy was some one's mistaken idea of a good angle.

Buddy is more than just another colorful picture personality, and I'm sure it isn't necessary to go through the usual parade of people that proves it. He has done well with his orchestra, is liked by the patrons of restaurants and hotels, and by theater audiences. A sponsored radio series last autumn showed the skeptics that he has all it takes to become a great air favorite. We'll still go to see Buddy Rogers any time, any place, in anything. So, whenever you hear them saying that Buddy is all washed up, that he'll never come back, you can laugh heartily at such colossal ignorance, and please add several snickers from me.

JANE E. MCNAUGHT.

18 East 18th Street.
New York, N. Y.

Home-town Talent.

What's the matter with this "nutty" film-fan country of ours that they've got to rave about every new foreign actress that attempts to crash the gates of Hollywood? They'd better take a course in psychology. Of course the foreigner will get the headlines if every American fan immediately begins to shout her praises because she's from Over There.

Why don't a few of these wild-eyed, touseled directors take a couple of weeks off and visit some of our small towns? There are girls doing their mothers' kitchen work that are ten thousand times prettier than the Garboes, Dietrichs, and Steno and Oterons, and have more class without knowing a thing about movie make-up. Furthermore, they have education enough to do their stuff without having it dinned into them word for word, poll-parrot fashion.

Won't some one post a bee in the bonnet of half a dozen directors to scour the little towns and backwoods for the next Hollywood headliner? If these foreigners are so darned good, why don't the foreign directors hang on to them?

I'd like to see a few more American girls get a break. How about it, boys?

L. W. KENNEDY.

Byron, Illinois.

What has bigger good, He or her? Herbert of many, players can strive to be "gay," people with her legs? Oh, no! It was purely because of genuine talent. Kay Francis and Loretta Young also have proved their ability in many pictures. As for getting Garbo go home and who's stopping her, well, I'll tell you. It's the fans! What actress set the standard of acting on our screen? What actress retained the title of the greatest star for the longest period of years? What actress of the screen equals Katharine Cornell and Eva LeGallienne of the American stage? Greta Garbo!

You wish the producers would give Elissa Landi perfect roles. In my opinion, she has had roles which have given her a chance to prove her ability. I say give the newer players, Gertrude Michael, Mona Barrie, and others a real chance. Katharine Hepburn is the one who deserves all the perfect roles that can be found regardless of the past number of characters she has per- trayed.

When you advise sending such fine players as Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, and Herbert Marshall back to England, remember there are many people who wish you would transport yourself to a desert island, where you won't have to tolerate public opinion. E. O'Brien.

69 West Elm Avenue.
Wollaston, Massachusetts.

Garbo's Supreme Glory.

When I hear disparaging talk of Garbo it makes me sick. It is usually those who have never seen her who do all the knocking. Naturally, if one had never seen the sun or the stars, would he believe they were beautiful?

Garbo is utterly versatile and a true genius. She can be charming, bewitching, lovely and simple. That is as far as other stars' abilities go. Not Garbo. She can change from this to a woman of tremendous power and eloquence, dramatic, fiery, and passionate. Nor does her talent stop there. She can be sophisticated, worldly-wary, furtive and haughty, if the part calls for it. I can back up all these raves with pictures in which she has actually been all these things, and more.

I hate to use trite adjectives, so instead I will say that Garbo is the supreme glory in the art of acting. Others are just shadows. They have only one asset, either beauty, acting ability, or personality, but Greta has all three of them to the highest degree.

I am eagerly awaiting her next picture. A new Garbo film to me is a rare treat that outshines everything else.

Springfield, Massachusetts.

S. H.

Those who enjoy true Irish character should give Maureen Delaney a rousing welcome. She's from the famous Abbey Theater in Dublin, and gives expert support to James Barton in "His Family Tree."
Information, Please  
Continued from page 8

As ADMIRER.—Loretta Young is five feet three-and-a-half, and weighs 100 pounds.

E. G. I.—All the available information about Eleanor Bayley and Eddie Foy was contained in "The Sweetest Story Ever Told," published in the July issue. The couple were married last April. For their photographs, address Warners.

HELEN PSOMAS.—Their birthdays are: Robert Taylor, August 5, 1911; Fred Astaire, May 10, 1899; Dixie Lee, November 4, 1918; Joe Morrison, about 1911; Noah Beery, Jr., about 1914. The other birthdays aren't available.

L. E. S.—George Raft was a night club dancer before entering pictures. "Quick Millions" was his first film. He is five feet ten, weighs 135.

JASNY.—Colin Clive was born in St. Malo, France, January 29, 1900; six feet tall, dark-brown hair and eyes. An injury to his knee compelled him to give up military ambitions. Went on the stage in 1919. Write to the Publicity Dept., Warners, 321 West 41st Street, New York City, for stills of "The Girl from Tenth Avenue" and "The Right to Live," and to Universal Pictures, RCA Bldg., Radio City, New York, for those of "The Bride of Frankenstein." They sell for ten cents each.

L. A. K. B.—My answer to "Bubbles" covers your questions about Nelson Eddy.

Mrs. M. C. CAMPBELL.—Nile Asther did the singing in "Love Time." His most current picture is "Abdul the Damned," made in England several months ago.

WINFRED M. GRAHAM.—Sir Cedric Hardwicke's American films include "Les Misérables" and "Becky Sharp."

JUNE JOY.—Joel McCrea celebrates his birthday on November 9th. You will find your questions pertaining to George Raft answered elsewhere in the department. Paramount will supply his photograph.

L. CONRAD.—You're putting my memory to too great a test. I'm afraid, when you request a list of pictures produced during the past two years in which a girl's hair was shampooned. There may have been such a scene in any number of films, but I can recall only "The White Parade" and "Straight from the Heart."

AUBREY GOODE.—Joan Gardner played the role of the Countess de Tourney's daughter in "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

KLEBA.—That was Judy Canova who sang "The Lady in Red" in cowboy fashion in "In Caliente."

DICK POWELL DEDOVETE.—Dick's schedule includes a picture called "Shipmates Forever," opposite Ruby Keeler.

JOHN AND BILLY.—Jack Mulhall was born October 7, 1891; five feet eleven. You'll see him in "Page Miss Glory." W. C. Fields' birthdate is February 10th, and Otto Kruger's September 6th. Jimmy Butler is thirteen. Next is "The Dark Angel." Allen Jenkins in "The Case of the Lucky Legs." Jack Holt in "Riverboat Gambler," with "Tall Timber" and "Destroyer" to follow. All your questions about Frankie Darro have been covered this month.

HOPFELD, EXPECTANT.—In 1934, Charles Sabine played in "Girl in Danger" and "That's Gratitude." He is five feet eleven, weighs 145, and has light-brown hair and blue eyes.

V. D.—Rosalind Russell's recent films include "Casino Murder Case," "Reckless," "Forsaking All Others," and "China Seas." Her latest is the lead opposite William Powell in an unfilmed title. I hope you did not miss the interview with her with which we published in the September issue. She was born in Waterbury, Connecticut: is tall and slender, with brown hair, black eyes.

ESTELLE SAGE.—A photo of Shirley Temple may be obtained by writing to the Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California, including the customary twenty-five cents.

E. M. MARTIN.—Frankie Darro is making "Three Kids and a Queen" at Universal Studio, Universal City, California, where a letter may reach him at this time. That was Felix Knight as Tom-Tom in "Babes in Toyland."

LINDY BRITTAIN.—Monte Blue is in the cast of "Danger Ahead," which Victory Pictures are making at the Bryan Foy Studio, Culver City, California. You might write there for his photo. He was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, January 11, 1890; six feet three, weighs 195, brown hair and eyes. Married to Tove Jansen. George Hays is free-lancing, but you might try Republic Pictures Corp., RKO Studio, for a picture of him.

JOHN BARRYMORE

I hope that I may never see

An actor quite as wild as he!

A man who takes a woman's best,

Then off, and leaves her with the rest.

Per:haps he is tops in his art,

But give me some one with a heart.

As actor he may make all proud:

For fickleness he leads the crowd.

Mary Battiscombe.
**Addresses of Players**

**Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.**

Jean Arthur  
Tala Birell  
John Mack Brown  
Nancy Carroll  
Ruth Chatterton  
Walter Connolly  
Donald Cook  
Richard Cromwell  
Melvyn Douglas  
Irene Dunne  
Edith Fellows  
Wallace Ford  

Victor Jory  
Pauline Lord  
Peter Lorre  
Edmund Lowe  
Marian Marsh  
Grace Moore  
George Murphy  
Florence Rice  
Edward G. Robinson  
Gloria Swain  
Ann Sothern  
Raymond Walburn  
Fay Wray

**20th-Century-Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California**

Warner Baxter  
Madge Bellamy  
Bill Benedict  
John Boles  
Alan Dinehart  
James Dunn  
Alice Faye  
Henry Fonda  
Ketti Gallian  
Janet Gaynor  
Tito Guizar  
Edward Everett Horton  
Rochelle Hudson  

Arline Judge  
Paul Kelly  
Nino Martini  
Herbert Mundin  
George O'Brien  
Pat Paterson  
Valentin Parera  
Kane Richmond  
Will Rogers  
Raul Roulien  
Shirley Temple  
Jane Withers

**Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.**

Brian Ahern  
Elisabeth Allan  
John Barrymore  
Lionel Barrymore  
Freddie Bartholomew  
Wallaice Beery  
Constance Bennett  
Virginia Bruce  
Charles Burchard  
Bruce Cabot  
Mary Carlisle  
Jackie Cooper  
Joan Crawford  
Nelson Eddy  
Wera Engels  
Stuart Erwin  
Madge Evans  
Louise Fazenda  
Betty Furness  
Clark Gable  
Greta Garbo  
Jean Harlow  
Helen Hayes  
Louis Hayward  
Louise Henry  
William Henry  
June Knight  
Frances Langford  

Eric Linden  
Myrna Loy  
Paul Lukas  
Jeanette MacDonald  
Mala  
Una Merkel  
Robert Montgomery  
Frank Morgan  
Chester Morris  
Edna May Oliver  
Maureen O'Sullivan  
Jean Parker  
Eleanor Powell  
William Powell  
Baby Jane Quigley  
Luis Rainer  
May Robson  
Mickey Rooney  
Rosalind Russell  
Norma Shearer  
Harvey Stephens  
Lewis Stone  
Robert Taylor  
Franchot Tone  
Spencer Tracy  
Henry Wadsworth  
Johnny Weissmuller  
Diana Wynyard  
Robert Young

**United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.**

George Arliss  
Eddie Cantor  
Charles Chaplin  
Ronald Colman  
Miriam Hopkins  
Gordon Jones  

Frederic March  
Joel McCrea  
Ethel Merman  
Merle Oberon  
Mary Pickford  
Loretta Young

**Universal Studio, Universal City, California.**

Binnie Barnes  
June Clayworth  
Andy Devine  
Jean Dixon  
Valentine Dale  
Jack Holt  
Buck Jones  
Boris Karloff  
Frank Lawton  

Bela Lugosi  
Zita Johann  
Claude Rains  
Cesar Romero  
Gloria Stuart  
Margaret Sullivan  
Slim Summerville  
Clark Williams  
Jane Wyatt

**RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.**

Heather Angel  
Fred Astaire  
John De sec  
Frances Dee  
Richard Dix  
Preston Foster  
Betty Grable  
Margot Grahame  
Ann Harding  
Katharine Hepburn  
Kay Johnson  
Francis Lederer  

Helen Mack  
Lily Pons  
Gene Raymond  
Erik Rhodes  
Buddy Rogers  
Ginger Rogers  
Randolph Scott  
Anne Shirley  
Helen Westley  
Bert Wheeler  
Greenshine Wilson  
Robert Woolsey

**Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.**

Ross Alexander  
John Arledge  
Mary Astor  
Robert Barrat  
Joan Blondell  
George Brent  
Joe E. Brown  
James Cagney  
Colin Clive  
Ricardo Cortez  
Marion Davies  
Bette Davis  
Olivia de Havilland  
Dolores del Rio  
Claire Dodd  
Robert Donat  
Ann Dorval  
John Eldredge  
Patricia Ellis  
Glena Farrell  
Kay Francis  
William Gargan  
Hugh Herbert  
Leslie Howard  

Josephine Hutchinson  
Allen Jenkins  
Al Jolson  
Ruby Keeler  
Guy Kibbee  
Margaret Lindsay  
Anita Louise  
Everett Marshall  
Frank McHugh  
James Melton  
Jean Muir  
Paul Muni  
Pat O'Brien  
Dick Powell  
Phillip Reed  
Phil Regan  
Winifred Shaw  
Lyle Talbot  
Verree Teasdale  
Genevieve Tobin  
Rudy Vallee  
Warren William  
Donald Woods

**Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.**

Gracie Allen  
Wendy Barrie  
Mary Boland  
Charles Boyer  
Grace Bradley  
Carl Brisson  
Tom Brown  
Kathleen Burke  
George Burns  
Kitty Carlisle  
Claudette Colbert  
Gary Cooper  
Buster Crabbe  
Bing Crosby  
Katherine DeMille  
Marlene Dietrich  
Johnny Downs  
Frances Drake  
Mary Ellis  
W. C. Fields  
Cary Grant  
Julie Haydon  
Samuel Hinds  
David Holt  
Dean Jagger  
Helen Jeppson  
Roscio Karns  
Jan Kiepura  

Rosalind Keith  
Elissa Landi  
Charles Laughton  
Baby LeRoy  
Carroll Ladd  
Ida Lupino  
Fred MacMurray  
Herbert Marshall  
Geraldine Mack  
Ray Milland  
Joe Morrison  
Jack Oakie  
Lynne Overman  
Gail Patrick  
Joe Penner  
George Raft  
Lyda Roberti  
Charles Ruggles  
Sylvia Sidney  
Alison Skipworth  
Sir Guy Standing  
Gladys Swarthout  
Kent Taylor  
Lee Tracy  
Virginia Weidler  
Mae West  
Henry Wilcoxon  
Toby Wing

**Free-lance Players:**

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood.  
Ralph Bellamy, Sally Eilers, 6015 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood.  
Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood.  
Jean Bennett, Roger Pryor, Anna Sten, Mary Brian, 430 California Building, Beverly Hills, California.  
Neil Hamilton, Room 202, 9441 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles.  
It's time you looked into this smart up to the minute magazine for the smart young women of America. Fashions, Fun and Fiction. A fresh new note in the magazine world.

Mademoiselle

20¢
EVERY MONTH · A STREET AND SMITH PUBLICATION
From 1900 up to 1934 the leaf tobacco used for cigarettes increased from 13,084,037 lbs. to 326,093,357 lbs.; an increase of 2392%.

There is no substitute for mild, ripe tobacco.

During the year ending June 30, 1900, the Government collected from cigarette taxes $3,969,191.
For the year ending June 30, 1934, the same taxes were $350,299,442—an increase of 8725%—a lot of money.

Cigarettes give a lot of pleasure to a lot of people.

More cigarettes are smoked today because more people know about them—they are better advertised.

But the main reason for the increase is that they are made better—made of better tobaccos; then again the tobaccos are blended—a blend of Domestic and Turkish tobaccos. Chesterfield is made of mild, ripe tobaccos. Everything that science knows about is used in making it a milder and better-tasting cigarette.

We believe you will enjoy them.
Scoop!

BERGNER - The Riddle Woman
From the blood-drenched decks of a man o' war to the ecstasy of a sun-baked paradise isle... from the tyrannical grasp of a brutal captain to the arms of native beauties who brought them love and forgetfulness... came sixteen men from the "Bounty". Now their romantic story lives on the screens of the world... in one of the greatest entertainments since the birth of motion pictures!
They felt sorry for my little girl....

—until she started to play!

IT was the birthday party of Elaine Willis, a fragrant, beautiful little girl. All the neighborhood children were there with their mothers, for little Barbara had been having the time of her boy-er-old life.

We had not lived long in Newton, so I wanted Barbara to meet as many new friends as possible. It was great fun, and the party reached new heights of buccaneering. Little Helen Wentworth sang a song. Anne Hill recited a piece. Another little girl did a cute dance. Suddenly I noticed that some of the women were glancing at Barbara. And then behind me I heard one mother whisper, "What's the matter with that new little girl? Can't she do anything?"

In spite of myself, I flushed. I sensed that all the other mothers in the room had heard, and were feeling sorry for Barbara because she seemed "out of things." But my little girl had heard that whisper, too. Before I knew what she was doing, Barbara had risen and was on her way to the big, expensive grand piano. As she seated herself daintily upon the stool and started her little hands, I heard the same woman whisper, "Stop her, she'll ruin the piano!"

How Barbara Became the Surprise of the Party...

But my little Barbara seemed not to hear. She struck a few random notes. Someone started to laugh, and one of the children said, "I can play chop-sticks, too." Barbara laid her little fingers on the keys, struck a few chords. The laughing paused briefly. And then, softly, surely, my little girl started to play!

It was a simple enough piece—"Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" a favorite with the children just then. But she played it so nicely that everyone in the room began to realize that this was not "just another stunt." There was a moment of utter astonishment as she finished the first verse. Then, as she swung into the chorus, a rising tide of childish voices started to sing with the music. The children crowded around the piano, singing at the top of their lungs.

As Barbara Neumie's went slid off the full piano stool, I decided that I had sent Barbara for such competent instruction? Hadn't it been expensive? How long had she been taking lessons?

Who was her teacher? "Let me set my breath," I laughed. "In the first place, Bar- bara never had a teacher in her life!"

There was a chorus of exclamations. Mrs. Willis, our hostess, looked at me with amused, kindling eyes. "You've got something up your sleeve!" she said. Don't mystify us any longer. Tell us how all this happened?

How I Gave My Little Girl a Musical Education

"To begin with," I said. "Barbara is no more talented than other children. But she liked music, and her father and I were determined to give her the best of private instruction. But then," I said rapidly, "came the Depression!"

"We didn't know what to do," I continued. "We were having trouble making both ends meet, so it seemed as though we would just have to give up the idea of music lessons. But then one day I saw an advertisement for the U. S. School of Music, offering to teach even a child for as little as one to play the piano by mail through a simplified method which didn't require a teacher. And the cost of these lessons was only a few cents a day!

"We talked it over and finally decided to send for the free demonstration lesson. When it arrived I had Barbara try it. And — I know this sounds impossible! — she mastered it easily and quickly! That decided us! We enrolled her in the course at once!"

"And do you mean to tell us," exclaimed the woman who had whispered, "that your little girl, in only a few months, learned to play as well as she just played now?"

"Yes," I replied, "and even better! Barbara, play that new classical piece you just learned with your last lesson."

Barbara returned to the stool. This time there were no chaperings. No one seemed afraid she would ruin the piano. To make a long story short, Barbara simply outdid herself! She played two difficult classical selections so well that any grown-up musician could have been proud of them! Today, Barbara is one of the most popular children in Newton, and her piano playing is always the high spot of every entertainment. Thousands of men and women have already learned to play musical instruments through the U. S. School of Music system. First you are told what to do; then you are told how to do it; then you do it yourself and hear it. No private teacher could make it clearer.

One of the reasons for the quick results is that learning music this way is such fun. In stead of waiting a year before playing tunes you learn by playing tunes. You play simple, familiar melodies by note right from the start. You learn at home in your spare time and without a teacher. You study when you please—and as much or as little as you please. There are no tiresome scales—no laborious exercises.

FREE Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our illustrated free book and our free demonstration lesson explains all about this remarkable method and the generous low monthly payment plan that makes it available to everyone. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument by note for just a fraction of what old school methods cost.

If you really want to learn to play—if you want to get the biggest payback for your investment—then take your chance as you please. Send in the coupon and send it before it's too late. Instruments supplied when needed. Cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 5312 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Thirtieth-seventh Year (Established 1898).

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC

5312 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me my free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with illustrated lesson and particulars of your ever-sure plan. I am interested in the following course:

[Blank space for options: Plano, Pianola, Hawaiian Guitar, Ukulele, Mandolin, etc.]

Have you [ ] Instruments?

[Blank space for name and address:]

Name [ ]

(Please write plainly)

Address [ ]

City [ ]

State [ ]
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PREVIEWS:

PICTURE PLAY'S 21st JUBILEE YEAR!

The January issue of Picture Play celebrates the twenty-first year of its existence. Twenty-one years of honest chroni-
cing the advancement of the screen and its people! Few other publications can look back upon a like period of service and none can point to a policy that has remained un-
changed since its inception.

Picture Play has won its world-wide following among exacting readers by its friendliness toward them as well as the stars and the motion-picture in-
dustry as a whole. It has followed the advancement of both, recording the im-
provement in films and the culture of those who are responsible for them.

It has welcomed new-
comers, according recognition for service ren-
dered more often than is usual in publications that are chiefly concerned with top-notch stars. It has tried to recognize merit and give encouragement wherever merited. At the same time it has wel-
comed an expression of opinion from readers in "What the Fans Think," the most outstanding de-
partment in this or any other film publication.

On this significant anniver-
sary Picture Play pledges continuance of its successful policy and urges its readers to re-
member that there is a place in the magazine for every one's opinions, every one's favorite player and every one's enthusiasm.

Every issue of the magazine in 1936 will be better than the cor-
sponding one this year!
Coming Soon

to special theatres in leading cities . . . following its remarkable reception in New York and other world capitals . . . the spectacle connoisseurs consider "the most important production ever done in talking pictures."

WARNER BROS. PRESENT
MAX REINHARDT'S FIRST MOTION PICTURE PRODUCTION

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Music by FELIX MENDELSOHN

The Players

James Cagney Joe E. Brown Dick Powell
Anita Louise Olivia de Havilland Jean Muir
Hugh Herbert Frank McHugh Ross Alexander
Verree Teasdale Ian Hunter Victor Jory
Mickey Rooney Hobart Cavanaugh Grant Mitchell

And nearly one thousand Dancers and Supernumeraries

Owing to the production's exceptional nature and extraordinary length, it will be presented only twice daily, with all seats reserved. To insure your early enjoyment of this picture it is advisable that you

Purchase Tickets in Advance
WHAT THE FANS THINK

HIS is in answer to Howard Bridge’s letter in the September issue wherein he remarks most aptly that audiences seem to prefer “gorillas and gleaming teeth” rather than gentlemen on the screen.

It is quite apparent that Mr. Bridge has not yet discovered the delightful Charles Boyer, whose services Walter Wonger had the wit and foresight to secure after several major studios had failed to discover his acting genius and magnetic charm. While sojourning in New York, I had the pleasure of viewing “Shanghai,” in which he portrays an Eurasian—part Russian and part Chinese.

Throughout this film, as well as his previous pictures, “Private Worlds” and “Break of Hearts,” his innate refinement, his finesse and poise, his beautifully modulated voice, his every gracious gesture, his reaction to each situation, unceasingly bespoketh a courtesy and consideration, not superficially acquired for the occasion, but brought out as integral characteristics of the man himself.

Those of you who discovered him in “Private Worlds” and “Break of Hearts” will understand in his case that cultured gentlemen are, indeed, born, and not made.

I have but one complaint to make concerning Mr. Boyer. His finesse relegates most of his actor confrères to the melancholy status of clumsy amateurs, and renders their efforts so colorless, tepid, shallow, and uninteresting by comparison, that it is a problem whether I shall ever again be able to regard any of them as more than superficial shadow-puppets. How many of them, for instance, could have portrayed the exacting rôle of “Franz Roberti” in “Break of Hearts”? Only a very great artist could have identi-

Margaret Collins rates Charles Boyer’s innate refinement as an integral part of himself, not something acquired.

Rosalind Russell has beauty and talent, opines Ellen Coulter, and predicts big things for her.

Therefore, I propose a toast to Charles Boyer—actor and gentleman!

Margaret Collins.

257 South Westlake Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Continued on page 9

“Why don’t Warners give Lyle Talbot a break?” wails Lillian Kerzner.
Your Dreams Of Romance Set To Music!

Dreams of gay, mad, exciting love! Dreams of glamorous beauty ...brought to life by the charm of the screen's loveliest singing star...and poured forth in an inspiring rhapsody of Jerome Kern's music by the glorious voice that thrilled the world!

LILY PONS

in

"I DREAM TOO MUCH"

an RKO-Radio Picture with

HENRY FONDA
Osmond PERKINS - Eric BLORE
Directed by John Cromwell
A Pandro S Berman Production

Music by JEROME KERN
composer of "ROBERTA"
Toots.—Nelson Eddy is still single.
He was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1901; six feet, weight 170; blond hair, blue eyes. There are now three pictures scheduled for him to make: "Rooe-Marie," "Maytime," and "Robin Hood."

Meta Waltman.—Irene Dunne married Doctor F. D. Griffin, a New York dentist, on July 16, 1928. They have no children. Miss Dunne's "Magnificent Obsession" is to be followed by "Show Boat."

S. M. W.—Their birthdays are: Joan Crawford, March 23, 1908; Carol Lombard, October 6, 1908; Jean Harlow, March 3, 1911; Claudette Colbert, September 13, 1907; Norma Shearer, August 10, 1904; Marion Davies, January 1, 1898; Greta Garbo, September 18, 1906; Frances Dee, November 26, 1908; Joel McCrea, November 5, 1906; Robert Taylor, August 5, 1911; Ginger Rogers, July 16, 1911, Kay Francis, January 13, 1906; Gloria Swanson, March 27, 1888. Their right names: Greta Garbo, Gustafson; Marion Davies, Duras; Clark Gable, William Gable; Kay Francis, Katherine Gibbs.

Eleanor Clint.—Jane and Grant Withers are not related. John Mack Brown had the leading role in "Billy the Kid," released in 1939, address: John Wayne at Republic Pictures, care of RKO-Pathé Studio, Culver City, California.

J. E. D.—"Brewster's Millions" was made in England, and the only players in the cast about whom I could give you any information are Jack Buchanan, Lily Damita, and Nancy O'Neil. Sorry I can't tell you anything about the dance team that interested you.


A Syracuse Fan.—Gene Raymond's right name is Raymond Guion; Robert Montgomery's, Harry Montgomery; Robert Taylor's, S. Arlington Bright; Francis Lederer's, Frantizek Lederer; Claudette Colbert's, Chau-chon; Ray Milland's, Jack Milland; George Raft's, Raff; Toby Wing's, Martha Virginia Wing; Walter King's, Walter Wood; Anne Shirley was formerly known as Dawn O' Day, and Phillip Reed was known on the stage as Mike LeRoy. As far as I know, all the other players you mention use their own names.

Pee Wee.—We published an interview with Jimmy Butler last February. This is my first letter by sending your order with remittance of fifteen cents to our Subscription Dept, Address Resolute Pictures, 999 Lillian Way, Hollywood, for stills of "Gunfire."

Gertrude Soto.—Irene Dunne is appearing in "Show Boat," through an arrangement she made with Universal for several pictures. She is also scheduled to make one more picture for RKO, and is to make one or two for Columbia. As you will see, Miss Dunne is not restricting her activities to one company, but has signed contracts with several. Her birthday is July 14, 1904. She uses no double.

Virginia Watts—Suzanne Watson.—H. E. Palmer—Joseph A. Faye.—Irene Dunne has made no personal appearance in New York in connection with pictures. She has appeared in many Broadway shows, and it was while playing the lead in the Chicago company of "Show Boat," that she was offered a movie contract. The picture in which she played opposite the late Lowell Sherman was "Bachelor Apartment."

Dorothy and Nathan Cohen.—For a photograph of Alice Faye, write to the 20th Century-Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Hazel Hitts.—Miran Hopkins was born October 18, 1896; Margaret Sullivan, May 16, 1909; Billie Burke, August 7, 1886; Jan Kiepura, May 16, 1902; Frances Dee, November 6, 1906; Virginia Bruce, September 29, 1910; Madge Bellamy, June 30, 1903.

Alice Falmagne.—That was Felix Knight in the Technicolor short, "Springtime in Holland," opposite Dorothy Dare. Yes, he also sang in "Babes in Toyland," but since he is not under contract to any studio, I am unable to supply his address. Formerly he was on the radio.

A Movie Fan.—Erin O'Brien-Moore played the role of Sarah Boynton, the nurse, in "Our Little Girl." Boots Mallory had the female lead in "Humidity," while Alexander Kirkland played the part of the son. Constance Bennett and Neil Hamilton had the romantic leads in what Price Hollywood?" Gilbert Roland and Phoebe Foster in "Our BETTERS," with Miss Bennett.

A. E. B.—Merle Oberon was born in Calcutta, India, February 19, 1911; five feet two, weighs 112, brown hair and hazel-green eyes. Picture Play for December, 1934, and October, 1935, published interviews with this player which should interest you. Margaret Lindsay comes from Dubuque, Iowa, and celebrates her birthday on September 19th. She has chestnut hair and brown eyes, Miss Lindsay, too, was interviewed in the October issue. Continued on page 97.
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 6

Hepburn Not An Ordinary Person.

WHEN will fans come to the realization that Katharine Hepburn is not another movie star but a genius, and treat her as such? Instead, they try to pry into the sacred depths of this sensitive girl's soul.

Her private life is criticized, but most people are prone to criticize when they don't understand. She has been called an "exhibitionist," whereas she is only doing the same as she has done all her life. Remember, genius is sometimes called "divinely inspired madness."

Bedford Square

Rosalind Attracts.

It is very seldom that I attend a movie and pay much attention to the lesser players. Although Jean Harlow probably had her points, I can truthfully say that in "Reckless" Rosalind Russell held my undivided attention.

Besides being very beautiful, she has acting ability, and I sincerely hope that she will sometime soon acquire a starring role.

Hold onto her, MGM, for I have a lunch that with a good role and proper directing she will be a big box-office attraction.

ELLEN COULTER.
1411 Washington Avenue, Alton, Illinois.

Brickbats and Bouquets.

I WISH to throw a large-sized brick at Myrna Loy, Carol Lombard, and Elissa Landi. The first because she is so careless about her appearance and has adopted a silly, bored voice which drives me to desperation. No star is lovely enough to be able to neglect make-up, Miss Loy, unless she is ugly, and you, of course, are not. Has it ever occurred to you to go and see your own pictures? Why not go and see "Evelyn Prentice" and "Broadway Bill" and see if you recognize that drab little person with a red nose, bleary eyes, pale lips and restless hair and the oil-so-bored voice. You may be content because you are no longer a vamp, but I am not. I used to think you were the most fascinating and loveliest girl in films, but to-day I only see your pictures because I like your leading men.

Carol Lombard is beyond recovery. Her constant posing and overwhelming conceit are sickening. Does she think that eyeshadow lifting, jaw clenching and arm folding is acting? And why cast her opposite George Raft when she tries to look so superior? And opposite Bing Crosby in his gay films when she is too coveted to possess a sense of humor. The only time I was glad to see her was when she appeared opposite Gene Raymond because they are both so conceited and artificial-looking that they ruined the picture between them. Why not try and be natural, Carol?

Elissa Landi is another picture spoiler because of her lack of enthusiasm and vitality and because she either overacts or underacts. She was bad enough in "The Sign of the Cross," but in "The Count of Monte Cristo" her insipidity reached its peak. Curious hairdress and exotic clothes can do nothing for Miss Landi. She is always monotonous.

And now for a few bouquets. To Ralph Bellamy for always playing small roles so magnificently, to Sidney Blackmer for the same reason, To Bing Crosby because he is the only singing star who would be just as charming even if he lost his wonderful voice.

FREESA SMITH.
Marin 415 Dept. c.
Santiago de Chile.
South America.

"H'ya, Toots!"

I WONDER when Lyle Talbot's own studio, Warners, is going to wake up to the fact that Lyle is perfectly capable of supporting a picture by himself! Shame on them for giving him such small parts in "Oil for the Lamps of China" and "Page Miss Glory." Didn't she prove in "Chinatown Squid" and "It Happened in New York" that he is one of our better actors and should be utilized better? If Warners won't do right by our Lyle, how about MGM?

A new romantic screen team is that of Roger Pryor and Phyllis Brooks. They strike some fine melodic notes in "To Beat the Band."

The Fans of Novarro.

I WONDER if Leland E. Albin has in mind an effective plan whereby to make it known to MGM that we want Ramon Novarro back? I ask this in all sincerity because the May article was the studio's answer to years of fan activity, the object of which was to secure new roles for Ramon. In my own circle of friends who are Novarro fans, representatives of four of these United States and a group of Novarroites in England, everyone from individual protests to organized group pleas has been tried consistently at regular intervals, year in and year out, ever since that first indignity, "Daybreak," was perpetrated against Ramon. Now Novarro's popularity feigns deafness to pleas that are shouted directly into its ears, it is even less likely that they will pay any attention to let-
What the Fans Think

I have just read Grace M. Talbot's letter about Claudette Colbert, and how she should never have won the Academy award. Well, I'm in rather a queer position, because I both agree and disagree with Miss lift's view. We've certainly had a great actress, but I don't think she should have won the Academy award. Not, mind you, because I don't think she could have won it, but because that role in 'It Happened One Night' did not require the same kind of acting as she is capable of.

Claudette Colbert is one of my favorite actresses. She could not be more beautiful and her versatility has seldom been questioned. Any actress who can play an Egyptian siren, a spoiled, wealthy girl, a famous woman doctor, a great singer, an everyday stenographer, a wealthy woman's companion, and a wicked, hateful vamp is truly a great actress.

However, I don't think she should have won that Academy award. Not, mind you, because I don't think she could have won it, but because that role in 'It Happened One Night' did not require the same kind of acting as she is capable of. There was a great deal of acting in that film, but it was not of the Academy award caliber.

I have always admired Claudette Colbert and her performances have always been outstanding. She is a versatile actress who can handle any kind of role, from a simple one to a complex one.

In conclusion, I think that Claudette Colbert is one of the finest actresses of our time. She is a true star, and she deserves the Academy award that she has been denied. We should not be too hard on her for not winning the award, as she has done her part to make it happen. The best thing we can do is to continue to appreciate her talent and support her career.
THOUGH still without a name, there is one picture that will not be overlooked because it is unusual, beautiful and authentic. Whatever title is given it, you will hear it discussed as the finest of all the South Sea films and it may be called "Typee." The exalted moment in the lives of the principal characters pictured here shows Lotus Long and Mala in rapt worship of the sun as the giver of life and health and happiness.
Blindness or Indifference?

I SAW Marian Nixon in "Sweepstakes Annie," and of all the impossible drivel in which to waste such a beautiful and talented actress, that just about takes the tin badge! I do know what is to blame: producers' blindness or Marian's indifference, but I do know this much, that if she isn't given a good story soon, she's going to be entirely forgotten. And it will be a shame, too.

A few years ago, she made a box-office hit opposite Ralph Bellamy in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," a story which suited her personality to perfection. Instead of keeping her in this type of part, however, the producers proceeded to cast her as a sophisticate, for which she was entirely unsuited, or as an unwed mother. The result is that we see her seldom, and when we do, it is in such stuff as "Sweepstakes Annie" which nobody's going to bother to remember. And when people forget to mention an actress, she soon slips out of sight.

Can't something be done about it? That is, if Marian cares. Why not cast her in another "Rebecca" type of picture? For instance, some of Mary Pickford's silent successes.

Marian registers youth better than most of the screen's sweet sixteens, so why not keep her in youthful roles? I should like to see her play opposite Ralph Bellamy again, who, incidentally, could do with a good story himself.

Ruth King.

She Knows What She Wants.

I WANT to see Otto Kruger given a chance to do the great work he is so capable of doing in pictures. He is, to my mind, one of the two greatest actors on the screen today. Moreover, he has an extraordinarily magnetic personality.

He is easily the most interesting man in the picture racket and yet Hollywood consistently neglects to give him roles that are anything but an insult to his abilities. I wish Mr. Kruger would come to England.

We rescued Conrad Veidt from the obscurity of foreign films when Holly-

What the Fans Think

wood had let him slip through its fingers. I wish we could have the chance of doing the same for Otto Kruger. Then we should have working for us the two greatest actors in the film world today! I want to see the return to big pictures and important roles, one of the most individual stars of the silent days. A girl still young, and even lovelier than she was in the old days. An actress possessed of a marvelous gift for just the sort of racy, human characterizations that are all the rage since Myrna Loy's success in "The Thin Man." An actress with all the warmth, humor, and snap that Hollywood directors are searching for, and so lamentably failing to find. The star for which any astute film company would throw overboard all its insipid Ann Sothern, Ruby Keeler, and Patricia Ellisers without a qualm. The only actress I know who has it in her to rival Myrna Loy at her own special, and so very delightful, brand of comedy. Yes, you've guessed. There is only one Dorothy Mackaill! I want to tell the world that I have been reading Picture Play for over eight years, and consider it the finest film magazine on the market.

Miss Charles Newton.

"Three Gables."
Shirley Road, Maidia Vale.

Where's the Gable of Old?

IN the August Picture Play, Virginia Karn's letter about Clark Gable was a gem, and I heartily agree with her. I'd like to shake her hand for having the courage to express herself so freely and truthfully.

No one can deny that Gable has lost a great deal of his sex appeal, and that mustache is certainly most unbecoming. He is one man who should never wear one, because with it he is neither boyish nor man-ly, and it does detract greatly from his charm. I guess were it any other actor we wouldn't mind so much, but we want our favorite perfect, as he used to be.

I realize Clark is not responsible for the roles assigned to him, but he is responsible for his personal appearance, and so I say, be a good sport, Clark, and remove the silly mustache. I'm sure you'll never miss it and you have no idea how it will please your fans to have back the Gable of old.

Paula Manch.

New York, N. Y.

Airing a Grievance.

I HAVE always taken a great deal of interest in the letters of readers in Picture Play, and I am urged to write about a grievance of long standing that I have had, and I think this is perhaps the best medium for its expression. Your magazine is the finest, the most interesting, and most fearless of all the periodicals devoted to the Motion Picture.

What I should like to know is if we are to be forever surfeited with the trio—Crawford-Montgomery-Tone; or Crawford-Gable-Tone; or Crawford-Montgomery-Gable—and infinitum? I

Continued on page 95

Roscoe Karns had to do a lot of training for his role of the boxer in "Two Fisted." Grace Bradley, also in the picture, offered to accompany him on his daily roadwork provided she could do it in comfort.
SOFT AND
SHARP FOCUS

BY NORBERT LUSK

THE man I most admire in Hollywood is Gary Cooper. I admire him for what he has made of his life and character, and what he has not allowed life to color or change or take from him. I admire him for holding on to his inner self and making that self clear to those who look below the surface.

My esteem does not come from intimacy nor can I offer anecdotes such as are used to humanize a personality story. I know him by observation and deduction. Actually, I have talked with him only twice in six years, have never seen his signature to a letter nor been the recipient of that hospitality which is supposed to cement good will between actors and the press. Consequently, my perspective is unclouded. How then, do I know him well enough to write with understanding and enthusiasm? Because he has chosen to reveal himself as actor and man in terms and symbols that leave no doubt.

The strongest point that I would make is that I first met Gary Cooper in 1928 when he had made "The First Kiss," and I did not meet him again until after "Now and Forever" in 1934. A great deal had happened to him in the six-year interval, both in his personal life and his experience on the screen. He had become a star and a celebrity. The thing that happened to me was the discovery that he had not grown out of his old self. There was still something of a deeply rooted tree about him, something of wind and sky and solid soil, and a great deal of the unobtrusive gentelmanliness that comes to life in a man more often in a cabin than a castle.

Yet newspaper headlines told me that he had "lived" in these years. Gossip said that he had lived more fully than falls to the lot of the average young man. He had been "taken up" and shown the world, including Europe and Africa, by cicerones eager to guide young actors through Mayfair drawing-rooms as well as into the musky bypaths of Continental bohemia.

Worldly experience had left no mark on him that I could see. He had not acquired an "air" nor altered a syllable of his pronunciation nor even achieved that something which sets apart the man who falls into the ways of material success. Still quietly in command of himself, his speech as undramatic, his humor spare and dry and sure. He is neither a slow thinker nor a slow speaker. Better, he is that rarity, a compact speaker. He edits sentences before he utters them, never going back to correct or qualify. That is why his conversation is among the most interesting and worth while that I have ever listened to. It is without waste.
IS he an actor or just an agreeable personality? I have always rated him an actor of a peculiarly subtle and evocative sort. His acting, like his conversation, implies rather than proclaims, understates instead of exaggerates. I don't believe that any one has ever seen him let himself go in theatrics of speech or gesture.

WHEN I first saw him in his historic bit in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," an approving murmur rose from the audience.

"It was because people who read the book remembered the character," he said, refusing to be flattered into believing that he had a future based on a mass murmur.

"He's too hard to cast," explained the producer of the picture, who saw him only as a cowboy type. "Children of Divorce" offered him his first appearance in evening clothes, his first step outside the limitations of chaps and spurs, and the change of garb showed very clearly that he did indeed have a future away from Westerns.

THAT future gained substance the next year in "Doomsday," a film which attracted little attention except from those who saw evidence of what it meant to him. It marked a sudden growth, the ability to fuse himself into a part instead of standing aside and regarding it as an abstract task. His rôle also brought to the surface a quick blaze of anger and physical violence that burned out the self-consciousness which had caused many to refuse acknowledgment of him as an actor.

I SHALL always think that Gary Cooper, especially, is indebted to talking pictures for the continuance of his career and all the success that has come to him. For when his screen shadow gained a voice it was a voice that perfectly matched what fans expected—low, distinct, reserved, without eloctutionary flourishes. It was a natural voice. It, too, has remained unchanged since it was first heard in "Lilac Time." Pictures that advanced him furthest in this period were "The Shopworn Angel" and "Seven Days' Leave" just as "Doomsday" was his most important contribution in the silent period.

IT is superfluous to go on listing films. Every one knows that as the microphone matured so did Gary Cooper gradually and normally come of age as an actor. Though it is improbable that we shall ever see him attempt "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," I look upon his career as the most enduring of all those which interest us to-day. Not alone because of what he gives to the screen but what it cannot take away from him.

ELEANOR POWELL—give her a round of applause! She is more than the supreme tap dancer of her sex. She is a new screen heroine, a new type of star. Her coming is more significant than the appearance of a new and marvelously expert dancer. She is important because she discounts glamour as we have come to know it on the screen. She reminds us that a girl can be lovable though natural, that distorted eyebrows and other affectations that have been forced upon us in the name of beauty are a false taste. She tells us that naturalness is more winning than artificiality; that simplicity and wholesomeness can be combined with magnetism and talent and that the possessor of these qualities is more likely to be beloved by every one than stars who strive to look like creatures from an unreal world.

I THINK, too, that we should welcome her gloriously because she made an almost superhuman effort to win us in the "Broadway Melody of 1936." Can you imagine those feet which tap so readily and precisely, in agonizing pain through countless repetition of her dances? Her magical feet which seem incapable of shattering spum glass were swollen and bleeding through overexertion during the filming of the picture. Eleanor Powell won her service star before she won a new public.
GOOD news for admirers of the Danish aristocrat! Carl Brisson is soon to appear in another picture after his long wait following "All the King's Horses." It is called "Ship Café" and has the sprightly Arline Judge as heroine and the accomplished Mady Christians as upholder of acting honors. Carl will sing and dance in his inimitable way as well as flash that heart-warming smile of his.
THE greatest THRILL IN SOUND

Fresh from new triumphs in radio and opera... he thrills you as never before in his most dramatic picture... revealing the glamour and glory... the comedy and caprice... the rivalries and loves... the hidden, intimate drama pulsing behind the curtain of the world's most spectacular opera house!

A BURST OF SONG... AND YOU ARE IN PARADISE AS THE GREAT TIBBETT SINGS:

PAGLIACCI
THE ROAD TO MANDALAY
THE TOREADOR SONG FROM CARMEN
THE BARBER OF SEVILLE
FAUST
THE MIGHTY VOICE OF TIBBETT!

VIRGINIA BRUCE
ALICE BRADY
CESAR ROMERO
THURSTON HALL

A
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
20th CENTURY PRODUCTION
Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Directed by Richard Boleslawski
The Origin of Star Names

The meaning of certain film players' names is here interestingly explained.

By Boris Randolph

Richard Dix means the tenth one of those who are as strong as a ruler. Richard is from the German, and means as strong as a ruler. Dix is from the French, and means ten. Hence, Richard Dix is really Richard the tenth.

Irene Dunne means the peaceful color of yellow-brown. Irene comes from the Greek and was originally the name of the goddess of peace in classical mythology. Dunne is from the Anglo-Saxon, and means the color of yellow-brown. An interesting note on the name Irene is that it was once the name of Ireland, and is still retained in the first three letters of the present name of that country, as well as in its synonym, Erin.

Spencer Tracy means a rough steward or butler. Spencer is an old French word meaning steward or butler, while Tracy is of Greek origin and means rough.

Herbert Marshall is one who looks after the horses of a brilliantly colorful army. Herbert is from the Anglo-Saxon and means bright army. Marshall is an old high German word meaning a stable hand, or one who takes care of horses.

Grace Moore means the pleasing, or pleasant sea. Grace is from the Sanskrit, and means something between pleasing and precious. Moore is from the Gothic word for sea.

Cliff Edwards means the defenders of property on a precipice. Cliff, which is short for Clifford, is an Anglo-Saxon word and means just what it says—a cliff, or precipice. Edwards is a possessive form of Edward, and is derived from an Anglo-Saxon word meaning the defender of property.

William Powell means the small helmet of resolution. William is old high German for helmet of resolution. Powell is a variation of the name Paul, which is from the Greek, and means small, or little.

Nancy Carroll means chastely strong. Nancy is an unusual and somewhat distorted form of the name Agnes, which comes from the Greek, and means pure, or chaste. Carroll is a variation of Charles, which comes from the German, and means strong. It is amusing to note, therefore, that the real symbolic name of Nancy Carroll is Agnes Charles.

Ann Sothern means the graceful sunnyside. Ann is from the Hebrew word for graceful. Sothern is a changed spelling of the word southern, which in Anglo-Saxon meant the side toward the sun.

George Arliss means the early husbandman. George is Greek for husbandman, and Arliss is an Anglo-Saxon form of the word early.

Maurice Chevalier means a Moorish horseman. Maurice is derived from the Latin word for Moorish, and Chevalier is also from the Latin, and means an equestrian, or horseman.

Leslie Howard means the sly protector of something concealed. Leslie is part French and part Scandinavian. The French part means the, and the Scandinavian part means sly. Howard is a combination of two Anglo-Saxon words meaning something concealed and to protect, and among the Anglo-Saxons it was sometimes applied to a treasurer.

Charles Chaplin means a strong clergyman. Charles comes from the German, and means strong, while Chaplin is from the French word for chaplain, or clergyman.

Constance Bennett means blessed blessed firmness; or, more literally, firm blessedness. Constance is derived from the Latin, and is a form of our word constant, meaning firm, or steady. Bennett is likewise from the Latin, and means a benediction, or something blessed.

Fredric March means the richly powerful hammer of peace. Fredric is old high German, and means a rich, powerful peace. March is a variation of the name Mark, which comes from the Latin word for hammer.
LITTLE Miss Shirley, who was poignantly appealing in "Anne of Green Gables," is still carrying on and becoming a better actress in each succeeding venture. You saw her, of course, in Will Rogers's "Steamboat Round the Bend." The child's to be starred in "Long Ago Ladies."
GLADYS SWARTHOUT

A symmetry of form and figure that puts the fabled Venus de Milo to shame... just one in the rare combination of graces and talents that will make Miss Swarthout the delight of jaded screen audiences... when they see her in her first fascinating screen role in Paramount’s "Rose of the Rancho," in which she is co-starred with John Boles.
Stars to-day are Ladies of Fashion

MARY ASTOR

PATRICIA ELLIS

WINIFRED SHAW

GAIL PATRICK
MARY ASTOR, directly opposite, is very chic in her new Cossack-type coat of black caracul banded at the hemline with a deep strip of black fox. The belt is of black suède as are her bag and gloves. From Evans Fur Company.

PATRICIA ELLIS, on the opposite page, left, shows what smart members of Hollywood's younger set are wearing. Her formal gown is of sheer black crêpe, a jacket suggested by the looped sleeves lined with bright-green crêpe.

MISS ELLIS next chooses a flattering color for her first velvet frock of the season. Sparkling burgundy inspires the shade of her simple dress with its circular shirred yoke trimmed with a metal collar.

WINIFRED SHAW, who popularized "The Lady in Red," appropriately wears a crimson kerchief at the neckline of her one-piece tunic frock for afternoon use, with matching sash.

GAIL PATRICK, opposite, luxuriates in furs which indeed become the Alabama actress. Her black broadtail afternoon coat is dramatically banded in red fox. She wears with it a dashing béret of the fur. From Willard George.

MARGARET LINDSAY, below, follows the vogue for metal trimming. Her frock of wood-brown crêpe is set off by shrimp-colored fabric which forms the tiny yoke and dropped scarf. Her ornamental collar and belt buckle are in the popular coat-of-mail design.

GLENNDA FARRELL'S crêpe frock is colored a deep, rich red, the upper part a modified peplum. Its originality is found in the conical slashes front and back. A brilliant note is the belt of crushed metal cloth. From Patricia Perkins.

GAIL PATRICK, right, again is handsomely befurred. The collar of her black broadtail coat is an important style detail, and the metal leaves which serve as fasteners are novel. From Willard George.
THE talk of Broadway and Hollywood and the nation—that’s what has happened to Eleanor Powell now that “Broadway Melody of 1936” has been seen. Already she’s a star in a big way. A marvelous dancer, she proves that she can act, too, and she has magnetism and charm.

LUCKY lady, the Dee. She has everything that the gods can bestow. A handsome, manly husband; a little son after her own heart; acknowledged success as an actress; and a modern mind. More than that, “The Gay Deception” to delight the public during her absence from the screen while she awaits another bundle from Heaven.
WHAT is it that Kay Francis has that other, showier stars have not? Call it magnetism and let it go at that. But it is more. She is gracious, and she has a sense of humor. One likes to watch her, to listen to her and enjoy knowing her screen self. She is pictured here in "I Found Stella Parrish," her next film.

Photo by Manatt
With Spartan self-sacrifice, Mary Carlisle gave up a few of her accustomed ice cream sundaes and chocolates, and now look at her! Prettier than ever, and getting more talented the minute as she curries from picture to picture. Some of those you will see her in are "Superspeed" and "It's in the Air."

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull
BLESS her heart, if it isn't a speaking likeness of Pat herself! Now, if we could only see this photograph in motion it would be as good as going to a show. For it's Miss Kelly's movements that make history in a film. She's a priceless comédienne whose aid to pictures and stars who take themselves seriously can't ever be paid for. Let's sit tight and wait for her in "Thanks a Million."
KITTY CARLISLE

HER fans never read of Miss Carlisle's goings on in Hollywood's favored night spots, or day ones, for that matter. Nor of rumored romances or bursts of temperament. And they love her for her aloofness from the turmoil. They know that she takes her career seriously, and that her beautiful voice is more than an accidental gift. They'll hear it at its silvery best in "A Night at the Opera."

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull.
HENRY WADSWORTH
JOHN HALLIDAY
ERIC LINDEN
ERIK RHODES

SOME VETERANS
NEIL HAMILTON
JOHN HOWARD

BRIAN AHERNE
HENRY FONDA

AND NEWCOMERS
"THE GORGEOUS HUSSY" will be the title of Miss Crawford's next film, following "I Live My Life," the current delight of the multitude. Whether or not she will become Mrs. Franchot Tone by the time this is printed only she can tell, but a happy bet among her intimates foretells wedding chimes in the near future. Garlands of gardenias for the fortunate pair!
NATURALNESS is the keynote of Miss Trevor's success, and a certain honesty of speech and manner brings her close to fans who like to feel that their favorites are not so different from themselves after all. "Beauty's Daughter" is her present vehicle, with "Song and Dance Girl" soon to follow.
VERY tall and darkly handsome, Fred MacMurray materializes as the exact duplicate of his film shadow, but his words reveal that he is far less worldly than you might expect. Indeed, he is an innocent in everything, says Ben Maddox in his interview with the new favorite on the opposite page.
WIDE-EYED WONDER

BY BEN MADDOX

Fred MacMurray's case is unique because he has stumbled straight to the top without starving, straining or studying for the envious place he now holds.

DON'T ever let them fool you. Hollywood is still dear old fantastic topsy-turvy town, where the things that simply can't happen just do anyway.

Right now the incredible Fred MacMurray is flabbergasting proof. It's impossible to rise as he has, being as he is. Any one pretending to know present-day conditions in ex-hey-hey Hollywood could tell you that.

But look on the screen—despite his record and naïveté, seeing is believing. Or, better yet, meet him and pinch yourself. Check up and chuckle.

Not at Fred, whom you'll like immensely. Nor even with him, for he himself is so unawakened that he doesn't appreciate the amazing irony of his success. Rather, you'll come away laughing at the whole picture business. His story blows up the movies' much-touted new régime as effectively as the supreme court did the NRA.

The charm he unwittingly exhibits so easily will make producers pander, established stars quake. Zealous students of the drama likely will go on a bender, and authors of those sordid sagas of filmland will blush at this true account of the MacMurray career.

The amusing fact is that this sensational newcomer has stumbled straight to the top. He didn't starve, strain, or study for the glittery goal. Because it never was his objective.

Moreover, since he's found himself in the spot where millions yearn to be, nothing's according to Hoyle. His studio is making no hostly effort to polish him. The proficient ladies with whom he's already been costarred eagerly teach him the tricks. Hollywood itself is neither letting nor affecting him.

Being interviewed is akin to all the other movie colony phenomena to him. An additional, bewilderingly pleasant thrill. Fancy people wishing his life tale!

Very tall and darkly handsome, he came into the studio office where I'd been waiting. He materialized as the exact duplicate of his film shadow, so far as looks and manner. His words reveal that he is far less worldly than you might expect. Indeed, he is on innocent in everything.

Affable, anxious to oblige, he is grateful for his good luck. He is trusting rather than temperamental. If folks are astonished at his rapid zoom, he's more so. And, being remarkably normal and uninhibited, he is totally unaware of the complexities and customs of the industry into which he's plunged.

It is his pre-fame background which is responsible for his being so utterly different. That he emphatically is.

With no illusions of ultimate grandeur and no compre-

hension of pasturing, he has nothing in common with born-in-the-blood trouper or the "Mertons." Not even

Continued on page 65
ONE night last summer I strolled into a New York theater to see Elisabeth Bergner in the screen version of "Escape Me Never." That her performance was enjoyed by every one in the audience was very apparent, but I am sure that no one there was as thrilled and filled with wonderment as I.

Far here before me was an actress whom I had seen on the stage as far back as the first year of the World War, and she looked not a day older now than then. Could this be her daughter by any chance? I was assured that this was the same person who had so completely captivated me twenty-one years ago.

It was rumored at that time that she was twenty-six, and well she might have been in spite of her childish appearance, as acting such as hers is not learned in a few years' time. Technique of the Bergner type is not an accident, but the result of many years of superb training. In fact, I consider Bergner's technique to-day almost too perfect, and I really liked her acting better in the old days before it had reached such brilliant perfection.

But she has always been a genius, and knowing her background I am amazed at the lack of real information about her. All her publicity is superficial and of to-day, stressing her shyness and desire for seclusion. This gives me reason to believe that in this country little is known about her. All of which takes me back to the first time that I ever saw Bergner.

It was in the Muenchner Kammerspiele in Munich one night in 1914. She was taking the leading part in a light comedy. I fell a victim to her art immediately, and thought that I had discovered a great actress, as, for some reason or other, I had never heard of her before. To my surprise, I learned that she had been on the stage far many years, and had been very popular since 1910.

As far back as 1911, she was a success in a light-comedy part played in Graz, Bohemia, and in 1912 she also appeared in comedy. This time in Linz, Austria. I saw her in a highly dramatic part in Strindberg's "Countess Julia," in the town of Dortmund, Germany. It was something entirely different. A realistic thing about a young woman who was driven to the point of insanity through inhibitions and an inferiority complex. Bergner's performance was such that psychologists came from far and wide to see her, and it was written up extensively in medical journals.

During the same year I saw her in a Chinese play.

I knew that I was witnessing a superb performance, but just how superb I did not fully realize until I went to China. As I mingled with Chinese girls I knew that Bergner's portrayal had been artistically true. She had talked in a monatone, her emotions being portrayed almost entirely by different movements of the wrists—a thing hard to explain but wonderful to behold.

Elisabeth Bergner's birthplace and age are part of the fascinating mystery that she is. No one knows exactly where she was born, though the writer of this article says Poland.

Photo by Vundheim, Courtesy of The Theater Guild.
In 1915 Bergner essayed Shakespeare. I saw her in "The Taming of the Shrew," "As You Like It," "Much Ado About Nothing," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." As far as I know, she is the smallest actress ever to play Shakespearean rôles. An eerie-looking person in the stuffy costumes; never pretty but fascinating. Much to my delight, she did not take Shakespeare seriously, but rather did she play it "Peter Pan" style. She gave the rôles an entirely different interpretation than any other actress has ever attempted before or since. I can only compare it to the music of Mozart. The tempo was the same.

When assigned a part, Bergner would study it for days in solitude, in order to create a rôle entirely different and apart from

Bergner's extraordinary career is traced back to 1910. She has played everything from Strindberg to Shakespeare as well as modern comedy like "The Last of Mrs. Cheyne."  

Photo by Vanhman. Courtesy of The Theater Guild.

Elisabeth Bergner cares nothing for dress, publicity, or the trappings of glamour. Here she is as she was discovered on one of her few holidays in the country outside London.

all tradition. She is purely a creative actress. Great discussion took place among the dramatic critics of the day, as to whether or not she was within her rights to take such liberties, and they all agreed that everything she did was a complete masterpiece.

It was four years after I first saw Elisabeth Bergner on the stage that I met her. It was during the revolution in Munich, at the home of Doctor Mayer on Georgen Strasse. I was thrilled at the thought of meeting her, and was terribly disappointed when I saw her without the glamour of the footlights. She looked for all the world like a scared little schoolgirl, dressed in plain black with white collar and cuffs. Her hair was red and drawn severely back, accentuating the size of her ears, which protruded at an alarming angle. Her eyes were unhealthy looking, the sort one often sees in a consumptive. She sat in a corner refusing tea, clutching in her thin hands a large book on medieval torture. I noticed that she bit her finger nails. The book was in German, "Die Folterkammern im Schlosse zu Nurnberg."

I wanted to talk to her and found it most difficult to start, but a large vase of magnificent delphinium that stood in the room acted as an inspiration, and I used them as an opening topic. I remarked how beautiful the flowers were—and I meant it. But she looked at them in a bored manner and then turned to me, saying "How can you talk of beauty

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What wouldn't a football team do for dear old Alma Mater with Betty Grable as cheer leader? Better see for yourself—and see Betty, too—in "Collegiate."

Photo by Hickey

Jan Kiepura and Morta Eggerth are quite the most romantic pair to have invaded Hollywood in some time. They seem to know how to tantalize observers, as well as lead them on. Kiepura arrived just one train ahead of Miss Eggerth. That's being very circumspect, you must admit, considering the trips engaged folk from movieland take together on so many occasions. Also, along this line of being discreet, Kiepura and Miss Eggerth work at different studios, thereby conducting their American careers quite independently of each other.

Bride and Champ Greeted—Helen Vinson and her tennis-playing husband, Fred Perry, coctailed their way into town. That is, they were given a big party before they even had a chance to draw a breath following their arrival. The social fête was sponsored by Walter Wanger, to whom Miss Vinson is under contract. The bride looked radiant, what with the marriage and producers beckoning to her with contracts for pictures on every hand. Since "Wedding Night," which she did with Anna Sten and Gory Cooper, Miss Vinson's popularity has been soaring.

Perry will probably have quite a film career, provided he wants it, and does not find tennis more interesting. He fled a contract at RKO last spring, but the offer was kept open for him until his return.

Actors Almost de Trop—Janet Gaynor must have a sign up in her front yard: "No actors." Her name—that is since the days of Charlie Farrell—has almost never been romantically linked with a player. Of course, there was the Gene Raymond

Gene Raymond's happy smile when Jeanette MacDonald surprises him with a birthday cake shows that he isn't jaded by success. Marian Nixon and Johnny Mack Brown are happy, too.

Photo by Wide World
HIGH LIGHTS

BY EDWIN AND ELZA SCHALLERT

flurry a while ago, but that seemed quickly to run its course, and
of late, as you know, Gene has been all devotion to Jeanette
MacDonald. Probably just an interlude pending Bob Ritchie's
return from abroad, incidentally.

When Janet came back from Hawaii she was met at the dock
by Harold Anderson, a substantial commissary contractor at
Boulder Dam. You will recall that not so long ago a New York
dentist was the attraction, while Lydell Peck, the star's divorced
husband, was an attorney before he became absorbed in the

Shirley Temple is filming
a French version of "The
Littlest Rebel," as well as
an English one. She
knows half as many
words in French as she
does in English, and
that's plenty.

Fredric March and Flor-
ence Eldridge are mak-
ing a leisurely and thor-
ough tour of the British
Isles instead of dashing
all over Europe and call-
ing it a rest.

John Gilbert and Mar-
lene Dietrich do a little
theater-going while the
world looks on, espe-
cially at Marlene's bi-
zarre hat.

movies. And the name of Al Scott, Colleen Moore's
ex-husband, has been linked with Janet's.

Lillian Cloisters Self.—Lillian Gish made an almost
mouselike trip out to Hollywood a few weeks ago, hid-
ing most of the time at Pickfair. Outside of appearing
at a social function or two at that establishment, she
remained in absolute seclusion, accepting practically
no invitations.

The main event was that she was sketched by a Rus-
sian artist, and privately saw a few friends in addition.
She had completely forsaken pictures for the stage,
where, of course, she enjoyed much success in "Within
the Gates."

We saw her on her visit, and she has scarcely
changed from five years ago, when she appeared in
her one and only talking picture, "One Romantic
Night." Do you remember it?

Dorothy Gish, of course, is getting a divorce from
James Rennie.

(Continued on page 62)
Once and for all is the legend that stars subsist on wisps of lettuce and sliced pineapple banished forever. Hollywood folk not only know the art of preparing and serving solid food, but satiate their own appetites unrestrainedly.

**BY DICK PINE**

**STARS EAT—AND HOW!**

THERE is a general impression abroad that a Hollywood actor’s daily diet consists of a wisp of lettuce, a dab of cottage cheese and, perhaps on gala occasions, a slice of pineapple.

Well, now, as a good British trencherman who likes his roost beef and Yorkshire pudding, who wants, nay, demands, food which you Americans describe as “hearty,” let me assure you that this impression is entirely erroneous.

There are some of the best eaters, some of the most experienced and knowing eaters, in Hollywood that I have met anywhere. I have visited quite a lot of places, too. There are people in Hollywood who not only know good food when they taste it but who know how it should be served, who are acquainted with and critical of the delicate art of presenting expertly prepared dishes.

Take one of Miriam Hopkins’s informal Sunday night suppers. She gives one of these every four or five weeks, and if you are fortunate enough to be invited, I advise you to save your appetite for a day or two ahead of time. Miriam, you see, is a Southern girl and she has a magnificent Southern cook and, besides, the Southern knack for friendly, informal hospitality.

You play bridge or backgammon or tennis, you frolic in the swimming pool or perhaps you merely amuse yourself with conversation until you realize that long tables are being laid on the terrace. Tables groaning with platters of fried chicken and baked Virginia, peanuted ham, bristling with cloves and shining with brown-sugar-and-cider sauce.

Pyramids of real Southern, yellow corn bread, beaten biscuit, pickled peaches, snowy heaps of fried hominy and last—oh, last!—sweet potato pie.

You don’t encounter that last item in many places except the United States’ “solid South.” But when you do encounter it you’s properly fluffed and spiced and smothered in whipped cream, as it is at Miriam’s, you have encountered something!

Another thing about Miriam. She has a charming and somehow exciting habit of suddenly suggesting that everybody in whatever company she may be embellishing with her presence, “come on home with me to dinner!” A telephone call, “I’m bringing the gang home. Oh, twenty, I guess. Maybe twenty-five. Put some more shortcake in the oven!” No one in the company would dream of not going. Those impromptu dinners at Miriam’s are worth the sacrifice of a date with your best, your very best, girl.

One of the things I like best about Hollywood food is its variety. Now, take Warner Baxter. There is a man who knows man’s food, who not only knows it but can cook it. I had never cared for Spanish food, despite the encomiums of my friends, until I tasted the Spanish dishes which Baxter prepared on his own little stove in his Fox bungalow one day. Enchiladas,
tortillas, those things done with Spanish onions and a strange, red sauce. Of course there were tamales.

I must confess that Baxter’s Spanish food, cooked by himself, was the best I have eaten in California which boasts of its Spanish dishes. For once it was hot enough. Warner uses those venomous little Spanish peppers with a hand which is free enough to satisfy even me. A courteous touch was added. I thought, by his proffer of a gargle which he has mixed especially for him by his favorite druggist, which will take the curse off the peppers, the chili and the garlic which he uses so freely in those delicious dishes.

Dining with Joan Crawford is more of a ceremony. Joan notifies you in advance whether it is to be a “white tie” function or a mere dinner coat affair. The dinner coat affairs take place mostly on summer Saturday evenings. The guests assemble —never more than a dozen and always carefully chosen. They distribute themselves about the blue and white living room, they are served with mild cocktails and they wait. Eventually, after every one has arrived, Joan makes her effective, almost dramatic, entrance.

She greets her guests, a table is trundled in from somewhere and she makes a pretty little ceremony of mixing caviar and chopped onion for the hors d’oeuvres. A second round of mild cocktails or sherry and bitters is served and then dinner is announced.

You descend a step or two to the dining room. There are place cards, in Joan’s own handwriting, a gardenia at each place. Tall white candles gleam about a centerpiece of white snapdragons.

Dinner proves that Joan is not on a diet. Cream of mushroom soup, filet of sole with sauce tartare, roast lamb with browned potatoes, asparagus with Hollandaise sauce, avocado salad with jellied tomatoes, a truly architectural dessert of amazing shape and color. The dinner service is all white and crystal and silver and there is no color at all except in the food itself. Joan is expert at planning interesting color combinations in food, if she is in the mood.

Joan is as much a creature of moods about her household as she is about everything else. She will live for weeks without seeming to know what she is eating. Suddenly she will evince a violent interest in menus, will do her own marketing for days and days, plan all the meals and at last descend to the kitchen to whip up, with her own hands, corn pudding which is her specialty.

I went to lunch with Bill Powell, expecting something in the nature of a magician’s show, from all I had heard of the gadgets in his new house. After I had seen the buttons which opened, electrically, the gate, the garage doors and some more doors, I was ready for anything.

When Bill said, “Are you ready for lunch?” and pressed still another button, I was frightfully disappointed that the butler didn’t fly out of a chute somewhere in a sort of skyrocket.

Instead he appeared in quite the usual manner and pushed small, individual tables toward us on which he served a featherly cheese soufflé. Later came a huge bowl of watercress and sliced fresh pineapple, persimmons, mint, and grapefruit. Surrounding this delectable mound was a circle of fat, pink shrimps. And each of us had a tiny bowl of dressing, with chopped chives, in which we might dip these shrimps if we felt so inclined. I was grateful to note that there was not a suspicion of dressing on the mixed fruit.

Afterward, oh, quite a long time afterward, there was that masculine dish — deep apple pie. And good, simple, American cheese.

And they say that actors lunch, and ask their guests to lunch, on a wisp of lettuce! I don’t remember enjoying an impromptu, two-males-getting-together lunch as much anywhere else.

Marie Oberon’s outdoor steak dinners at Malibu are affairs to delight the heart of any beef-eating male. Marie has one of those ingenious charcoal broilers which may be installed on the sands within sight and hearing of those expensive and exclusive Malibu ocean waves.

What I like about it is that you broil your own steak. So, those benighted people who like their beef cooked through until it is tough and colorless and leathery may attend to that dismal ceremony, themselves, while civilized people who like their cow meat slightly wounded, rosy and tender, may accomplish that to their own satisfaction.

Marie’s staff provides the crisp mixed green salad in a huge bowl, the cheesy scalloped potatoes, the hot, buttered buns, the pickles and relishes and sauces which should accompany such succulent outdoor-cooked meat.

Leo Carrillo’s outdoor barbecues are robustious, he-man affairs, too. He has a sizable estate and has not contented himself with just one barbecue pit. He has several, scattered here and there.

At one of Leo’s Sunday after—

Continued on page 66.

Miriam Hopkins has a charming and somehow exciting habit of inviting twenty or more home to dinner on the spur of the moment. No one would dream of missing the opportunity.
WHEN I read that Will Rogers had been killed in an airplane accident, I had a sickening feeling at the pit of my stomach. It just didn't seem possible that a thing like that could happen. Bill Rogers dead! Why, I can't think of a more "alive" person than Bill. Any one who knows him—knew him, I should say, for even now I can't realize it—will tell you the same thing.

The thought of never again hearing Bill afflictee as master of ceremonies at a banquet, or never seeing him at a polo field, never again reading his daily newspaper paragraph, never seeing him in the Fox restaurant, gayly flipping wisecracks back and forth—all seems too incredible, too utterly preposterous.

It was in that restaurant I encountered him shortly after his return from China a couple of years ago. While he was away there had been a lot of reorganizing at the studio. "Well, Bill," I asked, "do you notice many changes around here?"

"Changes!" he echoed, "why, I knew more people in Shanghai than I know on this lot now!"

And it was this same table that was reserved for him day after day, year in and year out. Only people he liked were invited to sit at that table, and no one who sat there ever paid a check. The lunches at that table were always on Bill.

There is still a sign on it, "Reserved for Will Rogers." But no one sits there anymore and it will be a long time before any one will. It serves as a mute but daily reminder of our bereavement.

Bill still lives for those of us who knew him well. There are intimate little things about the man I can never forget.

That Christmas Day at a director's home, for instance, when our host had invited a not very important friend, so far as pictures go, for cocktails. The friend arrived, bringing along, even less important people. Our host, wishing to spare the ordeal of meeting any one who could mean nothing to him, shooed the new arrivals into the dining room for a drink. But Bill would have none of that. He wanted to meet those people who were just "folks."

He followed them into the dining room and when he discovered they were from Oklahoma his delight knew no bounds. He spent the entire afternoon talking "Oklahoma" with them in preference to remaining in the living room and discussing Hollywood with a lot of stars and executives.

And there was another time, a rainy afternoon, when he dropped into William K. Howard's home while I was there. We sat around talking for a while. When he rose to go Howard urged him to have a nip while waiting for his car to be brought around. "I ain't got any car," Bill answered.

"Well, let me have mine brought around to take you home," Howard pleaded. "It's raining."

"Now," Bill drawled, "I walked over. I reckon I kin walk back."

It was eight miles to his home, but walk he did. The last we saw of him he was ambling gayly down the path, cutting at shrubs and bushes with a stick he had picked up.

That might have been affection in another man, but no one who knew Bill could doubt his sincerity.

I met Bill when I first came to Hollywood. Our friendship developed suddenly, rapidly. I had always been a rabid Rogers fan, an ardent Rogers admirer. I have never ceased marveling that he could have found anything in me to interest him to the extent of making me his friend. But that was Bill. It was one of the greatest traits he possessed. He got something from every one he ever knew, every one he ever talked to. If ever a man personified a couplet from Kipling's "If,"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue, or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch—

that man was Bill.
I have never heard him utter an obscene remark. He knew everybody under the sun and every one who knew him loved him. His friends ran the gamut from kings and presidents down to the humblest worker on one of his pictures. There was no discrimination in his treatment of them. No line, however thin, of demarcation drawn between them.

When he went to Washington, he slept at the White House. When he went to Rome, he slept at Mussolini’s palace. Wherever he went he knew the biggest, the most representative people. Yet, he never lost the common touch.

Pomp and show meant nothing to him. At the time of his death he had more money tied up in horses than he had ever spent on clothes in his entire life.

He was a man who practiced what he preached. It is strange that one of his pet phobias should have been the cause of his end. He constantly urged people to fly. He urged them to use the regular passenger lines and planes. Whenever he went anywhere, so far as was possible, that was what he used, even though he could easily have afforded his own plane and pilot.

A few years ago he was between pictures during the Community Chest Drive. He could easily have given them a few thousand and it would have been a big donation. Instead, he made personal appearances at Loew’s State Theater. He got a guarantee of so much for the week and fifty per cent of everything over a certain amount. He drove just as shrewd a bargain as though the money were for himself. He had always refused to make personal appearances, so when he finally gave in and appeared on a stage, people flocked to see him. His share of the take was something like $12,500 for the week, and every cent of it went to the Community Chest.

During the floods a few years ago, he flew all over Oklahoma and northern Texas doing relief work. He made personal appearances and every cent he made was donated to flood relief. In addition, whatever the town he was appearing in raised for the relief, Bill doubled the amount out of his own pocket. So, besides making the appearances for charity and doubling the town’s contribu-

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“In Old Kentucky” was next to the last picture Mr. Rogers filmed. It will be released later.

He has often been referred to, louchingly sometimes, as “Homespun Bill” and “The Homespun Philosopher.” Well, that’s just what he was. Twenty years ago he was almost unknown and poor as Job’s turkey. To-day, his name is a household word. He was respected and loved wherever he was known. To-day, he is mourned as few presidents have been.

When he said something, people listened. He never forgot what it is to be poor. Nobody knows the amount of charity Bill did nor the number of people he’s helped because that’s one of the things he wouldn’t discuss with any one. I have heard that his private list of beneficiaries who were receiving help regularly every month was around three hundred.

He made about three pictures a year at a salary reportedly in the neighborhood of $200,000 a picture. One year he turned over his salary for one picture to the Red Cross and did it in such a way that no one ever heard of it.

Another time he held out for $5,000 for each of a series of fifteen-minute radio broadcasts. He got his figure, made the broadcasts, and each week turned over his salary check to a different charity.

Will Rogers began his public career in vaudeville, twirling his cowboy’s rope, chewing gum and shyly venturing a remark or two. At the time of his death he received $200,000 for each picture, but he hadn’t changed in twenty years.
New York

Merle Oberon launches a fashion, "The Dark Angel" haircut, which is being widely copied, although it doesn't suit the new Grecian or Renaissance evening dresses at all.

Marta Eggerth, who is said to be Mr. Kiepura's secret bride, is here for Universal stardom.

There is a silly tradition on Broadway that the opening plays of the season are flaps. Unwilling to risk this jinx, most of the producers waited this year for some one else to make the first false steps, with the result that when Hollywood throngs surged into town for the Baer-Louis fight, the polo matches at Meadowbrook, the tennis finals at Forest Hills, and the winter dress showings, there was no place for the celebrities to gather at night except in the smart restaurants. That is really much nicer, because reunions can be long and loud, and there is no dialogue to interrupt the Hollywood news.

Talk centered around Helen Vinson's midnight elopement with Fred Perry, the just-defeated tennis star, Myrna Loy's return to MGM, unrepentant but too popular to ignore, Eleanor Powell's sensational success—before "Broadway Melody of 1936" had even been shown—Garbo's unchallenged supremacy with all the visiting stars stealing into "Anna Karenina" to watch her magic, and John Barrymore's decline.

Just Yokels at Heart.—Most popular of sports in the better dance and drink emporiums is to crash into Fred
Broadway is gay and bright again, thanks to a lot of help from Hollywood.

BY KAREN HOLLIS

June Knight was held up and robbed of some of her lavish jewels right in her hotel suite. All she thought her callers wanted was her indorsement of hairnets.

Fred Perry, the British tennis star, and our own Helen Vinson startled Broadway with a midnight elopement.

Astaire on the dance floor, turn on him and below "Clumsy! Can’t you see where you’re going?" Mr. Astaire, to the dismay of those who have been sneaking into dancing schools and learning the ballroom version of the Piccolino, dances with dignity and restraint in ballrooms, and does no fancy steps whatever.

Wanted: A Partner.—Ginger Rogers isn’t satisfied to remain just Astaire’s partner, but wants to get somewhere on her own, and a lot of people think that is just as well, for, graceful as she is, she always dances more like a good pupil of his than like a skilled dancer on her own. So, Mr. Astaire is shopping for a partner.

He would like to have Eleanor Powell. Rumor has it that RKO is willing to pay MGM one hundred thousand dollars for her contract, and that Astaire would gladly tilt this figure fifty thousand dollars out of his own pocket. But MGM says "No."

Little Dixie Dunbar, who appeared briefly in George White’s filmed "Scandals" and then returned to the stage, would be a cute partner, but 20th Century-Fox has grabbed her. Mitzi Mayfair is another possibility, but the chances are that MGM has her under contract by now. Sam Goldwyn has commandeered Sunny O’Dea from Earl Carroll’s show to play opposite Eddie Cantor. So Fred Astaire has abandoned the search in New York and gone back to Hollywood.

When he got the figures showing that "Top Hat" had broken all records at Radio City Music Hall, he cabled them to his sister Adele, now Lady Cavendish, but long his dancing partner, adding, "Wish you were here." You’ll never believe it, I’m afraid, but Adele was always considered an even better dancer than her brother. As if that were possible!

Have You a Spare Romeo?—Meanwhile, Norma Shearer is in New York with the avowed purpose of finding an actor to play "Romeo" to her "Juliet." It would seem that she expects to find him among Italian waiters, for at almost any hour she is to be found at "21" or the Savoy-Plaza cocktail bar or the Waldorf Roof, or the Colony restaurant at lunchtime.

One look at Norma and you have found the beauty

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ONE MORE HUMAN:

Continuing the most delightful and revealing of all stellar life stories, in which the youthful start-to-be makes her first appearance on any stage and meets disaster.

PART III

But sight of the little brother brake down her resolve, and she could only stand by the bed and marvel at it.

Here was a playmate, for life, just as her mother had promised her. She largoed her parents everything, and hovered about the bedroom for the rest of the day. It took a good deal of persuading to get her to go to school next morning, but she finally went, spending most of the day telling the other children about the wonderful thing that had happened to her. She forgot entirely that her parents might lay some claim to the infant at home. It had happened to her to hear her tell about it!

A few days later, she was told that little brother now had a name. David Frederick Williams, it was, and hereafter he would be known as David. It soon became Dave, as might have been expected.

Myrna spent as much time as she was permitted with Dave. One afternoon, while standing by his bed, she was struck by the most thrilling thought of all, and she turned to her mother, saying rapturously:

"Mother! Did you know? He can wear pink!"

True enough. David was very, very blond, and quite capable of carrying the laveliest, tallest, at all colors. That made him doubly precious in her eyes.

Early in August, she had her seventh birthday. All the children in the neighborhood were invited. It was, according to Mrs. Williams, the naistest neighborhood in all Helena. There were more kids to the square foot than in any other part of town, and each one of them, including Miss Myrna, was especially gifted in causing commotion.

The birthday party was a splendid success. The children stuffed themselves with ice cream and cake until they were in agony, then waited to be asked if they'd like some more.

Elmer and Helen Nash were there, Bill Crum, Clifford Rumph, Mildred Raynum, and all the others. A few blocks away there was another boy who was not invited, though his father was a local judge. He was just a name to most of the other children, while some of them had a speaking

Myrna, her brother David and Mrs. Williams formed a close partnership early in life which has never been disturbed by discord or misunderstanding to this day.

Easter dinner in Grandmother Johnson's home in Helena shows Myrna's familiar profile on the right side of the small table, with Cousin Laura Belle Wilder opposite.

On a late spring day, Myrna was taken to Grandmother Johnson's by her daddy. A little suitcase was packed with some clothes, and she went with him wadingingly. Was he going to stay with her? Where was mother? Why were they going to grandmother's? All these questions she asked, and more. But daddy made only perfunctory answers; his mind seemed far away from the little girl by his side.

He did not stay with her, but went right back home as fast as he could. That night Myrna stayed away from home, but next morning grandmother sent her off to kindergarten as usual. During recess, a schoolmate approached her and said:

"I'm so glad you've got a baby brother!"

Myrna stood silently, letting the intelligence sink in. Then she became mutely furious. Not because she had a baby brother—no, she had been looking forward to him happily for a long time—but because her own family had excluded her from the inner circle, and had left it to an almost complete stranger to tell her!

She spoke not a word for the rest of the day. When school was over, she went straight to her own home, determined to let the family know just how indignant she was.
acquaintance with him. He was a few years older than they, and did not play with them. Besides, he was getting ready to go to school in England, and that constituted a breach of sorts. His name was Frank Cooper.

Frank has long since become Gary, and it was not until many years later, when both he and Myrna were climbing the ladder of fame in Hollywood, that they finally met—and at another party given by Myrna, in her Beverly Hills home. He was in love with Clara Bow then, and only a long and severe talk by Myrna prevented him from throwing himself into a watery grave in the fish pond in her back yard, so miserable was he. The pond was one foot deep at its deepest point.

Question: "Yas you dere, Shartie?"

Answer: "Yah, gentle reader, we vass."

The seasons followed their usual routine, and spring came again to Montana. Winter gasped out a farewell—and laid Mrs. Williams low with pneumonia. Again Myrna was sent to grandmother's, little Dave with her.

There was no joy in either house now, for Mrs. Williams was fighting desperately for her life. Myrna was not told how dangerous her mother's illness really was, but she understood that something was terribly wrong. Grandmother Johnson was in and out of the house many times a day, and over every room hung a funereal quietness.

Playmates called for her, but Myrna sat in the parlor, deep in a chair, unheeding their calls. On the day when Mrs. Williams reached the crisis of her illness, Myrna was at grandmother's, curled up in a chair, and brooding deeply. Suddenly she screamed, and the servant came running in from the kitchen, to find Myrna standing in the middle of the floor, crying. The servant asked what the trouble was, but all Myrna could say, over and over, was:

"I don't know! I don't know!"

A later check-up revealed that at that moment the doctor was covering Mrs. Williams's face with a sheet. She had been given up for dead!

Such manifestations are not uncommon, and are laid to a variety of causes, but only do they occur when there is an unusually strong bond of sympathy between two people. It does not necessarily imply that a person is what is loosely called "psychic."

But Mrs. Williams did not die. In the last ebb of her strength, the will to live exerted itself, and fought death away. Recovery was slow, however, and for the rest of that spring, and far into the summer, she languished.

With the approach of winter, Mr. Williams decided not to risk his wife's being exposed to the rigorous weather. So he sent her and the children to a milder climate. Myrna was then eight, and Dave a few months over a year.

They went to La Jolla, California, and took a house right near the water's edge. The sea air would help Mrs. Williams toward recovery.

From the first moment she saw the ocean, Myrna was fascinated by it. She practically lived in a bathing suit from the first day. Dave had his little bucket and miniature spade for the shoveling of sand, and Myrna would take him by the hand each morning and lead him to the beach. While he shoveled sand into the bucket, then shoveled it out with all the meaningless purpose of infants and half-wits, Myrna was in the water. She learned to swim and to dive off the rocks near the shore.

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WHEN Joe Penner—"Pinter, Joseph. Hungarian. En Route Detroit"—landed as a third-class passenger at Ellis Island a little more than twenty years ago, a boy of ten, his one thought, apart from one of marvel at the New York skyline, was to earn $20,000.

"Then I can retire and support my mother and father and travel and see the world," he told himself, eyes shining at the prospect of life in the new land.

Last year, Joe Penner, former immigrant lad, paid the United States Government $48,000 income tax!

'Tis a far cry from that day Joe first sighted his home of the future from the lower decks of the "Carpathia," but in humanness and outlook upon life, the little Hungarian, now one of radio's foremost figures and at present starring in "Collegiate," remains the same. He is just as unpretentious and as kindly disposed toward the world as the evening he won first prize in an amateur contest for his imitation of Charlie Chaplin and instilled in himself forever a love for the footlights.

The afternoon I dropped by Joe's home in Beverly Hills, I found him in a somber mood. A newspaper had printed a story to the effect that he had not paid any income tax last year.

Instead of railing at the charge, he was deeply and genuinely hurt.

"I'm very happy to pay the tax," he explained seriously. "It's the very least I can do to show my appreciation of the country that gave me my chance at success and contentment.

"I filed my income-tax report in New York, and this paper"—referring to the accusing sheet—"is a New Jersey journal. I can't understand why they should say such things. I suppose because they couldn't find any record of my payment of the tax in New Jersey, where I lived part of last year, they assumed I was trying to dodge the issue."

His eyes saddened as he contemplated the injustice done him. But this is not the first time he has felt the boot. His life, despite its triumphs during the past few years, has been a long succession of setbacks and unjust experiences.

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GROWING PAINS

Young Tom Brown has his troubles, too. For one thing he has been misunderstood. But he has made a brave fight to be himself and he has succeeded. In this revealing article he tells you all about it.

BY WILLIAM H. MCKEgg

ONE thing ever worries the gifted of Hollywood. After success and fame come your way, are you able to live your life as you want to?

You can, says Tom Brown, if you have the courage to go through the ordeal he did.

You’ve heard of "Frankenstein" and "Dracula." Terrors

"On the other hand," he added, an eye glinting pugnaciously, "we have got to go through a tough fight to remain ourselves—to live our lives in a natural manner, after popularity comes our way.

"I know what I’m talking about. I’ve been through the mill. Fearing to harm the small success I had made for myself, I might have given in. But I knew the time had come for a show-down. I had either to be scared of Hollywood opinion, or show Hollywood that false rumors are worth nothing. An actor is often killed by rumor. It is the cruelest thing in his life."

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"One thing is unavoidable for all who get ahead," says Tom. "We are forced to keep together." Some of his best acting is currently offered in "Freckles."

On the strength of his performance in "Annapolis Farewell," Tom Brown earned a Paramount contract. There never had been any doubt of his ability; it was his personal problems that troubled him.

"The strength of his performance in "Annapolis Farewell," Tom Brown earned a Paramount contract. There never had been any doubt of his ability; it was his personal problems that troubled him.

to be avoided. In the film mecco there is a thing more frightening than either—the terror of Hollywood opinion.

What the rest of the world thinks of a player is of small importance compared to what is thought of him in studio town.

"Before anything else, a player desires to have the esteem of Hollywood," Tom said to me. He spoke so earnestly that, were it in my power to bestow esteem, he’d have begged plenty.
Beginning a new department! Intimate glimpses of the Hollywood scene through shrewd, tolerant eyes that see mostly with amusement, sometimes with sadness, but never with malice.

HOLLYWOOD'S newest fad is "soft ball," and the games at Fiedler Field bid fair to rival the Legion fights and the polo games in attendance of film luminaries.

Anyhow, Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler are regular patrons, and the other evening two little girls, escorted by an old gentleman, sat just in front of us. "Let's save a seat for Ruby Keeler!" suggested one. "You know last time we saw her sitting way at the back." The other agreed, and they carefully placed their coats on a vacant seat between them.

When Ruby appeared, with her sister, the pair stood up and screamed at her like two small calliopes. Ruby heard, smiled and made her way toward them. She sat between them—sister parked tactfully at one side—cheered as lustily as they did, bought popcorn and ice cream cones rather lavishly—we thought of tucking a note into the old gentleman's pocket, suggesting milk of magnesia later—and left them at the end of the game, promising to sit with them next time. The tots were practically swooning with excitement.

EDNA FERBER, famous novelist in Hollywood on a writing assignment, gave herself a farewell party. "I woke up this morning," she observed grandly, "thinking 'What am I doing in Hollywood? I don't belong here. So I'm leaving in the morning.'"

"I know exactly how you feel," Dorothy Parker retorted. "I often find myself asking myself, 'What in the world am I doing out here with this irascible young man?'" "The irascible young man" is the good-looking Alan Campbell, her husband.

THE other day on the set of "Waterfront Lady" we were rendered speechless when Frank Albertson turned to Grant Withers and asked, "Why don't you take this scene, Grant? It belongs to you."
When an actor "takes" a scene, it means that he dominates it, and all the other characters play up to him.

It's the first time in our experience we have ever heard an actor voluntarily tell another to "take" a scene.

And on the set of "Frisco Kid" there is a scene where Fred Kohler, wearing a steel hook at the end of one arm in lieu of a hand that he has lost, is supposed to strike George E. Stone in the face with it. Lloyd Bacon, the director, was not satisfied with the shot. "You've really got to hit him, Fred," he instructed Kohler.

"No!" James Cagney shouted. "He'll likely put his eye out. Let's shoot around this scene until you can have a rubber hook made."

One secret of Richard Arlen's popularity among Hollywoodians is explained by the following incident. A guest was muttering about not receiving enough attention. A mutual friend told Arlen he'd better pay more attention to the guest.

"I will like fun," Arlen replied. "I've never been a 'guest' in anyone else's home, and I'll be darned if I'm going to be a 'host' in my own. This is Liberty Hall, and every one shifts for himself!"

It's a wise child who knows when its father is being wronged. Patsy, the eight-year-old daughter of Wallace Ford, on being introduced to Hugh Herbert, greeted him with, "Oh, yes. You're the man who always gets between my daddy and the camera!"

And speaking of Hugh Herbert, he pulled a nifty at a recent Pat O'Brien barbecue. Pat's love of company is well known, and he is constantly giving parties. At this barbecue, as the guests lined up to be served, Hugh took a gander at the queue, about a hundred feet long, and remarked blandly, "I believe this place is catching on. If it keeps up at this rate, in another month or two it will be an a paying basis!"

And it was at this same party that Frank McHugh noted a guest who was wandering around by himself. No one seemed to know the man. He spoke to no one, and no one spoke to him. "Wonder who he is," Patsy Kelly speculated.

"Oh," Frank hazarded. "I guess he's at the wrong party."
ALTHOUGH she is not so active cinematically these days, Constance Bennett's assurance hasn't deserted her. When the French ambassador visited Hollywood recently, 20th Century-Fox gave a lunch for him. Only their contract players were invited, among whom, of course, was Gilbert Roland.

On the morning of the occasion, Connie's secretary called the studio. "This is Constance Bennett's secretary," she announced. "Miss Bennett regrets that neither she nor Mr. Roland will be able to attend the lunch."

The funny part was that Miss Bennett had not been asked.

ONE of those gilded young ladies with a huge income in her own right, who visits Hollywood as she once would have visited Monte Carlo or Biarritz, was entertaining a group of stars with her complaint that society, real society, is always caricatured in the films. "Society people are neither so extravagant nor as thoughtless as you portray us," she said as she reclined on a couch and sipped a frosted drink.

Just then her maid entered the room. Paris was on the phone, the maid announced. Paris, France. Sold the millionairess, "If I got up now before finishing this drink, I'd faint. Tell them I'm not at home." Then she went back to explaining how real society is exaggerated in the movies.

FAMILIES, husbands, and even children are so often sacrificed to careers in Hollywood that it's pleasant to report a star who does things the other way round.

Frances Dee's agents despair of her, she tells us. No sooner did they arrange for her appearance in more pictures such as "The Gay Deception," than she told them that she intends having another baby—and must leave the screen again. "My career is important to me, and I'm going to resume it," Frances says. "But it's even more important to keep Joel, Jr., from being a spoiled, only child!"

A TRADESMAN over at Warren Williams's ranch stopped to chat the other morning with a big chap who was riding a tractor, plowing a field. "Work for that movie actor, do you?" asked the tradesman. "Now, what kind of feller is he?" The tractor man paused before replying. "Well, not bad at all. Really quite a nice sort of chap."

The tradesman evidently liked this nearness to the great, and chatted a while longer, never suspecting what the reader has already guessed: the tractor driver was Warren himself, who turns truck gardener when not working at the studio.

ALL movie heroes, as a matter of fact, like to escape the grease paint and the screen love-making now and then, particularly when autumn adds a zip to the balmy California air. Bob Montgomery and Chester
Morris are just sailing off to Mexican waters to bring back deep-sea fish. Clark Gable just returned from the mountains, bringing back cougars. Johnny Weissmuller is planning to go to South America to bring back Lupe Velez, there on a personal-appearance tour.

A DEVOTED fan gave Madge Evans a few embarrassing moments recently. Her maid told her that a seventeen-year-old boy had called twice to see her. He’d come all the way from the East, had only eighteen dollars left, but intended to remain until she consented to meet him. What else could a considerate and sporting young lady do? She invited him in and tried to persuade him to return to his family and his job, but her earnest plea made no impression. On last reports, he is still hanging around Hollywood, hoping for a chance to do knightly deeds for his favorite. Often stars are inconsiderate of their fans, but sometimes it’s the other way round.

CAUSTIC humor is evidenced on the MGM lot, where Johnny Weissmuller swims daily in a man-made swamp along with some pounds of dry ice which gives off a vapor resembling fog as it evaporates, half a hundred colored children, and a knee-deep load of peculiarly unpleasant mud. There are animals, too, real and imitation. As Johnny says wryly, “These ‘Tarzan’ pictures aren’t easy to make.” Some witty lad stole a sign from a recent employees’ entertainment and propped it up over the door to this set. It reads, a trifle bitterly: This Way To The MGM Picnic.

JOAN CRAWFORD did something very nice the other day, but may be disappointed to read of it here. Joan’s charities are not for publicity. Hearing of a former well-known star now down on her luck, who couldn’t take a test because she lacked proper clothes for the part, Joan took the lady to the best shop in town and bought her three complete outfits. Jean Harlow is another celebrity who spends much money—and even more important, much time and thought—on similar kindly acts which seldom find their way into print.

“Screen stars are often compared unfavorably to the grand old stars of the stage,” a theatrical producer told us recently, “because they lack the old-time fire and glamour. But in their charities the movie stars are as princely as the old-timers at their most generous—and decidedly more modest about their contributions.”

MOST pathetic story of the month concerns an Eastern playwright who came to Hollywood to sell his wares, but didn’t quite click. “I’d do anything just to get inside a studio,” he proclaimed (Continued on page 85)
WILL GARY bring

Now that Miss Dietrich has chosen Mr. Cooper for her leading man in "Desire," we wonder if the good fortune which seems to attend every player who appears opposite him will have the same influence on her career which has suffered considerably of late.

In choosing Gary Cooper to costar with her in "Desire," has Marlene Dietrich finally found the solution to the problem that has been threatening her career? Will the peculiar and inexplicable good-luck quality with which Gary is credited break the spell that seems to have handcuffed Dietrich to unfortunate pictures and unpleasant characterizations, and to have prevented the real Marlene from reaching the screen? Can he do for her what he has done for others: bring out the best performance of which she is capable?

By sharing her picture, will he free her from the strangling influence of bad parts and depressing pictures that has dogged her for the past three years, and give back to her the viewpoint, the hope and the future that she had when she made "Morocco" with him?

In other words, will Gary Cooper bring Marlene Dietrich good luck and a new start?

Apparently Marlene thinks he will, for she insisted that he be cast in her new picture, and has watched carefully his work with Ann Harding in "Peter Ibbetson."

In depending on Gary, Marlene is showing good sense, as more than one Hollywood star will tell you. Especially emphatic on this subject are those stars that have played with Gary, and who feel that he walks hand in hand with good fortune.

The general opinion is that Dietrich is capable of a better performance than she has been able to give in the pictures assigned her, and will prove it if given a chance.

By sharing her picture, will Gary give back to Marlene the viewpoint, the hope and the future that was hers when they made "Morocco" together, pictured on right?
Marlene good luck?

By
William F. French

Pure superstition and without foundation? Perhaps. But there is some mighty interesting reading in the record of Gary’s association with other stars that we’ll look into shortly.

Meanwhile, let’s see what the other stars think about Marlene’s move in selecting Gary.

Like the public in general, they feel that Dietrich is capable of a better performance than she has been able to give in the pictures assigned her during the past three years. In fact, most of them claim that she has that “something” which makes really great stars and will prove it, once she gets an opportunity.

But what they are betting on in the Dietrich-Cooper combination is the good luck that Gary seems to pack along with him.

And if he doesn’t pack good luck, how, they ask, does it happen that all the stars who play with him turn in their best performances?

It most certainly isn’t that he coaches them, or gives them lessons in acting. It isn’t that he spurs them to extra effort. For there never was a soul who minded his own business more assiduously than does the easy-going Gary.

Nor does he inspire others with his intensity, his poise, or his industry, for Gary just sort of “goes along” when he is before the camera.

Yet they do not offer any explanation of how he accomplishes his magic.

Anna Sten is one of the few who will venture an opinion as to why he is good medicine for other players. In her abrupt, unexpected way, she said:

“Gary’s a nice boy; he’s comfortable to work with. He does not annoy you.”

Yet merely being “comfortable to work with” could hardly account for the influence he apparently has upon other stars, for whoever works with Gary somehow seems to outdo himself, or herself.

For instance, consider Dietrich. In “Maroc,” her first American picture, with Gary playing opposite, she set a pace which, if continued, would have had Garbo, Hepburn and all the others graggy within a year.

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COUNTLESS authors, playwrights, and scenario writers have been vindicated by Olivia de Havilland.

Never again can their favorite plot for backstage plays, stories or pictures be scorned as implausible, for Olivia has lived that plot. Only a year ago she was the unknown young understudy who was called upon, in an emergency, to step into a leading rôle in an important stage production and then won the enthusiastic acclamation of press and public.

And, just as with the myriad fictional understudies who made good, she has consolidated that overnight success. She was given a contract and assigned immediately to leading rôles. So today, scarcely a year since she was just a high-school graduate not even daring to hope for a professional career, she has played the leading feminine rôle in three films.

Having won her first recognition in the stage production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," she stepped right into the same rôle in Warners' screen version of that spectacle. Just how fortunate a move that was for every one concerned you have seen for yourself by now.

Next she was put into Joe E. Brown's "Alibi Ike." In Hollywood a comedy picture is considered in the light of a preparatory school for a young actress, the theory being that if she can survive that ordeal she is presumed to be able to stand up under the rigors of a picture career.

Olivia proved that she could "take it" and finished her first leading rôle...
She Followed

Olivio de Havilland was born in Tokio, Japan, of English parents, but was brought to this country by her mother at the age of two-and-a-half. A year later the family settled in Sorotogo, California, a village of less than one thousand inhabitants, about forty miles south of San Francisco.

There she lived most of her nineteen years and there she was dutifully making her plans for college and a career as a school-mama when destiny stepped in. She had won a scholarship to Mills College, the West Coast institution which is comparable with Vassor, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, or Smith in the East, but she never did get to use it.

Toward the close of her final year in high school she played the role of "Puck" in an outdoor production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the small community in which she lived. She won the acclaim of an audience that was scarcely larger in number than the cost of the production although it represented most of the inhabitants of the town.

With that over and school also ended for the summer, Olivia prepared to spend a couple of carefree months before her college

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Olivia de Havilland has the arresting freshness of youth, but her lovely cultured voice bespeaks years of training and she has a mature viewpoint that belies her years.
"The Goose and the Gander."—Warners. The most complicated story of the month has Kay Francis, George Brent, Genevieve Tobin, and Ralph Forbes in the leading roles. The plot is a mosaic of familiar situations polished with bright dialogue and attractive miming, not to mention the attractive people who take part. But if you rise to let some one pass while you are watching the picture, one of the plot mosaics is apt to slip out of place while your attention is diverted. Then it is the devil's own job to catch up with the story. Because, though reminiscent of a dozen plays, the plot has been so skillfully stirred that you don't know what is going to happen. Miss Francis, who has lost her husband to Miss Tobin, sets out to lure Mr. Brent away from her by decoying them to her bungalow and inviting Mr. Forbes, Miss Tobin's present husband and her own ex, to call. She is forced to have a couple of jewel thieves also as guests, and they complicate things no end. The picture is entertaining, though, if you have your wits about you.

"Barbary Coast."—United Artists. Colorful, primitive life in San Francisco during the gold rush is flamboyantly but tastefully dramatized here. The result is an immensely popular picture. melodrama does not obscure the fine acting on view, either. The sordid life of the period and locale is glazed with beauty and the spirit of high adventure. The heroine, who would have been a wanton but for the Legion of Decency, is a romantic idealist who manages to repulse the advances of Edward G. Robinson and still remain in his employ. Stranded in San Francisco through the death of her fiancé, she becomes hostess of a lavish gambling house and is immune to love until she meets Joel McCrea. The vigilantes close down upon Mr. Robinson, who sees to it that nothing stands in the way of Miss Hopkins's and Mr. McCrea's happy ending.

"Special Agent."—Warners. A rousing melodrama of the underworld smoothly acted and expertly fabricated is good for a change. This one is brought up to date by having Federal agents pursue the gangster king for violation of the income tax law. Therefore it takes on the realistic quality of a transcript of what we read in the newspapers every day. George Brent is one of the agents masquerading as a newspaper reporter whose breezy ways ingratiate him with Ricardo Cortez, the master mind. Bette Davis, as Mr. Cortez's confidential secretary, comes in contact with Mr. Brent so often in his visits to Mr. Cortez that between them they betray the bad man. Somehow it seems neither honorable nor right. Anyway, the picture moves swiftly and, if it gives the principals no new opportunities, it at least keeps them before the public in familiar moods.

"Freckles."—RKO. This is certainly the day of the child actors. The latest to come to the fore is Virginia Weidler. You remember her in "Ladie" as the quaint-looking, shrill-voiced little busybody who meddled in everybody's affairs and still managed to be likable? She furthered the match between John Beal and Gloria Stuart and got them married as the climax of her endeavors. In her new picture—and it is hers altogether—she is even more amazing. Never descending to cuteness, as if she knew her plain little face wouldn't become moods of coyness, she dominates the picture and her grown-up associates by the sheer power of her personality and her ability to express what apparently she believes and feels. This is another of Gene Stratton-Porter's simple, sincere stories with a charm and naturalness unapproached by any other of the homely tales. The timber country of Indiana forms a series of lovely backgrounds. Tom Brown is fine in the title rôle.
"She Married Her Boss."

"The Big Broadcast of 1936."—Paramount. It's the cast of this picture that will decide whether it is attractive to you or not. Nothing that I could say of the story, music or general effect would matter at all. So run your eye down the imposing roster of names on page 61 and scurry to the nearest theater—or stay at home and amuse yourself with Picture Play. I don't think you'll find anything as funny as Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland in the magazine, however. Nor will you discover any interviews with stars as openly comic as George Burns and Gracie Allen are in the film. Our humor is more hidden. Anyway, "The Big Broadcast" has been a hit wherever shown. If you like to go where crowds go, you are sure to have plenty of company.

"She Married Her Boss."—Columbia. Claudette Colbert's new picture for Columbia recaptures the mood of "It Happened One Night" and, to me at least, is more palatable and entertaining, probably because it concerns more interesting characters and has no such preposterous episode as a heroine jumping off a yacht to avoid an unwelcome marriage. The present comedy is gayly and pungently written and admirably played, an original and distinguished treatment of what might have been the trite story of a business girl's marriage to her employer. She discovers that she is needed more in his home than his office and when she has reorganized the household she begins on him, transforming a business automaton into a live man and husband. Miss Colbert is deftly humorous and always ingratiating, while Melvyn Douglas is cleverly lifelike as the husband without a smile. Jean Dixon and Katherine Alexander are stimulating as opposites, too. But it is the child, Edith Fellows, who all but runs away with the picture as Mr. Douglas's terrifying daughter. She is more than a prodigy; she is an artist of extraordinary depth, understanding and skill. Hers is a performance that is truly brilliant. She has a great future that isn't dependent on charm, cuteness or childish appeal.

"Broadway Melody of 1936."—MGM. This will always be remembered as the film that brought Eleanor Powell to the fore, in contrast to George White's "Scandals" which ignored her. For Miss Powell is our next great dancing star, if she isn't already that, and much will be heard of her from now on. She is the heroine of a glittering musical show which discreetly exploits her wholesome charm, her singing, acting, a delightful imitation of Katharine Hepburn's "Morning Glory," and marvelous tap dancing that places her on a par with Fred Astaire. Other newcomers are the Ebsens, Buddy and Vilma, a dancing team with a way all their own, and you have only to scan the cast on page 61 to see what a galaxy of talent is offered.

"Steamboat Round the Bend."—Fox. The late Will Rogers leaves us a picture of unusual charm, especially to those of us who have sentiment for the old days of the Mississippi River steamboats and all the colorful, strictly American life of the period. John Ford, director of the memorable "Informer," superintended this too, therefore it lacks neither atmosphere nor dramatic straightforwardness. It is, in fact, one of the most enjoyable of Mr. Rogers's pictures and he is at his mellow best in it. The story is simple, but it is enlivened by some rich character studies, notably Berton Churchill as a practical evangelist known as the New Moses, who wears flowing robes and a silk hat and smokes a cigar. The young people are Anne Shirley and John McGuire and a beautifully arranged steamboat race climaxes the troubles of the juveniles and Mr. Rogers's difficulties in guiding them into peaceful waters.
THUMBNaIL REVIEWS

"O'Shaughnessy's Boy."—United Artists. Merle Oberon sheds her bizarre make-up and becomes a charming English girl, soft-voiced, graceful and very feminine in this talking version of a great success in silent pictures. Always poignantly appealing, the story in its new guise gains depth and illumination from speech. It is beautifully written, every word reflecting unusual intelligence in its revelation of character and drama. Directed by Sidney Franklin, who was responsible for "Smilin' Through," you can imagine the delicacy he brought to this kindred subject. Fredric March gives one of his notable performances and Mr. Marshall, in a lesser rôle, is perfectly in keeping with the superiority of his associates.

"O'Shaughnessy's Boy."—MGM. Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper repeat their success in "The Champ" after which their new picture is skillfully patterned. If anything, they give better performances and the circus background is more colorful and exciting than that of the prize ring. So the new picture actually is superior to the earlier one and will appeal more strongly because it has the thrills of Mr. Beery's fight with a tiger and all the incidentals of circus life. The story is simple, as all good ones are on the screen, and has Mr. Beery and young Cooper as father and son estranged by the hatred of Sara Haden, the boy's aunt. She contributes a fascinating, morb... bid character study that gives the picture substance apart from the rather elemental emotions of the stars. Master Cooper, incidentally, is getting to be a big boy. He now has Spanky McFarland representing him in the early sequences.

"Thunder in the Night."—Fox. A murder mystery in Budapest, with a number of familiar and likable Anglo-Saxons bravely carrying on as Hungarians. What brings them together is an old story, but their expert acting and picturesque surroundings give the film attractiveness and a certain conviction. The story of blackmail, murder and detection has Edmund Lowe, Karen Morley, Paul Cavanagh, and CorneliusKeefe as principals, Miss Morley the wife who is blackmailed by her former husband, Mr. Keefe, and Mr. Lowe the sleuthing hero who uncovers his murderer. Mr. Cavanagh is the titled husband in the case. While you and I have seen this story many times, we must remember that the younger generation must become familiar with it, too.

"The Girl Friend."—Columbia. A very mild musical enables us to see what a delightful comedian Jack Haley is, and reminds us that even an original actor cannot rise above the material provided for him, especially on the screen. The picture also permits us to see Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor lamely carrying on, doing their best to enliven a picture that is beyond resuscitation. Let us draw the veil. As for the story, it has Mr. Haley as a rustic playwright whose manuscript tempts Mr. Pryor, an unemployed actor to visit the country with two companions in the hope of "trimming" amateur talent. They are nonplused by the innocence of Mr. Haley, his sister and grandmother, who surprise their visitors by mortgaging the farm and putting on Mr. Haley's show in a converted barn. It is, of course, a hit through you and I cannot understand why.

"Music Is Magic."—Fox. A pleasant run-of-the-mill satire on Hollywood returns Bebe Daniels to the screen as a temperamental film star with a grown daughter. And Miss Daniels, who knows all the funny inconsistencies of picture-making, plays her rôle with understanding and humor. The heroine is, however, Alice Faye who has Frank Mitchell and Jack Durant, the acrobatic comedians, as her chief aids, with that energetic fast-talker, Ray Walker, as the hero. All these worthies are mixed up in a story that pleases without straining the senses.
Hollywood High Lights

at the time of the Paul Bern suicide, handling the affairs of Jean in connection with that tragedy.

Mrs. Bello instituted the divorce against him on the grounds of mental cruelty, charging him with exhibiting a violent temper.

Somber Legend Revived.—The "fa
tol three" bobbed up again about the
time of the Will Rogers tragedy. For
within the week thereafter Morjorie
White and Edith Roberts, both former
screen favorites, passed away. Miss
White, very popular in the early musi
col films, died from injuries sustained
in an auto accident, while Miss Rob
er's succumbed just after her baby,
Robert, was born. Another old-time
star who died not long ago was Mon
roe Salisbury.

It is a legend that deaths come in
threes in Hollywood, and the passing
of Rogers and the two women within
such a brief span seemed to prove it
once again.

Gentlemen Zero Quantity.—It's be
come quite a question whether there
ore any gentlemen in Hollywood. Else
Maxwell, the social hostess who flour
ished in the movie town a year or two
go, started it all when she declared
she had not met any in the picture cita
del. "Maybe they're there, but I never
encountered them," she said. Where
upon Anita Loos, the scenarist, and
author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"
came to the rescue and singled out
George Arliss and Lional Barrymore
among the actors, Max Reinhardt,
Rupert Hughes, the author, and var
ious others outside pictures. She also
spoke highly of gas-station attendants
and policemen, but the real movie
 citations seemed to us rather close to
zero. And isn't that too terrible?

Virginia Becomes Plato.—Virginia
Bruce has set a new precedent. She
has been attending a class in philoso
phy conducted by Doctor Will Durant
at the University of California. She en
rolled for a course called "Great
Philosophers of the World."

Aside from philosophy, Virginia has
exhibited some interest of late in Ce
sor Romero.

Paulette Goddard will probably be seen by more persons in the shortest
length of time than any other newcomer past or present. For she is Char
lie Chaplin's heroine in his forthcoming opus, "Modern Times."
Hollywood High Lights

Enough To Upset Anybody.—A few prayers might be offered for good luck to come the way of Jack Gilbert. Just recently it looked as if he would have an excellent part in "Captain Blood." He was tested and everything—and then who do you suppose finally got the role? Basil Rathbone.

This made Jack so disgusted with life that he sold a beautiful house he had at Malibu for just $1,000. The furnishings in it alone were worth several times that figure.

Joy for Spencer Tracy.—Joy of a definite sort has come into the life of Spencer Tracy, and all on account of his eleven-year-old son, John, who has suffered from deafness since infancy. It seems an electrical device has lately been perfected which is enabling the boy to hear, and the father is overjoyed. It is making a great change in his life, in addition to other happy developments.

Spencer has two children—the boy, and a girl, Susan. His son is quite talented, having originated a couple of promising comic strips that may some day find a place in newspapers, as well as writing some short stories which, of course, are immature as yet, but quite surprising for such a youngster.

Stepin Gets a Headache.—Stepin Fetchit staged the funniest walk-out ever heard of. Rapturously jealous of Bill Robinson, because of the part Bill played in "The Littlest Rebel," Stepin one day bitterly complained of a headache. He asked to be let off from the day's work, which move was really just preliminary to seeking complete freedom from the Shirley Temple production.

When he disappeared for the day, one of his friends, colored persuasion, was asked when Stepin would get over his headache. "Aw, Ah guess it'll take him 'bout a week to be himself again," was his reply.

One other rumor that got going the rounds was that Stepin really wanted to attend the Baer-Louis fight, and that's why he sought to be relieved of the rôle.

Adoptions Still Proceed.—One must give credit to the actors for their interest in adopting children. George Burns and Gracie Allen are adding a boy to their girl, Sandra Jean, who is just a year old. And the Fredale Marches have officially made Gerald Frank Perkins their foster son, Anthony March. They adopted him about a year or so ago. Naturally, there is their adopted daughter Penelope, too.

By the way, the Marches are finishing a tour of England. Each trip they make is for the sake of good works, as is that of Shirley Temple.

Cesar Romero goes very swank for the winter in a dark-green plaid coat of wool. You'll see him soon in "Metropolitan."

No Interlopers Permitted.—My, what fussing there was over the previewing of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Warner studio in Hollywood! The principal reason, it appeared, was the mad that the big powers there had against a trade journal or two who reviewed films rather relentlessly. The studio closed its gates to their representatives when the Max Reinhardt production was shown. Also, they had police stationed all over the place, and only those reviewers who were actually invited could—after much travail of passing inspection—obtain a look at the Shakespearean opus. By the way, this "A Midsummer Night's Dream" might be described as just a screen replica of the Hollywood Bowl presentation. And, of course, it's exceedingly beautiful.

The Eleanor Powell Craze.—It isn't the flashy girls that the men fall for; it's the sweet and demure ones. And if you have any doubt about it, consider Eleanor Powell. All the gentlemen at MGM have been doing raves about her. She may even surpass that supreme siren, Merle Oberon, who literally bewitches her masculine admirers. Both, of course, are very young, and that adds seemingly stupendously to the lure. Miss Powell is a notably nice girl, though a bit less intriguing than Merle as a personality.

Canine Star Mania Latest.—The wave of madness which beset Hollywood over the question of whether or not parents could force their children into the movies, following the success of Shirley Temple, is as nothing compared with the prevailing craze on the subject of doggie talent. Everybody who has any kind of canine that does tricks is simply assaulting the gates of the studios on the strength of the victory won by Buck in "Call of the Wild."

Anyway, the case of the dogs and their owners is a little less tragic than that of the children, although it is also very pitiful.

For those who know their Hollywood, it's an old story just repeated. Every triumph scored in the movies seems to signify to many people that another can immediately be won exactly like it. And that's scarcely ever true.

NELSON EDDY

When you began that steep ascent,
I heard you singing as you went;
The path so rough, the way so long,
Yet always echoed back your song.

My thoughts climbed with you day by day,
Rejoiced at every triumph on the way,
Afraid that you'd falter or give up the goal,
Yet sure that you wouldn't; I felt in my soul.

Now that you stand at the summit of fame,
The crowds in the valley shout wildly your name.
And like a young god you stand on the height,
Honored, adored—a being so bright

That eyes are bedazzled that gaze on you there,
Far, far above us, so gifted, so fair.

Smile down on the masses who shout far below,
For I'm there among them—though you'll never know!

Rosemary.
Continued from page 55

Will Gary Bring Marlene Good Luck?

But Marlene did not hold the stride she set with Gary, and "Morocco" still represents her best work in this country.

Next consider Helen Hayes, experienced, capable, inspired, a finished artist. Surely Gary could bring nothing to her.

Yet her performance in "A Farewell to Arms," with Cooper, is rated by many as her "top."

And surely the same can be said of Anna Sten in "The Wedding Night.

Certainly no one watching the shooting of that picture could for an instant imagine that Gary was "inspiring" Sten or guiding her destiny in any way. But, nevertheless, in that picture she came closer to her American audience than she had ever been before.

"City Streets," with Gary Cooper, brought Sylvia Sidney into stardom, and with Gary in "Operator 13" even so seasoned a troupier as Marion Davies enjoyed a freedom and versatility that makes that picture one of her brightest memories.

But, according to those closest to Marlene, it is her recollection of Miriam Hopkins's outstanding work in "Design for Living," of Franchot Tone's blossoming out in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," and of Carol Lombard's performance in "Now and Forever"—all with Gary—that convinced Dietrich that Cooper was exactly what the doctor had prescribed.

Paramount's exotic star believes herself capable of better work and more appeal than her past pictures have permitted her to show, and she feels that, in one way or another, Gary is going to help her prove this.

That is why she specified Gary, with no second choice, to play opposite her in "Desire." She feels that association with him again will give her a new start, and will cut her free from unpleasant memories.

And, strange as it may seem, almost every star in Hollywood backs her in this belief. "If anybody can get Marlene off on the right foot, it's Gary," is the net of their opinions on this subject. They don't want to be quoted on it, but they all finally come around to the point that whoever plays with Cooper, whether man or woman, the result is the same—a top performance.

It isn't any recent development, they explain. And to prove it they point back to Colleen Moore's "Lilac Time," and to Clara Bow's "It," which, incidentally, elevated her to stardom. And they also name "Children of Divorce,"

Clara's other outstanding picture with Gary.

Ask them why Gary has this effect on others, demand a definite reason, and they cannot give a convincing answer. Yet the fact remains that you can go back over Cooper's pictures and see outstanding performances by other players, almost without an exception, just as they claim.

It took "The Devil and the Deep" to convince America of Charles Laughston's ability, and "Wings," in which Gary played but a small part, to mark both Buddy Rogers and Richard Arlen for stardom. The fact that neither lived up to what "Wings" led their studio to expect from them seems

merely to prove that they outdid themselves with Cooper.

No one knows just why Gary exerts this influence, not even Gary himself. When asked about it, he just rubbed his chin, grinned, and said: "It's probably because they look so good in contrast to me."

But, then, Gary never was famous for his conceit. In fact, he has always depreciated his ability in that mild, half-humorous way of his.

For years he insisted he couldn't act, and wondered why they persisted in making him try. Then, so the story goes, one director said to him: "Look, this time don't act—just be yourself," which Gary did, with amazing success.

Instantly his popularity doubled, and those who didn't like him on the screen grew to tolerate the tall, slow-going, good-natured individual, and then thoroughly to enjoy him.

And, as he continued to be his casual, unexcited self, he became, as Anna Sten says, "comfortable to work with." And, as such, he was good for men and women players alike, bringing out the best in each.

Actors are notoriously superstitious, and movie players are no different from the others. They don't say it is luck, and they don't attempt to explain it, but Gary is becoming the most sought-after costar in pictures. Stars are saying "Cooper—or else," and bit players and extras struggle to get a part in any film he is making.

Therefore, according to the other stars, Marlene's demand for Gary is perfectly logical and natural and decidedly good sense. She has had the handicap of poor pictures, unfortunate roles and unhappy characterizations to overcome, and Gary is the bay to help her live them down.

She needs badly to shake the atmosphere of those pictures out of her hair, so to speak, and to get a new and healthy start. She wants to get away from the melancholy of her other productions and to Americanize her work.

And easy-going, ultra-American Gary, with the cattle ranch background, is the lad to help her do it. Also, and don't think Marlene doesn't know it, she needs a good-luck charm to change her luck. At least, that is the way the other stars see it.

So Marlene has picked her champion, her hoodoo breaker, her one best bet. And now it's up to Gary.

Will he, through his easy-going manner, his acting, his good-luck charm, or by virtue of the fact that he was Marlene's costar in her first success, inspire Dietrich to the sort of performance which the public has long expected from her, and of which every one believes her capable? And will he bring out the elusive, fascinating ultra-feminine charm and beauty for which this German star is so famous among those who know the woman herself?

Marlene thinks he will, and Paramount is crossing its fingers.
Wide-eyed Wonder

with the arty whose first love is the stage. Born in Kankakee, Illinois, Fred hailed from a sensible, Mid-western family of average aspirations.

Reared by his mother, who separated from his father, now dead, when he was a child, he grew up in the ordinary way. At maturity he decided to sample higher education. Carroll College, Wisconsin, is particularly proud of its dramatic courses. Alfred Lunt is Exhibit A. Fred never dreamed of enrolling in any of those classes.

"I went to play football, I guess." Relaxing in the choir across from me, he propped his feet on the desk. And went on to explain that his saxophone enabled him to pay his tuition. He rooted at campus prams.

A year of it and he journeyed on. In the back of his head lurked the hope that some day he might have on orchestra all his own. A season's jingling in Chicago and he drifted West.

While in the Warners' Hollywood Theater band he ventured into the studios a few times, as an extra. "Twice assistant directors noticed me," he recalled, "and inquired if I could read lines. I'd had no training so nothing came of it." That, in a nutshell, was the movies as far as he was concerned.

But the gods must have grown bored with Hollywood's pretensions. For they ultimately guided him back.

Three more seasons of tooting and singing and he was one of the orchestra boys in the stage production of "Roberto." The possibility of landing a job on the radio dawned on him. He sought out on agent. That discerning soul countered his plea for a radio audition with, "Wouldn't you as soon take a talkie test?"

The startled Fred gasped "yes." Fortwith he was hauled up to Paramount's New York office, given the once-over, and a test was the order sent out. Fred song like mod and delightedly aimed West again.

That was a year ago. He's never been asked to croon a single tune—and for four months he wasn't asked to do anything.

"I was sure they were going to drop me," he admitted. That grin of his is so friendly you can't resist beaming in return. Finally, after being persistently ignored, he introduced himself to Phyllis Loughton, who trains Paramount's young stock players.

For weeks he'd debated whether to contact her. If he did he'd probably learn something about acting, a sub-
ject on which he was technically nil. On the other hand, it would be rank confession that he wasn't ready in case his existence was remembered.

He rehearsed a show with the Loughton students, but the performance was canceled because of the illness of a member of the cast. However, Fred was re-discovered. RKO was seeking a juvenile for Moy Robinson's "Grand Old Girl" and he was sent over. He filled the bill.

Then his own studio began searching for a lead for "The Gilded Lily." Phyllis Loughton plugged Fred as a natural for the rôle and eventually the executives took a chance.

It was Claudette Colbert's first since capturing the Academy award, so you can visualize Fred's frame of mind. He was scared stiff. He still keeps wondering if experienced stars don't resent his presence. Literally shook at the borrowed him to be Katherine Hepburn's hero in "Alice Adams," and he was destined to team with Carol Lombard, Sylvia Sidney, and Clou dette again, when we talked.

"I certainly don't presume that I'm acting," he asserted. "I just do what they tell me!" If he is hard to work with because he has to be taught the fundamentals as he goes along, nobody objects. His modesty and willingness captivate.

You would suppose that he is being tutored. He's waiting to be, but the studio has made no move. At that, why geld a gem? What improvement could be made in his personality? What flow is there in his dictation?

He is in love with a brunette beauty. Her name is Lilian Lomont and they met during the run of "Roberta," when she had a bit equal to his musical contribution. Now o model at o Boulevard shop, she may be on the screen herself. They are awaiting the verdict on a test she recently took.

When you suggest that two careers are likely to be disastrous to a happy marriage, Fred refuses to be daunted. The peculiarities of Hollywood haven't percolated yet. The inescapable intricacies and compromises are still afoot for him.

His opinions of the lovely ladies with whom he's been working are gloriously brief. They're all absolutely "nice," and that sums them up, doesn't it? Dissecting personalities is a to-be-acquired knack.

In his spare hours he prefers golf. He rents a rambling, unpretentious home, and not only his mother, but his grandmother and on aunt and uncle reside with him. Tooting the sax didn't lead him into hotcha-business, and neither has Hollywood.

Of course, he is aware that the whole future is headed in a new direction. But as to plans? All he is sure of is that he is going to be careful with whatever cash rains down upon him.

He would enjoy a trip to New York "to see the boys who were in the orchestra." That it would be a triumphal visit, with all the commotion attendant upon a new rove, doesn't seem to register with him. He'd think you were kidding.

Meanwhile, he hasn't even been to the Coconut Grove. I know, for his girl friend has been dying to go and she has confided to a friend of mine that she can't get Fred there. Which is a very odd quirk in a wide-eyed wonder, now isn't it?

Ernestine Schumann-Heink, in "Here's to Romance," proved to be just what the producers have been looking for. Two companies are now fighting over her contract. It is hoped to star the veteran opera star in Marie Dressler rôles.
noon parties, you wander here and there, coming upon groups of Spaniards singing by artificial waterfalls, following delectable smells until you reach their sources. In one pit a whole pig has been roasted. In another a quarter of beef. Smiling Mexicans will serve you with smoking slices of roast meat, swimming in a spicy barbecue sauce whose like you have not tasted anywhere else. Mmmmm!!! And you may listen to dreamy guitar music while you eat.

If you are fond of games, you should pray for an invitation to Jean Harlow's house to dine. Jean has her own refrigerating plant and buys all sorts of meats and fowls in large quantities to store. Jean, you see, understands the importance of "hanging" game, and any venison or grouse or wild duck which you eat at her home will have been ripened to the stage of absolute perfection. Jean also understands the importance of wild rice in conjunction with game birds, and the infinitely more delicate problem of what wines to serve with the various courses of such a dinner.

Then there are the people who go in for international flavors in their entertaining. The Frank Borzages, who employ a full staff of authentic Hawaiian servants, give knock-out parties at their beach home at which you dally with native Hawaiian dishes. The pièce de résistance is a whole pig which has been roasted, somehow or other, in hot sand for twelve hours.

They don't, I am happy to report, ask you to eat raw fish. But they do serve poi, and poi is one of those things which I feel is only for people who like it. They serve a lot of other things which I can neither name nor describe but which are really good. If it is one of their prankish evenings and they ask you to don native costume and sit on the floor and eat with your fingers while listening to sad Hawaiian melodies, you have a whale of a good time.

The Ralph Bellamys go in for international entertaining, too. (Maybe I am giving myself away, but I think I enjoy the Irish stew nights the most.) The Bellamys are always brushing up on their languages and they invite Italian friends to eat authentic Italian dinners, not spaghetti, but delicious roasts and stews and antipasto. They have French friends for real French cooking, steaming tureen of clear soups, bowls of salad in which the greens are tossed, not smeared, in a carefully blended olive oil and lemon juice dressing, roast lamb to which the garlic has merely bowed, fruit and the mildest of cream cheeses.

Alan Mowbray is another countryman of mine who enjoys the cooking of the Southern United States as much as I do. He gave a party one very rainy night last spring at which Clarence Muse, the colored actor, acted as master of ceremonies. There were many distinguished guests and when the entertainment was over and Clarence had a breathing space he whispered, "Hold everything! I just peeked into the kitchen to see whether Alan had the same cook and he has! Wait until you taste what she has concocted! Oh, boy!"

I waited, and Clarence was right. That dusky-hued lady had set forth a turkey-and-mushrooms pie with a crust which made my eyes water for the sheer beauty of it, celery stuffed with Roquefort cheese which practically stood on its hind legs and said, "Uncle!"

There were some objects which I took to be tomatoes but which turned out to be stuffed apples, shellacked with something shiny and delicious. There was Philadelphia cream cheese, mixed with chives and English mustard, to be spread upon crisp potato chips. There was baked ham and a real, British steak-and-kidney pie. There was fried chicken, to be eaten with your fingers. And piles and piles of assorted, hot Southern breads. I hope that Mowbray will have another party soon and that he will invite me.

These Hollywood people know how to eat.

They eat, of course, in restaurants sometimes, but not nearly as often as you think they do.

The Brown Derby has initiated what it calls "hangover breakfasts" on Sunday mornings. These are really functions. Those who have stayed out all night begin to arrive at eight in the morning, still in evening clothes. The ones who have gone to bed briefly and who begin to feel, eventually, the need for sustenance, turn up at about twelve-thirty.

For a dollar you may have your choice of any one drink and any sort of fruit, scrambled eggs, broiled kidneys, toast or hot rolls—practically anything you fancy. And the portable bar which calls at your table has a special shelf filled with aspirins, soda mint tablets, seltzers, "prairie oysters" and whatever other remedies your victim of a "rough crossing" may think he requires. The favorite pick-me-up is a gin fizz.

An excellent institution these breakfasts.

Stories of wisps of lettuce notwithstanding, believe me, Epicurus would have had a topping time in Hollywood!

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Stars Eat—and How!

Billy Barrud, William Benedict, and the one and only Frankie Darro—his fans please take note and don't upbraid us for neglecting him—rehearse their lines. The director, Edward Ludwig, takes his ease while the juveniles toil for "Three Kids and a Queen."
A private hospital is the setting for "The Murder of Doctor Harrigan." A secret formula, an unusual operation, a complete disappearance and a fatal stabbing make the picture duly exciting. Many are under suspicion before the guilty one is apprehended after a series of hair-raising adventures.

ARDO CORTEZ and Kay Linaker, a newcomer from the stage, have some thrilling experiences in their roles of inmate and nurse, right. The couple in a romantic mood, below, and again with Phillip Reed, Charles C. Wilson, and Mary Astor, below, right.
GEORGE RAFT and Joan Bennett, in "She Couldn't Take It," are romantically united when he attempts to tame the pampered daughter of the wealthy "Van Dykes." Mr. Raft is a notorious gang leader who sets about to make a gentleman of himself. Billie Burke and Walter Connolly are importantly cast as the rich parents.
"HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE" is the lively title of Carol Lombard's newest picture, with Fred MacMurray. In her job as a manicurist, she hopes to make a real catch. Mr. MacMurray fills the bill, of course, but there is a fiancée and a depleted bank account to consider. All difficulties are overcome, and the pair are left to face untold bliss.
CICELY COURTNIDGE
above, popular English star, makes her American screen debut in "The Perfect Gentleman," with Frank Morgan, the opera singer, and Richard Young, in a scene from "Heather Angel."
“Love Song” introduces Lily Pons, world’s greatest coloratura soprano, to the screen. In the picture she appears as a young French girl who becomes a famous prima donna, but would rather be free to enjoy life and the love of her husband.

MISS PONS, above, is driven to ceaseless practice by her uncle, Paul Porcasi. Left, with Henry Fonda, a struggling composer, who marries her before they both meet ultimate fame.

ERIC BLORE, with Lily Pons, right, supplies the greater part of the comedy in the role of an English vaudevillian. The film includes the entire second act of the opera, “Lakme,” but there are popular numbers, too.
Watching her baby grow to manhood, while the son remains ignorant of her identity, is the tender mother-love motive back of "The Melody Lingers On." But Josephine Hutchinson is rewarded when she discovers that her boy is following in his dead father's footsteps with an operatic career.
JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON with George Houston, left, whose great love is thwarted when he is killed in action. Miss Hutchinson with Laura Hope Crews, upper left, when she becomes a nun just to be near her child, and with Walter Kingsford in the smaller picture.

DAVID SCOTT, above, enthusiastically discussing his career with the woman unknown to him as his mother. Left, Miss Hutchinson again with George Houston, and Genarro Curci, and, below, in a scene with Helen Westley.
LOVE GOES ON THE AIR

"I Live For Love" is another story of a prima donna. Her resentment toward the leading man her producer has chosen eventually is overcome after she meets him again when he has reached the top rung of the ladder of fame as master of ceremonies and the great voice of one of the popular radio programs.

EVERETT MARSHALL, upper right, whose fine singing voice thrilled not only his vast friends of the ether waves, but also the great "Donna Alvarez," Dolores del Rio, right. Above, Berton Churchill, with Miss del Rio and Don Alvarado, as "Rico," who almost marries the South American beauty.
"Doctor Socrates" is the nickname given to a once famous surgeon whose career has been wrecked by the death of his fiancée and who attempts to forget by establishing an office in a small town. Paul Muni plays the title role.

PAUL MUNI, as "Doctor Lee Caldwell," upper left, holds the gangsters by a ruse awaiting the arrival of G-Men. Lower left, Muni, with Ann Dvorak, whom he attempts to rescue from her kidnappers. Below, forced to treat the wounded Barton MacLane, notorious public enemy.
HAROLD LLOYD has chosen the Broadway stage hit, "The Milky Way," for his next picture. It is a series of accidents which cause the shy milkman to enter the prize ring and emerge a champion. Above, with Dorothy Wilson and Helen Mack. Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale, right, are important supporting players.
Walter C. Kelly's stage portrayal, "The Virginia Judge," comes to life on the screen.

SOUTHERN SKIES

JOHNNY DOWNS, as "Bob Stuart," stepson of the kind old judge, and Marsha Hunt, delightful and promising newcomer, are romantic young stars in the film. But it is Walter C. Kelly, as philosophical old "Judge Davis," who creates a new and loving screen character.
Gone are the beautifulresses and frills of "Little Women" and "Alias Adams" for Katharine Hepburn's masquerade as a boy in "Sylvia Scarlett." It is when her shiftless father gets into trouble in France and they must escape into England that she assumes the disguise for only for the early sequences.

KATHARINE HEPBURN, with her father, Edmund Gwenn who is responsible for "Sylvia's" wandering gypsy life, Below, with Cary Grant, clever confidence man who later forms a theatrical company with which "Sylvia," restored to her feminine status, becomes a singer. Outer left, another study in male attire
Annie Oakley was tender, gentle and lovely, but she was deadly with a rifle. Toby Walker, famous marksman, was the other member of this incredible pair so strangely linked in love and conflict. Buffalo Bill, and other colorful characters who figured in the conquest of the West, provide background for the story.

BARBARA STANWYCK, right, as "Annie Oakley," Preston Foster, lower right, as "Toby Walker." Below, Moroni Olsen, as "Buffalo Bill," is persuaded by "Jeff Hogarth," played by Melvyn Douglas, talent scout, to enter "Annie" in his Wild West Show. Pert Kelton and Jack Mulhall, bottom, in flirting mood.
**THE LONG ROAD TO SUCCESS**

In "Metropolitan," Lawrence Tibbett is struggling for an operatic career, and encounters setbacks and heartaches before he reaches the goal that is eventually his.

MR. TIBBETT and Virginia Bruce, with Luis Alberni, top, discuss their "Pagliacci" number. Above, they are seen with Cesar Romero, and outer right, the opera star trying to fight off the advances of the temperamental "Ghita Galin," played by Alice Brady. Mr. Tibbett in the small inserts.
Bergner, the Riddle Woman

My surprise at what I heard was great, as my impression of her during that afternoon was of an unattractive, unhealthy, artificial girl.

Doctor Mayer read my thoughts and said knowingly, "Bergner is like a spider who comes to life only on the stage."

Two years later I met Bergner for the second time. It was the occasion of a tea-musical at the home of Thomas Mann, the world-known writer. Bergner this time was dressed in what I can best describe as "Chinesey" clothes. Something buttoned all the way up to the neck. Her hair was piled high in Chinese style, her brows penciled in slanting fashion. It was an improvement over the first time. I took the opportunity to look at her closely, especially noticing her small, sharp, painted teeth, like those of a mouse. In her picture, "Escape Me Never," I noted with surprise that her teeth, while still small, are square and even. I am wondering how the change has taken place.

On this particular occasion, a famous portrait painter was sitting at her feet, as were all of the other men at the party. She was completely surrounded by male guests, while the women languished outside the circle, nibbling cakes, drinking tea or punch and pretending to listen to a quartet that fiddled persistently somewhere. In reality they were jealously watching Bergner and her entourage from the corners of their eyes and trying to catch the animated conversation that was taking place.

After this second meeting during the revolution, I saw Bergner many times at the orthodox Jewish restaurant in Munich. At that awful period most of the people in that part of the world were eating cats and dogs and even worse, and this restaurant was the only place where good food could be had, and it was very expensive. It was under the management of a rabbi. Even here Bergner proved that she was different by adhering to none of the orthodox food rules and regulations. A pesty-faced blond young man was always with her, and it was very apparent that he was completely under her spell. He would stare at her with hungry eyes. Once I saw her slap his face, but he stayed at her side, the mark of her hand on his pale face being very noticeable. But he didn't seem to mind.

Although the question of Bergner's origin and nationality is doubtful, there is every indication that she is Polish and not Austrian as her press notices would have us believe. Bergner's accent is completely Berlin German, a trait typical of the Poles, but foreign to Austrians. As far as any one knows, there is no record of Bergner's birth in Austria, and after leaving Poland she spent most of her time in Berlin and Munich. In Europe she was known as a German actress.

The last that I saw or heard of Bergner was some time during the year 1921, as I remember. Max Reinhardt was already interested in her at that time, and he engaged her for his theater in Berlin. For some reason unknown to me, she was rarely heard of during the next five years. Possibly due to poor vehicles, she did not make the expected hit. I have often wondered what took place during that five-year lull in her professional life, as it seems strange that a stage personality as creative and vital as Bergner's could ever be put in the shadow. I hope to learn the cause some day for I am sure that it will be dramatically interesting.

Later, however, during the socialistic régime in Germany, she became famous in Jewish circles in Berlin, and as they ruled the stage and the arts as well as the press, she came into her own for a few years. But it all ended with the rise of Hitler, when she was banished for various reasons. Whatever those reasons may be, Germany has lost and the world has gained a great actress and an ageless genius.

Ted Healy is a face every fan likes to see. No matter in what picture its owner is visible, it receives a chuckle of welcoming laughter, than which no comic could ask more.

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In La Jolla she met the keeper of the public aquarium, Mr. Kline, a gentle, academic man who had devoted his life to the study of sea life. He and Myrna struck up a strange friendship through mutual interests. She knew nothing about that which he knew a lot, but she was eager to learn. Mr. Kline told her all about the fish, their various names, and how they lived. And from all the varieties of marine life she chose as affinity the octopus.

Mr. Kline was slightly perturbed by his young friend's liking for the ugly thing, and mentioned it to Mrs. Williams. She was puzzled, and, after the manner of mothers, tried to tell her daughter that the devil-fish was not a thing to love. But Myrna persisted in her perverse attachment, and continued to watch the fish through the glass of its water-filled case. She became an authority on the octopus, to what purpose the gods alone knew!

Mr. Williams visited his family at Christmas. Told of his coming, Myrna went out and picked all the flowers she could find with which to decorate the house. It was a happy family reunion, and Mr. Williams was delighted to see each member of it so healthy and happy.

He returned to Helena, and the others stayed an untill late spring. Then they, too, returned. Myrna had been out of school for a year, but with the opening of the next term, she went back, to find the same old bunch there. The same old bunch—and one more. In fact, there were many new ones, but they became of no interest after she once saw Johnny Brown. She fell in love with him; in love as whole-heartedly, as completely, as over a woman fell in love with a man.

All day she would sit at her desk and watch him. There was happiness and pleasure just in being in the same room with him. After school she would get outside first and wait for him. Surely to-day he would ask her if he might take her home! But Johnny never did. For the simple reason that he loved another; and that other was Ruth Ray, the girl who could wear pink.

So her lock became associated with her defeat.

Johnny rode a bicycle to and from school, and after school he would wait for Ruth. She would get upon the handlebars and ride home with him. Myrna stood this as long as she was able, then, one day, as the bicycle started off, she ran alongside it—all the way to Ruth's house. While

Johnny told Ruth good-by, Myrna waited, expecting him to offer her the next ride. But you all know the story of unrequited love. Johnny was indifferent to her existence, and rode off without her.

It should have dampened her ardor, but it did not. She continued to run along behind the bicycle like an unattached trailer, telling herself, no doubt, as the days turned colder, that it increased her circulation and kept her warm.

That winter, a touring theatrical company came to Helena. Myrna's parents took her to see several of the plays, and she became an exponent of dramatic art.

Gathering all the kids in the neighborhood together, she tested them for historic ability, and formed her own company. Two were conspicuous by their absence, Ruth Ray and Johnny Brown. Myrna felt, with sure instinct, that Johnny belonged on the other side of the footlights. Maybe, if he saw her on the stage, glorified and glamorous, he would forget Ruth.

They gave several shows, thrown-together affairs, just by way of experiment. The theater was the basement of the Williams home, and the admission was two pins, three for adults. Costumes were made from anything parents would donate to the cause. Attics were ransacked and gave up many interesting oddments, including two math-eaten beaver top-hats and a spinet. A spinet being an ancestor of the modern piano, it was used to furnish between-acts music, to which Myrna dosed. Nobody could play the spinet, but several tried. Sounds were got from it, but melodies were occidentl. One can easily imagine what Myrna's dancing must have been like.

She was producer, director, stage manager, and star. But even with all her glamour and importance, Johnny did not turn from Ruth to her. So she staked all on the most ambitious venture of all, a dramatized fairy tale, called "The Sleeping Beauty." She was 'Beauty.'

She made her own costume, and it was something to gaze at. Modeled from an old piece of drapery, it was simply elegant, and elegantly simple, resembling a Mother Hubbard. It was avel green in color, the motiling being the result of fading and staining over a period of many years.

"Beauty" was asleep on her downy cauch when the curtain parted, the bed being a rickety old cot found in somebody's attic. An old lace bedspread covered its sagging frame from the audience's sight. Johnny Brown was in the audience, with Ruth. But that didn't matter. This was to be the night of Myrna's triumph.

And well it might have been, if just about one minute after "Beauty" was disclosed in all her finery on her couch the couch had not given way. Miss Myrna "Beauty" Williams fell to the floor in a tangle of canvas and wooden supports. The last thing she saw before the canvas fell over her head was Johnny Brown standing up from his seat—laughing at her!

Romance was at an end. She resolved to enter a convent. This brought on a period of religious fervor. She became a deep student of the Bible, prepping for her vocation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Instead of odds and ends and a lot of new clothes, Robert Montgomery brought from Europe a nice, new racing car capable of 110 miles an hour. It's British, so his English fans should be pleased.
On and Off the Set

Jack Benny and Una Merkel match their humor with laughable results in "Chiseling Chislers." Actually, Una plays a dramatic rôle, her first since she made her screen début in "Abraham Lincoln."

BRIAN AHERNE'S best girl these days and evenings is little Maria Selber, better known as the daughter of Marlene Dietrich. Three or four times a week they dine together and then go on to a concert or a picture show, just as though Maria were twice her age, which is ten years.

"She's grand to take out," Mr. Aherne told a friend. "She never embarrasses a fellow like some girls do, and she's darned good company."

IF you happen to sit near Marlene Dietrich's table when dining out at any of the smart places, you may have the doubtful honor of seeing one of her golden hairs wafted into your soup. Although Marlene's hair is always perfectly groomed, she takes out a little jeweled comb and gives it a thorough going over between each course. It must be an old German custom.

WHEN Lillian Gish visited Mary Pickford recently in Hollywood she was amazed at the huge crowds of autograph seekers wherever she appeared. Being of a practical turn of mind, she suggested that the stars charge ten cents for each autograph and turn the money over to the Actors' Fund. She explained that the actors did that in New York. "But there aren't so many tons there, and they are mostly grown people, so we charge a quarter."

IF any one thinks the stars are not really baby-conscious, he should visit the Lakeside Golf Club any sunny afternoon. He will find the club house and lawn cluttered up with the offspring of Bing Crosby, Richard Arlen, Andy Clyde, Guy Kibbee, Andy Devine and others. Sometimes Virginia Bruce Gilbert's baby and the nurse come visiting some of the other nurses and babies.

There were so many babies and dogs there one day recently that Bing Crosby was led to remark that the name of the club should be changed to the Lakeside Golf, Baby, and Kennel Club.

WE have just heard that when Basil Rathbone read the "David Copperfield" script and learned that he must beat Freddie Bartholomew, he asked to have the scene changed. "I can't do it," he told the director. But the director was powerless to make any changes in the script. Then he went to Irving Thalberg and protested and declared he would rather not play the part. He was bound by a contract, and Mr. Thalberg refused to release him, so Mr. Rathbone played the part, gave Freddie a good beating, and said he never felt so mean in his life. Audiences may hate him, but Freddie adores him, so we suspect he didn't hit too hard.

This story sounds so fantastic that your better judgment will tell you it couldn't possibly be true. Yet on eye-witness swears that it actually happened.

According to the story, Mae West was surrounded by a group of friends in the house, but there's $40,000. Now go ahead and be happy."

It wouldn't be fair to tell the boy's name, for he works for a firm that handles Mae's business affairs, and she isn't the least bit interested in him, romantically speaking.

NO more are Hollywood's secluded drives cluttered up with romantic couples searching for a quiet place in which to spoon. A business man with imagination has opened an outdoor drive-in moving-picture theater, which is exactly what its name implies. You drive in, guided by ushers with flashlights, park your car, turn off your motor and lights and sit as long as you like. A wire, attached to your radiator, conducts the sound into your car, and as each row of cars is a little higher than the row in front and the screen the largest in the world, the vision is perfect. The only requirements are thirty cents and a clean windshield.

The occupants of the car sit comfortably, view the latest picture, and hold hands at the same time without the embarrassment of being asked to move on by a heartless cop or commanded to "stick 'em up" by a holdup man. It is very dark, and no one can detect whether you are with your own or your best friend's girl.

Here your favorite star is safe from autograph hounds, photographers and gossip columnists, and be assured they all take advantage of this pleasant condition.

CLARK GABLE, a puzzled frown on his brow, addressed the studio bootblack. "Did you see that fellow I just shook hands with? He knows me, but I can't remember him."

"The one you said you was glad to see again, Mistah Gable?" questioned the dusky one, grinning. "Well, tain' no wonder you didn't jest reco'nize him. He's a studio visitor, and I heard him bettin' his party he could go right up to the first star he saw and make him believe he knew him!"

Probably it's been months since Clark has enjoyed such a hearty laugh.

CAROL LOMBARD, clad in powder-blue slacks and matching silk blouse, borrowed a frisky horse from Buster Crabbe's Western film troupe, and went clattering recklessly around the studio lot. Buster was alarmed, but a trick rider of the company reassured him.

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At the end of the rehearsal, he went over to Olivia and, addressing her as "Miss Stuart," complimented her on her acting. Blushing furiously, Olivia interrupted with, "I'm not Miss Stuart. I'm just the understudy."

Naturally Niblo was surprised, but as a veteran with many years' experience as both actor and director, he was thrilled at having been so unexpectedly treated to a display of brilliant talent in an unknown girl.

One week before opening night it was learned that Miss Stuart would not be able to finish her picture in time to take part. The consternation this news caused among the producers easily can be imagined. They were all agreed that Olivia could perform the rôle satisfactorily, but for the Bowl produ-

Cecilia Parker and Eric Linden are paired as youthful lovers in "Ah, Wilderness," soon to reach the screen. The best part of it is that both can act equally well.

duction there was a feeling it was imperative to have an actress with a "big name" in the rôle of "Hermia." Niblo insisted that no "big name" actress, called in at the last moment, could play the part as well as Olivia had demonstrated she could. Without knowing just what went on behind the scenes, Olivia believes Niblo was chiefly responsible for her being permitted to remain in the cast when the production was finally staged.

The rest is history: how this abso-
lutely unknown slip of a girl shared the chief honors of the production. After the eight performances in Hollywood, there were eight more in San Francisco, three at Berkeley, three weeks in Chicago and a week in Milwaukee. Everywhere she went her acting was greeted with enthusiasm.

Meanwhile Reinhart had been engaged by Warners to make a film of the Shakespeare classic with an all-star cast, and the great Austrian director recommended that Olivia be engaged to play the same rôle in the film.

A five-year contract followed and to-day, after playing three widely different rôles, Olivia can scarcely believe she is actually an actress with stardom in the not-too-distant future.

"I hardly dare think of it yet for fear something will burst my bubble and it will all turn out to be a dream," she admitted modestly, and told that one of her greatest thrills was when she was recognized on the streets of San Francisco recently by fans who requested her autograph.

She admits a slight pang at the thought of giving up college, but reminds herself that pictures are an education too.

It is almost impossible, when talking to this girl, to keep in mind that she is so young. She has the arresting freshness of youth, but her lovely cultivated voice bespeaks years of training and she has an intelligent and mature viewpoint that belies her nineteen years.

"That is probably due to the fact that I have few young friends," she explained. "My intimates, outside of a few girls' chums, have always been older people. My family call me an old maid," she added. But I must protest; the only thing she is the least bit prim about is the spelling of her last name, which she insists must have two 'I's."

"The name is too long anyway," she argued, "so one letter more or less is not going to make any difference. It is a Norman name and has always been spelled that way. The English branch of the family spells it that way and I'm afraid I shall be very firm about it."

So I must warn any one who tries to knock the "I" out of little de Havilland that they will run into a very good imitation of a stone wall in Warners' latest discovery. But such a charming imitation!

As one critic wrote, after seeing her in "The Irish In Us": "At last Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien have been given an ingenue lead for whose affections it seems reasonable they should fight!"
"Thank Goodness—
I'M not—
Boy Crazy."

But secretly she cried over her pimply skin

POOR CHILD—THOSE PIMPLES
HAVE HURT HER LOOKS, AND
MADE HER MISS SO MANY
GOOD TIMES!

WHY DONT YOU HAVE HER
TAKE FLEISCHMANN'S
YEAST? IT CURED MY
AUNTS PIMPLES!

MARY, WHY DONT YOU ASK
A BOY AND COME TONIGHT
— Too?

WHO? ME? WHY,
YOU KNOW I HATE
BOYS—WHY, I
WOULDN'T BE
SEEN WITH
ONE!!

BUT ACTUALLY, OF COURSE, SHE
WANTS TO BE PRETTY AND POPULAR.

NASTY, HORRID HICKIES! IF
I COULD ONLY GET RID OF
THEM!

Don't let adolescent pim-
ples cramp YOUR style

From 13 to 25 years of age, im-
portant glands develop. This
causes disturbances throughout
the body. The skin becomes over-
sensitive. Harmful waste prod-
ucts get into your blood. These
poisons irritate the sensitive skin
and make pimpls break through.

Physicians prescribe Fleisch-
mann's Yeast for adolescent pim-
ples. This fresh yeast clears skin
irritants out of the blood. Pim-
ples vanish! Eat it 3 times a day,
before meals, until skin clears.

clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood
secret that is worth more than all the lotions and cosmetics in a drug-store window. She looks clean. In fact, she looks cleaner than any human being you have ever seen except a baby just out of the bath. No dripping moscoco, no wobbling lip rouge, just the most radiant, clear, healthy skin.

Triple-threat Girl.—Universal has imported Marta Eggerth, Hungarian by birth, but adopted as a favorite by most of the companies of Europe, who is an opera singer by choice, a ballerina on occasion, and an actress by instinct. She is already well known in this country for her work in the British pictures, "Unfinished Symphony," and "My Heart Is Calling," but her first reception in person was at a welcome party at the Hotel Pierre. "Naive" and "wholesome" were the words most bandied about in comments about her at the party.

Inevitably barbers and dressmakers will be put to work on her before her American début, because she is not svete and sleek in the American manner. All very well if they can do it, without also putting a glossy, hard finish on her manner which now is warm and hearty.

Press Agents' Plans.—Rumors have it that Marta Eggerth and Jon Kiepura, that other great singing favorite of European pictures, are married. That seems a great pity to the boys and girls whose business it is to get their names in the papers. So, there is a plan ofoat to have them meet in Hollywood just as friends, develop a romantic interest in each other with accompanying news cameramen registering every smoldering gaze, and then marry them off to accompanying fanfare.

Another recent press-agent brainstorm was to bring Francis Lederer to New York in time for a preview of "The Gay Deception," have him enrolled as a bell boy at the Waldorf, and then surprise! surprise! have him answer the summons of some one who would be sure to recognize him. He did go through with it to the extent of being elected an honorary bell hop, but it attracted no more attention than if he had been made a Kentucky Colonel.

Welcome to Mr. Kiepura.—A few days after the party for Marta Eggerth and her departure for Hollywood, Jon Kiepura, fondly known as the enfant terrible of European opera companies, landed in New York and invitations were sent out by Paramount to a party for him. But when guests arrived a deputy explained that Mr. Kiepura was ill and the party had been called off.

Downstairs, a few of the would-be-have-been guests gathered in the cocktail room, and the place was fairly dizzy with rumors and conjectures. One was that he had rushed over to the Paramount office, having thought up some new clues to put in his contract, which already gives him practically everything but Cecil DeMille's megaphone. Another was that he wanted to see Gladys Swarthout's first picture to make sure that she wasn't buy off her radio contract, as if pennies ever counted in radio or picture studios. Looking at Miss Page in person, it takes only one glance to see that she has magnetism. She has that luxurious manner that convinces you her diamond bracelets are real.

They Say in New York—

The High Cost of Jewelry.—Carol Lombard, Joan Crawford, and Jean Harlow, who have recently acquired some fantastically large jewels, please take notice of what happens to girls in the big city.

A few days ago June Knight received a phone call from a man who said he was a representative of MGM. He told her he was sending some friends around to see her, and that he wanted her to sign a testimonial for hairnets that the men were bringing. Gaily attired in her best lounging pajamas, Miss Knight awaited them in her hotel suite. Out of their brief cases they took pistols, and announced a stickup. Miss Knight was tied up in a most uncomfortable position with the cord from her robe and a curling-iron wire. (Didn't know she was that old-fashioned?) Only her plea that she had not fully recovered from a recent operation saved her from being tossed into the bathtub. The man had turned the water on full blast, of course, to drown out any screams. It was some time before Miss Knight wriggled free and notified the police. But the crooks had escaped.

Merle Launches a Fashion.—Merle Oberon caused no sensation by her acting in "The Dark Angel," but the launch of a fashion that has all the barbers in town studying the film. Women from five to fifty want a "Dark Angel" hair cut.

The hair is brushed straight up from the forehead, fluffs out at the sides in soft ringlets, and is held back by a narrow ribbon tied at the top of the head. It does not fit the dashing new hats at all, which require that curls and softness be abandoned. The hairdress is completely absurd with the new Grecian or Renaissance evening dresses. Nevertheless, it is being widely adopted.

A Cry for Volunteers.—Won't some fans join my plaintive cry in favor of letting Merle be exotic again? So much is lost when she becomes just a nice, wholesome girl. When she arrived at Grand Central Station, on route to England for a vacation, she looked quite undistinguished. A dark suit, small hat, silver fox necklace.
drooping off her shoulders, and a bewilderer expression. And she was so dazzlingly lovely when she arrived in this country wearing more exotic clothes.

Sightseers' First Stop.—For some years the first question asked by visiting Hollywood stars has been, "Where is Jimmy Savo playing this week?" The pathetic but blithe little gnome, recognized as a great pantomimist and comedian everywhere, was the particular joy of players who could really appreciate his skill.

Now he is headed for Hollywood and a seven-year contract with Hal Roach, and they'll have to look on him as an enemy competitor. Like W. C. Fields, Savo set out to be a juggler. One day in an icy-cold theater, his hands grew so frigid that he dropped everything. His look of utter dismay sent the audience into howls of laughter. Ever after, that was his act.

Recently, when he was playing in a theater guild revue, his days and nights were made hideous by the army of photographers who pursued him. Finally, no matter who was announced, he sent out word he was too busy to see them. Too late he learned that Max Reinhardt had been coming day after day to try to meet him, pay his respects, and offer him a part in a show.

Raising a Voice.—Mary Baland isn't the giddy, stay-up-late night clubber she was on her last visit. She is a recluse on the seventeenth floor of the Savoy-Plaza. But you can hear her way down to here. When she started rehearsals for "Jubilee" she found that whispering into the microphone had become a habit. So now Mary blithely opens wide the windows, takes a deep breath, and lets out vocal exercises that make all near-by residents rush over to the Zoo across the street in Central Park to see what the strange new animal is.

Sorry He Came.—Melville Cooper went to Hollywood a short time ago an embittered man, eager to make a fresh start. For one and a half years he had played in "Laburnum Grove," and in the course of each performance he had to eat six bananas hungrily. Delightedly he read the script of the first picture offered; there wasn't an eating scene in it. But in an unguarded moment he agreed to come back to New York to play the lead in "Jubilee" opposite Mary Baland. And

now he finds he has to eat a huge breakfast at each performance!

Broadway, the Pacifier.—For months people have gone around angrily muttering that something ought to be done about Paramount's neglect. Two remarkably skilled young actresses under contract to them, Marga and Julie Haydon, have done nothing but sit around and wait for work. Now Broadway has come to the rescue, and both girls are about to appear in plays. Julie Haydon will do "Bright Star," and Marga will be in Maxwell Anderson's "Winterset." Although Helen Hayes, Lilian Gish, and Margaret Sullavan have each in turn been asked to play in "The Old Maid," nothing has been said about Paramount's own Julie Haydon playing it. And an ever-growing horde of enthusiasts think she would be ideal.

"I'd give anything to be able to play the piano!"

You can, if you'll start now! Think of the pleasure and satisfaction of playing, yourself, the songs, the dances, the classics you love so well! . . . Learn on a Steinway. This glorious instrument, exquisite in tone, has been the favored piano of music's great for generations!

You can purchase a Steinway for only 10% down . . . and play as you pay! Go to the nearest dealer. Choose the model you prefer, and arrange, then and there, accommodating terms. This will be one of the happiest choices you have ever made! Steinway & Sons, Steinway Hall, 109 West 57th Street, New York City.

Josef Hofmann, speaking of the new Steinway with Accelerated Action, says: "The impossible has been achieved—the Steinway has been improved upon!" . . Ask your dealer about this amazing invention.

STEINWAY
THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

CHRISTMAS 1935
Protect Your Home from Tuberculosis
Buy Christmas Seals
"Joe Pen-ner!"

Continued from page 48

During his early school days in Detroit, he first felt the brunt of childish pugnacity. Because, a lad of ten, he was still in kindergarten struggling to learn the English language—while other boys his age were in more advanced grades—the entire school picked on him. Boylike, he others taunted him at the seeming dumbness and challenged him to fight. When he refused, not understanding what it was all about, he was called "quitter" and "yellow." But Joe was neither. He just didn't understand why he should fight when there was nothing to fight about. To-day, Joe surveys life with that same attitude. He cannot be rude to people whom he likes, and he enjoys the company of everyone.

Later, during his burlesque days—"burlesque wasn't so rough then as it is now," he says—he learned what it meant to be too funny, when he held the low position of "second comic." All the laughs should go to the first comic, according to precedent, but Joe's very appearance so panicked audiences that frequently he lost his job through having unconsciously stolen the thunder of the other. Then he would have to hunt anew for another part.

But even when he became first comic, at the age of twenty-one—the youngest in the business—he knew the bitterness of unjust criticism. A Broadway production signed him for its leading comedian, and promised him new lines and fresh gags. As the hour approached for the opening show, nothing of this description had been delivered to him. When time came for him to go on the stage, he fell back upon his old burlesque routine.

Some of the papers lauded him for his comedy and his success in evoking laugh after laugh, but a few reviewers criticized him severely for the use of all his old gags. Through no fault of his own, he was lashed because he had made an honest attempt to save the show. Fortunately, the public lapped up his "funning" like a cat disposes of a saucer of milk.

Through medicine shows, carnivals, burlesque, vaudeville, Joe struggled ever with one goal in mind—to get ahead. Ordinarily, such an atmosphere would tend to harden one, cause one to lose his ideals and supplant reserve and seriousness with an air of tough sophistication. Something in Joe's nature triumphed over environment, however, and he remained a dreamer through all these years, shy, even, in the presence of strangers.

Although the Joe Penner of radio and film fame is scarcely the Joe Penner of private life, there are unmistakable evidences of the real Joe cropping through his characterization. As he is the soul lost in the wilderness, professionally, so unprofessionally does he appear ever to be searching for an elusive something, some quality of whose identity he is not quite certain.

An example of his reserve may be found in the matter of his leasing as large a house as he could find when he reached Hollywood. But not for show or ostentation did he take this place. If he thought that people even for a moment imagined this, he would move to-morrow into an apartment.

He selected this mansion because its backyard was the most spacious available in Beverly, its swimming pool the largest. Not for the house did he decide to move into this luxurious residence, but for the freedom the lawn and pool gave him, freedom with the utmost privacy.

Joe always has liked exercise, but of late years he could not appear in a park, on the golf course, in a swimming pool, without drawing a crowd of youngsters and grown-ups who insisted he perform for them. Essentially an overmodest young man, this adulation disturbed him, made him self-conscious, and he couldn't enjoy himself as he wished. So when he arrived in Hollywood, he took matters...
into his own hands, and now can romp and play to his heart's content, far from the eyes of gaping spectators.

Without doubt the most unassuming person on the stage or screen, Joe, in front of an audience, throws aside his cloak of modesty. Sensing, as few entertainers do, what the public wants, he caters to the whims and fancies of all ages. Few would know, either to watch or listen to him, that basically he is as sensitive as the timid little figure Chaplin impersonates on the screen.

One of the greatest drawing cards ever known to the footlights and over the air, Joe exerts a particular appeal to the juvenile mind. Whenever his funny little voice flashes through the ozone, you may be sure that nearly every boy in the land is waiting to tune in. And when he makes a personal appearance, boys and girls by the thousands flock to the theater, to sit through two and three and even four shows.

An instance of his popularity may be gathered from a recent experience in Washington, D. C. In one week, he estimates that he signed more than nine thousand autographs!

After each appearance on the stage—and sometimes he made as many as eight in one day—he announced that because of the number of requests that had come in for his autograph, any boy or girl who wished his signature should go around to the stage door. Immediately, the theater poured forth its tide of enthusiastic humanity and descended upon the stage door. Nine policemen had to be called to preserve order. But Joe stood there, shock hands with every admirer, and passed out cards on which he had already signed his name.

Even in Hollywood, Joe Penner is somewhat of a rarity. When several companies offered him considerably more money if he would go over to their camp, he turned them down flat, preferring to remain with the organization that gave him his first chance on the screen and lived up to every promise made—Paramount.

Frank, open and above-board, old-mist fashion, this comedian is a peculiar intermingling of all those qualities most admired in a man. Having lived much within himself during his upward struggle toward recognition and fame, he still retains some semblance of his little-boy wonder at the world. In him, too, are personified those virtues which lift a man above his fellows. The Americanization of Joe Penner—"Pinter, Joseph, Hungarian. En Route Detroit"—offers a splendid tale of courage and toil. His is one of the most human and poignant success stories.

**Growing Pains**

*Continued from page 49*

Most players put on a brave front at the first rearing of rumor's ugly head, and try to overcome it. Few ever succeed.

This leaves Tom in a place almost by himself, the solitary victim.

"Hollywood has killed all fear in me," he said. "I could have let myself get scared stiff. I almost did. But I reached the mark where I knew I had to stop and look this growing fear in the face.

"Even now," Tom went on, just slightly puzzled, "it's difficult at times to know whether I've done exactly right. It has meant cutting myself off from many things I used to do, and which gave me much pleasure. I can't see as many people as I'd care to. I have to be guarded in my actions and speech."

This is the danger point in any popular actor's life.

As Tom points out, it is where outsiders start to whisper "high-hat,"" "going Hollywood." It is where the poor actor, striving to be natural, all but gives in.

"Every ascending player has to face that sort of thing," Tom continued. "I know actors who suffer terribly from what others think of them. Not long ago, I was getting so worried over this very thing that I was too scared to open my mouth. Whatever I said was distorted. It made me seem silly, and I'm not silly. Whatever I did was misrepresented. I tell you, it was enough to drive a fellow crazy.

"Finally, I took the bull by the horns. I was determined to do as I saw fit, regardless of what others thought. I said to myself, 'Look here, you're a normal young fellow. You like people to like you. A good break has come your way. Are you going to let it go because you're not quite understood?'

"I saw that my complaint was trivial compared to the troubles of other players. So then and there I decided..."
Growing Pains

Tom is no recluse. He enjoys crowds. He likes plenty of friends. It was he who formed "The Puppet's," a club for young people of importance, or insignificance, on the screen or stage. But commercializing acquaintances ruined even that.

"People soon lose the spirit of a thing," Tom said, at that crucial period. "Why can't young people, regardless of standing, get together without any mercenary motives spoiling everything?"

Some of the lesser lights failed to take the club for what it stood for, but wanted only to use their gifted friends for getting here and there. So this annoying element had to be eliminated, and the club remodeled nearer to the heart's desire.

Of course this caused the defected rumor that Tom was upstage.

Tom is the last person to try to do anything but what he is. One of his best friends is Henry Willson, who is not one of the screen's celebrated, but a writer of the social movements and gestures of the screen's younger generation.

Last year a boy who'd known Tom since he was eight, came to Hollywood with his mother. She had got Tom his first picture work in New York, as a child player. They opened an eating place. To help them gain customers, Tom came there with his friends—Anita Louise, Helen Mack, William Janney, and others. Tom is like that. He'd help any deserving friend, but hates to be taken advantage of.

Most players, when they attain eminence, do assume a pose. They are too busy to see any one. They are never at home. They cannot reply to a phone call.

Ring up the Brown ménage. Tom is right there. If he's working, it's another thing. But he's always willing to be seen. You need have to ask twice.

He enjoys social gatherings. Early this year, Elissa Landi gave a Sunday afternoon party at her home in honor of her brother's arrival from England. Tom came with Anita Louise. Phillip Reed with Margaret Lindsay. Tommie and Maggie won the ping-pong contest, while Mendelssohn's incidental music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" poured forth from the victrola.

Here we see how Tom indulges in the natural flow of his life.

"I lead a very simple existence," he says. "I enjoy what the average young man enjoys."

For the past two years, Tom and Anita Louise have been "going together" steadily. They've known each other since childhood. Tom carries a ring Anita gave him. Both their names are written on the inside. He has also a cigarette case from her, with her medallion done in colors on the lid, a commentary inscribed on the back.

This blissful existence might never have been, had Tom let himself be frightened by false rumors, such as surged around him at the beginning. He did what few others would dare do. He showed Hollywood he was not to be scared into submission. To-day, Tom is the victor.

Lew Brice, who used to be Mae Clarke's husband, greets his sister, the famous Fannie, on her arrival at the MGM studio with Ann Pennington to play in "The Great Ziegfeld."
On and Off the Set
Continued from page 85

"When Carol was leading lady in Westerns," said he, "she did all her own riding. Some mighty fancy and dangerous stuff, too. One of her stunts was to sit a galloping bronco with a silver dollar under each knee and bet you even money she wouldn't drop 'em!"

ERROL FLYNN, new Warner star, was formerly a boxer of some reputation. Recently he was asked if he was keeping in practice.

"Just on my wife," he replied, grinning at his beautiful bride, Lily Damita.

FRANCHOT TONE has given up that large Brentwood home, which is so situated that one can practically look down into Joan Crawford's swimming pool from its upper windows. The wealthy Pasadena lady who owns the place gladly accepted some tapi- storeries, curtains and rugs of Franchot's, and didn't neglect to tell the new tenants all their glamorous history. Incidentally, the newcomers also have the privilege of keeping a hopeful eye on Joan's house from their upper rear windows.

STAR-GAZING at the Pacific South- west Tennis Tournament: How the throngs at hot-dog stands jostle Marlene Dietrich and other stars without recognizing them!

Stars get sore necks from following the flight of the ball back and forth across the court, but some fans sit motionless for hours, watching not the sparkling tennis, but the stars.

Glorious Gloria Swanson obligingly makes some very funny faces for a tourist's movie camera; what price that reel of film in Keokuk?

Dolores del Rio retires into the girls' locker room for a nap. Clark Gable comes to Carol Lombard's aid when she lost one of her high heels; enough to cripple any woman.

Lily Damita Flynn tells how stupid interviewers are. Don't credit Lily with humor; she didn't know she was talking to three of them.

IT'S a treat to hear Bette Davis trying to conceal her identity and thus avoid having some one guess her over. "My name is Mrs. H. O. Nelson. There was to be a package here. Oh, there isn't? Then perhaps it's consigned to Miss B. Davis. Yes, Bette. The actress? Well—er—I do act. Thanks so much. Keep the change. Good-by!" And Bette dashes out, as confused as the goggle-eyed attendant.

JACK OAKIE tells it in strict confidence. He accompanied his chauffeur to the latter's home to pick up a forgotten package. He rode in the front seat of the limousine beside the driver. On his face was a scrub of beard, on his head a battered felt. His sweatshirt could have been cleaner. As the chauffeur hurried out of the house to rejoin his employer, a certain old lady, slightly deaf and not too clear of sight, called out, "You shouldn't pick up tramps to ride with you! What would Mr. Oakie say if he knew about it?"

WHEN the fans corner Joan Crawford and clamor for autographs, it is said that the Joan of to-day sometimes refuses. In that light, the following true incident gives a novel slant on Joan's character. A girl asked for an autograph, adding: "Frankly, Miss Crawford. I'm asking for it so I can sell it. It will bring a dollar, and I need the money." Joan looked at her, then silently began writing autographs—not one, but at least a dozen.

It seems that Katharine Hepburn is human, after all. When Cary Grant was supporting her in "Sylvia Scarlett," Katie asked him to tell her all about Mae West and Marlene Dietrich. Cary hesitated. To comply wasn't cricket, not the best of professional ethics. Katie saw his hesitation, understood, and added hurriedly, "Don't misunderstand me. I'm asking as a fan, not as another actress."

OBIOSLY, the attractive brown-eyed girl in make-up who stood on the side lines watching Virginia Bruce perform for the cameras was un- important in the contemporary scheme of things. Little attention was paid her. But to the surprise of some specta- tors, Virginia, each time she finished a scene, sought the brown-eyed girl's criticism. Although playing but a small part in Virginia's picture, the girl was Madge Bellamy, once a famous star in silent films.

GOOD FORTUNE sours the temper- ament of many an actress who was clayingly sweet in adversity, but it...
On and Off the Set

has only enriched Claudette Colbert's. Recently an interviewer, quoting Clau-
dette at length, submitted his article for her approval. It was all wrong. Did she indignantly refuse to let it be published? Hardly! Expressing regret for the misunderstanding, she worked for hours with the scribe over the manuscript, improved it an acknowledged one hundred per cent, and on top of that apologized for delaying its journey to the publisher.

WHILE they are arguing about whether or not Grace Moore is temperamental, it is fitting to bring out this bit of hitherto buried evidence. The very day a lady of the press was barred from Grace's stage and accordingly began the argument about the diva's temperament, two young lady tourists were guests on the set and at lunch. Grace had met them that morning when they asked her for an autograph, and had yielded to their pleas that they be allowed to watch her act.

THAT party picnic-lunching under an oak beside U. S. Highway 101, in the San Fernando Valley just over the hills from Hollywood, should have attracted more attention from holiday crowds. It consisted of Mae West, her sister Beverly, her brother Jack, her brother-in-law Baikoff, a chauffeur-bodyguard and a bodyguard in charge of lunch baskets. They had been watching Jack's horse perform in an equine show at Du Brock's stables.

NO, Aunt Emma, there isn't a fire raging in the Vendome Café. Nor do all those double and triple parked cars obstructing traffic out here on the Boulevard indicate they're having a Fireman's lunch just because they have Deputy State Fire Magui or something like that on their license plates. It's only movie stars at their cocktails and caviar. What, you want me to park here and watch 'em come out? So-ay, they put you in jail far double parking in Hollywood—and far triple parking I suppose they'd hang you!

NOW George Raft and Bing Crosby are wondering what you must do to become famous in the eyes of the lads with whom you used to play sand-lot baseball. One of George's old pals met Bing. "Gee, you make six movie stars I know now, Mr. Crosby," he exulted, counting them off on his fingers. "Hold on, you've forgotten George," Bing admonished. "He makes seven." "Georgie?" the friend echoed blankly, "I wasn't counting him. Why, I've always known Georgie."

EVEN a Constance Bennett can't get away with ritzing forever, letting stings fall where they may. Probably a run of poor pictures has impressed this upon this dynamically languid damsel. As astute as she is self-willed, she is anxious to retain her following and to cultivate additional fan favor. So she is employing a press agent.

And not only has Connie been posting for hours for photographic spreads, but she has put the welcome mat on the doorstep of her new chateau in Beverly. There she is surprisingly demonstrating her ability to be as charming as any lady in town.

Madeleine Carroll is more practical than her exquisite beauty requires. Here she is actually making butter in the dairy of her country home in England. What's more, she isn't dollyed up for her homely task, either.

MOLDING Rochelle Hudson into a dependably demure pattern is a current task at the 20th Century-Fox studio. This talented youngster, who is finally getting the breaks, has grown-up ideas. It is a delight to encounter such intelligence in an ingénue, but one wonders which side will win out. The ideal star is a master diplomat, tempering inherent independence to a discreet front. They are trying to pound this into the lovely Rochelle's head. She meanwhile declares she will never go saccharine. Definite stands appeal to her.

NOWHERE but in Hollywood is one acclaimed and ignorea so amazingly. When screen executives smile, attention is focused on the favorite in wholesale fashion. Quotes are demanded constantly. But with a change of luck comes heartbreaking neglect.

The latest to discover this peculiar film fact is Marian Marsh. Since she left Warners three years ago, where she'd been given a tremendous build-up, she has been passed up by interviewers. This was a bitter blow until she realized that the publicity goes to the "pushed." Now that Von Sternberg has featured her, Marian likely will hit her stride once more. And her opinions will matter.

GARY COOPER'S dressing room has the customary stellar trappings, but the atmosphere reflects Gary's democratic manner. His pales wander in casually. If Cooper's ra-tund manager is absent, they inquire jocularly for "Captain Toots." Gary's silence may have fooled you into believing he hasn't a swell sense of humor, as his slimness belies his appetite. He can tell and listen to a joke appreciatively, and he eats a hefty dish of stew every noon. Yes, even when it's a prelude to a love scene.

IF you know any one who mistreats dogs, advise him to stay away from Jean Arthur. The other day she interrupted an interview to dash out through her back yard and dawn the alley to where a neighbor's dog was being whipped. Jean's temper was so roused at the cruelty that she vowed the man wouldn't go on being mean. At the moment, she is down to two dogs and four cats, being too busy with a career to indulge in more pets.

IT was Lyle who, when he began earning important money, took unto himself a business manager who budgeted his expenditures very closely and who was extremely firm with Lyle about exceeding his allowance. One week Lyle protested that he would simply have to have some extra money. He had quarreled with his current girl, and had been obliged to send her quantities of flowers in the making up process. The manager grudgingly allowed him the extra money and admonished him to be more careful. But it happened again, and then again, and at last the manager gave it up and added an extra item to the ledger in which he kept Lyle's accounts.
have just seen the latest opus, "No More Ladies," and with the exception of delightful Edna May Oliver—a true comedienne and a great art—this is the same old concoction of pseudo-Park Avenue carriages on that we have seen for the past two or three years—produced by MGM, gowned by Adrian, and I could not be surprised, masked by Beuda!

I have read that Miss Crawford has just signed another lucrative contract, but I do wish that she would do something other than walk around with a painted expression and a thick, so-called broad-A accent, which occasionally she forgets. It is said that Miss Crawford and her pictures are the delight of the shop-girls. I do not believe that shop-girls are moronic. If there has been a glimmer of true artistry in acting displayed by Joan Crawford in the past two years, I have missed it.

Acting is more than tears, real or synthetic, it is a feeling, a thrill, a flash—through your eyelashes. There are nuances to acting, there is feeling, there is Art. Witness, Claude Rains, Robert Donat, Charles Laughton, Margaret Sullivan, Diana Wynward, and many, many others. Whether it be comedy or tragedy, there is art in acting. I admit Miss Crawford has been persevering, and that she overcame obstacles, but those factors do not make her an actress, and if this be treason to the vast army of Miss Crawford's loyal defenders, let them make the most of it. I say, take away the props of MGM, take away gowns by Adrian, the support of Montgomery, Gable or Tone, and see if she can act. I think her limitations were perfectly apparent when she essayed the rôle in "Rain" with such dismal results. Could she stand alone with some unknown leading man and make a success? If she could, I should be pleasantly surprised. The limitations of Constance Bennett, as another example of the type of acting of Miss Crawford, became most apparent until "After Office Hours" was the proverbial last straw to the public.

My main purpose for writing this is to say that it is distressing to know that there are so many fine actresses and actors, with years of study and back-ground, of hard, diligent service to their art, who are unable to obtain a living. And yet we have these highly publicized stars, who show nothing of life or the soul, but merely give a synthetic picture of a crowd of touchy idlers, caricaturing life and making an easy deal of the blame for the type of picture goes to the producer and the writer. Why not give the real artists a chance?

M. D. A.

6404 Western Avenue, 
Washington, D. C.

A Target for Poisoned Pens.

Much has been written and said that isn't flattering to Constance Bennett. Too seldom some brave soul speaks a good word for her in "What the Fans Think." Too often is she the target for the poisoned pens of writers and fellow actors.

It has been said that Miss Bennett doesn't care what Hollywood or the world in general thinks about her. She also says she isn't an actress. Perhaps she is sincere in both statements, but I think not.

There is much to like about Constance. To me, it is more admirable than any other actress on the screen. I admire her honesty, herability to make her artwork and life, her ambition and energy, her courage to live her own life. I also admire her as an actress. No, she isn't the greatest. She acts like a beautiful woman with brains in whatever part she is cast. She looks clean and honest and perfectly groomed.

GLENNA BROQUIST.

711 28th Street 
Rock Island, Illinois.

Prefers the Gable of To-day.

VIRGINIA KAREN: Don't you think you're being unfair to make such a rash statement about your one-time idol? So Gable has turned sissified on a million femmies! Dear lady, just step this way to the firing squad. When you have the nerve to say such a meaningless thing about Gable nothing is too bad for you. Such a letter as yours can only invite protest.

Chark Gable is the most popular man on the screen, but if he had continued in rough, uncouth, woman-beating roles, would he be to-day the top actor of the screen? The answer is no. The public has shown increased interest in him because with each new picture his work is improving, his personality becomes more compelling, and he becomes more likable and polished, and more important as an acting genius. He isn't a type player. He can play either drama or comedy

Mr. Gable is in every sense of the word manly and dependable. He acts and looks like a he-man. To me, he is a man's man, virile, unaffected, tender and always a gentleman. I like him in roles similar to those in which he appears with Joan Crawford. He has acting ability, a perfectly grand sense of humor, wit, charm, personality, courage, cleverness, and good looks. His mustache makes him look more handsome. He is the most fascinating man I have ever seen.

Another thing that can't be forgotten. Chark Gable, in his latest films, has turned in flawless performances, and won the Academy award for acting, Did his performances in "Red Dust," "Hold Your Man," "Susan Lenox" and "Hell Divers" win any awards?

No, don't change Chark Gable back into a caveman. The Gable of to-day is charming, a little dangerous, devastating, gentle and dynamic. So I say to you, Chark Gable, stay as grand as you are.

HELEN McCLEARY.

992 Maple Street, 
Des Moines, Iowa.

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You take no chances with your wealth and beauty when you ask for FLIGHT products at your dealer's. Whether it be creams, lotions, shampoos; or lipstick, powder, rouge, etc, you can be sure that the FLIGHT product you buy is safe, effective, and economical.

Over thirty superior products bear the FLIGHT label and guarantee—and all have the same sensible price—33 cents.
What the Fans Think

should have insured for him a succession of juvenile leads. He was perfect as Una Merkel's kid brother in that film. He is particularly adept at putting over light-comedy rôle's, and his wholly natural Southern accent is a delight to audiences weary of affected speech.

Producers will make no mistakes in giving Johnny the chance he deserves.

**Tommy Hale.**

592 Bates Street,
Batesville, Arkansas.

**Sidetracked.**

I WANT to call Picture Play's attention to a very lovely and charming actress, Heather Angel.

No doubt you, too, have been impressed by her acting ability and fresh, vivacious personality. Isn't there any producer in Hollywood that knows real talent?

Miss Angel has been in Hollywood a long time, and this marvelous, versatile actress is held all too lightly. She may be working steadily, but the parts given her are insignificant. Her acting is perfect and flawless. She should be starred in big productions, and given the opportunity to marshal her brilliant talent in the characterization of a sensitive and charming girl with a forceful character and poetic soul, as we know she is in real life.

**Helen E. Vale.**

Staten Island, New York.

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**My Pal, Will Rogers**

sent his host a bill for something like $2,500. He received a check almost immediately and with it a note asking "How come?" Bill replied that inasmuch as all the other guests had been invited to bring their wives, he supposed that since Mrs. Rogers had not been asked, he was there in the capacity of an entertainer and that was his fee for an evening's work.

He is the only man in the history of pictures who has ever been the number one draw at the box office. He was absolute tops as the money-maker of pictures and he held that spot year after year.

It is awful to think that Hollywood will be without him. It was not until I went to his funeral and looked at him lying there in his casket, that I could realize he is really gone. It was not until then that it was borne upon me that I have lost a pal—and the country its best friend.

With the love light still in his eyes after years of marriage, Walter King pauses in carving cold turkey to look tellingly at Mrs. King, who is serving his lunch herself in his brief interval from the studio. And when Walter looks that way, it's enough to make even a wife get fluttery.
Information, Please
Continued from page 8


BETTY MYERS.—Frank Lawton is the son of Frank Moekey, actor. The other actors you list have retained their real names.

BETTY HAYES.—Rosaland Russell was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, the daughter of James E. and Clara Knight Richmond. She lives on a farm near there, and a private school at Tar- rytown, New York. Her lawyer-father was prosperous, hence Rosaland was able to enjoy extensive traveling. First she wanted to be a writer, then a theologian, and finally an actress. Going from one stock company to another ultimately led to Broadway. She is not married, and has brown hair and black eyes. Did you read the story about her in September Picture Play?

LILY.—Thomas Beck was Victor Descartes in "Cafe Society" at the Addison Richards, Dobe Jones in "Lone Cowboy." Leon Janney, Penrod in "Penrod and Sam." Kate Hammond, and Junior Cameron in "Racing Paces." Lloyd Hughes with Marian Nixon in "A Private Scandal."

M. J. S.—In "Becky Sharp," the role of Lord Steyne was played by Cedric Hardwicke. His only other American film is "Les Miserables." Failing to qualify for the medical profession, he sought a stage career, and made his debut in London in 1912. He has appeared in many pictures and is now playing "Rome Express." "The Ghoul." "The Lady Is Winning." "Power." Sir Cedric was born in Worcestershire, England, February 19, 1893, and has brown hair and eyes.

BARBARA.—Virginia Bruce is with MGM. Yes, she was Jenny Lind in "The Mighty Barnum." Her next is "Metropoli- tan." Born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, Sept- ember 29, 1910, five feet six and a half, with blue eyes, blond hair. Loretta Young is to make "Ramona," with John Boles. Born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6, 1913; five feet three and a half, weighs 100; light-brown hair, blue eyes. Ayne Shirley was seventeen on April 17th last.


N. K.—David Newell married Katharine Lewis in July. Leon Errol is married to Stella Chabatane, but the other actors you list seem to wish to keep their wives' names a secret. June MacClay isn't active in pictures.

ANNE MONTGOMERY.—From all accounts, the singing in such films as "Naughty Marietta" is not recorded at the same time the action is being filmed. The numbers are first recorded and then the scene is filmed. The first word of the piece. Nelson Eddy is thirty-four.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of March 3, 1933, of Street & Smith's Picture Play, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1935.

State of New York, County of New York (as)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George C. Smith, Jr., who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is President of the Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers of Street & Smith's Picture Play, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date named in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 337, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:


2. That the owners are: Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventeenth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; the Estate of George C. Smith, 80 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; C. A. Gould, 80 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Roland Y. Gould, 80 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Henry G. Tanenhaus, 80 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortga- ges, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder apprises the company of any change in the ownership, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders hold the stock or mortgages or other securities upon the books of the company as trustees, hold security in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, or have any reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation is the real owner, direct or indirect, of the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as stated by him.

GEORGE C. SMITH, Jr., President.

SWORN TO AND SUBSCRIBED BEFORE ME THIS 30TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1935, BY W. C. VAN VALKENBURGH, Notary Public No. 18, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1936.)
Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Jean Arthur
Michael Bartlett
Tala Birell
John Mack Brown
Kath Chatterton
Wallis Connolly
Donald Cook
Melynn Douglas
Irene Dunne
Edith Fellows
Wallace Ford
Victor Jory

Pauline Lord
Peter Lorre
Edmund Lowe
Marish Marsh
Grace Moore
George Murphy
Florence Rice
Edward G. Robinson
Gloria Shea
Ann Sobern
Raymond Walburn
Fay Wray

20th Century-Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Warner Baxter
Madge Bellamy
Bill Benedict
John Boles
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Alice Faye
Henry Fonda
Francis Ford
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Tito Guizar
Edward Everett Horton
Rochelle Hudson

Arlene Judge
Paul Kelly
Gert Martini
Herbert Mundin
George O'Brien
Pat Paterson
Valentino Paera
Kane Richmond
Ralf Righten
Gloria Swart
Shirley Temple
Chire Trevor
Jane Withers

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Fredric Bartholomew
Wallace Beery
Constance Bennett
Virginia Bruce
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Mary Carlisle
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Louise Fazenda
Betty Garvan
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Louis Hayward
Louise Henry
William Henry
June Knight
Frances Langford
Eric Linden

Myrna Loy
Paul Lukas
Jeannette MacDonald
Mala
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Chester Morris
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
Eleanor Powell
William Powell
Joanita Quigley
Luise Rainer
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Harvey Stephens
Lewis Stone
Robert Taylor
Francot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Robert Young

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Artiss
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Miriam Hopkins
Gordon Jones

Fredric March
Joel McCrea
Ethel Merman
Merle Oberon
Mary Pickford
Loretta Young

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Binnie Barnes
June Clayworth
Andy Devine
Jean Dixon
Marta Eggers
Valerie Hobson
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Frank Lawton

Bela Lugosi
Zasu Pitts
Claude Rains
Cesar Romero
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Shirl Summersville
Clark Williams
Jane Wyatt

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Heather Angel
Fred Astaire
John Beal
Frances Dee
Richard Dix
Preston Foster
Betty Grable
Margot Grahame
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Kay Johnson
Francis Lederer

Ross Alexander
John Arledge
Mary Astor
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Havilland
Dolores del Río
Claire Dodd
Ann Doran
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Gary King
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Everett Marshall
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Dick Powell
Philip Reed
Phil Regan
Winifred Shaw
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Rudy Vallée
Warren William
Donald Woods

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen
Wendy Barrie
Mary Boland
Charles Boyer
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Tom Brown
Kathleen Burke
George Russell
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Bluster Crabbage
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Johnny Downs
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
W. C. Fields
Cary Grant
Julie Haydon
Samuel Hinds
David Jack Holt
Dean Jagger
Helen Jepson
Roscoe Karns
Jan Kiepura

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood.
Ralph Bellamy, Sally Eilers, 6665 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood.
Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood.
Jean Bennett, Roger Pryor, Anna Sten, Mary Brian, 430 California.
Bank Building, Beverly Hills, California.
Lionel Atwill, Adrienne Ames, Eszter Taylor, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins,
Douglas Montgomery, Edward Arnold, Paul Cavanagh, Otto Kruger, Evelyn Venable, Chick Chandler, Walter King, 1509
North Vine Street, Hollywood.
Neil Hamilton, Room 202, 9441
Wilshire Boulevard, Hollywood.

Rosalind Keith
Elissa Landi
Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
Carroll Loomard
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Ray Milland
Joe Morrison
Jack Oakie
Lyne Overman
Gayn Patrick
Joe Penner
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Charles Ruggles
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Gladsy Swarthout
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Virginia Weidler
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