Joan Blondell

MOVIE CLASSIC
APRIL

10¢

Wallace Beery
Tells How It Feels To Be "DEAD" For An Hour

Clara Bow's First Interview Since Her Marriage!
How to Make Up Your Lips to Last 8 Hours or More


Edna Wallace Hopper, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. An utterly new kind of lipstick.

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight.

Now—Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type, different from any other you have ever tried . . . Kissproof or any other kind.

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

No more constant make-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

Utterly NEW Principle
It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no other lipstick does or has ever done . . . actually seems to last indefinitely.

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick. It holds where others smear.

Then, too, it is a true, NATURAL color. Thus it ends that artificial smirk women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quickening loveliness—trust the French for that!

New Kissproof Indelible Lipstick

What to Ask For
To obtain, ask for the New Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). And—remember it is NOT the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is ENTIRELY NEW.

Edna Wallace Hopper paid $2.50 for the original in Paris. Owing to tremendous demand the price is much less in this country. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick—lip and cheek rouge. Remember—Kissproof gives you imported lipstick quality without imported prices. Money cannot buy a finer lipstick.
You bet there's a big thrill in a swell movie! But if you want to live romance, as well as watch somebody else's romance, better spend a few seconds a day keeping your gums in condition!

You won't have an attractive smile for long unless your teeth stay sparkling white and sound. And that means you must keep your gums firm and healthy! Your gums probably aren't firm and healthy. Modern foods are too soft and creamy to stimulate your gums. Lacking work to do, your gums have become lazy and sickly. Two to one they're so tender that they bleed. That's why you now may have "pink tooth brush".

And when "pink tooth brush" arrives, take heed! For it's Nature's danger signal—a warning that more serious gum troubles are on the way. Gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even pyorrhea may be just around the corner. And you certainly don't want to take chances with the soundness of your white teeth! Yet that's another thing "pink tooth brush" warns you about!

You can improve the condition of those gums of yours if you'll use Ipana Tooth Paste with massage. Clean your teeth with Ipana. But every time, rub a little more Ipana right into your gums.

You'll soon notice a new sparkle in your teeth. Use Ipana with massage regularly, and you'll be able to forget "pink" on your tooth brush!
All-New, All-Talking
All-Time Miracle of Entertainment!

THE MIRACLE MAN

SYLVIA SIDNEY • CHESTER MORRIS

The picture that swept the world—now an all-new, all-talking masterpiece! With a master cast! Sylvia Sidney, wistful, appealing dramatic diamond! Chester Morris, dynamic in the role that skyrocketed Thomas Meighan to fame! And Irving Pichel, John Wray, Robert Coogan, Hobart Bosworth! Will you rave about it? Naturally! It’s a Paramount Picture, "best show in town!"

Directed by Norman McLeod. Adapted by Waldemar Young. From the story by Frank L. Packard and Robert H. Davis and the play by George M. Cohan.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLISH CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, Pres. PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y. C.
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COVER DRAWING OF JOAN BLONDELL BY MARLAND STONE

DOROTHY CALHOUN, Western Editor
STANLEY V. GIBSON, Publisher
HERMAN SCHOPPE, Art Director

MOVIE CLASSIC comes out on the 10th of every Month

YOU and I consider ourselves educated moviegoers. We know what we like and what we don’t like, and we aren’t afraid to say so. We laugh, for instance, at the blood-and-thunder serials that used to thrill us when we were in the fifth grade—and then we knock each other down, trying to be the first to see the newest horror specials (such as “Frankenstein” and “Murders in the Rue Morgue”), which are just great big brothers to the old-time serials!

And speaking of screen chillers, if you don’t get a shudder or two or three out of “Freaks,” you’re a stronger man than I am, Gunga Din. So far as I’m concerned, this is the horror picture to end all horror pictures. I’m swerving off!

CONGRATULATIONS are in order for Columbia—the first studio to look upon this matter of stars in a sane manner. Columbia’s idea is to have the stars glorify the pictures, rather than to have the pictures inflate the stars. And how will they accomplish this? First of all, they will stop giving long-term contracts—which often convince good-looking youngsters that they have talent, when all they have, to be frank, is looks.

Columbia will no longer get stories to fit certain stars, but get players to fit their stories. They will engage them only for the duration of the picture. But how will the poor players manage to afford ermine coats and swanky limousines under this system? The principal players will receive not only salaries while acting, but also royalties from the box-office returns on the picture—the theory being that, the better their acting, the more money the picture will make. It sounds logical, and I’m anxious to see the idea in action. How about yourself?

CONGRATULATIONS are also in order for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the first studio to have the courage to present a picture featuring a genuine all-star cast. Those words, “all-star cast,” have long been overworked, until they mean almost nothing. But in “Grand Hotel,” you will see Garbo (who discards the Greco, by the way, with this picture), John and Lionel Barrymore, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery and Jean Harlow—the greatest cast ever assembled in one film. It took nerve to try the experiment. For, afterward, will you and I be content to see pictures that boast only one or two stars?

But maybe the producers won’t be stingy. Remember that M-G-M not many months ago tried the experiment of co-starring several of their big names—and now all the studios are doing it.

DO producers really rate the intelligence of moviegoers like this? The title of “The Man I Killed” was changed to “Broken Lullaby,” lest you should think it was another gangster opus. The title of “The Honorable Mr. Wong” was changed to “The Hatchet Man,” lest the “honorable” should make you think Somebody approved of Edward G. Robinson’s hatchet-slinging. The title of “Old Man Mimmick” was changed to “The Expert,” lest you should not remember that Chic Sale once wrote a best-seller called “The Specialist”—even though Edna Ferber’s story was hardly based on that.

CLIVE BROOK says, rightly, that producers don’t profit by their mistakes. As soon as a picture is finished, they forget about it—except to note whether or not it is making money. They don’t try to discover why it is or isn’t. But Clive studies the reaction to his pictures. That’s how he has improved himself. If only there were more like him!

ACCORDING to Variety, the Bible of show business, several screen magazines have lately been cutting down their budgets by running “interviews” written by the stars’ press-agents. Just as a matter of record, I want to state that Movie Classic is not guilty—and never will be. I hope you will take note of the number of journalistic “scoops” in this issue—running all the way from “Clara Bow’s First Interview Since Her Marriage” to Louise Rice’s analysis of the character of Clark Gable from his handwriting, the first of a brand-new series.

Larry Reid

A Great Year to Travel!

Greyhound's Nationwide Service Reduces Cost, Increases Pleasure

Such wonderful things to see and do this year...so many wonderful places to go! Greyhound is the practical, inexpensive way to reach Washington for the Bicentennial celebration...Los Angeles for the Olympic Games...and so on, right down the list of historic and interesting places, National parks, resorts, great cities. These modern buses, with their adjustable reclining chairs, cradle springs, ample heat and ventilation, are best for short trips too...home for the weekend, or to neighboring cities.

Send the coupon today for interesting pictorial folders on any trip you may plan.

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NORTHLAND-GREYHOUND
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ATLANTIC-GREYHOUND
SOUTHEASTERN-GREYHOUND
DIXIE-GREYHOUND
EASTERN-GREYHOUND
CAPITOL-GREYHOUND
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CANADIAN-GREYHOUND

GREYHOUND Lines

Greyhound Travel Bureau, East 11th and Walnut, Cleveland, Ohio. Please mail me your 32 page pictorial booklet “America’s Scenic Highways.” I would also like information on a trip to...

Name...
Address...
City...

6
Modern youth, laughing at yesterday's conventions, promising to pay for today's kisses...after tomorrow. The gay partnership of a boy and girl who found it easier to make love than to make money.

After Tomorrow

with Charles Farrell
Marian Nixon • Minna Gombell
William Collier, Sr.

Based on the stage play by
John Golden and Hugh S. Stange
Directed by Frank Borzage
FOX Picture
The $20.00 Letter
Don’t Spoil the Beautiful Memories

A FEW blunders in your letter may make all old pictures like “Ben-Hur” and “The Birth of a Nation” Sound Productions, so far as the distributor’s racket is concerned, but to this Movie Fan they’re not howling successes.

Truly, advance publicity promised sound entertainment, coaxing the unsuspecting screenward, where a few moments of the programme fired one with a desire for “Fist,” so that a person could put an end to the agony of these human flutter-jerking insects, who jumped about on a background of pain, antediluvian photography.

If the producers have neither the inclination, strength or money to re-take and make talkies of these famous stories of yesterday, why unloot their now-faded glory and ruin the beautiful memory of Picture World Masterpieces? J. McMichael, Toronto, Can.

The $10.00 Letter
Give “Younger Generation” A Break

MOVING PICTURE producers are firmly convinced that high-school youth is sporting down the primrose path to quick disaster! No? Then I wish some observing company would produce a film depicting the much-maligned “younger generation” in a mode of life not entirely devoted to gin-gawging, petting, and kindred pleasures.

Perhaps the all-powerful box-office demands the sensational and lurid, but I cannot imagine “Skinny” as an incipient Capone, nor “Sooky” as a future anarchist; yet strangely enough, these two pictures seem to have attracted unusual patronage. Is it too impossible, then, to create a story concerning the adventures of seventeen- and eighteen-year-old adolescents, and have them act as Skinny or Sooky would at that age?

It may be that the normal teen age holds little of interest for a blazed public, but is the fault with us? We stand on the threshold of life, and our problems are not the morbid affairs certain pictures would lead us to believe.

We in high-school, you must remember, are trying to establish our identity as persons, and we would appreciate the intelligent aid the cinema could render us.

G. W. Thomas, Yakima, Wash.

The $5.00 Letter
Bring Back Costume Romances

NOW that we’ve had a series of war pictures—newspaper melodramas—covered wagon struggles and the perennial Crawford-Sherer “more-sinned-against-than-sinners modern madmen presentations,” it seems that a series of period costume pictures would be most diverting and entertaining.

Would that we could see and hear John Barrymore in “Don Juan”—Marion Davies in “When Knighthood Was In Flower”—Dennis King in “Three Musketeers”!!

History has so many exciting subjects to offer—and there are many romanticists who would welcome such productions.

Take us back to our knights in armor—to exciting sword-play for the princesses in lovely towers.

G. C. Honk, Carey, O.

Movies For Taut Nerves

NEVER have the movies had a more salutary effect than in this time of almost universal depression. While nerves are taut with the stress of ghastly financial affairs, there is nothing like the splendid dramatic productions to alleviate the strain. And as if the powers of the movie world realized this, they are giving us such singularly worthwhile pictures as “Arrowsmith,” “Mata Hari,” “Tomorrow and Tomorrow.” Who can see the priceless Marie Dressler in “Emma” and go away still self-centered, calling the world a total loss? We who have suffered and been bruised by new and unexpected burdens need something outside of ourselves to grip us completely.

The movies are a hypodermic, bringing blessed interludes of forgiveness. Yes, they are more than that; they are a world tonic, injecting new life and belief, restoring mental equilibrium, bringing broader outlooks and a strange comforting peace.

Jack Porter, San Pedro, Cal.

A More Appropriate Title

AFTER having seen the great Garbo in “Susan Lenox,” I came to the conclusion that the author gave that person, in the vernacular of the street, a “dirty deal.”

In my opinion, a title more appropriate than the present one would be “She Who Gets Slapped,” for slapped she was from the time she was “slapped into the world,” as it were, by the doctor who presided at her birth, down through her pitiful and sordid existence, right to the last chapter.

MIRIAM AVERBACH, Youngstown, O.

Comedies Being Neglected

WHEN will the producers wake up and give us some real belly-rolling comedies? The Talkies have swept the directors off their feet. They think it more important to have voice perfection than accomplished acting. For a change, we movie fans would like comedies that would roll us out of our seats.

The effectiveness of modern comedy is lost through the neglect of the old-time, wisecracking. In the movies it is greatly overdone. It isn’t funny to sit and listen to your neighbor’s laughter at a movie when the voices on the screen are inaudible. Bob Moore, Newberg, Ore.
Her teeth too precious to risk with any tooth paste but the softest

Baby teeth are given new protection by a new discovery . . . a cleansing material has been developed that's twice as soft as those in common use.

CHILDREN'S teeth are softer and more porous than adults! Being softer, they are more easily injured by harsh tooth pastes. Those designed only for older, harder teeth are apt to be much too abrasive for tender, soft enamel.

Recently Pepsodent laboratories have developed a new and entirely different cleansing material. Baby teeth brushed by it thousands of times and examined under a powerful microscope fail to show the faintest scratch—only a soft, lustrous glow like a precious jewel with film stains completely erased.

The adoption of this new discovery in Pepsodent affords greater protection to children's teeth—it provides an absolutely safe way of removing film.

**Care of Baby Teeth**

You must remove film from children's teeth, as well as your own, twice every day. FILM is that slippery coating on your teeth. It gathers germs that cause decay. It glues them tightly to enamel. FILM absorbs the stains from foods and makes teeth unattractive. Removing FILM is vitally important.

Some tooth pastes remove film but leave microscopic scratches. Others are safe but fail to remove film satisfactorily. But Pepsodent—through its notable new discovery—combines film-removing power with super-safety.

The new cleansing and polishing material is twice as soft as that in common use. It brings extra safety to your children's teeth and yours . . . Remember, too, this new material stands unsurpassed in removing stubborn film. It gives more brilliant polish to enamel. Pepsodent is the outstanding tooth paste of modern chemistry.

**USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR**

---

**1. Remove film**

use Pepsodent tooth paste every morning and every night.

**2. Eat these foods**

One or two eggs, raw fruits, fresh vegetables, food fibers, cabbage, barley, celery, lemon, strawberries, milk, tea, quarted milk, and other food to suit the taste.

**3. See your Dentist**

Adults at least twice a year—children every 3 months and at the slightest suspicion of trouble.
Let your eyes speak the full measure of their beauty.

BY THE SIMPLE MAGIC OF THE New non-smarting, tear-proof Maybelline.

Gay, flashing glances! Who can resist their charm? What a world of meaning the eyes can express—but not with light, scanty eyelashes! Awake the dormant beauty of your expression—a few, simple brush strokes of the new Maybelline Eyelash Darkener transforms thin, scraggly lashes into the appearance of long, lustrous, dark and curling fringe.

Best of all—the new Maybelline is absolutely harmless, and it's actually good for the lashes; keeps them soft and pliable. You'll be amazed at the magic of the new Maybelline—Black or Brown, 75c at all toilet goods counters.

For 10c and coupon below we'll send our special Purse Size for trial.

Maybelline Eyelash Beautifiers

Clip—For Purse Size 944

Maybelline Co., 1900 Ridge Ave., Chicago.

Name ______________________________ Street ______________________________

Town ______________________________ State ______________________________

In "The Greeks Had a Word for Them," Madge Evans was one of a trio of blonde charmers—and in "Are You Listening?" the same thing happens, except that she's the principal one this time. Her sisters in the J. P. McEvoy radio comedy starring William Haines are Anita Page (left) and Joan Marsh.

TIPPING YOU OFF
Little Low-Downs On The Stars
By J. E. R.

JOHN BARRYMORE beat Walter Winchell to it by announcing that the Barrymore-Dolores Costello marriage will take place in May. John hopes for a son. . . . Garbo wanted a psychic to tell her about the Garbo future, but when the soothsayer said she'd do it, if they had press pictures taken together, the smart Swede changed her mind. . . . Now that Miriam Hopkins is living in Garbo's former shelter (Greta has moved up the street), the house is seeing some parties—and gay ones, at that. . . . Beginning with "Grand Hotel," the silent Scandinavian will be billed as just plain Garbo.

Remember Carman Barnes, the girl-author who was signed for stardom by Paramount and never made a picture? She's trying to content herself with a small salary on the New York stage. . . . Linda Watkins isn't any happier to be newly married (to Gabriel Hess, New York lawyer), than she is to get away from Hollywood, which Made Her Unhappy. . . . One of the few bidders for the Navy's older airship, the Los Angeles, is Howard Hughes, producer of "Hell's Angels," who wants it for a picture. . . . Pola Negri, who really isn't well enough yet to be making those personal appearances, told Chicago interviewers that she was going to marry a Windy City lad—but wouldn't tell his name. Aw, Pola! . . .

Peggy von Eltz, former actress-wife of Theodore von Eltz, actor, has just married Joseph M. L.Q. Melfet, writer. At a Flaunting convention, they first tried a "test marriage"—for Peggy wanted to be sure this time. . . . MGM didn't care for the first name of Nora Gregor, their new foreign discovery, so you'll see her as Eleonora Gregor. . . . Irving Pichel is voice-training RKO's new "lady," Gwili Andre (there's a name for you! by having her read aloud from the Good Book. . . . The only American stars capable of making French versions of films are Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Ruth Chatterton; they're about to do one together.

Director Ernst Lubitsch and actress Ona Munson have suffered a severe chill and company that bear his name, isn't through yet. When Richard Dix and his bride recently spent a three-week delay honeymoon in New York, Rich didn't tell even his press-agent where they were staying. . . . When Nancy Carroll recently canceled a personal appearance engagement at the New York Paramount, stork rumors flew about. She and husband Bolton Mallory have just been taking a delayed honeymoon, themselves, in the Bahamas. . . . Universal, sponsor of three horror hits ("Dracula," "Frankenstein" and "Murders in the Rue Morgue") has three more on tap—"The Old Dark House" and "The Invisible Man" (both starring Boris Karloff) and "The Suicide Club" by Robert Louis Stevenson.

Marlene Dietrich—and this is good news—has one more picture to go on her contract, but has already signed to do three more. . . . Lita Grey Chaplin pains reporters by refusing to be interviewed except when stepping on or off choo-choo. . . . William Fox, no longer the head of the studio, and he's still through yet. He claims to own two talkie patents which, he alleges, all picture companies have infringed, and is suing. If he wins, he'll be the wealthiest man in the movies.
Richard BARTHELMESS in "Alias the Doctor"

with MARIAN MARSH

Vivid, dynamic drama
— of a man who LIVED A LIE to save another from disgrace
— of a woman who fettered his love, chained his passion, trampled his soul.

Dick Barthelmes at his unrivaled best in a role of tremendous sweep and power—the most dazzling performance of his career.

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE
Our Hollywood Neighbors

GOINGS-ON AMONG THE PLAYERS

By Marquis Busby

That "Mata Hari" opening at Grauman's Chinese Theatre had the stellar ladies hauling their best bibs and tuckers out of the moth balls. It was a regular old-time première, and it didn't look much like depression. There were enough diamonds and ermine to make Peggy Hopkins Joyce writh with envy.

Of course it didn't exactly keep people away from the theatre, outside and inside, to rumor that Garbo might attend. Only might, mind you. Even while the show was going on, the report spread like wildfire that Garbo was watching the film from the projection room. She wasn't in the projection room, or within miles of the theatre. Garbo wouldn't go to a première to see the Battle of Bull Run with the original cast.

All of our very best people, my dear, were out for the opening in full panoply. Doug and Mary were there. So were Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. Few people saw them, but Marlene Dietrich and Josef von Sternberg were also among those present. They slipped in early, sat 'way up front, and did not wear evening clothes. Tallulah Bankhead, plumper than ever before, was one of the swankiest femmes—all rigged up in black velvet and white fox. Her escort was Adrian, the M-G-M fashion authority.

Another exciting moment of the evening was the gentleman who looked exactly like Einstein—you know, the chap who has that theory which no one understands. Sid Grauman, forty publicity men, and three hundred unpaid, but willing workers, tried to coax him over to the microphone.

"Nein, nein," muttered the stranger, impatiently. And "nein" he remained. The staff felt better the next day when they found out whom he was—just a Hollywood tailor. There's some truth to the cinematic maxim—if you can't be somebody, try at least to look like somebody.

The "Arrowsmith" opening the following week wasn't quite as mammoth an affair, but it was a pretty smart shindig, considering who attended. Mary Pickford, introduced by her husband, friend Doug, undertook to make a speech without walking to the stage.

It was fine for the people in the orchestra chairs, but the balcony customers were not in such a hot spot. Those in the front balcony seats arose to a man to get a better view of America's Sweetheart. Naturally the back-row public couldn't see a damned thing, and were pretty put out about it.

"Sit down, sit down!" they shouted, all through poor Mary's spiel. No one knew whether she was delivering Hamlet's Soliloquy or giving her recipe for piccalilli. Mary finished whatever it was. By golly, the show has got to go on, and the screen's first lady was not going to say "uncle."

I'm not saying a word, mind you, but Loretta Young is wearing a diamond as big as a searchlight on her business finger. She says she bought it herself, but pooh-pooh, Loretta is too pretty to buy her own rings.

Herbert Somborn is the lucky lad who is seen places with Loretta. Somborn is one of the ex-Mrs. Gloria Swansons—number two down the line. He owns the Brown Derby restaurants, and there are four scattered around Los Angeles and Hollywood.

The romance has all been pretty secret. Loretta would arrive at one of the Derby eateries and dine with Somborn. Then, oh, awfully casually, she would say a formal "good night" and depart. Three minutes later Mr. Somborn, ditto casually, would also leave. And it didn't look as if he were going out to wait for a street-car, either.

A well-known Hollywood young lady was preparing to move from one house to another. She called (Continued on page 72)
MOTHERED BY AN APE—HE KNEW ONLY THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE — to seize what he wanted!

TARZAN
THE APE MAN

with
Johnny
WEISSMULLER
Neil HAMILTON
C. Aubrey SMITH
Maureen O'SULLIVAN

ANOTHER MIRACLE PICTURE
directed by
W. S. VAN DYKE
Creator of “TRADER HORN”

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
HOLLYWOOD Ticker Talk

By MARK DOWLING

FIVE YEAR OLD SIDNEY CHAPLIN: "I DONT THINK MY FATHER IS SO

VERY FUNNY ..... MARLINS DIMITROV: "GERMANY IS NOT SATISFIED.

WITH ME IN ENGLISH SPEAKING ROLES SO I AM RETURNING TO MY OWN

COUNTRY" ...... JETTA GOURSAL: "ONCE I WAS TO PLAY NATA HARI"......

CREIGHTON CHERRY: "PRODUCERS OFFERED ME CONTRACTS IF I'D CHANGE.

MY NAME TO LON CHANEY JUNIOR BUT I REFUSED" ...... GRACE TIBBETT.

"I'M NOT GOING TO MARRY AGAIN. LIFE WOULD BE DULL AFTER LAWRENCE.

BRENNEN: "GIVE UP ABBEY FOR ANY MAN? NEVER! " ...... JANITA.

BAUGH: "I'M GOING TO A PLASTIC SURGERY AND HAVE THESE EYES REMOVED, THEN I'LL MAKE A SCREEN COME BACK." ...... POLA NEGBI.

"MY NEXT HUSBAND - I WON'T TELL HIS NAME - IS A CHICAGO MAN WHO

EVERYONE LOOKS UP TO AND ADMIRE" ...... GERMA GAARO .........

---------* NURIA HOPKINS: "I CAN'T STAND HOLLYWOOD BECAUSE EVERYONE

TALES SHOP HERE." ...... NEIL HAMILTON: "I AM GOING TO ADOPT ANOTHER

CHILD THIS SPRING. NO CHILD SHOULD BE BROUGHT UP ALONE! .........

Tom Brown is my real name; and I'm going to
play the lead in 'Tom Brown of Culver.' That's
the first time an actor has ever had his own name in
the title of a picture. Isn't it swell?" demands the
boyishly enthusiastic youngster who, at nineteen, is
the latest discovery of Hollywood.

"I'm not exactly new to films, since I played the
fresh kid in 'The Lady Lies,' with Claudette Col-
bert. Remember? I've done bits in other pic-
tures and I've been on Broadway, as the boy in
'Is Zat So,' with the Gleason.

'They're about my best friends in pictures, but
I've been working so hard since I've been here that
I haven't had much time to go out. . . . I've been
dancing at the Ambassador with Anita Louise and
Rochelle Hudson aren't they swell kids?" he cries
again.

His voice shows long stage training—his mother
and father are in vaudeville—and his manner is
explosively boyish. He has dark brown hair, and flash-
ing blue eyes. Is of me-
dium height, and very husky.

"I've done some boxing, but swimming's my favorite
sport. It'll be swell fun this
summer, going to the beach.
I hope audiences like me—I
want to stay in Hollywood
forever!"

"If fans want to find out
about my love affairs I'm
afraid they'll be disappoint-
ed," says blue-eyed Tala Bi-
rell, Hollywood's latest im-
portation. The lathy comes
from Vienna, has a charming
medium pitched voice, and
denies that she's trying to
imitate Garbo even though
she did quarrel with a wom-
an interviewer who asked a too-personal
question.

"I'm not going to marry until I find someone to
live with for always," she adds. "I've seen too
much of divorce through my friends. As for men,
I like sportsmen best. I used to play tennis myself
—five hours a day—until I began developing mus-
cles that look awful with evening gowns!"

She's been in Hollywood since July learning Eng-
ish, and now speaks without noticeable accent.
Quiet, aristocratic, she seems older than her twenty-
three years, and is probably the only girl in Hollywood
who likes Clark Gable because, "He is quiet
and sits in a corner. He is charming!"

Her first picture, "Mountains in Flame," has just
been completed. Next you'll see her in "The Mar-
riage Interlude." Talas raps frantically on wood
when she mentions it. "I must succeed!" And with
that musculeous smile and the mysterious manner
the public demands nowadays, she probably will.
They Said I'd Never Have a Figure Like This!

by ALICE RICHARDS

The Easiest Way to Reduce

I had tried the old kind of exercising, of course. But this was NEW! There wasn't any drudgery about this! I liked it and I used to jump upon the seat for a five-minute "row" the first thing in the morning—and then sometimes in the evening just before going to bed. It just put the right "sport" into exercise—and took the tiresome "work" out! It transformed my figure, health, and strength too.

The pounds began to leave and the strength and health of my youth began to return. The inches of fat started to vanish from my hips, thighs, and waistline. Then my arms and legs began to taper down to normal, following the pictured Health Chart that came with my Flexroll machine.

I began to feel "peppy," tireless. People seemed to take a new interest in me—just as they always do when a person takes a new interest in herself! And I'm beginning to become popular. Even my whole attitude to life itself changed, when I began to wear the clothes I'd often longed for, so deep in my heart.

Gee, it's great to be slender again!

The Flexroll Rowing Machine now makes it possible for every woman, every man, every family to get in shape and KEEP it shape. No longer is there any excuse for being overweight, rundown, tired-out, nervous, ailing. Rowing, the

thrilling game that the Flexroll gives you right in the quiet privacy of your own bedroom is a wonderful blessing to thousands of others inclined to stolidness.

Every life insurance company, every physician, recognizes the dangers of excess fat. You yourself know that it affects the heart, diabetes, liver, kidneys. And that tired feeling, nervousness, constipation and a host of other ills may be blamed on lack of proper exercise. But who wants to go through the nauseating discomforts of ordinary exercise or the back-breaking drudgery of ordinary exercising?

Now that's all changed! You'll LIKE to play—yes, PLAY! on the Flexroll. To prove it let me put it right in your bedroom for a week's TRIAL! Examine and try it without obligating you in any way. I will put my daily rowing with FLEXROLL ROWING MACHINE is the most PLEASANT, EFFECTIVE, exercise ever invented — a joy both to the health and figure of YOU! If you are not delighted, the week's trial costs you nothing.

Examine the Flexroll FREE

Merely mail the coupon. It is not necessary to send money in advance unless you care to do so. When the Express Company delivers the FLEXROLL, you have the privilege of examining it. Note its strength. Note how easily the rolling seat glides. Try the tension of the spring. See how handsome the FLEXROLL is in appearance. Then try delivery charges and FREIGHT the expression price only $9.98 with the EXPRESS COMPANY. They are insured to hold your deposit for a day, subject to non-claim. If within 5 days you are dissatisfied with it, ANY RETURN will be refunded to the Express Company and you will owe the FLEXROLL, and refund lost money. No MONEY NEVER WENT TO ANY ONE—YOU are perfectly under no obligation should you be satisfied. What could be more fair! And you can't beat the FLEXROLL, because there is no form of exercise so interesting and enjoyable as the Examine the Flexroll FREE! Today, and see how simple, easy, and FREE EXAMINATION COUPON—MAIL NOW! THE STEELFLEX CORPORATION OF AMERICA Dept. 136 125 East 11th Street, Cleveland, Ohio. FREE EXAMINATION COUPON—MAIL NOW! THE STEELFLEX CORPORATION OF AMERICA Dept. 136 125 East 11th Street, Cleveland, Ohio. Please send me a FLEXROLL ROWING MACHINE, deliver charge collect. Allow me to have the privilege of FREE EXAMINATION COUPON so that I may examine it thoroughly with the Express Company. I do not wish but if I am not satisfied with it, I will return it without charge. I hold this coupon as my privilege. I understand the coupon to remain attached. I will then hold FLEXROLL COUPON as the price of the machine if desired. If desire, please mail a return of the machine to me. I will be satisfied with the machine if satisfactory in every way. Thank you for your cooperation.

NAME ____________________________

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CITY ____________________________ STATE ____________

NOTE: Use your own return address for the Flexroll Health Co., 536 East 9th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
Taking in the Talkies
Larry Reid's Slant on the Latest Films

Emma

I hate to contemplate what "Emma" would be without Marie Dressler—for she glorifies the picture, instead of the picture's glorifying her. In plot and dialogue, it has a flavor of good, old dependable Hokum and an aroma of sentimentality. Marie's rôle is that of a robust, homely soul who has been housekeeper all her life to an inventor-widower (Jean Hersholt), raising his four children—only one of whom (Richard Cromwell) returns her love, particularly after she comes out of the scullery and becomes the inventor's wife. It has comedy, pathos, a good cast—but nothing out of the ordinary except Marie, who never had a better chance to prove that she can inject life into any kind of drama.

Shanghai Express

They rushed the release of Marlene Dietrich's third American talkie, because that little fray over in China made the title timely. But they didn't release it any too soon for me—for these movie-weary eyes haven't looked upon any superlative womanly allure since Marlene made "Deception." The scene, of course, is a train—cruising through China, the two principal characters are a Shanghai waterfront lady and a British officer out of her past. Here is vivid melodrama—with the teeming, threatening Orient an exciting unusual setting. Clive Brook is Marlene's most sophisticated—and best—leading man to date.

Broken Lullaby

Except for the title, this is the same picture that was premiered as "The Man I Killed"—a title more to my liking. (I like my realism!) The theme is an enlargement of that old Civil War story of the Yankee who had to kill his Southern brother—with the war the Great War, the victim German, and his unwilling slayer (Phillips Holmes) French. Unable to conquer his remorse, he makes a pilgrimage to the German boy's home-town, and there comes to know the boy's father (Lionel Barrymore) and sweetheart (Nancy Carroll). Phil seems wooden in this rôle of a lifetime, and Nancy's part isn't her type; but Lionel's acting and Lubitsch's direction gripped me.

The Man Who Played God

Besides one of the most intriguing titles ever tacked on a drama, I am happy to report that George Arliss' newest picture boasts a story that is novel, well told and sincerely acted—which is high praise from this ol' caustion typewriter. Arliss has the rôle of a world-famed pianist who finds adulation sweet, until an accident makes him deaf, casting him into an eternal stillness. (A great scene, this!) Embittered against God for his misfortune, he finds life a burden until he learns to read the lips of those who pass his window—and "plays God" to the unfortunate. Arliss puts you in his place. The cast is excellent.

Murders in the Rue Morgue

You admirers of Poe are going to shudder with horror at this wild tale—not so much because of what happens therein, as because of what the script writers have done to Poe's original horror classic. About all that is left is the title. The owner of the gruesome ape is not a frightened sailor, but a newly-created and bloodthirsty Dr. Mirakle: the great detective, Dupin, is transformed into an amorous medical student, and Mike L'Espinay, who once met a fate as bad as death, is spared this time. In short, it's a synthetic thriller, and hardly an improvement upon Poe—boasting a cast headed by Bela Lugosi.

The Hatchet Man

Warner Brothers want to call Edward G. Robinson "the man of a thousand characters"—and if the man must be trademarked, this label suits me. There is no doubt that he can play any rôle they give him, including the Chinese. In his current vehicle he acts, with considerable effect, the part of a Chinese tong leader, whose emblem of office is a hatchet. Moreover, he has to use it, even on his best friends—for he respects the customs of old China, not the new American laws of Chinatown. In short, it is a new version of that story of the feud between the old ways and the new—with an ending that may knock you out of your seat. Lurid, but effective.
She couldn't wait for life to unfold its secrets. She was determined to dig them out for herself. My! How her eyes were opened when she met the real man.

Directed by
JAMES WHALE

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
CARL LAEMMLE - PRESIDENT
Sore Throat and Colds
Start This Way...

Colds that would ordinarily last 9 days, vanish in 3

Look out for wet or cold feet, draughts, sudden changes of temperature; any undue exposure. All are contributing causes of the common cold and sore throat. Such exposure lowers resistance so that germ organisms in the mouth and nose get the upper hand. Illness follows. At the first sign of trouble, gargle with Listerine night and morning. Better still, every two hours.

Listerine reduces mouth bacteria 98% and allays pain and irritation. It's amazing how frequently this treatment will break up a cold.

Actual tests show that colds that would ordinarily last nine or ten days, vanish in three or four. Colds, instead of being severe, are mild. Repeated tests on human beings have proved this again and again.

These tests also revealed that the regular twice-a-day Listerine gargle is a remarkable preventive of colds.

Experiments show that non-Listerine users contracted twice as many colds as those who gargled with Listerine twice a day. And the colds lasted three times as long.

Such brilliant results could not be expected from mouth washes so harsh they irritate tissue. Listerine's success is due to the fact that, while it kills germs, it is soothing and healing to tissue. Make a habit of using Listerine every day. It not only safeguards your health, but automatically makes your breath sweet, wholesome, and agreeable. It instantly ends halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Your guide in buying a mouth wash
The Lancet of London never bestows its commendation on a product without subjecting it to critical tests. And now this great medical authority attests the safety and germicidal power of Listerine. Remember that when you buy.
Hollywood's Heroes Are Baffled by Joan Blondell

JOAN BLONDELL is too virtuous. The qualifying adjective "too" is Hollywood's, not Joan's. There are degrees of virtue in Film Town. But to Joan, being virtuous is like being dead: One is—or one isn't. Joan's definition goes, for this is her own story of her own virtue, which surely makes it a very personal matter!

It isn't Joan, herself, who claims she is too virtuous, either. It's masculine Hollywood, which has to see her and work around her day after day, that complains. And who could blame it? You hear the boys with vocabularies describing her as "impregnably virginal" or something like that. "Morally straight as a die" is another testimonial they dazedly give her.

There are facts about her career, however, that make these moral endorsements appear as teasingly paradoxical as some of Ripley's best items in "Believe It Or Not."

Joan was born twenty-three years ago to a continuous life on the stage, beginning at the age of four. Her parents were "Ed Blondell and Company," and toured the world's variety houses. Her cradle was a wardrobe trunk. At fourteen she became the sex appeal in "the five jumpin' Blondells." At fifteen she ran away from one of her many schools and went to Australia on a cattle-boat. At sixteen she was left "stranded" by a wandering repertoire troupe, sick and penniless, in a Peking, China, hospital. At seventeen she was kidnapped from a different wandering troupe by a South American rancher whose advances she had rebuffed.

At eighteen—but why go on and on like that? Let's see what she's like, after living such a life!

(Continued on page 50)
CLARA BOW'S First Interview Since Her Marriage

How does the famous redhead look upon life and her future, now that she is the bride of Rex Bell? No one has known until now. This story is the first to reveal the new Clara—as she sees herself. It is one of the frankest, most human stories ever published!

This is more than the first interview that Clara Bow has given since her marriage—it is the first revelation of a new, happier Clara. A mystery has grown up around her because of her long silence. There have been rumors that she is still ill; that she has changed in appearance; that she is through with the screen. Now, the truth comes out—in this sincere, human and exclusive story that MOVIE CLASSIC is proud to give to you.—Editor.

The only definitely important thing that has ever happened to Clara Bow is her marriage to Rex Bell. She says this, herself. Pictures are make-believe. Fame passes. But marriage—her marriage—is something that will last.

"Rex Bell has given me the only unselfish devotion I've ever had," explains Clara simply.

The most arresting feature about Clara Bow today is not that vital fire which brought and kept a world at her feet, but a modest diamond-and-platinum wedding band that means entirely changed interests, new viewpoints, modified desires. The shining band is unobtrusive on that broad, competent hand of hers. But it is her talisman against verbal assault and vicious criticism; against her own great sensitiveness; against loneliness, friendlessness—and, yes—foolishness!

Clara, flaming-haired tinder for thousands of newspaper headlines, is rediscovering in marriage those first illusions of her glamorous career. She has faith in other people again, for one thing; hope for tomorrow; self-confidence.

Her hair, which was blonde last summer, was again vivdly auburn against the tapestry of the diva as she talked—for this, her first interview since her marriage. Her eyes held a curious wistfulness as she discussed marriage and the needs of a woman—and her own mistakes—appraising them, judging herself.

"Marriage has given me—myself! I am no longer afraid." Her voice had an intriguing sincerity as she continued—evaluating her own opinions and herself, as much as talking to another person. "The world saw me as a sort of—moll! What it didn't know was that the brazen hussy who cavorted around was sick to death of loneliness and fear and heartache.

Not Lonely Any More

"Being married to Rex has changed all that. I have someone to depend on, someone I can trust. Marriage is my armor. I can look the world in the face again—confident. Rex and his love have mended my spirit—as his care has helped to make my shattered nerves well again. I've been taking knocks alone for so long that knowing there's someone else to worry for me and to look out for my interests is a wonderful experience. I feel so safe—so completely secure."

"I've always been afraid of marriage. I felt that it should be for always, and I couldn't see..."
Few people have seen Clara since her elopement last December with Rex Bell, cowboy actor (right), who proved himself the best friend she has ever had. She and Rex have been honeymooning—simply by keeping to themselves at her Beverly Hills home, where Clara is sunning herself, above

I loved him too much for that. I didn’t know how I’d wear in marriage. I had many faults—and I didn’t want a Hollywood marriage; I wanted something substantial and lasting. I had had so little of the Rock-of-Gibraltar sort of thing in my life. And marriage had to be safe and peaceful and complete for me. I was afraid to marry. Rex was far too sweet, too wholesome to ruin by a disastrous marriage.

“‘And I had made so many mistakes in my life, I was afraid of another one. But Rex waited. He said he would wait forever.

When Her Life Seemed Wrecked

‘Then my world simply collapsed. ‘I have married to a man with a mirror-complex—a man who was always talking about his conquests of women, who was utterly and wholly engrossed in his own career or affairs. I’ve never before known a man who could stop thinking of himself long enough to think of me.

“Rex did. He understood that I had to play. I was young. I had had a most unhappy childhood. I wanted to be happy, but I didn’t quite know how to go about getting happiness. Rex realized that I needed protection and advice.

“When Rex asked me to marry him a year ago, I told him that
JUST as we thought—all this romance talk whispered about Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro seems to have made a slight change between them.

Greta and Ramon, you remember, had struck up a very fine friendship during the filming of "Mata Hari." When Novarro went to New York following the completion of the picture, Greta, too, happened to plan a vacation to the Big Town and they saw each other frequently. So frequently, in fact, that the chatter writers began to wonder if there might not be a romance brewing. Certainly Greta had never been so chummy with any other Does the chap below look familiar? George Raft was Valentino's screen "double." Now in talkies, he has a big part in "Dancers in the Dark"

IF Fred Waring were quoted correctly, there can't be much truth in the report that he and Dorothy Lee will be married some time this year (for her third trip to the altar).

The popular orchestra leader is supposed to have the inside track to the peppy Dorothy's heart—but evidently he feels differently about it. Fred is said to have said that he and Dorothy might have "made up" after the break-up of her marriage to Jimmy Fidler, but with the

Connie Bennett went to a preview of a Joel McCrea picture the other night accompanied by a writer friend—as friend husband, Hank (the Marquis to you), couldn't go. He had a bad cold, or something . . . and colds can get pretty bad on some occasions.
advent of Marshall Duffield in her heart affairs he felt that—well, two romances during one "engagement" were too many.

The little Lee continues to be seen almost exclusively in the company of Duffield, the husky Trojan, who two years ago was a U. S. C. football sensation.

**JOBYNA** Ralston Arlen came back from New York wearing a beautiful sable coat, a present from Dick—and if this doesn't convince the gossips that Dick and Joby laughed off those Peggy Shannon rumors, then nothing will.

Never did a happy young Hollywood couple ever find themselves in a sillier predicament than Joby and Dick, who had a triangle whisper wished on them.

Joby and Dick haven't lived in Holly-

The month's most dramatic faces—those of Sylvia Sidney as the girl crook and Hubert Bosworth as the faith-healer in "The Miracle Man," just remade as a talkie

wood all these years without realizing the fallacy of taking talk too seriously. They just laughed it off, and wondered how it ever got started.

**DON** Alvarado appears to be a very jealous young man. At least, he appears to be jealous of Marilyn Miller.

Don and Marilyn were attending a Hollywood stage show just recently when, during intermission, two male friends of Marilyn's wandered over to say "Hello."

If two snakes had suddenly arrived on the scene, Mr. Alvarado could not have seemed more displeased. But maybe jealousy is just an old Spanish custom. Wonder what Don will do now that Marilyn has canceled her contract with Warner Brothers and will spend most of her time in New York? If the romance is as warm as it looks, he will find something to do in the East, too.

**Marlene Dietrich and Jean Harlow may hide their famous legs, but not Adrienne Dore. And why should she? The former Miss America's next is "The Famous Ferguson Case"**

**BETTY** Compton, now on a personal appearance tour, is pulling a Lupe Velez and doing imitations of famous Hollywood movie stars. But as Betty's imitations are much kinder than were Lupe's she "got over" big with the studio people, who were present on her opening night to give her a big hand.

**TALLULAH** Bankhead's next-door neighbors have more fun than anybody. That is, it's fun until about two o'clock in the morning when the husky voice of la Bankhead gets a little monotonous.

For some reason or other, Tallulah forgets to pull her windows down, so every little thing she says can be heard in a couple of directions. And what things Tallulah says! (You read some of them in Movie Classic last month).

The other morning she talked from two to three-thirty A.M. long distance to New York. Now the neighbors know all Tallulah's back-East friends by their first names.
—and lots of other things. Also, Tallulah should remember to pull down her window shades—for the California moon has a habit of coming up over a California mountain and shouting, “Peek-a-boo, Tallu’h. I see you!” Congressman Bankhead’s daughter is now making “Thunder Below.”

No matter what your private opinion of this vogue of “horror” pictures may be, “Frankenstein” goes down in box-office history as one of the most successful pictures ever produced. It has outplayed almost every other box-office hit of the season. Even its nearest rival, “The Champ,” took second place to the thriller picture in cities where they were booked simultaneously.

Boris Karloff, star of “Frankenstein,” is the most modest actor Hollywood has encountered in a long time.

Recently he was invited to be the guest of honor at the monthly dinner of the Wampas. Karloff said he would accept on one condition—that he be permitted to bring along the make-up artist responsible for his “monster” make-up in the picture.

“This man deserves a world of credit that he will never get,” explained Karloff. “I’d like him to share this little honor with me.”

The name of the chap that Karloff brought forward is Jack Pierce.

Strangely enough, Fredric March was equally insistent on crediting Wally Westmore with a large part of his success in “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.” “Please mention this kid’s name,” Freddy begged us. “And remember it isn’t Percy or Ernie Westmore—it’s their brother, Wally.”

While we’re on the subject of “Frankenstein”—here’s the best off-stage laugh inspired by that picture: “Karloff was miscast in that picture,” said a certain Somebody. “So-and-So (meaning a certain sophisticated woman star who goes around frightening little children with her temperament), should have played it.”

Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gave an elaborate theatre and supper party to celebrate the Hollywood opening of Doug’s picture, “Union Depot.” Among their guests were: Constance Bennett, who almost had her lovely white gown torn off by eager autograph seekers; Clark Gable (and Mrs. Gable), who did have his tie jerked untied; Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; Tallulah Bankhead; Richard Cromwell and fifty others.

After the showing at the theatre, the guests returned to the Fairbanks-Crawford home in Brentwood for buffet supper.

It’s a poor Hollywood party that doesn’t produce at least one good giggle for the gossips—including those that weren’t invited to the event.

The latest snicker occurred at the home of one of our most famous pets. She made the mistake of getting Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer marooned on a divan to- (Continued on page 74)
Wallace Beery tells how it feels to be "Dead" for an hour

How would you like to be sitting at breakfast and hear your "death" suddenly announced on the radio? That's the unique experience that happened to Wally Beery—he saw his wife become hysterical—he learned how the news affected his friends. And right then and there, Wally got a new outlook on himself and on life. Let him tell you about it!

By Nancy Pryor

Wallace Beery has had an experience that few, if any, of us will ever have. He has been "dead" for an hour—to the rest of the world; he has heard his own death notice come suddenly over the radio; he has had an inkling of how the world would feel about his passing. What were his sensations and reactions—how did he feel, what did he do, what did he think? He tells you in this story—which will give you a new slant on Wally Beery, just as Wally, himself, has a new slant on life.—Editor.

"Wallace Beery is discovered dead in his dressing-room... dead from heart failure." The hour was early morning—breakfast time—when those words came over the radio, startling Hollywood. Housewives were stirring about their kitchen duties, half-listening to a program; business men were awaiting the relay of the morning's news broadcast before rushing off to work; youngsters were tuning in on the last of a program before hiking off to school; thousands of California homes were "on the air"—when suddenly the voice of the announcer broke sharply with the statement that Wallace Beery—big, laughing, lovable Wally—had dropped dead in his dressing-room.

Thousands, chilled by the report, must have thought:

"It can't be true... not Wally Beery... not the fellow we saw last night in 'The Champ'..."

Newspaper offices, in a moment, were turned into bedlam with the jangling of telephones; hundreds were calling to verify the news. Studio newspaper reporters hurriedly grabbed their hats and hailed taxicabs, for Wally—good old Wally, everybody's pal—was gone!

Those First Few Seconds

In an apartment in Hollywood a man and a woman sat staring at one another over the breakfast table—dumbfounded, too amazed to speak to one another, not believing their ears at the announcement they had just heard from the loudspeaker.

Rita Gillman Beery cried: "Wally!"

Wallace Beery sat very still for a moment. He said nothing. He had been stirring his coffee. He continued to stir it, even when the beautiful blonde girl who is his wife started to laugh and cry hysterically.

So? Wallace Beery was dead?

Wallace Beery lifted the cup of strong black coffee to his lips and drank of it. He felt he needed it. He told me later that as long as he lives, he will never forget the strangeness of that moment—because it was without precedent, impossible to describe. He was not horrified or (Continued on page 63)
Is Lupe Velez Still in Love with Gary Cooper?

Volcanic Lupe has been keeping everybody guessing—for there has been one romance rumor after another trailing her, ever since she parted. But she releases some pent-up emotions in this story—and tells how she feels toward the men in her life, especially her Garee!

BY MARGARET REID

What has happened to Lupe Velez since her break with Gary Cooper? What is there to these rumors of a romance with a prominent film executive—with John Gilbert—with Randolph Scott, a newcomer at Paramount who looks like her Garee? Not a thing, vows Lupe. Moreover, she adds, talking of Gary, “Never again shall I luff anyone so much. I luff him as long as I live.”

It all came out when I asked her. “What about the future, Lupe? What do you want of it?”

She was in bed—a huge bed, really two beds made together. The question made her sit up straight.

“I don’t think about the future,” she cried defiantly. “I won’t think about it. I take every bit of fun,” she clenched her hands greedily, “every bit of happiness and laughing I can get to-day. Tomorrow I might get run over by an automobile.”

“You don’t want to settle down? Have a family?”

Lupe flung her arms up, laughed aloud. “Me? No, no. I am not the type. To do that, you plan ahead. I won’t. Being free—that’s what I want. That’s why I broke with Gary.”

She paused, struck by a thought. Her eyes grew intense, angry. “And I did break with him. I read these stories—about how his family made him leave me. Nobody could have made Gary leave me. I left him.”

The pride of the Latin woman, whose status in amours (Continued on page 66)
Like her famous parents, Barbara Bebe Lyon has begun to appear in public. Ben and Bebe Daniels Lyon escort her to her christening.

The latest well-known film player to enter bankruptcy is Louise Brooks (right). She owes $11,969, with assets "my wearing apparel!"

Edward G. Robinson and his wife (Gladys Lloyd) arrive in New York from a vacation in Italy. On the same boat were Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck, whom they met for the first time abroad.

You don't often see pictures of Garbo on the set—but here's one, which proves she liked to chat with John Barrymore between scenes of "Grand Hotel." The picture is now finished—and "coming soon!"
Estelle Taylor Fractures Neck, Grins At Jinx

Injured In Auto Accident, Actress Refuses Ether When Bones Are Reset—Still Waiting For Jack Dempsey's Wire

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

You read, not many weeks ago, how her jinx again caught up with Estelle Taylor as she was riding home from a hotel dance one night—and her car skidded on the wet pavement and struck a palm tree, throwing her against the top of the car, injuring her "painfully." But you haven't read these sequels:

Estelle was rushed to the Hollywood Receiving Hospital with a bad cut in her scalp. The police surgeon who stitched it was surprised at his patient. He had handled movie stars before, and one and all excitedly cried, "Oh, will there be a scar? Please have someone send for my lawyer!" But Estelle, who wouldn't take an anaesthetic, kidded, "Hurry and close this up, Doctor! I feel a draft!"

The doctor told her, when she sent her home, that she would hardly be able to work for four or five weeks. But Estelle had just received some big screen, stage and radio offers when the jinx hit her again.

For weeks, Estelle hasn't been able to turn her head like this—her neck has been encased in steel and leather attached to a pulley above the headboard of her bed, stretched her neck without ceasing from night to morning and morning to night. When she sleeps, they pack her rigidly into place with sandbags, lest a sudden movement undo all the healing of weeks.

Estelle's jinx has prevented her, before this, from doing things she had hoped to do—but it never yet has caught Estelle down on her luck. That's why she has received hundreds of telegrams and letters and flowers, and why she has a steady procession of callers. Noel Scott, the chauffeur who was driving the car when it skidded, comes remorsefully to bring her presents of cream puffs. A prop boy at a studio invented a reading stand that can be suspended over her head. But Estelle is waiting for one message that hasn't yet arrived.

When her accident was first headlined in the papers, reporters went to see Jack Dempsey. He told them how sorry he felt for Estelle, and described his telegram of sympathy to his ex-wife. The public read about that telegram and felt a twinge of sentimentality about it. But to date Estelle has not received it.

And is Estelle weeping? On the contrary, it strikes her funny!
Whoops! He-Man Bickford Opens Lingerie Shop!

Brawny Charlie, As Sideline To Acting, Will Sell Dainty "Unmentionables"—Has Competitor In Ivan Lebedeff

By MADGE CARVEL

Charley Bickford, big, red-headed he-boy of the studios, has gone in for lacy things with pink and blue bows on them—but smile, darn you, smile, when you say those words. In short, Charlie has opened one of those shops where they sell little pastel underthings to the ladies. Yes, you read it correctly—Bickford is the name. The same lad who spoke his mind to Cecil B. de Mille (who's usually "yessed") and got so hummish about his rôles that M-G-M figured they couldn't stand the virility and let his option lapse.

But Charlie isn't worrying. He's doing parts at all the studios now, and he has a new and profitable sideline. The very dainty and delicate shop on Hollywood Boulevard is called The House of Bickstorm—combining Bickford's name with that of Miss Joan Storm, the New York designer who will manage the shop. Charlie's motto is: "Let 'em laugh!" He's busy counting the week's profits on lace panties—and maybe you think he isn't!

Lingerie, to Charlie, is just a business—and he's strong on backing anything that will bring a legitimate dime of profit. His other business ventures, all in running order, include a whaling ship, a big parking station and garage, a chicken ranch, a hog farm and some fishing schooners. If there's money to be made in lingerie, as well as in hogs, Charlie is all for it.

He got the idea for the shop a couple of years ago when he was being interviewed by a gushing lady reporter. She asked him what he would like to do if he weren't a movie actor. Because he thought it would be a silly answer to a silly question, Charlie replied, "I'd like to run a lingerie shop." He meant it to be just a joke—but now it doesn't seem so ridiculous. It's business.

Here's the way most people think of Bickford—as a rough, cussing he-man, just as in "Anna Christie." Even in times of depression, the fair ladies have to wear—well, anyway, they don't lose 'em the way the men do on the stock market. When Miss Storm arrived from New York with her original models of lingerie, Charlie forgot that he had once joked about the subject and put twenty-five hundred dollars back of the little venture—with a guarantee of more where that came from, if needed.

Bickford invests every dime he makes in movies in some business or other. He figures that when his movie days are over (and he may speak his mind to one producer too many some day), he can still be comfortable.

But Charlie is going to have some male competition in his new enterprise—in the form of Ivan Lebedeff. Ivan's interest in lingerie, however, is mainly philanthropic. The hand-kissing Russian has become an agent for imported Russian underthings to help the ex-noblemen of his country, who have had to fall back on their needlework to help out their sagging finances since the nightmare of the Soviet revolution. Lebedeff knows his Hollywood. If there is one thing the girls love, it is beautiful lingerie. So he had some samples sent over—and they went like hot-cross buns during Lent. Now he has a thriving sideline, himself.
BARNEY NORTON
READY FOR COMEBACK
AFTER TROPIC EXILE

Handsome Young Actor, Who "Disappeared," Has Been Living Like A
Native In Tahiti — Renewed Both
Health And Ambition

BARRY NORTON, who quietly "disappeared" from Hollywood
about a year ago, is back. When he
left, the handsome young Argentine
actor looked jaded, old beyond his
twenty-four years, with puffy eyes,
thinning hair and fifty pounds of ex-
cess weight that told of movie
parties. He has come back bronzed, with a new waistline
and a thick crop of hair; he has lost forty-five
pounds and looks
literally younger
than he did
when he first
entered the
movies
seven years
ago. That's
what "going
native" in
the South
Seas has
done for Bar-
ry Norton.
He had been
"a coming star"
in silent days, but
in talks he had
worked obscurely in Span-
ish versions—except for a
brief bit in "Dishonored." Then, without announcing
his intention, Barry quiet-
ly slipped away from the
town that had given him
fame and fortune and then
had taken them away. He
goes to Tahiti, in the So-
ciety Islands, and there,
quite deliberately, became
a healthy, happy social
outcast. Now, he is ready
to make a screen come-
back.
Lila Lee, Patsy Ruth
Miller and John Farrow,
visiting the South Seas,
saw Barry—and under-
stood why he lived as he
did. But the white col-
yon of Papeiti, capital "city" of
Tahiti, was shocked by his pre-
ference for the gay, child-
like brown people,
when he might have been
enjoying "civilized
society," loafing
in white flan-
nels, drinking
highballs, and
dancing to
phonograph
jazz in their
bungalows.
Toward the
last, "they
didn't even
speak" to him.
But little he cared!
"The first month I
was in Papeiti," re-
counts Barry. "I lived as
the whites live in the South
Seas. I drank a good deal—
there isn't much else to do
to pass the time, according
to white standards. I grew
heavier. I felt no better. It
was very much like Holly-
wood.
"But I had made friends
with some of the brown boys.
I had learned to admire them. They
are the simplest, kind-
est, most hospitable, gayest-hearted
people in the world. So I left my
white flannels and silk shirts and sun
helmets in Papeiti, and went to one of
the most remote islands. I wore
only the "parero," the native loin cloth.
I learned to spear fish, and went
hunting in the mountains, and swam
and ran on the beaches. They named
me 'Puarenua'—which means 'Horse'
because I ran so much. I shaved
my head just to make sure I wouldn't
get back and 'beachcomb' in Papeiti
for the real beachcombing is done
in the saloons there, where white men
loaf and drink and forget, not where
they live the simple, healthy native
life. But I, of course, was called a
'beachcomber' by those others."

At night, the natives go to bed at
eight o'clock. It was then, when the
ghostly tropical moon printed the
patterns of the palms on the native
huts that Barry Norton, screen actor,
sometimes thought of Hollywood—
as of a place so far away that it
seemed a fantastic dream. But the
time came when he was homesick,
when he fought that subtle persua-
sion of the South Seas, and came
back. And now it is his pagan ex-
istence on those far away, sunny
islands that seems the dream—a
dream that gave him peace and his
health and his youth again.

BY CAROL BENTON
SARI MARITZA, Paramount's newest, youngest, friendliest and blondest exotic, is just a little "burned." Here she is, one of Europe's better-known thrills, becoming a star in her first American talkie—and it turns out that Hollywood reporters know nothing about her except as "the girl Charlie Chaplin was engaged to last Spring" or as "the girl who understudied Dietrich in Berlin"!

If it weren't that Sari is a friendly, languorous person, she would probably have a bit of good, old-fashioned European temperamentals. But right from the start, she wants to put us straight about these two Chaplin rumors: (1) She is not, and never has been, married or engaged to anybody—including Charlie Chaplin; (2) he did not attempt to sign her as his leading lady for his next production.

As for the rumor that Chaplin presented her with an elaborate ruby-and-diamond cigarette case, Sari maintains a discreet silence. If Charlie did give her a gem-studded case, it was only something to keep cigarettes in—and not a pledge of romantic interest.

"I was appearing in films in London at the time Mr. Chaplin arrived," Sari explains, her voice reminiscent of blues singers. "His film, "City Lights," was about to open there, and he arranged a large party for the theatre and dancing afterward. He was kind enough to invite me—and later on, at the cafe, we danced together. Charlie loves to tango—and so do I. The complicated steps we did attracted a good deal of attention. The press took note of it, and it must have echoed in America as a romance rumor."

"The subject of love was never mentioned between us—we were too busy telling each other various tango steps we knew. I saw him several times after accompanying him to dance places. Once or twice, he did mention American films to me, saying he believed I would enjoy a greater opportunity in them than in European productions—but he never mentioned a contract, or the possibility of my appearing in a film with him."

Sari is very polite in denying that she ever understudied Marlene Dietrich in Germany. But to mention this rumor to her is distinctly a faux pas. For Sari is much better known in European film circles than was Marlene before she came to America. Until the time that von Sternberg "discovered" her for his "Blue Angel," Marlene was known more as a stage actress than a screen figure. She had never had a particularly successful film—whereas Europe was already very much intrigued with Sari.

Next, Hollywood reporters will probably be having it that she's a daughter of "Countess Maritza"—but that will be easy to deny, for "Countess Maritza" was a musical comedy. Sari's real name is Patricia Detering-Nathan; her father, an English major; her mother, a Viennese; and her birthplace, Tientsin, China—where, like Herbert Hoover, her grandfather was one of the whites besieged in the Boxer Rebellion of 1900. She laughs at the supposition that she will rival either Dietrich or Garbo, and says she's in Hollywood "just to make money."

Marlene has a head start on the little Maritza in American talkies, but those who have seen Sari work say she won't be long catching up. In the meantime, don't forget: she has never been engaged to Chaplin, and she has never been understudy to Marlene.
Carmel Myers Loses Voice Along With $20,000 Jewels

Encounter With "Two Courteous Burglars" Unnerves Actress, Soon To Become A Mother—Has To Forfeit Big Radio Contract

By Sue Dibble

WHENEVER a movie star is robbed and the news gets into the papers, the skeptics cry, "Fake! It's just a publicity gag!" They said it about the recent hold-up of Carmel Myers, who lost twenty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry to "two courteous burglars." But this was no fake, Carmel, who is Mrs. Ralph H. Blum in private life and is about to become a mother, received such a shock that she had to cancel a big radio contract—because her voice was gone!

"My husband was out of town," relates Carmel, "but I didn't feel nervous—and besides, it wasn't late when my maid and I came home to the apartment. The De Sylvas, across the hall, were out and nobody heard my scream, when I saw that burglar come out of hiding, with a gun in his hand and a handkerchief tied across his face. 'Keep still, and I won't hurt you, Miss Myers,' he said. I thought of my baby coming next May. 'Don't point your gun at me!' I cried. 'Can't you see?—I'm going to have a child!'"

"He seemed awfully embarrassed. 'We didn't know that or we wouldn't have bothered you,' he said. By that time his partner had come in, dragging my maid. But they didn't mean to turn back now. They asked me where I kept my jewelry and I told them. I stood watching them go through my things. I kept saying to myself, 'I mustn't get hysterical. I mustn't faint. There's only one thing that's important—the baby.'"

"They kept asking, 'How much is this worth? How much did that cost?' I tried to answer calmly, 'Please hurry up and go,' I told them. 'Can't you see how I'm trembling?' I'm afraid I talked like a movie scenario, 'Sit down and take it easy, ma'am,' they urged. 'We don't want anything to happen to you. They had evidently read about the jewelry that movie stars are supposed to have, because they didn't believe me when I told them they had all I owned. 'My money's invested in real estate,' I apologized.

I asked if they would please leave my wedding ring. And they couldn't find it: They got down on their hands and knees and hunted on the carpet and under things. Finally, they located it and handed it back, and I thanked them.

"After they had gone, I called my brother and the police. It wasn't until then that I discovered my voice was almost gone. Maybe it was the scream, maybe it was nerves. Anyhow, I had to give up the radio contract. And nobody in my family dares to come into a room softly nowadays!"
Chaney’s Son Enters Movies, But Not As Lon Chaney, Jr.

Youth’s Screen Career Delayed A Year By His Refusal To Take Father’s Name — Says, “There Was Only One Lon Chaney”

By Mary Webster

“I WOULD rather see my son dead at my feet than a motion picture actor!” Lon Chaney once told me. And now his son, Creighton Chaney, six feet two, twenty-five years old, is going to desert the plumbing profession to become a motion picture actor. He has just signed a contract with RKO, and it is said that the company has great plans for him. He is the virile masculine type that Clark Gable has just made popular again, which may be one reason for his being signed; but the main reason is that he is the son of that great actor, Lon Chaney.

“I suppose I have had a subconscious desire for an actor’s career all my life,” says young Chaney simply. “But my father and I talked it over and agreed that one actor in the family was enough. If he had lived, I would have gone on with my work as a manufacturer of plumbing supplies. Now that he is gone, I see no reason why I shouldn’t try movies.

“I have never been to Hollywood parties or spent much time at the studios, but from my father I have learned something about the difficulties and dangers of the career I am deliberately choosing now. There were many things about the life of a screen actor that my father didn’t like. My wife and I have talked it all over. I have discussed it with my stepmother—who is the only mother I have ever known. I’m going into this with my eyes open.

“But I don’t expect to follow in my father’s footsteps. There never was but one Lon Chaney; there never will be another one. That is one reason why I have steadfastly refused to call myself ‘Lon Chaney, Junior’—though if I had taken this name, as people urged me, it would have meant several hundred dollars more on my salary check from the start.

“The other reason why I will not call myself ‘Lon Chaney, Junior’ is a Horatio Alger one—I’d sort of like to see what I am worth as myself, and not just as the son of a great actor. It may take a long while to prove that. I don’t want them to give me the sort of roles my father made famous. I couldn’t do them at first. It takes more, much more, to be a fine character actor than to play straight parts. I want to watch, and study, and work my way up, if I can. I’m proud of being Lon Chaney’s son—and yet I want to forget it as soon as possible. I refuse to cash in on my father’s fame.”

He is intensely in earnest about this. He is indignant about the rumors that he tried to enter the profession under his father’s name, with a “Junior” tacked to the end of it. As a matter of fact, his refusal to enter pictures that way has delayed his screen career at least a year. Several studios made him offers after Lon Chaney’s death, provided he would take his father’s name. But it was not until he found a company that would allow him to be “Creighton Chaney” that he signed a movie contract.

The upper half of his face is strikingly like his father’s. He has thick dark hair and splendid teeth; his voice is deep and pleasant; and he is worried because he doesn’t know what to do with his hands.

“I don’t want to be mysterious or anything like that,” he says. “But tell me did you ever meet anyone who really liked to be interviewed?”

Which shows that he is very, very new to the acting profession!

Like an echo, I seem to hear the voice of Lon Chaney: “I’m sorry, but I must refuse to talk about myself. Just tell the public that between pictures, there isn’t any Lon Chaney.”
WHEN Elsie Janis, fa-
mous co-
me, recently married
for the first time—
and then married
Gilbert Wilson,
young actor
sixteen years her
junior—the rest
of the world may
have been
surprised, but
not Holl-
wood. The
movie town,
where she had
taken to writ-
ing for the talk-
ies, had seen
the beginning
of the end of
Elsie’s long spin-
sterhood—and
knew that it was
not true that her
mother, now dead,
had kept her tal-
ented daughter from
marrying. This was
pure legend, which is
now exploded, after
all these years.

Elsie, herself, used
to say, “Why should
I marry when I have
Jane?” The affection
that existed between
Elsie and her mother, Mrs.
Jane Bierbower, was remark-
able—and no doubt kept
Elsie from feeling the need
of other relationships. But
her Hollywood friends laugh
at the idea that “the Sweet-
heart of the A. E. F.”
Right, as the bride of Gilbert
Wilson—her first husband in
forty-two years

literally dozens of pro-
posal. Her fame
has attracted many
eligible celebri-
ties to her. She
might have mar-
rried a French
duke. She
might have been the wife
of a million-
naire. And her
mother, far
from trying to

Richee
Above, Elsie Janis as the
Hollywood scenario writer.
Below, as the wartime ent-
tainer, who became “the
Sweetheart of the A. E. F.”

Elsie, a singer, wrote
for the Chicago Daily
News, and knew her
way around a
phrase. She
was known
as a
romantic
woman,
and
her
father
was
a
three-
time
married
man.

Acme
Elsie

Acme

 Aviation

discourage
suitors,
warmly
championed
some of
the more
persistent.

Most people do
not seem to
know that
Elsie was en-
gaged at
least twice—once to a
famous ex-
plorer who died of
typhoid on a
jungle trip, and once to a French

aviator who was killed in the War.
Her mother approved of both of them.

“She first came to Holly-
wood, she has had attention
from men stars and writers that many a
young girl might envy. Wherever
she went, she was surrounded by
a crowd of men, most of them younger
than she. Several months after
Elsie lost her mother, John Charles
Thomas, the singer, gave a party in
his Hollywood home, and we
persuaded Elsie to go. At this party she
met a young actor who had been
appearing in the “Nine O’Clock
Revue” with Julian Eltinge
downtown. He was entirely
unknown, but he was
extremely handsome and
charming, and came from a
fine Chicago family.

“From the moment that
Gilbert Wilson was in-
trouced to Elsie, he was ob-
viously infatuated with her.
From that evening, he and
Elsie were constantly to-
gether. We all knew they
were deeply in love. There
had always been, I think,
something maternal in her
attitude toward her mother,
and we felt that there was
something maternal in her
feeling for Gilbert. But she
was worried by the difference
in their ages.

“She sent him away to
Chicago to test out their
feeling for one another by
absence. She denied rumors
of their engagement, and I
think she tried to deny her own heart
—but couldn’t in the end. It may
seem a strange romance to the rest
of the world—a ‘June-and-October’
romance—but not to us who know
Elsie Janis. The sixteen-year differ-
ce in their ages means that Elsie is
sixteen years wiser and more charming
than she was in her twenties.”

And what does Elsie, herself, say
about her marriage? She intimates
that she and the bridegroom
laugh more than most newlyweds—but
hardly at each other. Already, she
hinds, she’s inviting the world to
their silver anniversary in 1957.

BY MARION DUGGAN

Romance No Stranger To
Elsie Janis, Who Weds
At Forty-Two

Actress’ Love For Mother Did Not Prevent Her
Marrying Before, As Rumored—
Groom Is Gilbert Wilson, Sixteen Years Her
Junior
No, the gruesome iron pillar isn’t a guillotine, and Lew Ayres isn’t going to lose his handsome head. It’s a machine used to cart scenery from one set to another, and Lew steps into it as naturally as he does into his rôle as an intern in “The Impatient Maiden.” You’ll have to be an iron man (or woman), yourself, to watch him perform an appendicitis operation in the picture—upon Moe Clarke, no less.
Fifi's taking up where Clara Bow left off, in this winking business—but adding a dash of oo-la-la! (And you know what that means.) They wanted Fifi for the French version of Chevalier's "One Hour with You," but said she'd have to make her eyes and lips behave. Fifi couldn't—and, with a wink, went vacationing in vaudeville
"Let George do it!" was the battle-cry at Warners, when someone asked, "Who can rival Gable?" George—who's a new he-man from Broadway—could think of lots of easier jobs. But they cast him opposite Ruth Chatterton in "The Rich Are Always with Us" and Barbara Stanwyck in "So Big"—so watch out, Clark!
Elissa Landi’s own story about her Grandmother, Empress Elizabeth

This is the first story that Elissa Landi has ever authorized about the fact that she is the granddaughter of Empress Elizabeth of Austria—and contains Elissa’s first actual proof of her royal ancestry, as told by Elissa, herself.

In a story about her in the February MOVIE CLASSIC, titled “The Most Baffling Redhead,” the statement was made that Elissa Landi was the granddaughter of Empress Elizabeth, and added, “But she said nothing, and wished nothing to be said.” Elissa has since changed her mind. Here, for the first and last time, she breaks her silence in the controversy as to whether or not she is related to Empress Elizabeth.—Editor.

I’ve always known that the Empress Elizabeth was my grandmother,” Elissa Landi told me, “but I could prove it to no one until recently, when I was given indisputable proof.

“To me, it seems odd that proof should be considered so necessary. For example: There cannot be found in the world to-day a shred of proof that I’ve ever been born, and yet I’m reasonably sure I exist. There is no proof that the Countess Landi is my mother, and yet deep down in my heart I know this to be true. My birthplace was Venice, Italy, and the fact that the records were destroyed by fire leaves me strangely unmoved. Nor am I worried or impressed by the controversy concerning my mother’s relationship to the Empress Elizabeth. I know the truth.

“But even though I’ve been given proof, I shouldn’t have spoken about the matter if there hadn’t been an unwarranted and totally unexplainable attack on my mother and myself by an utter stranger, an American woman who married a prince. We simply can’t figure out why she should have written that article about us. We couldn’t have offended her. We don’t know her from Adam!

“If she thought she would hurt me through this attack, she is doomed to disappoint—
By HALE HORTON

By the way, was christened Elizabeth and, when a child, shortened her name to Elissa. Photographs of Elissa and the Empress reveal a striking physical likeness. Elizabeth did, and Elissa does, fervently believe in aristocracy—Elizabeth in the aristocracy of blood, Elissa in the aristocracy of brains. They tally in everything from their subtle arrogance and beauty to the reddish gold of their glorious hair. The Empress Elizabeth was profoundly intelligent, a world-renowned Greek scholar, a lover of the music of Wagner, and an expert horsewoman. At the age of six Elissa actually confounded priests by her theological questions, at the age of ten she was an accomplished Greek scholar, an expert horsewoman, and Wagner was one of her gods.

Improbable, you say, in a child so young? Perhaps, but only until you know the electric, vibrant quality of Elissa Landi's personality. If for only a moment you could talk with this amazing young woman who has written four successful novels and risen to heights on both stage and screen, you would not only hail such improbable youthful accomplishments as highly possible, but you would know her to be a woman who simply must have descended from the haughtiest house of Europe. Furthermore, you would know that she is fair

(Continued on page 70)
Miriam Hopkins and William (Buster) Collier, Jr., are the screen's newest dance-and-romance team — being the principals of "Dancers in the Dark." Miriam is right in her element, for the great little blonde picture-stealer started her stage career in dancing slippers. And Buster doesn't feel at all out of place, thank you, in the rôle that Charles (Buddy) Rogers turned down to go to Broadway!
HER DEAREST FRIEND AND HIS SEVEREST CRITIC (BUT ONLY IN REEL LIFE)

In "Lovers Courageous," Robert Montgomery is a struggling playwright—who doesn't have any money, but does have Madge Evans. (And what more could any man want?) Together, they battle the world—and that includes her parents—working far into the night to make his play a success. And doesn't it seem good to see this earthy kind of night-life in the movies, for a change?
Believe it or not, but Jimmy's waiting for a street-car! No girl in her right senses would keep Jimmy waiting—and Fox hasn't made him wait for big breaks. There's a rumor afloat that his health is cracking, but it doesn't sound true when he's making a personal appearance tour and getting ready to dance into "Little Teacher"
Joan Blandell has a way—as well as a Steinway. This is what is known as tipping the scales in the Blandell grand manner, or being a tuneful little eyeful. There aren't any blue notes in Joan’s piano, now that she has earned stardom by the good, old-fashioned method of hard work—as you learned on Page 17. The ex-Follies girl comes into her own in "The Crowd Roars" and "The Famous Ferguson Case"
My, what great big eyes you have, Joan—when somebody opens
the door of your studio sanctuary and surprises you in the dark,
memorizing your lines for "Grand Hotel"! But we had to find out
if it’s true that you’ve made your dressing-room suite look like home
—even to the Colonial furniture. And, sure enough, you have!

JOAN CRAWFORD
CLARK GABLE
destined to be even
greater lover, his
HANDWRITING reveals

Louise Rice, famous graphologist, here tells you more about Clark Gable from his handwriting than you ever knew from just seeing him on the screen. Did you know, for instance, that he has not yet really found himself—and that his love nature is now subdued, but in time will become intense?

BY LOUISE RICE

WHEN I first received the letter from Clark Gable which you see reproduced herewith, I almost thought that he was playing a joke on me and that two people had written it instead of one. For the little curled "i" dot in his handwriting shows that he has a good sense of humor and enjoys a joke, either on himself or on someone else.

Look closely at the reproduction of his letter to me and notice the words "much," "your," "of my handwriting" and then compare them with the other words in this note. See how different these words are from the rest of the words in his letter—these are closely spaced and somewhat angular and much firmer in pressure, while the others are widely spread in the spacing of the small letters, more rounded, and with a less even basic line.

To those of you who do not know Graphology, this will not tell you very much about this interesting personality. To me, it shows that Clark Gable has practically two personalities—one, the laughing, magnetic man who sets all feminine hearts aflame when he appears on the screen, whether he is fighting or making love; the other the mental, reasoning type which very few of his friends know much about, except the few to whom he shows his real self, his everyday self.

If you will look at his tightly closed capital "D" in the word "Dear," it will show you that there is reserve in his nature and a certain secrecy about his intimate thoughts and feelings, in spite of his ability to be talkative and friendly when he chooses. (Continued on page 67)

A NEW WAY TO READ YOUR OWN HANDWRITING

Get a Louise Rice Grapho-scope which will reveal your proper vocation. Also analyzes love and congenial friendships. Send your name and address to Louise Rice, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and 10 cents to cover clerical expenses.
Hollywood Gives Its Slant on Jackie Cooper

He's only eight years old—but he's a full-fledged star, with a weekly salary running up into the thousands, and gets as much fan mail as Clark Gable. So, far as the public is concerned, he hits the bull's-eye. But what of Hollywood—what is the verdict of the people closely associated with him? To them, is he a great actor or merely a precocious child? Do they think he's a typical boy—or that he's spoiled? Here's what they say, confidentially!

Compiled by Dorothy Manners

Jack Oakie: "Cooper? He slays me. I'm tellin' you, the kid kills me! He works from the ticker, if you know what I mean—he's got the old heart-beat in everything he does. He tore me to pieces in 'The Champ' and I went back twice for more. When he sticks out that underlip of his, he just wraps me up and puts me away. There's something about a protruding underlip that just naturally seems to go with 'It.' Maurice Chevalier's got it, so has Doug Fairbanks. Cooper? Say, he's my favorite actor of the bunch!"

O. O. McIntyre (quoted from his syndicated column): "I'm growing just a little tired of going to the movies and listening to the loud bawling over Jackie Cooper."

Richard Dix: "He's the greatest actor on the screen. He's so darned great that no other actor can hold his own against him. I know. I tried. Off the screen, he's just a normal little boy. On the screen, he's the best little scene-stealer in the business."

Sally Eilers: "I know Jackie only from his work on the screen, so I can't say whether or not his great success has spoiled him. But sure, he can't be the happy, normal sort of little boy he would have been if Hollywood hadn't happened to him. Somehow it just doesn't seem to be in the cards. When grown people can't stand it, how in the world can we expect a youngster to do so? If he can successfully stand the pace of having thousands of his pictures taken and published, and of having his opinions quoted to the world, and all the other flattery of movie stardom, without even being a little changed by it—he's one kid in a million. But perhaps he is!"

Wally Gives the Low-Down

Wallace Beery: "Don't let anybody tell you Jackie is a genius, or any other kind of a freak. He's just a great little boy who personifies all the little boys in the world and he can get it over. If he were a genius, he would have done that last great crying scene in 'The Champ' from within—without quite knowing how or why or why he did it. But Jackie knew why he did that scene: we told him 'Red' Golden, his idol and assistant director on the film, had been fired! It was a dirty trick to play on the kid because we knew he'd take it hard. He took it just as any other normal kid would take the news of a lost pal—and that's what you saw on the screen. That alone should prove that Jackie isn't any spoiled child prodigy. He's just a healthy, normal little boy who happens to be a born actor."

Charlie Chaplin (in statement given to the London press): "To me, (Continued on page 60)
"More searching than your mirror ... your husband's eyes"

Over 20,000 beauty experts for that reason insist that clients keep skin radiantly young by using an olive and palm oil soap. Palmolive is the only large-selling soap made of these oils.

"If all the women who seek to hold their husbands would first hold their good looks, editors of beauty columns wouldn't get such a large mail ... and there would be greater chances for happiness." That's the warning addressed to women by leading beauty specialists.

Neither a great amount of time nor large sums of money are necessary to keep looking your best. But intelligent home care, every day, is necessary. Don't think that means hours of primping. It means the best natural skin cleansing you can obtain. And beauty experts are unanimous in their recommendation of Palmolive facial cleansing.

Two minutes. That's all it takes. A simple washing of face and throat with the lather of this olive and palm oils soap. Then, powder, rouge, if you wish. But foundation cleansing, first.

Won't you try this method, endorsed by more than 20,000 experts, as the wisest step toward keeping that schoolgirl complexion? Use Palmolive ... twice every day ... faithfully. Then see what your mirror reveals. See what your husband's eyes reveal.

Retail Price
10¢

"When you are in doubt as to the claims a soap makes, look at the label. Can you tell what's in that soap? Then why take chances? Use Palmolive—which is recommended by those who know."

Carsten, Berlin's Distinguished Beauty Expert.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion
Not afraid of

Barbara Weeks 18
Joyce Compton 19
Jean Harlow 20
Frances Dade 21
June Collyer 23
Noel Francis 22

Lux
They know the secret of *keeping* Youthful Charm

The screen stars have no fear of growing old! Birthdays have no terror for them! They know the secret of keeping youthful freshness right through the years!

"Guard your complexion above everything else," they will advise you. And even the youngest of them will give their own peach-bloom skin the most zealous *regular* care.

"We use Lux Toilet Soap," they confide. Those in their twenties—those in their thirties—those in their forties—keep their skin youthfully aglow with this fragrant white soap!

*9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it*

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use Lux Toilet Soap. Their preference is so well known it has been made the official soap for dressing rooms in all the great film studios.

*You will want to guard your complexion this wise, sure way!*

Toilet Soap — **10¢**
Ricardo Cortez Reveals Who He Really Is!

Nearly everyone knows that he is not Spanish, and that he was not born Ricardo Cortez. But who is he and where did he come from? "It is time the truth was told," he says—after being "a man without a country" for almost ten years!

By Jack Grant

Ricardo Cortez—Hollywood’s man without a country—has at last ended the mystery about himself. Everyone knew that Ricardo Cortez was not his real name. But no one knew anything more about him, except that he was one of the best picture-stealers in the business. His true name, his nationality, his birthplace—all were matters of conjecture. But here is the story of what this excellent actor has suffered all these years by his unintentional masquerade—and how he has gladly revealed his real story:

What is known in the jargon of the movies as "a fat part" awaited somebody at RKO recently. Studio officials talked it over. In their respective opinions, there was only one man to play it—Ricardo Cortez. But would he?

The role under discussion was that of the young Jewish doctor in Fannie Hurst’s new story, "Symphony of Six Million." A great acting part, this doctor—but would Cortez, whose Latin name was known to be assumed, whose background and ancestry had been invented to fit that name, whose very life had been altered by the masquerade—would Cortez play a Jew?

Someone finally had the good sense to ask him. The question was put bluntly, "Would you consider playing a Jew?"

"Certainly. Why shouldn’t I? I am a Jew." There was pride in the simplicity of Ricardo Cortez’ answer—the pride of his race, a race that has survived thousands of years of oppression and suffering. But Hollywood was aghast when it heard the story. Hollywood is always aghast at honesty—at any gesture that throws aside sham and pretense.

Of course, Hollywood has long accepted as a fact the assumption that Ricardo Cortez enjoyed the real-life rôle he had assumed. Some even believed he was ashamed of his real ancestry and preferred to pose as the romantic figure his false biography made of him. No one publicly challenged Cortez, however. Remember, this is Hollywood, where to express disbelief of any man’s story only invites disbelief of your own.

Rumors About His Real Name

There have been rumors, naturally. There are always rumors in the film fraternity. It was said that Cortez’ real name was Jack Kranz, Jake Kranzmeier, even Abie Katz. Any number of yarns flew the rounds concerning his early life. Some of these tales were unpleasant in their implications. Perhaps you, too, have heard a few of them.

Put yourself in this man’s shoes. It is commonly known that your name is fictitious. There are all sorts of wild tales about your real history. What are you to do? Obviously, you can’t climb to some housetop to shout, "They’re all lies." You can’t go around belligerently, saying to everyone you meet, "I know what you’re thinking of me. You believe I’m trying to delude you, to make a fool of you with this fanciful tale of Latin romance. It’s a lie."

(Continued on page 58)
"I like it"

I hope I'm a little different from most girls in lots of ways. But I know I'm just like most women in this respect. I don't like to be argued with. I don't like to be preached to. And I won't be frightened into things! I like what I like. And I like a toothpaste with a clean, keen, refreshing flavor. I like to know that my dentist approves. And mine does! He says that all any toothpaste can do is clean teeth. And no toothpaste can do that better than Colgate's. So—I would just like to know why I should pay more than 25 cents for toothpaste? That's all I have to pay for Colgate's!
You couldn’t follow such courses of procedure. Neither could Ricardo Cortez. You would have to wait until somebody asked you. And the only reason why Cortez hasn’t told the facts of his case until now is that no one ever asked him.

Even those who are his close personal friends have been strangely reticent in discussing the Cortez myth. They have avoided it as something tabu. Others have preferred to remain merely acquainted because they believed the man to be living a lie of his own invention and despised him for it. Ric knows his legend has cost him many friendships. He is not popular as popularity is rated in Hollywood. People dislike him without ever having met him. As a consequence, he lives a quiet life in comparative retirement.

As neither friend nor foe confronted him with a direct question, what was there for him to say? All the talking has been done behind his back, never to his face. I tell you, no one ever asked him.

"Tired of the Sham"

I OFTEN wished someone had," Ric says. "I am as tired as anyone of the sham. For nearly ten years, I have been a man without a country—without a race—without a history. My birthplace has been variously reported as Vienna, Madrid, Rio de Janeiro and heaven knows where else. Stories of my life have been so contradictory, even I am confused. I am Cortez, the First, without parentage, background or history, other than what has been given me by the imaginative inventions of press-agents. I have been a character of pure fiction, manufactured out of whole cloth. No one has known who I really am and where I came from. It is time the truth was known.

"I know people have believed that I want to continue the masquerade—that I am ashamed to admit what is true. I neither desire to continue the fiction nor have I anything of which to be ashamed. I am proud of my ancestry. I revere my mother and the memory of my father. I honor the blood of the Jews which flows in my veins. I want my birthright."

Another Jacob sold his for a mess of pot- tage, you remember.

"My name is Jacob Kranz. It was legally changed to Ricardo Cortez when I entered pictures. But it was Jacob Kranz when I was born in Hester Street, on the East Side of New York City. My father was from Hungary, my mother from Austria. It is from my mother’s side that I get my Jewish blood. My father was as blond as I am dark."

The fictional stories of Cortez have always painted him as a dramatic figure, raised in luxury. There have been hints of royalty in his past, that as far as may be, there is more drama in the true story. There isn’t a more dramatic spot on the globe than New York’s turbulent East Side—where I was born.

It was there that young Jacob Kranz was raised. He went to school and worked after school was out. He sold newspapers and performed all the other tasks boys of his class generally do. Between times he helped his father in the Kranz clothing store. When the boy was sixteen, his father’s death made him the head of the family.

"Ever since I can remember, I wanted to be an actor," he says. "When the opportunity came my way, I begged Ricardo Cortez to invest twelve dollars a week. I had no lines to speak—was merely given a flag to carry across the stage. It was a French flag and I won the job because I looked French.

"A short time later, a friend gave me a letter of introduction to Marshall Nellan, the screen director. He talked to me at length and gave me a part in a Marguerite Clark picture. I went home with my new hat and my new and I looked as if I were as sick as a dog. I didn’t feel well. I was only a boy and I had a lot to learn."

It was many months before I again thought of acting; I resolved to gamble everything on the lone chance of making good in Hollywood. Armed with a letter to Jesse Lasky, I left New York.

Lasky received the applicant with courtesy, but he held forth no hopes. Other producers had similar ideas of success. It looked like the career of Jack Kranz, actor, to be of short duration. One night, a very unhappy young man accepted the invitation of some friends to join them on a party at the Cocoanut Grove. A dancing contest was a feature of the evening. One of the young ladies in Kranz’s party scanted to enter and he became her partner. They won. The following day, Lasky sent for him.

"My wife saw you dancing at the Cocoanut Grove last night," he said. "She believes that you have a future on the screen."

Apprently Lasky was willing to back his wife’s judgment. He talked contract. The question of salary arose. "Does $7.50 a week sound to you?" Lasky asked.

"You know best what I am worth. I will abide by any decision you make," was the reply. He wouldn’t entertain the notion that the sum mentioned seemed like a fortune.

"That’s the spirit," Lasky applauded. "We’ll make it a hundred."

It was five differenct contract weeks and Jack Kranz was brought in. He worked while the others were being manufactured pictures during the era of Latin love. Rudolph Valentino had just broken his contract with Paramount and in the dark-com- plicated newcomer, the company believed it had a second Valentino.

There have been half a dozen stories concerning the selection of Ricardo Cortez as a name for the new actor Lasky signed. The most commonly accepted report says he was named from two cigar bands. Lasky didn’t like the name of Kranz. He suggested a change and offered $50 change- able. "We’ll let the girls find you a name," Lasky said and walked to the outer office where sat his two secretaries.

From many suggestions the combination of Ricardo Cortez was evolved. It sounded romantic and seemed to fit the bill. Next day the publicity department announced that Jesse Lasky had made a new discovery, a dashing, dazzling, Latin sensation, one Ricardo Cortez.

Living up to his name has caused Ric more grief than in his previous life. His biography was a press-agent’s holiday. There were no facts to hamper an imagina- tive mind. Any incident required could be invented on the spur of a moment.

But imagine the actor’s embarrassment upon being confronted by interviewers! "Where were you born?" they all began and his answer had to be, "Ask the publicity de- partment for my biography." And when representatives of the foreign press called, his answer was, "I am Spanish; I would not speak a word of Spanish!"

A sense of loyalty to his employers un- doubtedly contributed to the deception he practised during his first years on the screen. I am willing to wager that you would have done the same, had you been in his shoes. Unfortunately, by his
Why is it that Listerine Tooth Paste is found in so many homes of the wealthy?

Obviously the 25¢ price could not appeal to a woman who has her own box at the opera, or to a man who takes his family annually to Palm Beach.

Listerine Tooth Paste has won its way into their homes simply on its merits. By the quality that the very name Listerine guarantees. And by results that are clearly apparent.

If you have not tried Listerine Tooth Paste do so now. Note how thoroughly, how swiftly it cleans. Contained in it are ultra-modern cleansing agents. Dissolved in saliva they reach every surface of the tooth. Even penetrating between teeth—removing tartar, decay, discolorations, and stains.

Note the wonderful brilliance and luster that Listerine Tooth Paste imparts to your teeth. Special polishing agents, superfine in texture, produce this effect. Yet never once do they mar precious enamel.

Note, too, the pleasant taste and refreshing feeling and mouth invigoration that follows the use of Listerine Tooth Paste. That delightful, clean feeling that you associate with Listerine itself.

When we created Listerine Tooth Paste, it was with the pledge to ourselves that it would be exceptional in quality. That it would be equal if not superior to dentifrices costing much more. We have made no claims for it except that it will cleanse teeth swiftly, thoroughly, and safely.

More than four million people who could afford to pay more have found that this dentifrice serves them best. Please try it. You be the judge. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

25 cents
How Do Sportswomen Manage?

Cup winners can't be quitters—whatever the time of month. The woman who competes for honors in any field of sport must take her sporting chance with Nature. Any strenuous match may suddenly bring on her sickness. A busy season of practice and play makes no allowance for discomfort or pain of menstruation. Midol will meet this emergency—as many active women know. Midol tablets have emancipated women from the dread of regular pain—from the need of giving in to such suffering—from suffering at all.

Do you realize that a woman who takes Midol just before her time to suffer will menstruate without one twinge of pain? That even though the pains have caught her unawares, Midol will stop them within seven minutes? And that Midol is as harmless as the aspirin you take for a headache?

No matter how hard a time you have always had. Midol carries you through your monthly periods in perfect comfort. Don't stand in the dark. Don't doubt a discovery which has been verified by the medical profession and proven to the satisfaction of more than a million women. Your druggist has these tablets in a slim little box that fits the smallest purse or pocket. Just ask for Midol.

Hollywood Gives Its Slant on Jackie Cooper

(Continued from page 32)

Jackie Cooper will always be the 'child genius' of all time—but little Jackie Cooper is a wonderful actor in his own right. I believe, lies in the fact that he does not impress people as a child artist. He is just a regular little boy.

Billie Burke said: "Haven't you heard about Jackie and me? He's my beau. At a dinner party given by Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr., he was my dinner partner. We got along great. If he ever ate chicken, he did it with his fingers. My boy-friend was going good until about ten o'clock, when he began to get sleepy. He's the first beau I ever had who 'faded' on me that soon.'

Gives Credit to Mrs. Cooper

RUGLIS FAIRBIVES, Jr.: "It's not a lot of fun to be a kid actor—I know from experience. It isn't a normal, particularly happy life for a boy. But I think Jackie Cooper comes the closest to living a regular he-boy life with a kid's normal outlook of any screen youngster I've ever met. A great deal of the credit for this belongs to Mabel Cooper, Jackie's mother. She never permits him to be smart or show-off with grown people. Another thing, she doesn't make the mistake of 'supervising' his every movement. When Jackie plays with the kids in his neighborhood, he's just one kid among many on the football team. Mabel isn't scared to death he is going to hurt himself—as most movie majors are.

Billie Burke: 'There's no one on the screen like him. To me he's more thrilling than Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and all the other fascinating actors of the moment. If I were a little girl, I'd like awfully much to be Jackie's best girl-friend.'

Mayme O'Keefe (columnist and writer): "Jackie with three friends to the movies with him one night. When we got to the box-office, he asked solemnly, 'Who is going to pay for the tickets?' I told him I was. 'Well, he said, very solemnly, 'please don't get the expensive seats.' I thought he was trying to save money and assured him that I could really afford the loges. Yes, ma'am,' he agreed, 'but I can save a little that far back. Pardon me—but I guess I'm too short.'

Metz Greer: "It isn't true that Jackie Cooper are scrawny, engrossed. 'We are just good friends.'

Eric von Stroheim: "As a rule, I do not like child actors. They bore me beyond words. Either actors have grown up or because of Jackie Cooper. He is a great actor. He has a great natural talent that comes along for the movies just once in a great while. Many actors a great deal older than Jackie could take tips on technique from him.'

Hollywood Newspaper Woman: "Once I was talking to Jackie and it seemed to me he gave me a rather flippant answer to all the question. Several people standing around who overheard immediately started to say that Jackie was beginning to be spoiled by his attention and battery. But then I heard little boy who lives next-door to me—a child who hasn't had Jackie's success and fame—who can get equally fresh upon occasion. All of us were tired chicken with our fingers. By the time, he just wouldn't be an American boy. When he was constantly watching his 'manners,' he would fear of an unnatural younger than he could ever be by 'talking up' once in awhile. How many non-professional children do you know who are 'little gentleman' all the time?'

Clara Bore: 'Over a period of years there have been many candidates for 'It'—but if anybody else goes is going to fall heir to that title it'll be Jackie's. He has been a Tony Parsons (movie columnist for Hearst papers): "This child's tremendous success is a boon to Hollywood movie producers, his popularity is proof that the public was growing very weary of smutty, suggestive pictures. Let's hope the producers take a tip from it.'

Advice to Ambitious Mothers

BEN TILLI (casting director at M-G-M, Jackie's home studio): "If only all the other kid actresses in the world would realize that their offspring weren't Jackie Cooper! One of the real tragedies of any kid's success is the lack of ambition. While he attracts to the casting offices of the studios, Jackie is in a million—but try to make other kid geniuses' mothers realize this. They bring in these poor little kids, just as if Garbo had come in and sat down beside me. Coop's got personality even in the back of his neck. Once during the show he turned around in his seat and smiled at me. That's the nicest compliment I've had since I've been in Hollywood.

And believe it or not—but even Garbo was seen to wave at Jackie one morning from her dressing-room!"

Ricardo Cortez Reveals Who He Really Is!

(Continued from page 55)

time he left Paramount and the necessity for his continuing the masquerade vanished, people had come to know him himself. Acquaintances were alienated by the hoax. Even his friends avoided the subject, believing him to be satisfied with things as they were.

When Ricardo returned to pictures after two years of voluntary exile while he nursed his beloved wife, Ada Rubens, he achieved an immediate success that almost overshadowed his former success in silent films. He again became copy for the press, but the Cortez table was so well-established that either he continued to the man because it was no longer news, inquiring reporters did not inquire. Had they but known it, a real story was trembling on the tip of his tongue, waiting, just waiting, for someone to ask.

Then, after nearly ten years, a chap, braver than his fellows, broached the tabu topic with the question, "Will you play a Jew?"

And the simple, dignified reply, "Certainly, I am a Jew." In a country asserting itself, Gone was the great impersonator—gone all pretense and the necessity of loyalty in silence. A man stood revealed, demanding his right. At last—somebody had asked him!
SYNOPSIS OF THE NATION-WIDE
HALF-FACE TEST

WHO TOOK PART . . . 612 women, aged 17 to 55, from all walks of life—society women, housewives, clerks, factory workers, actresses, nurses.

THE TEST . . . For 30 days, under scientific supervision, each woman observed one half her face by her accustomed method, and washed the other side with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

WHERE . . . New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Boston, Baltimore, Houston, Denver, Jacksonville, Hollywood, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Portland (Oregon) and Toronto, Canada.

SUPERVISED BY 15 eminent dermatologists and their staffs. Reports checked and certified by one of the country's leading dermatological authorities.

RESULTS . . . Woodbury's was more effective than other beauty methods in 1076 cases of people: 85 cases of large pores; 103 cases of blackheads; 81 cases of dry skin; 112 cases of oily skin; 60 cases of dull, "uninteresting" skin.

*In accordance with professional ethics, the names of these physicians cannot be advertised. They are on file with the Editor of this magazine and are available to anyone genuinely interested.

When leading dermatologists in fourteen large American cities opened the Nation-wide Beauty Clinic, they found that many women were not anxious to entrust their delicate complexions to any soap, no matter how fine.

54 of the 612 women who took part in the Clinic said, "very positively," at first, "I cannot use soap on my skin. It is too dry and sensitive."

"Yes," the dermatologists agreed, "your skin is dry. It is sensitive. Certainly you could not use a strong or harsh soap, but . . . every skin, except a few that are really sick, needs a fine soap. Its use will improve the tone of your skin and so correct that abnormal sensitiveness."

So these 54 women, along with 558 others, took part in the dermatologists' "Half-face Test." For 30 consecutive days, each woman went on cleansing the left side of her face with her usual soap, cream or lotion. On the right side, she used Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Clinical skin examinations made at the end of the test revealed, conclusively, the superior action of Woodbury's. In 93% of the cases, the Woodbury side of the face showed a marked improvement over the side treated with other, and more expensive, preparations. Even normally good skins were clearer, finer, firmer, when cared for with Woodbury's.

With this proof before you of what Woodbury's can do, surely you want to try it on YOUR skin. A "skin you love to touch" is a jewel beyond price. Yet Woodbury's Facial Soap costs but 25c, less than a penny a day.

COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE
John H. Woodbury, Inc., 370 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Lothorrays." For this I enclose the

 Oscar Skin
 Dry Skin
 Normal Skin
 Flabby Skin
 Oily Skin
 Course Pores
 Blackheads
 Wrinkles
 Sallow Skin
 Pimples

 NORML SkIN oocrq. µv\m. ollow Skin o
 For sample of one of Woodbury's Three Famous Shampoos, enclose 10 cents, additional and indicate type of scalp.

 Normal Scalp
 Dry Scalp
 Oily Scalp

 Name__________________________
 Address________________________
 City__________________________State________________________

© 1932, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

61
GLAZO

The Smart Manicure

CUT YOURSELF A PIECE OF LAKE!

The Silent Witness

Three Wise Girls

Lady With a Past

The Lost Squadron

Lovers Courageous

The Menace

The Road to Life

Polly of the Circus

Based on a "Scarface" and the "Shame of a Nation," this looks like the best gangster picture I have seen. (C. A.)

The Scar

She Wanted a Millionaire

The Road to Life

Polly of the Circus

The Menace

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STOCKING S-T-R-A-I-N

comes when you cross knees, bend, stretch, pull your garters too tight. If elasticity has been destroyed, silk threads break, starting ruinous runs.

STOP THOSE RUNS

Preserve the ELASTICITY* that makes stockings WEAR

DO YOU KNOW what causes those ruinous runs?

New stockings are elastic—they give under strain, stretch and then spring back again. When this precious elasticity is destroyed, the silk threads, instead of giving, break under strain. At the least provocation! It is then that runs start!

That is why Lux is made to preserve the elasticity that makes the sheerest stockings really wear.

*The Lux Way to make stockings last twice as long

Lux diamonds—so sheer you can actually read through them—dissolve twice as fast, even in water at wrist temperature!

Wash this 2-minute way:

1. 1 teaspoon of Lux for each pair of stockings.
2. Add lukewarm water to Lux. Squeeze the gentle suds through stockings, rinse well.

Anything safe in water is just as safe in Lux.

Lux for stockings—2 minutes a day keeps them like new
Clark Gable Destined to Be Even Greater Lover, His Handwriting Reveals

(Continued from page 51)

Clark Gable is what we graphologists would call a "late maturer" type and the latter years of his life will be much more interesting and satisfactory to both his admirers and his appreciators. His results are those of a man who is going through what our grandmothers used to call "growing pains"—and those are never very pleasant, either for the person suffering from them, or to the people with whom he is associated.

Notice the sharp downward stroke in the words "my" and "your," which shows that it is not always easy for him to be patient with the petty annoyances and deceptions and delays which are bound to crop up in the making of a motion picture. The person whose handwriting is large and flowing like Clark Gable's will never be interested in small matters, but in things that are constructive and progressive and not too slow in development. The people who deal with him must be careful not to push him too far or to be too demanding, for he may raise his wrath and tell them where to go without any mincing of his words.

He cannot be generally pleasant and adaptable, but has very positive convictions of his own and is able to be a little fussy about some things. At the present time, however, he is sometimes introspective and questioning and is able to feel sure enough of himself and his abilities, because of this transition period through which he is now passing. When he has developed his character, as he is bound to do in the next few years, then let people beware of how they try to boss him or force him to do things that are too puzzling! Clear the track if they do. He will be on his own way, contriving and manipulating and making his own money, he likes freedom more. When he meets with understanding and fairness and is allowed a chance to think for himself, however, he is almost too emotionally generous and kind and will return a hundredfold what he has received.

What Proves He's Ambitious

He shows tremendous ambition and breadth of vision, as you will notice by the high, full loops of his handwriting—and he is so alive that it must be hard for him to be happy unless he is in action. He has great vitality and energy, which give him the magnetism that projects itself so powerfully from the screen; but he will need change and variety and plenty of occupation to keep from getting into unpleasant situations that are not of his own choosing.

Because of his complex nature, he is somewhat self-centered and very much interested in some things and careless and indifferent in others. In fact, he may be called lazy by people who do not understand this. He is tremendously versatile, as his handwriting indicates and his diversity of roles proves, and yet he is simple in his tastes, almost conservative in his ideas and ideals.

He sometimes doubts his own ability to make his dreams become realities and is extremely sensitive to criticism. However, he has plenty of confidence and assurance in anything that he feels he thoroughly understands. He will want to have his personal world and his ideals followed out by himself and is a little irritated by opposition, although he has common sense and does not let these whims interfere with his real ambitions.

Will Be Even Greater Lover

A s to the personal side of his nature, which is what most of you are waiting to hear about: he has been so busy growing up, as it were, that he is not really emotionally ready for expansion. He has a love nature that is not highly developed, but will become deep and intense in the fullness of time. There is no question that he can make a passionate lover on the screen, but in personal contacts it is harder for him to be satisfied with too much love-making and sentiment.

He will always attract interesting, stimulative and unusual women because of his mixture of the boy and the man—a combination that appeals to both the love nature and the mother instinct which all women possess. He will need love and companionship, which he will also need time to himself and can put his emotions aside in his interest in his work when necessary. He belongs to the Constructive Type—the type who are always able to keep their work and their love in separate compartments and seldom let the one interest interfere with the other, no matter what arises.

And so we have Clark Gable, as shown in his handwriting—no saint or paragon, but a real, red-blooded he-man, with faults and virtues like the rest of us. He is strong enough to fight for the things he wants, but he is sure of what he wants to do; weak enough to need encouragement and praise from those who really understand and appreciate his unusual possibilities; sincere enough so that each year he lives should bring him greater happiness and success. As the Irish say, "More power to him."

Who Is Louise Rice?

This simple, convincing analysis of the handwriting of Clark Gable is the first of an exclusive series that Louise Rice will present in MOVIE CLASSIC, writing of a different star each month. Marlene Dietrich comes next!

Miss Rice is America's foremost graphologist, and is world-famous for her studies of handwriting. She is author of many books on the subject, including "Character Shown in Handwriting," "Who Is Your Mate?", "By Whose Hand," "New Blood," and "The Girl Who Walked Without Fear."

In twenty-five years, more than a million specimens of handwriting have been analyzed by Miss Rice and a group of trained assistants. She has been consulted in baffling mysteries by Scotland Yard and the FBI in movements throughout the United States. You may remember that she was called in, only recently, in the Starr Faithful murder mystery in New York—and asked to determine if certain letters had been written by the murdered girl or were forgeries.

In short, there isn't anyone who can tell more about character from handwriting than Louise Rice.——Editor.
ONE POWDER ALONE brings you the Beauty of an EXCLUSIVE ALMOND BASE

by Patricia Gordon

Of all face powders only one has a base of precious almond. That powder is PRINCESS PAT. The usual powder base is starch. There is all the difference in the world . . . difference that is expressed in your beauty. For when you use Princess Pat face powder, your skin, too, is given mystical, velvety, aristocratic tone and texture that is simply inimitable.

ALMOND BASE gives Exquisite Caressing Softness

Softness! The wonderful almond base gives it—as starch base never could. And softness is the most important characteristic of face powder! Princess Pat powder goes upon the skin with an utterly new, adorable smoothness . . . because each tiny, invisible particle is softer. You actually feel the caressing effect of its different texture. Princess Pat powder has none of the “dustiness” of starch base powders. Instead it lies closely upon the skin and clings longer than any other powder you have ever known.

No ‘Powdery’ Appearance when there is Almond Base

In a way that you will consider magical—and delightful—Princess Pat powder creates the illusion of a perfect complexion. There is no “powdery” appearance—just beauty. The almond base—instead of starch—completely avoids chalkiness. In the blending of Princess Pat shades, colors of supreme delicacy are used . . . the almond base permits. There is never “hidden chalkiness” in Princess Pat shades. Instead, the perfectly created pearly hues that are so gloriously beautiful . . . and youthful.

Almond Base is Good for Your Skin

The soft, caressing almond base of Princess Pat face powder possesses an additional advantage. It is of distinct benefit to your skin, keeping it soft, pliant, fine of texture.

Jean Harlow, film star, illustrates the adorable smoothness of Princess Pat powder.

Princess Pat face powder very definitely helps prevent and correct coarse parts. This instead of drying out the skin, as do “dusty” powders.

Remember, there is Only One Almond Base Powder

Precious almond used as a powder base is a Princess Pat exclusive secret. To enjoy almond base advantages—infinity greater beauty, and benefit to your skin—insist upon genuine Princess Pat. Medium weight in oblong box, $1. Light weight in round box, 75c. Seven perfect shades: Ochre, Flesh, White, Ochre, Brunette, Tan, Mauve.

FREE PRINCESS PAT Dept. A 2031
2700 South Wells St., Chicago

Please send me free sample of Princess Pat powder.

Check: [ ] Flesh [ ] Olde Ivory (Naturelle) [ ] White shade [ ] Brunette [ ] Ochre [ ] Mauve [ ] Tan

Name__________________________

Street_________________________

City and State__________________

One sample free; additional samples 10c each

In Canada, 93 Church St., Toronto
New as This Minute!
Po-Go Lipstick
and it lasts for hours!

Thousands of smart American girls know imported Po-Go Rouge—adore it for its
hand-made, French-made perfection.
Here's news!
Po-Go presents—a Permanent
Lipstick! And what a lipstick!
Unbelievably smooth—exquisite
in quality—never looks greasy. It costs only 50c in an
adorable modern case—in three
Parisian shades.
Po-Go Lipstick is very new.
Nearly all drug and department
stores have it—but if yours
hasn't, we'll serve you.
Tell us your type, or choose your shade from below; then
enclose 50c to Guy T. Gibson,
Inc., Importers, 565 Fifth
Avenue, New York City.

Po-Go
ROUGE & LIPSTICK
LIPSTICK 50c  ROUGE 50c
Bridge (light)  Raspberry (medium)  Cardinal (dark)
Cherry (light)  Rose (Raspberry)  Cardinal (bright)
Each a perfect shade—suited to
any complexion, permanent.

Is Lupe Velez Still In Love With Gary Cooper?
(Continued from page 26)

is of paramount importance, flared up.
"Nobody can dare say Gary left me. I did
it myself. Look! I prove to you!"

Had to Find Gary's Letters

HERE was ghastly protest, she hurled the
bed covers, leapt out of bed.
In bare feet, flinty lace nightgown feebly abetted
by a short, scarlet satin jacket over her
shoulders, she rushed to a tall cabinet. "I
prove to you!" she reiterated, pulling open
drawers, tumbling lingerie out onto the
floor.

"My God!" she screamed suddenly.
"Where are your letters?" cried Lupe.
She raised her voice, importing alternately
in English and Spanish. From every
direction, excited figures came running. Her
face was芙蓉ing and changeable; a housemaid,
eyes wild; a cook, exclaiming, "Well,
where could you have put them, baby?"—
the butler, expressing gentlemanly concern
for said France.

"Where are my letters?" cried Lupe.
And rushed from cabinet to closet, to drawer,
to desk, pulling out drawers, dumping their
contents on the floor. Her hair careened
about her head. It is impossible to write "spot news" about Lupe. When it
appears, it is just history.

The day I interviewed her, in her huge
bedroom—a room whose decorative scheme
will still be futuristic many years from now
—she happened to be ill, a rare experience
in Lupe's life.

"I had one of my spells. A singing spell.
Suddenly, I feel all funny like—a
dream plane in a tailspin, I guess. I didn't
get home till five this morning. Never have I
had much sleep, Lupe. It's been very
laugh. That is why I am seek now. I
laugh myself sick!"

But she wanted to forget herself. What did she think of cigarettes, another cushion, a stool for my feet, a little cognac? "It's so
cold to-day. Have cognac, yes?" A maid
responded to Lupe's commands. From her
deep concern, it was evident that he was
convinced I would be fainting on the spell
if the girl didn't hurry. And then I asked
her about Randolph Scott.

Swears Rumors Aren't True

"I SWEAR to you—and my mother's
life—that it is not so!" Thus
Lupe, in her conversation with Gary after
the succeeding interval, has been pictured
as being gayer than ever, she has seen
Europe, herself, in company with John
Gilbert—and has been widely headlined as
about to marry Randolph Scott.

Things happen to Lupe.
In fact, so fast do things happen to Lupe
that she is several degrees beyond the
reporter's dream of "good copy." By the
time a breathless interviewer has reached
his office and knocked out the Great Velez
Scoop, Lupe has already forgotten her
intention of marrying Randolph, or
intending to write "spot news" about Lupe. When it
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dee
Europe is no good. Those that live in Paris—they drive me crazy, always. Peep, Peep, Peep, Peep.” Oh, I don’t think so much of Europe. I was so anxious to get back. I couldn’t wait to see the Statue of Liberty again. And then, when we came in, there was a fog and I couldn’t see her after all.

As has been nationally headlined, Lupe made her return journey in the company of John Gilbert. This depicted hint of a new cinematic romance made reporters happy for several weeks. “But it is not so!” she sat up in bed. “When I am off, I shoot off from the roof. You know that. Jack is a wonderful man. So sweet. So charming. We laugh often, how we laugh. Sure, we have a flirtation. But that is all.”

Her earnestness mounted, the actress in her unconscious responding with pleasure to the occasion. “Why, I have not seen him in seven days. Sometimes he calls up and says, ‘How is Miss Voze?’ Sometimes I call up and say, ‘How is Mister Gilbert?’”

She was gradually constructing a case of proof that she scarcely knew the man. Please, she continued, “Look, I prize you! I prize you to you how there is nothing to the story.”

She snatched up the telephone and dialed Gilbert’s number, her simple, guileless heart delighted with this triumph of subtlety. “Hello,” she said briskly. “Could I speak to Mr. Gilbert? Hello dar—hello Jack. How are you?”

**John Didn’t Get the Cue**

**Before** she could go on, Gilbert’s voice, inexpressibly audible, charged the phone with a stream of conversation sprinkled with endearments, intimacies. Lupe’s jaw fell, her eyes grew round with dismay. Her plan had somehow gone awry—she didn’t quite know why and her unaccustomed subtlety had deserted her. She didn’t know what to do. Finishing her call in confusion, she hung up and looked at me in embarrassment.

“Well,” she said weakly, “I didn’t expect that at all. That I don’t . . .” her voice trailed off to futility.

Desperately she cast about for something to distract my attention. “Ever since I come back from Europe, I am happier than I have been in all my life! I fol California. I fol it truly. When I went away, I am miserable. Mr. Ziegfeld wants me to go into the Folies, but I am miserable in New York, after the first few days—away from my mother and my family. And it is so cold there. I like to lie in the sun. I like to go to sleep in the sun. Think! I have my family, my dear friends, my freedom, my jewelry. I have everything. How could I be not happy? But the time I left, she was gay, excited, voluble.

For Lupe, the last hour is forgotten, the approaching hour without importance. This moment here has her family, her freedom, her dear friends, her jewelry. She is happy. And Gary will be back in Hollywood in a few days—back from his first trip up the Nile—within telephone range again.

**Did You Know That**—

Tom Mix celebrated his complete recovery from peritonitis by marrying for the third time—wedding Mabel Ward, circus aerialist, at Mexico, Mexico, where he was once almost executed by a Mexican firing squad.

Colleen Moore, who said a year ago that she was through with the screen, has just married A. P. Scott, New York broker.
Wallace Beery tells how it feels to be "Dead" for an hour
(Continued from page 25)

I don’t want this to sound like junk, but somehow I feel a sense of obligation to the folks who have read my pictures. Why, don’t make this sound hammy, will you?—but somehow I want each picture to be better than the last one. To be clean and decent and fit for kids to see. I want the characters I play to be real—not goody-gooey heroes—but honest-to-God real men like The Champ and Winky in Hell Divers and the good-hearted bum in Min and Bill.

And that’s why, so help me God, I was going to clear out of this business and let everything go. I'd play such a part as the fat, sensuous German sheik in Grand Hotel. As that role was first written, there wasn’t one decent thing about the man; he was rotte. I wouldn't quit than play such a character to throw in the teeth of those people who—well, called up and were sorry about me when they heard the fake news.

For fake news it most certainly was—a shocking mistake of those who had “tuned in” on the broadcast without picking up what had gone on, and not read it by itself. See for yourselves, spread the report over the whole city. The announcer had been telling the plot of The Champ, which was playing at a local theatre. The character of the fireman played by Wally died of heart failure in his dressing-room—and is discovered lying by his small, worshipful son (Jackie Cooper).

Then the announcer, Wally of the picture, not the real Wallace Beery—but his tone was so dramatic and his choice of words so unfortable that sixty minutes passed before the confusion was cleared away.

What Life Means to Him

THEY changed that part in Grand Hotel for Wally. I’m not kidding you, and I wasn’t kidding the studio either—I’d rather quit holding on to that confidence and respect and feeling that people have for me, than to be a fake hero. Life is just like that. It’s the way it is. Life is what it is. I'm not gonna be Wally, Wally always says ‘yeah.’

For a moment the man at the other end of the wire could not speak. Finally he managed to say, "The telegrapher just heard something crazy . . . the studio is wild . . . the newspaper boys are here . . . their offices are being swamped with calls. . . . You need Wally, Wally?"

"Sure," said Wally. 'Tell everybody everything is all right. See you a little later on.'

He didn’t particularly want to talk over the telephone—even to his best friend. The drama of the situation still clutched his imagination. This is what would have happened if the report had been true: This is what would be going on if Wallace Beery had dropped dead in his dressing-room.

Mannix said the newspaper offices were being deluged with hundreds of telephone calls, from strangers, from people who knew him only on the screen.

Two weeks later when Wally told me this story, he said that the other day he was rushed home to him more vividly than anything else: The public really cares! Somehow or other, "he said, I’d never thought of anything like that before. This is what would be going on if Wallace Beery had dropped dead in his dressing-room. Mannix had said the newspaper offices were being deluged with hundreds of telephone calls, from strangers, from people who knew him only on the screen.

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I said to Rita—she lived, besides her love of art, in her music; she never left her music box, her music box was always with her, her music box was the only thing she ever thought of. I want to be a real actor. Life holds too many wonderful things besides celebrity and a pocketbook.

I said to Rita—she lived, besides her love of art, in her music; she never left her music box, her music box was always with her, her music box was the only thing she ever thought of. I want to be a real actor. Life holds too many wonderful things besides celebrity and a pocketbook.

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How To Create Fascinating Beauty
WITH HOLLYWOOD'S MAGIC SECRET of
MAKE-UP

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

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

Accept this priceless gift... mail coupon.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Facing the Lights
You know that soft, subtle light, so difficult to duplicate... When facing laboratory motion picture lights, height as the sun. Think how perfect Max Factor's make-up may be, for screen stars... at every day go-lucky insurance. Now you too, maybe care of vanity-minded color-perfect make-up.

MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP
Cosmetology of the Stars ★★ HOLLYWOOD

96% of all make-ups including "Technicolor" used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios. Max Factor.

(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Stamp)

COURTESY COUPON
Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, California.
Please send me a copy of your 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up," plus personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart (without any form or stamp) to cover the cost of postage and handling.

MINIATURE POWDER COMPACT... FREE

This book FREE... also unused color analysis card... compact... while supplies last... mail coupon.
Elissa Landi's Own Story About Her Grandmother, Empress Elizabeth

(Continued from page 43)

In the meantime, Ludwig hoped for his love for Elizabeth by becoming engaged to her sister, Helen. A remarkable resemblance existed between the two sisters—never so pronounced as to make it impossible to forget. At odd hours of the night, he would awaken Helen—not to mention her long-suffering father, Duke Maximilian—whom he called Max—and then, in his words, "to dress and come down to the salon, he would toss a bouquet of roses on the piano and dash madly out into the night. "No wonder Ludwig was called a madman; his eccentricities developed from a futile desire to forget his all-consuming passion for Elizabeth.

Finally, the Emperor and the "mad" King found mutual healing in opening their hearts to one another. They chose as their meeting place the Isle of Roses, situated in Lake Starnberg at the foot of the Alps on the mainland.

Faithful to the End

Ludwig went to the Isle on his steam yacht, Trista, while Elizabeth invariably hired a boat of her own. If for any reason Elizabeth should arrive at the trysting place and Ludwig could not be there, being prevented by affairs of state, she would write him a tender note, sign it "The Dove," and leave it in a secret hiding place. Likewise, if Ludwig arrived at the Island only to find Elizabeth absent, he also would leave a note, signing his, however, "The Eagle." When it was impossible for either to go to the island, Elizabeth on occasion would send a trusty visitor in Ludwig's study at Schloss Berg—another proof that she was not unconventional.

When their meetings grew more frequent, Ludwig's eccentricities became accentuated. Finally a group of cabinet ministers adjoined him insane. With a doctor for a companion, he was incarcerated in the Schloss Berg. When he discovered that men were on the way to persecute him further, he ran from the castle to the shore of Lake Starnberg, within sight of the Isle of Roses, and there killed the doctor and committed suicide.

When Elizabeth had been admitted to the room in the castle where Ludwig's body had been laid, she threw herself on a deep swoon. So slowly did she regain consciousness that her mind was still clouded when she shrieked: "Take the King out of the vault! He's not dead! He only pretending to be dead so he may be at peace without tormentors!" At the funeral the casket of the "mad" King was literally surrounded by a wreath of one single flower. However, rested on his breast, a spray of jasmine, Elizabeth's last gift to Ludwig.

Memories of Elissa's Mother

And now," Elissa Landi remarks rather sadly, "the Isle of Roses is nothing but a bit of burnt land covered with brush...Since her father's death, the Empress told Caroline, Elissa's mother, to cherish the name of Ludwig forever.

"And Caroline," she added, "you have lost the greatest treasure you ever had." Mother never will forget that day. Nor will she forget the visits the Empress made her while she was being brought up in Vienna and Munich. She had her own ideas as to how Mother should be raised,
You are in a

**BEAUTY CONTEST**

every hour
of every day!

A CAKE of Camay Soap—and you have the finest beauty treatment in the world.

Buy a dozen cakes—today—and watch this gentle soap bring out the natural beauty of your skin. With Camay your skin will glow with new, deep cleanliness!

**The All-Important Proof**

My dear Baroness:

I believe the time has come for me to break my silence. When the Countess Landi's book appeared in 1881, I attempted vainly to get in touch with her, but being in Germany at the time, the war prevented me from doing so. Afterward, the controversy seemed to have subsided. I had many preoccupations of my own and was remained strangers to one another.

Now the present revival of the controversy has reached even me in my seclusion. I am now too old (about seventy-four) either to gain or suffer through my disclosure.

I believe that I am the only surviving intimate member of the Empress Elizabeth's entourage who saw the whole affair through. The Empress Elizabeth of Austria did indeed secretly give birth to a daughter at the Chateau de Sassetto, and Elisabeth's mother is that daughter.

I am sorry this is the only statement I can make at the moment. Lack of space prevents me from going further into detail. I feel it is a matter of urgency that Elisabeth Landi should no longer be molested by people who pretend to know the story, but who, in reality, only wish to give themselves importance. Some of the publications make the allegation that Countess Landi says she was born in 1887, and openly claims to be the daughter of King Ludwig of Bavaria. Another that she claimed to be the daughter of Emperor Franz Joseph. In her book she distinctly says that she was born in 1882 and never makes any allusions to her father at all.

In an American magazine article, I again read the preposterous description of how the empress fell off her horse and was carried insensible to the castle. The Empress was the most intrepid and experienced horsewoman of her time and it was the boast of her life that no horse had ever been able to throw her. That same strangely-informed writer states that in 1882 the Empress was forty-seven years of age. In 1882 the Empress was forty-three years of age.

In the same article, it is stated my relatives knew Countess Landi's story and laughed at it. That is NOT so. My relatives knew the story and WERE A FRAID OF IT.

I am here to emphasize the superficiality of such articles. I shall be glad to have this matter dropped forever. For as far as I am concerned, the matter is dropped forever. For as I've often repeated, I live in the present and look to the future, not to the past.

Sincerely,

Baroness Marie Louise von Wallsee

"It was noble of the Baroness to send on
this information," Eliza concludes. "She
has proved to the world that which I've
always known, and now, so far as I am con-
cerned, the matter is dropped forever. For as
I've often repeated, I live in the present and
look to the future, not to the past."

---

**Camay**

**THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN**
Put those lazy mouth glands back to work...

Modern living conditions—strain, noise, haste—have made our mouth glands lazy. The fluids which should be cleansing our teeth and mouths are no longer flowing freely. Dentyne is a delicious chewing gum made especially to help overcome this unhealthy and unpleasant condition.

NATURE MEANT YOUR MOUTH TO BE SELF CLEANSING

As soon as you start to chew delicious Dentyne the beneficial mouth fluids start flowing. They cleanse the teeth, check mouth acids and purify the breath. What a delightful way to keep the mouth healthy! And Dentyne contains a special ingredient to keep teeth white.

Dentyne Chewing Gum

FREE FOR ASTHMA

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma, when it is cold and damp, if you choke and gasp for breath don't fail to send at once for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live nor what you are or occasion nor whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free sample. It will cost you nothing. Write now and get the method free on your own risk.

DENTYNE

BUNIONS

Now Dissolved

'Palpably, and without pain', 'completely relieved', 'in a few days', 'in a week', 'in a trial treatment'—these are just a few of the testimonials we have received in the last year. We are beginning to realize that the world is ready for a cure for bunions that is direct, practical and permanent. For years we have been working on this problem, and our results have been beyond our expectations.

FREE TEST

ALVIEN INDUSTRIES

SCHOOL OF THE ARTS

OUTLINES and GENERAL subjects for personal development, Stage, Television, Radio and Motion Pictures. 100 years practical experience of world's leaders in film production. Free trials.

M.P.E.

School of the Performing Arts

Why Darling—you Look 10 Years Younger—Twice As Lovely, Too!

Wrinkles gone. Skin cleared of blackheads. Pimples, blemishes, large pores reduced, new tone and firmness in every skin—no wonder she looks 10 years younger! You'd like to do the same? No need to waste thousands, expensive methods have failed. Here's a treatment that brings new youthful beauty

Discounted

Mail Order

25% to 55% Off

Our Hollywood Neighbors

(Continued from page 12)

FEbruary fourth was a sort of birthday for the motion picture industry in Hollywood. Twenty-four years ago on that day the first film of any importance was released in the flier coast, a terrestrial one, not to be a film but to be a huge and fabulous success. It was a super special entitled "Across the Divide," and it ran all of one whole reel. The studio was in the backyard of a Chinese laundry owned by Bing Loo. The sun provided the only light at hand, and the actors dressed behind a fence. The ladies dressed in the laundry, probably while Bing Loo wasn't looking.

Most of the names in the cast have long since been forgotten. Only the heroine, Brigitte, and the hero, Santschi, to become famous afterward as the hero of the screen's first serial, is still remembered. He, at least, went on to fame and some fortune. The other pioneers of a great industry are not remembered.

"I've finally discovered the meaning of 'temperament,'" said the famous movie star. "It's disagreeing with the producer."

The big problem has been settled at last. George Bancroft will not wear a beard in "Red Harvest." That many phonies will not be covered with hirsute shrubbery, and you won't have to look at your program to discover the identity of the star.

Paramount, not going in much now for hirsute stars, has just scheduled "The Eastern Side of the World," to be a big upset at the considerable stipend Bancroft is collecting every week. They're reported to be quite intrigued with the idea of Mr. Charles Bickford, a well-known actor, to be a star. Bancroft, incidentally, is not interested in term contracts, no matter how big they come. He has plenty of money of his own, and he has discovered that no star has much to say about his pictures without constant battling. The big boy is coming back strong these days. He will appear opposite Tallulah Bankhead in her next picture, and offers are pouring in.

Add to flickertown anecdotes: The great screen lady who was not very picturesque and came to the Hollywood party of the Mayfair Club. She did not allow her public to see her in anything less than Patou's best. Still Edna May Oliver please give a good sniff for me?

NOW there's nothing funny about puerility, but the very idea of Lupe Velez suffering from it strikes me as funny. It just sounds like one of those things that Lupe would never, never have. For one thing, I always thought she was too lovely to catch anything like that. At any rate it kept her away from "The Broken Wing" company for four days. Incidentally, a picture is pretty dull business for the Mexican can makeup if she can't flirt with her leading man. Fredric March is the star in "The Broken Wing," and Freddie's reputation would make that of Caesar's wife look
like a spotted boarding house tableau! It must be rather prosaic for Lulu, and she probably just sits and knits between scenes.

In the stock market hasn't completely cured you of taking chances. Hollywood is betting two to one that Lulu and Cary will 'keep and make up' when the tall man from Montana returns to these parts in the Spring.

"VERY little is said of the Motion
Picture Relief organization, but the
film people take care of their own when hard times come rolling around. As much as $20,000 a month has been spent, and as many as 40,000 meals monthly have been given the needy. Work is carried on quietly, secretly, and with the utmost dignity.

Some of the names on the list of the
needy would astound you. Stars of other
days who have fallen into dire poverty are
being cared for. Not long ago a once-noted
woman star was found living in a garage.
There was a time when her pictures packed
theaters from Maine to California, but
with youth gone, beauty faded, and money
squandered in more opulent days, she
could not even find extra work.

No outside help is ever asked by this
organization. And in addition to their
own charity work, the studios of Holly-
wood went over the top in the recent
Community Chest campaign of the City of
Los Angeles.

THEY are telling this on Harpo Marx.

The most elegant of the freres Marx was
a guest at a party. He followed up his intro-
duction to each pretty lady by requesting a
kiss. The host, amused at first, finally took
him to task.

"You'll have to stop that, Harpo," he
protested. "If you must do those things,
try to be more diplomatic. Lead up to it
gratefully."

Harpo listened, round-eyed, and seemed
impressed. He met another beautiful girl.

"Have you seen Mata Hari?" he asked
very, very politely.

"Why, yes," she answered.
Harpo's eyes beamed.

"And now may I kiss you?"

HERE and There in Hollywood: Bar-
tiara Bebe Lyon was christened with
fathing ceremonies in February. Weren't
Ma Bebe and Pa Ben proud? There will be
another prominent baby in the John
Harrymore-Dorores Costello hilltop home
very soon now. Clarence Brown, who
directs, and Dorothy Burgess, who acts,
are awfully much that way about each other.
According to New York chatter,
Osa Munson and Ernst Lubitsch, who
were scheduled to wed come springtime,
have definitely broken—with Osa in the
East and Ernst on the Coast. Lucille
Webster Gleason and son, Russell Gleason,
have celebrated another joint birthday.
They were born on the same day—oh,
different years, of course, and my, it does
save money in cakes. Doug Fairbanks has
sailed away on another travel expedition to
the South Seas. Mary is alone at Pickfair
again. Wonder if she'll ever marry, or is she
traveling man? Doug, Jr. and Joan have
bought a movie projection machine. Now
they can have their own talksie right at
home. Billie Dove, after breaking hearts
right and left in New York, has moved on
to Palm Beach. They say it has been a dull
season there. But the Palm Beach Chamber of
Commerce coaxed Billie down. She's a
better attraction than summer weather.

COLDs are expensive!

Avoid self-infection by using
KLEENEX disposable TISSUES
instead of handkerchiefs

Colds are costly, both in health and
money. Do you realize how costly?
Do you realize that colds are the starting
point for a whole list of serious and expen-
sive illnesses? That colds cause more time
lost from work, more absences from school,
than any other disease?

It is good sense and good business to take
every precaution the moment you notice the
first sign of a cold in yourself or any member
of your family.

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money. Do you realize how costly?
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than any other disease?

It is good sense and good business to take
every precaution the moment you notice the
first sign of a cold in yourself or any member
of your family.

Start using Kleenex
at once

Stop using handkerchiefs when
the first sniffle starts! Handker-
chiefs collect germs—cause
constant self-infection, if you
use them over and over.

The only safe handkerchief is one you
can use and destroy—Kleenex disposable
tissues.

Kleenex costs so little that you use each
tissue only once. Then you destroy it,
before it has a chance to self-infect you or spread
infection through the family. Kleenex is soft,
comfortable—and relieves you of all hand-
kerchief washing. Children especially need
Kleenex because they catch cold so easily
and so often develop serious complications.

The value of Kleenex in beauty care is well
known. Used for removing cleansing cream,
it prevents any risk of leaving bits of oil and
dirt in the pores. Mothers find it saves clothes
when giving children cod liver oil or medi-
cines, or when applying ointments.

KLEENEX COMPANY,
Lake Michigan Building,
Chicago, III.

Please send sample packet of
Kleenex.

Name:
Street:
City:
State:

In Canada, address 500 BayG吸引力.

KLEENEX disposable
TISSUES

Germ-filled handkerchiefs are a menace to society!
Looking Them Over
(Continued from page 24)

REPORTS from New York hint that
Jeanette Loff (remember the lovely
Loff?) will soon become the bride of a well-
known Broadway playwright. If this is true,
Jeanette will probably join the ranks of
Phyllis Haver, Ruth Taylor, Jane Winton
and several others, who have turned their
valuable backs on a career in favor of
matrimony in a Park Avenue salon or a
Greenwich Village penthouse.

BILLIE DOVE’S favorite laugh partner is
Charlie Lederer, who authored most of
“Cock of the Air.” Nothing serious to this
one—Charlie just knows the best jokes and
wisecracks and Bette, in spite of her drowsy
beauty, loves laughter.

SARI MARITZA (pronounced Shar-ee-Mar-
ietza) says she doesn’t care what they
call her as long as they don’t make it
“Sorry” Maritza. Unfortunately enough,
that is the most common pronunciation.
Sari is a cute little girl who looks more
like a cherubic ingenue than the alluring
“exotic” she has been painted. Her figure
is not unlike Sylvia Sydney’s—proof that
curves are coming back. You’ll be hearing
more about Sari, who has made a terrific
hit with the press. Most of the boys and girls
like her better than any of the recent
importations. Most of the boys think she
looks awfully cuddlysome.

MONA MARI and Clarence Brown have
apparently checked out on their
romance after a two-year “engagement,”
including welding bell rumors and a
diamond ring. Mona still has the ring, so it
can’t have been originally intended for the fourth
finger after all.
There is talk that Mona will probably go
to New York in the early spring to try her
luck on the stage.
In the meantime, Director Brown’s latest
romance is Dorothy Burgess.

TARA BIRELL, Universal’s offering upon
the altar of the “exotics,” is unique in
that she is not a follower of the great Garbo.
Tara thinks Helen Hayes is the finest
actress on stage or screen and if she
could get roles like Helen’s, she would let
the Garbo clan go their glamorous way.
But Tara is going to suffer comparison
to Garbo, whether or not she wants it. For
one thing, her figure is similar to the famous
Swede’s—and she has the same manner
of carriage.

SPEAKING of comparisons, there is just
a little bit too much of the Constance
Bennett motif in Carole Lombard’s new
gowns and photographs. Maybe it is un-
tentional, but it looks as though Carole
were trying very hard to look like Constance
from her sweeping hairline to her wide,
generous mouth.
Carole is too interesting and individual
to suffer such continued comparison
with another big star.

WHAT a treat it is for a lucky scribe to
be allowed a peak onto the well-
guarded “Grant Roten” set out at M-G-M.
Edmund Goulding was kind enough to
open the cops at the door of the set the
erly day and allow us to glimpse the making of
a great scene from that picture.

FEET HURT?
For instant relief apply a Blue-jay, the
medicated Corn Plaster. The
pain stops right away; Blue-jay
bushes the spot where agonizing
pressure comes.
And then the mild medication
loosens the corn for early removal.
Soon you’re on easy feet!
Don’t run infection risk by
cutting or purging corns. Instead on this
safe treatment—genuine Blue-jay—
the medicated Corn Plaster, made
for thirty years by a noted surgical
druggist.  All druggists, six for
25c.

BLUE-JAY
CORN PLASTERS
BAUER & BLACK

FREE BOOKLET—“FOR BETTER FEET”
A very helpful book, contains valuable suggestions
for foot sufferers. For a free copy mail this coupon
to Bauer & Black, 2000 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

WAKE UP SINGING!
If, instead of a song on your lips,
your day begins with a feeling of
fatigue and a conviction that the
world is all wrong it is an almost cermtain
indication that you have an organic irregu-
larity that can be remedied.

Diseases which start with indigestion,
gassy, sour stomach, dizzy spells or gen-
eral lassitude have been overcome by Dr.
Pierce’s Golden Medical Discovery. Thin
blood and a run-down system also re-
spond to this tonic. All druggists have it.
Send 10c to Dr. Pierce’s Chair, Dept. "J," Buf-
falo, N. Y., if you want a trial package

Dr. Pierce’s Discovery

WHEN WERE YOU BORN?
Send 25c for complete set of 32 colored, illus-
trated Horoscopes. They’re fascinating and
entertaining. Know yourself and know your
friends. Send only 25c today to Louise Nagel,
1224 Macabees Blvd., Detroit, Michigan.

Atlantic City’s
Newest Boardwalk
Hotel

The
President
Five Hundred Rooms with Sea Water
Baths—American and European Plans.
Also Beautifully Furnished Housekeeping
Apartments with Complete Hotel Service
by the week, month or year.

SEA WATER SWIMMING POOL
MARINE SUN DECK—TURKISH BATHS
REDUCED RATES IN FORCE

A NEW Perfume!
The most exquisite perfume in the
world. Sells at $2.00 an ounce—$2.50
for bottle containing 30 drops.
ROMANZA—the Aristocrat of
Perfumes. Single drop lasts a week.
Never anything like this before.
Paul Rieger’s Romanza is the most
refined of all perfumes. Made from
essence of flowers, without alcohol.

SEN D FOR
TRIAL BOTTLE
Send only 5c (vat or stamps) for a trial bottle
of this marvelous perfume—“ROMANZA”.

Paul Rieger & Co., 138 First St., San Francisco

One Gray Hair today
20 Tomorrow

The worst of GRAY HAIR is that it gets
GRAYER and GRAYER. Are you satisfied
to see your pretty hair go to pieces when
your friends are ‘touching up’ theirs with
FARR’S, a modern type of preparation,
easy to use, clean, odorless, not sticky?
They make no secret of keeping ALL their
hair one even, NATURAL, youthful shade.
FARR’S is so entirely harmless there is no
reason for hesitating. $1.35 Sold every-
where.

FARR’S FOR GRAY HAIR
FREE SAMPLE
BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO.,
71 Southbury St., Boston, Mass.
Send FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping

Name.
Street.
City.
State.

STATE ORIGINAL COLOR OF
HAIR.
Joan Crawford and Lionel Barrymore as Flammkuchen and Kringlelogen respectively, were enacting a highly dramatic scene from the end of the story where the patriarch account asks the little stenographer to share the rest of his brief life. Both Barrymore and Joan were superlative. We've often heard the tale of tears coming to the eyes of the hard-boiled crew as they watched a scene, but we've never seen it until this day.

"Jez," breathed one of the technical boys after watching the scene, "if Crawford don't accept that guy, I'm going away with him myself. If Barrymore keeps up like this all through the picture, I'm gunna be all torn up."

Mr. Goulding tells us that calm reigns supreme on this set of many stars. Garbo, the two Barrymores, Wallace Beery, Joan Crawford, Lewis Stone and others. All the bickering was done before the picture went into production. Probably one of these performances will turn out to be the best of the year. We've already placed our bet on Lionel.

We've often wondered why some of the stars did not move into their elaborate bungalow suites on the studio lots. Most of the little cottages are as pretty and comfortable as a New York penthouse.

But so far as we know, Ruth Chatterton is the first star actually to take up residence on a studio lot during the filming of a picture.

Ruth has moved bag and baggage into her lovely bungalow on the First National lot and is having a lot of fun inviting friends to motor through the studio gates to dine with her. The other night she gave an informal card party. But be Chatterton says her evening entertainments will be few and far between, as she moved into the bungalow primarily to save her strength, rest, and retire early.

Ralph Forbes (the husband) is developing into a midnight prowler about the Burbank Studio.

Linda Watkins, who made a couple of pictures for Fox and who was one of the Fox "privately promoted" Deb Stars, has just about decided to check out on her career in favor of matrimony.

Miss Watkins and Gabriel Hess, prominent film attorney, were recently married in Chicago on their way to New York.

Linda has written friends that she doesn't want to be one of those commuting wives, and, if staying in New York with her husband means the end of her Hollywood career—well, that's just too bad for the career. The Hesses have taken a penthouse overlooking the East River.

Patsy Ruth Miller is having more than her share of boat travel. Patsy had no more than returned from a sea voyage to the South Seas when she decided to accompany her husband, Ray Garnett, through the Panama Canal to New York.

The pretty little Miller girl says Europe is the only thing left. That's a hint, Ray!

Janet Gaynor is back in town and glad of it. She was seriously ill with the "flu" during her stay in Rome.

This must have been a keen disappointment to Janet, as she told us just before she left Hollywood that she looked forward to her visit to Rome more than any other European city.

Rome was also the favorite city of Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli when they were in Europe, and they had told Janet so much about it, she was doubly eager to visit there.

warned in the nick of time... by albert dorne

Girls agreed he was good-looking but "simply impossible"... too bad he never suspected why

Men at the office found him capable and hard-working, yet they hesitated to promote him

The only girl turned him down when he asked her to marry him

Then a young doctor-friend frankly told him what his fault was... and advised lifebuoy

"B.O." a real danger

No "B.O." to spoil his chances now! Wedding bells next month.
MIRIAM HOPKINS, pet and pride of Paramount, earned herself a little vacation after completing her new picture with Jack Oakie.

All her life Miriam has wanted to visit San Francisco. It is the one interesting American city she has never seen.

So on the spur of the moment Miriam, her maid, two trunks and four valises took the train to the town on the Bay.

It seems that San Francisco was just as anxious to see Miriam Hopkins. Two hours after her arrival became known, she had received ten baskets of flowers and a raft of telephone calls and interviews.

IF Virginia Bruce keeps up in her present fashion, she is going to give Mary Brian a run for her "popular girl" honors. We've already mentioned that Jack Oakie finds the blonde Virginia a most attractive dinner partner—and on the nights when Jack isn't hanging on her telephone—Billy Winkell is.

A year ago, Virginia was a glorified extra girl in Hollywood and none of the eager and plucky he was going to visit New York and the Follies—and now everything is just lots of fun in Hollywood.

Being in the Follies certainly seems to make a girl's stock go up.

HIS success in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has agreed with Fredric March. Fredric is quiet, retiring young man, but lately he has blossomed out as a winner with the best of them. For one thing, he used to feel ill-at-ease and nervous at the prospect of meeting an interviewer or newspaperman. Now he's the buddy of all the visiting scribes who can get past the Paramount policeman.

HERE'S a funny one for you:

The other afternoon Ann Meredith's Beauty Parlor was crowded with film celebrities. In one booth Ruth Chatterton was having her nails manicured. And Irving Bennett was having her hair clipped at the barber's. Joan Blondell was reading a magazine in the "dinner room." Carmen Myers was waiting for the hour of her appointment. Evelyn Brent was having her hair waved. Evalyn Knapp had just arrived. Yet in spite of all this movie glory, under one beauty roof, work was going on pretty much the same. No extra excitement, if you know what I mean.

Suddenly, and without a previous appointment, Mary Robertes Rinehart arrived and asked for an appointment to have her hair clipped. As the famous novelist was ushered into a booth, the entire shop went into a frenzy. Even the famous movie stars were not above attempting to peek in at Mrs. Rinehart as they went past her booth. Such is fame in Hollywood! America's highest-paid woman writer was in Hollywood on a visit to her son, who is under contract, as a scenario writer, to Paramount.

SAW Marlene Dietrich on the Paramount lot the other morning and just why Marlene doesn't enjoy the reputation of "the best-dressed woman in Hollywood" we've never been able to figure out. She was wearing a stunning black velvet street dress with a dainty lace collar at the throat. Her hat was black—one of those very perky affairs that shadow one eye. About her shoulders she wore two beautiful silver foxes. On Park Avenue Marlene would have been a riot. In Hollywood she was a bit too conservative, perhaps?

THANKS for all your enjoyment with the "AN EYELASH BEAUTIFIER" that actually is WATERPROOF.
AIRBANKS. Ice (lollies. Special figure society the the the <; Wrapped lollywood a T. id "Young c made reproducing Vre the very high great V. yen Boy very. honor Philip Lil's I paging Morris not story DORIS KENYON's concert drew a lot of famous film folk to the Philharmonic Auditorium. Estelle Taylor and Evelyn Brent sat in a box with the Frank Jovaces, and at intermission Estelle was lamenting the fact that Doris’ concert was probably her last social night for some time. She was going into the hospital the following day for the treatment of injuries sustained in an automobile accident. In honor of her final social fling Estelle looked exceptionally beautiful. She wore a green gown with a summer ermine coat. Evelyn Brent, as usual, was in white. Eleanor Boardman looked particularly smart in black with a very tricky dinner hat—the transparent brim forming a veil-effect over her eyes. Lupe Velez, also in black, was with her new husband (William S. Hook) and with Mrs. Conrad Nagel, who was wearing her favorite shade of flame.

IF Lil Dagover does return to American films, they will not be made at the Warner Brothers studio! The most polite reports on Lil’s first starring venture are that “it didn’t do so well.” In spite of this, we hear that another large Hollywood company is dickerig for Lil, believing that “The Woman from Monte Carlo” was a bad choice in story material for the European charmer.

UNIVERSAL is paging Corinne Griffith to come back to Hollywood and make a picture. Whether or not Corinne, who is enjoying a highly interesting social life in London, will accept remains to be seen.

Carl Laemmle, Jr., says that after several years of experiment in the talkies, this one fact is becoming more and more apparent: All the diction and technical ability in the world won’t make up for the loss of a personable face in the movies. The talkies have produced many splendid actresses who are admired and respected by the public—but they have not earned the fan enthusiasm that formerly went to the beautiful ladies. This should be good news to a great many beauties enjoying temporary “retirement.”

JACK OAKIE is developing into a first-class definition of “a Young Man About Town.” Jack has always been a very companionable youth, but lately he has developed a yen for night and city night life and very swagger new clothes. What’s more, he has a chauffeur whose job it is “to keep all day and stay up all night.”

Along about midnight, Jack was quite the life of the party at the reception given by Nancy Smith for the James Gleasons, following the opening of their show, “The Fall

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In response to popular request, Philip Morris announces a Contest

MARLBORO PRIZES FOR DISTINGUISHED HANDWRITING

Forty thousand contestants; and, maybe, a million have already enjoyed the natural association America’s finest handwriting and America’s finest

Once again we are happy to offer for the most distinguished handwriting

$500 in Cash

(150 Prizes)

No cost to enter this contest. There are no strings. No conditions. Simply write in your own hand: Marlboro — America’s Finest Cigarette.

SEND AS MANY examples as you wish. Each will be considered separately, solely on its own merit. In case of any tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

CLOSING DATE — Contest closes midnight, Sunday, July 31, 1932.

JUDGES — R. M. Ellis, E. B. McKitterick and M. J. Sheridan, of Philip Morris Company and K. M. Goode, Advertising advisor, will be judges. Their decision final.

WINNERS to be reproduced. Especially distinguished handwriting and, where available, portraits of winners, will be selected for publication in society magazines. No payments or fees, beyond prizes. We regret we cannot return samples or undertake correspondence.

‘DOUBLE PRIZES’ to Marlboro smokers. Anyone is eligible to win any prize. Believing, nevertheless, the cultured good taste which awakens an instinctive preference for Marlboros, we will award itself in the handwriting of Marlboro smokers. We offer in each and every case to double the prize when, as, and if, the winning answer is written on, or accompanied by, the front wrapper from a package of Marlboros.

Marlboro—Plain or Ivory-Tipped. Successful cigarette of successful men. And smart women. Don’t delay your try at double prizes. Send your distinguished handwriting to Philip Morris & Company, 119-J Fifth Avenue, New York City

Always fresh . . . Wrapped in heavy foil

AMERICA’S FINEST CIGARETTE

MARLBORO

— Mild as May

Always fresh . . . Wrapped in heavy foil

AMERICA’S FINEST CIGARETTE

77
Clear Eyes always win admiration!

Clear, sparkling eyes compel more admiration than any other feature. And it's so very easy to have them! All you need do is adopt Marine, the time-tried eye cleaner and brightener that's used by the loveliest screen and stage stars.

This famous lotion dissolves the dust-laden film of mucus that makes eyes look dull, and by its gentle astringent action reduces bloodshot veins. You can use it freely as it positively contains no belladonna and other harmful ingredients. 150 applications cost but 60c at drug and department stores. Buy your first bottle today!

MAKE THIS TEST! Drop Marine in one eye only... then note how clearer, brighter and larger in appearance it very shortly becomes.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

GRAY STREAKS?

A famous, clear, colorless liquid brings youthful color to fading strands. Just comb it through hair. Gray streaks vanish. Color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Entirely SAFE. Leaves the hair soft, lustrous—easy to curl or wave.

Get Mary T. Goldman's from your druggist or department store. Or we'll send Test Package Free. Apply to angle lock snapped from hair. See results yourself. Use coupon.

MURINE

MARY T. GOLDMAN

3312 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Guy.” The Oakley boy alternated some very funny clowning with some gags that grew a little raw as his enthusiasm mounted. Did we see Mary Brian (who attended with Russell Gleason) and Joan Marsh (who came with Jack) blushing once or twice, or was it merely the lighting effects?

RONALD COLMAN will meet the Richard Barthelmesses in the Orient before returning to Hollywood. If possible, Dick and Ronnie plan to find some comparatively safe place to leave Mrs. Barthelmes, while they take a ramble through Shanghai (the city—not to be confused with the gesture or the express) and see what all the shooting's about.

ZASU PITTS and Tom Gallery have finally come to a definite parting of the ways. Zasu, the vivacious diva of Ziegfeld’s, on which kept every local reporter on his toes, is said to have finally decided to return to the stage. Upon the desertion of her husband, she took the custody of their own child, Ann, aged 9, and an adopted son, Don Mike Gallery, also 9, who was the adopted son of the late Barbara La Marr. Immediately upon filing suit the screen comedienne left on a trip.

JUST a stray thought of our own: Wonder whose idea it is, putting Clark Gable in minister roles?

All the Hollywood chatter writers are complaining about the “happy endings” of several leads which have, heretofore, kept the colony buzzing with interest. Gloria Swanson is married to Michael Farner and Connie Bennett is very happy with the Marquis Toledo curve, which kept every local reporter on his toes, in order to get the latest development for the Dear Public, has settled down into a diet of happy domesticity.

With the marriage of John Considine, Jr. and Carmen Pantages and the coming nuptials of Joan Bennett and Gene Markley, this famous triangle must be crossed off, too. John and Carmen and Joan supplied much lively gossip several months ago with their strange three-cornered heart affairs.

Charlie Bickford, former stick of studio dynamite, has tamed down to a contented lingerie shop owner.

No longer are the fans fighting over the screen supremacy of Garbo vs. Dietrich. They've decided they are both grand.

Now, apparently, everybody is happy and satisfied—except the gossip writers, who are wondering where their next “sensation” is coming from. Of course, there are always Lupe and Tallulah. . .

ANITA PAGE has just signed a brand-new contract with M-G-M. Dorothy Lee is no longer with RKO. We hear that Mary Astor will soon complete her agreement with the same studio.

Myrna Loy's contract with M-G-M lasted six months. Too many other exotic ladies on the lot.

Marian Nixon is expected to sign a long contract with Fox.

As long ago as last December, Movie Classic ran a tabloid news story entitled, “Is Norma Talmadge Heading for Divorce?” and reporting that such seemed to be her plans outlined with the same studio.

Send for new book. FREE. Tells how to make net extra money—men and women—by writing. Also offers special features on all standard makes at unheard-of prices. Each makes a choice in full color and fully described. Learn how easy to pay. Long on color, edition and save over 80% by ordering now. In fact, this FREE edition illustrated and sent on Many free advice. Order now—before it is too late. For free advice. Order now—before it is too late.

FOR YOUR EYES

GRA"2

A brand-new service presents the rites of excommunication to the growing number of people who are suffering from varicose veins, female prominence, and labial varicose veins.

The doctors say that the common cold, flu, and bronchitis are caused by the same virus.

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dom from Joseph Schenck, producer, from whom she has been separated for five years. The divorce, she said, was to be by mutual consent, and there would be a peaceful division of community property. Norma in New York and Schenck in Hollywood both expressed regret that their marriage had lasted only 19 months.

Norma denied that there was any other man—either Gilbert Roland or anybody else. Gossips linked her name with George Jessel, who was stopping in the same hotel until they learned that George is "still happily married."

FRIENDS believe that Edgar Wallace had a premonition that something would happen to him in America. A few days before the famous detective-story writer left England for Hollywood for a few weeks of scenario-writing, he took out a special three-months' insurance policy. It expired ten days after he died from pneumonia. He had completed six scenarios in the brief time he was in Hollywood—an amazing record.

MAURICE Costello, once the most famous matinee idol in the land and one of the first motion picture actors, but now better known as the father of Dolores Costello Barrymore and Helene Costello Sherman, walked into a Beverly Hills drugstore to make a purchase. Suddenly he collapsed, victim of a stroke of apoplexy. For a few hours, Dolores and Helene despaired of his living—but the grand old actor rallied and, as this is written, seems on the way to recovery. Hollywood apologists, for nothing so thrills actors as a winning fight against Death—a fight they'll all have to make sometime.

CHARLIE Chaplin, who has been skiing in Switzerland and baking in the sun at Riviera, may delay his return to Hollywood until 1933. Meanwhile the returns on "City Lights" have already passed the two-million mark.

Once thin—easily tired...now runs upstairs two at a time!

Read how he gained new flesh, new pep—quick!

He knows what it is to lose weight, to lose strength—to be threatened with a lifetime of ill health. His days and his nights were one long nightmare of fatigue. He couldn't even climb the stairs without resting halfway—yet today he runs up them—two at a time!

Ask this lucky fellow where he got all his pep. Ask him how he filled out his thin figure—put color in his pale cheeks. And here's what he'll say:

Reveals his secret

"For years, I felt as if I were dragging a ton of bricks around with me. I couldn't walk upstairs without resting. I was always tired and discouraged and had lost a good deal of weight.

"Then one day I noticed an ad on Ironized Yeast. I decided to give it a trial. After taking the pleasant little tablets for several weeks, I am like a new person. I have gained 11 pounds and have fresh, healthy color in my cheeks. I never had so much pep before. Climbing stairs is a cinch now. I gallop up them in great style—two steps at a time." Mr. Leroy Leimbach, Chief Engineer, School No. 213, Baltimore, Md. This is only one of hundreds of equally fine reports from Ironized Yeast users everywhere.

A money-saving tonic

In times like these, it means dollars and cents to you to keep on the job. You can't afford to be thin and weak—to have your nerves "shot", your stomach often upset and your complexion pimply. Be smart! Let Ironized Yeast help you back to winning health and energy!

It takes seven pounds of specially cultured "beer yeast"—specially imported from foreign breweries—to make one pound of the yeast concentrate used in Ironized Yeast. Concentrated seven times—is it any wonder Ironized Yeast brings such quick, sure and lasting results? This concentration process is so important that the Biological Commission of the League of Nations—at an official session in Geneva, Switzerland—recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

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Not only is Ironized Yeast manufactured by trained experts, but it is triple-tested for actual health-building results. These tests are made by our own scientists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous medical college.

GUARANTEED: If you want to put on firm, healthy flesh, to clear your complexion—to gain steady nerves, good digestion and regular elimination—try Ironized Yeast. If your very first package does not help you as it has helped thousands—its cost will be promptly refunded. AVOID Imitations. Insist on genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for the "L.Y." on each tablet. At all drugstores.

Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.
Your First Impression's Wrong
OAN'S very appearance, her conversation and her gestures, even in person, bring up still other points not covered in her history, to add to the mystery. The mere glimpse of her charms would cause any real, well-bred gentleman to exclaim in dismay: "That girl virtuous? Alas--it's a downright sin!"

However, it is Joan, herself, who explains all the seeming contradictions—not so much by words as by the way she treats you when she knows you.

She is a girl who has gone through Hell unmuttered.

"A modern girl isn't marred or morally disintegrated by unhappiness, experiences, because she isn't taught to dread them," Joan explains. A really old-fashioned girl would go to pieces in the first trial, and be destroyed by her overwhelming dread of what might happen.

The first touch of life destroys her moral fiber, because she thinks it has branded her.

Joan's life offers illustrations for the text.

For instance, there was that dark and stormy night, down in Austin, Texas, when a messenger, with a long, skinny, scrawny-looking girl, with an axe in his hand. Joan first detected his cranium with a heavy lamp, then made sure that he was "out" cold, and last of all, fainted. The old-fashioned girl would have fainted first.

No one in Hollywood has heard Joan use even the most casual, conversational, harmless, anodyne words, by listening, without protest, to the best efforts of the movie electricians. No restraint is shown before her, and she has been seen to smile brightly at a particularly prolonged or brilliant effort.

"Swearing?" Joan echoes in mild surprise. "Oh, yes, swearing. Well, it doesn't annoy me much. I've heard it done by experts!"

Neither Shocking Nor Shocked
IT is equally true that Joan doesn't tell risqué stories. She is perfectly frank and open in conversation, but seemingly, there isn't a nasty thought in her head. Yet she listens to stories with a knowing smile, while the Hollywood minstrels sing their lays.

Nor can one detect in her face or manner, as she does so, the slightest trace of embarrassment. One fancy, however, that there are few subtle, clever double-meanings, that escape this cosmopolitan creature, whose pet pastime, between pictures, is to go off alone in a dilapidated old car, dressed in sweater and knickers, exploring.

Yes, Joan has everywhere, and has seen everything, and yet has emerged utterly clean-minded! Or, as she herself would prefer to put it, she has been so much, and been so few places, that necessarily she is clean-minded.

Her frankness is amazing. There is absolutely nothing coy about her. She is logical, natural, and intensely human. All the mean little repressions and silly bashfulness of the fashionable girl, of the adolescent girl, is unutterably new to her.

Her studio, Warner Brothers, is in a bit of a quandary about Joan's solitary, and apparently serious, love affair. After her stage success in "Penny Arcade," the organization signed her, put her into fifteen screen roles of rising importance in less than that many months, has just co-starred her with James Cagney in "The Crooked Road," and now is starring her alone in "The Famous Fergus Case." High hopes are entertained for her future, but Joan's regard for George Barbier, the designer, appears to be one tiny fly in the ointment. George is a nice chap and all that, but the studio officials wonder what effect marriage may have upon Joan's career.

What She Thinks of Marriage
IT is safe to wager that Joan's producers, however, come to the conclusion that she has been hoping that she would not be too conventional in this matter, at this critical stage of her career. Being engaged to George is one thing; wedding him another. Ordinary marriages aren't news, and platonic friendships often are; but this is reversed in the case of film stars. Marriages are the sure-fire, world-wide publicity sensations; friendships too common to attract much attention.

Joan doesn't believe that the public objects to the marriages of its favorites. Speaking again of costs produced, necessarily of her own case, she remarks:

"What difference does marriage make in screen romance—it when it doesn't even make a difference in real-life romances these days?"

That's spoken almost sadly, Joan. Almost as an old-fashioned girl—with modern improvements. Just isn't the way.

"I sometimes think of life and the world as a huge, round honeycomb," says Joan with a whimsical twinkle. Some of us have been honeycombing into its cells for our honey; others stay all their lives in one or two cells, and spend their time watching the wandering ones free advice.

"Of course, it's those who go pokiing about who most frequently encounter the peevish end of a bee, but they also find the most honey. The ones who are stung last and worst, however, in my opinion, are the stay-at-homes who play safe and nix half of life. Giving advice on how to live to others is a sorry substitute for living oneself.

"I've wandered, and sipped the honey, and haven't always escaped the stings. But I've always found that the honey I got was worth the stinging I got. At any rate, stings of experience haven't saddened Joan, nor in any other way burdened her. She isn't afraid of anything—least of all, work. No one can be around her long without realizing that this smiling bit of feminine temptation is truly happy, healthy and carefree. Perhaps that is because she regrets nothing that life has ever done to her.

Doesn't Regret Her Roaming
"I'M not sorry I spent my girlhood traveling all over the world in variety shows, spending my first twelve birthdays in twelve different countries," she explains. "I'm glad to go, too. Sunday, I'm near the edge of a week’s weekly snatches, from Seattle to Cape Town and Singapore to Rio, and that at the tender age of fifteen! I ran off to Australia on a cattle-teal, instead of settling down at a regular school.

"Everything that has happened to me has been good, although some of the blessings came pretty well disguised. I never thought I'd be a fashion model, but I wasn't. I just married George Barbier, a designer, and was engaged to George, an artist, but I wasn't. I just married Joan Crawford, a movie star, but I wasn't. I just married Joan Crawford, a movie star, but I wasn't."

He never noticed this BLONDE until
THAT memorable night when she looked so different—so lovely. Her blonde hair seemed like a halo—sparkling with thrilling golden lights. No wonder she won him!...Any blonde can make her hair blond as easy as can be. Simply use Blondex regularly. This special shampoo—a fine powder that bubbles instantly into a lather—will change your hair to a luminous blond. Give your hair a new life and lustre into dry, listless light hair. Restores natural blonde color—without any injurious chemicals. Delightful to use. Leaves hair soft—silky—manageable. For real hair allure—try Blondex today. At all drug and department stores. (Continued from page 19)
What Love Has Done for Her

"MARRIAGE has really been very good for me," she continued. "It has matured me. It has given me poise and assurance and understanding. Now I think two hundred people believed anything at all—because it might hurt Rex."

"Marriage has brought me a companionship I've never had before. Now I have someone to tell all my troubles to; someone who is really protecting me—facing my problems with me; someone I can confide in. I've been terribly lonely all my life until now, I think that's why I've made

Clara Bow's First Interview Since Her Marriage

(Continued from page 21)

sentenced to prison didn't help. I was exhaused, bewildered. Every time I heard a newsboy shouting something, it sounded like 'Clara Bow.' I was utterly lost, hunted, terror-stricken. Rex had left me alone and I was just a girl, a simple-minded girl, alone."

"I was all prepared to weep with her, when—imagine my astonishment! She described experiences almost exactly like those I had passed through: certainly no worse. Just good old-fashioned heartbreaking, honest-to-goodness, pure. What better armor of virtue can she wear against disconcerted Hollywood?"

The more one learns to understand Joan, the more one realizes that the practical woman-hunter of the film town can't get to first base with her. She has been too many places, and has seen too many things. "Impregnable virtue!" You said it!
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Fight fat in this modern way. Combat the cause. Take Marmola—four tablets daily—until weight comes down to normal. As the fat goes, watch your vma come back. Then tell your friends what it did. Don’t wait longer—start this right way now.

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The Right Way to Reduce
At all Drug Stores—$1. Book and Formula in each box

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YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling. We instruct you, furnish complete supplies and supply work. Write to-day for free booklet. The MENENITT COMPANY, Limited, 200 Donnaion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

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SHE KNOWS the secret of her own lovableness, and she chooses the true life color of PHANTOM RED Lipstick and Rouge because it insures the effect of naturalness. She follows the dictates of fashion and makes the eyes the color note of her face, and does not detract from them by the use of unnatural and exotic colors on her lips and cheeks. She has found that PHANTOM RED Lipstick and Rouge are both the same life-like color when applied. She has fallen in love with their transparency and phantom-like application. YOU will like this wonderful life color. Followed and sold by thousands of Beauty Specialists, also Department and Drug Stores.

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Here is your chance to start on a career of glory and fame tomorrow. Dramatic Art Co., 1928 Nead St., Racine, Wis.

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MERCERIZED WAX
Keeps Skin Young
It peels off skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercerized Wax brightens your hair's beauty. Remove wrinkles quickly use daily one ounce Powdered Saxolite dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. At all drug stores.

SONGS FOR TALKING PICTURES

Her One Big Ambition
THERE will be one picture—possibly two. In any event, only enough to give her a trust fund of five hundred thousand dollars, so that she can live as she wants to—live—for Rex and for herself.

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Which is to say that she will be young—as emotion-compelling as ever. Because Clara to-day is no whit less exquisite than when she was the toast of the world. She may be a trifle heavier because of her inactivity the last few months, but that is all. The flaming charm is there.

As a corollary to her fascinating new enthusiasm, “Rex is teaching me the value of money. He makes me sign all my own checks—and we know just exactly where our money goes. I pay half of all household expenses—Rex the other half. And pretty soon he’s going to pay all of them.”

She is the typical young wife, delighted with her husband’s progress—dreaming of his future achievements.

“I’ve had glamour,” Clara points out, “and it didn’t wear. In marriage I’ve found reality and happiness.”

As for Rex: “My object in life is to keep Clara happy. I couldn’t possibly be happy if she were not.” And again he will tell you: “I never had any worries until I took over Clara’s affairs, but even worries are in a sense a joy—because they are for Clara.”

Her worries are my worries now, thank heaven!” And yet again: “I married Clara because she adores me. She’s not the red-headed ‘It’ girl to me, but a young wife.”

Clara Bow, the “It” girl, has come down a long road made desperate by mistakes and a world’s cruelties. Now she is home—safe. Meet Mrs. Rex Bell!
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"And this line... shows that you're going to have a lot more pleasure smoking your next cigarette."
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Now—the world's most popular flavor—CHOCOLATE—in a package handy for pocket or purse. A crunchy, delicious bit of sweet for everyone—and everyone enjoys chocolate. A single package will convince you that they are delightfully different from any candy you've ever tasted. Now on sale throughout the United States at 5¢ a package.

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She knows all about it—that’s the reason she stays switched.

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PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR, Alice Joy, “Old Hunch” and Prince Albert Orchestra, every night except Sunday, N. B. C. Red Network

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Two great stars together in a powerful drama of Red Russia! A story of raging revolution, with its dark pattern of hatred, intrigue and passion! George Bancroft, the sailor who leads a bloodthirsty pack of marauders! Miriam Hopkins, seductive toast of all the gay theatres of Russia—who finds a new life and love in a strange twist of Fate! "The World and the Flesh"! A thrilling adventure you don't want to miss! A Paramount Picture—"best show in town!"

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COVER DRAWING OF MARLENE DIETRICH BY MARLAND STONE

DOROTHY CALHOUN, Western Editor
STANLEY V. GIBSON, Publisher
LAURENCE REID, Editor
HERMAN SCHOPPE, Art Director


MOVIE CLASSIC comes out on the 10th of every Month
ASHES

"Sky your self, Iollvwood.

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annual been. even

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

STRIP the women stars of their glamour. Take away Garbo’s mystery, Janet Gaynor’s winsomeness, Marlene Dietrich’s slumberous passion, Norma Shearer’s poise, and so on down the line. And who, in the end, are the great personalities of the screen—the personalities that grow richer as time whisks by? If you should ask me—and I’m not saying that you are—I’d nominate Mary Pickford, Joan Crawford and Marie Dressler.

MARIE, though “full of years” and ailing off and on, has a gusty love of life that a Jackie Cooper might well envy. But Mary and Joan—particularly Mary—are great personalities in an equally rare way. Where most stars sit back, content with the fame and fortune they have won and the carloads of mail they receive, Mary and Joan are restless. For them, glamour is not enough. Their accomplishments to date are not enough. They are not self-satisfied. They must go on improving themselves, developing their talents, seeking new worlds to conquer.

IT is a question if any other woman, with the possible exception of Joan Crawford, will ever be a star as long as Mary Pickford has been. Very, very few of them have the brains of a Mary Pickford, or the modesty, or the faculty of frank self-appraisal. The years have done nothing to Mary Pickford except to make her a woman more worth knowing.

I TALKED with Mary the other day for half an afternoon. In the room was a piano. I asked her if she played. She said, “I’m learning how. I’m taking lessons.” There you have the secret of Mary Pickford’s greatness. She’s always willing to learn!

TALKING with her, you forget that she is an actress. That is because of her eyes. They are frank. They tell, even more eloquently than speech, of the happiness of her married life. Between you and me, there isn’t an ounce of truth in those “divorce” rumors—and never is likely to be.

TALA BIRELL, being hailed as “a rival of Garbo,” not only says that she doesn’t like the Garbo type of rôlé, but she adds that her favorite actress is Helen Hayes. I’m interested in Tala right away. And you?

THE New York Daily News recently held its annual screen popularity contest, and again, for the second time, Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor romped home the winners. Clark Gable and Joan Crawford were second. The latter news is quite encouraging. Clark and Joan are on their way to much bigger things. Charlie and Janet, lovable as they are, are beginning to repeat themselves.

IF you are against censorship, and all for the freedom of the films, the way I am, you won’t miss the story, “Shall the Movies Take Orders from the Underworld?” in this issue. Moreover, you will demand to see “Scarface,” the picture that puts the finger on gangland. But don’t think that, by doing so, you will be helping only Howard Hughes in his lone battle with the censors. You will be helping every producer and every writer and every player in Hollywood.

THE producers are honest. The writers are honest. The players are honest. They all want to give you honest pictures—pictures as honest as the newspapers and books you read and the stage plays that you see. The reformers won’t always permit them to do this. How much longer are you and I going to stand for it?

IF “Scarface” goes over—and I’ll be disappointed in America if it doesn’t—the fame of three of its cast will be made. I’m thinking of Paul Muni, who plays the title rôle: George Raft, who had just signed up to be Valentino’s “double” when the great Latin died, and who now is starting on his own in talkies; and Ann Dvorak, whom you have already seen briefly in “Sky Devils.” Remember these three names—and what I have said.

Larry Peck
Supreme stars in the realm of romance, ruling by right of the joy they bring you, are now destined to triumph once more in a picture aglow with youth.

JANET GAYNOR
CHARLES FARRELL

in Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm

Directed by ALFRED SANTELL
From the play by KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN and CHARLOTTE THOMPSON
Screen Play by S. N. BEHRMAN and SONIA LEVIEI
$20.00 Letter

Marie’s Miraculous Change

A BOUT ten years ago, I watched a too heavy, a too corseted, a too hoisterous actress sell her antics to a bored audience, as she clowned her way up and down the Keith stage in Washington, D. C. She simply did not register. Just another “has been,” hating to give up. The “has been” was Marie Dressler.

This afternoon I saw this same Marie Dressler again in the wonderful dramatization of “Emma.” I endeavored to brush the tears away unnoticed. The audience sobbed softly. It wasn’t just a picture. It was real life.

I do not know just what has wrought this miraculous change in Marie Dressler, nor how pathos and humor, blended together, happened to be written so strongly in her comtempar, nor how she is able to hold her shoulders as if the weight of the world were resting upon them, but this I do know—as long as such characters exist in moving pictures, they can never die. They are due for a Golden Era hereofore uncharted and unexplored.

AMEL S. VAN TASSELL, NEWARK, O.

$10.00 Letter

Beery—School-marm’s Weakness

I’M a small town school-marm, so by all that’s right and proper I shouldn’t even be reading a Movie Classic, but I do—regularly. I suppose, too, since I’ve been able to vote for some odd years and still write my name with a Miss, I should be thrown into spasms of ecstacy at the mere sight of Clark Gable, Maurice Chevalier, or any other of our screen lovers. Not so. (Though I do love the way Chevalier rolls his eyes in that naughty French way and the way he cocks his straw hat.)

My hero is none other than our big old burly, rough exterior, soft interior, inimitable Wallace Beery. I’d rather see him cuss under his breath any day than see a thousand Barrymores make love. When Beery’s on the set, I have eyes for none else. And when I break down and confess that I wept real, honest-to-goodness, briny tears at that closing scene in “The Champ”—old hard-hearted me who can flunk a kid in English without a flicker—well, you know that he’s got something.

ANN PENNINGTON, FAIRFAX, OKLA.

$5.00 Letter

I observe with satisfaction:

1 That Mary Brian, Jean Arthur, Fay Wray, Maureen O’Sullivan, etc., have almost passed out of the pictures with the advent of imported stage talent.

2 That Clara Bow’s “comeback” is delayed and delayed.

Become a Critic—Give Your

Opinion—Win a Prize

Here’s your chance to tell the movie world—through Movie Classic—what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your ideas, your appreciation, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, Movie Classic, 1501, Broadway, New York City.

This “It” business is as dead as a last-season movie.

(3) That this magazine has the courage to debunk press-agent bullyhoo. Formerly, some of the stars came to believe what they paid to have written about themselves. Truth is more welcome than fiction.

(4) That Raymond Hackett’s mushy voice is gone—but the memory lingers on!

(5) That Carryl Rolff’s tantrums have cost her her popularity—something we could not understand, anyway.

(6) That David Revollin suffered a come-down and is now in comedies.

(7) The quoted remark that most cinema marriages should end with a comma.

And close with a sigh of relief.

JOHN ANDREW, SCRAGG, PA.

Give Thanks for Pickel

H'ALK up another mark for our new character actor, Irving Pickel. The man who knows how to play his rôle of cocked-blooded villain, and who draws his characters with deft, unerring strokes to enchant our imagination. Perhaps you have seen him as the upright Senator-father in “Two Kinds of Women,” Maybe you saw him as the polished man-of-the-world in “The Cheat,” or the half-wit in “Murder by the Clock,” or, as the straight-faced farmer-husband in “The Right to Love.” There’s more, but this will give you a measure of Irving Pickel’s versatility. His voice is a magnificent instrument, capable of gripping volume, capable again of delighting tender-ness. But not only with his voice does he thrill, but with his looks, too, just as all of himself. He fairly fires his rôle at you, and living them as he does, gives them life and warmth. Irving Pickel—the talkies’ answer to the fans’ plea for “something different.”

FRANCIS KAY, SEATTLE, WASH.

What’s Wrong?

R ECENTLY I had promised myself that the next time I heard the lovers in a picture addressing one another “My Sweet” I would take out a gun and literally shoot myself, or take a first class jump in the nearest lake, but last night was the straw that broke the camel’s back. Went to see “Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,” a story supposed to have been written years and years ago, with all in it everything but modern and when the words “My Sweet” had never been thought of, and there was Fredric March, saying, “My Sweet.”

When I came home that evening, being of curious mind, I asked my grandmother (I imagined she was quite modern in her younger days) if the words “My Sweet” were familiar to her. She doesn’t know yet what I was talking about. There must be something wrong some where.

“My Sweet” and “Darling.” Can’t you just hear them saying it?

ADELAIDE DORY, TORONTO, CAN.
The measure of
YOUR BEAUTY
is the COLOR
IN YOUR CHEEKS

Then, For You, The Beauty of Mystical,
Glowing Princess Pat Duo-Tone Rouge

By Patricia Gordon

A new thought ... to give color first place over features ... as the "measure of your beauty?" Yet how true it is. And how comforting. For while your features may not be alterable, glorious color always is yours for the taking ... through rouge!
Ah, yes; but not the usual rouge. For, remember, this new color that measures beauty must be radiant, glowing. It must not appear to be rouge at all. It must seem color coming from within the skin. It must have all the fidelity of a natural blush, the same soft, thrilling modulation; the same exquisite blending that leaves no outline. It must be vivid, sparkling, daring, as much so as you elect, but absolutely natural.

Can there Possibly be such Marvelous Rouge? Can there be such rouge? You've never used one? All have been at least somewhat obvious ... many actually "painty," dull, flat, to be detected instantly. Yes, but these have been simply the usual one tone rouges. But Princess Pat is Duo-Tone. The only Duo-Tone rouge ... and therefore absolutely different from any other rouge you ever knew.

Duo-Tone, then. What is this magical secret? It means that Princess Pat rouge (every shade) is composed of two distinct tones, perfectly blended into one. There is a mysterious undertone. It matches your skin tone ... perfectly. There is a fascinating overtone. It gives forth the wondrous, vibrant, glowing color that seems not rouge at all, but actually color that is your very own!

Duo-Tone Ends "One Shade" Choice. The Duo-Tone secret makes an entirely new art of choosing rouge. Any one of the eight Princess Pat shades will perfectly harmonize with your type, no matter what that type is. Do you realize what this means ... that you may perfectly follow the fashion of using the correct rouge shade to harmonize with your costume. Or you may look as you desire to feel. If for any reason you desire to possess brilliant, sparkling beauty, use one of the more intense Princess Pat shades. If you wish subtle, demure effects, choose the quieter colors. It is so simple to choose. Beginning with VIVID, Princess Pat shades are named as follows: Vivid, New Vivid, Squaw, Theatre, English Tint, Gold, Medium, Tan. The special, perfect shade for evening is NITE.

Measure Your beauty by the Color in Your Cheeks. A new thought ... and true. That the glowing, vibrant color in your cheeks shall set at naught features less than perfect ... enhance with utterly new beauty when features are perfect. Then ... with Princess Pat rouge ... be beautiful today as you never were before.

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The popular Week End set for this coupon end 31st.
Contents: Princess Pat Rouge, Lip Tint, Powder and three trays in several attractive cases. Also new booklet of valuable beauty secrets.

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Freckles, Blackheads, Blotches, Vanish! too!  

Oh what a difference a lovely white skin makes! You can have it, no matter how dark your skin now, no matter how many other creams have failed, famous Golden Peacock Bleach Cream will lighten it one shade a night ... or your money back! Gentlest, daintiest of all bleaches that work. Perfected by 50 great specialists, absolutely guaranteed. More economical, because it acts so fast ... you use so little. Try Golden Peacock Bleach Cream tonight! All drugstores and toilet goods counters.

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Free booklet describes most complete song service ever offered.  
This writer will arrange complete music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music.  
Terms: 10¢ copy, 2 rupees per song over the radio.  
Our sales department submits to Music publishers and Hollywood Picture Producers.  
 año libre para Thai BOOKLET, sin costo.  

LONDON hears that Tallulah Bankhead and Joel McCrea are going to be wed; but Hollywood and Tallulah say 'tain't so.  
... Walter Winchell keeps insisting that Mrs. Clark Gable is having long talks with her lawyer, and Hollywood doubts that, too.  
... Ronald Colman came back from England via Shanghai, where, he reports, there has been a real war in progress.  
... It seems to know if he was divorced this time or not.  
... Charlie Chaplin, when last heard from, was also heading back to Hollywood via the Orient. With him was Sydney Chaplin—not the son, but the brother—which proves that they're pals, after all.  
... Dolores Del Rio, back from a location trip to Hawaii, dines that the Islands are unsafe for white women. So there!  

Screen stars' children who have special guards since the Lindbergh kidnapping are Jean Harding Banner, Barbara Bele Lyon, Maria Dietrich, Gloria, Peggy and Harold Lloyd, Jr., Evelyn Ralston, Ethel Mae Barrymore, Mary Esther Webb (daughter of Esther Ralston), Adrienne Fox (daughter of Joan Bennett), Joseph and Robert Keaton, Gloria Somborn (daughter of Gloria Swanson), and Ruth Margaret Nagel.  
... Yes, Jackee Cooper is being guarded, too.  
... The reason why you haven't seen Gene Raymond since "Ladies of the Big House" is that Gene, who was known on the stage as Raymond Gaunon, has been trying to settle his stage contract.  
... Anita Louise, who has been kept idle on contract since "Heaven on Earth," was in the mood to accept a bid from England, until she was offered a role in the new Garbo film, "As You Desire Me."  

Clara Bow, who has been turning down offers right and left, has just bought a story called "Souls in Pawn," by Charles Furthman, who wrote the scenario for "It." She may produce it herself.  
... Mae Clarke is the latest star to have a breakdown from overwork—she just wouldn't take time out for a vacation.  
... Al Jolson has been asking his stage audiences if they'd like to see him in another picture, and he's convinced they would.  
... Peggy Shannon, once hailed as "a second Clara Bow" at Paramount, is now at Fox—and you'll next see her opposite James Dunn. Jimmy, by the way, is healthier than the gossips would have you believe.  

Joan Bennett became Mrs. Gene Markay on March 16.  
... He's 36; she's 22.  
... Mrs. Ian Keith is now Miss Ethel Clayton again; she won her decree against her husband that Ian snuffed the cork once too often.  
... Judge Soltan de Szepsyessy, divorced husband of the late Lya De Putti, recently committed suicide in Budapest, heartbroken over her tragic death, friends said.  
... Mary Nolan and her husband of a year, Wallace Mackery, Jr., were sentenced to a month in jail for non-payment of wages to employees of the defunct Mary Nolan Gown Shop in Hollywood.  

After eight years of marriage, Aileen Pringle has decided to sue Charles Pringle for divorce. He's the son of the chief privy counselor of Jamaica.  
... Gloria Swanson, with a thrill in her voice, tells the press she will soon be a mother again.

Gilbert Roland has been so lonely since Norma Talmadge left for New York and Paris, with the announced intention of getting a nice, friendly divorce from Joseph Schina, that he has been calling on Norma's mother.  
... Pola Negri still insists that she is going to marry "a wealthy Chicagoan" in June, but what we want to know is When is she going to make another picture?  
... James Cagney's new ambition is to see Europe—with the mission, of course. You who have had the "flirt" during the late lamented winter can sympathize with Warner Baxter, Marian Marsh, Arline Judge, and Mitzi Green.  
... The estate of the late Rudolph Valentino, once estimated at a million, is now counted at $30,000.  
... Uncle Sam won't be getting so much income tax coin from Hollywood this year as last. And maybe that will mean that you and I will pay more amusement taxes!
LEW AYRES
BORIS KARLOFF
MAE CLARKE

"NIGHT WORLD"

An appalling torrent of conflicting human emotions swept the highways of laughter, tears, romance and crime, in one single, hectic, never-to-be-forgotten night. God! What a mess it made of life.

Directed by Hobart Henley

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

Universal City, California

Carl Laemmle
President

730 Fifth Avenue, New York
Our Hollywood Neighbors

Goings-on Among the Players

By Marquis Busby

Now that option time is rolling around once more, Greta Garbo, Hollywood’s official mystery lady, is reported to be going coy again about signing her name on the dotted line. Chat floats up and down the boulevards that “Greta go home now.”

Somehow, I just can’t worry about Greta signing any more. There was a time when the rumor would have made my blood run cold. What, no more Garbo? Won’t we see fan writers talk about if she went back to Sweden? Now, when I hear it I just eat an apple—a nice, big, red apple, and forget all about it.

The dark rumors that she might shake the dust of M-G-M from her feet, and very profitable pay-dirt it has been, is the Garbo’s way of showing that she has the executive goat. She is still Garbo, and as long as she has an exclusive product to sell, she will wear the pants when it comes to running her career.

If memory serves me rightly, her threats about not signing in the past have brought very nice increases in salary. She’ll undoubtedly get it again. She’s worth it. “Mata Hari” may not be a really great picture, but it is making more money than the Texas oil fields. No studio would lose such a gold mine without an awful struggle. Greta could take Leo, the M-G-M lion, home with her if she wanted to.

Before we leave Greta to enjoy her contractual argument, or to take her sun-baths, or whatever is occupying her mind at the moment, it is interesting to record that the Swedish star, with a woman friend, attended the Mary Wigman dance recital in Los Angeles. The event was one of the swankiest of the winter season. The big auditorium was studded with ermine, jewels, and Patou’s best. Did Garbo care? You know she didn’t. She wore that tweed coat and old cloche hat, and had a swell time for herself. If you didn’t notice the girl in the informal attire, you could hardly escape trying to solve the identity of the person behind the smoked glasses. Will somebody tell me, if they aren’t too busy, why people try to disguise themselves by smoked glasses? The “specs” are as conspicuous as Mahatma Gandhi at a Quaker meeting. Not, of course, that Mr. Gandhi has ever been to a Quaker meeting.

Good health is a necessity in Hollywood, and if you don’t believe it, just spend a day and night sitting in front of the camera. The waitress who juggles hash all day has a picnic by comparison. Being of such primary importance, some of the health recipes are a lot more drastic than Japan’s demands upon China. Grandma kept the kiddies in good health by depending on sulphur and molasses and good, old-fashioned castor oil. (I beg your pardon, old-fashioned, but scarcely good.) Well, Hollywood is a fancy place, and I suppose you can expect fancy prescriptions.

Most of us would be invalids for life before we would submit to the Louise Closer Hale procedure. Mrs. Hale insists that sleep is the great cure-all, and when she wows Morpheus (now, don’t get excited, Genevieve) she does a thorough job of it. When she retires she puts pink putty in her ears to keep out all noises. Then she uses a narrow, soft, black band to tie around her eyes, to shut out all light. After that she tries to sleep. How she keeps from being completely out of the notion by that time probably makes another story.

The other prize recipe is Clive Brook’s method of taking cold baths. When I say cold I don’t mean the kind of water that makes you and me yell when it comes out of the cold spigot. Clive puts great hunks of ice in his tub. He says it is great stuff, and, I know, you will be quite willing to take his word for it. That is, until mid-July, at least.

Carole Lombard seems very sensible after that. She just eats spinach every day. She doesn’t really mind it so much, but she does wish that it didn’t taste like spinach.

Warren William starts the day off by drinking the juice of two lemons in a glass of warm water. He’d rather do that than eat spinach—or prunes, for that matter.

(Continued on page 79)
It's a matter of LIFE and DEATH!

CROWD ROARS

Starring

James CAGNEY
Joan BLONDuell

with

ANN DVOYAK
ERIC LINDEN
GUY KIBBEE

Story by
Howard Hawks and
Selznick Miller

Dialogue by
Glessman and Bright

Direction by
HOWARD HAWKS
of "Dawn Patrol" fame

Speed demons with goggled eyes glued on glory... Grinning at death... laughing at love!... Breaking necks to break records—while the Crowd Roars—FOR BLOOD!... Never—never—never has the screen shown such nerve-racking ACTION—lifted right off the track of the world's greatest speedway! It's the thrill epic of all time—the talk of every town that's seen it... Forty men risked death to film it. Miss it at your own risk!

THE HIT of the YEAR - FROM WARNER BROS.
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USE BLUE-JAY

Ordinary corn pads merely cover the corn. They cannot remove it as Blue-jay, the medicated corn plaster, does.

If you want to treat your corn in a safe, dependable way, apply a Blue-jay Corn Plaster and let the mild medication (not a picture above) penetrate the corn and loosen it for easy removal. Blue-jay not only removes corns but gives instant pain-relief, because the soft felt pad prevents shoe friction on the tender spot.

Always ask for this medicated plaster — genuine Blue-jay, made by a noted surgical dressing house. All druggists, 5c for 3c.

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Test it FREE—We send Free complete Test Package. Try it on single lock snipped from hair. See results first. Just mail coupon. Give color of hair.

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Your hair takes on new color and lustre when you comb this famous clear, colorless liquid through it. Gray streaks vanish. Desired color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Leaves hair soft, lustrous—easily combed or waved. Countless women use it. Men too, for gray streaks in hair or mustache. Get full-sized bottle from druggist on money-back guarantee. Or test it Free.

Test it FREE—We send Free complete Test Package. Try it on single lock snipped from hair. See results first. Just mail coupon. Give color of hair.

MARY T. GOLDMAN

3411 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Here I am, stepping out of character again. And it is somewhat of an occasion, because I don’t talk for publication often,” says Edna May Oliver, who makes other Hollywood comedians look to their laurels with her latest picture, “Ladies of the Jury.”

Her deep cultured voice rings with enthusiasm. Every sentence is illustrated with a gesture. She is as humorous and likable as her characters on the screen.

“She’s been a lot about myself in interviews. Miss Garbo has the right idea. A clever woman. . . . An actress should be illustrious, mysterious. . . . Perhaps the public tires of certain screen favorites simply because it knows too much about them—their love affairs and their favorite bath soap.”

“But don’t worry—I’m not going to do a Garbo. High comedy is my field. My hobby—making people laugh!”

“I’ve played several weepy ladies, but I didn’t like them.”

“More details about myself? . . . I love to swim and hate to have pictures taken. . . . I’ve lived in New York for years, but after ten days’ vacation here this winter I raced back to Hollywood. . . . I’m afraid the charm of New York eludes me!”

“I hate having dresses made. . . . I love parsiops . . . symphony orchestras . . . and snifing.”

“Any man would be lucky if Lupe fell in love with him, but I’m afraid that hasn’t happened to me,” said Randolph Scott, blond young Paramount starer, when he was reported as being engaged to Lupe Velez. “We have been out six or seven times together but I am too busy trying to be a success to fall in love,” he added, but there was a quizzical glint in his gray-blue eyes.

“There were rumors of my being dropped when meetings went by without my making a picture, but R. P. Schulberg told me himself, that he has big plans for me. I have a good bit in ‘Sky Bride’ and am working now in the new George Arlis picture. ‘I haven’t appeared before for several reasons. Once I was slated for second lead, but they found I was taller than the lead and have made him—Chester Morris—look silly.’ Of course that wouldn’t do.”

Mr. Arlis, evidently, didn’t mind being overshadowed by the big racy fellow who has Hollywood gasping more than it has since the days of Joel McCrea’s discovery. “It’s a swell break at last and I’m determined to make good!” Randolph adds. But about Lupe—there’s a mystery!”
The magic symbol of great achievement

1927 The BIG PARADE
1928 BEN HUR
The
1929 BROADWAY MELODY
1930 The BIG HOUSE
1931 TRADER HORN

And in 1932

the eyes of the world are again on
METHO - GOLDFWYIN - MAYER

FOR THE SUPREME THRILL OF
THE MOTION PICTURE SCREEN

THE WET PARADE

with Walter HUSTON

Dorothy JORDAN • Lewis STONE
Neil HAMILTON • Myrna LOY • Wallace FORD
John MILJAN • Virginia BRUCE

A giant romance of our times based on the SENSATIONAL NOVEL by UPTON SINCLAIR

He dared to tell the truth—sensationally, dramatically—in one of the greatest stories ever written for the American Screen.
The Sky just wasn't dramatic enough, didn't it? Seeing "Manslaughter," it was evident that Hollywood has a cruel side, as well as a glamorous one. Richard Dix, Joel McCrea and Robert Armstrong, a trio of ex-war aviators down on their luck, find their way to Hollywood and become stunt fliers—and that's where you learn how air pictures are sometimes made. Eric von Stroheim plays the part of a director who specializes in film thrills, even though they cost a life now and then. The cast give the picture everything they have. The result is "a dramatic wallop."

After Tomorrow

According to a young prophet who has lately made Hollywood goggle-eyed with her predictions, Charles Farrell is going to make his biggest hit without Janet Gaynor. "After Tomorrow" isn't it, but it's a step in the right direction. She loses some of his dignity and purity, and goes human. The story again concerns young love, but this time it lays stress on the torment of waiting to get married. In fact, it has some of the most skillful and delicate sex dialogue I've ever had the pleasure to hear. The only trouble with the picture is that the misunderstandings that befell Charlie and Marian Nixon are the kind that make women weepy. Even Marian weeps. A little too much, I might add.

Polly of the Circus

Marion Davies and Clark Gable both changed their personalities a bit to fit "Polly of the Circus." Marion changed from a comedienne into a dramatic actress, and Clark changed from a deevine he-man into a he-man divine. She's a circus star who's injured, and he's a young minister in whose home she recovers, thus becoming the common enemy of every woman in the parish. There's nothing new about the story—it has been imitated extensively since its first appearance in silent days. It's a little sentimental. I'm happy to report that it's also sprightly. And it's novelty to see Clark making love wearing his collar backward.

Sky Devils

"Sky Devils" is more like "Cock of the Air" than like Howard Hughes' other air picture, "Hell's Angels"—but even more like "What Price Glory?", if you know what I mean. It's a man-comedy, with the plot—such as there is—whirling around the enigmatic quality of two air corps rookies (Spencer Tracy and George Cooper) for their top sergeant (William Boyd). I didn't think they could squeeze another laugh out of the familiar theme, but the boys surprised me; in fact, they amazed me. The comedy moves at a fast clip, and there is some spectacular flying. But the big moments for me were those featuring the new and startling Ann Dvorak, who looks like one of the next stars.

Arsene Lupin

When a picture boasts two Bariumoress, it should by rights be twice as good as a picture with just one. I wouldn't say that "Arsene Lupin" is. But it is at least twice as good as it would have been without them. To be painfully frank, the story is the familiar duel of wits between the smooth crook and the smooth detective; it seldom gets you excited. But John and Lionel make up for the shortcomings of the story by being their most amusing selves. You never forget for a moment who they are; and you wonder to the end if they will steal the picture. Personally, I'd call it a tie—and give a third blue ribbon to Karen Morley, as the girl-detective whom John captures.

The Wiser Sex

Seeing isn't believing, so far as "The Wiser Sex" is concerned. Despite an excellent cast, it just doesn't jell. As in "Manslaughter," Claudette Colbert is in love with a crusading district attorney (Mylvyn Douglas)—but doesn't go to prison this time. Douglas, however, is headed that way, thanks to some under-world plotting (by William Boyd and Lilian Tashman)—until Claudette does a little detective work. It's one of those pictures in which the principal amusement is seeing how many times you can guess correctly what will happen next. My score was high. I'm sorry to say, particularly when Claudette and Lilian and Mylvyn and William—in about that order—all did nobly.
The CHARM of Lovely Beauty is Created with the Magic of This NEW MAKE-UP from HOLLYWOOD

How to accent your charm and gain new beauty with color harmony make-up for your type

The lovely pastel tints of the blonde...the soft, rich melody of color tones of the brunette...the deeper, glamorous colorings of the brunette...the delicate, yet sometimes brilliant radiance of the redhead...each is a study in color harmony for the make-up artist, girl or woman who creates beauty with a palette of powder, rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow. This, Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, proved, and revolutionized make-up in motion pictures with his discovery of cosmetic color harmony. 96½% of Hollywood's stars use Max Factor's.

Face powder, for example, is created by a secret color harmony principle. Each shade is a color harmony tone, composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors. It imparts that satin-smooth make-up you've so admired on the screen, giving the skin a live, luminous beauty...yet remaining invisible. A face powder that never appears spotty, off-color, or powdery; and never "shines." So perfect in texture, even the motion picture camera does not reveal it.

Even under brightest sunlight or artificial light you may be sure of this satin-smooth effect...for screen stars have proved its beauty magic under blazing motion picture lights. And it clings for hours, for the famous beauties of motion pictures will not trust a powder that fluffs away.

RUTH HALL, Warner Bros. player, and Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, proved, and revolutionized make-up in motion pictures with his discovery of cosmetic color harmony. 96½% of Hollywood's stars use Max Factor's.

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Please send me a copy of your 16 page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up," and personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. (Include 4¢ in one stamp to cover the rest of postage and handling.)

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Max Factor's Society Make-Up

Cosmetics of the Stars ** HOLLYWOOD

96½% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's

(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics) 1933 Max Factor
Both rely on this tooth paste to keep teeth lovely

Money never worries one woman. She could afford to pay $10 a tube for a dentifrice. Yet Listene Tooth Paste, at 25¢, is her favorite.

The other woman does some pretty sharp figuring to keep out of debt. If she thought a costly tooth paste would be better for her teeth, she would buy it, even though she had to skimp in other directions to pay for it. But she, too, uses Listerine Tooth Paste.

What is the answer? Simply this: Women in every walk of life have found by actual comparison that Listerine Tooth Paste achieves superior results. That, in every way, it is worthy of the great name it bears. Actually more than two million women have discarded fancy-priced brands in favor of Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢.

Do not take our word for its merits. Let the product speak for itself. You alone be the judge. Compare its results and its quality with that of any tooth paste at any price. Get a tube from your druggist’s and begin using it. You will be delighted with its results.

New luster and brilliance
Note how swiftly and thoroughly it cleans—but how gently. Only the safest of ingredients are used.

See how the modern polishing agents it contains add fresh luster and brilliance to teeth that used to be dull.

Note how quickly these agents remove ugly tartar, unsightly discolorations, disgusting tobacco stains.

Firm, healthy gums
After you have used this paste a week, examine your gums. They’ll appear healthier. And feel healthier.

And look for that wonderful feeling of exhilaration and mouth cleanliness that follows its use—the delightfully refreshing effect you associate with Listerine itself.

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Don’t forget that these benefits cost you half of what you would ordinarily pay. Listerine Tooth Paste costs 25¢ the large tube—a product as good as the name it bears.

Be sensible. Be thrifty. Use Listerine Tooth Paste. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

AFTER USING LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE, GARGLE WITH LISTERINE TO KILL DECAY GERMS ON TEETH
Marlene Dietrich baffles interviewers, as you probably know. She answers their questions with "Yes" or "No," if possible. She just can't be persuaded to talk about herself. But here is one interview in which she does speak out at length and with frankness and a sense of humor—and shows you, herself, a Marlene Dietrich you have never seen before. You may be surprised. Certainly, you will know her better. — Editor.

Everyone is asking questions about the baffling Marlene. Those that are not answered here by Marlene, herself, are answered by Louise Rice on page 51.

It was just pure luck that I happened to find Marlene Dietrich in a talkative, confidential mood—a Spring fever mood. Many writers, including this one, have interviewed Marlene and have come away with the feeling that they have been evaded by the languorous German girl who so hates to talk about herself for publication. But, this time, I sensed that this was not to happen. Dietrich, the (Continued on page 70)
Who are the NEW Garbos of the Screen?

Maybe you think Garbo will never have a rival—but the studios aren’t giving up the search for one. Here are three exotic new blondes to prove it—Sari Maritza, Tala Birell and Karen Morley. And, even though they are brunettes, don’t forget Lil Dagover and Pola Negri (who is entirely different in the talkies)!

Will there ever be anyone else like Garbo? Personally, you may not think so—but Hollywood probably will never give up the hope that somehow, sometime, somewhere a Garbo rival will be found. Beginning with Marlene Dietrich, who came from, and what their claims to fame are—but, first, consider what has happened to the “Garbo rivals” of 1931.

Perhaps you can remember how Hollywood greeted the arrival of such foreign charmers as Marlene Dietrich, from Germany; Evelyn Laye, from England; Jeanne Helbling, from Paris; Suzy Vernon, also a Parisienne; and Tallulah Bankhead, the American girl who had become London’s favorite actress. It was cheerfully ballyhooed (mostly by their respective studios) that any, or all, of these ladies would put serious dents in the Garbo armor. Each one was a dangerous threat to her tremendous popularity.

They came, they saw—but out of that group only two have conquered, and not by being “second Garbos.” Marlene Dietrich and Tallulah Bankhead have survived the hysteria of their own press-agents and have won stardom and large followings. Whether or not they have developed into rivals of Garbo, any more than they are rivals of Joan Crawford or Norma...

strenuously objected, every startling newcomer who came along has been hailed as “another Garbo”—until now there is a whole crop of “new Garbos.”

Some of the studios behind these dazzling newcomers favor the comparison, some fight it. But, either way, the girls themselves can’t escape being likened to the silent Scandinavian—at least, in Hollywood. The most outstanding of 1932’s new and unusual sirens are Tala Birell and Sari Maritza (notice that even their names are unusual!)—but they are not the only ones. You are about to learn who they all are, where they

What if Garbo should do the unexpected and give up the movies—could they find “another Garbo”? They’re already trying!

Like Garbo, Lil Dagover is exotic—but is too individual to copy her
By Nancy Pryor

Shearer, is a moot question. But at least their fate has been more flattering than that of some of the other languorous ladies who were to cause Garbo sleepless nights.

Even Evelyn Vanished

EVELYN LAYE, the stunning English woman who had been hailed by Broadway critics as the greatest beauty on the stage, returned to the stage and her native country following her one starring venture with United Artists, "One Glorious Night." Jeanne Helbling and Suzy Vernon, imported to adorn the rosters of RKO and First National, respectively, never really had the opportunity to demonstrate their charms to the American public. Jeanne Helbling had been brought to this country to make American pictures and remained to complete only two foreign versions in her native tongue before her contract ran out. Suzy Vernon was also restricted to pictures in her native language, thus losing out completely on the opportunity of presenting herself as a Garbo "rival."

Wouldn't you think that the fate of these alluring ladies, and the hullabaloo that arose when Dietrich and Bankhead were called "second Garbos" would make Hollywood wary? Maybe you'd think so—but, lo, a year later the movie capital finds itself with another crop of "new Garbos." Only now the producers are using radically different methods in publicizing their new "finds"—they are insisting, begging and imploring that their transplanted exotics suffer no comparison with Garbo.

With tears in their eyes, the Paramount publicity boys beg that Sari Maritza be spared the rumors that she is another Garbo (and, being Paramount, they naturally add "or Dietrich"). "She has charm and allure all her own," insists Paramount. As the word "allure" belongs strictly to Garbo in the minds of the newspaper men, they took bitches in their belts and strolled out to have a look at this girl who was sharing a word with Greta.

Sari More Like Nancy Carroll

In place of a sophisticated, world-weary woman, they found a girl, no more than twenty-two years of age, who gave indications of being another Nancy Carroll, rather than another Garbo. She was as charming, friendly and un-Continental as our own Sue Carol or Anita Page. True, she smoked cigarettes with a long black holder and had been rumored engaged to Charlie Chaplin, but in spite of these unusual details, she was no more of a mystery than Mary Brian.

Sari (whose real name is Patricia Nathan) surprised everyone by admitting she had been in Hollywood before, when twelve years old. She was born in Tientsin, China, of a Viennese mother and English father, and when the family made the trip to Europe to put Sari in school there, they passed through Hollywood. Her career, however, actually began in Hungary, where the movie-ambitious Sari secured a small part in a motion picture at the age of eighteen. Under the management of a young English woman named Vivian Gaye, Sari advanced quickly in European films and

(Continued on page 58)

Tala Birell, blonde Roumanian, comes the closest to being a real Garbo rival.
Believe it or not—but Clara Bow (Mrs. Rex Bell) gave a formal dinner party the other evening! In all the years we have been reporting Hollywood news this is the first time the little red-head has ever broken into the social columns with anything in the line of formal entertainment. Clara used to gather a "gang" together at her beach house for a couple of hot dogs and an evening of poker, but she had always expressed the utmost contempt for anything more formal than a checked red-and-white tablecloth on a party table!

But Clara and Rex had fourteen friends to their home in Beverly Hills just the other evening. The table was glittering and sparkling with silver and crystal, and yellow orchids formed an exquisitely elaborate centerpiece.

Clara, the gal herself, was stunningly arrayed in a beautiful formal gown of cream-colored satin with which she wore a diamond necklace and two sparkling bracelets.

She’s now within a few pounds of her normal weight—and her comeback is near.

"After Tomorrow" is a grand, sincere picture that reflects a lot of credit on Charlie Farrell, Marian Nixon and Frank Borzage, the director. But at the preview, Minna Gombell wept bitterly into her handkerchief at the "mean" role she played. That’s like Minna.

Jean Harlow’s ex-husband, Charles F. McGrew, has married again, the bride being the former Mrs. Marian Dezell Webb, heiress of the enormously wealthy Earl G. Dezell.

The McGews are going to settle down to married life in Hollywood, in spite of the possibility of running into Jean at the Cocoanut Grove or other social haunts; when Jean gets back from her vaudeville tour.
THEM OVER

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

ESTELLE Taylor and Lupe Velez used to be the closest of friends—but recently things have been rather coolish between the two flaming brunettes.

Reason—believed to be—Randolph Scott, Lupe's new boy friend.

When Estelle was ill in the hospital, the handsome Scott boy dropped over to pay his respects, which, we hear, didn't make such a hit with Lupe. Well, if these little tiffs didn't happen, Hollywood would be begging for excitement!

THE folks couldn't believe their eyes when Mr. and Mrs. George Arliss showed up for the premiere of the musical stage play, "Crazy Quilt." They figured the dignified Arliss and his wife had wandered in by mistake—but they lived to learn differently.

The English actor and his wife occupied front-row seats and nearly fell out of them—with laughter.

LILA Lee was recently seen at a Warner Brothers preview in the company of Ricardo Cortez and Lew Schreiber. The next day a local newspaper writer broke out in print with a rumor about Lila and "Ric." It was a good guess—but the newshound picked the wrong gentleman. It's Lew, Al Jolson's boon companion, who is taking Lila places these days. Cortez just happened to be along.

BILL Boyd and RKO-Pathé have come to a parting of the ways after one of the longest contract engagements on record. For eight years Bill turned out consistent money-makers for this concern. By the way, did you know that Boyd's...
pictures grossed within fifteen per cent of Constance Bennett's?), but toward the last he grew discouraged with the stories and directors selected for his productions.

Had Bill remained with RKO, he would have received $5000 weekly. That's a lot of money to turn down, but Boyd, who is a great star on Main Street, feels he deserves a better picture break than the home company was giving him. He will free-lance for the time being.

ROMANCES are picking up a little bit this month. Maybe it's the Spring influence. Anyway—
When Eddie Sutherland returns from his directorial duties with Douglas Fairbanks in the South Seas, no one would be surprised if Eddie stepped up to the altar with Audrey Henderson, young actress.

And the folks are beginning to believe that William Haines' interest in Alice Glazer (the former Mrs. Barney Glazer) may be serious.

MARY Pickford has a quaint habit connected with giving autographed pictures of herself to her close and intimate friends. When Mary gives a picture to someone she is genuinely fond of, she has the proof destroyed so that the same picture will never be duplicated to another friend—or reach publication. It's a lovely, sincere gesture—but Mary's friends usually pick her best pictures, which leaves only "second best"s for the newspapers and magazines.

TALLULAH Bankhead has declared war on interviewers! When Tallulah first arrived in Hollywood, she saw thirty-one reporters in one week. She told her studio: "I'll see everyone who wants to meet me; I'll be a good girl and take lots of fashion pictures and new photographs for you; in short, I'll do anything you say until I actually start work on my picture. After that if you show up with any newspaper people in tow on my set, I'll kick you all out!"

And maybe you think Paramount doesn't believe her! Tallulah became so excited when she saw Julie Lang of the publicity department coming toward her with a newspaper writer that she promptly turned and fled—but not before carrying out her threat! She calmly and grandly kicked Julie as she sped by.

JUST what happened between Norma Talmadge and her former devoted escort, Gilbert Roland, is not known. But evidently they called off their friendship on the best of terms, for, just before Norma left Hollywood for New York and Palm Beach she was seen with Roland on several occasions.

BETTY Compson and Hugh Trevor have kissed and made up after a misunderstanding that lasted six months. Betty had a couple of other beaux in the meantime—but, even so, she used to confide to intimate friends that she was still pretty interested in Hugh.

As for Hugh—is he happy to have his girl back again? You're asking? He says it was just a case of "You Try Somebody Else—I'll Try Somebody Else—" not working out.

MRS. John Boles is wearing the loveliest diamond bracelet in Hollywood and I'm telling you that there are diamond bracelets in Hollywood! It was a gift from the singing Romeo to celebrate their tenth, or eleventh or twelfth (or some equally unheard-of figure in Hollywood) wedding anniversary.

(Continued on page 66)

What to wear, when the weather's so changeable? Leave it to Arline Judge to find a cute answer—an open-work bathing suit, woolen cap, scarf and mittens, and Western riding boots! (P.S. No, this isn't the way Arline caught the "flu", after finishing "Girl Crazy").
Jimmy Dunn's Face Reveals All His Secrets

Do you know why Jimmy shot ahead so fast—and when you are most likely to find him in a serious mood—and how he will act when the right girl comes along? Toni Gallant tells you, by the science of Faciology

By TONI GALLANT

JAMES DUNN was just the sort of boy who inspired that jingle about "sticks and snails and puppy dogs' tails—that's what little boys are made of!" More than likely, he had it screamed after him five times a week by several severely agitated little schoolgirls. That is, if the girls of his school days used doggerel. And Jimmy, the little gentleman, replied: "Go tie yourself to a can!" or "Muzzle yourself!" or whatever bywords were in favor at that time, just to convey the idea he didn't care. Because he didn't—and still doesn't!

And, although he may have grown up in size, he hasn't changed greatly. Nature has done much for him without his being aware of it. Because just the things that go to make the boy unbearable usually tend to make him a very charming young man—the boyish sort that has that way of getting under your skin. Nature has done all of that for James Dunn and made him as big a hit, in his way as Clark Gable. It has clothed him with all the glamour and charm of Peck's bad boy.

He has a very exciting and entertaining character on the surface. Life to him is a great adventure and he enthusiastically wants to see all it has to offer. He picks up things with surprising quickness. That is why he was able to give so superb a performance in "Bad Girl" without much preliminary training in histrionics. He learns by watching. You have to tell Jimmy only once.

But don't think from this that he never has a serious moment. There is character in him that is becoming stronger all the time. He has many serious moments—but mostly when he is alone. Then, he is capable of deep meditation. That is why his judgment is invariably good. He likes to think things out for himself.

He Doesn't Believe in Promises

JAMES DUNN doesn't expect too much from people. "They're mighty weak when it comes to living up to promises" and "Everybody has the tendency towards backsliding"—these are his convictions about people in general. And, unhappily, they are only too true. That is why he wants results here and now. To James Dunn's (Continued on page 70)

PHYSIOGNOMONICAL FEATURES

A. Face type—modified vital. His vitality is strong. He is good-natured and loves to be hospitable and a "good fellow." He believes in "live and let live." He should try to be outdoors as much as possible. His best thoughts will come to him there.

B. Forehead—perceptive. He "catches on" very, very quickly. He is almost gamin-like in his ability to comprehend in a moment.

C. Coloring and texture. Adventurous, quarrelsome and of a surprising strength when angry or aroused.

D. Head formation—upper. Impetuous and impatient. Will take chances.

E. Eyes. Whimsical. Has a strong sense of humor, bordering on the risqué. Likes to indulge in kidding, and also trying to shock people by saying what he doesn't mean.

F. Eyelids. Shrewd and gamin-like. Can be very hard-boiled if crossed in purposes.

G. Ears. He is conventional, although free in actions. His originality is confined more to manners than thoughts.

H. Nose. He is lively and optimistic. He craves excitement. He is inquisitive, and learns by observation. He lacks stick-to-it-iveness, but is practical enough to hang on. He can be shrewd and thrifty.

I. Lips. He does not always have the best of self-control. He is apt to fly off the handle at times and has to battle strongly with himself. Variable in affections, but can be a good "sticker" when the right girl comes along.

J. Lips (edges). Jimmy loves youngsters. Also dogs, cats and pets in general.

K. Jaw (frontal). Easygoing, but can grit his teeth and make the grade any time he wishes. Has a sneaking admiration for a person who isn't afraid to do as he likes. Is just a trifle fussy over his appearance.
Hollywood Speaks its Mind about Tallulah Bankhead

Two months ago, MOVIE CLASSIC presented a revealing interview with the "sizzling comet among the stars"—Tallulah Bankhead. It told you, among other things, that she says what she thinks. And this story tells you what happened when other stars, from Lupe Velez to Clark Gable, spoke their minds about Tallulah—confidentially, you understand.

JACKIE COOPER: "You see, it's like this about Miss Bankhead 'n' me. It seems Tallu—I mean Miss Bankhead—came out here to the Coast on the same train with Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who are good friends of mine. An' it seems Miss Bankhead tells Joan that she has sort of a crush—I mean that I am her favorite actor or somethin' on the screen. An' Joan gives a dinner party so Tallu—I mean Miss Bankhead—can meet me. She was pretty nervous, I guess. She says, an' you know she talks real deep, she says: 'Can it really be you, at last?" "She sits next to me at the table, too. She seemed real tickled about it. She's sure pretty all right—'n' regular—picked up her chicken in her fingers when I did. I stayed at the party until eleven o'clock. Tallu—I mean, Miss Bankhead—begged me to. I guess that's how that story about her and me got started. She sent me a swell present, too—a boat—a swell boat. I think she's swell, too."

Dorothy Spencer, who wrote the interview with Tallulah in the March MOVIE CLASSIC: "She was in bed when I met her. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon—but she was in bed, holding an impromptu reception with her maid, her secretary, a modiste and a manicurist, all on the bed with her. And you think it wasn't a reception? Only a Continental drawing-room ever held such laughter and bon mots, such a poised hostess, and such champagne! When Tallulah speaks in that low throbbing voice of hers and says the Things She Says in the Way She Says Them, she could hold a reception in her bathtub and it would be the real thing! She's quite the swell-est dish the poor old press has met in many a moon."

What Carole Has Noted

CAROLE LOMBARD: "I know Miss Bankhead only on the screen, but I think her truly fascinating. One little thing I've particularly noticed is that her clothes are so un-Hollywoodish, if you know what I mean."

A Certain Well-Known Columnist: "Sure, Bankhead is a hot potato and a splash of color. But when she runs out of her bag of tricks—then what? The newspaper people are crazy about her because she says what she wants to when she wants to. In a way, she's in a spot. Wonder if anybody can live up to Tallulah's reputation for brilliance and wit in this man's town?"

Fredric March: "It's one thing to know a star like Tallulah by her publicity reputation—and quite

(Continued on page 60)
In the April MOVIE CLASSIC, you read of Estelle Taylor's going to the hospital with fractured neck vertebrae—and refusing ether while the bones were reset. Here's how the spunky Estelle looked to her callers, including the handsome Randolph Scott.

When Lily Damita posed for this photo, before sailing for Hawaii, she denied any plans to marry Sidney Smith. Later, reporters learned Smith was aboard. Wonder if she meant denials?

They gave Billie Dove a great big palm in Palm Beach on her vacation—especially when she sunned herself in this one-piece suit. She smiled away all romance rumors.

Meet Tom Mix's new wife, formerly Mabel Ward, circus aerialist—and Thomasina, his daughter by his former wife. The little girl is credited with having played the role of Cupid in her father's new romance. Tom is now making his second talkie.

Recuperating from a recent stroke of apoplexy, Maurice Costello (right) is happy to state that his illness led to a reconciliation with his daughters, Dolores and Helene. The noted actor had not seen them for five years.
Mary Sees Doug Off On Long Voyage With Pretty Leading Lady

Maria Alba, Spanish Beauty and Recent Bride, To Be "Native" Heroine in Fairbanks' South Sea Picture—Tearful Farewells On All Sides

By Dorothy Donnell

Though hardly in the mood, Mary and Doug had to face cameras and smile

Onlookers report that the final parting between the Todds made it look for a moment as though Doug would have to sail away without a leading lady. Maria sobbed and clung to her husband's coat, while Mary and Doug escaped behind closed stateroom doors to say farewell without prying eyes or pointing cameras. When Mary reappeared, she wore a veil over her eyes.

Mary and Maria took an affectionate leave of one another. No one heard everything they said. Perhaps Mary was begging to see that Doug wore his rubbers if they struck the rainy season in Tahiti. It is certain that Mary called after Maria to be sure to write. "Yes, yes. I'll write you often," called back Maria.

And after all the tears and partings, Maria may not appear in the Fairbanks comedy in the end. Doug's first plan was to have a native heroine for his picture. Then, deciding that this might be impossible, he had sought out a Hollywood heroine who could look like a South Seas beauty, if his search for a native heroine were in vain. Maria, they say, does not know this. Perhaps she would not have gone if she had not been sure of the rôle.

When Douglas Fairbanks decided to go to the South Seas to make his next picture, and Mary decided to stay in Hollywood and make her next picture, the old gossip started. Buzz-buzz-buzz—separation— divorce—they say—buzz-buzz. It kept up right to the moment of sailing, particularly when the huge crowd at the pier saw that this time Doug was taking along a leading lady—the very young, very pretty and very excited Maria Alba. Every eye was on her.

Mary used to go everywhere Doug went, even on location trips whenever possible, until two or three years ago. Then she started the public by letting Doug take his jaunts abroad alone. The reason was very simple—Mary not only doesn't like traveling (and never has), but it actually makes her ill. Being a sensible and devoted wife, she felt that she should not interfere with Doug's wanderlust. Hollywood, however, preferred to believe that Mary stayed, or Doug went, for a more interesting reason and the divorce rumors resulted. Doug and Mary knew, as did Maria Alba, that there would probably be more such rumors from this trip to the other side of the world—but all three could afford to ignore them. Sooner or later, the true story would be published. Here it is.

As the S. S. Makura, bound for Papeite, capital of Tahiti, sailed out of San Francisco harbor, Maria Alba drew her first breath in three frantic, crowded days. Four days before, she had been just the happy bride of David Todd, casting director at Fox Studios, planning to give up the screen career that had brought her from Barcelona four years ago to play in Spanish versions of American pictures. Then had come the chance to take tests for the rôle of the native heroine in the Fairbanks picture. And the tests had been more successful than she had dared to hope. She supplemented Lupita Tovar, who had been tentatively chosen.

Only four days before his troupe was to sail for Tahiti, Fairbanks chose pretty Maria Alba as his leading lady.
LUPE VELEZ' ROMANCE WITH "SECOND COOPER" DIDN'T BLOOM

Randolph Scott, Newcomer Who Resembles Gary Cooper, Was Scheduled To Play Opposite Gary's Old Flame Until Romance Rumors Linked Their Names

LUPE VELEZ and Randolph Scott, the tall young Virginian who is being mistaken for Gary Cooper, were supposed to be teamed in the Paramount picture, "The Broken Wing." But before the picture could be started, romance rumors linked their names—and Scott was transferred to the cast of "Sky Bride," instead. And good old Hollywood couldn't help getting a laugh out of all this, because it remembered the reports of the same studio's disapproval of the original Gary and the hot-headed little Mexican actress.

When Randolph Scott first arrived in Hollywood last fall, his startling resemblance to Gary Cooper was a source of interest to everybody. Talk had it that Paramount was grooming this tall, lanky boy to take the place of Gary, if the latter's state of health kept him from screen activity very long. But when it began to be rumored about that the chap who looked so much like Gary was being seen with Gary's old flame, Lupe Velez, the interest turned to polite behind-the-hand laughter and everybody sat back to wonder if Mr. Scott were going to follow in Mr. Cooper's romantic trail, as well as the professional.

Certainly, for a little while at least, Lupe made no attempt to squelch the rumors—though she did later. They tell an amusing story of a time when Lupe, in her dressing-room, proclaiming how "crazee" she was looking, young Scott, instructed her maid to call him on the phone, "But there are several Mr. Scotts," said the girl. "Which one?" Lupe is pictured as replying, "Call up my sister and ask her which Mr. Scott Lupe is in love with!"

And the maid did call the sister, and she couldn't remember which Mr. Scott it was, either. But that's just a gag story, of course, for Lupe would well know which Mr. Scott was wanted. At least, she knew well enough to seem flustered when she heard that a certain Mr. Scott had dropped over to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital to call on Estelle Taylor, where Estelle was recovering from an automobile accident. Lupe and Estelle were friends, but when Randolph and Estelle became friends that was something else again.

Lupe is now in the new Ziegfeld show with Buddy Rogers. Wonder if rumors will link their names next?

Lupe and Scott were seen together so much, and Lupe was so freely giving the impression that she liked Mr. Scott that Paramount may have felt it was time to step in and stave off a repeat on the Cooper-Velez romance. Anyway, Randolph Scott does not appear with Lupe in "The Broken Wing," and now Hollywood hears that their interesting friendship is as cold as an "overdrawn" notice from the bank. Hollywood is firmly convinced that a romance was headed off by something—either the studio, a secret revival of the Velez-Cooper romance, or a brand-new romance on one side or the other. And Hollywood, being Hollywood, favors the first explanation.

Lupe has temporarily shaken the dust of California from her high Spanish heels while she takes a flier in Ziegfeld's new Broadway show, "Hot-Cha!", along with Buddy Rogers. Next, probably, there will be romance rumors about Lupe and Buddy. Wherever Lupe goes, she seems to attract romantic speculations. In the meantime, Mr. Scott seems to be devoting his free time to several pretty (and much safer) Hollywood ingénues. So far, there is no talk that he and Lupe are enriching the telephone and telegraph companies.
Rudy Vallee's Wife Goes West for Health, Not Divorce

Here are Rudy Vallee and Fay Webb, as they looked to the minister on July 6, 1931—the day he disappointed his admirers and got married. They met while he was filming "The Vagabond Lover".

Three Times Since Marriage To Famous Crooner, Fay Webb Vallee Has Returned To California Home—Trips Are Merely "Health Vacations"

By Helen Scott

Ever since Rudy Vallee married Fay Webb, daughter of a Santa Monica (Cal.) city official, the gossips have been busy hinting that they are on the verge of separation. Though their close friends have scoffed at such insinuations, outsiders have called attention to the fact that, in the short span of their married life, Fay has made three trips back to the home of her family after short "visits" with her husband in New York. The gossips' guess was that the popular crooner and his bride were quarreling and making up.

But lately there have been whispers of a more serious, poignant explanation back of these marital vacations of the Vallees—a memorable love story that comes straight from Santa Monica friends of the couple:

Fay Vallee's health is a constant worry to herself, her husband and her family. A victim of "low resistance," she must constantly be on her guard against contracting any dangerous illness—such an illness, say, as attacked Lila Lee and Renée Adorée. She must have a great deal of sunshine, rest and outdoor life. When she first met and fell in love with the radio singer, during the time he was making "The Vagabond Lover" in Hollywood, Fay told him of her delicate health, but Rudy refused to let that make any difference. He wanted to marry Fay immediately, before he returned to New York, but she wanted to be sure that he knew his own mind. She said, "Let's wait a few weeks, anyway."

Not long after, she followed him to New York—and they were married, surprising millions of Vallee admirers. Being the bride of such a popular entertainer, the new Mrs. Vallee had to attend a constant round of parties in her honor. Rudy's entire life is night-life—his radio, night-club and theatre engagements. Fay, anxious and happy to be at the side of her husband, attempted to keep up the pace as long as she could stand it, physically—and then it was necessary for her to return to the quiet of her California home.

Worried about the health of his bride (right), Rudy insisted that she go back to California for a "good, long rest" and joined her there—thus ending rumors that they were on the verge of divorce.

Three times Fay has had to return to the home of her parents in order to regain the strength that has been expended in living up to the busy and exciting role of being Rudy Vallee's wife!

Fay became so ill on her last visit to Rudy, and the crooner of love songs became so alarmed, that he insisted she return to her parents for a long "vacation." He promised that he would arrange for a vacation himself. Fay did not see how it could be done—but love can always find a way. Rudy has just always been with her, ending rumors.
VIRGINIA CHERRILL, who crashed into movie prominence opposite Charlie Chaplin in "City Lights," is the latest screen beauty to win a millionaire—and, appropriately enough, the setting for the wedding is the Society Islands. Along with the Douglas Fairbanks troupe headed for the South Seas to film "Tropic Nights," she sailed to meet the Vincent Astor yacht at Tahiti—and to become the bride of William Rhinelander Stewart, New York socialite.

Besides belonging to the Four Hundred, Mr. Stewart is one of the wealthiest men in America. His mother, upon her death a few years ago, left many millions to be divided between her two children—William and his sister, Anita, Duchess de Braganza, wife of the pretender to the throne of Portugal.

Several years ago, Stewart married Laura Biddle of the prominent Philadelphia family, and their wedding was an international social event. Almost from the beginning, however, their union was an unhappy one, and two years ago they were divorced, on the grounds of "incompatibility." Her marriage to Cherrill would be married aboard the Astor yacht, the ceremony to be performed by Vincent Astor, himself, in his capacity of captain.

The peculiar part about this story is that Virginia was sufficiently wealthy to take Tahiti before reports appeared in the papers that the Astor yacht was back in American waters. The reports, however, did not state that Mr. Stewart was still aboard. The inference was that he was still cruising somewhere in the South Seas, waiting for his bride.

If the Astor yacht is back in American waters, should we believe an earlier report that Mrs. Astor objected to having the wedding on board the yacht, because of the publicity that would result?

It is not exactly uncommon for pretty movie girls to marry wealthy men. Constance Talmadge married the enormously rich Townsend Net-cher of Chicago; the same city furnished an equally wealthy and charming young husband, Edward Hillman, Jr., for Marion Nixon. Constance Bennett was briefly the wife of the socially prominent young millionaire, Phil Plant. Phyllis Haver, Gloria Swanson, Ruth Taylor and Peggy Fears have all married millionaires. And now, along comes Virginia Cherrill, who, in becoming the bride of William Rhinelander Stewart, will assume a national social leadership.
WHY DID COLLEEN MOORE AND AL SCOTT ATTEMPT SECRET WEDDING?

Former Screen Favorite Tries To Dodge Publicity In Marrying Young New York Broker—Both Had Been Divorced, and Romance Had Been Denied

BY EVELYN DERR

When Colleen Moore and Al Scott motored from Palm Beach, Florida, to Port Pierce, Florida, early one recent morning and were married, they did everything in their power to keep the news from reporters. The “secret” lasted just two hours before the Palm Beach news-hawks got wind of what had taken place and proclaimed their findings to newspaper syndicates. But why did Colleen attempt a secret marriage?

All her friends expected Colleen and the young New York broker to be married as soon as her divorce from director John McCormick became final (on May 13, 1931). Yet even when the rumors of their engagement were flying the thickest, Colleen denied the romance and said she doubted if she would ever marry again! Colleen is too level-headed to have wanted a secret marriage merely because it has become a popular fad among picture people. There must have been other reasons, thinks Hollywood.

Her first marriage having ended in divorce after an auspicious beginning, might not the little Irish girl have wanted to escape publicity as much as possible when marrying a second time? Also—not only was Colleen, herself, a divorcée, but her thirty-year-old bridegroom, whose full name is Albert Parker Scott, has been divorced. He married Elizabeth Eshbaugh, daughter of a wealthy New York stock broker, in 1930 and the couple parted in September of the same year by the divorce route.

Several months later he went to Los Angeles to visit and it was there that he met Colleen Moore. Friends say that they were immediately attracted to each other. They had a great deal in common, also—both bearing the scars of recent marital break-ups. From the beginning, Scott was Colleen’s devoted escort and financial adviser. They say that it is through his influence that Colleen has not invested her own money in making a “comeback” picture and that he has encouraged her to stick to stage engagements until she has acquired the necessary experience for talking picture technique. She has just been appearing in “Church Mouse” on the Los Angeles stage.

Her career is another reason why Colleen may have wished to keep her Florida marriage a secret. Except in rare cases, Hollywood still clings to the belief that the public is more interested in unmarried actresses. (Look at Garbo!) And Colleen is decidedly not retired from her career. She is as eager to make a hit on the talking screen as she was, in the old days, to reach the pinnacle of silent-screen fame. The general knowledge of her marriage to John McCormick did not deter her then. And with Colleen’s fighting spirit, the knowledge of her marriage to Al Scott will probably in no way detract from her “comeback” as a talkie star.

Since their divorce, Colleen’s ex-husband, John McCormick, has married again—and the marriage has gone on the rocks. Previous to this second marriage, McCormick was rumored to have asked Colleen to remarry him. But by that time she had met Albert Scott.
Pickford’s Memories Of First Wife Hasten End Of Third Marriage

Actor’s Friends Say He Cannot Forget Tragic Olive Thomas—Give This As Real Reason For Pickford-Mulhern Divorce

BY DOROTHY CALHOUN

Jack Pickford, at thirty-six, has lost his third actress-wife. With tears in her eyes, Mary Mulhern has just divorced the once-famous younger member of the House of Pickford, whom she married on August 12, 1930. She asked her freedom on the familiar grounds of “mental cruelty,” alleging constant fault-finding. But those who know the inside story claim that Mary did not mention the real tragedy of their marriage—a tragedy that started with Jack’s first marriage.

Old-timers in Hollywood still remember the sensation that Jack created when he brought his first wife, Olive Thomas, to the Coast—and to fame in the movies. The movie colony had heard that she was the toast of Broadway, but no one was prepared for the exquisite beauty of the “Follies” girl he had married.

Jack was then nineteen, and one of the most winning personalities on the screen. His was a desperate case of young love and it lasted without a let-down for five years. And no one who was at the farewell party for Jack when he went away to war will forget the desperate sobbing of Olive Thomas that broke up the party.

When, a few years later, the gay, young, tempestuous marriage came to a tragic end in a Paris hotel room, Jack Pickford suffered a blow from which he never recovered.

All his troubles, say his friends, date from the death of lovely Olive Thomas from poison, taken by mistake. He cannot forget, they say, her frantic, heart-rending pleas: “Don’t let me die! I don’t want to die!”

He tried to pick up the broken strands of his life. He tried to go on with his screen career. In 1922, he even married again—this time winning another great Broadway favorite, Marilyn Miller. This marriage, however, was doomed from the start—by the fact that he was on one Coast and she on the other, if for no other reason. They parted—friends. He left the screen. Only occasionally did the public hear of him.

When he suffered a complete break-

Above, Jack Pickford and his third wife, Mary Mulhern—an ex-“Follies” girl like his first wife—just after they were married in August, 1930. She has just won a divorce on grounds of “mental cruelty.” Left, Jack and his second wife, Marilyn Miller, who were separated by a Continent during most of their marriage, which ended in a friendly divorce.

The girl Jack Pickford cannot forget—tragic Olive Thomas.

down last year, his pretty new bride, Mary Mulhern, an ex-“Follies” girl like Olive Thomas, became his devoted nurse. She remained at his bedside for weary months, tending him as only a woman very much in love can attend a very sick man, until she almost broke down herself. And yet, when Jack recovered, Mary Mulhern brought suit for divorce. Why?

Was it because, as she implied in her divorce complaint, she wanted to return to the stage and he objected? Or was it because, as she confided to a friend, he called over and over, while he was delirious—not for her, his wife, but for a slim, brown-haired girl who had been dead fifteen years: “Olive! Olive—?”

Can such grief be true of an actor? Jack’s friends insist that it is true of him—and tell of his pilgrimages, when he has been in New York, to the grave of Olive Thomas, in the outskirts of the forgetful city.
RUTH CHATTERTON HELPS HUSBAND BUY PLAY—FORBES ASKS HER TO DIRECT IT

Couple Outbid Two Movie Companies To Get English Stage Hit, Which Will Star Ralph—Ruth His Partner, Not His "Backer"

JANET BURDEN

A FEW months ago, Hollywood was saying that Ruth Chatterton and her husband, Ralph Forbes, were on the verge of divorce. Now Hollywood is saying that Ruth has gone to considerable expense and effort to stimulate interest in the "wanning career" of her husband by purchasing a play, which she will direct and which will star Ralph!

"Forbes is slipping," the chattering folk will tell you, "and Chatterton is trying to bring him back!"

It's a good story—but it doesn't happen to be true, any more than were those divorce rumors of last December. Ruth Chatterton has bought a play, called "Counsel's Opinion," and will direct it. The play will star Ralph Forbes, supported by Rose Hobart. It is not true that Miss Chatterton refuses to sell the movie rights of the play unless Forbes is sold with them. According to the two who should know best about it, here is the true story of the venture:

Several months ago, Ralph Forbes became interested in this English stage hit. He thought it would be equally successful in America, as it offered opportunities for both stage and film production. It looked like a good investment—and Forbes, by no means "broke," started negotiations to buy the story, purely as a business venture. (Ralph Forbes made $75,000 last year, and if that is "broke," then most of us are in the poorhouse. And as for his being "through" on the screen, he is supporting Tallulah Bankhead in "Thunder Below.""

But just as Forbes was about to close the deal on "Counsel's Opinion," two major movie companies started bidding for it. The price finally became so steep that he put the proposition before Ruth Chatterton and suggested that they buy it in partnership, each taking a half-interest. After she read the play, Miss Chatterton was equally "sold" on it and between them they topped the offers made by the film companies.

The production of the play—which may be renamed "Let Us Divorce"—is purely a business venture, in which they are equally interested. As the leading rôle fits Forbes to perfection, he would be an extremely foolish business man not to play it. And, like any other producer, Ralph is merely anxious for the success of what has turned out to be a big investment and he is perfectly willing to sell the story to a film producer.

"I asked Ruth to direct the play," explains Forbes, "because I consider her the finest stage director in America to-day. It is too bad that her association with this venture resulted in such absurd gossip."
Few girls are starred at eighteen, as Marian was. And even fewer do what she has just done—she has stepped back from stardom into featured rôles without getting those ol' blues. Marian, who's brainy as well as beautiful, knows her career will last that much longer. She goes merrily on her way in "Beauty and the Boss."
'Fess up, Joan! Doesn't that harassed look mean you're hunting for the right words to describe yourself as the stenographer of "Grand Hotel"? You're a different Joan—and no mistake. Even the critics are grasping for words to praise you. They'll be watching for you and Robert Montgomery as co-stars in "Letty Lynton"
Why doesn't June use a mirror when she's powdering her pretty chin? Silly question! That's just what she's doing—looking into the make-up box at her feet. Wonder if Mrs. Clyde's dancing daughter has ever thought of giving Helen Twelvetrees a worry or two? Watch for her in "The Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood"!
Just give him enough rope, warns Bob Montgomery, and he'll tie work at the studio into knots. Let Dick Arlen be a mariner—Bob would rather be a mare-owner. He's what is known as a polo fiend, now that he owns three ponies and plays on Ralph Forbes' team. He's working on "Letty Lynton" between polo sessions.
While Bob bounds over the mainland, Dick Arlen bobs over the bounding main—and the only knots he's worrying about are the kind the ship is making. Every week-end, if possible, he hits the deck—and sometime (perhaps after "Sky Bride"), he's going to see to it that one of these here week-ends lasts a month or two.
Have you heard? RKO is going to show the world that Irene also has s.a.—which stands for "subtle allure," and not for what you thought. Note the coy shoulder and the gay smile—and see if Norma Shearer doesn't have a competitor at last! Irene's new screen life starts in "Symphony of Six Million" and "Back Street."
Leo Carrillo—
an Hombre after your own heart

Here's the answer to that question: "Is he just a good actor, or is he really Spanish?" And to that other question: "Why is he the only screen star ever invited to California's most exclusive parties?" He's a gay caballero you ought to know better!

BY J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

ELISSA LANDI may be granddaughter of an Austrian Empress, Ivan Lebedeff may be a Russian Count, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin may pal around with the English nobility, and Constance Bennett may bear one of the proudest titles in all France—but did you know that there is only one screen star who is ever admitted to the aristocracy of old California, itself? And that this star is none other than Leo Carrillo, Hollywood's gayest caballero and the star who has the most colorful background of them all, perhaps?

When the Del Valles, the Bandinis, the Vallejos and the Dominguez and other proud scions of California's First Families gather to hold fiesta, only Carrillo, of all the elite of filmdom, is invited. (And maybe this doesn't burn up some of the other stars!) But I ask you to remember that his name is pronounced Car-reeyo, not Carrill-o, and that he is the great-great-grandson of one of California's first provincial governors and descendant of Juan Leon Carrillo, who landed with the conquistadores of Cortez to sack the treasure troves of the Aztecs.

"My ancestors?" Don Leo lifts an eloquent eyebrow. "Yes, but do not blame me. I am proud of them, sir, but after all it is what one does with one's own life that counts."

A strange and fascinating personality, this son of old Spanish California. In spite of his proud ancestry, he is, above all, human and close to the people. He is equally at home with governors and with gangsters, numbering several of each among his intimate friends. The Mexican peons whom he often invites to his home are treated with the same gracious, old-world courtesy he accords the wealthy and the famous.

As Young As They Come

MY FIRST glimpse of him was at the preview of his picture, "Homicide Squad," held in Glendale. Unable to find a seat, he had joined a group of raggedurchins who squatted in the aisles, and was enjoying himself with all the gusto of a youngster at a circus. They didn't know who he was, but he got along with them like a pal. There is something infectious about his exuberance. Maybe you have caught it, too.

He is an author and an artist, as well as an actor—so he has three outlets for this exuberance; and he's about to adopt a young boy, to have still another outlet. His romantic history of early California is considered a classic. Besides English and Spanish, he speaks Italian, Chinese and Japanese fluently, and he attributes the success of his screen characterizations to his intimate contact with people of all classes, races and creeds. Jack London was his friend, and he was with O. Henry just before the great short-story writer died. Like them, he is a keen student of human nature.

The name of Carrillo is one that is stamped indelibly upon the history of California. Don Leo is related by either blood or marriage to the majority of those proud families whose cattle roamed the hills in uncounted thousands and who measured their land holdings by the square mile in the days before the gringo came. His great-great-grandfather, Don Carlos Antonio Carrillo, was one of the first governors of this vast Mexican province, in 1837-38, and was married to Don Leo's great-great-grandmother in old Carmel Mission by Fra Junipero Serra, founder of the missions in the late Eighteenth Century. Their marriage was made possible by special dispensation of King Carlos, the Third, of Spain.

On the other side of his family tree is the great and
Shall the Orders from the

This article will electrify you—it will make you ever printed in a screen magazine. It is the true, ever attempted in the movies and the greatest public. "Certain interests" don't want you to it was based on the life of Al Capone. The gang-ster's Miami home was mentioned; the locale of the picture was Chicago. Paul Muni, in the title rôle, was even made up to look like Capone. W. R. Burnett (author of "Little Caesar") and Ben

What Influences Have Worked to Keep "Scarface" from You?

Al Capone says: "I think these gangster pictures should be stopped. They are bad for the kiddies. Does gangdom think it would be "bad" for YOU to see "Scarface" and the absolutely faithful reproductions of such gang crimes as:
The St. Valentine’s Day Massacre? The Killing of "Big Jim" Colosimo? The Murder of Tony Lombardi? The Hospital Shooting of "Legs" Diamond? The Baby-Killings in New York? The Capture of "Two-Gun" Crowley? Who is trying to suppress "Scarface"—the one gang picture in which every in-cident is token from the newspapers?

By ROBERT DONALDSON

What Scared the Gangsters

THE St. Valentine’s Day massacre of seven Chicago gangsters is one of those incidents. The killing of "Big Jim" Colosimo in his café is another. The murder of Tony Lombardi in his flower shop, after which Capone rose to power not only in Chicago, but in all America, is still another incident. The shooting of Jack ("Legs") Diamond while he was in a hospital is woven into the story, and the finale is taken from the bombardment, by several hundred New York police, of the stronghold of Francis ("Two Gun") Crowley.
Movies take Underworld?

fighting mad. It is, perhaps, the most daring story inside story of the greatest expose of gangdom effort ever made to keep a picture from the see "Scarface." But will you see it, or won't you?

Strong stuff, this-stuff that hits close to home, stuff that didn't have to originate in any fiction-writer's imagination.

Word of "Scarface" got out to gangland. Shortly before the picture was finished, Howard Hawks, the director, received several telephone calls from Chicago gangsters who were cornered in a New York armed, held off hundreds reproduced in "Scarface"

"vacationing," as they often do, in Los Angeles. They said they had been told to see the picture, as the "Big Boy" wanted to know what they were doing to his life story.

Hawks' reply was brief. "If you want to see 'Scarface,' boys, you'll have to pay at the box office, just like anybody else." Shortly afterward, a number of Chicago gangsters were run out of Southern California by the police. Before they left, however, both Hawks and Hughes had been threatened.

But then, mysteriously, opposition to the release of "Scarface" began to appear. It first cropped up in New York. The reason is not hard to find: The underworld was in trouble in New York. The Seabury investigation of city politics was getting hot. Shifty politicians in high office were sweating on the witness stand, trying to explain how so much money had found its way into their safe deposit boxes-money far in excess of their salaries. There was an incessant demand that the Governor, and the Government, "do something."

Remember that the boys who carry the machine-guns are not the only (Continued on page 62)
ANN HARDING lives on the highest hill in Hollywood. From the beautiful white house that she and her husband built out of their own minds, she can see all the movie colony spread out below and it looks like a colony of insects. She is not happy in this magnificent house with all the things supposed to make for happiness. She is "jittery" with Hollywood. She is disgusted with "mood pictures."

High above Cahuenga Pass, these great windows, out of which she is always looking and which dwarf the Hollywood world into something acutely small, have given her a new perspective in harmony with an old desire. For Ann Harding has a secret: She wants to write.

She wants to write so intensely that the desire has become a sort of hunger, which looks out of her delicate pale face and makes her pale blue eyes dreamy as she stands before the huge windows—windows that make transparent and pretty aimless the doings of the insect world below.

"I shall probably never be able to do it," she confessed. "That's why I don't feel I ought to talk about my trying to write. But ever since I've lived up here and have looked out these windows . . ."

Did you know that she is "jittery" with Hollywood—that she wants to leave the screen—that she longs to write and go back to the stage? And do you know why she has these desires? She tells you in this exclusive interview!

**Tends to Her Knitting**

SHE interrupted herself with a smile—the one that on the screen deflates the ego of some vapid suitor; she glided from the window with the widely-spaced steps that are typical of her. Ann Harding can turn off her dreams like turning off an electric switch and be practical on the instant. She is above all things practical. She was practical now. She took up a pink bundle of yarn and sat down before the fire—to knit.

Imagine, if you will, any other screen star knitting—even before an interviewer.

"It's one of those things to wear over the shoulders when I have breakfast in bed. The mornings have been so cold."

"Hello, Mother!"

A little figure had come hopping into the room—a little figure with two long curls the color of Ann Harding's own pale golden hair. It was Jane, three-and-a-half-year-old edition of her mother, a quickly-moving, tautly nervous child—and a much-guarded child since the Lindbergh kidnapping. Escaped now from her nurse, she was dancing around us, improvising the dialogue of an imaginary play-scene.

The child danced away laughing, to be recaptured by the stolid nurse. A Jap boy, noiseless, as if on castors, rolled away with the remains of our tea. We lighted cigarettes. Small flames were eating at the heap of logs in the great fireplace. Outside the windows, the clouds were boiling down above Cahuenga Pass. It was cold in Hollywood.

Ann Harding has been feeling the coldness and inconsistency of Hollywood—a condition without relation to the

(Continued on page 64)
What's this—Jimmy shaking hands with himself? And why not? It's a boxer's way of saying "Howdy" to a roaring crowd. And how the crowd will roar when Cagney sheds his sweat shirt, puts on those mitts, and steps into the ring in "Winner Take All"! If his fists fly as fast his wisecracks, he'll score another knockout.
Connie looks almost shy—as if she's wondering if you liked her as a comédienne in "Lady with a Past." After being everything from "Common Clay" to "Bought!" it was a relief to the Marquise de la Falaise to reveal a sense of humor, after all. She's now making "Free Lady"—before taking a vacation abroad.
MARLENE DIETRICH will have only one great love, her Handwriting shows

Who knows what Marlene is really like? Louise Rice, who is world-famous for her studies of character from handwriting!—and tells you here what she finds in Marlene's signature. The German star, herself, could hardly tell you more!

MARLENE DIETRICH'S signature—reproduced herewith—gives the graphologist an enormous surprise. For what have all the publicity men featured in their blurbs about the German sensation? You all know as well as I do—LEGS, and not much of anything else. But ask her director and her business manager, and I am sure that they will tell you that they have found her to have a head for business and a good understanding as well.

No, I didn't mean that last characteristic as a joke, although you may think that I was guilty of a pun, which is a serious crime in this country. I mean that she has the ability to think quickly and to the point on any subject that seems to her worth while. Also, that she has a sudden feeling or intuition that is often of great assistance to her in outguessing the "other fellow," when trying to carry out her plans. See if your handwriting shows the little breaks in the connecting strokes of the small letters that Marlene has in her words. If so, you also have intuition and should use it to the best advantage.

Her handwriting reveals Marlene Dietrich as a person who has enormous pride, as shown by the inflated letter formations and high capitals; and there is a dislike of fussiness, conventionality in every stroke of her writing. Look at the reproduction of her signature and notice the sweep and swirl of the connecting stroke between her first and last name, which is just like a high-flung gesture of defiance.

Also, notice how few of her letter-formations follow the accepted rules of writing, as she forms her letters according to her own ideas and not those of others. Therefore, she will always be happier and more successful if she is allowed to work out her own destiny as far as possible, without too much interference, either from her family or from her business associates.

Along with this energy, we find that she is by nature positive, as well as somewhat self-centered. Also, we discover a good deal of emotional generosity and extrav-

By LOUISE RICE

ANALYZE YOUR OWN HANDWRITING

Louise Rice has perfected a chart known as a Grapho-scope, which enables you to analyze your own handwriting. It will reveal your proper vocation. Also analyzes love and congenial friendships. Get one to-day! Send your name and address to Louise Rice, Movie Classic, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and 10 cents to cover clerical expenses.
The Life Story of a Dangerous Man

That's what they call Warren William—because he looks the part and has become a star after only six pictures. He's suspected of having a Past. Here are the facts about him!

By Gladys Hall

They say that Warren William looks like John Barrymore, talks like John Barrymore, and has a dash of Adolphe Menjou thrown in. They say that he is dangerous. He is called a Romantic Menace. With that smile and those eyes, he looks as if he might have a Past. As a gal once observed to me, longingly if inelegantly, "That Warren William—he has what it takes!"

You've seen him fairly recently with Lil Dagover in "The Woman from Monte Carlo." You've also seen him with Bebe Daniels in "The Honor of the Family." You've watched him playing opposite Marian Marsh in "Under Eighteen." His most recent effort has been "The Mouthpiece," which was, at once, his seventh picture and his stardom.

How did he get this way? What is his past? Did he grow up in some Continental city, exploring life and love, wise in the ways of women and the wiles of the world? You'll be surprised!

Warren was born, of solid German parents, in the very small town of Atkins, Minnesota—in such a town, among such people, as Sinclair Lewis wrote about in "Main Street." His father published a couple of small-town newspapers and always wished that he had been an actor. In those days, Warren told me, it wasn't respectable to be an actor. He added, "It probably isn't now—"

When Warren was a youngster, he thought he'd like to become an engineer. But as he could never add two and two together and make them come out four, he decided that he lacked the proper qualifications. At times it appealed to him to be a newspaper publisher like Dad.

It would be fun to say what he really thought about neighbors who got snooty when their windows were broken or a can was tied to their old cat's tail. He was that kind of small boy.

He never paid any attention to small girls, except his two sisters, and there he couldn't help himself. Girls were nuisances, cry-babies, pests. He had, really, only one passion, and it might not be going too far to say that he has only one passion now—the same one. He longed for the sea. As a boy his most absorbing game was to play in water—puddles left by the rains, brooks, the lakes that dot his native state. Blue water with a white sail on it was bluer and fairer to Warren than any girl's blue eyes topped by a white hair ribbon . . .

He never once thought of becoming an actor. He didn't know any actors. He never even thought about actors. There had never been a theatrical personage in the family. They were all musical, the William family.

In high school, Warren took small parts in the school plays, but no one ever paid much attention to his desultory and usually minor performances. No one ever said, "Here is another Booth!" Least of all, himself. He took it all as a part of the school work and got through the performances as he got through the Latin grammar.

He graduated from high school without an idea of what he wanted to be. One of his sisters said to him, at random, "Why don't you be an actor, Warren?" And that casual sentence decided him.

He couldn't think of any good reason why he should not be an actor. So he packed his bags, took a train for New York, and became an actor.
OLIVE OIL... the great beauty oil
this much goes into every cake of Palmolive

Startling? Yes! And so vital in modern beauty care that 20,000 beauty specialists have united in recommending the daily use of Palmolive.

OLIVE OIL is nature's great beautifier. It soothes, penetrates and protects the skin.

But, can you get enough olive oil in soap? Palmolive answers: YES! And shows you just how much of this priceless ingredient is blended with oils from palm trees in the famous Palmolive formula.

What about other soaps? Do you know what's in them? Can you risk using them on your skin?

Palmolive labels every cake: made of olive and palm oils. That's why more than 20,000 beauty experts have, for years, urged its use. They believe in the beauty value of olive oil in soap. Listen to their advice. Use Palmolive to protect skin, to keep it young.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

This is to certify that this tube contains the exact amount of olive oil that goes into every 10c cake of Palmolive Soap.

Ray M. Berlin
Vice President in Charge of Production
COLOATE-PALMOLIVE GREE COMPANY
Sworn to before me this 14th day of January, 1923

Ray M. Berlin
Cook County, Illinois
BETTY COMPSON
"I'm over 30," says this fascinating screen star. "A young-looking skin is absolutely necessary. I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years."

MARY BOLAND
"I'm over 40," says this stage and screen star. "Complexion care is the secret of keeping youthful charm. That's why I always use Lux Toilet Soap."
Keep the glorious appeal of YOUTH—Screen Stars know how

DON'T let birthdays frighten you! The screen and stage stars laugh at them. These recent pictures show why!

"No woman need fear added years," says the lovely Betty Compson, whose glorious young charm wins hearts by the thousands on the screen. "Stage and screen stars must keep youthful charm, and they know a young-looking skin is absolutely essential."

The stage and screen stars have found the way to keep their skin smooth and fresh, year after year! They use Lux Toilet Soap regularly.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

In Hollywood, youthful appeal means success itself. Of the 694 important actresses there, including all stars, 686 care for their skin with Lux Toilet Soap. The stage stars, too, overwhelmingly prefer this gentle, fragrant white soap. Begin today to let it care for your skin. Escape the tyranny of birthdays—stay lovely, appealing, as the screen stars do.

OVER 45

NANCE O'NEIL

"I'm over 45," says this lovely stage and screen star. "A woman is as old as she looks. I am among the scores of stars who use Lux Toilet Soap regularly."

Toilet Soap—10¢
Hollywood Called It Madness, But Columbo Called It Luck

Russ Columbo used to do the vocal work for screen heroes who were supposed to be singing—but he never got a break, himself. And when a famous song-writer "discovered" him and predicted he would be a radio sensation, Hollywood laughed. Now the producers are asking Russ to give THEM a break!

R U S S C O L U M B O, believe it or not (and Mr. Ripley has documents on file to prove it), is the twelfth child of a twelfth child of a twelfth child. The magic of the number twelve has spun itself into the entire fabric of his life. And with music and Latin heroes coming back to the screen, it's a bet that in the next twelve months, he'll be back in Hollywood—where he got his start. He has proved that he can get along without Hollywood, but can the movies get along without the Columbo that America has discovered?

It was almost twelve weeks to the hour from the night he was "found" in an obscure Hollywood night-club by Con Conrad, the song-writer, until the afternoon last October when he was called into the offices of the National Broadcasting Company in New York and signed to a radio contract. Twelve short, but eventful weeks that brought him from the oblivion of an off-stage voice in the movies to the pinnacle of popularity with millions of radio followers throughout America!

And again the number twelve! The lucky stars that found him in Hollywood and led him away from an income of fifty dollars a week (some weeks) are commanding for him twelve hundred dollars a day at present.

Russ was born in San Francisco on a rainy day in 1908. An electrical storm had devastated the city's telephone system, and Russ's father still swears to the story that it took twelve attempts to get word to the family physician that his presence was an immediate necessity.

B Y P A U L Y A W I T Z

H is R e a l N a m e

T HE nervous and distraught parent was so elated that his twelfth child was a son that he decided to give the infant an imposing name—and so the future Romeo was christened Ruggerio Eugenio di Rodolfo Columbo. The family, incidentally, traces its lineage back to the great Italian discoverer, for whom is claimed the relationship of a great-to-the-ninth-degree-grandfather. Expediency soon cut the long name down to "Russ," although his mother and father to this day call him "Ruggerio Eugenio." It is a matter of ritual and superstition with them.

When Russ was five, his family moved to Philadelphia, where his father engaged in the private banking business. The bank was a small one in the Italian quarters of the city. In a tenement house next-door to the bank lived one Antonio Laveri, a teacher of music, who had been in this country but a few years. In Rome, Laveri had been a famous voice and music teacher and it was to his garret quarters that Columbo, Sr., took his son for a musical education.

In short order Russ was playing a guitar that was almost as large as himself, and before the first twelve months of his instruction had been completed, the lad was singing the Italian operas with a display of talent that was unique for one of his immature years. Financial reverses and the death of two of his brothers compelled the Columbo family to return Westward, and this time they settled in the growing village of Hollywood.

Russ's father went into the con-

(Continued on page 60)
"Sure, I use Colgate's! I like it... that's why!"

She's a good scout—my mother is! She's going to be tickled pink when she sees these two beauts—even if I did tear my pants a little comin' through Bailey's fence. Ma believes in lettin' a feller do things the way he likes to do 'em. That's why she buys me Colgate's to brush my teeth with. I like it—that's why. Boy—does it taste keen! I guess mother knows what she's doin'. Doctor Ellis told her there ain't any toothpaste can beat Colgate's for keeping teeth clean—says more people use it than any other kind. An' Ma says'cause Colgate's only costs a quarter—mebbe she's savin' to buy me a new fish pole. Anyhow—she don't have to bother about me brushin' my teeth reg'lar—so I guess she's satisfied, too.

Would you like this picture of the little fisherman, in full color, without advertising matter, suitable for framing? We'll gladly send you one, without cost. Address: Colgate-Palmolive-Percol Co., Inc., Dept. 131, P. O. Box 111, Chicago, Ill.

25¢
in London, two years after her debut, was starred in three English pictures. She also made pictures in Germany, which may account for the rumor that she had "un-der-studied" Marlene Dietrich in that country. This is not true. Sari has never done stage work and was better known as a film star in Europe than Marlene.

Sari (whose name is pronounced Shar-ee Mar-ee-tza) says she does not want to do mysterious, exotic roles in American pictures. She believes her forte to be light comedy, and her first Paramount picture, in which she will be featured, not starred, is likely to be "The Girl in the Headlines." This will offer little Maritza something of a Nancy Carroll role, the innocent little girl, who is mistaken for a 'lady with a past.'

She should be plenty interesting—even though Sari is a cinch not to cause Garbo a single haunted night.

The One Who's Most Like Garbo

At Universal, they are equally anxious to preserve Tala Birell from the hatchets of those who insist there can be only one Garbo. According to Tala, herself, nothing will make her so miserable as to be compared to Garbo. But in spite of all that Universal or Tala can do, she is bound to evoke comparisons.

She is more of an authentic erotic than Sari Maritza. She is calm and quiet—which necessarily spells mystery to Hollywood. She is blonde, tall, willowy, unusual looking. She lives quietly with her sister and has never attended a Hollywood party—from natural choice. But such isolation is so definitely stamped a part of the Garbo legend that it will be difficult for Tala to deny that, in this at least, she is like Garbo.

At first glance she is not beautiful—but her face is singularly fascinating. Her movements have an awkward grace. Her figure is commonly termed "boyish." (Incidentally, she is the first authentic Garbo figure to have the Garbo figure.) She seems shy and anxious to be agreeable and liked—one of the few ways in which she differs from Garbo.

She was born Natalie Bierl in Bucharest, Roumania, in 1908. Her family was in prosperous circumstances during the early years of her life, and Natalie, or Tala, enjoyed the finest schooling available. Financial disaster overtook her father when Tala was about ten and, from then on, things were very hard for the little family. Her mother who, before her marriage to Mr. Bierl, was the Baroness Salaydahowska of Poland, accepted any kind of work that would mean bread and a roof over the head of Tala and her sister. To this day, Tala's chief ambition is to make so much money in pictures that her mother can live in luxury for the rest of her life.

She became interested in the stage at the age of fifteen, and through her vocal teacher she managed to get an engagement in "Madame Pompadour." Max Reinhardt saw her in this small rôle and signed her immediately, for the lead in "Es Liegt in der Luft" in Berlin. Her success was instantaneous and she alternate European stage productions with European films.

How Talented Tala Is

ALMOST a year ago she was engaged by Universal to come to America to make the German version of the picture "Boulevard Diplomat," and so intrigued were the Laemmles that she was given a lucrative contract. For seven months Carl Laemmle, Jr., searched for a suitable screen story for her, while Tala perfected her English. After many plays and scenarios had been put forward it was decided that Tala should make her starring debut before the American public in "Mountains in Flame." In this, she plays a peasant girl; but in "Nana," her second picture, she will play a worldly, courteous lady.

Tala Birell can't escape it—she is going to be compared to Garbo—but with a little fair play from the public, she should be an interesting addition to the field of exotics.

Lil Dagover, First National's contribution to the ranks of the exotics, is a more familiar figure to the American public, as her first starring picture, "The Woman from Monte Carlo," has been released for several months. It is the opinion of a great many critics, especially in Great Britain, that Dagover was a great star in a great picture, and a great picture was made in a great studio's move to manufacture an alluring star to compete with Garbo.

Her first picture did not live up to any such expectation. Dagover seemed remarkably repressed and her close-ups throughout the film seemed studiedly similar to Garbo's. As another Garbo she did not quite fill the bill. Yet a great many people believe that Dagover's second film venture in America will prove more successful. Even the studio who sponsored her is looking for a story more suited to and more adapted to her individual talents.

Pola a Brunette Rival?

ROKO heads its import-glamour list with the name of Pola Negri, who's brunette, not blonde like Garbo. Strictly speaking, Pola is not a "new" exotic. In the days of silent pictures she was a scarlet-flame of interest in the movie world. But her studio feels that in the new, talking Pola a different and fascinating figure will take place upon the screen. Whether Pola Negri will be "the new Negri until you hear her" is their boast. And so, because Pola offers a new angle on an old movie flame, she is included in this list of exotics. When Pola showed up on the screen, she has a voice almost as deep as Garbo's.

In "The Woman Between" and "Friends and Lovers," RKO was supposed to try to build Lily Damita into another Garbo, but Lily just couldn't be anyone but her own spontaneous, gay self. Pola, however, likes tragic roles.

Happily enough, M-G-M finds itself holding a contract with a girl, who, by no conscious effort on the studio's part, threatens to develop into Garbo competition—Karen Morley. The moviegoers, themselves, have made an exotic of this American college girl who talks with such a deep, husky 'Garbo' voice. Karen, too, is blonde and tall and built along the slender lines that Garbo has made famous.

It would be amusing if the real, honest-to-goodness Garbo 'menace' were developed right under the nose of the home studio!
Try Seventeen Youth-tone Powder, Rouge and Lipstick... if you would

BE SEVENTEEN TONIGHT

LIPSTICK
in the smooth-sprading texture, the Youth-tone coloring, that you've always wanted! Moisten your lips before applying, and the lipstick becomes indelible. Three shades.

ROUGE
in Youth-Tone shades, to match the soft tints of Seventeen Lipstick. The smart cases match, too, making a purvey ensemble of charm and distinction.

POWDER
that is radiantlly different from ordinary powders! Two weights of powder create a variation of color tones, giving an effect of youthful transparency.

Watch Seventeen's coloring bloom again in your complexion

The most exciting beauty discovery you ever made is contained right here on this page! For here is news of make-up preparations—based on a new ideal—to accomplish results that you never dreamed make-up could accomplish!

Seventeen is their name. And the name explains their purpose—to reproduce in your complexion the actual color tones of seventeen!

All the glamour—the soft, natural tones—the subtle, elusive tints—are there. Seventeen even found a way to reproduce that delicate transparency of youthful skin in powder! (Seventeen calls this principle Two-Tone.)

Don't be satisfied with ordinary make-up any more. Don't tolerate harsh lipsticks that have none of the lure of youth... rouge so artificial it can deceive no one... powder that often seems actually aging to the skin.

Try Seventeen! Seventeen Powder, Rouge and Lipstick for quick, youthful beauty. And use the refreshing Seventeen creams daily to keep your skin youthfully soft and supple. Prices will delight you, if you've thought fine toiletries must be expensive.

——Your Chance to try Seventeen!——

Maison Joubert, Dept. 177, 247 Park Ave., New York
I enclose 25¢. Please send me "The Seventeen Way to Youthful Charm" with 5 Seventeen toiletries in miniature.

Name ____________________________
Street __________________________
City _____________________________ State __________________________
Hollywood Speaks Its Mind

About Tallulah Bankhead

(Continued from page 26)

another to know her through every-day working hours. We made a picture together in the East, 'My Sin,' and while it wasn't a world-better as a picture—it proved one thing very definite: Tallulah can work if one scout to work with. She's never temperamental—except with important people. The 'props' and the cameramen swear by her.


Martine alone wouldn't meet her, my dear, but do tell me about her. Is she as original and interesting as I hear she is? Tell me at once all the witty and daring things she says, I assure you I am not too young to hear them.

"She's What the Public Wants"

E.L. LUDITSCHEK, director: "She has didn't-color—she different. So far the camera has not seen her best work. Her stories must be selected with the same care as are Garbo's and Dietrich's to do Miss Bankhead justice. But as a personality she is what the public wants right now—a smart, sophisticated woman."

Eileen Percy, former screen star and now a social columnist: "Tallulah is the most interesting woman I have ever met. She sits off quietly in a dark corner, usually trying to get an un-interrupted puff on a cigarette before an usher catches her. She doesn't have much hair! The really Hack. She is seen in disguise—if you were to ask Tallulah.

We were all set to ask Marlene Dietrich her reaction to the startling woman who will divide Paramount queensing honors with her, when someone tipped us off that Tallulah and Marlene weren't supposed to be so friendly. The story goes that they met at a bight formal tea. Just because the girls didn't dance over a general breakdown of gushing flattery, the hint got around that things weren't so pink between them. Just a hint, you understand, but somehow we didn't stop Marlene to ask her about Tallulah.

William Haines: "She's renting my Hollywood house, and all I can say is that she is around tenant. I've met her only once in one of those landlord-tenant sessions to see that everything about the house was all right. They tell me she likes my house so she doesn't like to go out to parties, but wants her friends to come to her. I'm glad she likes the place—it's flattering. She strikes me as a person of rare good taste."

Why Dot Wants to Know Her

DOROTHY MACKAILL: "If she put dear old London on its ear the way I've read, she must be glorious. I'd like to know her."

"Sunshine" Duncan, hostess at the Embassy Club: "You could have knocked me over with a feather the first day she came. We always expected to drop by Tallulah Bankhead—but, anyway, she wasn't in. She came in late with her manager and took an inconspicuous table off in a corner. I suppose I expected the sensational Tallulah to talk in a hoarse voice that could be heard all over the room—but she was the quietest and most inconspicuous lunch-table I've ever seen. She's just a plain suit and a little hat pulled down over her head. And she ate a real honest-to-goodness non-diet meal. I don't believe her. She is thin and all the Hollywood stars, but she seems to enjoy herself a little more—at least, at lunch time."

Loan Crawford: "Douglas has known Tallulah for years and years. We came out on the train with her. She's a grand traveling companion. We all laughed until we ached. Of course, Hollywood is terribly on tiptoe about Tallulah—and the funny part of it is Tallulah is just as interested about Hollywood. She wanted to know all there was to know about Greta Garbo and Jackie Cooper. Her two screen favorites read much as anything the extremes in Tallulah's make-up. Greta and Jackie are her favorite stars."

One of Gable's Regrets

CLARK GABLE: "Of course, I would enjoy playing opposite her—though it isn't very likely that anything like that would open, due to contracts and things. But the time will never come that I wouldn't enjoy making a picture with a star as interesting as Miss Bankhead. I've seen one of Tallulah's pictures."

Lute Veale: "Me? I thought Lupe would bust when she read that these Miss Bankhead say Garce Cooper ees too much as a girl. Not the muss' have sense of humor like Lupe's."

Josef von Sternberg, director: "Her screen stories have not been particularly good so far. It is difficult to judge her as an actress."

Mary Brian: "I've seen her several times about Hollywood—at lunch or at the theatre—and I think her fascinating, really. She seems to be one of those rare personalities. Other women just love to look at. Her clothes are awfully smart and in such good taste. Personally, I know that when Miss Bankhead is around I hate to take my eyes off her lest she should do something startling when I'm not looking. But so far she has been the quietest and most dignified person present."

Ina Claire: "There's no one quite like Tallulah. You never know what she is going to say or do. I had tea with her soon after she arrived in Hollywood. She was reading a play when I arrived. 'Here, Ina,' she said, 'here is a play written for me. I can never do a play written for me. You would be grand in it.'"

Louella Parsons, famous movie columnist: "The Hollywood writers should certainly be grateful for Tallulah. She will furnish them a world of color. And Hollywood does need color. Imagine the hostess at a tea party calmly lying down on the divan and taking a nap in the midst of the festivities! Tallulah did just that—not because she wanted to show off or be different—but because Tallulah always does just what she wants to do when she wants to do it. Personally, I'm for Tallulah—and color!"

Did You Know That . . .

Tallulah Bankhead denied she was engaged to Joel McCrea by saying: "Ridiculous! I've met the man only once!"

Elsa Landi's third novel, "House for Sale," has just come off the presses.

Joan Blondell, newly starred by Warner Brothers, lost ten pounds in two weeks—and had to take a vacation.

Starts are being forbidden to pose for photographs in luxurious settings, times being what they are?
Isn't it a shame that a girl so attractive, so charming, so intelligent, should miss the better things of life—romance, marriage, the companionship of others? And all because of one little fault. One little fault she doesn't realize. One little fault which looks big—and un-forgivable—to others. And isn't it a shame that there are thousands—nay, tens of thousands—who put themselves in her class by the same unpardonable oversight . . . ?

There are two social faults which no one forgives.

The most common is halitosis (unpleasant breath). Less frequent is perspiration odor.

Of both the victim is unaware. Both yield readily to Listerine, the safe antiseptic, the sure deodorant.

Every morning and every night, use Listerine as a gargle. It gets rid of halitosis. Ninety percent of all breath odors are caused by bits of fermenting food in the mouth. Listerine immediately halts fermentation and then gets rid of the odors themselves. Tests show that Listerine instantly overcomes odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot hide in 1 day.

Perspiration odor is the result of a complex chemical action. No mere soap and water will remove it. After your bath, apply Listerine to the guilty areas. The same deodorant properties that established its success against halitosis, render it effective against this condition.

Isn't it foolish to risk social disfavor when you have a safe, pleasant, and effective preventive in Listerine?

Send for our FREE book of Etiquette—tells what to wear, say, and do at social affairs. Address, Dept. M. P. S, Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

THE SUREST DEODORANT
LISTERINE

FOR HALITOSIS AND BODY ODORS
How do Dancers Manage?

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

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

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

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

Shall The Movies Take Orders From The Underworld?

(Continued from page 33)

"gangsters." In fact, such hoodlums are only small pawns in a great game. When they "rub someone out," they are merely acting on orders from higher-ups. Racketeering and gangdom couldn't exist for a minute if police and other officials were all honest. The fact that it does exist unhindered means that gangster money has been "split" in bribes. Protection is sold—by someone in political power. And in this case the crooked politician is just as much a racketeer and gangster as Capone, the late "Legs" Diamond or the late Vincent Coll. (By the way, the shooting of innocent children, for which Coll was tried, is also mentioned in this picture.)

No wonder the underworld didn't want "Scarface" shown to an already outraged citizenry just at the time when Judge Seabury was "putting on the heat".

When the word went out that "Scarface" was to be stopped, gangdom immediately decided its strongest weapon was—CENSORSHIP. In every state where it exists, censorship is a political matter. Censors are politicians, appointed by politicians, doing the bidding of politicians, and it has been proved—not only in New York, but in other cities—that gangdom can often get to politicians.

The word was mysteriously passed along to United Artists, which was to release the picture, and to the office of Will H. Hays, head of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., that "Scarface" must not be shown in its original form. The career of Al Capone was too touchy a matter to tamper with.

What Capone, Himself, Said

If you think it is a far-fetched idea that gangster money was used, you have only to refer to two interviews given out by Al Capone in person—one to the International News Service, and one to Cornelius Vanderhilt, Jr., which was published in Liberty.

"I think these gangster pictures should be stopped," said Capone. "They are bad for the kiddies."

Now here comes the strangest situation of all, and one which is probably the blackest mark against censorship. At the time he was in Hollywood for the Academy banquet, promising in a speech directed to Capone's motion picture company, that "motion pictures will carry the flag," Mr. Hays asked Howard Hughes to show him a print of "Scarface," as there had been agitation about it.

After seeing it, Mr. Hays advised Hughes that the picture must be "changed" and "toned down." The title "Scarface" must absolutely be dropped.

In vain did Hughes point out that every gangster picture for a year had been passed, including some sentimental and sloppy ones, making gangsters romantic heroes. "The Doorway To Hell," "The Secret Six," "A Free Soul," "Little Caesar," "The Public Enemy," "The Star Witness," "The Finger Points," "The Vice Squad"—you could name a score more—all were passed. That "Scarface" was so much more honest and forceful, than any of them seemed to make no difference. It was contended that anything showing "Scarface" might cause censorship and political trouble, and opposition from women's clubs. Information had been received that the "Scarface" in its present form would not be passed by the New York censors. Why? The only explanation seems to be that "the word" had gone out. The public mind must not be inflamed against gangsters and corrupt government any further, at this crucial political time.

A Challenge to You

The foreword that appeared on the film was a direct challenge to the public. It read:

"This picture is an indictment of gang rule in America and of the callous indifference of the government to this constantly increasing menace to our safety and our liberty. Every incident in this picture is the reproduction of fact, and the purpose of this picture is to demand of the government: 'What are you going to do about it?'

'The government is your government. What are YOU going to do about it?'

This, of course, might be an uncomfortable question to have the voters answer.

Mr. Hays insisted that various shooting scenes should be eliminated from the picture, and wanted a new foreword, advocating a law against carrying guns—a weak gesture at best compared to the above strong appeal. The picture was to be changed, its teeth were to be pulled—it was to be a compromise that it might get by the censors. The censors, who operate in only a few states, would not be fought. Hughes had already spent six hundred thousand dollars in making the picture, and he wanted to get it back, with a profit. To get the new ending, he injected scenes in which gangsters were to be put in jail because he failed to make an income tax return on his racketeering millions. The upshot of it all was that Hughes made the new ending. He injected scenes in which officials made speeches on law and order.

It was suggested that the title "Scarface," be changed to some lofty and highly inspirational title—one that would camouflage the fact that this was a gangster picture, thus getting it by the censors.

Mr. Hays agreed to use the title, "The Shame of a Nation." Hughes couldn't stomach this, and, being honest and not liking to wiggle around corners, wanted to keep some semblance of the "Scarface" title. He suggested "The Scar." Then the opposing faction objected, and the title became "The Scar on the Nation."

Col. Jason Joy, a member of the Hays organization in Hollywood, went East, at Hughes' expense, with a print of the amended picture. The Police Commissioner Mulroy of New York wrote a strong endorsement of the picture, which was incorporated in the film.

(Continued on page 67)
A new movie star is rising... Sally Blanc. Thinking of her future, Sally asked the most prominent dermatologist in Hollywood:

"What should I use on my skin to keep it young? What do you tell the stars to do to keep from getting old-looking?"

Here is the advice this eminent physician gives to the stars. Surely this is the beauty care you want to give your skin:

"Every day... 2 or 3 times a day... use Woodbury's Cold Cream to smooth and soften your skin. It replaces the moisture dried out by wind, sun and dry-heated rooms, gives the skin resilience to resist wrinkles. Most skins shrivel into lines because they are dry. Woodbury's Cold Cream keeps the skin full and firm and supple.

"And, also, you should use Woodbury's Facial Cream, as a foundation for powder, and as a protective cream before going outdoors. It prevents dust and powder from entering the pores, and shields your skin from the drying effects of wind and sun."

How old are you? 20? Then use Woodbury's Creams to preserve the soft freshness of your skin. 30? 40? Then begin at once to use Woodbury's Creams, to put back into your skin the rich oils which keep it from shrivelling into lines.

Buy Woodbury's Cold Cream and Woodbury's Facial Cream at any drug store or toilet goods counter... and also the other Woodbury Scientific Aids to Loveliness.
See! Now I Can Remove Hair twice as easy

Delatone Cream makes it easier to remove superfluous hair—shortens the time needed. Used on arms, underarms and legs, it leaves skin hair-free, clean and smooth as satin. Many users claim lessened hair growth. The whiteness and mild, pleasant fragrance of Delatone Cream appeal instantly. Made by a patented formula owned and used exclusively by us. Ask for and insist on having Delatone Cream.

Delatone
The White Cream Hair-remover
Big economy tubs, 50c and $1 Delatone Powder. 50c jar only. At drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid upon receipt of remittance.

Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Write Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company, Dept. 75, 231 E. Ontario St., Chicago, III.

Brisly regrowth delayed

weather. She has felt it because she is, in spite of her huge practical streak, an artist, with an artist’s sensitivity. " Too much goes into your performance in pictures that you’re not responsible for," she explained. "Rhythm, timing, spacing—the things that make up a good stage performance—they are all done for you by other people, cutters, sound engineers, a host of others. I think that anything even bordering on the creative has to be the product of one’s own effort."

She was unable to make a smile that mocked the serious words and added: "That’s why I’m jittery with it all.

About Her Writing

SHE is jittery with the Hollywood factory system and perhaps that, also, has something to do with her new twist of ambition—her sensitivity, medium that is unhampered—her desire to write.

Ann Harding is not presumptuous enough to talk about her first efforts at writing fiction, she does not think they are good enough to talk about, but she admitted that she has always wanted to write. She is being for the first time now because it is the first time she has had the time. She is working hard at the self-imposed job—harder than the average cub reporter on a newspaper. Writing a lot, teaching a lot, too, Ann aptly that there have been many stories in her life—so many interesting things have happened to her and others she knows. But it is not always easy to collect and fit the past into easy prose—and nothing less will satisfy this amateur craftsman.

Ann has a guide in her work, a young woman who was formerly with a New York publishing house. She is also Ann’s secretary. She reads her work and criticizes it. Nobody else—not even Harry C. Hamlin, the actor—was consulted on any of the stories. They have been many stories in her life—so many interesting things have happened to her and others she knows. But it is not always easy to collect and fit the past into easy prose—and nothing less will satisfy this amateur craftsman.

As a child, she felt this urge to write; it was her first conscious form of self-expression. Then she was sidetracked into the theatre—an amazing strider. A story of how Dorothy Cartley, working as a stenographer for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, fell up on her job, crashed the gate of the Providence Players in Greenwich Village, and then on Dorothy Cartley, stenographer, was Ann Harding, a Broadway star. Beginning with "Tamished," through "The Trial of Mary Dugan," she shot from one triumph to another till she had gained an eminence in her craft that made her eligible for a fat contract in the movies.

And the stories have disillusioned her, sickness, her made her regret she ever entered them. Now she has to reconstruct her world—the world she knew a stage artist, the world the movies have destroyed for her.

Guesses She’s Temperamental

"I CONSIDER myself through with ‘room pictures’ even now," she told me with a smile, the frankly cheerful smile that makes her such good company on the screen. "I have thought they were paying me for something more than just a face to photograph and a voice to register. But if that’s all they will take, that’s all I can give them. That’s being temperamental, I guess, isn’t it?"

Some Things Ann Harding Has Never Told Till Now

"It sounds like good sense to me."

"Not in the ‘room pictures’.

"She leaped for the telephone. "Won’t you please absolve me from blame for the pictures in which I appear? I have no voice in the selection of stories. And when it comes to the selection of story material,"

Then she confessed to an underthing. This high-salaried star, who admits she likes to take breakfast in bed, begged her producers to let her make two pictures a year instead of one. Three times their offer was good and take half, instead of her full salary. They merely laughed. They refused her a voice in the treatment of "Prestige," she said, and "I just locked me up and brought me out when they were ready to shoot.

She wanted badly to make "The Road to Rome." She thought the script was good, but the studio officials thought it was the heads of the pictures.

"But I think public taste is definitely underrated," she defended. "I think ‘Holiday’ proved this. Here was a picture of subtlety, abstract ideas, sophisticated comedy—a picture of much higher calibre than is usually turned out, and it was a success."

But it was Ann Harding who fought for the script of "Dear Heart," and made possible that picture, from which only the ones that finally reached the screen—the version that preserved the feeling of the stage play.

She’s Through Fighting Now

"THE difficulty in pictures, when you have a fine thing, is its translation. A fine thing has to be well done or it’s worse than something not so good. I learned my lesson in ‘Prestige.’ I worked like a dog, digging, trying to do better work because the vehicle was weak, trying to lift it. But I found you can’t do that. It is impossible to do anything with that which the harder you work the worse you make it."

So she is done with fighting. She will do the best she can, but she will not work to lift it, and not kick. Yes, she had made a lot of money in pictures—and she could make a lot more. This house that she dreamed out with her husband, Harry Hamlin—this made possible with picture money. Their own miniature theatre, the servants, the foreign nurses for little Jane—these were all made possible by Hollywood royalty. But Ann is willing to give them up. More than willing—eager. She wants to write. She is writing. That is her sideline. She is still an actress and hopes to go on till she is past the stage.

"But I am looking forward now —" her face with the pointed chin showed the eagerness of a child. "I am looking forward, not to the next thing, but the next thing after pictures. I want to go back to the theatre. You can’t get away from the theatre. It does things to audiences."

I’d like to go back to Provincetown Theatre as it was in Greenwich Village. Lots of dirt and lots of coffee drunk during the arguments in the little room upstairs—but Miss Ryan was the most polished. I would be happy to go back to play in Jasper Deeter’s Hedgerow Theatre, a little place in what used to be an old mill. Anything but the commercial —

(Continued on page 66)
"I deplore the false modesty that would hide vital feminine health facts"

"IT SHOULD BE EVERY WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE TO SECURE, WITHOUT EMBARRASSMENT, THE TRUTHS ABOUT MARRIAGE HYGIENE.

"At a physician, and as a woman, I have little sympathy for the prudish viewpoint that taboos honest discussion of feminine antisepsis.

"No longer should this subject remain shrouded in a veil of pettifogging shyness and reticence.

"Fortunately, most modern married women are beginning to demand the facts. They consider it their right to know the safeguards that protect feminine charm.

"It is important that a personal antisepic should have real germicidal value, while still serving as a soothing lubricant to delicate tissue. Many of the so-called feminine hygiene solutions fall short in one or the other of these respects. Either they irritate and harden tender membranes, or they become ineffective in contact with organic matter.

"In my long professional practice, I have found "Lysol" disinfectant most effective for feminine hygiene. "Lysol" does not lose its germicidal action in the presence of organic matter. With its low surface tension, it searches out and destroys undesirable bacteria lurking in hidden crevices which other antisepsic fail to reach. It is always uniform... retaining its strength no matter where, or how long you keep it. It is economical... a little goes a long way. And it is safe... so soothing that the obstetricians of France use it freely in the delicate ministrations of childbirth.

"These are facts I have verified as a physician. And I am glad to have them published here in the interest of feminine health and welfare."

(Signed)
Dr. GEORGE FABRE

Have you a young married daughter or friend who should know these facts?
For your own guidance, as well as for the enlightenment of any woman who is near and dear to you... may we send you a copy of our interesting brochure—"The Facts About Feminine Hygiene"? Written by a woman physician, it handles the vital subject of marriage hygiene with rare delicacy and charm. Merely mail the coupon, and your copy will be sent, postpaid, in plain wrapper.

LEHN & FINK, Inc.
Bloomfield, N. J. Dept. 65

"Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me, free, postpaid, a copy of "The Facts About Feminine Hygiene":

Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________
City ____________________________

(Signed) GEORGE FABRE

Madame Docteur GEORGE FABRE, one of the most prominent gynecologists in France; Member of staff Hospital Hôtel Dieu, Paris; General Secretary French-English-American League Against Cancer; and of French League Against Cancer (Ligue Française contre le Cancer); Member of the Legion of Honor (Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur).
Some Things Ann Harding Has Never Told Till Now

(Continued from page 64)

"But wouldn't it be commercial now—as soon as Ann Harding's name went up in lights?"

"I'd wear a wig if necessary—change my name!" Her eyes expanded—amazingly. Practical Ann Harding was the artist now, explaining her second great ambition, telling her plans to take out a company and tour the provinces with Susan Glaspell's "Inheritors" and "Holiday" by Philip Barry. "They're starving for flesh-and-blood actors," she went on. "I know it. The audiences all over the country, in the lesser cities, country towns, everywhere—they'll welcome the stage back again."

"No ermine," she exclaimed, with a wide, glowing gesture. "No foils, no Paris gowns. No movie spotlight. Dignity, harmony—the pleasure of doing a job you like quietly and the best you can. That's what I hope to do."

"When?"

"Let's see. Oh, it's pretty far off," she sighed. "Till May first, 1933—if they don't take up my option.... And it's so much money I don't think they will. They'll come to me and say, 'In view of the so and so and so and so, you'll have to take a cut, Miss Harding....'"

Suddenly she was on her feet, waving a gleeful farewell to an imaginary movie magnate. "Good-bye! You play in your yard—I'm going to have fun!"

So Ann Harding really has two secrets. And strangely enough, for so practical a creature, they are both on the anti-practical side.

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 24)

The former Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett, looking much thinner and very smart, walked into the Embassy Club the other night with a handsome gentleman in tow. What most amused the nearby lunches was the close resemblance of this unknown escort to her former husband.

Lawrence Tibbett has just recently married a woman who is startlingly like his first wife.

The Tibbetts know their "type."

Ethel Clayton filed suit for divorce against Ian Keith and politely charged "cruelty"—always a very nice, vague complaint.

But Ian upset the apple-cart by being very frank with the newspaper boys who interviewed him in his dressing-room between acts of the stage play, "Grand Hotel."

"What really fretted Ethel," said Ian graphically, "was my continual, confounded drinking!"

Just out of curiosity, Will Rogers decided to drop into the city jail and visit Al Capone during his (Will's) recent stop-over in Chicago. Will wanted to keep his visit a secret, but like all good celebrity-seekers, he landed on the front page of the newspapers all over the country.

A great many small-town newpapers resented Will's visit to the notorious gangster and wrote scathing editorials about a man of Will's public influence even "dropping in" on Uncle Sam's largest income-dodger.

This month's news includes a good-sized rumor that all is not well between the Clark Gables, and just to show you how
WHAT WOULD YOU CALL HER?

(Continued from page 60)

Shall The Movies Take Orders From The Underworld?

(Continued from page 62)

Despite this, the censors did not even look at the picture. The word had gone out that it was not to be passed in the face of Judge Seabury's expose of corruption. Col. Joe returned to Hollywood with the print of the picture and it was further suggested that some more of its teeth be pulled and as a result it was further "toned down."

In mid-February it was finally shown to one of the New York censors, and he turned down the picture in its entirety, even with all the censor-appeasing changes. As it happened, this was a break for the picture-goers of the rest of the country!

Howard Hughes got fighting mad. He ordered the picture restored to its original state, and the original title, "Scarface," returned. He announced to the world that, despite all gangland opposition, he was going to show the picture everywhere in the United States where gangsters and corrupt political forces didn't rule. He pointed out that in Los Angeles the picture had been praised to the skies by the Crime Commission, by Chief of Police Roy Steed, District Attorney Buron Fitts, policewomen, clubwomen, and prominent criminologists, all of whom had endorsed it in letters sent to the Hays office.

This picture has been held up six months by "interests" that fear its effect on the public. In these six months, hundreds of our states have been committed by gangsters. Even Colonel Lindbergh had to deal with the underworld in the effort to recover his stolen char. Already the heavy hand of the Hays office is being laid upon business. Shall the movies also be forced to make deals with gangland?

"Scarface" will be shown in independent theatres throughout the states that lack censorship boards—states where politicians cannot interfere. It will be shown elsewhere—if the public demands it.

Make no mistake about it—there will be further trouble over "Scarface." Rumbles have already been heard in Chicago. In gang centers throughout the country there will be opposition. The battle is only half won. You, the theatre-goer, must now do your part. As the foreword to the picture points out:

"The government is your government. What are you going to do about it?"

This girl's husband looks at her with dismay. He thinks she's a sad caricature of her former self. He remembers her fresh good looks. And what's become of her pretty spirited ways, her gayety and energy?

Yes, she is a dreary creature! Just her fretful mouth tells her story. Tired and cross from morning to night. Even cosmetics can't conceal the state of her skin, dull and brown-spotted and blemished.

Yet the remedy is simple. For she's merely one of the thousands of women suffering from a lack of internal cleanliness. And what she needs is to keep internally clean with Sal Hepatica.

For Sal Hepatica promptly clears away accumulations of intestinal waste, from which health and beauty-destroying poisons are absorbed into the blood.

To drink salines for health's sake, and especially to make the complexion brilliantly clear and fresh, long has been the habit of Europeans. To Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden they go each season, to drink the saline waters daily. Sal Hepatica, the American equivalent of all these salines, provides you with similar saline benefits. By clearing away poisons and acidity, it checks colds, auto-intoxication, rheumatism, constipation and other ills. Get a bottle today!
So ashamed of her Poor Complexion

she locked herself in her room!

A few weeks later she had a lovely skin—a better figure!

WOUSE! She'd powdered and powdered but still those hateful blemishes showed—marred her charm. She couldn't keep that date. Couldn't, couldn't—no matter how much Mother scolded!

Broken-hearted over her complexion. Hiding away in her room—ashamed, afraid to face people. That's Virginia when her story starts—but she's a "changed creature" when it ends!

She confesses...

"My complexion has always been dull and muddy and sometimes it broke out. Recently I have been in a badly rundown state, thin, stomach often upset and feeling low generally. My skin got worse than ever. I was so ashamed of it that one night when I had a date I actually locked myself in my room.

"Lucky for me, a friend advised Ironized Yeast. It purified my blood so that my pimples vanished. It gave me an appetite and I was able to take care of all I ate. I gained six pounds in three weeks." Miss Virginia McPherson, 6726 Homore St., Chicago, III. This is only one of hundreds of equally fine reports from Ironized Yeast users everywhere.

Many quick results

A radiant complexion is only one of the many benefits Ironized Yeast brings. This wonderful tonic acts on the entire system—helps expend constipation, nervousness, that "always tired" feeling—at the same time it builds firm, healthy flesh!

In Ironized Yeast you get rich, specially cultured, specially imported "beer yeast"—concentrated seven times! Thus seven pounds of "beer yeast" are used to make one pound of the yeast concentrate used in Ironized Yeast. The Biological Commission of the League of Nations regards this concentration process as so vitally important that—at an official session in Geneva, Switzerland—it recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

Ironized Yeast is put through still another scientific process. It is "ironized" treated with the correct types of energizing, blood-enriching iron. The result is a pleasant, easy-to-take tablet—almost unrivaled in its amazing body-building results. A tonic which helps strengthen the nerves, the stomach, the intestines—adds strong tissue, too!

Tested three times

Not only is Ironized Yeast manufactured by trained experts, but it is triple-tested for actual health-building results. These tests are made by our own scientists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous college.

GUARANTEED: Thousands once thin and sickly now enjoy radiant health and an attractive figure—thanks to Ironized Yeast. If the very first package does not help you, too, its cost will be gladly refunded, AVOID IMITATIONS. Be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for the "I.Y." on each tablet. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

IRONIZED
YEAST

New Concentrated Health Builder
In Pleasant Tablet Form

Leo Carrillo—an Hombre

After Your Own Heart

(Continued from page 41)

powerful Bandini family, sprung from Juan José Bandini, an Italian adventurer who landed near San Diego in the early Eighteenth Century. The Rancho Juahome, a part of their holdings, was the locale of Peter B. Kyne's story, "The Pride of Palomar." It was here also that Colonel Cuts of Stockton's forces met and married the Bandini girl who, with her own hands, fashioned the first American flag ever to fly in California.

"A simple people, those old pioneer deer," smiles Don Leo, "and they were like children in the hands of the shrewd Spaniards. They did not understand finance. When debts or taxes came due, they snapped off a few thousand acres of land to pay, as you and I snap coupons. Once my family owned millions of acres—and where is it now? Don Carlos Antonio once traded the island of Santa Rosa for eighteen hundred head of wild cattle, and we sold the Coronado Peninsula, now worth millions, for one thousand dollars, in gold! The vast acres and the great haciendas are gone but, at least, by my efforts to please Señor Gringo on the screen and stage, we have a little slice which was once ours—El Ranchito de Los Alisos ("The Little Ranch of the Sycamores")."

"The Little Ranch of the Sycamores" lies in beautiful Santa Monica canyon. Upon it Don Leo plans to build a hacienda amid the trees and flowers that are native to the soil. There he roamed as a boy while his father served as Santa Monica's first mayor; on a great sycamore tree can be traced the initials he whittled there, many years ago. From the site of his hacienda he can look out upon the thousands of rich acres that once belonged to the ancestors whose clay has mingled with the earth upon which the gigantic bi-weekly movements and his estates. There also, Don Leo has a great barbecue pit and as each of his pictures is completed, the entire company, from featured players to studio-shufflers is invited to make fiesta with him.

His Own Early History

DON LEO was born on Alleso Street near the Los Angeles plaza. His father and mother were married in the "Little Church of the Angels," where so many famous names of Los Angeles' younger days were performed. Finishing school, he worked as a laborer for the Southern Pacific to save the money necessary for the art education that was the goal of his ambitions at that time. Later, going to San Francisco, he secured a berth on the Examiner as a roving cartoonist and reporter. His beat was the infamous "Bar-Berry Coast," where he rubbed elbows with the outcasts of the Seven Seas and formed the human contacts that are the basis of his inimitable screen characterizations. With him on the Examiner at that time worked Harrison Fisher (now a famous magazine cover artist) "Bad" Fisher (creator of Mutt and Jeff), "Ted" (the late sports cartoonist), Myrle Johnson (com- toonist-father of Judith Wood, who was born Helen Johnson), and Ashton Stevens, famous dramatic critic. It was through Stevens that he later became an intimate of O. Henry.

Carrillo's clowning among his cronies brought him an offer of an Orpheum en- gagement, and began his stage career. By slow degrees he worked his way into New York and eventually to a leading place on Broadway. "Hell Bound," in his first feature picture, was a sensation. In this, he introduced a type of gangster new to
Meet His Guardian

A PICTURE of Don Leo without his 7-inch and devoted Chinese servant, Ling, would be incomplete. Ling is more than a servant. It is he who sees that Don Leo does not have two spoons of sugar in his tea when the doctor says but one. In every one of Don Leo’s pictures, Ling is given a small part. Once on the set, Don Leo introduced the old Chinaman to a distinguished lady visitor.

“Ling,” said Don Leo proudly, “has been with me twenty years.”

“Humph!” growled Ling, turning away, “too d — long to pay!”

A strange combination of Latin romanticism and Yankee practicality, Don Leo retains the courtly grace for which the true Latin is famous, but can drive a bargain with the shrewdness of a gringo proprietor. Near the borders of “El Ranchito de los Allisos” he led me to a small, white-walled plot marked by three simple headstones.

“Here lies the tragedy of my race,” he said simply. “On this plot, long before the gringo came, these people built their home of adobe. Around them on these hills grazed their thousands of cattle and the land was theirs as far as the eye could reach. You can yet see where the walls of their hacienda stood. In this corner is the grave of the last owner of these vast acres. It is in exactly the spot where sat the bed upon which he was born. He and the house he built have both returned to the earth from which they sprang while the gringo has built a great city around them. There is the romance and the tragedy of old California.”

The old California that could produce a Leo Carrillo—a gay caballero, an adventurer in the field of dramatics!

Looking Them Over (Continued from page 67)

JUNIOR Laemmle is sending Constance Cummings “beez,” red roses all the way from New York!

MARIAN Marsh is stepping gracefully back to featured roles after two starring pictures for Warner Brothers. Marian was the first to agree with her studio that stardom should come after a gradual rise, built upon experience. Under Marian’s softly waved coiffure is one of the keenest picture brains we’ve ever encountered in a Hollywood ingenue.

WONDER what’s happening to little Sari Maritza over at Paramount? When the news leaked out that Sari was not to do the picture originally scheduled for her American début, the tongues flew fast that her tests had not turned out satisfactorily. This story is a little far-fetched for even the most gossip-loving to believe. After all, the Paramount officials saw many of Sari’s European-made productions before she was signed to a Hollywood contract and

(Continued on page 21)

How to win the Beauty Contest you engage in every day!

Eyes glance your way—and you are in another of life’s Beauty Contests! Today—get a dozen cakes of Camay. Use only this gentle, safe beauty soap, and your skin will be so fresh, so soft and flower-like, that all eyes will find you charming!

Fresh, glowing cleanliness—it is the first step toward natural loveliness! But never let any soap but the delicate beauty soap, Camay, touch your skin.

This girl is in a Beauty Contest—just as you are, wherever you go. And if your skin has the lovely, soft, clean look that always attracts others, you will win!

The beauty of your skin depends on the soap you use. Camay—the Soap of Beautiful Women—is a pure, creamy-white soap, free from coloring matter, free from the “chalkiness” that dries out the skin. Camay is so delicate, so safe, that 73 leading skin doctors prize it! A brief minute with Camay’s luxurious lather and warm water—then a cold rinse—and your skin is radiant clean, smooth as satin. Today, get a dozen cakes of Camay, take care of your skin with it, and you will find yourself winning so many of life’s little Beauty Contests—and big ones, too!

Camay

The Soap of Beautiful Women

(Copyright 1932, Proctor & Gamble Co.)
Save ELASTICITY
—it makes stockings fit

Those drowsy little wrinkles at the ankle and heel...seams that ride around...do you know why they happen?

When your stockings are new, they fit smoothly and hug the leg closely because the silk threads are elastic. They give, then spring back into shape.

But when elasticity is lost—then the stockings wrinkle and bag where they should fit most snugly! Seams are apt to ride around and if you fasten garters more tightly to try to keep them in place—then the lifeless threads break. Another run starts!

Don't take chances that may ruin stockings! Lux is especially made to preserve the elasticity that makes stockings keep their flattering fit, and makes even sheer ones wear.

Jimmy Dunn's Face Reveals His Secret
(Continued from page 25)

way of thinking, the future doesn't take care of the present, and tomorrow is something else again. That is why he will take a long chance for a big thing.

He is really a tolerant, understanding young man beneath the surface. Aromed, he is apt to be very quarrelsome. And when thoroughly angry he has the strength of three men. He also hasn't the best of self-control on occasion. His lips bear witness to that. But, if possible, he prefers to ignore unpleasant things.

According to the shape of his eyes, he is fond of "kidding." What a plague he must have been to the little girls of his school days! He is the type that gets a big "bang" out of shocking people. Not malicious, he thoroughly enjoys telling tall tales to watch the results. It is because he craves change and excitement.

He possesses a short nose, denoting inquisitiveness and excitability. And how he loves children, dogs and cats and all pets! He might push them around and bully them slightly when you are looking, but without an audience he has a great time. He is so boyish himself, he's a bit ashamed of being too "softy."

Hard to Fool Him Twice

He has real native cleverness, not the schooled variety. It comes, instead, from experience in life. Beneath that charming Irish exterior there is a sober, practical mind. Bitten once, he is never bitten again. He doesn't forget hurts easily. Anything that seriously affects his life is very vital to him. That is more of the James Dunn beneath the surface.

Religion with him is not necessarily demonstrative, but he has a real respect for tradition and the deep-rooted conventions. So natural are these feelings with him that he probably doesn't know they exist. His ears confirm this type of mind. He is not the sort to go in for "old ideas." He will stick by the conventional code. He has much originality, but it is all confined to mummeries, gestures, mode of speech and whiskers. His inner nature is based on a solid, clean foundation.

But don't think from this that he is prudish. Rather, let us say that he tends more to the risqué. But there is nothing foreign or perverted about his sense of humor. It's straight from the shoulder. Rather than naughty, he is what is known as "downright mischievous."

Indeed, this rising young star enjoys his prankish moods—and with those who don't understand him he is apt to be misjudged. Bubbling over with animal spirits he takes keen delight in making some-one—though never in a mean, malicious way. His humor can be labeled under the head of "good, clean fun."

James Dunn has many possibilities. All of his facial features indicate his care for a good performance and a love for his public. He also knows the value of hard work. Just like anybody else, he might prefer to let things slide by—he really would, you know—but he has been schooled by experience and he is far too shrewd in his gamin-like way to let his chances go by. He knows that only merit lasts. Therefore he would gladly give a dollar's worth of performance for every fifty cents paid, because it's his best investment.

But he hasn't begun to make the most of himself. Frankly speaking, he has had enough quiet communion with his inner thoughts to realize his possibilities. He is a young man in the making—mischievous, fun-loving, serious—is Mrs. Dunn's bad boy, Jimmy.
James Dunn—Profile View

Profile. Mixed type. Thinks a good deal faster than he speaks. His thoughts generally are far past his speech, therefore he never fully explains what he is really thinking.

Forehead. Strongly perceptive. Learns by watching. Never forgets the smallest injury, but doesn’t let you know visibly.

Brows. Resolute.

Nose. Good reasoning ability. Very careful about things when they affect his life. Thoughtful when alone.

Back of Head. Hasn’t much faith in promises. Doesn’t expect people to live up to their highest principles. Considers them pretty back-sliding when it comes to helping. Wants results quickly—here and now. Tomorrow will take care of itself.

Front ear to nose. Has an intense interest in almost everything and anything. Learns that way. Has very good judgment because he is capable of such good observation.


Entire lower profile. Is strongly religious by nature but not necessarily a demonstrative churchgoer. Hates to admit his real feelings, anyhow, and would rather tell you an entirely different story from what he knows to be the truth. Has an intense love of life and people.

Looking Them Over
(Continued from page 69)

she must have been found quite up to par. Paramount is probably scouting for just exactly the proper vehicle for her!

In the meantime, Harrison (hat ol’ devil reporter) Carroll says: “Jack Oakie and Sari Maritza still look at things through the same eyes.”

MARLENE Dietrich went to all sorts of trouble to rent one of Bebe Daniels’ beach houses for the summer without the news getting in the newspapers. Reasons: Marlene is beginning to have the same worries that have afflicted Garbo—strange people lurking in the shrubs and hedges.

WHO wants to wash dirty handkerchiefs?
Nobody! Why do it?

USE KLEENEX disposable tissues
INSTEAD!

New handkerchief tissue actually costs less than laundering

Can you imagine any more unpleasant task than washing dirty handkerchiefs? No—and there isn’t any.

Why do it? Lots of other women freed themselves from this disagreeable job, the instant they heard of Kleenex.

Kleenex is a soft, gentle tissue the size of a handkerchief. Its cost is very little. In fact, you can use a number of individual Kleenex tissues for less than it costs to have one handkerchief laundered commercially! Thus, Kleenex is actually an economy.

Much more healthful

If a soiled handkerchief is unpleasant to wash, think how dangerous it is to use! Soiled, germ-laden...any doctor would tell you to keep it from your face.

Nor should a dirty handkerchief be stowed away in clothing or laundry bags. It is fit only to be destroyed...and that is just what happens, when you use Kleenex. You use a tissue once, then destroy. Germs are destroyed. Each time, you select a fresh, clean, safe tissue.

For removing face creams

Use Kleenex for removing face creams, as authorities advise. Its great absorbency assures thorough cleansing of the pores.

Mothers find Kleenex useful in the nursery. Motorists like to keep a package in the car.

Kleenex comes in many lovely tints as well as white, in Cellophane-wrapped packages to keep tissues absolutely fresh and clean. The package permits easy removal of tissues with one hand. At all drug, dry goods and department stores.

Regular 50c size now 35c

KLEENEX disposable TISSUES

Germ-filled handkerchiefs are a menace to society!
After this

marvelous beauty bath.

instant improvement in your skin.

Every woman who desires a soft, smooth skin should try the marvelous Linit Beauty Bath...

Results are immediate—no waiting—a delightful bath—and the cost is trifling!... Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub—bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin! In texture it will be soft and smooth as velvet... Linit neither takes away too much of the necessary oil in the skin, nor does it dry up the skin by clogging the natural oil in the pores.

Prove it with this test!

After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water, you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream—and after you dry your hands, your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced!

Linit is sold by your Grocer, Druggist and Department Store.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

The Life Story of a

DANGEROUS Man

(Continued from page 52)

York, where all good actors go when they die (if not always when they live), looked the town over, entered a dramatic academy and began to be a Hamlet. But before he could put on greasepaint professionally, America entered the War.

Then Romance Came Along

He enlisted, with the thought that to get over there he would at last travel on the sea. But just before sailing he met a girl who, he knew, was The Girl. He had been "in love" once or twice before, for a day or so—just often enough to recognize the symptoms and to know that, this time, the fever was chronic. He said simply, "When I come back—They both knew that it was "If I come back—and parted.

Warren and his company (an engineering outfit, by the way) were moving through France in the direction of the Front when, one morning, they were startled by cries of "L'Armistice!" Warren was young enough then to be disappointed. He wanted to see some action. Now, he says, he understands why his grandfather left Germany because of the compulsory military training.

When he came back, She was waiting for him. There had been no "Mademoiselle from Armentières" for him. They were married. That was nine years ago. The Dangerous Man is still married to the same wife and still in love with her. He likes to talk about her. He says she should have been an actress, that she should be a screen actress, that she has what it takes. They have no children and do not seem to feel a vacancy in their lives.

After they were married, they lived abroad in apartments in New York. They bought some furniture, but never a home. Warren began to be an actor by touring in a road company of "I Love You." He played the part originally done by Richard Dix. Shortly thereafter came the chance to play in Rachel Crotcher's "Expressing Wilie" and Warren found that he had succeeded in expressing himself to the hearty applause of Broadway and the critics.

His First "Discoverer"

It was Alexander Woolcott who first made the Barrymore comparison. Warren was then playing in "The Blue Peter" and Woolcott wrote: "He has a Barrymore accent in his speech and a Barrymore tone to his voice and he looks the very image of the young John Drew who played Peteichi." Warren's Dad read the criticism and was massively impressed. He wired his only son that he had better give up all thoughts of engineering and newspaper publishing and stay in the theatre along with the Drews and the Barrymores. Warren had no intention of leaving the theatre, whether he stayed along with the Barrymores or became a fifth Marx Brother.

He stayed and he went on to such successes as "Twelve Miles Out," "Let Us Be Gay" and was the hero of George Abbott's "Those We Love." He didn't—alas for hot copy—become involved in any scandals. He acquired only one "mistress" and she was a schooler. He still keeps her and one of these days he's going to go places—on all seven seas.

He began to make some talkie tests, just to see what might happen. He had been the hero in one of Pearl White's serials in silents. He took test after test, for company after company, beginning with the biggest and most important and gradually descending the scale. He could have made his living making tests, he told me. Nothing ever happened. No one reacted. He finally
Why so many famous faces are
ALWAYS YOUNG

Betty Compson...

"When you look old you're through" is a fact all Hollywood knows... that's why lovely Betty Compson uses Sem-Pray...
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Sem-Pray erases age lines overnight!

SMOOTH fragrant Sem-Pray gently over face and neck before you go to bed tonight and tomorrow you'll find the tell-tale lines and wrinkles beginning to disappear. The youthful glow and golden smoothness of 10 years ago can be restored quickly, easily... and inexpensively by daily use of Sem-Pray, the compressed cleansing creme that is indispensable to thousands of skin-pride women who have learned its almost magical beautifying powers. The new oval container lets you carry Sem-Pray with you always... so that you can give yourself many beauty treatments daily. Ask for Sem-Pray at your favorite toilet goods store... or mail the coupon for sample package and FREE beauty aids.


Send me your generous "slim pack" of Sem-Pray Compressed Creme. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing. Also send me FREE sample of Sem-Pray Face Powder and Sem-Pray Rouge.

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Play safe! Here is a simple, effective way to guard your skin from the treacherous extremes of the season.

Beware of Spring! For years the foremost beauty specialists have sounded this warning. Sharp, blustering winds one minute. Cold, driving rain, the next. And then, indoors, to the parching atmosphere of over-heated rooms and offices.

No wonder sensitive skins wither under the attack! No wonder complexities become dull and cloudy! Luckily there is a way to withstand these extremes of weather and temperature. A simple 5-minute beauty ritual, now used daily by millions of fastidious women.

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Everyone knows the beneficial effects of Olive Oil — its soothing and toning action on the skin. Outdoor Girl Face Powder won universal acclaim because of its marvelous Olive Oil base. Now, by a special patented process, this same famous ingredient is embodied in a complete assortment of the finest cosmetics.

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Free Trial Packages!

Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Beauty Products are surprisingly inexpensive! You can purchase generous "purse-size" packages of exactly the same quality as the larger packages, for as low as 10c—and more economical sizes from 25c to $1.00 at leading chain, drug, and department stores.

If you want to sample 3 of the most popular Outdoor Girl Beauty Products, send 4c in stamps for liberal trial packages of the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream and the two face powders. Crystal Laboratories, 138 Willis Avenue, New York City.

Outdoor Girl Olive Oil
BEAUTY PRODUCTS

Marlene Dietrich will have only one great love, her handwriting shows

(Continued from page 51)

gance, shown by the letter "a" in her first name (which is open at the top) and the wide spaces between her words. If you want to get something from her, let her feel sorry for you first, and she will be apt to work with all her might to help you with your problems.

But be careful not to give her a "sob story" without any truth in it, or else she will have you plying her, tearful and sad, and then turn the other cheek. Look at the long ending strokes of her words and the downward ending stroke of the capital "M" in "Marlene," and then think twice before incurring her wrath.

The unevenness of her letters and the heavy pressure with which she writes shows that she can be temperamental, as well as kind. Her nature is not of the regulation type. It is a fortunate thing for her that she is able to let out some of these overemotional feelings—rather than to keep them bottled up until an inevitable explosion might wreck her life. In her case, I do not find too many inhibitions and repressions caused by self-consciousness and fear of what people may think. I do not find this in Marlene Dietrich's character, although there is some reserve and reticence, which makes her inscrutable and hard to understand. This will give her charm—especially for the male sex.

Why She Wants Success

NOTICE the plain capitals that she uses—so free from over-ornamentation and vulgarity. This is a peculiar trait that she comes naturally by the pose and self-possession that we see in her work in the movies, in which she has had such success. This shows her ability to think clearly and plan ahead so that she can keep her balance even when she has work to do. She has many of the constructive, as well as the artistic qualities, in her nature and she put aside her emotions and temperamental qualities when sincerely interested in anything. There is a driving force that makes her almost ruthless in achieving her ends, for she will do anything in order to satisfy her ambitions.

Yet this love of success does not spring purely from a fondness for material rewards, but is money and money and there is a material side to her complex nature. It does not even arise from a desire to get her own way, in spite of the fact that she is stubborn and dares interference with her plans. It comes more from an urge for achievement that will satisfy her own sense of what is right.

In choosing the director of her pictures, her studio should always select someone she can respect and admire for his cleverness and power. Under such direction she should be easily managed and do excellent work. For, with her instinctive feeling for what is right and fine, whether she has had any special cultural training or not, she will dislike and despise mediocrity and pretension and will probably sulk and do nothing work under a person of inferior mentality.

While she can work hard when necessary, she will also want comfort and luxury and enjoy being lazy, "even as you and I." Just as a beautiful tigeress can stretch out in the sun and relax and purr like a good-natured house cat, Marlene will enjoy being waited on till petted and made much of. This quality, while it may be irritating to those who want her to do something, is in reality
very good thing for her, both physically and mentally. Otherwise, she might become too tense and excitable under the stress of pressure and glare of publicity under which our popular stars must live, and which has shortened so many promising careers.

Her love nature, while very alert, has the ability to separate her emotions and affections from her interest in her work and her future success. She has the magnetism that attracts people, both men and women, through the medium of the screen—magnetism that makes her hard to forget when you have seen her picture. This is even greater in personal contacts, and she will have many admirers and the opportunity for many loves in her life.

However, like most of the constructive type, she will have only one big, deep, and real love, in which she will give herself freely and completely. And Heaven help her, so far as her intimate personal happiness is concerned, if she is disappointed in the one she loves. If she should be disappointed, she might never show it to the world in general, or even to those who are nearest and dearest to her, because of her intense pride of which I have spoken. She might have dozens of lovers and several marriages but there would still be a wound in her heart that would never heal.

Before putting this character study aside, take one more look at the reproduction of Marlene Dietrich's handwriting and see if you cannot visualize this woman from what I have told you of her character. Just a mixture of a very human wife and mother—like yourself or Mrs. Jones, your next-door neighbor—but with something that drives her on to accomplishment in spite of obstacles and disappointments.

While she has faults and is temperamental, she has endurance and determination and can be urged on to ever greater effort by encouragement. She may not always be wise in her judgment—perhaps because of her impatience and dislike of pettiness of any kind—but she is sincere, and capable at least of the thought that she finds the right outlet for her energies. With the right picture, she will go on to ever greater triumphs in her profession.

**Shampooing this way... gives your hair New Beauty**

Results are amazing! Your hair looks utterly different from hair washed with ordinary soap. Costs only a few cents to use.

Fortunately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

Its life, its lustre...its alluring loveliness...depend almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A filmy coating of dust and dirt is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it hides the life and lustre and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing...removes this dingy coating and lets the sparkle and rich natural color tones of the hair show.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep this coating removed, the careless practice of rubbing a cake of soap over your hair... (something hairdressers NEVER DO)...invariably leaves small particles of undisolved soap on the hair, which dulls and mars its beauty.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali, common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, who value beautiful hair...use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product not only cleanses the hair thoroughly, but is so mild and so pure that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified are sufficient for a quick and truly professional shampoo at home—and it COSTS ONLY A FEW CENTS TO USE. It makes an abundance of...soft, rich, creamy lather...with either hard or soft water, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will be amazed at the difference in the appearance of your hair the VERY FIRST TIME you use Mulsified, for it will be...so delightfully clean, soft and silky...and so easy to set and manage.

The next time you wash your hair, try a Mulsified shampoo. See for yourself, how it brings out all the wave and color and how...really beautiful...bright and fresh-looking...your hair will look. When you see it shimmer with "new life" and sparkle with that "gloss and lustre" which everyone admires, you will never again be content to wash your hair with ordinary soap.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter...anywhere in the world. 4 oz. bottle should last for months.
Lady of Many Moods, was in a brand-new mood. If such a Yankee word may be applied to such an aloof foreign charmer, she was peppy.

In short, she looked as if she had risen early, put her blonde head out of her Beverly Hills window, inhaled deeply of the Spring morning, sung a gullatorial ditty or two in her bath, and arrayed herself in her gayest Spring finery before coming to the studio to keep her appointment.

"You look like Spring flowers, or something," I remarked, because she really did. "I feel goot," smiled Marlene, as she held open the screen door of her dressing-room.

Like other interviewers, I have been warned that certain subjects are taboo with Dietrich—such subjects as Hollywood's gossip about her, and the "influence" of Director Josef von Sternberg on her career. At first, I remembered the warning. We skipped over the neutral subjects of current pictures—Marlene's and other stars; of the great news value connected with the release of "Shanghai Express", of the unusually enthusiastic reception accorded "Disillusioned" by London audiences. Marlene, it developed, had seen a number of movies lately. She thought the new releases were surprisingly "goot", taken as a whole. From there we drifted to the influences that go to make up a "good" picture—the director, the story, the acting, the camera work, the cutting, and so on.

Marlene Laughs at This Rumor

AND then, suddenly, I found myself asking a bombshell question—a question that surprised me—a question that could have been dared only because of Marlene's current picture, "Beverly Hills Vaudeville." I found myself almost saying, "You have an influence?

"I thought that maybe you thought such a story would make me 'influence' you," said Marlene, "not to mention Mr. von Sternberg, the director. You think he has no sense of humor?" She laughed!

"Thats funny, very funny," she said. "Just last evening Mr. von Sternberg and I were reading a magazine with an article that told of how I was a Trilby to my director's "Svengali.""

Marlene gave a short laugh—probably in demonstration of how she and her director had laughed over the article.

"I am sure the writer would have been disappointed to see how we laughed," she continued. "I think that maybe he thought such a story would make Mr. von Sternberg consistent good humor. "Because most people do not understand Mr. von Sternberg. They believe he has no sense of humor. If they could only have seen him laugh at that story! He said: 'It is too bad it is not true. Think of all the fun I could have, hypnotizing you!'"

"As for me—I am truly sorry. I do not think of such a person as my director is supposed to be. I think how interesting it would be to know a man who could so completely control another person's destiny! How nice it would be to have such a man as a friend. One could never worry for entertainment."

Her Opinion of Von Sternberg

"I think it not silly that writers say Mr. von Sternberg has such a weird, uncanny effect on me. It is very true that he is a tremendous influence in the direction of his pictures—but surely the critics and writers must have noticed this same influence in the performance of other players. It is not only Dietrich who responds to his direction so completely—every actor who has worked with him will tell you that he goes through a new directorial experience when he works in a von Sternberg production.

"Notice the difference in other players besides myself when they are working in one of his pictures as compared to their work with other directors. Yet they (the writers) do not say Mr. von Sternberg hypnotizes them. I believe he brings every actor he directs to his heights!" (Several months ago Marlene had told me that if von Sternberg ever made a picture with Joan Crawford, the public would be surprised at the proof and sweep of her personality.)

"But," she added with a little shrug, dismissing the entire subject, "I do not pay much attention to such stories any more. At first—yes. They used to upset me. But now I do not even bother to deny most of them. Only one really upset me—"

She had risen now and was moving about her dressing-room. She found a cigarette tray for me and placed it at my elbow. She did it almost subconsciously—a hint

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The worst of GRAY HAIR is that it gets GRAYER and GRAYER. Are you satisfied to see your pretty hair go to pieces when your friends are "touching up" theirs with FARR'S, a modern type of preparation, easy to use, clean, odorless, not sticky? They make no secret of keeping ALL their hair one even, NATURAL, youthful shade. FARR'S is so entirely harmless there is no reason for hesitating. $1.35. Sold everywhere.

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Looking Them Over
(Continued from page 71)

about her house, waiting to pounce upon her for autographs when she enters or leaves her residence.

The day Bebe Daniels sang over the radio from New York, her most interested and enthusiastic listener was none other than Barbara Bebe Lyon, just turned six months old.

Hilda, Bebe’s devoted maid and little Barbara’s nurse, held the baby close to the radio and when her mother’s voice came through, the little tot almost flew out of her arms with excitement. “She kept looking around,” relates Hilda proudly. “She couldn’t understand how she could hear that familiar voice and not be able to see her mother.”

HELEN Twelvetrees has never quite got over being a movie fan at heart. The other day we bumped into Helen in the publicity department of her studio, looking over some new skits. No, they were not her own. The little Twelvetrees was ardently admiring the new poses of Constance Bennett.

COLLEEN Moore and Al Scott finally stepped off after an engagement lasting a couple of weeks. They were married at Fort Pierce, Florida, and a couple of days after the ceremony Colleen and her new husband took the train for California where Colleen opened in a new stage show. San Francisco is the town and, of course, Colleen will show up in Los Angeles so all her movie friends can see her.

This is Colleen’s second marriage. Ditto for Mr. Scott.

FEBRUARY 14th must have been a great day for marriages—especially for former film favorites. Tom Mix was married in Mexico to Mabel Hubbell Ward, aerialist of the Sells-Floto Circus, on the same day Colleen became Mrs. Al Scott.

IT would be a poor month, indeed, that didn’t have at least one or two good artistic temperament complaints.

Anna May Wong kept up China’s war record by walking out of the cast of RKO’s “Roar of the Century” after some complication in the billing of Gwili Andre’s name slipped in above Anna’s in the cast of the picture, when a previous agreement with Miss Wong had stipulated she was to receive first billing.

Over at Paramount, Charlie Bickford is showing signs of his previous M-G-M trial by setting off a few red-headed sparks about his rôle opposite Tallulah Bankhead in “Thunder Below.” Charlie just doesn’t like the part.

FRANK Borzage, Fox director, is nursing one pet ambition at the present moment. He wants to re-make “Humoresque” for the talking camera. As a silent picture, “Humoresque” was one of the classics of its day. Now, with the added advantage of sound, the Fannie Hurst novel would be delightful.

A child actor named Sidney Miller, who recently completed “Symphony of Six Million,” starring Ricardo Cortez, at RKO, is being seriously considered for the rôle of the child violinist. The twelve-year-old youngster is a natural musician and a natural actor.
**Our Hollywood Neighbors**

(Continued from page 12)

THERE was an exciting part of the day. After the first few minutes of the film, there was a woman who looked much like the actress and had a similar voice. She was noticed by the other patrons in the cinema, and they began to whisper about her. She was wearing a red dress and had red hair. The audience was captivated by her performance, and they were left wanting more.

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Are you bothered more than an ordinary girl? Have you learned your Nerve Force through worry, overwork, or Nerve Annie? 

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No longer need expectant mothers consider small, dry burning skin as one of the unavoidable penalties of pregnancy. No longer need they fear that the face will become wrinkled, just rub a little Mennen Baby Oil into the affected parts and see how much more comfortable you become. How plausible it makes the pain later on, use this remarkable oil for the next delivery. It is a great advance in keeping baby skin in perfect condition.

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Old Town Canoes are perfectly balanced, easy to handle, light, fast, strong. Honest Indian models are made of both cedar, cypress, and fine woven canvas. They are made for years!

It’s easy to own an Old Town, 1932 prices started at $12.35. Write for our catalog and list of many models. Also outboard boats, dinghies, and rowboats. Old Town Canoe Co., 505 Main St., Old Town, Maine.

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Are you flat-chested? Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of your feminine charm? It is SO easy to have the full, firm form that fashion demands.

Tells how helpful the very wonderful NANCY Lee method fills out the figure and adds firmness, helps to give you the womanly curves now missing.

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Hollywood Called It Madness, But Columbo Called It Luck  
(Continued from page 50)

tracting business, and many of the buildings that line Hollywood and Wilshire boulevards are of his construction.

His First Movie Work

As a child, Russ played in many D. W. Griffith, Mack Sennett, and Mary Pickford pictures, was an intimate of the mob, and the five- and ten-dollar bills garnered in this fashion were stored away in a bank account that was to go to his musical training on the old piano.

When he was fourteen years old, he began his study of the violin. With fingers that had been made deft by the guitar, he advanced rapidly. One day his old teacher, Laveri, wrote to his parents and told them the ways of life had been difficult in the East and that they would pay for his transportation to C. M. Kaia, where he would repay them by giving lessons to "your most talented Ruggerio." The idea was an acceptable one and within a few weeks Laveri was back with his old pupil. Three years later, Russ had reached such a degree of mastery on the violin that he gave a series of concerts both in Los Angeles and in San Francisco. Music critics hailed him as another prodigy, but as is usually the case with prodigies, fate stepped in and drove him on another course.

The family fortune at this time was not where it should have been, and Russ was compelled to accept a job with an orchestra playing for private dances around Hollywood. A while later, he joined an orchestra that played at the Hotel Mayfair and because of his deep baritone voice, was selected by the leader to sing the vocal choruses.

Picture executives and directors were frequent visitors, and soon thereafter Russ picked up a lot of extra money by playing the violin on the movie sets. Pola Negri dropped in on him one night when the young violinist was playing and asked that he report on her lot the following day. For two years he remained with Miss Negri and played his violin for the atmospheric effect it had on her emotions.

He Broke the News to Pola

ONE day in August, 1936, the news was bright for the Negri set. Rudolph Valenti had died in New York. The young violinist was in the middle of Dvorak's "Hummoresque" while a heavy love scene was in the process of being filmed. The messenger whispered the news to him first, and the shock at learning that the man who had been his greatest screen hero was dead caused him to stop with a suddenness that spoiled the entire scene.

"What is the matter with you?" screamed Miss Negri. Why must you stop playing right in the middle of a scene?" "Rudolph Valenti is dead," he replied.

The star fainted away, and Russ vouches for the fact that it was no act. For hours and days after she was inconsolable.

The Coconut Grove in the Ambassador Hotel in Hollywood, where filmdom's elite gather on the slightest provocation, offered Russ a job with its orchestra and he readily accepted. One day while he was singing a love ballad, he was interrupted by Ben Schulberg, executive of the Paramount studios, and he was offered the second job in "Will Song" with Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez. Naturally, he accepted, and he was billed under the name of Russell Columbo.

He reported on the set four days later and

Analyze Your Own Handwriting with a Louise Rice

GRAPHO-SCOPE

See Page 51 in this Issue

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NEW offense to sophistication in the convenient form of delightful suppositories ready for easy use. "Cor-

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tions. Odorless and colorless in hand. Made by large old pharmaceutical house.

12 suppositories in a box, directions sent prepaid in small wrapper for $1.00. Use 2 or 3 for any reason you don't want to keep them, return balance and money will be refunded promptly. Try this never before, simple... safe... easy way to hygiene and you'll never go back to old methods. Send dollar bill (check or money order) for full box of "Cortidite" for $2.50. Sold only direct by mail.

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What Conrad Predicted for Him

AND now the number twelve again. On

the night the club was celebrating its first twelve months of existence, a party comprised of George Olsen, Joan Crawford, June Cartier and Con Conrad came in and was ushered to a ringside table.

In Russ's words: "I was thrilled to meet Con Conrad, the man whose songs were so familiar to me and to the public at large. And we played many of his famous numbers, such as "Margaritaville," "Barney Google," "Memory Lane," "Let's Do the Breakaway," and "Mam," he makes my ears ring at me."

"The party remained until early in the morning and before they departed, Con told me he believed I would make a great success in the music and radio world and was willing to take a chance along with him if I could go."

Two days later Con Conrad and Russ Crawford were on The Chief bound for New York. Conrad, in the meantime, had tried to convince George Olsen that Columbia would be a great bet for his band, which Olsen was planning to take to New York for the winter. But Olsen couldn't see Russ. "They're tired of crooners—look at Valkyrie," was Olsen's cryptic way of turning down the singer.

"Well, I'll take this kid to New York and mark my word, inside of six months he'll be a sensation. I'll have him on a big program on the national radio hook-up; I'll have him with the band and in my movie, "Glorified Astoria; and I'll have the picture people hot to get him for a starring role," were Con's predictions.

As was natural, Russ was a hero neither remained for the duration of the filming, but when the picture was over, the process of editing and revision, Russ found himself to be a "safe on the set room floor." The second lead had been cut down to three scenes, and though it was not long enough for the average movie screen talker.

You've Heard Him in Talks

BUT his voice proved to be a valuable asset on the screen in the early days of the talks. Its richness, depth, and resonance won him considerable work as a "voice actor." And when you watched Gary Cooper singing in "The Wall Song," you were seeing, Gary, but you were listening to Russ Conlon. In "Dynamite," you 'heard' Russ sing "How Am I to Know?" but you didn't know it then. There was a radio playing, and this voice was supposed to be coming over the air. The setting was almost apostrophe.

Because of his vocal powers, executives began considering Russ for leads in musical pictures, but on each occasion he was turned down because the test showed him "too much of a Latin type." At this time Buddy Rogers was coming into his own because he represented the type most popular with the moviegoers, and film heads were afraid to take a chance on Russ. But with foreign types on the rise again, how long will it be before the fingers of film fame points in Russ's direction?

Dissuaded with the turn of events, Russ refused to double for stars who could not sing and turned again to orchestra work. He played in various Los Angeles theatres and hotels and back in to the Ambass-

sador Hotel as a featured member of the Rhythm Boys. Two months later, a quarrel with the management broke up the organiza-

tion, and Russ started his own business, so to speak, into his own business. With the aid of a few friends he opened the Pyramind Club, and although it never prospered to any great extent, it held its own and enabled Russ to make many friendships with many movie stars. Among these were Tom Mix, Gloria Swanson, Ramon Novaro, Joan Bennett, Eric Von Stroheim, Jack Oakie and Joan Crawford.

She knows how!

ALICE WHITE—PUPULAR STAR

She is too clever to let drab, dull hair spoil her attractiveness. Her hair is always soft, lustrous, radiant with tiny dancing lights—-the subject of much admiration—and not a little envy. She wouldn't think of using ordinary soaps. She uses Golden Glint Shampoo.

*Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely clean Golden Glint in addition to lathering, gives your hair a fashionable "shiny"—a mere little bit—was much more perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your new individual shade of hair! 25c at your dealer's—or a FREE sample will show you the difference. Send for it now!

J. W. KOHLE CO., 622 Rainier Ave., Dept. F,
Seattle, Wash. . . . . Please and a free sample.

Nome
Address
City—State
Color of my hair:

The ROSS COMPANY
245 West 17th St., New York City—Dept. 44
I enclose 10c for Liquid Wix Vanity Size.
Black . . . . Brown

Name
Address

PERSONAL APPEARANCE

A New Perfume

The most exquisite perfume in the world! Sells at $12 an ounce—$2.50 for bottle containing 30 drops.

ESPRIT DE FRANCE
(The elixir of perfumes)

A single drop lasts a week. Silence very econ-

omeal. Never anything like this before.

Send for TRIAL BOTTLE
Send only 20c (silver or stamps) for a trial bottle.
Paul Rigor & Co., 151 First St., San Francisco
HOW MILLIONS
LOSE FAT

You know, as all know, that in late years excess fat has been disappearing fast. Look about you! Note how slender figures, youthful and vigorous have displaced abnormal fat. It is just as reasonable largely in a discovery made by modern science. A great cause of excess fat has been found in a weakened gland. Food which should create fuel and energy goes to pile up fat.

Now doctors, the world over, feed that lacking factor. Normal conditions return. Fat melts away and vim comes back. And without starvation.

Marmola prescription tablets embody this modern method. People have used them for 24 years—millions of boxes of them. The changed conditions of today are largely due to Marmola.

Quint wrong methods of reduction, hard or futile. Do what modern doctors do, and what countless people have done with Marmola. Take these tablets—four a day—until weight comes down to normal and vim returns to par.

All druggist supply Marmola—$1 a box.

A book in each box gives the formula and explains the amazing results. Get slender now, more youthful, more active. Don't wait longer. Marmola is at your call.

to his valet (which he never had) nor to the Hollywood crowd. So they pooh-poohed the composer's words.

Even Ziegfeld Missed a Chance

On the train Eastward, Con and Russ composed "You Call It Madness, But I Call It Love," which made the crowning baritone's theme song on the air. The pair stepped off the train at the Grand Central Station, hopped into a taxi and dashed to the offices of the producer.

In addition to "You Call It Madness," Conrad had two other songs that he hoped to place in the new "Follies," which Ziegfeld was then casting. Russ sang all three, and included "Prisoner of Love," which Ziegfeld shook his head sadly. "They're not hit tunes," he gave as his verdict.

But the saddest blow of all was that he hadn't even noticed Russ's singing. To the great maestro of the "Follies," Russ was just another song-songer.

Carl Carroll's office was the next stop and the languard Earl, producer of the "Vanities," emptied his partially completed theatre of its workmen and listened interestedly to both the songs and the singer.

"To tell you the truth," he said, turning to Conrad after Russ had ended his audition, "there are bigger things in store for the second than in the fourth. However, if you want to accept a humble offer of three hundred and fifty dollars per week, you may start rehearsing at once."

Russ thanked the "Vanities" producer, bundled both his score and his hand under his arms, and departed for the radio chains. And within twelve hours, super salesman Conrad had convinced the NBO officials that Columbus was what he had been waiting for all these years and to prove it was willing to stake all on the fan mail.

A Twelve-Day Wonder

"If you put Columbus on a coast-to-coast hook-up, within one month the mail will reach twelve hundred letters a day," he insisted.

"And if he pulls twelve hundred letters a day, you can rest assured," the officials replied skeptically, "that his income will be plenty near a dollar for every fan letter"

The only opening hour was at 11 P.M.—an hour conceded to be a difficult one from which to draw substantial mail. But Russ told the NBO officials that the National Broadcasting offices reported that Columbus's daily mail had reached 1278 letters.

To-day Russ's routine is a fast and furious one. Up at nine for a ride on his roan through Central Park. Back to his penthouse apartment by noon, he composed his letters and mailed them. A shower and a rub-down and then a swift drive through traffic to the theatre where he is appearing. There are four to five shows every day that last until ten-thirty in the evening and these are interspersed with rehearsals for the following week, rehearsals of the new commercials and melodies he composes himself, the mad dashes between shows across the East River to make recordings of his songs on the discs, and the numerous motion picture shots and personal appearances.

At eleven o'clock he leaves the theatre and speeded frantically in his limousine to the Waldorf-Astoria on Park Avenue to conduct his orchestra while the Mayfair of Gotham dances after the theatre. At two-thirty in the morning he is in bed again.

That's the furious day of America's latest Romeo of Song. On January 14, he celebrated his twenty-fourth birthday. Twenty-four. Twice twelve. And twelve hundred dollars a day.

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Dark, long-appearing, luxuriant, sweeping lashes. What a difference they do make! They transform eyes into brilliant, flashing, bewitching pools of alluring loveliness—wonderfully expressive.

But such lashes seldom come by birthright. They must be acquired. The NEW Maybelline gives the desired natural effect instantly. With perfect ease too, and without smearing the eyes or smearing. It’s tear-proof. Moreover, its continued use tends to stimulate lash growth, ever adding to the actual beauty of the eyes as time goes on. Obtain a package of the NEW Maybelline, Black or brown, 75¢ at any toilet goods counter. You’ll see, after trial, why millions always insist upon the genuine. Perfectly harmless. Send ten cents and coupon for Trial Size.

The NEW
genuine Maybelline can give you truly alluring eyes

ONLy

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The NEW

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The NEW
"Give me Lucky Strike every time"

"My throat is all important to me. No harsh irritants for yours truly. Give me LUCKY STRIKE every time. And pat yourself on the back for your new Cellophane wrapper with that tab which makes the package so easy to open." — Dorothy Mackaill

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough
And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh

THEY'RE DOTTY ABOUT DOTTY
Dorothy Mackaill's great-great something-or-other was Bobbie Burns, the famous Scotch poet, and she's as popular in Hollywood as golf—or Scotch import. See her new FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE, "SAFE IN HELL." Dorothy has smoked LUCKIES for six years, and not a cent was paid for her statement. We're mighty pleased with the nice things Dorothy Mackaill says about LUCKY STRIKES, and so we're saying, "Thanks, Dorothy Mackaill."
CHOSE your ROUGE SHADES
this new fascinating way

forget all about "matching your skin" and select shades to match your Costume

Catch the spirit, the joyous freedom, of this beautiful new fashion... rouge to harmonize with your every costume. The charm of it... the individuality... and the difference that must exist when all rouge shades match your skin—match automatically, without your giving a thought to it. Well you know that usual rouge does not have this characteristic. Instead you have memories of dire disappointment, times when you felt "horrid" because off color make-up spoiled the glory of your gown.

Now what has happened?... how can you vary the old idea... and select rouge shades to match costume, not troubling to match your skin? Just this: Princess Pat rouge does not blot out the skin. The natural color is caused by the blood flowing through the skin—because the skin is transparent and has scarcely any color of its own. Princess Pat rouge is sympathetic to skin tones. Thus whatever color your skin shows—and everyone has some color—is retained when you use Princess Pat rouge. To this natural color, Princess Pat adds. Thus the beautiful tints imparted by Princess Pat rouge seem to come from within the skin.

WHY Different Colors of Costume Demand Different Shades of Rouge
You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is another requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain color value. You recognize this when you match dress, hose, shoes, hats so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognize it when you select rouge shades.

The great mistake with rouge has been this: you had just one shade—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. But the shade remained the same. You couldn't use other shades for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel dresses, was less than effective with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

PRINCESS PAT LIP ROUGE: a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors thatinside moist surface of lips as well as outside. Is truly indelible. You'll love it!

Marvelous New Beauty if You Follow These Hints For Choosing Rouge
For gowns of all red shades, select Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in glowing colors through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue, use Squaw, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are wonderful with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion of note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For tan effect, use Princess Pat Summer. For evening wear, use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade, since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.

get this Week End Set—SPECIAL
The popular Week End Set for this season and $2.50. It contains Princess Pat Rouge, Lip Rouge, Powder and three colors in liberal, attractive sizes. Also new booklet of valuable beauty secrets.

PRINCESS PAT, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago
Dept. A-2086. Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print)...........................................
Street..................................................
City and State........................................

IN CANADA, 131 CHURCH ST., TORONTO
TRUE! Men, like bees, are drawn to the flower that is delectably fragrant! But of what use perfume, if on closer scrutiny, these critical men find that all your attractiveness flies away when you smile?

Don't forget that to be alluring, a smile must reveal only brilliant, white teeth! And sound, white teeth are dependent on sound, firm gums!

The foods of these modern days are far too soft and creamy to stimulate the gums—to keep them hard. Now they're soft and flabby. Tender, too. You have "pink tooth brush"—or you're likely to have it.

And if you're wise, you'll do something about this unhealthy condition of the gums. For "pink tooth brake" not only can dull the teeth, make them grayish-looking—but it may endanger the soundness of the teeth. And all too often it leads to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease—even the rare but dreaded pyorrhea.

If you'll get some IPANA Tooth Paste, and rub a bit of it into your gums every time you clean your teeth, you won't have to worry about "pink tooth brush." The massage stimulates the gums, of course. But the ziratol in IPANA (ziratol is a splendid toning agent) aids the massage in firming the gums.

IPANA is first of all a splendid modern tooth paste, and keeps teeth beautifully white and clean. IPANA with massage keeps the gums hard and healthy. IPANA with massage protects your smile! So today—start in with IPANA, and you can forget about "pink tooth brush."

Pays $5 for perfume . . . Spends nothing on her gums and she has "pink tooth brush"!
Love consumed her!

TALLULAH BANKHEAD

in

"THUNDER BELOW"

One woman—desired, desiring—in a village of lonely men! Torn between passion and honor, lovers and husband! Below the Equator, where civilization's barriers swiftly burn away. What a great role for this great actress! TALLULAH BANKHEAD will make you feel the pity, the passion, the penance of this woman whom love consumed! With a great cast, including Paul Lukas, Charles Bickford and Eugene Pallette. You'll get the thrill of the year from "Thunder Below"—a great Paramount Picture, "best show in town!"

Directed by Richard Wallace from the novel by Thomas Rourke.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, Pres., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y. C.
Jeanette
MacDonald's
Handwriting
Reveals Secrets to
Louise Rice

On page 51 of this issue, you will learn why no man will ever tame Joan Crawford—an illuminating study of Joan by Louise Rice, world-famous for her ability to read character from handwriting. You will want to compare your own handwriting with Joan's.

Also, you may want to analyze your own handwriting (and character). On page 51, you will learn how you may very easily obtain a Louise Rice Grapho-scope, enabling you to do this.

And next month, Louise Rice will reveal what Jeanette MacDonald doesn't tell interviewers! Just one of many big "scoops" you'll find in the June MOVIE CLASSIC!

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COVER DRAWING OF LEILA MYAMS BY MARLAND STONE

DOROTHY CALHOUN, Western Editor
STANLEY V. GIBSON, Publisher
LAURENCE REID, Editor
HERMAN SCHOPPE, Art Director


Movie Classic comes out on the 10th of every Month
THE producers haven't had much luck in their endless hunt for "another Garbo." None at all, if you want to ask me. Dietrich isn't it. She's as original as Garbo, herself—and if Marlene had climbed to fame first, Greta might very likely have been called "another Dietrich." That is, at first. Even Garbo's enemies (both of them) can't bring forward any girl who is likely to cause Greta any loss of sleep during her sun-baths.

BUT meanwhile the search for "another Gable" goes on apace. And with a little better fortune. For one thing, M-G-M may have made a tactical error in having Clark support one big feminine star after another, instead of pushing him in a starring role of his own—in a hurry. The studio's tardiness gave their competitors a breathing spell—time to scout around and unearth rough-ewn, dimpled be-men of their own. Every studio has found one; some have discovered two. Maybe none of them will pull like Gable with the public. But at least they have the chance to try. Look over the story on the "new Gables" a few pages farther on—and get a hint of the number of his rivals. Or should I say: "would-be rivals"?

IT'S a funny thing. I mean—that Garbo's appeal lies in the fact that she is like a woman no one ever knew; beautiful, silent, inscrutable, exotic, mysterious, all at one and the same time. While Gable's appeal lies in just the other direction. Everyone feels that he has known Clark some time or other. Or known his twin brother—a big, good-looking, half-handsome, half-homely, straightforward chap, with a handshake that makes you rise on your toes.

HAROLD LLOYD, it seems, got wind of the fact that a couple of the studios were planning pictures kidding Hollywood. That gave Harold an idea. He'd offset the digs. So he's making "Movie Crazy," which will be a comedy laid in Hollywood, but won't be laid against it. According to Harold's version, it is a place of glamour and romance, which has given the world the best cure yet for the galloping insanity of boredom. Can you imagine what the world would be like without movies? It would be like Harold Lloyd in a comedy without his horn-rimmed specs—not half so entertaining without as with!
ALL MEN WERE HER PLAYTHINGS

Wild, untamed... she played with men’s hearts as with puppets until she rushed headlong into the arms of... a prizefighter. Society was dumbfounded! Daring the ridicule of her friends, she gave herself to him... Daring! ... Tantalizing! ... Smart!

Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD
A FOX Picture

JAMES DUNN
PEGGY SHANNON
SPENCER TRACY

SOCIETY GIRL
$20.00 Letter

Movie Chinese Not So Clever

WHY not genuine Chinese characters in pictures instead of the fake variety which fools nobody and destroys any illusion the fan might entertain? A state like California which is so populous with Chinese it ought not to be a difficult matter to select and train youthful Orientals for screen work and then insert them in every other way I wonder the producers do not wake up to the fact that to take a pretty white girl, mix up her features with collodion and other devices for creating a slant-eyed effect, instruct her to affect little, mincing steps and a coy manner, and bill her as a Chink maiden, is merely turning what would otherwise be a good drama into a kind of semi-comedy or farce.

Perhaps you recall the flop which "Java Head" made some years ago because the producers tried to put Latrice Joy across as the Manchu wife? This sort of thing is still being done, in spite of the remarkable progress being made in every other angle of screen work. Even the inimitable Chaney was not entirely successful as a Chinese, and Edward G. Robinson is much less so.

Warner Oland is about the only white man who doesn't look phony when essaying a Chinese part but with him it is a case of good luck, rather than good makeup. He actually has Oriental features. But why is Anna May Wong the only Chinese girl obtainable for leading parts? Loretta Young was — only Loretta Young in "The Hatchet Man."

D. R. DAVIES,
Regina, Saskatchewan, Can.

$10.00 Letter

Garbo's Silence

I SAID Greta Garbo in "Mata Hari," and I was moved by it. Not by the plot of the "exotic epic," which got badly tangled up in Garbo's "ridiculously long lashes," but by the analogy I seemed to detect between the character of a "fake" and the equally famous screen star.

I found myself wondering if, as there was a grim power, "Wilhelmina," behind Mata Hari, dictating her every move and mood, there might not be an equally implacable power behind Greta Garbo, keeping her a lonely and loveless woman.

Is Garbo's silence commanded by the roar of the M-G-M Lion? GRETIE EISENHARDT, Los Angeles, Calif.

Lubitsch. What a team! They're inimitable, incomparable, irresistible! Three cheers for "One Hour with You." Three cheers for the prince of personality, the king of the cabaret — Chevalier! Three cheers for the baroness, the prima donna of the screen — MacDonald! And three cheers for that grand master, that genius of musical romance — Lubitsch!

PEARL A. KATZMAN, New York, N. Y.

Credit Where Credit Is Due

RECENT scribes—their name is legion—seem to be satisfied that the movies are "taking a lesson" from the stage. Perhaps. But, tolling 'em off on your fingers with me, let's look at the most recent successes and see who started in them:

Richard Dix in "Cimarron."
Ronald Colman in "Aronswitlhes."
Mae Marsh in "Over the Hill."
Lionel Barrymore in anything.
Garbo in "Susan Lenox."
Noraиммер in "Private Lives."
Wallace Beery in "Hell Divers."
Sylvia Sidney in "Street Scene."
Sylvia Sidney in anything!

With the exception of Chatterton and Sidney, a little while back, and Barrymore some time back, these are the Old Guard of famous film folk! What technique, stage or otherwise, could make a better Beery than we saw in "Hell Divers." Who could have marched through "Aronswitlhes" with more savoir-faire, than Colman?

How could you improve upon Mae Marsh as the mother in "Over the Hill.?" Or La Shearer in "Private Lives.?" Or Dick Dix in that turbulent epic "Cimarron."

You couldn't! "Nothing succeeds like success"—whether your artist be drilled by an impresario, a megaphone, or a machine gun! Whether the setting be a New York stage, No Man's Land—or a Bangkok magic carpet!

Let us, then, give California her due! DOUGLAS BEVERLEY, Commerce Bldg., Omaha, Nebr.

What-a-star

WHEN a Gable steals a picture from a Beery—that isn't news! But when a Beery brings someone from Whatman Gable — that IS news.

Wally Beery's acting has set a new high for "individualism!" B. P. (Before Prohibition) the customers went "Beary." Now they go "Beery!"

He has that rare attribute—an omnipresent "forgetfulness of self"... in these artless days of superstars... super-press-agents... super-legendaries... super-VANITY!! You must admit there is something about a man who can thus submerge his identity in the master stroke of his portrayals. Wally has a pity that for years, this genial artist struggled, his light submerged under a figurative bushel. But now he's a star. And what-a-star! W. NAUGLE, Omaha, Neb.

Become a Critic — Give Your Opinion — Win a Prize

Here's your chance to tell the movie world — through Movie Classic — what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your appreciations, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address will be used initials if requested.

Address Letter Page, Movie Classic, 1501, Broadway, New York City.
The most sensational picture since "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT" which was the greatest picture of all time.

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Once again UNIVERSAL'S supremacy is made manifest.

"The DOOMED BATTALION"

TAKEING IN THE TALKIES
LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS

GRAND HOTEL
I take off my hat and make a low, sweeping bow in the direction of Hollywood. For the movies have improved upon both Vicki Baum's novel and Vicki Baum's play about life in a great hotel. It is still melodrama, yes—but so vividly, so excitingly has director Edmund Goulding woven his picture that you are likely to leave the theatre gurgling about art. Garbo gives the greatest performance of her career as Grazinsbaya, the lonely, famous dancer. Lionel Barrymore, for one—as Kringelein, the invalid—forces her extra effort. So does Joan Crawford, as the exotic, sombre stenographer. Hardly less notable are the performances of John Barrymore, as von Geigen, the lover-thief; Wallace Beery, as Preying, the villain of the piece; Lewis Stone, as the bitter doctor; and Jean Hersholt, as Seal, the porter. Here is an entertaining event in any movie-lover's life!

IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS
To me, this is far and away the best thing Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has done since "The Dawn Patrol"—and is about as different from that as it could be. It is a comedy—one with an original idea, for a change—and young Doug, wearing that famous Fairbanks grin, steps out and proves himself every bit as amusing as Doug, Sr., ever has been. After the manner of Lindbergh, he captures the fancy of a nation by a single-handed deed of valor (as a submarine commander, not a flier)—and from that moment he is a harassed hero. In all sorts of men want to kiss him, all sorts of women, want to pump his hand; statesmen want to make speeches at him; reporters want to interview him; even his wife (Mary Brian) is convinced he shouldn't be as modest as he is. Besides being amusing, Doug is very real—and the dialogue gives him every chance to be both.

BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK
It hurts to say it—but the picture is also weak. It's another of those Continental comedies—a mixture of froth and spice—and Robert Montgomery again is a charming wastrel. And this type of rôle, like this type of comedy, is the kind that can't bear repeating many more times. Bob and his father (C. Aubrey Smith) are penniless hangers-on in English society, and both are on the lookout for women with money. Bob falls in love with a poor girl (a newcomer named Nora Gregor), while engaged to a rich one (another newcomer named Heather Thatcher)—and, somehow, you can't see how he makes such an error, for Miss Thatcher has it all over Miss Gregor. He finally gets out of the tangle (as you know all along he will), even though he does it in a manner reminiscent of William Haines in his "Brown of Harvard" days. Or should I say "daze"?

SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION
I'm glad I didn't miss this one—if for no other reason than that it gives Ricardo Cortez the chance to come into his own at last. He has been stealing pictures for years without ever getting the break he deserved. But here it is, praise be, a character as few other authors do; a touch sentiment story of a boy who gets his start in the Jewish section of the East Side of New York, and then is torn away from his race by the ambitions of his family, to become a famous doctor on Park Avenue. Cortez, who was born on this same East Side, knows whereof he is acting, as the idealistic young son of Israel. Irene Dunne, as the girl who loves him and finally wins him back to his people, is charming without living her part. Cortez, however, lives his—and that's sufficient.

THIS IS THE NIGHT
In the New York showing of this clever, melodious and delightfully sexy farce, Lily Damita received the lowest billing of all—and this was a puzzle to me. Though I was gratified to note that Roland Young and Charlie Ruggles received top billing. The story is laid in gay Paris and picturesque Venice, and its mood is as gay as the travel catalogues say those two cities are. Roland Young, a gay blade, who makes the mistake of pursuing Thelma Todd, has to tell her husband (Cary Grant) he is married—and then gets Lily Damita to pose as his wife. Except for Thelma, Lily manages to intrigue everybody, including Roland's pal, Charlie Ruggles, and Thelma's husband. It's a regular merry-go-round of a story, with lilting songs, sparkling humor, a happy cast, and the most hilarious tipsy scene yet—between Roland and Charlie. These two are devastatingly amusing.

SCARFACE
It took courage for Howard Hughes to produce this picture—but the New York censors had even more nerve to forbid New York moviegoers the privilege of seeing it. For privilege it is. It is one of the most powerful pictures of all time. There has never been anything like it before, and probably never will be again. The case against the gangster is stated fully, dramatically, forgettable. You see, in vivid episodes reproduced from real life, the rise of a cold-blooded killer, you see the murder he gets away with, you see how coolly he defies all law, and you want to do something about it. Paul Muni deserves the Academy award for his portrait of Scarface. George Raft, as his bodyguard, is hardly less memorable. And Ann Dvorak, as Scarface's sister, has two tragic scenes that will go down in screen history. Demand to see it!
THE GREATEST CAST IN STAGE OR SCREEN HISTORY!

JOHN GARBO - BARRYMORE

JOAN CRAWFORD - BEERY
LIONEL BARRYMORE

GRAND HOTEL

with LEWIS STONE
JEAN HERSHOLT

The play that gripped New York for a solid year—and toured America with many road companies. Now it is on the screen—long heralded—eagerly awaited—and when you see it you will experience the biggest thrill of all your picture-going days.

An EDMUND GOULDING production

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S PROUDEST TRIUMPH!
NEW WINX EYE SHADOW

Nothing flatters eyes quite as much as that subtle touch of dark shadow on the lid. It brings out the depth, the sparkle of your eyes. It makes them look larger, more bewitching.

Now—for the first time—you have the chance to get a really high-quality, high-style eye shadow at a popular price. Only 55c.

Winx Eye Shadow is non-greasy—skin-smooth—goes on easily and evenly. Comes in the latest colors approved by Paris—Blue, Mauve, Gray, Brown.

All drug and department stores have a Winx Shade Selector which tells the shade you should use.

What's this—Garbo gone platinum-blonde for "As You Desire Me"? Nothing else but! And Erich von Stroheim no doubt is trying to get her to tell if she dyed her hair or is wearing a transformation!

A NOTHER mover is Phil Holmes, who has taken a three-room bungalow in Beverly. It's different from most three-room bungalows. It's on two floors, which seems like an awful lot of swank for just three rooms.

Those happy newlyweds, Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn, have a new beach house boasting a strictly private beach. That makes it nice for honeymooners.

But June Collyer and Stuart Erwin win first prize for originality during moving month. They have a lease on a nice house in Beverly Hills, and much to their dismay, they have discovered that they still have a lease on an apartment in Hollywood. Both landlords are being very firm about things, too. Would anyone like a good lease which isn't working much now?

STAGE producers needn't be so snooty about their stars entering pictures any more. When the footlight celebrities wander back to Times Square they bring a nice army of fans along with them.

Both Helen Hayes, appearing in "The Good Fairy," and Leslie Howard, busy with "The Animal Kingdom," report exceptionally rushing balcony business. Now, with big stage attractions, it is usually fairly easy to fill the orchestra chairs, but the balcony looks like the wide open spaces. Not with these two productions. Apparently a lot of film fans have a burning desire to see their favorites in the flesh, and are willing to pay no more than movie theatre prices for the privilege.

Lawrence Tibbett reports that since he appeared in pictures there is a line of people waiting for him at the stage door. That never happened before.

Movie names must help the box office at the legitimate theatres. Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon were offered $7500 a week to do a stage play in New York. That's big money in these times. And you can bet your new Panama hat that Ziegfeld doesn't get Lupe Velez and Buddy Rogers for coffee-and-cake money, either.

And Lois Moran can afford Rolls-Royces after "Of Thee I Sing."
You loved her in "MADAME X"... "SARAH & SON"... "TOMORROW and TOMORROW"

Now see her in ALL her glory...

Miss Ruth Chatterton

HER LOVELINESS ENHANCED...
HER MAGIC MULTIPLIED... IN
HER first FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

The RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US

The ultra smart set in the mad scramble for thrills!... A sumptuous portrayal of sensuous society in the perfumed fragrance of Park Avenue and Paris boudoirs... Witty — naughty — gay!... A spectacular story of how the ritzy-half lives — and loves — and lies... Coming soon to leading theatres everywhere.

COULD THEY CHEAT THE MARRIAGE GAME?

with BETTE DAVIS
GEORGE BRENT  JOHN MILJAN
Direction by
ALFRED E. GREEN

another FIRST NATIONAL Hit!
I’ll be on the set from Saturday morning till Sunday,” said Mary Doran over the wire, in the voice of a girl who realizes that the life of the most popular film ‘vamp’ in Hollywood is not all roses. Off the screen she has dark red hair, brown eyes, is a swell sport and the wife of Joe Sherman, publicity man.

“We’ve been blood relatives for years,” she laughed when we met her. Interviewers were taboo—since one had made Joan Blondell neglect her lines.

“The Divorcee” gave me my first big chance,” said Mary Doran. “I wouldn’t call myself a ‘vamp,’ exactly. The word signifies height, Betty Ellythe, and a multitude of snaky curves. I weigh ninety-eight!”

“The modern vamp looks just like an ingenue—smart and clever. She gets along by her wit. She does have to use her eyes, though. That’s fine with me! A girl can put more meaning into one glance than into a hundred flowery speeches.”

“When my last show closed, a friend and I went on an automobile trip,” says Cary Grant. “We threw some clothes into a couple of suitcases and planned to stay in Hollywood two weeks. A director—jokingly—asked me to take a test with a well-known actress. When they saw it, they gave me a contract. So here I am.”

Cary has dark flashing eyes, an olive complexion, and curly black hair. When he leaves you he springs to attention and salutes—possibly the influence of hero roles in musical comedies.

“At fifteen I ran away from home and I’ve been trouping ever since. Paramount gave me parts in ‘This Is the Night’ and ‘Sinners in the Sun’ but whether I’m going to play one of Rudolph Valentino’s old roles isn’t decided. Anyway, please don’t compare me with him. ‘Romance?’ All I ask of a girl is to be a good sport—one as willing to ride in a broken-down flivver as a new Rolls. Or go to prize fights.”

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How to be more attractive by individualizing your make-up for your type...
lke Hollywood screen stars do!

A new and different kind of every-day make-up perfected by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, for the stars of the screen, brings amazing new beauty to you. It is based on Max Factor's discovery of cosmetic color which revolutionized make-up in motion pictures.

Whatever your type in blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead, you may now be sure of correct color harmony make-up to blend perfectly with your complexion colorings.

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The texture is so perfect that even the motion picture camera cannot find the tiniest flaw. And it clings for hours...for stars will not trust a powder that fluffs away.

So here is the face powder that really creates that even, satin-smooth make-up you've so admired in pictures. Now you, too, may enjoy this luxury...Max Factor's face powder, created originally for the screen stars...at the nominal price of one dollar the box.


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Please send me a copy of your 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up,"...your personal complexion analysis, and make-up color harmony chart. (Write out from or stamp to cover the cost of postage and handling.)

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Mail coupon to: Max Factor, Studio, Hollywood, California.
What brilliance! What Beauty!

This Thrift Dentifrice Brings to Teeth

Do you want teeth that you can be proud of... that are the envy of others?

Do you want teeth that are sound and healthy?

Do you want your mouth to feel refreshed and invigorated... your breath to be sweet and agreeable?

If so, switch to Listerine Tooth Paste, the modern dentifrice, at the common sense price of 25 cents.

This tooth paste has supplanted older and costlier favorites in the esteem of both men and women. Not because of the price—which saves you approximately $3.00 a year—but because of the quick, satisfying results it achieves.

When we created Listerine Tooth Paste, we realized that it must be superior in order to win users in a field already overcrowded with good dentifrices. We ask you to try a tube and judge whether or not we have succeeded.

Listerine Tooth Paste contains special and modern cleansing and polishing agents. Dissolved in saliva they reach front and back, and penetrate between the teeth, erasing tartar, tobacco stains, and discolorations. After a few brushings, your teeth assume a new brilliance and luster that you welcome. Your gums feel firm and healthy. Your mouth has a continual sensation of cleanliness. You realize that at last you've found a tooth paste that really does something for you.

And remember, for these benefits you are paying about half of what you would ordinarily pay. That we can offer a product of the quality of Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c, is due to three factors: (1), The ability to buy raw material on a large scale and hence at a lower price. (2), The ability of cutting manufacturing cost by means of modern machinery. (3), The equipment to distribute the finished product at a low price. All these economies are passed on to you in this dentifrice so worthy of the Listerine name. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.
DOUG., JR., SAW A LIKENESS

Doug., Jr., took one look at the interesting display of Brent à la Gable that alternately smiled and glared at us from the walls and inquired the name of the production Mr. Brent was then engaged upon. Someone at the next table answered: "The Rich Are Always with Us." "Amen," said young Doug. "So are the Gables." So startling were the resemblances that they made one stop and wonder if the Warner Brothers really mean it when they protest that George is just Mr. Brent and not another you-know-who-I-mean.

Only a moment later, Mr. Brent, himself, walked in—and seemed, to all outward appearances, to be an affable, friendly and thoroughly likable young man. Very much, we might say, like another certain affable, friendly and likable young man.

Upon even closer investigation, it turns out that the Brent career has not been unlike the Gable career in many respects. George Brent served a long apprenticeship in stock companies before coming to Hollywood. He has played perhaps every conceivable stock engagement from villains to heroes, both young and old. (Ditto for Gable.) During the first six months of his Warner Brothers contract, he was not particularly noticed by that astute company, and neither was Gable by M-G-M in his early days. But success happened suddenly to George Brent, just as it happened suddenly to Clark Gable (and we can't help believing that Clark's success as a screen type hastened George Brent's recognition when Warner Brothers went a-Gable-hunting).

(Continued on page 74)
relationship between Ruth and Paul became as strained as good old lemon juice. During the making of their last picture they barely spoke.

Maybe it is just possible that a star and even her “favorite leading man” can make too many pictures together. Warner Brothers and George Brent take note.

B Y the way, did you know that Universal has just taken over Paul Lukas’ Paramount contract and that, from now on, he will be at Universal? Universal liked Paul in “Strictly Dishonorable” (as who didn’t?) and when they heard that he and the bosses had disagreed, they put in a bid for him. And Paul, like Barkis, was willing. His first picture for Universal will be “Zeppelin,” opposite Tala Birell, the blonde Roumanian beauty who is the Laemmles’ new pride.

M ARLENE DIETRICH’S little girl is growing to look more and more like her father, Rudolph Sieber. When she first came to Hollywood many people thought Maria resembled Marlene, but as she continues to grow up, it becomes more and more apparent that the little girl is going to “take after” her father, who cables her every week, asking when she is coming to visit him in Europe. But if the mountain can’t go to Mahomet, well, Mahomet can go to the mountain. Which is by way of reporting that Herr Sieber is visiting his family in Hollywood—helping them find a new house that the tourists and crank letter-writers won’t know about.

Marlene has gone so far as to aim her chauffeur, to guard the little girl when she goes out to play.

G EORGE BRENT is Ruth Chatterton’s “favorite leading man.” They say the fair Ruth is so enthused over Warner Brothers’ chief competition to Clark Gable that she reads every script with a weather-eye out for a rôle for George.

At the beginning of her Paramount contract, Ruth’s “favorite leading man” was Paul Lukas. Remember all the pictures they made together? Everything was hotsy-totsy for the first few pictures and then suddenly the formerly friendly...
JUST recently Walter Winchell slyly hinted that this department was "way off the track in stringing with Gilbert Roland as head man in Norma Talmadge's affections. Walter sort of insinuated that we would be pretty sorry if Norma should anklet up to the altar with Georgie Jessel when they get their marital divorces.

But just between you and Walter and me, Norma sent back a team of explanatory messages to Roland all about "this silly New York gossip" and the gist of it was not to believe all you hear, even over the radio.

We're still stringing with Roland. That's our story, and maybe we're stuck with it. On the other hand—maybe not.

IT LOOKED as though Mrs. Josef von Sternberg, or rather, the former Mrs. Josef von Sternberg was all set to drop her alienation-of-affections suit against Marlene Dietrich. The truce lasted about twenty-four hours, when Mrs. von Sternberg announced that the suit would be dropped when, and if, certain letters involved in the suit were published.

The letters in question are said to be one from a European author to Miss Dietrich, another from Miss Dietrich to Mrs. von Sternberg and a third from Mrs. von Sternberg to Miss Dietrich. The contents were not disclosed, but everyone supposes that the author took back statements that he attributed to Marlene—namely, to the effect that she had told him that Josef was to be divorced from his wife so that he would be free to marry her (Marlene). From the beginning, La Dietrich has denied making any such statement—denied it emphatically, I might add. And so has her husband, Herr Seiber.

GIVE Harrison Carroll credit for the following research work:

Did you know, inquires Mr. Carroll, that Tallulah Bankhead is named for the famous Tallulah Falls in Georgia? In the Indian language the word Tallulah means "love woven."

Wonder if Harrison doesn't know that it was our Tallulah's grandmother who was named after the Falls and that our Tallulah was named after her?

Tallulah's next picture, by the way, may see her co-starred with Gary Cooper.
PHILLIPS HOLMES and Paramount must be having some little contract difficulty. At least, Phil's name has been removed from feature billing on the advertisements of "Broken Lullaby" or "The Man I Killed" (take your pick) and there is plenty of talk that his contract will not be renewed in the Fall.

As usual, there are several gossip-reasons. One is that Phil is getting too difficult to handle and wants only "artistic" stories. The other is that Phil hasn't been holding up sufficiently at the box-office to warrant the big increase in salary he is due to receive on his next option.

MADGE EVANS is wearing a very good-looking diamond engagement ring, and plenty of local newspaper columnists are sure Tom Gallery put it there. But Madge says "No." She further says she has had the diamond ring ever since she was a little girl and that it has no meaning. As soon as Tom's divorce from Zasu Pitts becomes final, we shall see.

THIS month's stork notes:
Florence Vidor Heifetz is awaiting the arrival of "the blessed event".
George and Mary Lou Lewis are also "expecting." John and Dolores Costello Barrymore may have their second child ("expected in May") by the time you read this.
May McAvoy Cleary's expectation may also be fulfilled by the ditto time.
Dorothy Mackaill Miller is the latest to deny "stork" rumors. (She's going to England to make a film or two.)

CONNIE BENNETT was sitting in her dressing-room the other day when Phil Holmes called her on the telephone. (Phil, you know was supposed to have appeared opposite Connie in "The Truth About Hollywood." )

"Hello, Connie," he said. "Sorry, but I can't start work in the picture next week. I've just broken my leg. I'll be laid up for a month."

Connie gave him all sorts of advice about bone-setting doctors and then called her director to inform him they were minus a leading man, on the verge of production.

The real truth about Hollywood is that it is a pretty topsy-turvy affair.

SUE CAROL'S friends in Hollywood are all excited about the rumor that Sue and her husband, Nick Stuart, are expecting the stork sometime this Fall. As Sue and Nick aren't in town at this writing, we can't verify this one for you.

If Lila Lee and director George Hill aren't altar-bound they certainly have succeeded in fooling old Hollywood. Never did two people appear more smitten with each other. They're dreamy-eyed. Gossip has it that Johnny Farrow, Lila's former flame, still cables her from London to come on over and make movies on the other side. The bets are that she won't accept—and George Hill is the best reason.

YOU think the town wasn't surprised when Ann Harding and Harry Bannister decided to "call it off" and wrote little personal notes to press representatives informing them of divorce plans? Even the most hide-bound cynics were startled out of a gasp at this surprise move from "the happiest couple in Hollywood."

(Continued on page 65)
You Can Read Sylvia Sidney's Secrets in Her Face

Do you know why producers guessed wrong when they thought Sylvia was like Clara Bow—and why she looks so sad—and why men can't often tell how they rate with her? Read her character through Faciology

By Toni Gallant

Study the portrait of Sylvia Sidney at the right—one of her favorite portraits, showing her in her favorite mood, a wistful mood. See if you can guess what characteristics are shown by the features marked with letters. Then check your guesses with the chart below the portrait—telling you, feature by feature, what Physiognomy reveals about her character.

It is a well-known fact that Sylvia Sidney was chosen for the screen at face value—and that she was originally intended to take the place of Clara Bow. They do resemble one another in that their faces are both round and agreeable to look at—but, outside of that, the resemblance ceases. Clara Bow and Sylvia Sidney are two totally different types.

The science of Physiognomy could have told that in one glance. It is true that they are both vital in type, but they are extreme opposites when it comes to thought and temperament.

Sylvia Sidney likes sad moods. She clothes them about her like soft veils. But inherently, she is not in the least pessimistic. Far from it. Deep down within herself, there is such a love of life and such vitality, that she is almost a child in her appreciation of things. Not childish—but childlike. She is as new and fresh and naive as only a child can be. For this reason her performances are a pleasure to behold—she gets such a big "kick" out of them. Acting is like a game to her.

Sylvia Shyer Than Clara

Sylvia has plenty of the Bow charm, but she is much soberer, and cannot hope to possess that fiery abandon that was so likable in the flamboyant "It" girl. But at the same time Clara could never own the shy naïveté that is so naturally Sylvia's.

Intelligence plays a big part in Sylvia Sidney's character. She has the sixth sense. It is revealed in her profile, her eyebrows, her nose and her eyes—that unconscious desire

(Continued on page 65)
The Trials of a Hollywood Ex-Wife

BY DOROTHY CALHOUN

The names of Clark Gable and Boris Karloff are on everybody's tongue to-day. Overnight, after years of struggle, they have taken the movies by storm. Everybody wants to know what they are like in private life, where they came from, how they got their start. Someone discovers that both men have been divorced. The Press rushes to find the ex-wives—to get their stories.

And if the ex-wives claim they have nothing to tell, and object to being asked impertinent questions? They will be forced to tell, they will be persecuted! This is no idle statement. They have already suffered this persecution. For months.

Reporters for sensational newspapers, feature writers for Sunday supplements, not satisfied with the prosaic details handed out by publicity departments, are vying with each other to unearth the most startling stories possible about these suddenly famous Unknowns. They realize that the ex-wives of these men know intimate details about these men—and they expect ex-wives to tell.

The lively curiosity of the public demands colorful facts about their favorites, particularly about their pasts. "You Americans!" Valentino once said bitterly, "you set up idols for the fun of tearing them down!"

In the search for color and sensation, everyone who has known the new stars intimately in the unknown past is sought out. But the brunt of the attack falls on the women they have put out of their lives and who, the sensation-hunters argue, must be anxious to get even with them. If these self-appointed investigators were right, these women would be prosperous to-day. Thousands of dollars have been offered to them for their stories—and indignantly turned down. And so they have been persecuted, bitterly, cruelly.

Refused Story: Lost Work

Josephine Dillon Gable, as a result of refusing a well-known magazine writer a vindictive story about her ex-husband, Clark Gable, has lost many of her voice training pupils—because of statements the writer made about her. Pauline Karloff, ex-wife of Boris, has had her telephone disconnected and has finally been forced to
Does Clark Gable realize how his ex-wife, Josephine Dillon, has been persecuted by reporters because she will not tell, even for a price, the intimate details of their life together? Does Boris Karloff realize what his ex-wife has similarly suffered by remaining silent? No one can realize—until reading this story!

change her address to escape scandal-hunters. Both of these women, almost distraught, half-sick with anxiety, have come to Movie Classic as their friend, and have cried out their sense of the injustice of such persecution in almost the same words:

"I am so unimportant. I ask nothing except to be allowed to earn my living in peace and quiet. I don't know how to deal with such people—they frighten me. If they would only leave me alone . . ."

As long ago as last autumn, Josephine Dillon Gable told me of the persecution she was enduring. She was desperate to find a way to stop it. She wondered if a story of Clark Gable's fight for fame, during the time they were married, would not satisfy the curiosity about their life together. She told me this story, and it was published in the December, 1937, issue of Movie Classic. But its appearance added fuel to the fire. If she had given a story to Movie Classic, why couldn't she give one to them? They could not understand her reticence, did not want to understand it.

Neither of these women has any desire to capitalize on the sudden rise to fame of her ex-mate, or on the name she has a legal right to bear. And neither has any desire to harm, by any unwise word or by any statement to an irresponsible reporter, the men whom they once loved and married. As a consequence, they have been subjected to insults, bullying, threats and actual reprisals. They have been forced to wonder if they could trust even their friends. These ex-wives have had to ask for protection!

Clark Gable had lived in Los Angeles for seven years of struggle before he suddenly found fame. Every shabby side street in that part of Hollywood known as "below the Boulevard" has just such handsome, hopeful and often hungry actors who—once in a while—leave their unpretentious bungalows in make-up and rented tuxedos to play a bit in a society scene. Nobody knows their names, nobody knows how they live. A few gas station employees and garage mechanics (pals of his) knew of Gable's hopes and fears, his habits and his history—and they were the only ones. Except—the woman who was his wife for six of those years of struggle.

So the bloodhounds of the yellow press tracked Josephine Dillon Gable down to the humble little backyard house she had rented in the shadow of Hollywood's own "Grand Hotel," the Roosevelt. Here she earned a

(Continued on page 78)
He'd Rather Die Than Eat Meat

George Arliss said that twenty years ago—when a doctor told him he couldn't live without it—and his statement still holds good. In protest against the brutal trapping and slaughter of helpless animals, he gets along—very well, thank you!—as a Vegetarian

By Gladys Hall

"We SHOULD not kill!" says George Arliss. "We have no right to kill to eat. We have no right to kill animals for our own benefit."

Thus speaks "The Man Who Played God." He would not kill—or have anyone else kill—in order to clothe himself (or his wife) with furs ripped from the twisted bodies of animals trapped for the purpose. Nor would he countenance, if he could help it, the wearing of feathers torn from the bleeding breasts of birds.

He feels that no woman would be a party to the trapping of wild animals if she could once hear the piteous moans of the trapped creatures as they cry out their pain to the unheeding winds. He could not live happily with himself if he ate meat, remembering, as she does, the agonized eyes of cattle as they stand in the blood of those who preceded them and await their turn to die at the hands of the slaughterer. He could not, and he does not, subsist in any way upon the dead bodies of any creatures that have walked the earth.

More than twenty years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Arliss were coming West by train. With, I believe, the late great Minnie Maddern Fiske, herself an ardent member of the various Humane and Anti-Vivisection Societies. Enroute, they noted the herds of cattle along the snow-swept plains, some of the animals nothing but racks of protruding bones, many of them carcasses left there to rot, grim sacrifices on an altar more bloody than that of Baal. The cattle-men, it appeared, found it cheaper to allow the animals to freeze and to starve than to house and feed them during the severe winter. Kindness—humanity—compassion—what had these benevolent terms to do with animals?

Eat Meat? Never again!

Mr. and Mrs. Arliss looked on these dumb, unburied dead and, for the first time, the suffering of these "lesser brethren" came sharply home to them. As sharp as the

(Continued on page 72)
Meet Wallace Reid, the 2nd, with his mother. Late star's son, 14, plans screen career.

Because the world was beginning to call Harry Bannister "Mr. Ann Harding," Hollywood's most famous married pals are walking together no longer. Couple give "love for each other" as believe-it-or-not reason for divorce that stuns even Hollywood. See story on page 28.

Is Greta Nissen the coy bride of Weldon Heyburn, twice over? See story on page 33.

Divorce and romance rumors about Joan Crawford, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Clark Gable! How silly! Here are all three, arm in arm, at opening of—you guessed it—"It's Tough To Be Famous." (So they say!)
Divorce of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister Stuns Movie Colony

Union Had Been Called "Happiest Marriage In Hollywood"—Couple's Sudden Decision Totally Unexpected Even By Friends

BY LOUISE SYKES

Ann Harding has suddenly become "a woman of mystery" to Hollywood, which never expected her to be divorced. Three years ago, these two have been exceptions to the Hollywood rules of scandal, divorce and marital unhappiness. Writers rapturously reported Ann's praises of domestic life, her love for her husband and child. Photographers pictured her with her little girl in her arms, pictured Ann and Harry much together. People beamed approvingly, "This is one Hollywood marriage that is different."

Women's clubs, very particular whom they invite to speak to them, sought out Ann Harding continually—as the one actress they could admire with clear consciences. Perhaps no other part of the public, except their personal friends, suffered the shock of dismay of these women's clubs when the divorce plans were released. Their last Hollywood illusion had been taken from them—this seemed to be their attitude. Everywhere a writer goes in Hollywood these days, he is besieged with questions, "What's the lowdown on the Harding-Bannister divorce?" Players talk about little else over lunch tables. Ann's studio, RKO, is still slightly dazed. They had no warning of the divorce plans. The publicity department bewails the fact that they didn't have a chance to break the news "more tactfully."

Ann Harding is bearing herself through these trying days like the soldier's daughter she is. Self-discipline carries her to work every morning, head high. She steadfastly refuses to add anything to the statements she

Ann Harding has suddenly become "a woman of mystery" to Hollywood, which never expected her to be divorced.
RENÉE ADORÉE, CURED OF DANGEROUS ILLNESS, WILL RESUME CAREER

French Star Completely Well, After Seventeen Months In Arizona Sanitarium—Reported To Have Received Offers From Every Studio In Hollywood

By SUE DIBBLE

RENÉE ADORÉE has left the Arizona sanitarium where she has been a patient prisoner for seventeen months. When she entered its doors, even the most optimistic doctors believed that her recovery would be nothing short of a miracle. Yet Renée Adorée, daughter of a French noblewoman and a French circus clown, will soon be back in Hollywood, completely cured of one of the most “hopeless” cases of tuberculosis on record.

The story of her fight back to health should give heart and hope to other sufferers. It is a story of absolute obedience. Once known in the film colony as the girl who danced hardest and laughed longest, Renée has lain flat on her back in the sun and open air, concentrating on getting well, for month after month.

“They ask me what I learned about life, lying there week after week, with nothing to do but think,” says Lila Lee, who was a neighbor of Renée at the same sanitarium and has returned to the films, likewise cured. “That sounds all right, but it’s the bunk. I came out of there just the same as I went in!”

Perhaps so. But Renée Adorée’s friends are willing to wager that Renée, when she makes her next picture, will be a greater actress than ever before—because she is a finer woman. The few who have seen her say that her patience, courage, self-control and cheerfulness have been amazing. Wherever the crowd was thickest, that’s where Renée used to be. Yet for more than five hundred days and nights, the only faces she saw were those of her nurses, the doctors, and a Hollywood friend who flew down every few weeks. She and Lila had to communicate by notes, not in person.

It is a tribute to the human kindness of the movies that Renée still is on the payroll at M-G-M (where she became famous in “The Big Parade”) and gets her salary check every week. It refutes the cynical saying, “Hollywood hasn’t time to remember,” that her friends have kept in constant touch with her—and last Christmas sent her a box half as big as her room, crammed with everything that a sick person could enjoy.

Renée was ill for many months before she would give up her work. Doctors tried to persuade her to step out of the cast of “Call of the Flesh,” midway of the picture, but she refused to force the studio to remake her scenes. As though the shadow of the disease could be banished by bright lights, she was seen dancing at the gay cafés, in evening gowns that slipped from her thin shoulders. With the same fierce determination and will, she has forced herself to obey the doctors’ orders of quiet and rest and motionlessness. And now she will soon be back in Hollywood—the Hollywood where she was once a star, and where she hopes she will be a star again. And why not?

When the news appeared in the newspapers that Renée Adorée had moved from her hospital room to a little cottage of her own where she would complete her recovery, they tell me that every studio in town offered her a part in a picture.

M-G-M is laying plans to remake “The Big Parade” and there is a rumor that Renée may be in it. If she is strong enough by that time, what could be more fitting than a comeback in her old role?
AILEEN PRINGLE, after eight years of separation, has suddenly sued her husband, Charles Pringle, for divorce. She has used the Mexican "mail-order" method—also favored by Nancy Carroll, when she divorced John Kirkland.

Eighteen years ago, Aileen wagered that she could make a handsome young Englishman propose to her in two weeks' time. She won the wager and the Englishman Charles Pringle, son of Sir John Pringle, chief privy counselor of Jamaica. First the War separated them, then motion pictures, which her husband detested. She has not even seen him since 1925, when he made her a two-week visit in Hollywood and refused to let her entertain for him or to go to parties for fear of meeting some of the movie stars he disliked so much.

Aileen explains about her divorce in the most Pringle way possible. "It was this way," says she. "My husband and I had a sort of 'gentlemen's agreement' that if either of us wanted to marry someone else, the other would get a divorce—but as long as we weren't in love with anyone, we would stay married. I rather liked the idea of being a married woman in Hollywood—it was a sort of anchor to windward, you know. And Charles didn't mind having an absentee wife. So we drifted along for years and years and years."

"Then, not long ago, he wrote to tell me that he did want to marry someone else. I believe that's broken off now, but at the moment he found me a decided obstacle to his happiness. So, of course, I promised I'd get a divorce. Only—you know—I have a wretched memory—I kept forgetting about it. I'd remember it at night, just as I was dropping off to sleep, but the next day it would slip my mind again. I made memorandums. 'Get a divorce to-day,' and lost them. It was a perfect shame, the way I neglected that divorce!"

"You see, the main reason I'd never bothered to get unmarried was all the trouble it took—and the cold-bloodedness of 'telling the judge,' and all that. Then, fortunately, I read about the new mail-order divorces one can get in Mexico, without moving a step out of one's comfortable home, or waiting more than a few days for it. I called up my lawyer and asked him if they were really all right. 'Just as good as a Reno or Paris divorce, so long as both parties want them.' So he sent me the papers, I mailed them to Mr. Pringle, we both signed and they're off to Mexico now. And in a few days, when the postman brings the mail, I'll have my divorce."

Aileen denies that she and Matt Moore are going to be married. Matt lives a block or two away, and may be found at the Pringle home almost any evening, "when neither of us has anything really amusing to do," says Aileen, with devastating frankness. "I've known Matt for twelve years," she explains. "We're such old friends that I can call on him when I haven't any other escort, and he can dine at my house when his cook is out. We're just good pals."
Was Greta Nissen Wed Twice To Weldon Heyburn?

Hollywood Believes Norwegian Beauty and Alabama Athlete Eloped Three Months Before Recent Marriage — Renting Agent Had Sought House For Them

By Jack Grant

Was the marriage of Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn at Tia Juana, Mexico, on March 30 the second wedding ceremony for this couple? Hollywood believed them secretly married some three months before the publicity ceremony. And Hollywood’s belief was based on some fairly logical deductions.

The “secret marriage” rumors started when a renting agent, representing “Mr. and Mrs. Weldon Heyburn,” negotiated for beach houses. The activities of this agent focused the spotlight on the couple as the latest who might have “put over” an elopement. Investigation revealed other circumstantial evidence.

Early in February, Greta and Weldon were vacationing in Agua Caliente at the same time. Then, shortly after their return to the Fox studio, Heyburn was spotted gazing rapidly at a new portrait of Greta. A publicity man, standing near him, said something to the effect that she was “a swell number.”

“She certainly is a wonderful girl,” Heyburn agreed, still in his reverie. “We were married a few days ago.”

“What? Where? When?” demanded the startled publicity man. Heyburn gulped, said something about “joking,” and rushed from the room. The publicity man, however, was not satisfied. He had another member of the staff telephone Greta’s apartment and ask for “Mrs. Heyburn.” The maid expressed no surprise at the name, and after a momentary wait, Greta came to the phone.

Greta and Heyburn, however, denied being secretly married. Both refused to discuss the matter, although Heyburn did say there were a few little things to be settled before the wedding bells would ring out. He declined to say what those few little things might be.

There were rumors that Heyburn had been married before and divorced, but, as in the case of Gloria Swanson, the divorce had not yet become final at the time of the alleged secret marriage. At the Tia Juana ceremony, however, each said it was his first marriage. Again, there were rumors that the Tia Juana ceremony was performed as the result of a studio order. No scandal had ever touched the name of Greta Nissen and there had been considerable talk concerning her purported “secret marriage.”

This romance with Heyburn is the only really serious love affair with which Greta has, to our knowledge, ever been identified in Hollywood. They met when she played Heyburn’s mistress in “The Silent Witness,” his first picture. Subsequently, the tall, blonde Norwegian beauty and the athletic young Alabaman were constantly together. Wedding bells for the two were inevitable. But did they ring once or twice, that is the question?

Though beautiful and blonde, Greta Nissen had been the victim of few romance rumors until she met Weldon Heyburn. Then she was rumored secretly married.
CLAUDE WINDSOR WILL FIGHT $100,000 "LOVE THIEF" SUIT

Former Screen Favorite Does Not Intend To Settle Alienation-of-Affections Case Out Of Court—Hollywood Friends Rush To Actress' Defense

BY JOAN DICKEY

CLAIRE WINDSOR, glamorous blonde star of silent-picture fame, has just been sued for $100,000 by one Mrs. Marion Read, who alleges that Claire alienated the affections of the plaintiff's husband, Alfred C. Read, Jr., 29-year-old stockbroker. And one hundred and forty movie celebrities have come forward to offer aid to Claire as character witnesses.

"Time after time, my friends have been unjustly accused, and I suppose it's my turn now," says Claire, who is currently displaying her blondevness opposite Al Jolson in "Wunder Bar" on the Los Angeles stage. "But when your life is an open book, a thing so utterly absurd as this hurts. Why, I have seen Mr. Read only five or six times in my life!"

Claire says she is "going to fight this thing to a finish, because it's high time to stop this abuse of people in the public eye." She, herself, has been in the public eye at least a dozen years—and this is the first love lawsuit that has ever been brought against her. Naturally, however, there have been romance rumors connected with her name.

Hollywood remembers the hours that Buddy Rogers, in his moon-call days, used to spend at Claire's little bungalow—and the interviews he used to give out about his adoration of her. That was five years ago, but even as recently as last year, rumor had Buddy calling up Claire across a continent — with a resultant 'phone bill of seventy dollars a week.

Then, a year or two ago, stories drifted back to Hollywood of the devotion of the young millionaire, Philip Plant, who once was the husband of another screen blonde, Constance Bennett. She was aboard the Plant yacht when it collided with another ship, and was rescued. She first told rescuers she was "Mrs. John Smith," but later admitted her identity, denying any wedding plans, however.

Visiting artists and critics used to pick out Claire Windsor as "the most beautiful screen star." She still is radiantly lovely. It is a remarkable tribute to her that in twelve years in the full glare of the spotlight, there is such a small file of sensational newspaper clippings about her.

"It is my experience," says Oscar Cummins, Hollywood lawyer, "that sooner or later every beautiful young actress is exposed to the dangers of such a lawsuit as has been brought against Claire Windsor, no matter how blamelessly she lives."

Claire intends to fight to lessen that danger!

Besides testifying in the present suit—if it ever comes to trial—Claire may have to testify in the suit recently brought against Philip Plant by the captain of the boat which was damaged when Philip's yacht collided with it.

Another screen beauty recently sued for alienation of affections is Marlene Dietrich who also said she would "fight to the finish" the allegations of Riza von Sternberg former wife of director Josef von Sternberg. Mrs. von Sternberg has just dropped her suit, before it could come to trial. Marlene had her husband, Rudolph Sieber, backing her fight. Claire Windsor has a goodly portion of Hollywood backing her fight.
When is good old Paramount going to get around to starring Georgia's most famous daughter? There's a rumor that they're waiting until they capture the only living moviegoer who isn’t Hopkins-conscious. Since she's something revolutionary in heroines, she is a charmer in Red Russia in "The World and the Flesh"
Ann is the biggest little discovery since Dietrich—and a brunette, you'll notice. She is only 19, the daughter of Ann Lehr (once a star, herself), the bride of Leslie Fenton, and the pride of Warner Brothers. "Scarface" was her first film—and she stole it. She has stolen four more since. Here's a tip: Watch her in "Competition"!
There used to be a song with the line, "I picked a lemon in the garden of love"—but Ann isn't singing it. She is picking oranges. Also, she says that she loves Harry Bonnister too much to hear him called "Mr. Ann Harding"—thus their divorce. The title of her next picture—"Just a Woman"—may explain her explanation.
James Dunn and Sally Eilers aren’t near-sighted—they’re just a couple of good lookers who can register romance even in close-ups this close. Gaynor and Farrell are their only rivals—and it keeps the Fox studio busy writing co-starring stories for both twosomes. The next for Jimmy and Sally is now in preparation
Confessions of a Gigolo

George Raft, the most talked-about actor in Hollywood and the sensation of "Dancers in the Dark" and "Scarface," will startle you as Valentino did. And there's a reason. Twelve years ago, he and Rudy were dancing for profit in the same New York café, with women hunting for romance!

By ROBERT DONALDSON

The shade of The Sheik has reached from the grave to bring movie fame to slick, varnish-haired George Raft—not as a Latin lover, but as a gangster. Nor is it the shade of Valentino at the height of his picture fame, but of Valentino, the gigolo. George Raft and Valentino were gigolos together in New York on the days before Rudy was discovered and won fame in "The Four Horsemen."

Nearly thirteen years ago, that was. Valentino's star has risen and tragically fallen since then. George Raft's is just rising. Strangely enough, the two look amazingly alike, although Raft in no way capitalized on this in getting into pictures. The principal difference is that Valentino was somewhat taller.

Suave and sleek, Raft plays the bodyguard of that bloody character, Scarface, in the embattled Hughes picture of the same name. His death scene is one of the finest pieces of celluloid acting Hollywood has ever witnessed.

Oddly enough, people who have known George in New York whisper that at one time he played this rôle of bodyguard to a famous gangster in real life, and was seen about Broadway resorts, keeping always as close to him as his own shadow.

As the dapper and deadly underworld sheik in "Dancers in the Dark," he came close to stealing the picture from Miriam Hopkins and Jack Oakie. People left the theatre asking each other who he was. He has also appeared in "Quick Millions" and "Hush Money," the latter being his first film.

Raft was born in New York City, on 41st Street between Ninth and Tenth Avenues. His mother was Italian, his father German. When in his teens, he became a professional boxer, and fought for two years in the flyweight class, at 112 pounds.

(Continued on page 66)
Has CHAPLIN Stayed Abroad Too Long?

By EDWIN SCHALLERT

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is returning to Hollywood about the first of June, and—"It's about time!" exclaim his friends, who are often his severest critics. "The king of the movies has been playing around with European nobility so long that people are forgetting about him. He has become a playboy, a gadabout. But he'd better show up pretty soon where he works, or he won't be king much longer. He'll be a back number."

Chaplin went abroad for four months and has stayed a full fourteen. He has been feted like a king. No doubt about that. He has been acclaimed and applauded by the populace of London, Paris, Berlin and points between, while Mussolini-like he has bowed to the mob from second-story balconies. He has skied about St. Moritz and has frolicked in the sunny waters of Nice, Monte Carlo, Biarritz and their environs.

Women have figured in his life abroad—and how! And he has not only talked with kings of the royal blood, but has also gone promenading with them. He has dallied with prime ministers, lords and their ladies, and viscounts and viscountesses, and even tête-à-tête with Mahatma Gandhi. He has shot the works in hobnobbing with the idle rich, the bon ton and the nabobs.

A great triumph, all this has been for the moody, baggy-pantsed little laugh-and-tear-maker, who, sixteen to eighteen years ago, was a nobody on his native heath. His greatest triumph, indeed—far overshadowing the one that he enjoyed on his previous trip abroad ten years ago! However, what of it? Has it been worth all the time he has given to it?

There won't be any rose-strewn pathways to greet his return to filmdom. The fattened calf will not be slaughtered to make a holiday for the returning prodigal. The film colony—that is, the vast new film colony brought in by the talkies—will probably just passingly say: "Oh yes, Chaplin's back," and then turn to other and more pressing affairs.

"He'll Have to Talk, or Else"

It seems amazing, but the myth of the Chaplin greatness, so far as Hollywood is concerned, has blown up higher than a kite in the past twelve months. One can scarcely stir up interest in his fame or his fate among the present population. Most of the new inhabitants paid scant attention to the screen in the old days. The fact that the silent films had kings and queens, and that they were really celebrated, means nothing. Motion picture history began, so far as they can see, when the screen began to talk.

There is no long train of reporters, either, mak-
When Chaplin visited Berlin, this is how the enthusiastic populace "mobbed" him. You'll find him in the center, white-haired, with derby in the air. And only a year ago, even Hollywood was almost as excited about him as this! Right, as he looked during one of his few quiet moments in Paris.

When he went away, the word "genius" was ringing in Charlie's ears. Now, only a year later, if he listens carefully, he'll hear Hollywood whispering that he's "a back number." How times do change—and how Charlie, himself, may have to change!

...ing a trek to the comedian's quaint red-brick studio on La Brea Avenue, for news about him. Even when he was away, in former days, there was a perpetual parade of writers to the studio. They banged the doors in the hope of getting a glimpse of the place where Charlie worked, or touching his shoes or seeing his tattered comedy wardrobe, or the cane that he carried so swaggeringly. "Mecca," the Chaplin studio was called in the old days, and everybody sought to go there sometime to cleanse his soul in the place where screen art truly flourished.

"Just a back number"—that's the insistent refrain. "Charlie can't go on making silent pictures. He'll never make a go of a second one. The novelty of 'City Lights' put it over, but a fat chance he'll have to follow that up!"

The irony is that the last laugh may be Charlie's. After all, he is laughing now financially at the crazy, topsy-turvy movie city. The only picture that has made any really big money in many moons is "City Lights," and that's because of its international distribution.

The returns on "City Lights" will be between three and four million dollars. If "Cimarron," the biggest talker of the past year, gathers in two million dollars, it will be a wonder. Chaplin, grossed approximately half that amount on the New York and London runs of his picture alone, and there's no end to what he has made elsewhere.

The comedian will certainly be personally richer by more than a million dollars as a result of his exploit in the silents, exclusive of what may be deducted for income tax, and go for alimony, if that is to be charged off.

The Chaplin fame registers in all foreign countries. He set forth on his tour in February, 1931, sailing on the Mauretania. He was lionized in England, sat at the same table with the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of Sutherland, week-ended with Lord and Lady Astor at their country place in Plymouth, was guest of the Duke of Westminister for boar-hunting in Normandy, had tea with Lloyd George in the House of Com-

(Continued on page 67)
Does a Mother-Complex Threaten Swanson Career?

"Gloria Swanson will never have a baby!"

Wallace Beery told me this during a heart-to-heart talk, years ago. He spoke wistfully, for he had recently divorced the budding star and one of his grounds—along with "desertion"—had been that his wife did not want children.

But now, twelve years later, a mother-complex is threatening Gloria Swanson's career!

"I am going to have another baby!" she cried excitedly to the London press last February. "Isn't it wonderful?"

It was the cry of a woman who cannot imagine a greater thrill than motherhood.

She has developed a veritable passion for children and has expressed a desire for a large family. The question arises: Does this desire mean that Gloria now would rather be a mother than a screen star? Her friends think it does—and would not be surprised if Gloria should soon leave the screen.

Particularly since the baby born to her and Michael Farmer in London on April 5 was a girl—when she had been hoping for a boy, "so I could name it Michael!"

During the intervening years since she and Wallace Beery went their separate ways, Gloria has touched every point in a woman's experience. She has won world fame such as few other women have attained. She has triumphed spectacularly—and late for you to have any children of your own at all!"

Despite four marriages and three divorces before her thirty-second birthday (which, by the way, she celebrated on March 27 in Paris), Gloria firmly believes in marriage, believes it should be the foundation of every woman's life.

(Continued on page 68)

By MAUDE CHEATHAM
Gary Cooper, from Virginia, played "The Virginian." And now Randolph Scott from Virginia, is in Montana to play "Lone Cowboy"—a big break for a newcomer, even a handsome, he-man, smiling one like Randolph. But he looks as if he could carry stardom as easily as a saddle, doesn't he? You'll soon see!
Even when the sound camera is momentarily idle, Paul Lukas isn't. Look around the shadows on the set, and you'll find him over by the wall, munching an apple, and saying his lines for his next scene. When this was snapped, he was playing in "Thunder Below," with Tallulah Bankhead. But now he is a Universal star.
When a player is except those the play the slightest noise clicked his shutter Tallulah, tending to
SIDNEY MAY BE TINY,
BUT HOW SHE LOVES THE BRINY!

Sidney Fox—considering she's only five feet tall and a good-sized wave would bowl her over—can be very, very soulful about the seashore. Especially when she's dressed for it, as she is here. Universal is trying to find a story to fit her just as well—and then make her a star!
Here's looking at you (and vamping you!) for the last time in a long time. Lupe thinks "The Broken Wing" was her last picture for many a moon. She's now the hit of Ziegfeld's musical comedy, "Hot-Cha!", and it's likely to run for months. But you never can tell about Lupe. She might change her mind pronto!
The last you heard of Corinne, she was retiring FROM the screen—and now you see her retiring ON the screen, and just as beautiful as ever. She didn't go abroad last year just for fun. She went for voice lessons, too, and to be with her husband, Walter Morosco. And here she is, in his new production, "Lily Christine"
No man will ever tame Joan Crawford, her Handwriting says

Louise Rice, who is world-famous for her ability to read character from handwriting, tells you how she KNOWS! And she adds some other new discoveries about Joan!

TAKE a look at that zigzag underscore beneath Joan Crawford's signature—it looks just like a streak of lightning. Well, this explains to me some of the reasons for the great popularity that this star has gained. Such an underscore is always the sign of some brilliance and shows a marked degree of power and personal magnetism, which is an important asset they were, for Zola was an ugly-looking man and Napoleon had atrocious manners. But Joan Crawford has the added attraction of being beautiful, as well as brilliant, which makes her irresistible in more ways than one. So watch your step when she looks particularly charming and demure, as that pretty hair of hers covers more than some—

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ANALYZE YOUR OWN HANDWRITING

Louise Rice has perfected a chart known as a Grapho-scope, which enables you to analyze your own handwriting. It will reveal your proper vocation. Also analyzes love and congenial friendships. Get one to-day! Send your name and address to Louise Rice, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and 10 cents to cover clerical expenses.
Arline Judge has the college boys running around in circles—trying to find theatres where she’s playing. From West Point to Stanford and other points west, she’s the hot-cha HIT of the campuses. And here’s her own story of how she got started!

Three Long Cheers for Arline Judge

By Doris Janeaway

Here you have Arline Judge: Five-feet-nothing-at-all, nineteen years old, curves like the bronze statuette on a lamp, skin the color of pale molasses, a saucy haircut, a sensuous, throbbing little voice and the trademark of her lipstick on the tips of her cigarettes. She looks like Peter Pan with sex-appeal. She is, to put it mildly, hot-cha (as Jimmy Durante and the college boys would say). And maybe you think RKO isn’t grooming her for stardom!

Not since Sue Carol has any movie girl come along to play so much havoc in undergraduate circles, as Arline. They write her: "You’re a honey, honey," and, "when I step out to Hollywood, how about stepping out to the Coconut Grove with me?" That Arline, in private life, is very much Mrs. Wesley Ruggles has made little or no difference in the date bids. But then, "College boys never were strong on reading marriage certificates." She has a million bids, a million of 'em.

She’s used to being the college boys’ delight. Long before the movies ever happened to her in "Are These Our Children?", she was causing her own parents plenty of excitement in wondering, "Is This Our Child?" She had her first collegiate date at the advanced age of fifteen. There was a chaperon, of course, supplied by the polite girls’ school she attended. And from then on, her life was a gay round of proms and hops and—once in a while—near-romance.

"I guess I was lucky," says Arline from under the brim of a black hat that almost completely obscures one brown eye, leaving only a single orb to observe me and the RKO lunchroom activities. "I ‘prommed’ and ‘hopped’ it from Annapolis to West Point without ever running into the popular idea of the gin-soaked collegian. Most of the boys I met were just right—not too nice, and not too naughty. I can’t get cynical about 'em."

(Continued on page 64)
"I was a careless wife—
till a beauty expert warned me"

More than 20,000 experts advise one way to a youthful skin; daily use of Palmolive—only world-known soap made of olive and palm oils.

"CARELESS wives! Neglect and indifference spoil their youthful freshness. They take chances with love, with happiness. . . . Unnecessary chances, since the right beauty care is so simple." So one beauty expert voices what many experts believe.

Simple! Yes! Over 20,000 beauty experts outline a daily skin treatment...and every one has specified Palmolive Soap. Palmolive—because of the generous amount of olive oil put into every cake—because this priceless beauty ingredient makes it more than a soap...actually a beauty treatment, in itself! With your hands work a lather of Palmolive and warm water into the skin of face and throat. Rinse...first with warm water, then with cool. Feel the fresh radiance of your skin.

The Rejuvenating Beauty Bath
Shave a cake of Palmolive. Add 4 cups of water. Heat till the soap is completely dissolved. Pour this rich liquid into your tub. Massage the body with lather from another cake of Palmolive. Rinse! Then, you'll want to go places, do things.

Careless wives, take heed! Let expert counsel warn you, now, today: keep your skin young, vital, radiant by observing the simple beauty treatments outlined here.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Retail Price
10¢

"An irritated skin means you are using the wrong kind of soap. You should use Palmolive, which is made of vegetable oils. It keeps skin free of irritation, leaves the complexion repaired and beautiful."

—Vincent of Paris
Distinguished Beauty Specialist
Screen Stars know the Secret of keeping Youthful Charm

TWOENTY-NINE—nearing thirty! Is that an age to dread? The screen stars say no! They keep youthful loveliness through the years.

"I'm 29," says Anita Stewart, "but I don't dread my next birthday a bit! Nowadays it's possible for a woman to grow even more charming as the years go by—if she is willing to take sensible care of her complexion!"

"I'm 29," says Esther Ralston. "No one need fear birthdays. We on the screen, of course, must keep youthful charm and a young-looking skin is absolutely necessary!"

How, you wonder, do these beau-

ESTHER RALSTON, the lovely star who owns Esther's Beauty Salon in Hollywood. "A young-looking skin is absolutely necessary," she says. "That's why I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years."

Photograph by Russell Ball, 1931
tiful stars keep their skin so youthfully lovely?

"Since I discovered Lux Toilet Soap I never worry about my skin," says Anita Stewart.

"For years I've used Lux Toilet Soap," says Esther Ralston. "And my complexion is younger-looking than ever!"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of Hollywood's 694 important actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap. It is so gentle, so beautifully white—as no soap less pure and carefully made could be! Because the stars' preference is so well known, the big film studios have made it their official soap.

Surely your skin should have this safe sure care! Buy several cakes and begin today to guard complexion beauty as the famous stars do!

ANITA STEWART, charming screen favorite, says: "From the day I discovered Lux Toilet Soap I've never worried about my skin. With this nice white soap I keep it smooth and clear—so easily!"

Toilet Soap—10¢
Roland Young
LOVES TWO
WOMEN
And Tells Why

BY HALE HORTON

THIS is the story of the world's most unusual triangle—the story of an actor who actually loves his mother-in-law. A mother-in-law, especially in Hollywood, is usually either a joker or a Tartar. Anyway, she isn't supposed to be anything human. When a marriage hits the rocks, she usually gets the blame. When the young couple are extra happy, she doesn't get any of the credit. She's something to be put up with, not esteemed. But here's the exception you've always wanted to meet. And found right in the wilds of Hollywood, at that!

The mother-in-law is Clare Kummer, charming woman, mother and playwright—while the man is none other than Roland Young, renowned stage and screen actor, whimsical story-teller, sophisticated world-traveler, valued dinner guest, gold-fish fancier and possessor of the world's most fantastic conglomeration of penguins.

He not only loves his mother-in-law, but, to quote the fellow himself, "If it weren't for Clare Kummer, my career very likely would never have amounted to a damn!"

Rather a definite statement, don't you think? But then Roland Young, in spite of his whimsical nature, is a definite sort of a person, an Englishman with definite ideas, a man who can make up his mind in a split second and who knows precisely what he wants, in either business or pleasure. Young admits, however, that he was not so positive a person before meeting the woman who was to be his mother-in-law. In numerous little ways, she helped even to build his character.

In considering Roland Young himself, first remember that you've seen him in a dozen and a half pictures, notably in "The Squaw Man," "New Moon," "Annabelle's Affairs," "The Prodigal," "Pagan Lady," "The Guardsman," "A Woman Commands," "Lovers Courageous," "One Hour With You" and "This Is the Night." And furthermore, you were quietly enthusiastic over the whimsical high comedy so peculiarly his.

This son of Keith Young, famous English hospital architect, was born in London on November 11, 1887, and he has been at peace with the world ever since. Before going to the University of London, he received a preliminary education at Sherbourne in Dorsetshire. "A very old school," says Roland. "Alfred the Great went there, and all that sort of thing. The studies in my particular schoolhouse were Thirteenth Century monks' cells, built below the level of the ground. But, as a matter of fact, this monastery life wasn't half bad, as they served ale every afternoon. Although," he adds, "you couldn't catch a buzz on seventeen mugs of the stuff."

Even though Roland was a delicate child, he lived away from home between the ages of eight and eighteen. "But this had its compensations," he believes. "My being away at boarding school thwarted my older brothers and sisters (Continued on page 59)
"Well, then, why don't you try it, too?"

"I like to be original — but do you know why I started using Colgate's? I'll tell you. I was talking to my dentist about toothpastes being good for this and that . . . He said, 'Jean, do you know what a toothpaste is for? A toothpaste is to clean teeth — just that and nothing more.' And he said no toothpaste can do it better than Colgate's. Since I pay my dentist for advice, I'm going to take it. Besides I like its flavor! And maybe you think the price of a quarter doesn't appeal to me nowadays."
in their great ambition to boss me around.”

In 1910 Keith Young decided that his son, like himself, should become an English hospital architect; and if not that, then a diplomat or a banker. Roland, however, preferred a cold to any career but acting, so he caught one, and, indeed, became so ill he was unable to believe sympathetically; his father quizzed him concerning his career, but this paternal sympathy elicited nothing but heart-rending groans. In fact, when his father mentioned the banking business, Roland uttered a series of groans that went paled perceptibly. It was only after his father had finally said, “Well, my boy, you might as well become an actor,” that Roland gave up a hobby and the idea. He says the speed of his recovery was miraculous.

She Changed His Luck

After a year at the Tree Dramatic School in London (this was after his ‘Varsity days), he was given a part in “Find the Woman.” Then he played stock in the English provinces, returning to London with “Improper Peter.” So successful was he in this endeavor that he was given a chance in “Hindle Wakes,” with which play he went to New York, and soon discovered that he was dogged by a pack of bad luck, muddled only when he met his future mother-in-law, Clare Kummer.

Now a successful movie actor, Roland Young plays a charming Beverly Hills home in which he lives with his mother-in-law, his wife, Marjorie, a Russian wolfhound of the Romanooff line, and a black alley-cat called “Cumsey” — “short for unexpected,” he explains. And an unbelievable collection of penguins. He owns a penguin from every port in the world, penguins of all descriptions. Penguins of ivory, black, gold, silver and bronze. Penguins of china, blown-glass and steel. Penguins with their hats on, and in automobiles. Wood blocks, oils and water-colors of penguins. Families of penguins, bachelor penguins and young maiden penguins, demurely blushing. And this in spite of the fact that Young is known as a gold-fish fancier and insists that his wife’s ambition is to raise penguins. Besides the penguins, his hobbies are writing whimsical poems “not for children,” and drawing caricatures of his friends and himself.

“I hate to think what would have happened to my life if it hadn’t been for Clare Kummer. She moulded me from a haphazard actor into a successful man.” (For it was Clare Kummer who helped Roland exploit his flair for whimsy by playing parts around it.) “He plays,” he insists, “in which I simply couldn’t fail!”

His Wife Was Then Ten

“I was in 1912 that I first made her acquaintance. Just before the closing of ‘Hindle Wakes’. My wife, who was ten years old at the time, brought her mother stagecraft and introduced us and invited me to visit her mother’s apartment. From then on a great friendship existed between Clare and myself, and until he said success on both now is my mother-in-law. I married her daughter Marjorie in 1926 (after a fourteen-year courtship).” Incidentally, during the workday, his wife sometimes makes her way to the vine-covered back porch of Clare’s summer cottage at Narragansett Bay, a grass-hopper caused considerable confusion by jumping down the front of the blouse of one of the maids-of-honor, making it imperative for her to leave at once.

“But to get back to Clare: For some time after the premature death of ‘Hindle Wakes,’ I found myself at a low ebb. I had rehearsed six months, worked ten days and got paid for five—afterwards going with the Washington where I thought that at least $100 a week was not unlikely to be the $200 a week I had made at the $100 a week. As a matter of fact, it was possible to live on it—then—and, what’s more, to drink on it, too. There were plenty of places to get a good cocktail in fifteen cents a glass. Furthermore, I am sure that it was put on at a banquet; and while I went up in my lines pretty badly, as I recall, Clare was very pleasant about it.

Before writing that play, my mother-in-law already had composed two songs—‘Dearie’ and ‘Egypt’—not to mention an enchanting musical comedy called “Noah’s Ark,” which, let us see, that’s not the name. Ah-h-h,” he grunted after a moment of thought, “now I have it! It concerned Noah’s Ark and was called ‘Rainy Day.” The subject of Noah’s Ark, by the way, is just tropical. But it must have been beautifully written for it caused something very charming to happen to me. It was the well-known turning point.

Again She Came to Rescue

On the strength of this play Arthur Hopkins, the producer, called me in for a part and I inquired as to what salary I wanted. I took a deep breath and mentioned a salary which, to my ears, sounded most fantastic. I asked for a hundred dollars a week, whereupon he suggested that I leave the salary to him until after the show opened in New Haven. At which time Arthur again called me in and said that he had decided not to give me more than a hundred a week, but a hundred and fifty instead.

“Soon after this, however, I again seemed on the verge of proving a bust as an actor, and one afternoon in late summer I came to the rescue.” This time it was Clare Kummer who rescued him with a play rather aptly titled “The Rescuing Angel,” as well as a musical comedy called “Good Gracious Annabelle” and such plays as “Rolle’s Wild Oat,” “A Successful Calamity” and “Pomeroy’s Past.” So it was that Roland Young became a definite success.

From the first moment Clare Kummer met him she was the true motivating force of his life. What’s more, he admits it. And he is deeply grateful.

“For everything I am or own in the world to-day, I am directly indebted to Clare,” Young tells you with the utmost sincerity. “When I was nothing but a shirtless and meditative top-knot, he shoed me toward the blue devils, urged me on and encouraged me with words, as well as with the more material assistance of her plays. She gave me the opportunity of achieving a tremendous success and selling a play and screen. Because of her, I am earning the money with which to gratify my rather odd whims, the money to run my home, to buy a country club and a swimming pool in the world that I want. And last, but not least, she gave me my wife, Marjorie, whom I love with my very life—so is it any wonder that I love my mother-in-law?”

Did You Know That... English producers have been calling Roland Young, “Please come home. All will be forgiven if you do a couple of pictures in England” and that Roland cabled back, “Maybe I will?”

Roland Young Loves Two Women
And Tells Why

(Continued from page 36)
We find we're dressing on just about half what we used to spend," women tell us. "That's partly because we're shopping for 'bargains.'

"But it's also because we're actually keeping everything like new so much longer.

"In the old days, a charming sweater blouse or a silk dress spoiled in washing didn't matter so much. But now we can't afford washing failures. They would wipe out what we save on low prices!

"So nowadays we're not taking chances with the ordinary soaps.* We wash everything nice the safe way—with gentle, mild Lux suds."

LUX is the first item on any woman's economy budget! Because these tiny diamonds are made to preserve colors, to keep silks and woolens soft and lovely. Made to float out the perspiration acids that discolor and weaken fabrics. Remove all odor that might offend!

Thanks to Lux all your bargains can be real ones! That enticing sweater, your charming printed silks will last this summer and next winter, too. Even dresses you used to have cleaned, your gloves, your pocketbooks, can be kept fresh and new for ages with safe Lux. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

*Such soap, whether cakes, powders or chips, often contain harmful alkali which fades colors and weakens fibers. Even one washing with such a soap may do damage nothing can repair.

In times like these save nice things with safe LUX
Three Long Cheers for Arline Judge

(Continued from page 52)

When Her Fun Began

COLLEGE life hit Arline when she was "going on sixteen" after a comparatively mild childhood spent in Bridgeport, Connecticut. At the aforementioned institution, Arline's parents entered her in the Ursuline Academy, a finishing school in New York City. And then the fun began.

"It was during the football season and a schoolmate of mine knew some of the boys at West Point who were in town to cheer on their team against Notre Dame. I had a date with a nice little fellow from my hometown to attend the big event, but two days before the game he was stricken with the measles and had to return home. It nearly broke me up. No, I cared so much about him—but I hated to miss the game. My girl-friend kept telling me to stop crying. She said she would fix up a blind date with a West Point cadet who was a friend of her friend.

"I'll never forget the emotions of that first blind date. Any girl who has ever had one (and who hasn't?) knows what I'm talking about. You set out for the meeting one degree short of a nervous breakdown, wondering what you are going to draw in your Surprise Package. You harbor a pathetic hope that when Number Nine turns out to be a cross between your favorite movie actor and Bing Crosby, but you've a lowdown hunch he will be simple-minded and near-sighted.

"When the boys came for us on the day, I had to force myself to keep from walking into the room with my eyes shut (to ward off the blow as long as possible). But, an instant before when it comes to blind dates. There stood my Big Moment, the best-looking boy I have ever seen. His name was, and is, Hugh Warner Stevenson. For two years I was madly in love with him.

And She Says She Was "True!"

WE WROTE each other daily after that first meeting. I lost all interest in school. I would ditch any class any time to hop up to West Point to see my secret sorrow. What letters we wrote! I still have his. Wonder if he has kept any of mine.

"Though I was really true to the Army," he says, "I couldn't help being interested in other collegians. Once, when Hugh and I had a nice quarrel, I accepted an invitation to a party given by Washington and Lee University in Lexington, Virginia. It was Dick Franklin who asked me (my mother's favorite among my beau), but it was Jack Thorington who pressed me out—Hugh in my affections. What a number he was, and what a wonderful time we had together. Incidentally, I've had several letters from him since the release of 'Are These Our Children?' recalling the good times we had together and wishing me well in my marriage and my career."

I ask Arline if Thorington was a football player. They are supposed to wreak so much havoc among the fair co-eds. But she shakes her toesiled head.

"I never went in much for football players. Most of them bend backward with conceit—and then they can't date a girl very much. Training and all that sort of thing. They have to be in bed at 10 o'clock and little Arline was usually just getting going good at that time. I did, however, have one week-end date at West Point with 'Red' Eagle. He was a nice, quiet fellow—and I thought he of the collection of fraternity pins and rings and so forth. He said I was too fickle to have been so popular. If he had been one of the collegians, he swears he would have shot me! I'm glad I didn't marry a collegian—as cute as they are, they are so hot-chile!"

You, too, Arline...

Spend less—and have the best vacation ever!...

HRIFT SAYS—"Save a lot of dollars on your vacation this year." But Common Sense adds—"Have a great time. Relax, enjoy yourself, visit new places, see new things! You can do both, going by Greyhound Bus. Fares are much lower, every day, every schedule. Coaches are parlor-type, with deeply cushioned chairs that recline to any desired angle. Clean-out dependable drivers.

Visit the Olympic Games at Los Angeles, Washington Bicentennial, Northern Lakes, Maine Woods, Niagara Falls, Rocky Mountains, Ozarks, Tennessee and Carolina Mountains...wherever you will!

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Greyhound Travel Bureau, East 9th Street and Superior Ave., Cleveland, O. Please mail me your full-color pictorial booklet "Down the Highway..." also Vacation folder describing trips to:

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Enter each day's
Beauty Contest
with a fresh, clear skin!

Eyes—Eyes—Eyes! Looking at you, judging you. Every day, all your life, you are in a Beauty Contest! Today, get a dozen cakes of Camay. Camay will keep your skin so fresh, so exquisitely soft, that you'll get admiration wherever you go.

Looking Them Over
(Continued from page 22)

WONDER if things are as "lifty" between Johnny Weissmuller (Tarzan, the Ape Man, to you) and his wife, Bobbie Arnst, as Hollywood is making out? The chief source of suspicion lies in the fact that Bobbie swore off professional work and promised Johnny she wouldn't do any more dancing after their marriage. Johnny didn't want her to dance any more.

Now that Bobbie is strutting her stuff in a local night-club, the folks are wondering if Johnny doesn't care now?

The marriage of Joan Bennett to Gene Markay broke all records for speed. The actual ceremony by Judge Lewis Works was over in such a short blink of the eye that many of the guests didn't realize it had begun, until it was over. Even sister Constance, the matron of honor, was so surprised she nearly forgot to dash a kiss to the bride. Connie's ceremony when she married the Marquis took much longer. At Connie's wedding the ceremony took so long that Joan, as one of the attendants, made several false starts to be the first to kiss her sister, only to discover that "it" wasn't over yet.

Several hundred people attended Joan's marriage, at least half of them being press.

Creamy-white, fine of texture—Camay is truly the Soap of Beautiful Women. No amount of money could buy a gentler, more luxurious beauty soap.

To take care of that precious skin of yours, take care what soap you use! Depend only on gentle, safe Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women—the one soap praised by 73 leading skin doctors. Its pure creamy-whiteness is natural. It has no coloring matter—no "chalkiness" to dry out your skin. Get a dozen cakes today. One brief minute with Camay's luxurious lather and warm water—a quick cold rinse—and your face is so clean, so satin-soft! With each day your skin will be lovelier—and you'll win each day's Beauty Contest!
Cry all you like—this new mascara is WATERPROOF

Even the teariest talkie can’t spell your eye make-up if you use Liquid Wax. It is the one mascara that’s really waterproof—that won’t smudge or run—ever.

And how it flatters eyes! It makes your lashes look dark—long—full. It keeps them soft. Men are captivated by such lashes.

Liquid Wax is easy to apply. Beauty authorities recommend it. . . 75c at all drug and department stores. . . Or send 10c for the Vanity Size. It’s enough for at least a month.

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I enclose 10c for Liquid Wax Vanity Size.

Black . . . . . . . Brown

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My Clear White Skin Captured Him!

MEN who instantly shy away from girls with dull, dark skin are irresistibly drawn to smooth, white beauty. A hint for you! For this new discovery, Golden Peacock Bleach Cream, whiten the most rugged, muddy complexion one shade a night—or your money back! Quickly banishes freckles, blackheads, pimples, blotches—safely. Golden Peacock acts so fast—you use so little—it’s more economical than all other bleaches that work. Try a jar today. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

Confessions of a Gigolo (Continued from page 41)

pounds. Later he took up professional dancing and as he was a good-looking young chap, with a touch of Latin romance about him, he soon heard of an opening in the gigolo business.

Where He Met Valentino

"HEY didn’t call us gigolos in those days," explains Rait. "The word was later brought in from France. We were known as ‘dance entertainers.’"

"I was a gigolo at various places in New York, but principally Murray’s, Churchill’s, and Rector’s. It was a very popular thing for unescorted women to drop in at some fashionable place for a dance or two, or for a drink. There was good music, and the house furnished the dancers."

"I first met Valentino at Rector’s—only he was known as Gigolino then. Affairs were conducted quite properly. The hostess was Peggy Howard. She had charge of us. Each of us wore a white button on the right lapel to show that we were house dancers, and weren’t out a week or a month among the women—which wasn’t permitted.

"The café was divided off into stands, such as waiters have. Each gigolo was supposed to look after the girls brought in a certain number of tables—that is, unless there were girls that you knew, and had danced with before, in which case it was all right to go to other girls as long as you had your assignment."

"We were paid two dollars an afternoon by the management, so, of course, we depended on our principal income on tips. The average gigolo brought in between seventy-five and one hundred dollars a week, unless he was lucky and had some middle-aged wealthy dame fall for him, in which case he could make much higher tips while the crush lasted.

"Valentino took care of the tables next to mine. He was reserved, probably because he then had a promised engagement. To tell you the truth, we weren’t as popular as some of the other boys in the place. The vogue for Latin types hadn’t started yet, and most of the women were going for the light-haired boys. We often used to wish we didn’t have such a ‘foreign’ look!"

He and Rudy Learned About Women

"YOU learn a lot about women, being a gigolo. Of course, it was principally a business with us. We were always on the lookout for older women, as they generally had more money and tipped us more liberally for our services, and also, if they liked us, would invite us out on parties for the evening as their dance partners, and, of course, that meant a good-sized piece of change.

"We ducked the younger women when we could, as they didn’t mean much in a financial way. About all they ever did was to be fall in love and that interferes with a gigolo’s business. Some of these girls were debutantes, some were fast-stepping show girls, some were high-art street girls—it was pretty hard to tell them apart.

"They were the type who wouldn’t get in until dawn, and then would get up about noon. Having breakfast and then until after dark, they would come to Rector’s or one of the other places, eat breakfast about two, and dance or sip their drinks the rest of the afternoon. It was the right time to go home and dress for the evening.

"Such girls usually just had pocket money, about enough to pay their bill at Rector’s and give a small tip, and, of course, had other engagements for the evening. The older women were usually the ones who were glad to have a good-looking escort for some gay party. It was very flattering to them, and most of them, too, were good shoppers.

"The principal worry of a gigolo is preventing women from falling in love with him. You’d be surprised, the number of girls and women of good standing who will get a great crush, really seriously do up some pretty smart dance partner whom they’ve only met a few times, and about whom they know absolutely nothing. You have to put a stop to it quickly, but diplomatically, or it gets to be an awful nuisance.

Both Had to Dodge Marriages

"VALENTINO, or any of us, could have been married a dozen times to anybody from debutantes in the Social Register to middle-aged heiresses who were lonely. The women liked best were those who sought us out strictly because we liked to dance. One of my favorite clients was a woman who weighed all of two hundred and twenty-five pounds. She used to come in almost every week. I ducked them quite a few times, and she always gave me ten dollars. Both of us knew it was worth it."

"After some months Rait gave up the gigolo business after a season, and went to dance with Joe Frisco. He developed a famous ‘broken-leg’ eccentric dance, and appeared for years in night-clubs, and in the movies. Then he went abroad and danced his eccentric dance in the capitals of Europe. Eventually he located at the Florida Club, one of London’s exclusive spots, for the time being.

"The club was a hangout for the Prince of Wales, who likes to dance, and it was here that Rait taught the Prince how to do the Charleston.

"The Prince is a pretty good scout,” he says, “and likes to play around. He also likes to know all of the latest dances, even if they don’t dance them in London."

"This was in 1927, and the Charleston was going strong. One afternoon the Prince was there with a party, and asked me to show him the steps. He was very intrigued, and came into the club twice a week thereafter to take lessons, and seemed to get a great kick out of it. It seemed funny to see royalty cutting up in the steps of the Charleston!"

"Of course, I wouldn’t take anything for my services—it isn’t done in England—so Rait presented me with five hundred dollars, which I used to finance my free-lance picture work."

Was to Be Rudy’s “Brother”

"I was Valentino, the gigolo, graduated to be the world’s greatest lover, who suggested Hollywood to Rait."

"I was frequently mistaken for Rudy in night-clubs. I saw a bit of him during his last visit to New York. He went to night-clubs every night, and was often seen at Tex Guinan’s 500 Club, and the Play- ground, where I worked. One ‘Celebrity Night’ at the Playround, Valentino was most with. He made me a proposition:

"‘Come to Hollywood, George,’ he said, ‘and I’ll start you in the movies. I can use you in my next picture, playing the role of my brother,’ he said. ‘I’m sure with that start you’ll go over.’"

"It has been said that I was to be Valentino’s stand-in and double, but this is not true. I did go to Hollywood, but not with him. However, he was taken to the hospital and died a few days later, so I gave the Hollywood idea no further thought.”

Rait is a typical product of New York, a
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In case after case Yeast Foam Tablets are bringing joyous relief to men and women suffering from indigestion, constipation, painful skin eruptions, nervousness, loss of energy and vitality. Don’t be a victim of any of these distressing conditions. Sixty Yeast Foam Tablets—enough for ten days—cost only 50c. Get a bottle at your druggist’s today. Know the pleasure of taking this new-type yeast. Start now to build health and energy!

FEELS LIKE A BOY AGAIN: “When I wrote you for a sample of Yeast Foam Tablets I was so badly run down with constipation that I could not sleep well or do a full day’s work and suffered with headache most of the time. Now after taking six bottles of Yeast Foam Tablets I am free from both the disorders mentioned above and I feel like a healthy boy of eighteen.”

BRIDGMAN, MICH.

BUILDS UP WEIGHT: “Since taking your Yeast Foam Tablets my weight is much up now as healthy youth—by

(Continued on page 69)

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Does a Mother-Complex Threaten Swanson Career?

(Continued from page 4)

Perhaps her yearning for affection has led her into romances that never developed into real companionships, somehow. Then, too, Gloria, ever surrounded by a flame of excitement and leading a vivid screen life, may have found it difficult to adjust herself to the routine of marriage.

"The only reason why I should ever think of marrying again," she once told a friend, "would be to have some children."

Now, with the handsome young Briton, Michael Fariner, her fourth husband, she feels she has found her true mate. Gloria's gorgeous sense of humor is matched by his Irish wit; their agile minds complement each other; they look upon life in much the same way, and, best of all, he, too, wishes a family, adores the ready-made one she has married, and is jubilant over the new baby.

The Kind of Mother She Is

ALREADY, Gloria Swanson has proved herself the perfect mother. She has fought to keep the children from the public and she has never permitted a picture of them to be taken. No wish of her own has ever stood in her way. She has drilled this into her daughter's mind that, when group pictures are being taken at the beach or at a children's party, little Gloria turns her head so as to be out of the camera's focus, or hides her face in her hands.

This is, I believe, the first story to tell of the inside life of the Swanson household, which is but little known to all her publicized, photographed work and play.

Gloria II, now eleven, whose father is Herbert Sonborn, Gloria Swanson's second husband, and nine-year-old Joseph, the adopted son, are two of the best-reared children in Beverly Hills. Perhaps because she missed so much in her own childhood, Gloria is making special efforts to give them every advantage. In her home on Crescent Drive, set amid spacious gardens, they are surrounded by every influence that builds character and a strong foundation.

They are unspoiled, democratic, well- poised and have charming manners—children to be proud of. When, before going to Europe, she told them about the new baby who would be coming, both were wild with joy and little Gloria said, "Wouldn't it be fun to have twins!"

Neither Gloria II nor Joseph has any desire to go into pictures. This is well, for Gloria would never give her consent. They may select any other career except that of acting. On this she is very positive.

Boy Is NOT Her Child

The little girl plays the piano beautifully, and is studying harmony and also the harp, showing an unusual aptitude in music that may blossom into definite talent. Both children love to read, especially, Joseph, who is buried in a book most of the time, sea and adventure stories being his favorites. Otherwise, he displays no particular talent yet, unless it is for boats. On his last birthday, he received a whole fleet of small sea craft and knowledge of the mechanism and history of each by heart.

Naturally, Gloria Swanson has been the talk of the town, everywhere. While she is never indifferent to unfounded comments, she shrinks from criticism, but has learned to hide the hurt and keep her head up.

She tells this story about herself. One day in New York, soon after she adopted Joseph, a group of friends were chatting in her dressing room when she said, "Let a woman be talked about once and she's always talked about. I guess the only thing I haven been accused of is being Joseph's mother." At this point, Lois Wilson laughed, saying, "Why, Gloria, don't you know that a great many people think he is your own baby?"

While she was playing and decided she wished he were, Joseph is not Gloria Swanson's child. This is a definite assertion. She made four pictures the year he was born, and was at the studio practically every day. Though very busy at the time making pictures, she began her search for a suitable child. Finally, word came that a three-months-old boy, fulfilling her strict requirements, had been found and it was arranged for her to see the baby.

In relating the experience, to a friend later, Gloria said, "It was just like me not to pick out a curvy-headed cherub, but to find Joseph—such a solemn, skinny little thing who believed he felt like me. It would be fun to bring him into splendid health, to see him develop into a fine, handsome, wonderful son! And it has been!"

Both Children Treated Alike

Gloria has never shown the least evidence of having adopted a child and her will, it is said, divides her property equally between the two. Now that there is a third child, her estate will be divided three ways.

When first little Gloria was about two, Gloria Swanson secured Miss Simonson as governess for her daughter. She is a capable, charming, motherly woman and the children love her devotedly and have no desire to change over them, is their constant companion, and her word is their law. "Sime," as they affectionately call her, is the dominant influence in the house.

Gloria is the lovely, perfumed goddess whom the children worship. She brings to them her sweetest side, is always cheerful, and is their devoted playmate. When she is worried or unhappy she keeps away from them. Gloria often includes them in gay larks, such as the time last summer, following dinner at Joseph's friends' home, she suddenly decided to stage an impromptu fashion show. Gloria II joined the others in dolling up in her mother's choicest finery and parading before the amused judge, Gene Markey. After the awarding of a flock of silly prizes, the party went to the kitchen to make judge and raid the refrigerator. Imagine the bright page this will add to Gloria's memories! After all, children do not treasure the sacrifices and noble deeds of their parents as they do some bit of fun, some happy frolic that places them all on the same level.

Gloria and Joseph have attended the Beverly Hills public school on Rexford Drive, thought at present they are at school in Switzerland, Miss Simonson and Ray, the trusted chauffeur, see that they arrive and return safely. The children also regularly attend the Sunday School on the same day.

There is a private theatre in the Swanson home and Gloria often secures pictures she wishes the children to see. She makes this practice also during their evenings, when friends to dinner to before viewing the film.

"The Millionaire" and "Skinny" have been among the chosen few. Seldom does she permit them to see her own pictures—(Continued on page 7)
Has Chaplin Stayed Abroad Too Long?

(Continued from p. 67)

eighteen-year-olds' Rita Grey, you remember, was little more than a schoolgirl when he married her.

Likened Him to Christ

At the Chaplin studio, a dozen or more times containing clippings attest the enormity of his conquests socially, artistically and, incidentally, perhaps amorously in Europe. But the most striking thing that they reveal is the fact that he was interviewed by Emil Ludwig, the author and biographer of "Napoleon," "Bismarck," etc., who compared Charlie with Christ. In order of world-importance and genius for swaying men's imaginations, Ludwig listed Christ, Chaplin and Gandhi.

Rapturously, Ludwig exclaimed, "What is the fame of Gandhi, compared with him who has shaken the world as only the figure of Christ has done before him? There is no one yet who has sustained such worldwide fame, and yet remained so simple and unaffected." I don't think there has ever been a greater tribute paid to Chaplin.

What star of the films has ever gained so much for his enterprise? The spotlight was continuously focused on Chaplin abroad, even though he laughed at his own periodicities in private. He's never missed a chance to "sell" his picture to his international audience. That Charlie went to Europe, and that he remained away so long, for any other reason than "selling" the picture is gravely doubted in Hollywood, though it is willingly granted that he is a great "play-time Charlie." Beside him, even Barreman was a rank amateur as a ballyhooer.

Don't fool yourself that this little comedian doesn't know the value of publicity. From the old, old days he has always managed to get plenty of it.

The expedients he used in the beginning were very simple—such as performing comedy stunts on the old "million-dollar rug" (now long forgotten) at the Alexandria Hotel, his "dallying"—that's the word he himself once used to describe it—with beauteous damsels of the movies. He has always aimed to be a romantic figure.

Now he goes after the "big stuff." It's kings, queens and aces with Charlie. And meanwhile, how the profits roll up!

Charlie found out in Europe that he could even get along without a press-agent. So Carlyle Robinson, who has worked in that capacity for him for many years, came home.

But now the headliner has his biggest battle right ahead of him. He'll have to convince the movie folk themselves that he's still a kingpin. He'll probably have to make some hard-headed theatre men believe that he can still go on making silent pictures. And he'll have to keep in the spotlight here as he is abroad.

The "scope" in Hollywood is that Charlie will start in, as soon as he returns, to make a feature for release next January. Sounds funny, that positiveness—for anyone who knows Charlie's glacial slowness in producing films—but it is more or less official. There still seems to be money in those Chaplin productions, even if the exhibitors demand that the next be some sort of talkie.

Charlie will have his own way about all this, though, as he always does. And it's more than likely, to be the shrewd way. He can still outsmart the world, for they may joke about his genius, his moods, his headlining— but they can't deny Charlie is a good business man to date.

His European trip hasn't been more money-making. Monkeys in shoes went into its plenty, but it has also been a smart and profitable adventure.

---

GUilty—And Didn't Know It...

by ALBERT DORSE

LATER SHE FOUND OUT WHY

IMAGINE HER COMPLAINING ABOUT SOMEBODY ELSE'S "B.O."

POOR GIRL—SHE DOESN'T REALIZE HOW OFTEN SHE OFFENDS

IT'S A SHAME, SHE'S SUCH A LOVELY GIRL EXCEPT FOR THAT ONE FAULT

"B.O. (BODY ODOR) ENDED—HAPPILY ENGAGED"

OH, TOM, AREN'T THE GIRLS AT THE OFFICE DARLINGS TO SEND ME ALL THESE BEAUTIFUL GIFTS?

YOU'RE CERTAINLY THE POPULAR LITTLE LADY WITH EVERYBODY, INCLUDING ME!

WHY DID SHE GIVE ME SUCH A FUNNY LOOK? I CAN'T UNDERSTAND GIRLS—OR MEN EITHER. SO STAND OFFISH AND UNFRIENDLY

WHY Didn'T USE LIFEbuoy LONG AGO? IT AGREES WITH MY SKIN—AND HOW CLEAN I FEEL

Many thousands offend—unknowingly!

We don't know when we're guilty of "B.O." (body odor) because we quickly get used to an ever-present odor. Yet others notice instantly. Play safe—bath regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, searching lather deters perspiration, stops "B.O." Gets germs off hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy protects.

Complexions grow lovelier

Lifebuoy's bland, deep-cleaning lather faxes pores of clogged impurities, brings healthy radiance to dull skins. Adopt Lifebuoy.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.
No man will ever tame Joan Crawford, her Handwriting says
(Continued from page 54)

thing on which to put her new Paris hat. Although her personality shows both charm and brilliance, there is a sound underlying element in her character that also gives her practical ability. Take another look at her signature and notice her full, round letter "j"—and the way in which her first and last name are tied together—and the open "d" in her last name, which swings backward with a graceful flourish until it almost joins her unusual underscore.

Can Hide Her Emotions

THOSE show self-confidence and assure us that she is not afraid to tackle hard work when its necessary to do so; They also tell me that she has physical vitality and enthusiasm, and no trouble in finding a great deal of enjoyment in her work—even though she may not show this enjoyment on the surface. Joan would make a good public speaker, but I can well imagine her thoughts to herself and not have an eyelash if she chooses, no matter what she may be feeling underneath. You can see this in her small ‘o’s and ‘a’s, which are almost all tightly closed, unregular, and straight. She is true despite her capital ‘D’ in “Dear,” which is a trifle open, and despite the forward angle of her handwriting, which shows that she is kind and sincere and can show her emotions easily.

All these characteristics of her handwriting of which I have spoken, taken in conjunction with the fairly wide and even spaces between her words, show me that she has the ability of cool and deliberate thought—probably unsuspected by the average male with whom she comes in contact. Men will be apt to judge her chat entirely and will not expect her to have much braininess. But in reality her mind is accurate and logical, and she knows how to enhance her real power and brilliance by displaying it cautiously, rather than in a too spectacular manner, which would scare off people, or make them envious of her.

She, herself, may not be conscious of her reason for this cautiousness, as it is more or less an instinctive reserve, caused by a certain self-analysis, which makes her want to think firstly and act secondly. Notice that her "t" crossings are about in the middle of the letter and not "way up at the top, which is where you would be apt to find them in a handwriting so full of motion and rhythm. Look at your own handwriting or that of your friends and see if this is not true in most cases. You movie addicts who have seen her in various pictures in which she portrays "flaming youth" may wonder at what I am telling you, but I assure you this is true and not a press-agent’s story.

What Proves She’s Moody

WITH all this caution and self-analysis, you will find that she can be temperamental at times, even to tantrums, and is not always easy to handle. At such times she is apt to forget her caution and probably says things which she deeply regrets afterwards, or else bottles up those bitter feelings until she is about ready to bite a nail in two. Notice that there are six different kinds of "t" crossings, and she has six specimens of her handwriting, and a slight downward pull to the word "handwriting," and a long, graceful dash after the word "Rice." Yet the majority of her handwriting runs slightly upward. When you find these combinations, you will always find some moodiness, although it is not a very dominant quality in Joan’s nature.

The truth of the matter is that she is changeable by temperament, but logical mentally—and, this makes her somewhat dictatorial and firm. She can stand. Some perfectly innocent little thing will strike her in the wrong way, and then come the fireworks. But her mood is apt to go as quickly as it comes.

For Joan has that sense of humor and can laugh at many things that might make other women cry and tear their hair. Thus she is able to be amused by her mistakes, and the greater the offense by which she has forgotten the hurt to her pride, and forgive it, too, when it concerns herself alone. But if you hurt anyone for whom she really cares, watch out—she may forget her forgiving ways and will fight. And that brings us to her love nature and the intimate personal side of her character which, after all, is just as important as anything more, to someone interesting to one of us, I dare say. This young woman may marry once or a dozen times during her life—which should be long, and accident-ridden, the natural physical—but no man will ever possess more of her than she chooses to give. Yet there is plenty of affection and emotion shown in her handwriting, so she can give royally when she cares to do so. Notice the first high stroke of her capital "M" in "Miss," and you will see a spirit of defiance which shows independence and dislike of control from those possessors, who are first in her affections. On this account, it is easier for her to play at love than to give herself freely and fully, and people may think she is indifferent when she is really quite the contrary.

Be careful not to try to take anything away from her which she feels is hers—unless she offers it to you first. And that applies not only to her possessions, but to those whom she loves, as well. She can fight for her rights when necessary and will dislike people who take too freely of her time or her possessions without asking.

Her Ideal of a Husband

SHE is fond of good times and spending money, although I would not call her "flashy." She will not want anything that is elaborate or flashy, as her tastes are simple and her judgment good. I doubt that she has much patience when it comes to trying on dozens of gowns, or to standing very long to be fatigued, in spite of her love of attractive clothes.

Her ideal of a husband is a man who is nice-looking, but he must not be a "pretty" man, or without spirit. He need not be dominated to some extent, even though she may fight against it and be very independent. What woman doesn’t? The man who can hold her love the longest will be firm, but not too dictatorial and "bossy," and will understand her reserve, as well as her loving nature.

For in turn we have Joan Crawford, as shown by her handwriting. (And handwriting tells the truth about us all, no matter how we may try to hide or disguise ourselves to the world in general.) Love would always be what she seeks, and she has so much charm and talent and the strength to fight for what she wants to gain. She should be careful not to be too tensely personal in her reactions and to use her talents along the serious, as well as the lighter, lines of pictures. For she has only begun to develop her real stage personality and ability, in spite of the success that she has already found.
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Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub and enjoy the soothing sensation of a rich, cream-like bath.

After a luxurious Linit Beauty Bath you instantly "feel" the results—your skin is unusually soft and delightful to the touch.

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THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

is sold by Grocery Stores...

Drug and Department Stores
He'd Rather Die Than Eat Meat
(Continued from page 26)

He would wish that men did not kill to eat, nor kill to adorn their women-folk with the pelts of once-living things. He deplores the inhumane methods of the slaughter houses. He asks if you—or you—or you have ever seen animals being driven to their deaths. He wants to know whether you have ever seen, with your own eyes, the hideous, gory edge of impending slaughter that glares from their throats. He says, simply, sternly, "Of course, they know!

Even more emphatically does Mr. Arliss feel about the so-called scientific need for vivisection—surgical experimentation on living creatures for the advancement of human knowledge and mutilation of countless animals has been going on, he reminded me, for two or three thousand years. Where has it led? What, as a scientist, has he, Arliss, found? Has it proved? What is the sum total of all this bloody pain and conscious, fearful death? Time and again, he told me, valuably and with tears in his eyes, "What has it ever done good?"

The Health "Risk" He Took
He more than implied that he really could not be responsible for Mr. Arliss, if Mr. Arliss did not go back to his prime ribs. It meant, to put it bluntly, Death or Meat. And it took Mr. Arliss, with visions of those prairie slaughter houses before his mind's eye, less than an hour to decide—on Death. That was twenty years ago. Need I go on? In the words of the title of his latest picture, his decision seems to have been "A Successful Calamity."

Mr. Arliss is not a fanatic. He does not label himself a Vegetarian. He eats eggs and he also eats fish on occasions. He saves his conscience on this last count by the belief that fish do not have as much feeling as the animal world. Nor would Mrs. Arliss partake of any fish! He admits, tolerant, moderately, that there are circumstances which are drastic enough to call for the killing of certain animals. If a horse, with its vast insurmountable power, invade and consume a farmer's corn-tins, something certainly has to be done about it. Or if a marauding, starved tiger or two invade themselves into a little prairie village and devour several infants, those tigers should be put to death, of course.

Mr. Arliss does not mount a soap-box and become militant. He appeals only to the humanities. It is unnecessary death to animals that he deprecates. He quotes William Beebe, the noted naturalist, expressing his belief that it is better to let a man know of something that he believes a man could go to sleep in any forest, in any part of the world, and be unmolested. Provided that he did not, himself, molest.

Can't Man Kill Humanely?
Mr. ARLIS asks, merely—humanity. He does ask that. He asks, very specially, mercy in the method of killing. He

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Delatone Cream makes it easier to remove superfluous hair—takes only 2 to 3 minutes. Used on arms, underarms and legs, it leaves skin hair-free, soft and smooth. Delatone is the quality depilatory. Pleasant to use. Economical because you spread it thinner. Avoid substitutes—ask for and insist on having.

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Clever Girl!
One does not have to look farther than her lovely hair to understand her popularity with men. In marvelous fuster adds sparkle and vivacity to her eyes and accentuates her other good features. Her secret—Perhaps you've already guessed it. If not, just use Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way. 25c at your dealers', or send coupon below for free sample.

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J. W. Kobi Co., Dept. F, Rainier Ave., Dept. F
Seattle, Wash. **Please send a free sample.
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72
George Raft doesn't want many more gangster roles. He'd like a chance at a romantic role—and believes there's a reason why he could play it.

Confessions of a Gigolo

(Continued from page 66)

Broadwayite who knows his way around, sophisticated, wise, smooth, soft-spoken without being particularly well-educated, but never bored with life. His face is mask-like, but his eyes are amazingly expressive.

"In the gigolo game you meet everyone from society people and royalty to gangsters and racketeers," he says. "I danced at many private parties for millionaires, including a party that Schuyler Parsons, one of the bluebloods, gave for the Prince of Sweden. Yes, I've met gangsters, too, many of the big shots. They like to hang around the cafes."

Doesn't Try to Act

HE CAME to Hollywood by accident. Texas Guinan asked him about a year ago to go to Chicago with her show. He went, but after a couple of days left it, and decided to go to California on a trip.

"It was just a vacation, and the day before I was to leave for New York I was eating in the Brown Derby, looking over the movie people. Rowland Brown sat over and asked to meet me. He said I was the type he wanted for his picture, 'Quick Millions.' I told him I hadn't appeared in pictures, but would take the part, and if after a couple of days he didn't like me, I wouldn't expect any pay. But everything went all right, and I've been in pictures ever since."

"I had never done any dramatic work before—only dancing. I don't try to act, and I think I do my best work when they leave me alone, so I can be natural."

He lives quietly in an inconspicuous apartment with another New Yorker named "Tony," a typical Doc, Doc and Doc boy. If you call George on the telephone, you get Tony. Whether he is bodyguard, secretary or merely a friend, one doesn't quite know.

It is to be recalled that the Great God Gable got his start to fame in a gangster role. Raft hopes to do the same.

"But I don't want to become identified as a gangster type. What would I like to play? Well, perhaps I shouldn't say it, but I think I can play lover roles."

"You see, I have plenty of experience. I used to be a gigolo."
If Motoring Makes Your Eyes Burn... do this for quick relief!

When you return from motorizing or other outdoor exposure with heavy, burning, bloodshot eyes, here’s the way to get quick relief. Simply apply a few drops of harmless Murine, and the irritation and redness will disappear in a jiffy.

Remember, too, that Murine is the favorite eye clearer and brightener of famous stage and screen stars. Used daily, it keeps eyes always clear, bright and alluring. 150 applications cost only 60¢ at drug and department stores. Contains no belladonna!

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Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and easily, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman’s Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white. The complexion fresh, clear and transparent. Price only 5¢. To pay more is extravagance. The first jar proves its magic worth. At all drugstores.

Who are the New Gables of the Screen? (Continued from page 10)

Got His Start Like Gable

AFTER several very modest roles, George Brent is being introduced to the public in support of three big women stars, Barbara Stanwyck, with whom he appears in Ruth Chatterton’s “The Rich Are Always With Us” and with Constance Bennett in a picture not yet announced. Gable, you remember, burst upon popular support of Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo

Beyond this point their biographies diverge. George Brent was born in Dublin, Ireland, the son of a Dublin newspaperman and the descendant of a long line of British men who served with the British army. His ancestry is evidenced in his build; he is tall, with the straight back and build of the cavalryman.

He attended public school and the National University in Dublin, playing football and taking part in the school dramatics. His first chance came when he visited the famous Abbey Theatre in Dublin. After a bit of vaga-bonding, he came to America at the age of twenty and entered upon a stage career in stock companies. Here, he played more than three hundred parts and has owned six companies of his own. And just after he had finally landed on Broadway, his eyes (strained by his study of so many roles) went back on him; after a delicate operation, he was told to get out in the open air for a few months. Like Gable, he had had movie ambitions for a long time. He headed for California—and here he is, all set for you to hail or argue over in comparison to Gable.

Heyburn Even Has Cleft Chin

THE Fox company has a little Gable in their fold in the person (and appearance) of Weldon Heyburn, who fits all the virility requirements in his parts. He is tall, dark and even slightly dimpled! Believe it or not, but Heyburn (who recently broke into the newspaper by marrying Greta Nissen) is so much like Gable he was once cast for an anti-his bread and butter no-nonsense character, and that Charlie Farrell took him to a Hollywood party and introduced him as “Clay Gable.” And, what’s more, the folks felt for Charlie was odd to this the fact that a well-known woman writer, crossing the Fox lot, saw Mr. Heyburn and immediately demanded to know if Mr. Gable had been borrowed from M-G-M for a Fox picture. This should give you a fair slant of how well Fox has succeeded in uncovering a dimpled menace.

Like Gable and Brent, Heyburn also came from what is rapidly developing into a gold mine for Gables—the American stock companies. His greatest success was in a road tour in the play of Carl Djerassi, in which he played the role of Sergeant Qunit, made famous on the screen by Edmund Lowe. Heyburn is twenty-six, American, educated at the Universities of Pennsylvania and Washington University, a champion diver and a “romantic heavy.” (The Gable touch again.) You have seen him in “The Silent Witness,” “While Pugs Slept,” “The Gay Caballero,” “Disorderly Conduct” and “Careless Lady.” His parts are getting bigger and better all the time.

Bruce Cabot and Chaney’s Son

RKO is doing itself proud by having two screen candidates roughly described as somewhat the same type as Gable—Bruce Cabot and Creighton Chaney, son of the late Lon Chaney, are the lucky gentlemen.

Considering Bruce Cabot first, we find that, like Gable, Brent and Heyburn—yes, he also comes from stock engagements to the screen. His last stage engagement was with the Goodman Theatre in Chicago—at which time his name was Jacques de Bujac. Though he was born in Carlsbad, New Mexico, thus automatically becoming an American citizen, he is of French descent. He was educated in the schools of Carlsbad, New York and Paris. What’s more, he is the son of a wealthy New Mexican family, and what’s even more, he is listed in the Blue Book of Baltimore. De Bujac became interested in the stage during his school years, and in later years took part in stage and film appearances with the Goodman Stock company. He came out to Hollywood and taking pictures just on a chance, not a contract, signed with RKO, and was promptly signed. Such luck can be traced only to one thing—Bruce Cabot (no longer Jacques de Bujac) must be decided a Gable type. He gets his screen start in "The Roadhouse Murder.”

On the other hand, RKO’s new pride and joy, Creighton Chaney, manages to be a distinctive run-up on the other Gables in this first picture. He is dark like Gable, and in the movies previous to his new contract. He is a strapping, handsome boy, whose only resemblance to Gable is in a mutual he-mannishness. Creighton looks more as his father, Lon Chaney, looked ten years ago.

At the beginning, when Creighton decided to follow in his father’s footsteps, studios were after him with contracts, providing he would permit himself to be billed as “Lon Chaney, Jr.” This the independent young man refused to do. He not only reminded them that “there was only one Lon Chaney,” but pointed out that he wanted to succeed on his own individual merits or not at all. RKO was the first studio to think this his way, and signed him to a contract. He will be known as Creighton Chaney; the “Lon Chaney, Jr.” idea is definitely out. You’ll get your first glimpse of him in the Dolores Del Rio picture, “Bird of Paradise.”

The studio announces that young Chaney is not promised featured or starring roles, but will be getting fair parts, to demonstrate his own way as an actor. In spite of this, however, there are rumors that two associate producers are quietly mapping ambitious parts for the young man in coming productions, parts somewhat along the Gable lines.

Universal’s Big Discovery

FROM over the hills at Universal, they are calling your attention to Luis Trenker, appearing with Talia Birell in “The Doomed Battalion.” Mr. Trenker is an Austrian, a celebrated figure both as an actor and a producer in European film circles, and he happened to come to Hollywood as follows:

“Uncle” Carl Laemmle was touring Europe with a weather eye turned toward European film productions, when his attention was directed to a production called “Mountains In Flame,” dealing with warfare in the Alps. Mr. Laemmle saw this film, literally had his breath swept away by the daring and novel technique employed in its scenes, and bought the American rights to the film. The guiding spirit behind this thrilling production—its author, producer and star—was Luis Trenker. Trenker was Laemmle by his performance that he asked him to come to America for the English version of the picture (now called “The Thunder Warrior”). A dark heavy-set man of unusually forceful appearance, gladly accepted, and is co-starred with Talia Birell.

His background is extremely interesting. Though college-bred, he preferred the life
The SYRUP that created
a MILLION-GALLON
Appetite. Of all the tempting drinks and delightful dishes served at Rexall Fountains, those flavored with chocolate are by far the favorites. It's easy to understand why.

Fully $50,000 was spent in perfecting the formula for the chocolate syrup used by these Fountains. Many world markets were searched for cocoa beans of proper color, flavor, richness and cocoa-butter content. Then blend after blend was tried, tasted and discarded—until the most delicious one was found!

This chocolate syrup—perfected at great expense after countless formulas had been rejected—now has created a million-gallon appetite. Every year, more than 100,000,000 delicious chocolate drinks flavored with this pure syrup are served exclusively at Rexall Fountains in Rexall Drug Stores.

Only at a Rexall Fountain can you enjoy the $50,000 chocolate flavor. Liggett and Owl Fountains are Rexall Fountains, too.
DO FOLKS CALL YOU "Big Fat Ox" BEHIND YOUR BACK?

Kruschen

Don't cover your eyes from the truth. You know how people ridicule fat folks so don't be the butt of these cruel jokes any longer!

Take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast.

Not only will surplus fat gradually vanish and give way to a smart slender figure but your whole physical being will benefit. Kruschen is not only SAFE but it's a splendid HEALTH-BUILDER—riched in 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland and body organ to function properly and throw off poisons and waste accumulations.

Mrs. E. Marriott of Baltimore, Md., reduced from 200 to 145 lbs, after taking 6 bottles of Kruschen. She reports a marked improvement in health.

An 85c bottle (lasts 4 weeks) is sold by leading drugstores the world over.

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An 85c bottle (lasts 4 weeks) is sold by leading drugstores the world over.
Ten minutes went by and still no Garbo. Suddenly a prop boy dashed up to him breathlessly. "Oh, are you here, Mr. Barrymore?" he gasped. "Miss Garbo has been standing over by the entrance, waiting for you. I'll tell her you're here."

And before the surprised John could get his breath, the great Garbo was standing beside him. "Mr. John Barrymore," she said throatily, catching his hand impulsively in hers, "this is such a great honor that I should ever work with you that I waited... to be the first to greet you on this day. Please believe that this is the greatest honor of my career."

But also, they both spent their time begging the other to "take" a little more of the camera.

A BIG, burly cop told the judge he would "like to take that young lady over his knee and give her a good spanking," The girl in question was none other than Noel! and apparently hot in a blonde way for Warner Brothers productions.

Well, it turns out that Noel can also get very hot when tagged for speeding by a traffic officer. The up-gentleman told the court that Noel "sassed" him something "awful" and that nothing short of a spanking could settle their account.

The court refused and Noel exited—gigling.

June Collyer and Mary Brian have become the best of friends, and recently when they were both in New York, they saw a great deal of one another.

There was a time when June and Mary weren't so clubby. That was back in the old days when Buddy Rogers was America's Beau and I couldn't seem to make up my mind whom he was beau-ing. June or Mary. The girls seemed to have some little difficulty recognizing each other when they passed on the Paramount lot.

But what with June very much settled down as Mrs. Stuart Erwin, and Mary romantically interested in Ken Murray (with whom she has been appearing in "The Valiant"), there is no reason why the girls shouldn't be—friends—and they are. Wonder if it's true that they attended an afternoon performance of Buddy's show "Hot-Cha!" together while they were in New York?

W hat a flock of marriages lately! On top of the Ann Dvorak-Leicester Fenton elopement comes Betty Bronson's marriage. She is now legally Mrs. Walter Lahr, which is an awful lot of name for such a little girl as Betty.

"Peter Pan" Bronson met Lahr, while visiting her father three years ago at Oxford. Lahr, at that time a student at Heidelberg University, met her in London and they became secretly engaged.

The youngsters were married in Santa Barbara, California, and after a short honeymoon spent at Asheville, N. C., the home of the groom, they will return to Hollywood, where Betty will resume her screen work.

Most of the gossip is pretty well sold on the idea that Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn were secretly married before the ceremony, which took place recently in Tia Juana. Some of Hollywood's most high-powered newspaper reporters have been scouting around to the outlying Greta Greens hoping to catch the marriage file.

The most popular story is that the pair were married aboard Heyburn's boat during the time his father first was in Hollywood on "a little visit." Heyburn's full name, by the way, is Weldon Heyburn Franks.

(Continued on page 62)
FAT Does Go In This Easy Way

The Trials of a Hollywood Ex-Wife
(Continued from page 257)

Millions of people, the world over, have learned in late years the right way to keep slender. To gain new beauty, youth and vigor. You see that everywhere. Excess fat and sluggish vim are nowhere so common as they were. 

The great reason for this: Modern medical science has discovered a great cause of excess fat. It lies in a scanty gland secretion. Food which should create fuel and energy goes to create fat.

Now doctors, the world over, supply that lacking factor. And note how conditions have changed.

This right method is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. A medical laboratory, famous the world over, prepares them for this purpose. They supply this right method at small cost, in right form.

Marmola has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. It stands today, as always, the chief help in reduction. Now there are the multitudes of people to testify what Marmola has done for them.

If your figure is abnormal, if your vim has decreased, go get Marmola. All druggists supply it at $1 a box. A book in each box. Serves in each bowl. Gives the fantastic and explained the amazing results. Do what others have done—get the results they won. Don’t wait longer—don’t stay overfat.

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The Right Way to Reduce $1 at all Drug Stores

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Not a school—no courses or books to sell. You may be just as capable of writing acceptable stories as thousands of successful writers. Original plots and ideas are what are wanted. Also accepted in any form for revision, criticism, copyright and submission to studios. We are in the business of the people, not mere personal contact with studio and know market requirements. It is in your favor to write something not a recognized agent. Estab. 1917. Send for FREE BOOK giving full details.

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A new lesson from the new book of Marmola—The New Fat Buster. A new plan to help every fat man and woman. A fat Buster, that will help you lose weight. A fat Buster that is safe. A fat Buster that is sure.

No diets, medicines, exercise, starvation or any other form of starvation, no hunger. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. La Renee Reduction Creams are the greatest help to those sap-stout people when other means failed. A cream like white preparation, a secret product of eastern nature, rich in vitamins, taking the excess fat from double chin, muffin top,一个个 fat deposits or any other part of body, harmoniously and absolutely without inconvenience.

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Two Large Jars NOW
$1.00

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Price and postage for 12 jars, 25c. Add 15c to ship 12 jars.

Josephine Dillon, herself, is a graduate of Stanford University, and reflects culture and good breeding. But she was a woman alone and poor and therefore (thought the sensation-gatherers) easily dealt with. The studio biography of Clark Gable made dull reading; the man himself, though pleasant and charming, was "bad copy." So the sob sisters, the headline-hunters, the correspondents for the sensation syndicates set out to get the "lowdown" about Clark Gable.

They got exactly nothing.

Tried to Play on Her Emotions

THE story of Josephine Dillon's persecution by yellow journalism is almost incredible. In a civilized community, with policemen pacing the Boulevard not a hundred feet away, a girl, married to a browbeaten, terrified and insulted. In her inexperience, she trustingly admitted these wolves in writers' clothing into her plain, clean home, and the children were born. She gently answers to their questions, her mild little reminiscences of hours of hard work with Clark Gable, and her generous praise of him, when they were looking for, not what they wanted.

They tried devises and diabolically clever ways to get their stories. Some of them—of the innominable genre—were utilized with her discretion, although process known as "taking down their back hair." Others tried to trap her into statements that would lend sensational color to their articles. One season a newspaper writer, who had exhausted every trick in his repertoire to get her to reveal some of the secrets of her married life, decided to arouse her anger against Clark. He wrote an unpleasant, unvarnished letter addressed as a recognized agent.

"Look at yourself!" he shouted. "A poor, miserable woman, living in this wretched shack, while he has a fine apartment over there. Remember what you promised. You're a fool, Mrs. Gable, at your shoes!" He pointed a scornful finger.

"How do you feel when he rides by in a limousine? Why, I'll bet you haven't the power to get a square meal in the house this minute!" he ended.

But for all her quiet voice and ladylike ways, Josephine Dillon is a clever woman. "Oh, I'm not so poor. I can't afford to see a Clark Gable picture!" she answered, smiling.

Mostly, however, they tried bullying. They threatened her. They told her they would find ways to take away her pupils, unless she gave them "hot" stories. When she said with dignity that she had no complaisance, they told her she had only kind things to say of him, to raise his persistence and determination to succeed, and admiration for his work on the screen, one sneer in her face.

How She Was Threatened

LISTEN, you can't tamper with a reporter. "You poor girl, you can't make a fool of me! You know you weren't his first wife, don't you? Why don't you admit it? Who was his first wife? Where is she now? Tell me, do you hear me?"

"I know only one thing," she answered.

"I was Clark Gable's wife."

Her face was actually red with anger.

"If you don't talk, you are going to be sorry! Has he a son? The public wants to hear everything about Gable. Give me something worth reading!"

She stood her ground. "All I can tell you," she said, "is that I have never had a son."

As he left, he asked her to tell his mother. "You'll be sorry for holding out on me. I'll find it out. Read my article and see how I am going to treat you. Maybe next time you'll talk." And he snorted.

When several weeks later, she did read the article she had written, she discovered that he had made damaging insinuations about her teaching ability—so damaging that she lost several pupils on account of it.

A friend who had been a lifelong friend and had known her during her six years of marriage called her up one day and asked permission to write an article about her marriage. He would call her by her name. She refused. He was not worth the article, she told her. "They said it was too dangerous. Dangerous!" said Josephine, shocked. "Don't you know what you mean? What did you write? You told me it was to be about my teaching methods."

"Yes, of course I did," admitted her friend. "But they wanted inside gossip about your marriage, and I needed the money—"

HAD TO ASK STUDIO'S HELP

WITHOUT friends to trust, without protection, or money to hire lawyers, she at last turned for help to the studio where Clark Gable's film was released.

"There was a writer for a newspaper syndicate who came to me," she relates. "He didn't ask for a story. He had a story already—had obtained from New York. 'Tell me your story.' It was true. The story wasn't true. Finally, he looked at me "Miss Dillon," he asked, 'your father was a lawyer, wasn't he?' I said, 'Yes.' He looked at me again and said, 'I'm the representative of the studio. Because you are the most artful dodger I've ever met. But how do you think you can get away with it?"

After he had left, I couldn't sleep. The next day, I went to the studio and told them they must protect me. I told them that I had never said anything unkind about Clark, and that I had not done so. But I couldn't stand this persecution any longer. Since then they have dealt with the people who came to interview me. But even this plan did not spare her. In the March 12 issue of a national weekly appeared a purported "close-up" of Clark Gable by a writer of some reputation. In it were used references to Josephine Dillon. Her ability as a stage teacher was subtly, cutely indicated. "You probably remember her your elocution teacher in high school," the author sneered. "Fun was poking at her methods, and credit for Clark's training was flatly denied in these words: "If anyone made Clark Gable a good actor, it wasn't Josephine Dillon."

Josephine's Costly Mistake

THOUSANDS read this, but none knew there had been a mistake. It was the first close-up of Clark Gable in a national weekly. It preceded it. One evening the writer of that "close-up" called Josephine Dillon on the telephone and asked for her story of Clark Gable.
"You will have to see the studio," she told the writer. "I'm not giving away any stories on Clark."

The author argued and urged her, ending finally with a veiled threat: "I am a well-known writer," she said. "I think you are making me take notes to talk to me."

Later, reading the writer's story, Josephine Dillon saw the consequences of her "mistake"—consequences that struck at her very means of livelihood, her teaching. After "Frankenstein" had set the public to talking about the new mystery man of the screen, Boris Karloff, Josephine Dillon Gable had a caller one day—a young and pretty woman whose card bore the name, "Pauline Karloff." She told her that she was a dancer, an artist, and the ex-wife of the new screen star.

"Reporters are after me to tell them sensational stories about Boris," she said. "I knew that you must have been bothered the same way—so I came to ask you what I should do to stop them."

No nation could have more dramatic story than that of movie-star Gable or movie-star Karloff is ever asked to make can be more dramatic than that meeting of these ex-wives in Josephine Dillon's plain little living room. There they sat, two women who had known and still knew the pinch of poverty, discussing earnestly how to protect the men they had married—and lost.

Wouldn't Talk About Boris

Pauline Karloff's story of persecution by the prying yellow press is very similar to Josephine Dillon's. Ever since "Frankenstein" was released, she has been besieged by sensation-nuncios, on the trail of a startling story of her life as Mrs. Karloff (or, to be entirely correct, as Mrs. William Henry Pratt). She, too, had an intimate friend come to her and beg her for a story. When she refused to give her one, the friend became defiant.

"After all, I've got enough already to make a good article," she said. "You know the things you've told me. And you know how hard up I am!"

"I'm hard up, too," said Pauline, "but not hard up enough for that. If you dare to print one word I've ever told you, I'll sue you for libel!"

Ever since her divorce from Karloff three years ago, his ex-wife has supported herself precariously by painting charming and fantastic women in the modern manner and renting her pictures to studios for modernistic settings in films. There have been times—she laughs a little mirthlessly—when she literally did not know where her next meal was coming from. But when one of the largest Sunday newspapers in the country recently offered her five hundred dollars, and then increased the offer to one thousand, for a personally signed story about Boris Karloff, she refused.

"As an artist, I wish success to a fellow artist," she says. "But why must they drag me into this? I have been out of his life for three years. When we meet on the Boulevard, we don't speak!"

Boris Karloff had lived in Hollywood twenty years before his ghastly, unforgettable characterizations of Frankenstein aroused any public curiosity about him. And yet so completely are the struggling unknowns submerged and lost in Hollywood's spinning life that there are few who know what manner of man he was in those years of struggle. His ex-wife was, perhaps, the only one who really knew. So she was threatened, persecuted by sensation-hunters—who are trying to make her tell.

Suddenly success on the screen may mean career and pleasant for the tables of the new stars, but it often means a life; away from their generous ex-wives who refuse to tell. Josephine Dillon Gable and Pauline Karloff will tell anybody THIS!
Our Hollywood Neighbors

(Continued from page 12)

HO-HUM, you should be glad you’re not a movie star. Just look at all the trouble Joan Crawford had during the making of “Letty Lynton.” One of her evening dresses was so tight across the cr-ah, equator, that she couldn’t sit down at all. Some social contact, and she signed, called “the reclining board.” Joan just leaned against it, and it could be lowered halfway to the floor. It didn’t look comfortable and it wasn’t.

DURING the same picture Joan’s dressing room bungalow figured in a most amazing dress-pearing and floors of one of the Xi-U-As. Some girls can be lowered to the basement, and, one day, the lowering process was used rather unexpectedly. Down went the floor. Joan’s bungalow, her personal maid and all.

Probably Joan would still be looking for the bungalow, a gift from Doug Jr., but it happened that the maid had good lungs. Lewis graduated in both young and mature and winning success. Good grade school education, plus Lewis Personal Counseling Plan, qualified you. FREE BOOK, gives full details about this fascinating profession, and explains how you can register WITH the LEWIS National Employment Bureau. Mail coupon NOW!

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The Players and the Christmas Dinner

This story sounds as if it Henry made it up but he claims it was true. A struggling young couple of players came to stay at The ALGONquin. They were “posting” at the time and paying their room rent was a major test in economies. Dallying with the Algonquin’s prices was out of the question. They were compelled to import their daily quota of calories from neighboring delicatessen. By this kind of dietetics they were able to pay their rent, preserve their little figures and keep their heads up. On Christmas Eve the plucky couple journeyed forth for the usual quick meal, tea bread and pickles. When they had gulped unconsciousness the least they desired was a pot of coffee. After the harvest was over they went for the check. The knock came. The waiter entered.

“The check,” please,” said the husband wryly.

“Check?” echoed the waiter. “There is no check. Don’t you know that Mr. Case plays host to everyone in the hotel on Christmas Eve? You ought to see the dinner—none of the guests are eating tonight.”

The Algonquin is situated at
58 West, 40th St., between 5th Ave. and Times Square.

Love Charm Perfume

Perfume brings peculiar and subtle psychological reactions on the human emotion. The enchantresses of old—Cleopatra, Delilah—produced this magic power. Stars of screenland are inspired by realistic odours. Certainly a man’s idea of a woman’s charm may be easily changed with the proper perfume. That Love Charm is such weak you to prove yourself. Send 10c for sample vial, Love Charm Co., Dept. 199, 60 E. 89th St., St. Louis, Mo.
"I used to have PIMPLES and ugly skin blotsches, but I got rid of them by using KREMOLA the SAFE BLEACH CREAM"

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Yes, in just thirty short days you can increase the size of your breasts and mould them to the firm, youthful shapeliness that is so smart and alluring. Thousands of women praise this simple, harmless home treatment for the amazing results obtained in just a few minutes a day.

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No Matter What You Have Tried no matter how small or flabby your breasts may be, you are just as you yourself with this new Nancy Lee method. Take advantage of this, special offer now and get a large container of Miracle Creme with complete instructions and FREE Book.

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Mail coupon for this exciting new discovery. SAVE $2.00 on every bottle of Miracle Creme. Instructions and FREE Book included. Limit - 1 container per person. Offer expires December 31, 1962.

READ this story
My name was not so thin, but I wanted to be round and lovely and marry just the right man. Two friends of mine, Mrs. R. F. Smith and Mrs. I. A. Wood, both certainly filled that bill. Then came the miracle of Nancy Lee's new product. Nancy Lee, as you probably know, is the new, sensational formula for developing the most beautiful, shapely female form. Nancy Lee is made under strictly sanitary conditions, and is a result of years of research and experimentation. Nancy Lee is sold only through the mails, and is guaranteed to give the most satisfactory results. Nancy Lee is a natural product, and is not intended for use by women over the age of 60. Nancy Lee is sold only through the mails, and is guaranteed to give the most satisfactory results. Nancy Lee is a natural product, and is not intended for use by women over the age of 60. Nancy Lee is sold only through the mails, and is guaranteed to give the most satisfactory results. Nancy Lee is a natural product, and is not intended for use by women over the age of 60.
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After 30 every woman's hair gets a bit "streaky." That's the time to easily get rid of those first-tell tale threads of gray, no one the wiser. Women with modern ideas are not hesitating to keep ALL their hair even shade by using the most modern type of preparation-clean, odorless, not greasy—that leaves a soft, youthful shade and of so NATURAL a texture a hairdresser cannot detect it. Any shade. Harmless as your lipstick. $1.35. For sale everywhere.

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Get a generous trial bottle of Black Velvet perfume to day! Send only 20c in silver or stamps. Write in now!

Finding Them Over (Continued from page 77)

THE première of "The Wet Parade" began like all other "first nights" at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. There were the pre-screening stills of star cars, theन्ति of costumes in beautiful clothes, and the usual enthusiastic crowd. But after the intermission the festivities took on the form of a public debating society. The pro and con arguments about this picture swept the audience into a frenzy of praise or stark criticism that exploded orally at the almost simultaneous entrance of Sid Grauman who erected a small bar in the courtyard where cheese and near beer were being dished out to the throngs made dry by argument.

Gay Wray looked like a modern Juliet with a small sequin cap of blue making an effective contrast to her long auburn hair—acting but Joel von Sternberg was not far away.

McPherson was with Russell Gleason. Billy Bakerwell escorted Polly Ann Young, pretty sister of Loretta.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

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A New Perfume
A rare, exquisite blend of precious flower scents. Black Velvet! Chosen by discriminating women everywhere for its subtile, classic odor. You'll love it, baby! Send this new and exciting perfume price per ounce: $1.75; a superb value. Send for Trial Bottle
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McPherson was with Russell Gleason. Billy Bakerwell escorted Polly Ann Young, pretty sister of Loretta.

CONNIE BENNETT has been having fun going to the dentist's. That's almost a new improvement in dental care.

But it just happens that when Connie is at the dentist's, she is never bothered by either of the two assistants. Connie sits in the waiting room and regards a reception room, snatching a few moments of rest by looking through the magazines and enjoying an uninterrupted moment or two. Conniesays she will always be sorry when her tooth is well.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., gave Joan Crawford a beautiful diamond pin for a birthday present. It is a very gorgeous affair and Joan is crazy about it—but it is a lot of worry. She's always putting it down somewhere and forgetting to pick it up again.

The other day she left it on top of her make-up kit while she stepped before the cameras to do a scene. When she came back, it wasn't there. Joan was nearly frantic. All work was knocked off while the company searched.

Finally it was discovered that the pin had been returned to the "prop" department. One of the boys on the set had been instructed to return all the "jade" jewelry on the set to the wardrobe department. He had mistaken Joan's real pin for one he had been using in the picture.

Yes, they found it—and now Joan is very, very careful.

THE big social event of the month was not the biggest party, or even the most the illustrious gathering. The biggest event of the month seems to have been the scheme of McPherson's. He brought the whole of McPherson's to the stage in the wardrobe department. He had missed Joan's real pin for one he had been using in the picture.

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There's more Chicle in it
that's what makes it better

It's the amount and quality of chicle used that makes such a big difference in chewing gum—Beech-Nut Gum contains a larger proportion of the world's finest chicle than any other gum on the market. This EXTRA CHICLE gives Beech-Nut its long-lasting smoothness—makes it easier, less tiring to chew—keeps it fresh and smooth-flavored much longer. It's this EXTRA CHICLE that makes Beech-Nut so truly refreshing and enjoyable.

Beech-Nut GUM

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE
TASTE BETTER

A complete selection
to satisfy every taste

The tart natural sweetness of ORANGE, LEMON and LIME... the crisp tingling freshness of PEPPERMINT, WINTER- GREEN and SPEARMINT... the full, rich, true flavor of CHOCOLATE... all made into candy in the world's most popular flavor. The convenient 5¢ package gives you plenty of candy to satisfy your natural craving for sweets. There is no greater candy enjoyment—and remember BEECH-NUT is ALL candy. Ask for your favorite flavor—Beech-Nut is sold everywhere.

Beech-Nut
FRUIT DROPS · MINTS
CHOCOLATE flavored DROPS

The new Chocolate Drops are protected by the Double Wax Wrap that preserves the freshness of all Beech-Nut Candy Drops under every weather condition.
Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack can be depended upon to deliver fresh Camels every time.

She smokes FRESH cigarettes

... not parched or toasted

When you buy Camels you get fresh cigarettes. That's why women particularly prefer them.

Cool, refreshing smoke that is mild all the way down, with no trace of parch or bite to sting the tongue or rasp the throat.

That's because Camels are made right and kept right.

Made of choice Turkish and sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos that are properly conditioned; that contain just the right amount of natural moisture. Kept in factory-prime condition until they reach the smoker by the air-sealed, Camel Humidor Pack.

The select tobaccos that go to make up your Camels are never parched or toasted.

The Reynolds method of scientifically applying heat guarantees against that.

If you've never experienced the delight of a cigarette that has never been parched or toasted switch to Camels, then leave them — if you can.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

"Are you Listean'?"
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company's Coast-to-Coast Radio Programs
Camel Quarter Hour
Columbia Broadcasting System
Prince Albert Quarter Hour
National Broadcasting Company Red Network
See radio page of local newspaper for time
Headline Career of GARBO

GABLE DENIES DIVORCE RUMORS!
STYLED for
SMARTEST BEACHES
designed for WILDEST WAVES

Beach beauties! You'll see thousands this summer! For girls everywhere are eagerly selecting Swim-Kaps—the smart new mermaid millinery that flatters the prettiest face and makes the most striking beach costume even more bewitching.

But Swim-Kaps offer you more than distinctive style and enchanting color harmony. Swim-Kaps actually do marvelous duty in the water, too. That's because they are designed to fit your head snugly and to prevent even the smallest wave from working mischief with your hair.

When you plan your vacation, first see the selection of Swim-Kaps at your nearest Rexall Drug Store. You are certain to like the smart Krinkle-Krepe Palm Beach model. And the Lido. And the Deauville. You'll want several Swim-Kaps when you see all the other styles from fashionable Miami and the Riviera. You can have them too, for Swim-Kaps cost surprisingly little. Never more than $1.00; as low as 10 cents!

Swim-Kaps are styled for those who demand the utmost in beauty and utility, and sold only at Rexall Drug Stores. Liggett and Owl Stores are Rexall Stores, too.
Can't blame her for decking out that neat little foot in a good-looking shoe! But people always have considered and always will consider a face more important than a foot!

If she doesn't do something to get those soft gums firm and healthy, there may come a day, and soon, when she'll be afraid to smile!

Think this over: gums need stimulation—they need work. But the foods of this day and age allow them to sit idle. Gradually they lose their firmness. The walls weaken. There's a trace of "pink" on your tooth brush.

And "pink tooth brush" tends to make the teeth "foggy"—ugly. It often leads to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. (Sometimes even to the dread but far less frequent pyorrhea!) And it can threaten the soundness of your teeth.

Don't let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. (Ipana is first of all a splendid modern tooth paste, and cleans the teeth thoroughly and brightens them.)

Each time you clean your teeth, put a little extra Ipana on your brush and rub it into your gums. Don't rinse it off. For there's zinc in Ipana, and this splendid toning agent aids the massage in bringing the gums back to healthy firmness.

Use Ipana with massage regularly—and you won't be bothered with "pink tooth brush." You'll be through with it. And your smile will still be attractive years from now!

IPANA

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury
PARAMOUNT SPECIALS

HAROLD LLOYD Prod.  "MOVIE CRAZY"

MARLENE DIETRICH in "BLONDE VENUS" with Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant. Directed by Josef Von Sternberg.

"A FAREWELL TO ARMS" with HELEN HAYES and FREDRIC MARCH By Ernest Hemingway

GEORGE M. COHAN in "THE PHANTOM PRESIDENT"

"THE BIG BROADCAST" with Bing Crosby, Stuart Erwin, Lyda Roberti, Burns & Allen, Mills Brothers, Street Singer, Donald Novis, Cab Calloway and other stars.

"SINGLE NIGHT" (tentative title) with Nancy Carroll, George Raft, Wynne Gibson By Louis Bromfield

"IF I HAD A MILLION" All Star Cast

"THE SONG of the EAGLE" by George M. Cohan

And 50 More Surprise Hits with the Greatest Stars of the Screen!

Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow
"IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE, IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN!"
GARBO— Her Story
From Beginning To End

In this issue, you will read one of the most fascinating Garbo stories of all—the story of how she crashed into the headlines ever since that day in July, 1925, when she first arrived in Hollywood, awkward and unknown. She has done few sensational things—yet she has attracted more headlines than any other star.

You will read not only what Garbo’s life has been like, what pictures she has made, and what romances and battles she has had, but also of the legends that have been built around her—by HEADLINES.

Hollywood suspects that Garbo has never really intended to return to Sweden to stay—and this story reveals how many times, before this, it has been rumored she would end her career.

FEATURE ARTICLES

Let’s Straighten Out Belle Davies’ Love-Life
Gable Denies Divorce Rumors
Headline Career of Garbo, 1925-1935
Losing a Hundred Pounds of Husband
New Divorce Styles for Hollywood
Pretty Actress Disappears—Margaret Perry
Mae Clarke’s Breakdown—Will Not End Her Career
Will John Gilbert’s Fourth Wife Be Virginia Bruce?
Marlene Dietrich’s Husband Rushes to Her Rescue
Ann Harding Told the Truth When She Sought Her Divorce
Will He Follow in Valentina’s Footsteps?—Gary Grant
Why Genevieve Tobin Has Never Married

MOVIE CLASSIC TABLOID NEWS SECTION

Marlene Dietrich Gets Kidnap Threats—Child Under Constant Guard
Bank Closing Delays Garbo’s Trip Home, Hits Other Stars
Dad’s Auto Accident Brings Sally Eilers Back to Hoot Gibson
Gary Cooper Names Monkey “Tallulah,” But Co-Star Objects
Helen Hayes Sued for $100,000 by Her Husband’s Former Wife
Has Lina Basquette Won Jack Dempsey Away from His Ex-Wife?
Wheeler and Woolsey Have Verbal Battle, and Come to Parting of the Ways

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COVER DRAWING OF SALLY EILERS BY MARLAND STONE
JOHN BARRYMORE at last has his wish—a boy. But this
ime, before the baby arrived, John was superstitious. When
Dolores Ethel Mae was born, he stated that he was hoping for
an heir. This time, however, when reporters asked him if
he wanted a boy, he replied, "Oh, I don't mind if it's a girl. We're
going to have lots of boys!"

SPEAKING about happy events, you'll find a story back on
page 22 about Margaret Livingston and Paul Whiteman and
how he has reduced under her tutelage. And in this story, Mar-
garet coyly scoffs at the suggestion that she and Paul are re-
hearing Mother Goose rhymes. Wonder if Margaret's super-
stitious, too? For a friend of hers tells us that Santa Claus may
leave an heir at the home of the Whiteman's this year. . . .

AND speaking about the Barrymores, John is about to play
with Lionel again. More than that—he's also going to play,
in the same picture, with their sister, Ethel (sometimes
called "The Divided Duchess of Bread and Butter"). There's a lot of
Barrymore for one picture. The film is going to be "Rasputin,
based on the life of Russia's "mad monk," who, it is said, was
murdered because he was trying to rule the Russians through the
Czars, whose religious counselor he was. Sounds like a role
made to order for Lionel.

IF I hear aright, the detectives guarding Marlene Dietrich and
her little girl carry sub-machine guns. Some of the natives
see irony in the appearance of such weapons on the streets of
Hollywood, which has made the world conscious of such weapons,
through a hundred gangster pictures.

JOAN BENNEDTT is thinking of changing her name to Jonah
Bennett. Not more than a few months had passed since her
recovery from a serious hip injury, when she turned her ankle,
going down some steps—and the doctor ordered crutches again.
Once more her career is temporarily halted.

ANOTHER Joan—Joan Blondell—has been having difficul-
ties of a different sort. Blondie, as perhaps you didn't
know, is naturally a brunette, with chestnut brown tresses.
Tired of the blondeness she had acquired, Joan decided to
change back. But something went wrong. The dye turned her
hair that deep purple you see on the shady sides of hills at sun-
down. Joan had it trimmed almost to her scalp, and ordered a
wig. But you'll see her with her own hair again very shortly.

CLOSING her play in Chicago and being served with papers
in an altercation-of-affections suit by her husband's former
wife, Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur sailed for a vacation
in Europe. On their return, Helen will rush to Hollywood to be
the heroine in "A Farewell to Arms," opposite Gary Cooper,
who looked up the locale of the story on his recent trip abroad.
And then she is likely to make "The Barretts of Wimpole Street,
the play about Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, which
Katharine Cornell did on the stage. Katharine wouldn't do it
for the movies. Now that Helen Hayes and Ethel Barrymore and
Lynn Fontanne have all succumbed to the call of Hollywood,
Katharine looks a bit silly in her refusal to face the cameras.

AN independent producer had what he thought was a brilliant
idea. He had noted several girls about town who looked
enough like Garbo to be her doubles. It was his idea to make a
picture, kidding the one Garbo, and hinting that life was just a
bowl of Garbos, or something of the sort. But the Hays office
to which movie scripts have to be submitted) sat on the idea.
Mark up one for the Hays office, before I forget it!

A COUPLE of interesting screen stories that are coming along
are two criminal themes. One is "20,000 Years in Sing
Sing," (a great title), based on the recent autobiography of
Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing. George Brent, who's
still likely to give Clark Gable an awful run, will play the
principal rôle. And the second story is the one that is bringing Paul
Muni back to Hollywood. (Why can't they keep that lad there,
anyway?) It is "I Am a Fugitive from a Georgia Chain Gang."
They're going to have a job, getting that one in electric lights.
I'm only hoping they don't shorten it to "Chain Gangster."

ALL the producers are getting big-hearted—loaring their big
stars to other studios. (They used to guard their stars
jealously.) Joan Crawford has gone from M-G-M to United
Artists for "Rain," and Billie Dove has been loaned vice versa
to play with Marion Davies in "Good Time Girl." Clark Gable
is at Paramount to co-star with Miriam Hopkins in "No Bed of
Her Own," and in exchange Paramount is loaning Fredric
March to M-G-M to play opposite Norma Shearer in "Smilin'
Through." Paramount is borrowing Barbara Stanwyck from
Columbia for "Riddle Me This," with Edmund Lowe and Victor
McLaglen. M-G-M is borrowing Helen Twelvetrees from RKO
for "Without Shame," before she temporarily "retires" to
await a visit from the long-legged bird.

THIS last story, "Without Shame," shows how the studios are
watching the newspapers for their scenario plots these
days. It is based on an actual case which happened in Philadel-
phia a few months ago. The brother of a young society girl
killed her fiancé—and the girl took the stand against her brother.
About the only sensational case of recent months that hasn't
broken into the movies is the Lindbergh case. And it is rumored
that one company has complete newswrap files of that case, just
in case the Powers That Be ever decide the whole story can be
told on the screen. The Powers have so far suppressed it. Mark
up another one for the Hays office, Oscar!

IF the Democrats get into the White House next March, the
movie star you'll see there most often is Will Rogers. Now
which way are you going to vote?

IT may please you to hear that Lilian Harvey, the Garboesque,
light-hearted, singing heroine of the German-made picture,
"Congress Dances," has been signed by Fox, and will arrive on
this side in the autumn to play in the novel Noel Coward
musical, "Bitter Sweet." This girl has an unusual history. Born
in England and raised in England, she has made herself famous
exclusively in German pictures. When she arrives, she may give
Jeanette MacDonald some competition. Jeanette hasn't had
any since Grace Moore went back to New York.

DID you see the D. W. Griffith sermon about Prohibition,
"The Struggle"? If so, did you happen to notice the hero-
ine? Her name was Zita Johann, and she is one of Broadway's
most dynamic personalities. She is now making her second pic-
ture, "Tiger Stark," with Edward G. Robinson and Richard
Arlen. If it gives her a chance, she'll be dramatic and well worth
watching. She's as unusual along tragedy lines, as Lydia Roberti
is along comedy lines. And is likely to go just as far.

WHEN Darryl Zanuck, production manager of Warner
Brothers, went abroad to show George Arliss some scripts
and have him pick his next story, Hollywood thought it a bit
unusual. Stars usually go to producers, not vice versa. But
Señor Zanuck had something up his sleeve. He looked up Emil
Jannings, after seeing George Arliss and George's restful country
place. And, sure enough, there's a rumor again that Jannings
will soon be back in Hollywood. But I'll have to see him before
I believe it.

Larry Keil
PARTNERS IN LOVE AND ROMANCE
The screen's most popular sweethearts in a tender story of youth during THE FIRST YEAR of married life...Janet and Charlie have never been more captivating than in this, their happiest and sweetest romance.

The FIRST YEAR

Adapted from Frank Craven's stage success
produced by...
Directed by William K. Howard

A FOX PICTURE
**SHE LOOKS YOUNG till She Takes Off Her Hat**

The hair the new hats are showing must be free from gray. Streaked, fading hair is unbecoming. Spells a well groomed appearance. Keep ALL your hair one even shade but avoid that artificial look by using the most modern type of preparation, clean, odorless, not greasy, that leaves a soft, youthful shade, of so NATURAL a texture a hairdresser cannot detect it. Any shade. Harmless as your lip-stick. $1.55. For sale everywhere.

**FARR’S FOR GRAY HAIR**

- **FREE SAMPLE**
- **BOOKLINE CHEMICAL CO.**
- **79 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.**
- **Send FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapper.**
- **Name:**
- **Street:**
- **City:**
- **State Original Color**
- **of Hair:**

**MOVIE CLASSIC’S**

**LETTER PAGE**

**$20.00 Letter**

**LET HER GO ON BEING HERSELF**

LET me record some paragraphs of enthusiastic praise and a warning of caution, in connection with the young lady whom I hereby nominate to succeed in a few years to Garbo’s exalted position. I mean one other than the dark-haired sensation, Ann Dvorak.

Ladies and gentlemen, here is a girl who is different. Surfeited with pseudo-sophisticates, amnestic blondes, the inscrutable Swede, and the dramatico Crawford, I hail the advent of Miss Dvorak with delight. It seems that this girl has everything necessary to make her a worthy leader—the and tenacious ability, beauty of face and form, a flexible, pleasing voice, and an atmosphere of Individuality. Right here is where my few words of praise come in.

Please, Miss Dvorak, and pol-lease, Miss Dvorak’s bosses, don’t let’s have any imitations of Shearer or Crawford or Garbo or anyone. Ann Dvorak is gorgeous and pulse-stirring as Ann Dvorak. Let her stay that way. And for the love of heaven, let her stay brunette.

She can break up this girl with shoddy, vivid, sensational pictures. Put her in the best stories with good support, and there will be a lot of private quaking being done in some prominent dressing-rooms. Here’s to Success, Ann—and here’s looking at you! J. S. Hook, Washington, D. C.

**$10.00 Letter**

**Leslie’s A Born Actor**

WHEN Leslie Howard appeared in "Devotion," with Ann Harding, I sat back in my armchair and told myself he was an answer to the movie fan’s prayer. Who else could have changed a tired story with a time-worn plot into an intriguing little love story? In his love making there is a certain subtlety that is refreshing; it isn’t a hullabaloo of a flash of blue flame, but a clever combination of the two. A witty remark is made with perhaps just the quiet of an eyebrow or a twinkle of humor deep in the eyes. Leslie Howard has enough of a sincere sense of humor to refrain from hanging a placard around his neck which reads "I am being funny—please laugh." Neither is he all perfect profile and dimples. He is a born actor with a pleasing voice, and the natural charm of a born gentleman. Oh, Mr. Producer, now that he has returned to the screen, don’t let Leslie Howard bring his fingers again before we’ve seen the heights he can reach with a real part in a real picture.

MRS. J. WARREN
Port Deposit, Md.

**$5.00 Letter**

**Newsreels Always Interesting and Entertaining**

WHAT gives me the greatest thrill in the movies? The newsreels! Have you ever noticed the human interest, the drama, there can be in a few brief flashes speeding across the screen? Have you noted the tragedy, the comedy, the beauty, the squalor, the courage, the terror, the wonder, and world-weariness caught by the camera in those transient scenes of real life?

Flashes of the recent war in China revealed aspects of the situation there that the newspaper stories simply could not approach, in poignancy, especially, if they used all the words of the newspaper. They brought the actual horror and danger of war almost into your own back yard!

Feature pictures are disappointing sometimes, but the one that has thrilled me is the travel shorts, never have failed me yet.

So here’s to those modern magic carpets, hitherto unannounced and unseen, that are carrying us round the audience world on more exciting adventures than any Arabian genie ever provided!

**Hazel M. Williams, Kincaid, Sask., Can.**

**A Superb Production**

I T has been a month, perhaps longer, since I had the pleasure of seeing "Alias the Doctor," starring Richard Barthelmess and Marian Marsh, and yet the memory of that unpretentious, plain and simple, but cleverly presented story, lingers on like the scent of a rare perfume. One of the last scenes has stamped that production as one of the finest of the current year.

The "supposed" medie, having succeeded in obtaining permission to operate on his "adopted" mother, proceeds to do his business. The "operating" scene follows: a scene as unusual as it is gripping. In contradistinction to the previous scene, words are at a premium, and the two that have to speak are the only ones to speak, and that is brief and hardly above a whisper. The prevailing silence creates an atmosphere of deep suspense... impending danger and eager anticipation... hopeful expectation. It is tense... gripping... stirring. The death-like silence is broken only by the heavy breathing of the patient... dull... harsh... monotonous. The operation continues, the medie manipulating the shining instruments with dexterity.

The scene runs the gamut of emotions, and yet, not a word is spoken. Here is acting well done; here is atmosphere that is real; here is directing that is artistic, capable and efficient. The naturalism is human... touching... sincere... thrilling with life... succeeding in its purpose... holding the attention of the audience until the very end.

**Alois Willis, Erie, Pa.**

**Lionel Barrymore Deserves To Be Starred**

**NEW stars are being constantly introduced to the public.** A feathered player steals a scene—and becomes a star overnight. Most of them are worthy of it.

(Continued on page 05)
COUNT THE HITS

Number 1
"CAUGHT SHORT"

Number 2
"REDUCING"

Number 3
"POLITICS"

AND NOW those furiously funny females

Marie DRESSLER

Polly MORAN

in (what this country needs)

PROSPERITY

Just around the corner, at your favorite movie theatre, the laugh riot of the year! Instead of moping around the house worrying about the Depression—see Marie and Polly tackle the money problem in the funniest picture they've ever made. All the world's been waiting for PROSPERITY. Here it is!
Jack Dempsey: "If everything works out all right, Lina and I may get married later on."  
Lina Basquette: "I live my own life and I will continue to do so."  
Teddy Hayes: "Lina is too good for me—he's just a mug."  
Dietrich Kidnapping Note: "If you don't pay, your little girl will be just a loving memory."  
M-G-M: "Greta Garbo? She's packing!"  
James Cagney: "If I can't work for a salary near what I'm worth... I don't want to work!"  
Sally Eilers: "Hoot and I decided to try it all over again."  
Gloria Swanson: "I am anxious to produce a film in England to get English and continental atmosphere."  
Margaret Livingston: "I am writing a book about how I made Paul Whiteman reduce."  
Constance Bennett: "I don't plan retirement for at least two years!"  
Robert Woolsey: "I wish it understood Wheeler and I never really formed a team at any time!"  
Harry Bannister: "There is a possibility we may remarry."  
George Jessel: "Norma Talmadge and I are forced to make a denial of our engagement until action is taken regarding a divorce!"

Lowell Sherman: "My wife called me vile names after pointing out that I was a ham actor."  
Alice White's fiancé: "I feel much the same as Harry Bannister felt about Ann Harding."  
Film producer Christie: "I just borrowed this rolls—royce—I haven't a dime!"  
Anita Page: "I can't understand why they keep paying me a good salary without giving me a good rôle."  
Gary Cooper: "Lupe Velez is definitely out of my life—we didn't even speak in New York!"  
Richard Arlen: "My yacht did not sink—it was just a newspaper story—and a rowboat!"

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.: "I have been flying to see Joan three times a week while she's been on location!"

Jack Gilbert: "I am going to be married to Virginia Bruce the day after my divorce from Ina Claire becomes final!"

Clark Gable: "I'm spending my time measuring lots and planning house—sites... does that look like divorce?"

Harrison Carroll: "Some folks in Hollywood won't take sides in the Lowell Sherman—Helene Costello divorce row until they see who gets the library!"

---

"We never discussed the picture business much at home and I never thought of going in it until after father died. I guess we thought one actor in the family was enough," says Creighton Cheney, Lon's son, who broke into headlines when he refused to cash in on his father's fame by taking the name of Lon Jr. "I don't know whether my ideas on picture work agree with Dad's or not. You see I was brought up not to disagree with him," he adds.

A clean-cut college boy type, with an athletic build, Creighton says he "wrestles, plays golf, tennis, rides horseback, and plays handball. I like all of them. I learned a lesson from golf. I started out to play without taking any lessons—but such a big one, I expected to hit the ball as far as anyone. I did well at first and then got into a rut and couldn't improve.

"Now I know every beginner should start in with an open mind and take all the advice he can get—that's what I want to do in pictures. I'm going to be a success—even if it's only as a pug boy!"

Very, he says, as to his ideas on girls, Creighton says, "A girl should be a pal—be able to do whatever you can—maybe not so well. A charming, intelligent—and conversationalist—and also know when to keep quiet. And a good loser.

"A large order, perhaps—but Creighton's six feet two inches tall and seems destined for success. Already they've compared him to Gable. And the girls around town are practising up on their sports!"
Cecil B. DeMille, the fellow that put sex appeal in the American bathrooms, is returning to the directorial field after a long, long vacation. For his comeback production he has selected a play with "a message" to the world, which seems to me to be taking in a lot of territory. It's "The Sign of the Cross," all about the ha-cha-cha doings in ancient Rome when Nero invited the boys and girls over for a good, snappy orgy.

C. B. seems to think that Rome of that day was not unlike the world of to-day. In other words, we are riding for a fall, and if we aren't careful some modern Nero is going to set fire to us andiddle away while we burn.

All very nice, but while he deplores materialistic tendencies, I'll bet C. B. recalls how well his other religious pictures fared at the box office.

"Ten Commandments," grossed $5,000,000, and Paramount has just taken it out of the vaults and put it back to work in "Forgotten Commandments." I want to tell you that the opening of the Red Sea still has plenty of pepper. Even "The King of Kings," less highly regarded, is now in its third million, even if it did get barred in China because it was propaganda.

Tallulah Bankhead was somewhat surprised the other morning to hear that she had been sitting in people's laps down at Gary Cooper's party the night before.

It didn't take much sleuthing to find that the coy, young lap-sitter had been Tolua, the pet chimpanzee which Gary brought from darkest Africa. Anyway, the Paramount publicity department says the critic's name is Tolua. When Gary talks to it, it sounds like he says Tallulah. Everyone thinks it's a great joke except La Bankhead. She tries to be a good sport—and can take it, but who in Sam Hill wants to have a monkey for a namesake?

While I'm still on the subject of the exotically fascinating Miss Bankhead, the rumors still fly about that she is pining away because Gary is "so cold." She has admitted, so they say, that she regards the tall Montanan as the most attractive man on the screen.

So far the situation remains "as was," with Gary being seen places with the Countess Frasso.

And, after all, Gary has a Tallulah right in his home. There is such a thing as an embarrassment of riches.

In spite of the fact that he was kept pretty busy giving five shows a day, judging marble tournaments, being made honorary member of fire departments and being guarded by four private detectives, no more, no less, Jackie Cooper found time for one good deed at least during his recent personal appearance tour.

One day, while he was appearing in Detroit, a very dusty and very tired small boy presented himself at the stage door and pleaded to see his idol.

He told Jackie that he had walked fourteen miles to see him, but he didn't have the money to buy a ticket. Jackie not only bought the ticket but treated him to dinner afterward. When the young fan had stowed away

(Continued on page 74)
After a hot, dirty train ride

TAKE A BATH FROM THE BOTTLE

REFRESHERS . . COOLS . . DEODORIZES

Tuck a bottle of Listerine in your handbag when you travel. You'll be glad you did before the trip is over. With no other aid than Listerine, you can be fresh, dainty, and clean. Here are a few of Listerine's good points.

When you are hot and dusty, and a bath isn't convenient on the train, or can't be had at a crowded hotel, a rub-down with Listerine is the next best thing. It cleanses the skin, relaxes tired muscles, and refreshes you surprisingly. And, best of all, removes perspiration and other body odors. Listerine instantly gets rid of odors that ordinary antiseptics cannot hide in 12 hours.

Other toilet uses

Diluted three to one with water, Listerine makes an excellent eye wash.

A little of it used in connection with the shampoo cools and cleanses the scalp, and "sets" the hair.

Makes breath sweet

Employed as a mouth wash, Listerine cleanses the mouth, gets rid of unpleasant taste, and leaves your breath sweet and wholesome. It is the sure remedy for halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Lastly, should an accident occur while traveling, Listerine used full strength will combat infection until you can get medical attention. Because Listerine, while safe and pleasant to use, kills germs in the fastest time.

Send for our FREE BOOKLET OF ETIQUETTE — tells what to wear, say, and do at social affairs. Address, Dept. M. P. A., Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE CHECKS BODY ODORS ENDS HALITOSIS
EVERY actress must have a love-life. That's the first law of Hollywood, and if any young blonde dares to defy it and is a little shy about discussing hers, a love-life will be provided for her by someone with an imagination. So it was with Bette Davis, the girl who reminds everyone, even the Warner Brothers, of Connie Bennett.

Her "love-life" was a good story, but no one ever thought of asking Bette about it, until Movie Classic's sleuths got busy on the case. If that hadn't happened, the true story about Bette and her loves might never have come to light.

Everyone should know by this time that Bette left her native Boston, burning with the ambition to act, and enrolled in John Murray Anderson's dramatic school in New York. Before she got her first stage engagement, Bette is supposed to have met one of the young bond salesmen who abound in New York—or used to, in those inflated days. And because she was young and had the most startling blue eyes in the world, they became engaged.

But then came a part with the Provincetown Players, and Bette was suddenly making more money than her struggling young salesman. So this Rover Boy drew himself up to his full height and refused to marry the gal until she was making a smaller salary than his.

He didn't have long to wait. The play closed, and the Davis career seemed to be at a standstill, so our young hero again consented to set the date for the wedding. But before the trousseau was assembled, Bette got her big chance—the rôle of Hedvig in the revival of Ibsen's "The Wild Duck." The bridegroom had received a raise by that time, but it wasn't enough. Bette's pay-check topped his once more, and all bets were off.

(Continued on page 66)
Clark Gable has given few interviews lately, as you may have noticed. For one thing, he has been too busy; for another thing, he doesn't talk except when he has something to say. This interview, therefore, is in the nature of a "scoop." He is getting some things off his chest that he hasn't said before. He is absolutely frank. Editor.

"Absurd!" says Clark, and explains why—so that you can't doubt him. Moreover, he tells you just how he has changed in this past year—and how he hasn't changed. He reveals how he figures his success and what his future plans are. In short, he TELLS ALL in this amazingly frank interview!

By GLADYS HALL

Clark Gable says: "Mrs. Gable doesn't have to thank me for sticking around, you know. If anything, she deserves credit for sticking around with me. I often wonder how anyone as dumb as I am ever had the sense—and good luck—to marry the woman I did"
Clark says: "There are thousands of better actors than I am. There are, God knows, thousands of men who are better-looking. I just happened to have something—I don’t know what it is, and neither do you."

mixing with strangers. I never go to big parties and never give them. We go, Mrs. Gable and I, to see our friends, of course—Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the Beerys, one or two others. I still like to fool around in the garden, digging, planting things. I still prefer to take long rides in my car, play tennis, and ride horseback better than any other things I might do.

"I’ve changed in one other respect—very drastically. A year ago, when you first talked to me, I didn’t want a home. I didn’t want things. Now I do. I’m going to build a home, a place I can be proud of, a place the family will enjoy. Naturally, I’ve come to feel that I want to see some of the fruits of all this. I never get a kick out of doing things for myself alone. I can’t watch myself alone enjoying things. A home will be for all of us.

"And I’ve changed in one other particular—I know, now, what it is all about."

And that, I’m telling you, is a change. Because, just one year ago, Clark didn’t know what it was all about. He told me so. His exact words were, "I don’t know what to think—I don’t know what it’s all about—I’m just an actor with a job, that’s all—"

Now he does know. That sudden flare of fame, put on too hastily like some gaudy coat, ill-adjusted, fits him now. He has shrugged his shoulders into place in it. He knows how to wear it, what goods it is made of, where the seams rub, how he looks in it...

How He Has Kept His Balance

He said, "If, as you are nice enough to say, I have kept my balance—and why not? it’s probably because I’ve always had the faculty of distinguishing between sincerity and insincerity. I can tell in two minutes whether the person I’m talking to is telling me the truth or handing me a line. Most of ’em are insincere. That doesn’t flatter me.

(Continued on page 62)
"Pretty soft," grins Leila Hyams, who doesn't mind working, these dog days, under conditions like these. She's Jean Harlow's blonde rival in "Red-Headed Woman"—and to look at Leila, you'd think the job was an easy one.

Looking Gossip From The West Coast

Left, Walter Winchell (seated) signs a contract with Carl Laemlle, Jr., to star in "Okay, America!" but later had to call it off, other contracts interfering.

Janet Gaynor is the latest to assume the mantle of the Garbo-mystery role. Little Janet has gone "mum" with a vengeance. When she arrived back from Europe, she set down a few laws that fairly took away the breath of the publicity department: She has refused to give out any "quoted" information about herself. She will not pose for fashion pictures. She does not desire to be grouped in "symposium" stories (those stories which also contain anecdotes of other stars). In short, Janet is getting quite as exclusive as Garbo ever was.

When will these boys and girls ever wake up to the fact that only Garbo can pull a "Garbo"? In anyone else the same tactics are slightly ridiculous. There is nothing mysterious about Janet and even her determined silence can't make it so.

She is a sweet, lovable, little girl who can gain nothing by hiding the fact from the public!

This month's prayer: "Please, Will Hays, or somebody, deliver us from any more pictures in which Jimmy Dunn breaks down and cries . . . James Cagney boots the heroine . . . and George Arliss grunts!"

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and William Collier, Sr. are the headliners in the best Hollywood story of the month:

Doug had been invited to attend the Masquers Club and give the boys a little talk on the glories of life in the South Seas or something like that. Now, Doug has never been much of a public speaker. He's enthusiastic—but inclined to ramble. In fact, he rambled so much that ear-witnesses to the speech insist that not two of Doug's sentences had any connection whatsoever. After fifteen minutes of hop-skip-and-jump, Doug took his seat.

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Them Over

By Dorothy Manners

Toastmaster Collier got to his feet.

"Douglas," he said, slowly, smilingly, "that was a very good speech. Very good, indeed. It would have been even better if it had been made in English."

COLUMNIST Harrison Carroll comes in a good second for witty remarks with his observation on the Helene Costello-Lowell Sherman divorce suit in which Lowell charged his wife read indecent books. Says Mr. Carroll:

"Some folks in Hollywood won't take sides in the Lowell Sherman-Helene Costello divorce row until they see who gets the library."

Joe Brown can step right up and take the grand prize with stories about "my operation." Joe can rightly say: "Have you heard about my operations?" The Warner Brothers' comedian recently underwent three operations at the same time.

He was first relieved of his tonsils and his appendix. And while they had Joe on the table they decided to remove a piece of bone from his leg.

For some time the comedian has been suffering from severe pains in the back. Surgeons believe the various operations will relieve that old trouble.

Joe's next picture has the intriguing title "You Said a Mouthful."

Kay Francis was all set to hop off with Ruth Chatterton for a two months' vacation in Europe. Which should stop any talk of rivalry between the two sophisticated charms of Warner Brothers.

But at the last minute Kay couldn't make the trip. Picture work interfered, so Ruth made plans for sailing alone. Ralph Forbes will not accompany her, which will probably start those divorce rumors all over again.
But Ruth says she doesn't mind. Let them talk!

NEVER did a romance sneak up on Hollywood and take it unawares as the engagement of Virginia Bruce and John Gilbert. (You can read more about it on pages 42 and 43.) When the story broke in the papers that the lovely, blonde Bruce girl would become the bride of John Gilbert, it was announced, the whole town gasped, "Well!"

Some time after August 15th is the date set for the wedding. It is Virginia's first trip to the altar, and Jack's fourth. A little Southern girl, non-professional, was the first and briefest Mrs. John Gilbert; Leatrice Joy (mother of Gilbert's young daughter) the second; Ina Claire, the third. Virginia, the expected-to-be Mrs. Gilbert, the Fourth, evens the score. Two brunettes and two blondes!

A YEAR or so ago Virginia Bruce was trying to get a foothold in the movies. "Extra" work. She was one of the showgirls in Eddie Cantor's new production of "Whoopee." I remember I talked with Virginia one day in the publicity department of the United Artists Studio. At that time she was quite blue to Warner Brothers and Paramount for very good roles.

She is a tall blonde who looks a great deal like Jane Novak (remember Jane of the Bill Hart pictures?). Her manner is languid and drowsy. John Gilbert loves to sit at the feet of his lady-love and murmur, "Beautiful, beautiful!"

A GREAT many people believe that the news of John's new serious romance must have been a great shock to Ina Claire. It is true that they are separated. But those who know Ina well believe that she has never fallen out of love with Gilbert. Just before the announcement of his coming wedding, Ina had wired Jack, inviting him to play the role of her husband in a New York stage production this Fall.

ALICE White is back. In Hollywood after a long and successful vaudeville tour... which naturally means that her devoted fiancé, Cy Bartlett, is also in town. These two have been "going together" for four years, but Cy's first words to reporters were: "No wedding bells for a while yet. I know what Harry Bannister meant when he said he couldn't stand to be known as 'Mr. Ann Harding' any longer. I love Alice too much to ruin our happiness by becoming known as 'Mr. Alice White.' Until I am actually established on my own, I don't want to drag Alice or myself through a similarly humiliating situation as the Harding-Bannister affair.

Alice has taken a very grand house on a Hollywood hill. There is a strong possibility that she may sign for a series of pictures with Columbia. The deal is on the fire.
MARY Pickford hasn’t made a picture in many months. There is plenty of gossip among the gossip-columnists that “Mary has seen her best days.” Yet it isn’t for the privilege of looking at some of the newer, more “popular” players that the large crowd gathers outside the Brown Derby almost every day now. The word has gone around that Queen Mary (just try to unseat her with the public!) is lunching there almost daily. The crowd starts forming at an early hour in the hope of catching Mary and her party as they enter ... and they stay late to see her as she comes out.

Just the other day, Constance Talmadge shared honors from the sidewalk gallery with Mary. The folks hadn’t forgotten Connie and gave her a royal welcome. It is the first, or second, time Connie has ever lunched at the Brown Derby and she was as thrilled as any fan.

Douglas Fairbanks and the Countess Frasso were in the Pickford group that day. Gary Cooper joined them later.

Ah there, Gary!

Loretta Young, looking pretty, but a little tired, lunched with her mother and sisters.

Lois Wilson was spotted standing in line, waiting for a table.

DID you know that they almost roped Marie Dressler in on that muchly criticized “imitation of Garbo” gag Will Rogers and Wally Beery pulled at the premiere of “Grand Hotel”? But Marie was too smart for them. She said she was “too ill” to attend. Marie knows her movies ... and her Hollywood.

PEGGY Shannon and her husband, Allan Davis, dropped in the other night for a little session of cards. Strictly speaking, Peggy and Allan are separated, but in spite of that he is her most devoted dinner- and-dancing partner. They see each other almost daily.

Allan is quite a good-looking fellow with years of vaudeville experience behind him. Wonder why some producer doesn’t give him a chance?

Dear Jackie Cooper: It’s a good thing you hurried back to Hollywood. A freckle-faced kid, named Mickey Rooney, is running wild right up your alley. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Did Jack Dempsey “steal” Lina Basquette’s affections away from Teddy Hayes, the Manassa Mauler’s former trainer? Jack says he didn’t and the very idea seems to make him (Continued on page 63)

There’s just one bad feature about being a cowboy star— you usually have to hire someone to pull off your boots. But Tom Mix, that old antique collector, has found a contraption (right) to hold his boot while he yanks. He has just finished his fourth talkie, “My Pal, the King.”

Now you can see (left) what Lola Lane has to put up with in her married life, what with Lew Ayres her husband! After jealously guarding their private life since September 15, 1931, they are at last allowing the world a glimpse of Young Love At Home. Lew may get the role intended for Winchell in “Okay, America”
GRETA GARBO—in person a tall, severely slender girl who wears mannish clothes; on the screen, the most glamorous figure that moviegoers have ever known—has had more written about her than any other two individuals in Hollywood.

This, despite the fact that she is retiring and shy, had little to say in the days when she was first carving her career and, since January, 1928—four and a half years ago—hasn’t given an interview to a reporter or magazine writer of any description.

Pick up any periodical devoted to news of motion pictures, and you will find something about Garbo—photograph or story—emblazoned on its pages. It is estimated that Garbo has made more magazine “cover lines” than any other four stars in the business.

What have writers managed to say about her when she hasn’t said a word for so long, herself? You will find that she has been discussed from every possible angle—hair, eyes, teeth, diet, figure, health, silence, mystery, love-life, no love-life, sun-baths, art, work, temperament, temper, homeliness, accent. Only Greta knows what hasn’t been printed about her.

If you want to get an idea of what the Garbo publicity—unsolicited, heaped upon her gratis—has all been about up to now, read her headline history:

May, 1925—Mauritz Stiller, famous Swedish film director, and Greta Garbo, Swedish film star unknown on this side, arrive in New York after ten-day trip from Gothenberg. Miss Garbo, known as “the Norma Shearer of Sweden,” and Director Stiller have been placed under contract to M-G-M. Reported that her salary will be four hundred dollars a week.

July 15, 1925—Famous Swedish director, Mauritz Stiller, and his protégée, Greta Garbo, arrive in Hollywood. Crowd at station surprised at her youth, plumpness and freckles.

February, 1926—Swedish newcomer makes American film début opposite Ricardo Cortez in Ibañez story, “The Torrent.” Surprises by being a sensation. Critic writes: “Probably the most important feature of the film is . . . Greta Garbo, a pretty, wistful, and intensely feminine young person, who suggests a composite picture of a dozen of our best-known stars. Making her début in the film, she registers a complete success. She is not so much an actress as she is endowed with individuality and magnetism.”


May, 1926—Story titled “The Mysterious Stranger” appears in film magazine. It is about Greta Garbo.

July 16, 1926—Greta Garbo given place of honor at M-G-M luncheon to
Right, Garbo as a platinum blonde—in the early scenes of "As You Desire Me," her last picture on her $7,500-a-week contract with M-G-M. Again critics acclaimed her

Below, Greta Garbo and John Gilbert on location for "Flesh and the Devil" at the height of their famous romance.

Below, Garbo and Gilbert on location for "Flesh and the Devil" at the height of their famous romance.

Left, the very latest portrait of Garbo—taken just before her contract with M-G-M ended on June first. Studio gave her a traveling bag, but bank closing delayed her departure for Sweden.

Below, Greta Garbo visiting Prince of Sweden.

September 18, 1926—Twenty to-day, Greta is rumored engaged to John Gilbert. Romance reported as hot and hectic, with hero of "The Big Parade" constantly at her side.

October, 1926—Newcomer continues screen success in second siren role in second Ibañez story, "The Temptress," playing opposite Antonio Moreno. One critic wonders, however, why she is cast in Spanish roles.

October 17, 1926—Tells reporters she doesn't like vampire roles. Would like to play "real women."

November 11, 1926—Two outbursts of temperament occur on the M-G-M lot, despite its being Armistice Day. Garbo refuses to work on new script until salary adjustment is made. John Gilbert orders all visitors off his set. Order catches Marcus Loew, theatre magnate, as he is about to watch Gilbert in some scenes. Loew leaves with others.

January, 1927—Greta Garbo appears as co-star of John Gilbert in "Flesh and the Devil." (Continued on page 60)
Losing a Hundred Pounds of Husband

Margaret Livingston, the screen actress who married Paul Whiteman, the King of Jazz, and made him a changed man, tells how she did it. After her success in reducing his weight one hundred and ten pounds, screen success doesn't have much appeal to Margaret any more!

EVERYONE in Hollywood wondered why Margaret Livingston kept Paul Whiteman waiting so long before she made up her mind to marry him. Now, confesses Margaret Livingston Whiteman, it can be told. She loved him. She admired him. She found him congenial. But he was too fat.

"I'm fastidious about appearances," Margaret admits. "Looks mean a great deal to me—too much, perhaps. At any rate, after he kept begging for months for my answer, I told him the brutal truth.

"If you want me badly enough to lose fifty pounds, Paul," I told him, "I'll marry you."

But I don't know if I can do it," he protested, "I'll try, of course."

"He went back to Chicago. Almost every night he called me up long-distance. It sounds romantic to be wooed by telephone, but what we talked about was pounds and ounces and carbohydrates and proteins. I had nothing except a lettuce and tomato salad for lunch to-day, with one slice of toast, he would boast, and I'd praise him and give him the menu for the next day. That first fifty pounds was hard to lose—but he stuck to it. He'd send me telegrams with his weight on them, and they were the nicest love letters. Four months later, he had lost the fifty pounds; we then married.

"But I wasn't going to stop there. He was still sixty pounds overweight. We talked it over and Paul was interested in going on. It was a game now, trying to beat the weighing machine. There was a sporting element to it. That was almost a year ago. This morning he turned from the full-length mirror and said, 'Darling, I have to give you credit for seeing beauty where no other woman ever did! Because, honestly, Darling, I do think I'm quite beautiful now!'

Weighs Only 187 Now

"He weighed a hundred and eighty-seven pounds this morning, which is exactly right for his build and age. I wouldn't have him lose another ounce—and he wouldn't gain another

Margaret Livingston told Paul Whiteman she would marry him when he had lost fifty pounds—and she did, last August 19. Now he has lost sixty more, feels better, and looks ten years younger
I didn't want him to reduce too fast. It's dangerous, and, besides, you get flabby unless you tighten up the skin all the time by exercise. I expected, of course, to have a lot of trouble keeping him down to a diet, but the worst trouble came not from Paul, but from his fat friends.

"They'd buttonhole him and say seriously, 'Listen, old fellow, I don't want to frighten you—but honestly, it isn't safe for you to reduce like this. We're intended for big men. It'll strain your heart (or kidneys or liver or stomach)—I tried it myself, and the doctors told me I'd die if I kept on. You want to be sure you're not ruining your health, old fellow!'

"Whenever Paul came in silent and preoccupied and then broke out with 'Margaret, I don't feel so good to-day. All gone and weak. No pep. Maybe I'd better slow down on the dieting for a bit—then I'd know that his fat friends had been at him again.

"I hadn't been planning Paul's diet under a doctor's orders. I just read every book written on dieting and took whatever seemed sensible from each one. I thought I (Continued on page 50)
After a half-dozen of the recent curious "love divorces" of Hollywood, which have elevated domestic disagreements to a distinctly idealistic plane, the frankly rowdy Sherman-Costello proceedings seemed to indicate a return to normal.

It may be all very jolly for a wife to totter from the divorce court on the affectionate arm of her ex-husband (as several wives have done lately), or for the recently separated couple to announce devotedly a few hours later that they may remarry soon (as Harry Bannister did), but it doesn't make for that airy chit-chat which is as necessary as salads at the stars' luncheon tables.

"If they understand each other so well, and admire each other so much," demanded one moody fellow, who failed to be impressed by the pathos of the Harding-Bannister affair, "why bother to get divorced at all?"

And as if his words were prophetic, that is just what one star decided, to the disappointment of the sensation-loving inmates of the studios. After announcing her intention of seeking her freedom from Joseph Schenck, Norma Talmadge changed her mind.

"We have decided that getting a divorce is too much trouble," Norma said, "so there will be no divorce!" Which adds to the list of new styles the "too-much-trouble divorce."

**They Wanted a Fight**

Much more in earnest about ending his marriage was the sophisticated Lowell Sherman, however. The hearing was not held in a closed courtroom in distant Reno, but right in Los Angeles in a court seating fifty-nine spectators, with plenty of space for others to stand near the door. And if the Olympic games gather as big a crowd as that trial, they will be a grand success! They almost put up a "Standing Room Only" sign.

The blast Mr. Sherman caused a sensation in a Hollywood which has grown accustomed to "friendly" divorces by accusing his wife, among other things, of drinking too much, throwing cocktail glasses at him, knocking over
The frank old days, when movie couples aired their REAL troubles in court, are apparently over. Even Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello, who started out to have a battle before the judge, ended up with one of the new "civilized" divorces!

tables and "slugging" her mother-in-law. And while making these accusations, Sherman gave a performance of a sophisticated red with rage, flutting and finger-wagging, such as he has never shown on the screen.

This frankness was so very different from the chaste reticence of the Miriam Hopkins-Austin Parker marital difficulties, to name just one, that Hollywood was stunned. Had the suave First Gentleman of the screen gone mad?

Miriam Hopkins, you remember, was legally separated from her husband by the quick and easy Mexican route. (This also was used by Nancy Carroll in quietly divorcing John Kirkland.) Since then, Miriam and Austin have been seen dining together and apparently on the best of terms, and there are rumors that a reconciliation may be effected any moment.

But now here was the elegant and cynical Lowell Sherman giving Brown Derby luncheers a full hour's delighted gossip by painting a pathetic word-picture of home-life among the sophisticates! Wasn't there even a schoolmasterly horror in his voice as he accused his wife of reading naughty books? (That Lowell owns the best and biggest erotic library in Hollywood, by the way, is gossip that may or may not be true.)

What They Quarreled About

ADDED sidelights on the private lives of sophisticates were given by a secretary, financial agent, and asserted overseer of the family cellar, who spent more time talking of "hard" liquors than of the costly wines usually dear to men-of-the-world. And the domestic squabble that finally made their life together unbearable was the burning question: Do people look better in make-up or out of it? Another subject of discussion was as to which of the two was the more intellectual. So now a proletarian public knows what sophisticates talk about in the privacy of their own homes.

But the scandal! Compare it, people whispered, with the hushed and almost holy atmosphere that surrounded the separation of Ann Harding and her husband, who

spent their time waiting for a Reno divorce in writing complimentary letters about each other. The Sherman-Costello affair was a change, certainly. These people really wanted a divorce. They were willing to fight to get one.

For there are chatty souls in Hollywood who are frank to admit that they think the Harding-Bannister mix-up, if it could be called anything so indignified, was all a bit silly.

"We will be the best of friends and see a great deal."

(Continued on page 77)
Pretty Actress Disappears, Leaving Tear-Stained Note

Margaret Perry, only eighteen and a great hit on both the New York and London stage, "gives up" her screen career and vanishes after her first picture. It wasn't any publicity stunt—Margaret was heart-broken!

WHY SHE "RAN AWAY"

The clue to why Margaret Perry disappeared—with a big future ahead of her—was supplied by the above marked paragraph, torn from a Hollywood trade paper. It is part of the first review of her first picture, "New Morals for Old." Reading this one harsh criticism, she thought she was a failure in everyone's eyes.

At the RKO Studios where she had spent the day of her disappearance being fitted for gowns as Joel McCrea's leading woman in "The Most Dangerous Game," consternation reigned as they tried to answer that question. The susceptible Joel, who, it is said, considered Margaret "a swell kid," was one of those most affected. Mrs. Brock Pemberton, RKO fashion expert and Margaret's aunt, who lived next-door to her, spent a frantic night on the telephone, talking to her distraught mother, Antoinette Perry, famous actress-playwright, in New York.

What She Said in Her Note

M.ERIAN COOPER, the director, who had picked her out from M-G-M tests to play the heroine in "The Most Dangerous Game," studied the pitiful note she had sent him, for a possible clue. She was going away, the note said, and she didn't want anybody to try to find her. She would never try to act again. She had been mistaken in thinking she was an actress—without her mother. If her mother had been with her, she implied, she might not have "failed."

The maid at Margaret's Hollywood home said that the young actress had come in at lunchtime, in good spirits, and had gone into her own room. A little later she had come out, eyes red with weeping, and had said that she was going shopping. Her chauffeur had left her at a downtown gown shop, and that was the last anyone knew of her. The discovery that she had taken sixty thousand

(Continued on page 67)

By DOROTHY DONNELL

Found in Denver, after a frantic search (with news of her disappearance suppressed), Margaret Perry went on to New York, where executives are pleading with her to return to Hollywood.

THE other day a famous little actress ran away from Hollywood, away from a part in a picture she was to have started the next day, from the pretty bungalow she had just rented, from her chaperon and her friends, leaving a desperate, tear-stained note behind her saying that "she was through, and never coming back."

The disappearance of Margaret Perry, Broadway star, featured in a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picturization of the play in which she had just made a tremendous hit on the stage, was kept a secret even from prying, gossiping Hollywood for five long days, in which her friends and family sent frantic wires and called in private detective agencies to search for her. Only once before has such a thing happened—when Edna Best, about to begin work as John Gilbert's leading lady in "West of Broadway," fled from Hollywood because she was lonesome for her husband, Herbert Marshall, acting on Broadway.

Margaret Perry was wealthy in her own right, though none of her new Hollywood friends suspected she is the heiress to twenty million. She is adored by New York and London audiences, lovely, healthy, and eighteen. What emotion could be strong enough to cause her to run away?
Mary Nolan (left) lost her appeal from a 30-day jail sentence for violation of California labor laws. When she did not appear, the judge ordered her bail forfeited. Mary rushed back to the Coast from Nebraska, where she had been dancing, to try to win a pardon.

Taking her cue from Gary Cooper (perhaps), Lupe Velez is now stepping out in society. You see her (right) at the exclusive Atlantic Beach Club on Long Island, on a weekend holiday from Ziegfeld's "Hot-Cha," which took her out of the movies.

With "Strange Interlude" finished, Norma Shearer and her husband, Irving Thalberg (who's also her boss), are taking a vacation. She'll soon start "Smilin' Through".

Having auctioned off the house that Jack Dempsey gave her when they married, Estelle Taylor is now living in a bungalow at Malibu Beach. And since she now has no Jack (heh! heh!), she is painting the place, herself. (Or so it seems, left.) It is rumored that she will not remarry Jack because of Lina Basquette. See story, page 33.

John Gilbert, despite three unsuccessful ventures into matrimony, is still an optimist. He has just asked Virginia Bruce, his new leading lady, to be the fourth Mrs. Gilbert. They will be married in August. See story page 42.
LAST March, when the Lindbergh
atrocities stirred the country,
Marlene Dietrich’s neighbors’ no-
ticed that the bedroom windows of
her house were being covered with a
heavy iron grille, and that whenever
her little girl, Maria, went out to
play, she was followed closely by a
guard, as well as a nurse. Marlene
was in terror of having her own
cild kidnapped.

A newspaper printed a photograph
of the house (owned by Charles
Mack of “The Two Black Crows”),
with a white arrow pointing to the
barred window of the nursery. The
next day, Marlene moved secretly to
a cottage at well-guarded Malibu
Beach, while bars were put on all
the windows of the Beverly Hills
house. Soon afterward, Marlene’s
director-husband, Rudolph Sieber,
arrived from abroad. There were
rumors that he would take the little
girl back with him to Europe, where
she would be safer.

Marlene’s fears about her child’s
safety have not been baseless. She
has received five notes of threat and
warning, filled with such sentences as
“If you want to save Maria to be a
screen star, pay and if you don’t she’ll
be but a loving memory.” The first
demand was for ten thousand dol-
ars. Marlene turned each note over
to the police, but the news of their
receipt was kept from the news-
papers—until the would-be
kidnappers got two letters
crossed, sending
one intended
for Mar-
lene to an-
other

woman, and the other to Marlene.
The kidnap ring expressed resent-
ment at Marlene’s ignoring their de-
mands. They sent her this message:
“Say, what’s the big idea? Atten-
tion! Is the future of your girl worth
it? Marlene, Marlene, you’ll be
sorry!” They told her that now she
would have to pay them double.

There were no handwriting clues
to work on, as in the Lindbergh case.
Each word in each note had been cut
from a magazine or newspaper, and
pasted together to form the message.

Marlene, advised by the police,
placed a dummy package where the
kidnapping notes told her to leave the
money, but it was not touched. A
more threatening note followed. Mar-
lene is taking small Maria to the
studio with her these days. The
Dietrich set at the studio is locked.
An armed guard accompanies Mar-
lene wherever she goes.
Bank Closing Delays Garbo's Trip Home, Hits Other Stars

"Movie Stars' Bank" Closes Suddenly, Tying Up Their Funds—Montgomery and Beery Among Those Who Feel Poor Again

By Evelyn Derr

When the First National Bank of Beverly Hills closed its doors and Garbo did not leave for Sweden at the time it had been announced she would, the two events seemed to be a remarkable coincidence. Wild rumor had it that Greta had "almost a million" in the bank. Her manager, Harry Edington, pooh-poohed the sum mentioned. "Nonsense!" he said. "It was only a few thousand." But whether or not the closing of the bank affected Garbo, it affected hundreds of other stars.

The president of the bank, Richard L. Hargreaves, married a movie actress—Helen Ferguson, the wealthy widow of William Russell. Perhaps this was the reason for the movie colony's choosing this bank for its big accounts. At any rate, it was known as "the movie stars' bank," and players flocked to open accounts there. That's the way it is in Hollywood—what one does, the rest rush to do.

And that's the reason why the bank had to close its doors. It seems that some of the big stars suddenly got the notion that government gold bonds were the best investment for their money. As soon as the word got around, many other players wanted gold bonds, too. Several large depositors—reports says Eddie Cantor, the Marx Brothers and Corinne Griffith, among others—withdraw money to buy bonds. One star appeared with a withdrawal check for three hundred thousand dollars. That's quite a bit of change to take out of the tills without warning. So the next morning, there was a police notice on the doors and word flashed around that the movie folk had their money tied up.

Wallace Beery is marked as the man with the worst luck in Hollywood. He lost a hundred thousand dollars in the failure of the Guaranty bank last year, and had forty-nine thousand in the Beverly Hills bank. Another unlucky star is Robert Montgomery, who has established a reputation for thrift in his three years as a star. Every month he has deposited the bulk of his pay-check in the bank. He came into the studio the morning of the closing, smiling gamely and held out empty hands.

The rumor persists that Garbo had the money she had intended to take with her to Sweden in a checking account in the First National, and that, the rest of her fortune being tied up in government bonds, she may not be able to leave without making another picture or two. It is persistently stated that $300,000 of the Garbo American earnings were in this account.

Jean Harlow called up a friend on the morning of the bank's closing. The friend, who knew that Jean kept her money in that bank, began to console her, when she was amazed to hear Jean laughing heartily. "But didn't you just put sixty-three thousand in that bank after your tour?"

"Certainly," said Jean. "I put sixty thousand in cash in a safe deposit box, and the rest in a checking account!"

Conrad Nagel, Constance Bennett, Marie Dressler, Will Rogers and John Gilbert may have to economize for awhile, unless the optimistic predictions of the bank's president are justified and the stars' money is soon freed. Harold Lloyd and Marion Davies are known to have large sums tied up, there.

Don't wish you were a movie star. They stub their toes, and pay taxes, and lose their money, too. And think how much more they have to lose!
Dad's Auto Accident Brings Sally Eilers Back to Hoot Gibson

Couple Kiss and Make Up When Sally's Father Is Injured—Had Parted When She Stayed Away From Home, After Own Crash

By Madge Tennant

A DARING, low-cut white satin gown of Sally Eilers' was the cause of her break-up with Hoot Gibson, though an auto accident added to it. And another auto accident was the cause of their making up again.

Sally, herself, says: "We never had had any serious quarrels, really, until I wore that dress to the Mayfair." Hoot thought it was pretty at first. But as the evening wore on, he began to hate that dress. It started when someone made a wisecrack about the danger of Sally's taking a deep breath. Hoot became insistent that Sally put on an evening wrap, and refuse dances. Finally Hoot would find Ben and Bebe Lyon, and thought Hoot would be with them. Hoot wasn't. Ben and Bebe rushed the distressed Sally to the Receiving Hospital, where two stitches were taken in her mouth.

Ben and Bebe took Sally to their house, where she stayed for three days without seeing Hoot. "He was still furious with me," says Sally, "because I hadn't come home. I had gone to friends when I was in trouble. He gave our stories to the newspapers that we were separated. Then a story broke that we had become reconciled. It was merely a gesture. Hooter (the nickname, Sally gives her husband—Ed.) was involved in a lawsuit in which our being on seeming good terms would help his case a great deal. We agreed that the truce would be just temporary."

"But then my mother and father were badly injured when their car overturned a block from our home—and we met at Father's home. And Hooter said, 'Let's not be foolish any more. Sally. We can be so happy together if we'll just try a little!'"

"It seemed so nice to have a real reconciliation with Hooter, not to have it just a 'gag' as it had been! I'm back again where I belong."
Gary Cooper Names Monkey "Tallulah," But Co-Star Objects

The Lady Known As Bankhead Speaks To Gary Again After He Renames Baby Chimp, "Toluca"—Brought Pet Back From Africa To Enter Hollywood Society

By Ruth Wingate

The cute little baby chimpanzee that Gary Cooper brought back from Africa will no longer be known as "Tallulah Cooper" in Hollywood social circles (and maybe you think that little 'monk' isn't in society!). Her new name is Toluca Cooper, and there is said to be a reason.

Tallulah is rather an unusual name. At least, Tallulah Bankhead, so the gossips report, thinks so. It isn't a name like "Elizabeth" or "Anna" or "Dot" that might safely be tackon anyone or anything. So when Gary Cooper arrived back in Hollywood with a baby chimpanzee tucked under his arm and fondly referred to the little beast as "Tallulah," the original of the name became annoyed.

Of course, the little monkey was cute, but even a cute little "monk" is only a monk—and Tallulah didn't like it in the least. At first, we hear, Gary thought he could kid his co-star of "The Devil and the Deep" out of it, but as days went by and Tallulah swore she wouldn't speak to Gary until he changed the "chimp's" name, he obliged just by way of keeping peace on the set. It is a little difficult to co-star with a lady to whom you are not speaking.

Yet in spite of Tallulah's sensitiveness, Toluca is a howling social success in Hollywood. She's actually invited places. She has a wardrobe. She has evening and sports costumes. And, what's more, Toluca loves parties.

The night of Gary's famous house-warming, Toluca (then Tallulah) was the life of the party, and with Mary Pickford and the Countess Prasso, helped receive the guests. For this occasion Toluca was arrayed in a red satin evening gown, a small red beret, and an armful of fake diamond bracelets. She consumed a great quantity of caviar (hors d'oeuvres being Toluca's favorite diet). She ran chattering from one group to the other, taking her hostess duties very seriously. Only once did Toluca fly into a rage and that was when some rude person lifted her red skirt to see her "cute little legs." At this social outrage Toluca retired under the piano and hissed for several moments. The "chimp" won't stand for any nonsense!

Gary Cooper is crazy about his little "chimp." He worries about her far more than he does about his spectacular romances. She came into his life just when Gary was on the verge of a hunting trip into the African jungle. At the farthest outpost, a small town on the outskirts of the jungle, Gary's attention was caught by a cage full of young "chimps" for sale. He watched the funny little animals for a moment or two and started away.

Suddenly, there was a terrible commotion in the cage. One of the little animals was clawing and tearing at her cage, trying to follow Gary. Gary came back, took one good look at the lady later to be known as Toluca, and purchased her on the spot. Screaming with glee, she settled on his shoulder and has remained there (more or less) ever since. She has put Gary to no end of trouble, but then he doesn't seem to mind.

His great worry was that the change of climate between the African and Hollywood jungle would make Toluca sick. It did.

But with summer on hand and with all her social duties Toluca has staged a remarkable recovery. Of course, she is a little peeved with Tallulah Bankhead and it is said that she snubs her at parties. Toluca doesn't believe there is a thing to those romance rumors about Gary and the Bankhead woman!
HELEN HAYES SUED FOR $100,000 BY HER HUSBAND’S FORMER WIFE

Carol Frink (right), who divorced MacArthur in 1926, twice tried to have the decree set aside

By Doris Janeway

HELEN HAYES, who married Charles MacArthur, playwright, in September, 1928, has just been sued for $100,000 for alienation of affections by Carol Frink, Chicago drama critic, who divorced MacArthur in 1926 after a long separation.

Miss Frink and MacArthur, then both reporters on the same Chicago newspaper, were married in 1920. In 1922, she filed a divorce action and in 1926 she received her decree. Four years ago, she sued to have the divorce set aside, but lost in both a lower and an appellate court. This is the first time, however, that she has directed a suit against the second Mrs. MacArthur.

In her early reporting days, Carol Frink signed herself, “Little Girl Reporter,” and Charles MacArthur was a brilliant, but erratic youngster who interspersed his tales of accidents and fires by scribbling plays on copy paper. On a belated wedding trip, they came to Hollywood, and Carol Frink interviewed several stars—including Charlie Chaplin. The story that Charlie told her attracted much attention, and presently Carol Frink was taken off “human interest” assignments and given a whole dramatic page for her field—a remarkable honor for such a young girl. Not long after this, Charlie wrote “Lulu Belle,” which his friends proclaimed a surefire hit, if he could find a producer. And just about that time, something happened between these two.

They separated—and Charlie went to New York. His play was produced, and made a great success with Lenore Ulric in the title role. And it was rumored that Charlie had fallen in love with Helen Hayes, the wistful and lovely young star of “Caesar and Cleopatra.” Presently, when his first wife obtained her divorce, he and Helen were married. In a year or so appeared the famous “Act-of-God” baby. The young MacArthurs were very happy. The movies called Charlie, after his success as co-author of “The Front Page” (based on his old newspaper days), and soon Helen followed him to the West Coast, and made a hit in “The Front Page’s” Madelon Claudet” and “Arrowsmith.” She is now returning, after a brilliant season on Broadway, to co-star with Gary Cooper in “A Farewell to Arms.”

What—after a lapse of four years—caused Carol Frink to decide to sue MacArthur’s second wife? Perhaps this is not the answer—but it is an odd coincidence. The papers were served on Helen Hayes three weeks after the appearance of a highly romantic story about her in a magazine.

This story told, in sugared language, astonishingly unwise things for anyone to reveal. It admitted that she and Charlie fell madly in love while he was already married. For almost four years, it does not seem to have occurred to Carol Frink to sue Helen Hayes for alienating the affections of her husband. Then, a few days after the magazine with its amazingly injudicious disclosures appeared, the long-smoldering resentment of the Little Girl Reporter flared into flame! Incidentally, she also wants adjustment of MacArthur’s alimony payments, which, she alleges, are not up to date.
HAS LINA BASQUETTE WON JACK DEMPSEY AWAY FROM HIS EX-WIFE?

Just When Rumor Has It That Jack And Estelle Taylor Are Romancing Again, Another Brunette Comes Into His Life—In San Francisco Jack Introduces Friend As "Miss Rosita Gonzales," But Lina's Mother Says "Rosita" Is Lina—Reported That She Will Dance In New Dempsey Night-Club

By LOUISE SYKES

I S the widow of Sam Warner, the ex-Mrs. Peverel Marley, née Lina Basquette, and alias Rosita Gonzales, about to become the next Mrs. Jack Dempsey? Did Jack steal the sweetheart of his one-time buddy and present bitter personal enemy, Teddy Hayes, when he met Lina for the first time recently? And did Lina steal Jack away from his ex-wife, Estelle Taylor?

Estelle shrugs her shoulders, rolls her dark eyes. "She's welcome to him if she wants him," says Estelle, not without heat. At one time, it is said, she and Lina Basquette were close friends.

Jack says that the beautiful brunette he was seen with in San Francisco soon after leaving Hollywood was a "Miss Rosita Gonzales of an Argentine family." But Lina's mama admits that "Rosita" is Lina, though Lina says that she was on a camping trip with her dog while she was supposed to have been in San Francisco. And now comes news that Lina is in Reno, seeing the town with Jack, and Jack is quoted as saying: "I like Lina a lot and I think she likes me, too."

"I'm going to keep on getting married till I find the right husband," Lina remarked recently. It must be lonely traveling about the country from tourist camp to tourist camp, as Lina claims she has been doing—even making a cross-country trip that way recently.

She was all alone, according to an eyewitness, the night she ventured into the newly-opened night-club at the Barbara Hotel (Jack Dempsey, proprietor). At a table in one corner sat Estelle Taylor with a gay party of friends. And at Estelle's table was Jack, who had left his own party the moment she entered the room. Gossip had Jack and Estelle going places together, and on the verge of remarriage.

To this table advanced Lina, who had recently been injured in a fall from a horse while making a picture. She stooped over Jack and murmured something in a low voice. Jack, in an equally low voice, answered her and Lina drifted away.

"She said she had Teddy Hayes with her and she had left him waiting in the hall to see if I'd let him in," said Jack, grimly. Teddy Hayes (for the benefit of those who don't remember their ring history) was once the Dempsey trainer, but when Jack broke with his former manager, Jack Kearns, Hayes sided with the latter and Dempsey and he has been bitter enemies since. "I told the two of them to clear out of here!" announced Jack. However, he evidently softened so far as Lina was concerned, for at the end of the evening when she left for home, Jack Dempsey, himself, was her escort. Teddy Hayes was pictured as being royally peeved.

"The next Mrs. Dempsey will not be an actress," Jack remarked in San Francisco. "Not while she is in the profession," he added thoughtfully.

Since Reno rumors have it that Jack is about to open a big night-club there, with Lina Basquette as premiere danseuse, that doesn't sound as if he has matrimony in mind. Besides, she's rumored to be secretly wed to Teddy Hayes.
Wheeler And Woolsey Have Verbal Battle, And Come To Parting Of The Ways

Bert Heads For Broadway, And Bob Prepares To Continue On Screen With New Partner—Woolsey Says They Parted With Words, But Not Blows, Blames Wheeler For Break-Up

By Jack Grant

ROBERT WOOLSEY denies—emphatically—that any blows were struck when he parted company with Bert Wheeler, his teammate since "Rio Rita." Hollywood had the story that Bert had poked Bob in the eye. But, then, Hollywood can be wrong. It frequently is. Besides, Woolsey was there, and Hollywood wasn't.

The dissolution of the partnership of Wheeler and Woolsey occurred unexpectedly. The team had just finished "Hold 'Em, Jail" and their contract with RKO, where they had been for more than two years. They had been negotiating with Columbia for a series of comedies for that company when the news broke that Wheeler had returned to Broadway, leaving Woolsey in Hollywood. Their partnership was at an end. Besides the rumor of the fisticuffs, there was a rumor that they had quarreled about Dorothy Lee, the peppy ingenue of their pictures—and that she would be in Wheeler's New York production.

"It seems I was the last man in town to know about Bert's heading East," Woolsey says. "You can't guess who told me. The headwaiter at the Roosevelt Hotel. He heard the deal arranged between Bert, his agent, and an Eastern theatrical producer. The producer said that he had a part for Bert in a new musical show—a great part, one that would make him the most famous comic on Broadway. Imagine his giving up pictures to be famous on Broadway! I haven't anything against Broadway, except it's just one street. But that's the way Bert is. A great little guy, but a lousy business man. He's impetuous and can be easily sold. Bert has made over four hundred thousand dollars in pictures and hasn't a thing to show for it.

"Bert was a little hot-headed. He burned plenty when he was told that David Selznick, the new boss at RKO, asked when he first came on the lot which was Wheeler and which was Woolsey. They told him that Woolsey was the guy with the cigar, and Selznick is quoted as saying it really didn't make any difference, as he didn't think either of us was funny. There are a lot of people who don't think us funny. But our pictures made money.

"After hearing that remark attributed to Selznick, Bert refused to sign the new contract RKO offered us. It wasn't for as much money as we had been getting—but it wasn't anything to sneeze at. However, he was all for arranging a deal with Columbia on a profit-sharing basis. The papers were drawn. Then a fellow who had acted as agent for Bert back East popped up. After talking to him, Bert accused me of being hasty about the Columbia deal. And it was his idea in the first place!

"Later I found out that Bert had signed several stage contracts, so perhaps he picked the fight just to break the partnership. He didn't have to fight with me to do that. All he had to say was 'Let's quit.' Then we would still have been friends.

"We'll never team up again, that much I can tell you. Bert broke us up, and we'll stay busted—but I'm sorry the curtain had to be run down on our act. The team of Wheeler and Woolsey was lucky and enjoyed a great run. I wish Bert all the luck in the world, wherever he is. Meanwhile, I'm teaming up with a new partner—another great little guy, named Harry Langdon."

On the screen, Bert Wheeler (left) and Robert Woolsey could wisecrack trouble away. But they couldn't laugh off their real-life differences. Guess who'll be Woolsey's new partner!
As someone has remarked—check and double-check! Garbo may wonder if she really ought to make another picture for only ten thousand dollars a week, but in the meantime the girl whom Hollywood regards as Greta's most dangerous rival is acting for all she's worth in "Rain." And who could be better in the rôle of the good-bad girl fought over by a marine and a minister?
In 1931, Gable had his first big break—as one of Norma's two lovers in "A Free Soul." That fiery role started him on his skyrocket journey to stardom. A year passes, and along comes another great opportunity—again as a Shearer lover. This time, however, he is gentle and sensitive, and Norma is tragically sure that she loves him. For the picture is "Strange Interlude"
Like the gangster bodyguard in "Scarface," Will is now cutting out paper dolls. It's one way of showing you how business men keep busy these days. And he'll show you plenty more in "Down to Earth," which relates the depression adventures of the family you first met in "They Had to See Paris." You'll also see Will and his wit much in evidence during the Presidential campaign.
Anita Keeps The Home Lights Burning

In the old days, when Anita Page went out with the boys, her little Irish cottage at Manhattan Beach was dark—for Mom and Dad went, too. But now she goes alone—so the lamp in the hall is kept lighted. And it has been burning so constantly of late that it's beginning to look like a romance between Anita and young Dr. Cyril Rice. Meanwhile, she's alight, herself, in "Skyscraper Souls"
Beauty In The Bath
(Hollywood Style)

Only in Hollywood would you see a bath equipped with a chaise longue, as above. It's part of the furniture in "Bachelor's Affairs," in which Joan Marsh makes Adolphe Menjou lift that expressive eyebrow of his even higher than usual. And at the right, you see how a Hollywood charmer looks with HER hair knotted up, all ready to sponge the far reaches behind the ears.
Sally is keeping her lips tightly clamped these days. For one thing, she has been serious ever since she was injured in an auto accident, and her career seemed threatened. For another thing, she and Hoot Gibson reunited three days after Sally announced they had parted. But you'll soon see her in a laughing mood again—for she is to do "Hat-Check Girl" (and you know hat-check girls!)
Mae Clarke’s Breakdown Will Not End Her Career

Twenty-one-year-old actress—who collapsed after making eight pictures without any rest—is now out of danger and on the road to recovery. And this is the girl who used to say nothing ever happened to her! She will soon be back—as a star this time!

Mae Clarke has been very, very ill. She has had two nurses much of the time, specialists have been treating her, and her friends in Hollywood have been gravely concerned about her. But it is good news that Mae is getting better rapidly, and gave us this message for you—her first in many discouraged months.

“Anything I want to say,” smiles Mae, “sounds too Pollyanna-ish for my type. But only one who has been sick a long time knows how wonderful it is just to be alive. I’m not worrying about anything my work, my career, my future, or anything else. That will come later, I suppose. Just now I’m thrilled with little, ordinary things the air on my face when I go outdoors, the sunshine on my carpet. . . .

“I weighed ninety pounds when I finally gave up and admitted I was sick. I had made eight pictures, one after another. I loved my work and just didn’t realize what it was taking out of me. Why, they’re still releasing new pictures of mine! So far as the public goes, I haven’t been away from the screen a day.

“Now I weigh a hundred and ten. The doctor won’t let me go back to work till I weigh a hundred and twenty. I’d like to take a trip first—but I suppose I won’t want to go any farther than Glendale when I come to the point of leaving Hollywood. Anyway, tell everybody ‘Hello’ for me. I’m coming back soon, and I hope they’ll be glad to see me.”

She is only twenty-one, and those years have been so crowded and so embattled that they have finally sent her to a sanitarium with a nervous breakdown. She has worked as few other movie actresses have worked, and she has loved and laughed and wept. Back on Broadway, after the strain of dancing twenty-four different exhibition dances an evening for weeks, she broke both ankles one night—with just a light bound into the air. Before coming to Hollywood, she failed dismally and unnoticed, and she has succeeded almost as unspectacularly. She suffered her breakdown as a leading lady; when she recovers, Universal will make her a star. And a week before she broke down, she told me that she felt ill “all over,” and added drearily, “I get so tired of going on and on without anything happening—”

When Things Started Happening

For Mae honestly does think nothing has ever happened to her—nothing exciting and interesting—not since August 16, 1910, when she was born in Philadelphia. Her parents moved to Atlantic City soon afterward, because her father’s work took him there. He was pianist in a picture theatre, and Mae very early decided that she would be a pianist, too. So she could see the shows. Always she had the acting urge. At three she dressed up in her mother’s clothes and paraded on the lawn. At school she acted and danced, and at twelve she was the Queen in an Atlantic City pageant. And in between she fell off a roof and was rescued from the surf, and got lost and was found, and won a swimming championship. “But nothing exciting, you see,” says Mae.

And seven years ago she leaned over the railing of the Atlantic City boardwalk, dropped some discouraged tears in the seething ocean below, and bitterly said something to this...

(Continued on page 70)
Will JOHN GILBERT'S Fourth Wife be VIRGINIA BRUCE?

Is it just a publicity stunt—this engagement of the famous screen lover (three times divorced) and his new leading lady? They act "dead in earnest," and have even set the wedding date. Virginia says it is the first time she has been in love and—who knows?—it may be the first time John has, too!

WHEN they read that John Gilbert was engaged to Virginia Bruce, his leading lady in his new picture, the cynical smiled, "It's just another publicity gag—a good boost to the picture." Which makes John's answer to the newspaper woman who first asked about his engagement even more ironical.

The rumor that John's new romance was something more than the "week-end love" which Hollywood had called it came, surprisingly enough, from the most recent Mrs. Gilbert, in New York. Ina Claire, who recently offered her ex-husband the rôle of co-star in her new Broadway play, confided to a friend that John was engaged again. The friend wired to the newspaper woman, who accosted John at the Legion fights that same evening.

"Are you really engaged, Jack?" she asked.

He nodded at the slim, blonde girl on his arm. "Virginia and I are going to be married on the fifteenth of August," he said.

"But, Jack," the newspaper woman protested, "why didn't you tell me before?"

He looked at her somberly, yet with boyish humility. "I didn't know," said John Gilbert, "that there was anybody in the world who would be interested."

And it looks very much as if Virginia Bruce (born Briggs) of Minneapolis, Minnesota, and later of Fargo, North Dakota, will become the fourth Mrs. John Gilbert on August 15, the date when Ina Claire's divorce from John becomes final.

It has been a whirlwind courtship—one of those love-at-first-meeting matches. They met on a Monday. They were engaged on the following Saturday. Within three weeks the whole world had the news.

What Drew Them Together

I SAID to Virginia, "Just what is it, do you think, that drew you together?"

And this fair-haired, twenty-one-year-old girl said, simply, "We fit."

I asked, "But what is it Jack seems to expect of you—what quality is he looking for?"

She said, "Quietness."

And with those two answers, Virginia's Bruce removed all doubt about the romance being a real honest-to-goodness thing.

Before I talked with Virginia, I did doubt it. Like the rest of Hollywood, I felt that it was just another brief romantic interlude. I thought of her young and, comparatively inexperienced life. Her quiet childhood in Fargo, North Dakota. Mother and Dad and one brother three years younger. Her dreams of becoming a nurse—or an artist. No dreams, ever, of Hollywood. I knew that she had come to Hollywood some three years ago. Her mother

John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce met on a Monday, and were engaged the next Saturday. Her quietness appealed to John.
had hoped this for her, the movies.

An Uncle introduced her to William Beaudine, the director. There was a small part for her, her first, in Chevalier's "The Love Parade." Paramount put her under contract and there were other small parts, in "Young Eagles," in "Safety in Numbers," and others. There was the Paramount option that was not renewed. Then a role in the Cantor-Ziegfeld-Goldwyn picture, "Whoopie," discovered by Ziegfeld — and then New York. A show-girl part in Ziegfeld's "Smiles" and the title of America's Most Beautiful Chorus Girl. Then a Metro scout spied her and there came a Metro contract. Back to Hollywood she came — to parts in "Are You Listening?" "Sky Bride," "The Miracle Man," "Winner Take All," and then the John Gilbert picture, "Downstairs," which John wrote, himself.

Nothing very sensational has ever happened to Virginia. She has had no Great Loves in her life. She has never made startling successes or vast sums of money. She didn't even care about the movies. She said, "I just tried for Mother and Dad..."

Her Departed Rivals

And then I thought of John. Of the stormy and emotional life he had lived, the dizzy ups, the thunderous downs. The vast sums of money he has had. The torrents of publicity. The adulation and the criticisms. The women.

I thought of Leatrice Joy and that whirlwind, passionate courtship and marriage. I thought of the way that love cooled, that marriage dissolved, leaving Leatrice hurt for many years afterwards. There had been a little girl born of that marriage — a child who looked like John. I thought of the first Mrs. John Gilbert, the "extra" girl from Alabama, Virginia Burwell, who regretfully admitted they were not the same type and who still calls herself by his name...

I thought of Garbo and the Great Love that seemed to be. I thought of John's face during the heavenly-hellish time of that fevered episode. It seemed impossible, then, that his love for Garbo could ever fade. Yet it died.

I thought of Ina Claire and of the sudden tempestuous...(Continued on page 68)
Whenever the unexpected happens, Marlene Dietrich can always depend on Rudolph Sieber, her director-husband, to rush over from Europe. Lately, he has been busy protecting Marlene and their little girl, Maria, from kidnap threats.

Marlene Dietrich's Husband Rushes to Her Rescue Like One of Her Heroes

Twice, Rudolph Sieber has arrived at her side in the nick of time —Chevalier's wife dashed over from Paris to save Maurice from gossip — and Miriam Hopkins could even depend on her estranged husband to be there when needed. It's a habit with Hollywood husbands, wives and ex's!

At the Hollywood opening of "Grand Hotel," Marlene Dietrich, introducing her husband, Rudolph Sieber, to one of her friends, said, "It is too bad that every time my husband visits me he arrives just in time for trouble!"

She referred, of course, to her studio difficulties that were, at that time, occupying considerable space in the newspapers under the headlines: "Dietrich and Von Sternberg Walk Out on Contracts. Star Refuses to Report for Work With Another Director. Paramount to Sue."

Herr Sieber's only other visit to Hollywood took place at the time the former Mrs. Josef von Sternberg was suing Marlene for alienation of the director's affections, basing her suit on an interview Marlene had allegedly given on her vacation abroad.

On the latter occasion, Herr Sieber, blond, young, smiling and affable, lent considerable strength to Marlene's side of the story by casually scoffing at the "alienation" charges. In time, the American public came to the conclusion that if Marlene's husband saw (Continued on page 72)
Joel is steering straight for stardom—one of the few local lads who have sailed within hailing distance of those golden shores. He has become RKO'S white-haired boy—and is set for a series of big outdoor adventure pictures. (No more tuxedo rôles for Joel!) The first is ‘The Most Dangerous Game’—in which he is a sailor and has the luck to run up against a man-hunting monster.
What's this—Sylvia dressed up? She has been a poor little poor girl for so long that it's sort of a surprise to see her as a poor little heiress in "Merrily We Go to Hell." But every little girl who climbs the stairway to stardom has to prove, some time, that she's a style-setter. Sylvia has just taken her first vacation. But if you'll be patient, you'll soon see her as "Madame Butterfly"
That other girl's breach-of-promise suit against Ann's brand-new husband, Leslie Fenton, has been dropped. That's one reason why she's so elated. Another is that she's off to the same sort of stardom that Gable had. Playing characters you're not supposed to like, she's stealing pictures right and left—and the gates to stardom will soon be wide open. Soon after "Three on a Match"!
"Well, this IS a pleasure!" smiles Gloria, meeting you for the first time. And you won't say any less when you meet Gloria, who gave up a radio career to be Warners' most promising newcomer. Maybe you'll spot her in minor roles in "Big City Blues" and "Life Begins." When Joe E. Brown recovers from his recent operations, she will be his lady love in "You Said a Mouthful"
Ann Harding told the truth when she sought her divorce!

Maybe you didn’t believe that Ann divorced Harry Bannister for love of HIM—but you’ll have to believe it, after reading what her writing revealed to Louise Rice, who’s famous for finding character secrets in handwriting!

By Louise Rice

Do you really believe that Ann Harding has divorced her husband Harry Bannister, for the reason that she gave in the newspapers—for his benefit? Frankly, I did not, until I had analyzed her handwriting. I thought that it was just one more publicity stunt that some enterprising press-agent had worked out. But now that I have read her character, I am firmly convinced that she could do a thing like that and mean it sincerely at the time she did it. I will try to prove this to you by explaining some of the unusual letter formations in her writing.

Ann Harding’s handwriting might well baffle a person who had not examined a good many extraordinary specimens of script. This is partly because the writing is not wholly natural and frank at this time. The rightward angle of her handwriting was natural in the past, but it is beginning to change at present and will change more in the near future—although she may not be willing to admit this fact, or to take advantage of it. Her nature is really a sincere and simple one, which is far from over-sophistication, and I find in it an almost excessive sensitiveness.

(Continued on page 75)

ANALYZE YOUR OWN HANDWRITING

Louise Rice has perfected a chart known as a Grapho-scope, which enables you to analyze your own handwriting. It will reveal your proper vocation. Also analyzes love and congenial friendships. Get one to-day! Send your name and address to Louise Rice, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and 10 cents to cover clerical expenses.
Will He Follow in VALENTINO'S Footsteps?

By LYNN NORRIS

You first met Cary Grant in "This Is the Night" and as one of the two new "discoveries" in the Ticker Talk department of the June MOVIE CLASSIC. But you are going to see plenty of him from now on, and you'll want to know more about him. This gives you the whole story— to date.—Editor.

CARY GRANT, who may make talkie versions of some of Valentino's old silent hits, came to Hollywood for a vacation, without a serious thought of the picture business except to visit friends who were actors. As a result of a director's joke, he was given a test—and a contract. He has broad shoulders and stands six feet one inch in height. His love-life reads like a tale in your favorite confession magazine; it's the idealized story of what happens to every handsome young man with romantic ideas. He doesn't like to talk about it, himself.

For his first picture role he played Thelma Todd's husband in Paramount's super-musical, "This Is the Night." A little unsure of himself in the new medium—he comes from the stage—he says, himself, that he never saw so much ham, when they let him watch his first "rushes." But the preview audience sat up and took notice, for he played opposite the experienced Roland Young and Charlie Ruggles with surprising poise.

They say he's being groomed to take Buddy Rogers' place; he has much the same sort of boyish charm. He blushes fiery red when embarrassed, and clicks his heels together and salutes, when he leaves you—perhaps a holdover from his musical comedy days. There's a strong masculinity about him, too—that's why they compare him with Clark Gable. His face shows the same handsome virility.

How He's Like Valentino

THERE is a strong rumor that he will remake "Blood and Sand," playing Rudolph Valentino's old toreador part. His only similarity to Rudy is in the dreamy, flashing eyes, and the dark olive complexion. The fans have discovered him, already. A woman stopped Randolph Scott, another likely newcomer, on the street.

(Continued on page 64)
Buy silk stockings with the $3 you save

A hat, a scarf, a good pair of gloves, or several pairs of stockings—these you can buy with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of dentifrices in the 50c class.

This thrift dentifrice brings new brilliance to women’s teeth

You probably have your favorite tooth paste. You think it is helping your teeth. And it undoubtedly is. But if you could expect even better results from a new type of tooth paste, wouldn’t you be willing to try it? Especially if the trial would cost you only a quarter?

Many women with dull, lackluster teeth have written to thank us for Listerine Tooth Paste. They say it brings new luster, new brilliance, new beauty to teeth. And why not? Listerine Tooth Paste contains the most modern, gentlest type of polishing agents.

They say that it cleans teeth more thoroughly than any dentifrice they have ever used. That it gets rid of stubborn tartar, unsightly tobacco stains, and other discolorations with a speed that is amazing. They say, too, that Listerine Tooth Paste leaves the mouth with a feeling of freshness and invigoration not produced by any other tooth paste on the market. That seems reasonable: this tooth paste contains some of the very essences that make Listerine itself so delightful.

These are not our statements. They are the statements of women who have tried all sorts of brands, and finally settled on Listerine Tooth Paste as being the best value. Won’t you try it? We are perfectly willing to stand or fall on your judgment.

Get a tube today at your druggist’s. He, too, will tell you that the product is as good as the quality name it bears. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

The makers of LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE recommend

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSHES

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
"I'm 20"

Screen stars keep the charm of Youth

SCREEN STARS know how important it is to keep youthful charm. So they begin very early to give their lovely complexions zealous and regular care.

Jean Harlow, delightful young star, says: "I learned Hollywood's secret and started using Lux Toilet Soap my first day in the studio."

Lovelier than ever at 30, Viola Dana says: "Nowadays no woman need worry about growing old. I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly to keep my skin at its very best."

And the glamorous Nazimova, for so long an idol of the stage and screen, can well say: "Very few actresses look their age. Like me, they take care of their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 686 use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap. It is the official soap in all the big film studios. So gentle—so exceptionally white that no other soap can rival it!

Begin today to let it care for your skin. You're sure to be delighted with the results, just as the famous stars are!
"I'm 30"  

VIOLA DANA, beloved screen star: "Like most actresses, I discovered years ago that Lux Toilet Soap has a wonderfully soothing effect on the skin."

"I'm over 40"  

NAZIMOVA, glamorous star of the stage and screen: "I laugh at being over 40—my skin is so soft, so smooth. For years I have been faithful to Lux Toilet Soap!"

Toilet Soap 10¢
Genevieve is looking for a man with the virility of Clark Gable (left) and the intelligence of Leslie Howard (right) — a combination hard to beat. And equally hard to find!

Why Genevieve Tobin Has Never Married

BY GLADYS HALL

W HY h a s G e n e v i e v e Tobin, twenty-eight, reddish-blonde, traveled and "dangerous," never married? The answer is easy. She said to me, "I must have a man with the virility of Clark Gable, the intelligence of Leslie Howard, the dignity of Clive Brook and, if I may say so, the sheer nerve of James Cagney."

And that's why she has never married.

If such a peerless paragon does exist, let him now step forward and claim Miss Tobin as his bride.

But I doubt it. Especially as she also stipulates that the Lucky Man must have more than a little money. He must be successful. That is definite. His check-book, in other words, must have that Park Avenue air.

She has been engaged three times. And each one of those times, when the engagement ring was slipped onto her finger, she felt faint and nauseated. There was something imprisoning about it. She could not go through with it. And she didn't!

She will never marry an actor. That, too, is a positive statement. The sight of greasepaint on a man's face debars him as her husband and the father of her children. She wants at least two. Children, I mean, not fathers for them.

She means, when she marries, to retire from the screen. She says, truly, that she has been rather a well-known actress. She would insist upon being married to a man of equal, if not greater, fame and distinction. She does not demand that he win his fame in the same line.

Money Won't Be Enough

N OR is money alone enough. One of her three engagements was to a Rich Man's Son. Very rich. Genevieve could have dwelt in marble halls and pulled orchids out of the home meadows. But this rich man's poor son could do nothing. He had no interests—except Genevieve. He didn't know how to do anything. And so he was tabu.

It isn't only money that Genevieve wants, you see. It is the power that, in its stride, gets money, too.

Nor will the particular Miss Tobin consider a doctor. Medical profession, please abandon hope! One of her best friends is married to a doctor and the life is one of haphazard meals, broken sleep, and uncertain hours. A lawyer—yes.

If ever she should, by some emotional fluke, fall in love with an actor, he would have to be more famous than she is, herself, and making considerably more money. Genevieve, could not bear to Look Down upon her necessarily Better Half.

"And with all this talk," she said to me, "I'll probably marry a chorus man!"

She takes marriage very seriously. Brought up in a

(Continued on page 81)
Radically new

greatest advance in sanitary protection
since the invention of Kotex itself in 1920

the new

Phantom* Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

Redesigned to end all fear of
revealing outlines, no matter
how close-fitting your dress is

AT LAST! A radically-new design in sanitary
protection. Made by Kotex—originators of
the modern sanitary napkin.

It is called PHANTOM KOTEX. Why?
Because it is so flattened and tapered that
it leaves no outlines even under the closest-
fitting of evening gowns.

And for those who require extra pro-
tection, Super Phantom Kotex is perfect.
Despite the extra protective surface, ends
are so skillfully flattened and tapered as to
be completely inconspicuous.

Kotex features retained

Kotex is soft even after hours of use;
wonderfully absorbent; can be worn, with
equal protection, on either side; disposable,
easily. More than 24 million pads were
used in hospitals alone last year.

Ask for the new PHANTOM KOTEX. Try
it. Learn what a difference it makes. Insist
upon getting genuine Kotex, when you buy
it wrapped. Each tapered end of the new
pad is stamped "Kotex"—so you can't get
inferior substitutes.

Kotex prices are today the lowest in Kotex
history. This new improvement comes to
you at no increase in price. On sale at all
drug, dry goods and department stores. Also
in vending cabinets through the West Dis-
infecting Company.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

Note! Kotex—now at your dealer's—marked
"Form-Fitting" is the new Phantom Kotex.

To ease
the task of
enlightenment

This message is sent to
parents and guardians
in a spirit of con-
structive helpfulness.

T HIS year—some five
million young girls be-
tween the ages of 10 and 14
will face one of the most try-
ing situations in all the years
of young womanhood.

This year—some five mil-
lion mothers will face the
most difficult task of mother-
hood.

Thousands of these moth-
ers will sit down in quiet
rooms—and from that inti-
macy so characteristic of
today's mother and daughter
—there will result that un-
derstanding so vital to the
daughter of today—the wife
and mother of tomorrow.

There will be other thou-
sands of mothers—courage-
ous—intimate in all things
but this. There will be thou-
sands too timid to meet this
problem—and it will pass—
but with what possible un-
happiness.,, what heart-
breaking experience.

To free this task of en-
lightenment from the slight-
est embarrassment—the
Kotex Company has had
prepared an intimate little
chat between mother and
daughter. It is called "Mar-
jorie May's Twelfth Birth-
day."

In this book—the subject
has been covered completely
in simple understand-
able form. It is accompanied
by a simple plan affording
the child complete privacy.

To secure a copy without
cost or slightest obligation,
parents or guardians may fill
in and mail the coupon below.
It will come to you in a plain
cello.
TAKING IN THE TALKIES

LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS

AS YOU DESIRE ME

You won't hear any pro and con argument about Garbo in her newest—and perhaps last—picture. It is by no means her best picture, but Garbo, herself, is at her best. She's even a bit daring, what with standing in a doorway in negligee and being a bit "lit up," as well as a platinum blonde, in the early part of the picture. The plot is confusing—intentionally so. She is a woman who either doesn't remember her past, or doesn't want to—and then she is told she is the long-lost wife of Melvyn Douglas. She looks like the vanished girl and she tries to be, she tells him, "as you desire me." In the end, you're left wondering whether she is his wife or not. Garbo is always at her ease, is less tragic than usual, and smiles often. Douglas has a stiff rôle. Erich von Stroheim is so convincingly villainous you wish lightning would strike him. Owen Moore, as an old friend, is as smooth as Jimmy Walker.

THE DARK HORSE

"The Dark Horse" not only beat all the other election comedies to the box office, but I suspect that it will beat all the others at the box office. It's clever and amusing from start to finish, in acting, story and lines. There isn't a weak cog in it. A dead-locked political convention nominates an unknown "dark horse"—minister and he turns out to be so honest and so smiley dumb that the bosses have no hopes of electing him—until Warren William gets out of alma noy jail and becomes his campaign manager. William, a high-pressure promoter, plays up the candidate's dumb honesty and ballyhoos him into office. It's easy to kid the voters, he finds. But his ex-wife (Vivienne Osborne), who almost wrecks both his campaign plans and his romance with his chipper secretary (Bette Davis). Warren William clicks again. It seems to be a habit of his.

THE DOOMED BATTALION

Imagine being fascinated by a war picture at this late date! Maybe there's something wrong with my nervous system—but that's what happened to me (unexpectedly) when I looked over "The Doomed Battalion." It isn't gruesome; and it does have suspense and some breath-taking photography. The setting is not Flanders mud, but Alpine snow—and the conflict you see is that between the Austrians and Italians. The hero, a private, is stationed high on Collalto, only four miles from the enemy. One of the enemy's best friends, who must give the order to dynamite the Austrians from the mountain peak. That's where the suspense comes in. The hero is rigid Luis Trenker, a new face to Americans. He also wrote the story, and directed the dramatic snow scenes. Tala Birell, who looks too sensitive to be a peasant, makes her début as his wife.

BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE

Here's a jungle thriller without any last-minute rescues or romance, and with precious few humans in the cast! It makes "Trader Horn" look like a Boy Scout expedition. It's the story of the man with the most unusual and perhaps the most dangerous job in the world—Frank Buck. He looks a bit like Warner Baxter and his job is to get the world's most dangerous animals for zoos. He told you how he does it, in a book of the same name, now he illustrates his story. The scene is the Sumatra jungle; the cast are the villains and comedians of the jungle—the black leopards and panthers and pythons, and the honey bears and fuzzy apes. The big climax of the picture is a fight between a python and a panther, after which Buck catches both of them. (Picture yourself playing around with either of them!) You'll wonder where the camera was, when some of the scenes were filmed.

IS MY FACE RED?

Doing a quick right-about-face from his rôle of the sensitive hero of "The Symphony of Six Million," Ricardo Cortez now plays a brassy columnist in a satire that rings the bell. It's a lusty, witty look at the newspaper men of Broadway who have become male gossipers—and it's funny even when it's melodramatic. Cortez conducts a column called "The Keyhole to the City," and doesn't care how he gets his gossip, so long as he gets it; he modestly says that he's "the guy who makes Broadway famous." He throws over his old sweetheart (Helein Ire) for a Park Avenue tart (Jill Esmond), who later tells him, "You amused me—like going to the flea circus." He reveals a murder before the body is found, and gets shot for his trouble. But I predict that Cortez will make you like him. Zasu Pitts, as a weary telephone operator, and Arline Judge, as his secretary, almost steal the picture.

MERRILY WE GO TO HELL

It seems that there were two novels—one called "Merrily We Go to Hell" and the other, "I, Jerry, Take Thee, Joan." They have taken the title of one and the plot of the other, and the result is more or less a waste of time for Fredric March and Sylvia Sidney. The title refers to a toast that Freddie, who plays a reporter, has a habit of drinking. And how he does imbibe! All because a blonde actress (a pretty English newcomer named Adrianne Allen) has shattered his ideals. But he gets himself married to an heiress (Sylvia), who reforms him and makes him write a play that's a hit. And then (you guessed it) the actress comes back into his life and wrecks it again. But then (you guessed it again) Sylvia is about to have a baby—a bassinet—and our hero comes marching (no pun intended) home again. The acting is 'way above the story. Amusing in spots.
612 women, under observation of 15 dermatologists, use usual beauty methods on one side of their faces... Woodbury’s Facial Soap on other side... for 30 days. Contrast astonishing!

By Dr. (Nationally known dermatologist)

"The ethics of my profession forbid publication of my name. But I can tell women these actual facts:

"For 30 days a group of women under my observation cleansed one side of their faces with their usual methods... soaps, creams, lotions—whatever they liked... The other side of their faces they washed every day with Woodbury’s Facial Soap.

"At the end of 30 days, the contrast on these faces was startling! Not only through the microscope or magnifying glass, but to the naked eye. The cheek which had been washed with Woodbury’s, was clear, bright, firm. Smooth and fine as silk. Glowing with life. The other cheek was sallow, dingy, coarse-pored, in comparison.

"The results of that experiment convinced me, as they would any scientist. If I were a woman I couldn’t ask for better proof of what to use to keep my skin nice, or to make it clearer and finer.

"Any woman, seeing the right and left sides of my patients’ faces after the 30-day Half-face Test, would quickly for-get that old myth you hear so often...

"I can’t use soap on my face... and quickly abandon the idea that one must pay a fabulous price for beauty aids.”

Your skin needs creams, too. But first of all, it needs consistent cleansing with Woodbury’s for the extra tonic effect it has on the skin glands, pores, circulation.

Woodbury’s is not just a soap. It is a scientific beauty treatment in cake form. Numerous foreign countries, including many remote spots in the Orient, are combed to procure its costly ingredients. The fine, rare oils in Woodbury’s are not to be found in mere toilet soaps.

Would you like to see YOUR complexion clear and fine in 30 days... perhaps less? Fresh, firm, velvety soft? Would you like to correct dry skin, oily skin, blackheads, coarse pores, pimples?

Then try Woodbury’s Facial Soap as the directions advise. Make the Half-face Test yourself, if you wish... but 612 women have already done it for you. Profit by their experience and begin at once to use Woodbury’s on your skin. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters (25¢). Or mail coupon for sample.

COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 503 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio.


I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, also sample kit containing genuine samples of Woodbury’s Facial Soap, Woodbury’s Cold Cream, Facial Cream, and Facial Powder. Also copy of “Index to Loveliness.” For this I enclose...

Oily Skin
Course Pores
Blackheads

Dry Skin
Wrinkles
Sallow Skin

Habby Skin
Pimples

For generous sample of one of Woodbury’s Three Favourite Shampoos, enclose 10 cents extra and indicate type of scalp.

Normal Scalp
Dry Scalp
Oily Scalp

Name__________

Street__________

City__________State__________

NOT JUST A SOAPS... A SCIENTIFIC BEAUTY TREATMENT IN CAKE FORM

NATIONAL COLUMN

Test is on Woodbury’s every Friday, 6:15 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time... Leon Belasco and his orchestra... WABX and Columbia Network.
Headline Career of Garbo—1925-1932

(Continued from page 21)

Devil." Hailed as "new great love team.

March, 1926—Betrothal of Prince Sig- 

"Love."</p>

Yacht Garbo"—in a picture with Asther as "A Single Standard." Their love scenes convincing.

January, 1928—Garbo's contract with Catalina is arranging for Garbo to make a famous screen star.

December, 1929—Garbo's appearance in "Greta Garbo and Gilbert's The Kiss," released, with Conrad Nagel and Lew Ayres, young newcomers, as leading men. This will be her last silent picture. Hollywood was electrified. Work well for talkies. Rumor that she will soon return to Sweden.

February, 1929—Garbo's picture "G LATIN VAMPIRE"—a title of the new Garbo picture, "The Kiss," released, with Conrad Nagel and Lew Ayres, young newcomers, as leading men. This will be her last silent picture.


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Why blame stockings when YOU may be at fault?

"ANOTHER PAIR GONE!"—natural to blame the stockings. But you may have caused those expensive runs!

When your stockings are new, they are elastic. They give instead of breaking under strain. Stretch and spring right back again.

But if you wash away this precious elasticity—rub stockings with cake soap so the fibres weaken, lose their supple "give"—then they break.

At the slightest strain. Even bending your knee or fastening your garter may start a wretched run!

Fit, too, is spoiled. Lifeless silk sags, causing horrid wrinkles, crooked seams.

So why take chances? Lux is especially made to preserve elasticity—all the "live" quality the silk has when it is new. That's why it offers you the sure way to make your stockings wear—make them keep their perfect, flattering fit.

Lux saves stocking E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y
Gable Denies Divorce Rumors
(Continued from page 15)

"I know, of course, that this fan favor I've found is sincere. It couldn't be anything else. But I know, too, that it is just a break. Oh yes, it is! There are thousands of better actors than I am. There are, God knows, thousands of men who are better looking. I just happened to have something—I don't know what it is, and neither do you—but it was something that by some fluke happened to click. That's all. It was just one of those things—might have happened to anyone. It happened to happen to me.

"Fan favor is built, too, block by block, if you will. The way you play. I mean, you can figure it out, how it happens, how it increases and everything. It's built, block by block, piece by piece, like adding one piece of a puzzle picture to another."

At this, I've grown discouraged. I am discouraged. I believe they appeal to or interest a certain group, or groups of people. They become fane—fame, as a term, anyway, like I played in 'A Free Soul.' That sort of man happens to appeal to or interest a certain group, or groups of people. They become fans, for instance, 'Hell Divers.' That type of man appeals to other groups of people—in this case mostly the kids, I figure. And they become fans, but he's not our first group because they are still at least curious enough to see what you are going to do next. You haven't lost them—you have added others. And so it goes.

How He Figures His Success

"The thing is, never to be typed, never to stick to one sort of character, never to play too long on one string. Because a certain type appeals mostly only to certain types of people and when you have exhausted them, you are done.

"I have played a gangster, a minister, an aviator, a doctor (in 'Strange Interlude') and I'm going to play another adventurous and colorful part in 'China Seas.' I've been able to keep on building. So long as a man is able to build, he is able to progress. It's the same in any business. To keep on having new customers, you must keep on increasing your stock, varying it, meeting new demands.

"I know that the popularity I have now must go. No question about that. It never has lasted very long. I myself am not my fault. That is, it is not by my desire. I suppose it is, in a way, my fault. Somewho, my old friends, with one or two exceptions, won't come around as they used to and they seem to feel too much of a thing—I don't know what it is—some strange self-consciousness or embarrassment or something. I invite them to go places with me; invite them to have dinner with us. Sometimes they accept—but very often they don't show up. It's one of the changes that have been forced on me—and I didn't intend it to be jealous, you know."

Some Things He Can't Forget

He said, "I've been hungry—and I remember what it feels like to be hungry. I was unwanted and I remember the humiliation of closed doors and averted faces. I not only remember these things—they live with me. They are as much a part of the present as they were a part of the past. I am hungry once can be hungry again. I know that those of us who rise up can also fall down. I am not only what I am now, you know."

He added, "I often wonder how anyone as dumb as I am ever had the sense—and the good luck—to marry the woman I did."

But the sound reason why Clark has not changed since the spotlight of Fame concentrated its fiercest rays on him. He remembers the lean days.

Makes Eyes Look and Feel Just Fine!

Think of Murine the very next time that exposure to sun, wind and dust inflames your eyes and makes them look simply awful. This world-famous lotion will relieve the burning, bloodshot condition in short order and leave your eyes enchantingly clear and bright!

Murine is utterly free from belladonna and other harmful ingredients. Noted stage and screen stars use it daily to keep their eyes always clear and sparkling. 150 applications cost but 60¢ at drug and dept. stores.

MAKE THIS TEST! Drop Murine in one eye only—then note how clearer and brighter it becomes and how very much better it feels!

Murine For Your Eyes

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X-Bazin is the safe and simple way to remove unwanted hair. Cream or powder of the highest quality...kind to the skin...discourages re-growth of hair.

Get genuine X-Bazin. Large size, 50¢ at drug and department stores; special size at 10¢ stores.

Hall & Ruckel, Inc., Bklyn, N. Y., Established 1828
Summer! yet your powder clings, rouge stays on and you look always lovely

BY PATRICIA GORDON

Summer... with old ocean beckoning down the white sands... limpid lakes mirroring forth joy... slim young bodies flashing into caressing waters. Summer... calling you to a thousand activities... whispering of romance in night silences... thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely.

Ah, yes! But there must be no pale checks after the swim... no overflushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun's arbors... no shiny nose. You must remain serenely, coolly beautiful under all conditions to fully enjoy summer...

"Summer-Proof" Make-up. Princess Pat beauty aids, if used together, give a summer-proof make-up. You can actually go in swimming and come out with color perfect—or dance through the evening secure in the knowledge that one application of make-up is sufficient for lasting beauty.

For make-up that will last under trying conditions you first apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent—just as you would ordinary vanishing cream. Only, you see, Ice Astringent gives the skin lasting coolness, contrasts the pores and makes the skin of fine, beautiful texture. After Ice Astringent, use Princess Pat rouge for color which moisture will not affect. Then use Princess Pat almond base powder—the most clinging powder ever made—and one which gives beautiful, pearly lustre. And, of course, Princess Pat wonderful new lip rouge!

Now in the Brilliant Week End Set. This is really a sparkling, wonder-value acquaintance set—enough of each preparation for two weeks’ use—to last throughout your vacation. Also a perfectly wonderful beauty book of summer make-up secrets and special summer care to keep the skin lovely. In the Week End Set you will receive generous tubes of Ice Astringent, Skin Cleanser (the modern cold cream), Skin Food Cream, almond base Face Powder, Rouge and Lip Rouge. The charge of 25¢ pays only for packaging set in its unusual box, and for postage. Consequently we desire to sell only one set to a customer. And we respectfully urge your promptness.

Be Your Most Beautiful "Summer Self". All fragrant and beautiful—all charming—all serenely perfect. That should be your "summer self." The Week End Set will bring this loveliness unfailing.

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The popular Week End Set for this coupon and 25¢ today. Containing Princess Pat Rouge, Lip Rouge, Powder and three creams inBr. The attractiveness. Also a beautiful, new basket of valuable beauty secrets.

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Detalone Cream makes it easier to remove superfluous hair—takes only 2 to 3 minutes. Used on arms, underarms and legs, it leaves skin hair-free, soft and smooth. Detalone is the quality depilatory. Pleasant to use. Economical because you spread it thinner. Avoid substitutes—a far and insist on having DEL-ATONE

Darlons, London, England, but he speaks without a British accent. A grandfather was Percival Leach, the English actor, and Cary Grant happens to be his real name. Cary decided to follow his grandfather’s example at the age of twelve, when he solemnly offered a new idea in theatrical lighting effects to the manager of the Princess Theatre in Bristol. They let the boy operate the lights for a day, and this first contact with show people strengthened his determination to be an actor. At the age of thirteen, he ran away from home and joined a traveling acrobatic troupe. They did eccentric dancing, stilt acts, and a clown routine, and Cary stayed with them for four years. Then his father appeared on the scene and dragged him off to school.

Run Away a Second Time

After all, he was only twelve, and this setback failed to stifle his ambition. For the next few years he followed the same pattern of intermittent planning to join them again. He confided in the little daughter of a well-to-do neighbor, and when she heard his dreams of becoming a stage star again, she understood enough not to laugh. She encouraged him.

She helped him prepare for his second flight from home. She bought him a round trip ticket to New York, and planned to stay in the little home-town girl passed out of his life, but Cary still has fond memories of her.

For the next few years the boy played in stock companies in England and America, gaining invaluable experience as an actor and spending his money on singing teachers, to develop his splendid baritone voice. It was on a boat trip to the United States that he met Ruth, the beautiful daughter of a Middle Western business man.

They met as young people do on board ship, and fell madly in love with each other. The moonlight on the upper deck had something to do with it, of course, as all of you who have made an ocean journey will know. When the boat landed each went his own way and never saw each other again.

The Girl Who Helped Him Most

One of the darkest moments in Cary’s life was when he found himself stranded, in a small town in the East. The show had been closed. He was a girl, Ethel, who stayed at the same hotel and worked in a company in a nearby theatre, who helped Cary over the rough spot. Her act broke up, too, and they went back to New York to storm the booking offices.

Their struggle to find work brought them close together. They took long walks in Central Park and talked over their prospects. Neither of them had any money, but that didn’t stop them from dreaming. They fell in love—their conversation turned from shop-talk to romancing about the many covered cottages of the country. Ethel stayed by Cary during that trying time, and now he says, “I hope she reads this. I want her to know that I am still thinking of her.”

Finally they both found work and started on the upward path. Arthur Hammerstein became interested in Cary and put him to work in a musical, “Golden Dawn.” Ethel was working too, and their careers separated them. Gradually they put aside their dreams of the future. The present was here—demanding their every minute!

Cary’s voice won him the juvenile role in “Polly,” another musical comedy, and after that he was signed with the Shubert. He played opposite Jeanette MacDonald in “Boom-Boom,” and went with the company to Chicago. Then came the lead in, “Wonderful Town.” Cary’s admirers and critics began writing raves about his voice.

Park Avenue Not for Him

With success came various sorts of acclaim. At a supper club he was introduced to 20th Century-Fox of one of New York’s most prominent families, socially, and a member of the fast younger set of the city. The brilliance of the musical comedy footsteps attracted her, and she asked Cary to parties that would have turned the head of a less steady young man.

Cary, however, realized that “society” was out of his line, first of all, a good sport. Not a wild youth but a young man, perhaps a bit shy, but too much like Ado—are they sure that Cary is really what a sweetheart should be?

It is a mystery how best to treat a girl. They may marry—later—if they are both of the same frame of mind. Just now Cary’s too busy learning how to act before the camera.

“Discovered” by Accident

With the close of “Nikki,” in which he played with two Hollywood celebrities, Fay Wray and Kent Douglass, Cary set out to make a name and stake some wood. Just for fun. To visit a few friends out here, and return after a week or two to play another engagement in New York.

One of the friends, however, was Marion Gering, the director. One day at the studio while testing a girl for a part, Gering asked Cary to stand in with him. Not seriously. Just to help her out—to throw back the cues too.

When the authorities saw the test, they lost no time in putting Cary’s signature to a contract. Without delay, it was assigned to a few dollars, “This is the Night.”

He finds Hollywood rather quiet after the hurry of New York. He has taken an apartment in Westwood, a suburb considered the best in the world. He doesn’t want to be compared with anyone—though they’re keen on him to every handsome lead in the business, including the late beloved Valentino. “Pardon me,” don’t say “I look like Valentino. I don’t.”

He’s having a hard time learning the new technique demanded in Hollywood. He’s always in a hurry when they start shooting a scene. It takes a few seconds before I can get hold of myself.

Officials at the studio consider he’s doing remarkably well, for a newcomer, and perhaps you noticed his efforts, yourself, in Sinners in the Sun. (He was the tall, handsome, but unsuccessful wealthy suitor.) And perhaps you’ll see him in the Valentino picture. Keep your eye on him!
We say it's Spinach!

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To build strong, hard teeth is the purpose of right diet. You must eat foods rich in essential minerals and in vitamins. But building teeth is only half! You must preserve teeth too! That is done by removing destructive film each day. To preserve teeth Pepsodent Toothpaste was especially developed.

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These are the 3 rules modern science lays down for lovely, healthy teeth. Observe them faithfully.

Use Pepsodent twice a day—See your Dentist at least twice a year

Looking them over

(Continued from page 10)

a little hot under the collar. Which makes a great many people believe that Jack is a very good actor, indeed.

When Lina came back to Hollywood after an extended sojourn in the east, she was unfriendly engaged to Teddy Hayes, so the story goes. But Hayes and Dempsy hadn't been friends ever since the time Jack broke off relations with his former manager, Jack Kearns. Hayes estranged with Kearns in the breaking.

Jack and Lina are supposed to have met at a party given by Jack at the opening of his hotel. Teddy says he hasn't seen "his girl" since. Lina says nothing. Jack says: "I wouldn't take anything from Hayes...least of all a girl!"

But the gossips insist it was none other than dark-eyed Lina who attended a baseball game with Jack up in San Francisco. Incidentally, Lina was known as Rosita Gonzales when she went places with Jack in "Frisco and Reno.

Constance Bennett is being sued by Joyce and Selznick, agents, for something like $16,000 in other words, two weeks salary. The only comment of the (Continued on page 71)
What Delayed the Wedding

HISTORY repeated itself almost to the people. In the course of their love story, as related in the public prints. During the slump that followed "The Wild Duck," Bette just about gave up acting and the public's fancy waned again. But no sooner did he feel he could honorably offer his hand, than Universal gave the young lady a contract. Bette, whose love for her betrothed seemed to be a very secondary sort of emotion, flew off to Hollywood with never a regret for her lost wedding—until option time came along. Once more in a bridal frame of mind, she telephoned New York, became re-engaged by long-distance and rushed back to the East.

Practically at the altar, the Warner Brothers offered her a contract and—since the groom would never have been able to swallow the humiliation of a breach with a three- or four-figure salary—she returned to Hollywood and her art, to become one of the Warners' favorite prospects.

"It's a curious sort of thing," Bette asserted, after listening attentively to her alleged love-life. "They've got everybody mixed up. I always feel so silly talking about romances, and quite often I've been led to believe to be a very secondary sort of emotion, flew off to Hollywood with never a regret for her lost wedding—until option time came along. Once more in a bridal frame of mind, she telephoned New York, became re-engaged by long-distance and rushed back to the East.

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cent was she overcome the sight that was
put up in her when she first entered pictures.
Looking at her today, with her silver hair,
her well-groomed head and flashing manner,
you wonder how anybody ever thought of
casting her in those lack-the-turn roles.

Bette isn't very much like Connie
Bennett, except for her culture, but she is
one of the forceful, smart and arresting
personalities in pictures. Her eyes are
shrewd, her mouth is firm, her teeth snap
together with a bristle perfection. Yet her first
discoverers spotted her as a country girl.

Bette admits the talent was hers, not theirs. She
thinks Hollywood makes women better-
dressed and better-groomed. They learn
things about their faces and figures that they
never knew before. She never did much about her
hair on the stage. Her clothes were pretty
monochrome and her general appearance
most mousey when she arrived in Hollywood.

"Nobody met me at the train," she
remembers, "so I thought. They did not come
down with photographers and reporters, but
they didn't see anyone who looked like an
actress, so they went home. Imagine their
shock when I turned up at the studio."

Universal just gave up with a sigh, and
put her in dowdy roles. Nobody tried to do
anything with her, and she didn't have sense
even to try herself. It was only when she
got to Warner Brothers that she realized
her importance and felt comfortable with her
hair and clothes until something distinctive was
achieved. And until George Arliss insisted
on her being "The Man Who Played God",
and then pronounced her the most promising
youngster on the screen. Now look at her.
She's singing with Joan Blondell and Ann
Dvorak in "Three on a Match."

So, by a gradual process, the true Bette
Davis has emerged—complete with clothes,
personality, and love-life.

Pretty Actress Disappears,
Leaving Tear-Stained Note
(Continued from page 26)

dollars' worth of jewels with her in her
handbag added to her friends' fear that
harm might come to her.

Metro officials could not explain her
disappearance. It was known that she was
worried over her first picture, "New
Morals for Old," dramatized from "After
All," her Broadway hit, but her future
seemed serene. Only a few days before, the
Front Office had called her in and asked her
to sign a long-term contract.

"I'd rather wait till you've seen the
reviews of my first picture," she told them.
"Maybe you won't want me then."

And she left the office without signing. But
with Irving Thalberg's praise and encourage-
ment ringing in her ears, with an important
role assigned in her picture, a picture
for another studio, and thirty thousand dollars income
of her own a month, her Hollywood future
seemed assured.

The baffling mystery was explained when they
found in her bedroom a copy of a local
trade paper with a tiny paragraph cut out,
and the mutilated fragments of her stile
from "New Morals for Old," torn to bits
by small, desperate hands. Matching the
torn trade paper with a whole copy of the
same date's friends saw that she had read
the first review of her first motion picture.

"Margaret Perry is the daughter," the
review ran, "and this newcomer is a woeful
disappointment. She cannot make up her
mind whether to be Swanson or Helen
Kane and, photographically, seems a total
loss."

Thirty-one words—words probably
dished off carelessly to make an early
edition—but they were enough to break the
heart of Margaret Perry. She did not stop
(Continued on page 69)

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TODAY, ZIP is the only Epilator
available for actually destroying hair
by removing the cause. Tested
over a period of twenty years, ZIP
has been used by hundreds of thousands
of women. It acts immediately.

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TODAY, ZIP is the only Epilator
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by removing the cause. Tested
over a period of twenty years, ZIP
has been used by hundreds of thousands
of women. It acts immediately.

AND IF YOU PREFER A CREAM, USE
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JUST spread it on, rinse off with water,
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You will marvel at this white, delight-
fully perfumed, smooth cream, safe and
mild, but extremely rapid and efficacious.
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removes every vestige of hair, and re-
lieves you of all fear of stimulated hair
growth.

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of hair above the skin; no prickly
stubble later on; no dark shadow under
the skin. Specialists recommend ZIP
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Will John Gilbert's Fourth Wife

Be Virginia Bruce?

(Continued from page 43)

marriage and the grief and gallantry of Ina when, again, two and two did not make four for Jack.

They sought of Lupe and of the smooch that seemed to envelop Jack when he first met her. I thought of the Hawaiian Princess and other, less well-known women who have loved John Gilbert ever since--"Bill loves him."

I thought, too, of the bewilderment John must have known, at life, at love, at the passions that have left him unsatisfied, at the peace he has not yet come to.

A dangerous appeal I felt, for a young and unsophisticted girl to stand upon—in becoming the fourth Mrs. John Gilbert. Quicksand, perhaps. Dangerous rivals, these living ghosts of the famous and fiery women Jack has loved and may not have forgotten. Only one thing might make this spot secure for Virginia Bruce, only one thing could give her the chance to make it last—LOVe. They have it. It is possible to believe that Jack, adventuring here and there through the years, may have been seeking and new finding for the girl he really needed. It may well be that in this girl he has found the one he wants, the one he needs.

Watched Him from Afar

FOR the past ten months Virginia Bruce has been on the Metro lot. For the past ten months, off the lot, on, she has seen Jack in the commissary, on the sets. And she said, "It's a funny thing...but every time I saw him I had just one thought. I thought: 'From this time on, I assure you that I want him to be as great as he used to be. I want him to come back!' I never dreamed I'd meet him. I never thought I'd know him. But I do for him, though"

"Then, sometimes, in the commissary, I'd happen to look up and I'd catch his eye. You know what flashing black eyes he has. And every time I met his eyes, a shock would go through me. I couldn't look at him. I've never felt anything like it before."

"You were in love with him then, too?"

"Yes. I'm sure of that. There was that directness that makes her honest and good."

"I thought 'way back in the days when I was a child in Fargo I used to see him on the stage as the Merry Widow' and 'The Big Parade,' and others. I was always crazy about him. It seems like a dream now, that this should have happened to me. It just doesn't seem possible.

"I said, 'What was the very first time you did meet him? How did it happen?'

"Well, you see, they made tests of a lot of girls for the part of Jack's leading lady in 'Downstairs,' the story he wrote about the servants' quarters in a big mansion. They made some tests of me. Monta Bell, the director, liked them and sent Jack to see them. They sent for me to go to Jack's dressing-room bungalow to meet them. Mr. Bell introduced us. And I was chosen for the part. That very first day, Jack asked me to go to his house to play tennis. I couldn't go that afternoon, so he asked me to come the next afternoon and I did. That first night, too, I found him waiting for me when I got home.

How John Proposed

THAT next day we played tennis and since then we have been together every day and every evening. Before that first week was over, Jack asked me to marry him. I didn't think I could be hearing right. It happened on a Saturday afternoon, right out in the broad daylight. We were sitting near the pool, at his house. And we were sitting quite far apart. Jack was talking to me. Suddenly he said, 'I want you to marry me, Virginia. I want you to be my wife.'

The girl's blue eyes filled with happy tears, her heart went out to him and it was all over. She had no words for this thing that had happened to her.

Everything about our love affair has been on the up and up. I didn't ask her any little. 'I can tell you that. It is real. I know it. We both know it. It isn't calm, exactly—but it is certain. I know that I can trust her in anything else, to make him happy. He hasn't had much happiness, poor darling. I want to be a good wife to him and I'm going to try to be, with everything that's in me. He seems to feel that I understand him, that we belong to each other.

We are going to live in his house. Why not? It's beautiful and it has everything. We're going to have children, too. That's one thing I am positive about. I wouldn't think of going through life without two babies."

"Well, both go on working, I think; Jack wants me to continue. He believes in me. He says I have—what is it?—oh yes, 'a certain kind of definiteness so very much of him and I know so little! He is so much and I am such a nobody by comparison. I feel as if I must keep standing on tiptoes, looking my best, being my best for Jack.

Will Go Away to Marry

I THINK we'll be married somewhere in the West. It's where Jack wants it to be, but I'm a little bit afraid, afraid we might both be killed. And we hope to go abroad, perhaps for a honeymoon trip, in September.

The more she talked, the more I felt that I was listening not only to the fourth Mrs. Gilbert, but to the last one. She made me feel the simple truth of her first statement—that definite "we fit." She made me feel the "quietness" she is giving him.

She will give him a home—and now he is ready to take it. He owns his home because she is one of those women who do make homes for the men they marry. She will give him children because she is such a mother.

She will give him that adornation without which he could not be expected to live. She is not temperamental. If there ever comes any choice between his career and hers, his wishes and hers, there will be no question about it. He is to be master and head of his house. She will give him complete control over her life, personal and professional.

She told me of the first real "date" they ever had. It was for a party at Dolores Del Rio's. Jack wanted to look so nice for Jack. She didn't feel that she had anything good enough. She went to the wardrobe department in the studio and they fixed her up with a white crepe gown, slippers and accessories to match. She wondered, rather anxiously, whether satin might have been better than crepe.

She had met the night Jack came to see her family, one night when she had had to go out. Of the things Jack said about her, about their marriage and the things he plans for her. Her mother and her younger brother think he is "simply wonderful." Everything is in order, regular and according to Hoyle, not Hollywood.

They are in love. They are daringly in earnest. It is the first love of Virginia's life. It may be—who knows—the first of Jack's.

I think I talked to the last Mrs. Gilbert,
Pretty Actress Disappears, Leaving Tear-Stained Note

Continued from page 68

to think that this was only one of the many reviews the picture would get, and that it represented merely the opinion of one person—a woman, as it happened. She did not consider that the paper was a small one, and that it was extremely unlikely that her mother or any of her friends would ever read this cruel and droll review. Eighteen is not given to reasoning—emotions are more in its line.

"Margaret went on the stage in New York when she was sixteen," Mrs. Pemberton says. "She has played there and in London for two years and has never received one bad review. The praise she was showered with was enough to turn a girl's head, but Margaret is sweet and modest. She used to tell reporters, sincerely, 'My mother has trained me, and deserves all the credit.'"

"In London, the drama reviewers panned her play, but hailed her as one of the most talented young actresses to come out of America. She was invited to the Palace to meet the King and Queen. When Metro signed her up in New York a few months ago, she was overjoyed that she was going to have the chance to be on her own.

"When she saw herself on the screen, her heart sank. She felt that her costumes were not suited to her, that her make-up was bad, and that the arrangement of her hair was unbecoming. Margaret has rather a large head and always wears her hair simply, but in the picture they had it curled in a great mop, making her look top-heavy. I am speaking from what she told me, understand. I didn't see the preview of the picture because she wouldn't let me know the date when it was to be shown.

"When she read that review, with its suggestion that she was not pretty enough to photograph well and its prophecy of failure in pictures, the thought that she had failed hurt her pride. It was real tragedy to her.

Was Located in Denver

"SHE turned up in Denver, Colorado, you know. Now that she is back with her mother, I don't know what she will do. She has a splendid stage offer to go to London this summer. And she can always work on Broadway. But I hear several studios are trying to persuade her to come back."

"Take our advice, Margaret, and come back! What has happened to you has happened to many a young actress, appearing before the camera for the first time.

When Helen Hayes came to Hollywood with a record of dazzling stage success, the Hollywood previewers greeted her first picture with outbursts of unfavorable criticism. Who was this woman? Why was she supposed to be a screen type? Helen Hayes went back to the studio, undaunted, and made "Laflafla" over again almost entirely, and critics and audiences went wild over the newcomer in the new version, titled "The Sin of Madelon Claudet."

The critics who saw "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" were almost unanimous in crying that Valentino was impossible on the screen. "American women will not stand for such a lover," one famous reviewer wrote. If Valentino had run away from Hollywood because of that review, he would have run away from the greatest fame any screen star has ever won.

"Come on back, Margaret Perry! Turn up your saucy little nose at the previewers! Take it on your cute little chin! Hold up your gay, blonde head! Hollywood needs young, charming, talented actresses like you. Your friends want you back, the studios want you back, and Joel McCrea still wants you for his leading lady.

Stop Pain at Once!

Your doctor wouldn't think of treating a burn with a toilet lotion or cream. Neither should you! Take no chances with sunburn—apply Unguentine, the standard burn remedy used by hospitals and doctors all over the world.

Unguentine stops the pain of a burn the moment you spread it on. You heal quickly—tan beautifully. Only 50c. at druggists.
Mae Clarke's Breakdown Will Not End Her Career
(Continued from page 47)

effect: "Nothing ever happens to me. Gee, but I’m tired of it all!"

Probably the Fates overheard Mae’s com-plaint and gave her a break in that they say in the theater:
"Oh, is that so? We’ll just see about that!"—
and pulling out the gadget on Life’s switch-board that is marked “Action,” which set things to happen.

For Mae was back to the boardwalk restaurant where she was a waitress—you can see her, with her blonde hair, brown eyes, snappy, petite figure even at a distance and the little starlight blue costume—and was fired for being ten minutes late.

See if I care," remarked Mae. "I was getting tired of the smell of root beer and ham, anyway. I guess that makes me a dancer.”

Had Jealous Rivals Even Then
Mae tossed her head and walked out a free—and unemployed—girl. You see, Mae had been attending Dawson’s dancing school in Atlantic City in between school and the restaurant, so she wasn’t just talking. She meant it, and what happened in some things school affairs and one civic festival. And within two days she met Earl Lindsay, a New York stage producer, who engaged her to go into the chorus of a new revue in the big city.

Now, if Mae had gone home and asked her parents if she could go to New York for a chorus engagement, the chances are that there would have been a family conference and she wouldn’t have got much farther than the front yard—but she didn’t. She merely announced that she had a job and was going, and left that the family recovered from the shock, she was gone. But—

"Sorry I can’t put you in that show," said Lindsay, when she landed in his office the next day. You see, nothing was happening.

A week later, she was dancing in the chorus at the Strand Rook on Broadway. Another girl had come with her from home and got a job at the same time. Mae started in the back line and danced herself into the front line. Then she got her first disillus-ionment. The friend became jealous because she didn’t get promoted too a lady in Honolulu. Three days later, Mae’s mother appeared at the Strand.

"You pack your things and come right back home, darling," was the maternal greeting. "Aren’t you ashamed— and him with a wife and three children?"

Mae’s jealous friend had written Mrs. Clarke that Mae had fallen in love with the trap drummer and should be taken away from the dreadful Broadway life. As Mae was dimly conscious that there was a trap-drummer and had never spoken to him, this could be classed as a sort of shock. But back she had to go to Atlantic City. Nothing kept right on happening. However, a little later she overcame the parental objections and went back to dance at the Every Girls Club and then at the Vanity Club. And when I say she danced, I’m not hunting for a word.

Broken Ankles Saved Her Life
"The work was awful," she told me.

"I’ve been many times we-danced ordinary days and nights, but it was plenty from dinner to midnight. On Saturday and Sunday we danced twenty-four times each week for each dance. Then I broke both ankles, and that was a good thing, because if I hadn’t I’d have just danced myself to death.

By this time we had found Barbara Stanwyck and Walda Mansfield, and when Mae was well again, Anton Fiedler signed them for a musical revue. Carter De Haven, former screen comedian, saw the three and painted a picture of Hollywood that ranks him as one of the greatest actors of the age. He signed them to come here, but before they could leave old New York Mack wanted them for ‘The Noose’ which he was putting on. He unpainted most of Carter’s picture, and they stayed in New York that week.

"I wasn’t crazy about the play, so I moved over to George White’s ‘Manhattan Mary’,” Mae reminisced. “Then I met Lew Brice, he was married, and fell in love with him. In the act I played a girl who made a million betting on horses races and paid all out for a husband. I suppose the idea infected me because I married Lew. Nothing much happened, however, and we decided to separate and I got a divorce.

You notice that “nothing much happened”?

Well, Suppose you were nineteen and living in a Hollywood hotel with your husband and the two of you were—er—disagreeing about whether you’d do more pictures or no pictures. And—suppose a neighbor sud-denly phoned the police that a man was chasing a girl down a fire escape. You see, it would all be a very right and stolid sort of life. Well, and suppose, you dashed into an unoccupied room and hid under the bed, and then you phoned the manager and he took care of you for the rest of the night and after that you got a divorce. I say, suppose all that happened, you wouldn’t go around complaining that nothing ever happened, would you? But Mae Clarke would, believe me.

Romance? She Isn’t Saying
When she signed her Universal star-ring contract, she bought a home at Westwood on the edge of Beverly Hills and brought out her father, mother, brother and sister to live with her. And she’s something like Greta Nissen in one way; she’s not much of a party girl. She says she’s too busy.

Once she was engaged to marry John McCormick, Colleen Moore’s former hus-band and director, but she cried off and in a butt of hard cider hauled off her hand. She was separated from her quickly. Now the match seems to be on again, for Mae and John go places together.

Shortly before her breakdown, she went with John to the theatre one evening. After the show, they went backstage because John wanted to talk to Fannie Brice, whose play they had seen—and when Mae walked into Fannie’s dressing-room, she found Lew Brice, her former husband and brother of Fannie, sitting in a chair!

I tried to look as if there was anything to the rumor that she and Lew might get together again, and Mae’s brown eyes took on a softer look.

Mae Clarke, she says, "Lew’s a nice boy and he says nice things about me, but he’s terribly quiet and restrained." And she looked me straight in the eye when she said it! What are you going to do with a person like that?

Will she and John marry? John looks wistful and yearning. Mae looks as if she hoped something would happen—eventually. When she was writing tragic poetry and working on a play, I haven’t seen the play, but I’m sure it’s filled with gangsters, shipwrecks, fires, ex-plodes—wars have happened.

Mae Calls It Hard Luck
"I T’s funny, but I don’t seem to get the interesting roles in pictures," says Mae. "They’re not pleasant, if you understand what I mean; not attractive and

Fat women must take the "leavings" when it comes to choosing sweet-hearts and husbands. After all, you can’t blame any man for preferring a winsome, slender girl!

Start to day and get rid of ugly fat—the SAFE way— the HEALTHY way with a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast. Kruschen is a splendid blend of 6 Separa-tes minerals which help every gland and body organ to function properly and throw off poisons and waste accumulations.

Syrup fat gradually leaves until weight is restored to NORMAL. And what glorious good health you’ll enjoy—more energy, too. Many women better results by going lighter on desserts, pastries and fatty meats.

Mrs. J. Gage of Willow Hill, Pa., reduced 43 lbs. in 3 months with Kruschen—he’s overjoyed!

An 85c bottle (lasts 4 weeks) is sold by leading drugstores the world over.

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For Blondes only!

EVERY blonde takes secret delight in the strange power she has over men’s emotions. That is why it is such a tragedy when lovely blonde hair is also lack-luster, dark or become streaky. BLONDEX, an amazing special shampoo, brings back a lustrous golden sheen to darkened blonde hair. Stringy, unmanageable hair becomes silky-soft and wavy, shimmering with thrilling golden lights. No dye. No harmful chemicals. Amazingly beneficial to both hair and scalp. Try it today, and see the wonderful new beauty it will give your hair in ten minutes! At all leading drug and department stores.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making doxie cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet, THE MENCHENIT COMPANY, Limited 220 Dominion Blvd., Toronto, Ont.
Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 65)

studio agents that Connie "owes it" to them. Ralph Blum, husband of Carmel Myers and well-known lawyer, is handling the suit for Joyce and Selnick.

HEDDA Hopper may accept a radio job as "style editor of the air," de-scrling two or three times a week the clothes worn by Hollywood stars at various social functions.

THE home of Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor in the fashionable Los Feliz district went under the hammer of the auctioneer just recently.

It took three days to conduct the auction, partly because the house, as well as the furnishings, was to be disposed of, and many of the scarabaeus of curio outlanders had no intention of "bidding," but just wanted to see at first hand the intimate things that had belonged to Estelle and Jack during their marriage.

Estelle's magnificent bedroom set went at the ridiculous low figure of $175. A key to Culver City, which had once been presented to Jack with great honors, went to the highest bidder for the sum of $3.37! A beautiful Oriental rug brought $2. A silver frame that had once adorned Jack's desk, holding a picture of Estelle, brought $10. The Dempsey pots and pans and other kitchen utensils went as souvenirs for ten and twenty cents apiece. A beautiful even-ing gown of Estelle's went to a giggling blonde girl for $15.

(Continued on page 75)
Marlene Dietrich's Husband Rushes to Her Rescue Like One of Her Heroes

(Continued from page 4)

no particular reason to get excited about—Marlene's friendship with von Sternberg—why should anybody else?

Without really doing anything about it at all, Herr Sieber turned the tide of public sympathy back to Marlene at a time when it was highly important that she retain that sympathy. The flurry died down, the embers of gossip turned to ashes, and in time, Herr Sieber's work was forgotten. Afterwards, Marlene got a retraction from her foreign interviewer, and Mrs. von Sternberg withdrew her suit.

Rudy Returned in a Hurry

THERE were no reporters or photographers on hand, to record the departure of Rudy Sieber from Hollywood. There had been many of them to witness his affectation reunion with Marlene and Josef von Sternberg upon his arrival. He merely went back quietly to his directorial work in France and there was little more heard of him until:

Trouble once more reared its head upon Marlene's career.

This time the difficulty lay not in the realm of affection, but in the cold, cold world of business. Marlene and von Sternberg had written a 'beautiful' (von's own description) story of a lady of the evening, Paramount. Slightly alarmed at the censorable features of the story, had set to work on what von Sternberg referred to as its 'operations'—with the result that both Marlene and Josef did their now famous 'walkout'.

The strained relations lasted just long enough for Rudy Sieber to make a flying trip from Paris to his beautiful and disinterested wife's side. While von Sternberg traveled off to New York in what looked like a puff, Rudy and Marlene remained in Hollywood and gained innumerable allies to Marlene's cause.

The picture of the happy young couple sun-bathing themselves on the beach at Marlene's house and romping with their voracious young daughter, and entertaining at informal Sunday afternoon parties created a new version of Marlene in the Hollywood mind. Hardened and jaded of the movie world, Marlene had never been privileged to glimpse this softer side of the inscrutable German girl, to look to their typewriters in glowing defense of her stand.

Like a Hero in a Serial

RUDY SIEBER, as affable as before, did more than contribute his bit to the new impression. The disinterested onlooker got the idea that it just wasn't fair to pick on a girl as well as Marlene, with such a nice guy for a husband as Rudy. We're not offering the version that this picture of devotion and disinterestedness had anything to do with the thieving of the hearts of the studio executives—but the upshot of the rebellion was that Marlene, von Sternberg and Paramount called off their battalions of lawyers and everything is as it was before.

On the rebound, Mame. Once more, Rudy Sieber had arrived to see her safely and happily conclude one of her Hollywood love affairs. With another in mind to ease those kidnap threats, and to see that both she and her little girls are protected.

A very modern version, you might say, of the old-fashioned nick-of-time hero who always arrived on the scene just in time to protect the heroine's honor or save her scalp from where it had been strapped to the railroad tracks by the dastardly villain. Only the British Hollywood version of the same story has the hero and his heroine married, and the troubles are no longer confined to the railroad tracks. Also, in place of dirt being thrown up from a mile or so away, Hollywood's nick-of-time mates have been known to make dashes through the non-existent far-off places as New York, London or Paris.

Rushed to Maurice's Rescue

WHEN rumor began to kick up dust that the Maurice Chevaliers were on the verge of divorce, Yvonne Vallée Chevalier came all the way from Paris to be caught by the news cameras affectionately kissing Maurice from the train steps. You see, the Chevaliers had been so enthralled with each other that one "happy, happy Hollywood couples" that mean old divorce rumors might have had an effect on Maurice's hold on the public.

We don't know why it is that a news picture of a man and wife holding hands, or kissing, or smiling at each other is supposed to confirm that the suspicious public so quickly—but it is a very popular legend in Hollywood. (Ann Harding and Harry Bannister were photographed at their own bedside just one week before the divorce story broke.)

Mrs. Chevalier arrived just as the rumors were kicking up the most dust. It was being said that Maurice was interested in first "this" actress, and then "that" one. Before he went on tour at the Coconut Grove with Marlene Dietrich, both guests at a large dinner party, it was supposed that Marlene was the object of Maurice's affections. But Marlene had been absolved of snatching Josef von Sternberg's attentions too recently to make the Chevalier rumors anything but just that—rumors. Even the most suspicious-minded couldn't go for the story that Marlene was going to abandon everybody's affection at the same time.

Jeanette MacDonald's name crept into the surmises when Marlene's didn't hold up. But though Jeanette was hardly plausible, either, because the folks were already sold on the idea that Jeanette and her business manager, Robert Ritchie, were secretly married.

Before Mrs. Chevalier departed, most of the talk had gone up in smoke, and while some of the folks aren't exactly satisfied that all is well between the fascinating Frenchman and his wife, they have at least stopped trying to pin the difficulty on anybody in particular. With her nick-of-time appearance as Maurice's devoted wife accomplished, Mrs. Chevalier sailed back to France where she probably will bloody remain until something else happens.

Separated, But Always Handy

MIRIAM HOPKINS and Austin Park-
ker, though separated, maintained for several weeks an interesting study in the general "handiness" of marriage. Every time Miriam was on the verge of being announced 'engaged' to anyone else, Hollywood women, she would be seen dining with her husband just long enough to quell the gossip. For months on end she has been in considerable hot water about Miriam and Austin. They were alternately supposed to be madly in love with first, each other—and then a couple of other people.
Miriam's only answer was always one of those famous Hopkins smiles. She is quoted as having said: "With movie actresses afflicted with unending rumors from every side, it is sometimes most convenient to have a husband somewhere in the picture, even if it necessitates traveling across the country to sign at him." And it was Hollywood surprised to learn that Miriam and Austin had even been secretly divorced."

Aileen Pringle felt the same way about a nice, safe husband in the background and she waited years before to divorce her English mate, Charles Pringle. "In Hollywood," says the merry Aileen, "it is a great deal more convenient to be married than divorced. Providing one's husband isn't actually on the scene, it allows for a great deal more freedom.

"No, my husband never found it necessary to make an actual dash from Jamaica to rescue me from any of my Hollywood difficulties. But without his knowing it, his presence more than once saved me from a complex circumstance. Just the casual reference to a husband who is liable to materialize at any moment is all the protection any woman needs."

Peggy Shannon's well-hidden husband, Allan Davis, did one of those rush-to-the-rescue trips when Peggy's name was being so freely rumored with Richard Arlen's. His sudden arrival in Hollywood did much toward stopping the whisper-brigade, but it did little toward cementing the marriage relation between Peggy and Allan. They were separated soon after, but they have remained the best of friends. Probably if any other "rumors" start up about Peggy, Allan will show up just in the nick of time.

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 71)

It was all very exciting and confusing and rather sad to the people who had once been the guests of Jack and Estelle under that hospitable roof.

Did you know that in spite of all this talk about Greta Garbo's "big feet," she wears the same length shoes as Joan Crawford?

The stars are doing plenty of visiting from their own home lots this month... and what visiting! Paramount and M-G-M are exchanging the services of Fredric March and Clark Gable, respectively. Freddy goes into "Norma Shearer's" production, "Smilin' Through," and Gable will sex-up it with Miriam Hopkins. The title of the Hopkins-Gable opus is "No Bed of Her Own." (Figure that one out by the time it gets in electric lights over the theatres.)

Helen Twelvetrees is straying off the RKO lot to journey out to M-G-M to make a murder melodrama called "Without Shame." Constance Bennett is taking her annual jaunt from home (RKO) to report on the Warner Brothers lot for the second and last picture on her sensational $5,000-a-week contract.

And to this the news that Mary Pickford has asked Paramount to loan her Gary Cooper as the leading man in her next picture and you get a fair idea of the "all-star" casts planned for this year's film menu.

Michele Dove will be borrowed from Howard Hughes productions to be co-featured with Marion Davies in "Good Time Girl." "Wanted Hotel" certainly started something.

The New Perfumed Linit Beauty Bath Instantly makes your Skin Soft and Smooth

Incredible as it may seem, the Linit Beauty Bath instantly makes the skin feel soft and smooth—and gives a gloriously refreshed sensation to the entire body.

While bathing in the Linit Beauty Bath, there is deposited on the skin surfaces an extremely thin layer of Linit. After drying, this fine, porous coating of Linit remains, which makes powdering unnecessary, eliminates "shine" from neck, arms and shoulders, harmlessly absorbs perspiration and imparts to the body an exquisite sense of personal daintiness.

Try this Refreshing Linit Beauty Bath

Swish half a package or more of Linit in your bath. Instantly the water feels soft and "creamy". Step into this luxurious mixture, bathe as usual with your favorite soap...then, after drying, feel your skin! Soft and velvety smooth!

The new perfumed Linit, in the Green Cellophone-wrapped package is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores. Linit, unscented, in the familiar blue-package is sold only by grocers.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

73
Our Hollywood Neighbors

(Continued from page 11)

Things have come to a pretty pass in Hollywood. There are those who say that the village never rests content until it has broken up a romance. Bobbie Arnst, the very debonair wife of Johnny Weissmuller, who has been making all the gals pretty disgusted when their swims show up in a bathing suit, is annoyed at all those rumors about domestic upheaval in Tarzan's household.

Frank Borzage, the Fox director, tried to comfort her a bit. He told of his arrival in New York after filming "Cavalcade" in London, and his interviews with the reporters.

"Anything new and scandalous about you?" queried one scribe.

"Not a thing," answered Frank, truthfully enough.

"Hell!" said that disgruntled member of the Fourth Estate. "Why don't you get a divorce so you'll be good copy?"

New romances blooming in our midst, as the country newspaper expresses it so nicely—Billie Dove and Gilbert Roland, and Marguerite Churchill and Gene Raymond. Don't know what George O'Brien does when Marguerite steps out with another fella.

When Universal releases its frozen North story, "Igloo," there is going to be a lot of interest in Chee-ak, the native hero. Chee-ak seems to have a Gabie personality, and with a Hollywood haircut (he wears it now in a sort of Lily Damita bob with bangs) and some store clothes he could give many a cinematic idol a run for the money. He is over six feet tall, pretty high up in the air for an Eskimo, weighs 180 pounds, and is 24 years old.

His life would make a Richard Harding Davis novel real like one of the Elite books. He was born in Candle (it's always light up there), 100 miles north of Nome, and was educated in a Quaker missionary school. Four times he has figured in motion picture expeditions to the Arctic. He has been a Hollywood cameraman, and during his career has been postman, cook, waiter, deckhand and marine engineer. His Hollywood name is Kay Wise.

Although he has been around the studios quite a bit he does have trouble getting used to our funny customs. Those hot love scenes on the screen which cause the flappers to swoon, only cause dismay to Chee-ak. A good love scene in the Arctic consists of rubbing noses. What a spot for Jimmy Durante.

The studio workers who know Chee-ak insist on tease him about Hollywood blondes. Chee-ak, who can kill a polar bear with one throw of the spear, would run if he saw one of those synthetic golden-haired babies. But he laughs good-naturedly.

After that Beverly Hills bank closed, there was more weeping and wailing than Hollywood has heard in years. Most of the players kept personal accounts in this close-at-home bank. Greta Garbo, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery and Robert Montgomery are all said to have lost heavily. One very well-known actress admitted that she had just $2.25 to her name—all that was left in her purse.

Garbo really lost heavily, and first reports say that she did, there are plenty of people who will tell you that the Swedish

(Continued on page 76)
great imaginative powers, and an innate tenderness for those whom she loves.

Yet there is another side of her nature, which is becoming more mental and less dependent upon affection and actual contacts with people. Notice those high-flying "I"-crossings and how far they are in advance of the letter, and you will see a gesture of a reaching out for anything which is nearer to her ideals. Whether this gesture is practical and possible, and will not harm her at the time of her decision. Therefore she is apt to let her imagination rule her actions and is not always sure which is real and which is a dream, when her emotions are aroused.

Good at Hiding Emotions

NOTICE also that some of her "a's" and "o's" are open and some of them tightly closed, even tied with an extra stroke of the pen. This is done by a reduction and repression or caution in expressing her emotions, giving us a person who can be both ardent and cold, emotional and logical. While her characteristic is her generosity, which is shown by her reversed lower loops, it is not strange that she was willing to let her husband go from her so that she could make a finer and better name for himself.

I do not doubt that she suffered when making this decision, and yet I feel sure that she found a certain thrill in so doing—a thrill somewhat akin to the pleasure which fanatics find in scourging themselves with whips for the good of their cause or their souls. Do not mistake me and think that I am calling Ann Harding a fanatic or a poseur. It is more a subconscious reaction and makes her a woman who would not hesitate to admit even to herself and which is far different from fanaticism or deceit.

People of this Intricately simple nature are extraordinarily interesting; their character is never commonplace and never easy to understand. The sensitiveness which is so pronounced in those who are not influenced from pain or unpleasantness is strongly governed by the mental, as well as the emotional, side of her nature. Thus she will often take paths that are really repugnant to her, or deny herself the thing which she most desires.

Both a Fault and a Virtue

THIS is not so much unsuitableness as a fear of being considered unjust, mean, or petty. She will often wonder why she has said or done a certain thing, but will lie too proud to explain or to alter her decision in any way. This pride, which is shown in her high and narrow capitals, is both a fault and a virtue. It makes her hate to accept defeat and enables her to fight for what she wants to have, but it also brings her some unhappiness in her personal contacts.

As she changes more into the mental type, she will lose some of her sensuousness, which makes her thrill to love, passion, beauty, perfume, music, dancing, and all the more esthetic luxuries. She will gain a keenness of thought also; she will not be contented with only bringing her a more enduring enjoyment than she could ever find in purely physical or material contacts. She will Retrofit stagnation and will light upon the edges with such desperation that she could not get out of a rut; but there is a queerly conventional streak in her nature which is likely to check any attempt to bring her into the general stream of society.

Her passions and appetites are not eliminated, but held down in some degree to suit the practical side of her nature. She is a practical romanticist, as it were, for she has good self-control, as the backbone of her discussion is fairly even.

Her "I"-crossings are also fairly heavy, showing will power, although somewhat lessened by unusual strokes. She has exceptional strength and should possess plenty of physical vitality which can stand hard upper loops, and though what we call "her down" is discord or unpleasantness in dealing with her associates. People with this general duality of character usually find it difficult to be happy as a less sensitive person and this sometimes affects the health.

Ann's Hidden Talent

I WOULD like to see Ann Harding do some creative work in her spare time—along literary lines, if possible. It might take her some time, however, to find the best medium in which to express herself—fiction or plays. The words in her note to me have the clipped letter formations and elimination of beginning and ending strokes, which give her the capacity to concentrate and to think with accuracy. The flowing rhythm of her writing, her distinctive capital letters, which is like a reverse number three, show that she can express herself fluently and with individuality and has a love of culture. Whether she will be able to use these talents or not will depend somewhat on how soon she can harmonize her conflicting characteristics. Some of her upper loops are extremely high, showing that she has plenty of ambition; but others are unusually low, which indicates some deadening of aspiration. This may be partly the fault of the somewhat artificial life which is apt to surround the stars of the stage and screen. The ability to do good creative work in writing is marked and I hope that she will do this as an avocation, at least. Otherwise she may find life too dull and unexciting and thus turn to more erotic pleasures.

In her home life she will have a plain and simple love of family, and her house should be pleasant and restful and in good taste. As a wife and mother, she should be excel-

needs both love and solitude

Too much of that would have the same effect upon her spirit as it would upon a racehorse, if it were forced to run a long, slow day after day. The work might be done, but there would be a breaking down of morale and the ending would be tragic, I am afraid. She will adore her child or children, but will make a better job of motherhood if she does not see too much of them. While she needs much affection and recreation, she also needs plenty of time to be alone with her thoughts and her work. She is somewhat jealous, even though she tries not to show it, and will sooner give up what she feels is really her own, in spite of realizing the futility of her attitude.

And so we have Ann Harding—calm, poised and self possessed; and, underneath, a bundle of emotions which she is almost afraid to acknowledge. With all her most resolute character, it must not be supposed that she will not always bring happiness to those she loves, or even to herself at present. She is passing through a transition stage and "growing pains" are never pleasant. Her naturally optimistic nature, however, will help her to feel the path to happiness, if she will call on all of her real strength of character. When she can use her will power and just be herself, frankly and without self-questioning and doubt, then, and only then, will she come into her own.

Use soft disposable KLEENEX TISSUES

Hay Fever Sufferers—don't irritate your nose with a rough, damp handkerchief. Put away your hand-

klerks

Kleenex is much more absorbent than cotton or linen. It is always soft and dry, because you use a clean tissue every time! What a relief to be rid of those soggy handkerchiefs! Rid of washing them too. Kleenex is completely destroyed after use.

Kleenex is now available in two sizes. The large package contains tissues three times the usual size, handy for dusting and guest towels.

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Face clings fluffy-dry, some 10c make. That OUTDOOR the time. her the the both there the the Los It has Play, is coarse hard no foreign-born, life sug- will.

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Go ahead!...Play, but—play safe! Every day before you go out, use OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder. Its unique Olive Oil base (found in no other powder) keeps your skin soft, pliant and fine of texture. Cools away any feeling of burn or smart. OUTDOOR GIRL is siffy-dry, yet its clinging longer than any other powder you have used.

Try this different face powder today! Discover how it will protect your complexion...keep it smooth and fresh. OUTDOOR GIRL comes in 7 popular shades to blend naturally with any complexion.

Our Hollywood Neighbors (Continued from page 74)

lady will not be quite so anxious to retire from the screen. That Pirandello play, "As You Desire Me," may not be her last for M-G-M, after all.

While I'm on the subject of the Garbo, that lady made one of her rare excursions among the hot-potels not long ago. She appeared with a woman companion, at the lunchhour in the Roosevelt Hotel roof café. There must have been an epidemic of sniff necks the next day, for no one bothered to eat lunch. Waiters served them hocks to people who had ordered caviar, and got the ice cream served before the soup. No one knew the difference.

The Garbo gave not the slightest atten-
ing to her public. She was overheard in an animated conversation, and never looked to the right or left. She wore the usual beret, a blue one this time, with a white sports dress, white slipper and white Angora short socks. Too bad, but the autograph fiends weren't tipped off to the presence of the great one in the hotel.

DIANE SINCLAIR, who is foreign-born, plays a Middle-Western girl in "Washington Whirlpool," and Karen Morley, as native as Kentucky moonshine likker, plays a foreigner in the same picture. Oh, well, that's the way it is in Hollywood. If they're going to do things like that I'd pay good money to see Polly Moran as Catherine of Russia.

YOU can talk about your movie premieres, but there was one of the greatest all-star audiences in Los Angeles history at the opening of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Katharine Cornell is stage play. Norma Shearer was there, with her hair all braided up in a coronet. Norma, so they say, may play the Cornell role of Elizabeth Barrett when the drama is brought to the screen. Then there were Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Joan Bennett, Gertrude Cotson, William Haines, Evelyn Brent and innumerable others. Ruth Chatterton and hubby, Ralph Forbes, were also in the audience. Incidentally, the chatter still goes about that all is not on the up-and-up in the Forbes-Chatterton menage.

Katharine Cornell, be it known, is the answer to a lady who turned down one of the most fabulous contracts ever offered by Hollywood. She just doesn't want to be a moviepuppeter actress. Think of it! It seems to be a general feeling among her company, Brian Aherne, the handsome Robert Bronning of the play, has all the producers at his beck. He says "no," politely, but firmly. It is hard to imagine any woman of the screen in the rôle of the fragile Elizabeth Barrett which Miss Cornell has made so moving and real.

I overheard Blanche Sweet make a sugges-
tion—and it's not a bad one. "Why not Lilian Gish?" she asks.

WILL ROGERS, who has always liked peace and seclusion around his Beverly Hills ranch (imagine, a ranch in Beverly Hills!) now has some famous neighbors. Elissa Landi lives on one side of him and Chester and Sue Morris on the other. Both Elissa and the Morries are "nerds" about horseback riding, too. Will had better lock that w.k. stable before his fancy polo mounts get away.
of each other," Ann and Harry chortled as they left the courtroom to dine with each other. John Wayne and Mac McAllister proclaimed headlines the new "kids divorce." Ann, herself, sees nothing ridiculous in every marriage, including her own, to the person she calls a friend. "We are civilized people and we got a civilized divorce," is her explanation.

Why He Wanted to Sue

But even though Ann and Harry, Banister may have had the great opinion of each other when they parted, that wasn't the case with the Sherman. "She called me a fat old man and a ham actor," Lowell Sherman complained. That seemed to be all of his argument that annoyed him most. He added proudly that he weighed only one hundred and sixty-one pounds.

"If you've dictated, haven't you?" asked Helene's attorney.

"That's my own business!" retorted the worldly Mr. Sherman.

Then, you might say, the fun began. Quite as openly as if Will Hays had never come to Hollywood, Sherman and his wingman sketched out a headline picture of domestic life among the movie stars. "During the marriage," a secretary informed the court, "Mr. Sherman was af-flicted with delusions of grandeur, but Mrs. Sherman had the edge on him for the number of times—and she could carry more than Mr. Sherman," he added, admiringly. "And she could swear better, too."

Now this, whispered Hollywood, was more like it! For Hollywood remembered that a few months ago the impossible was expected in the Jack Dempsey-Estelle Taylor divorce—and hadn't come off. Estelle had said, "If Jack starts to be mean, I will, too." But Jack decided not to be, and a quiet separation by law may have started the 'civilized' divorces of the moment. Now they are said to telephone one another con-stantly, and are—as in usual for divorced couples, if not for married ones—the best of friends.

As if to prove that he doesn't believe in following any set fashion, Lowell Sherman added to his other accusations the statement that his wife read naughty books. To prove this he quoted a few lines from a rather famous masterpiece that one reads behind the geography book in school were brought into the judge's presence. And to make the affair more titillating, he went on to say that before, two of the naughtiest were stolen right out of the courtroom.

Lowell Backed Out

The following day it was Helene's turn to tell her side of the business, and the gallery for spectators was filled long before the judge appeared. All Hollywood waited breathlessly for news of developments, for it was understood that the lighting Irish blood of her ex-husband would not permit of such insults without returning a few.

They were doomed to disappointment. Either Sherman's friends kidded him or night that he was behaving more in the manner expected of a Keystone Kop than a sophisticated man-about-town of the flapper school or else the good folks who watch over Hollywood's reputation felt that further revelations would do the movie town's reputating no good. Altogether, it was said that his studio was shrinking its shoulders about Mr. Sherman, implying that his contract might not be renewed.

And so, that day, the eager watchers in the gallery heard little except dull legal proceedings. Just as Helene took the stand in the morning, her attorney announced that she wished to file a cross-complaint and it was intimated that Lowell wished to withdraw his suit.

An adjournment was taken till the afternoon, while the lawyers rewrote their cases—and when Helene resumed the stand, the proceedings were short and very, very, very dovored. Her attorney asked her if she charged cruelty in her cross-complaint. She said that she did, explaining.

Helene's Mild Charges

"MR. SHERMAN continually referred to me as his mental inferior and said continually that I was not a fit companion for one of his mental attainments." She permitted herself a smile, then added: "He also said that he made a great mistake in marrying me. Also, it was said that about my housekeeping." She further testified that they had been married on March 15, 1930, that she had left him last November, and that a property settlement had been effected.

That was all—and in no time at all, Helene had her decree. So that even the "furious" Sherman-Costello divorce battle had terminated with soft words and sweet music. It's now the style in Hollywood divorces!

It was, at the end, almost as polite as the Monte Banks' divorce. When Monte sailed for Europe after that suit, his recently divorced wife was able to hand him a bunch of white gardenias. Cynics are now calling that "the gardienia divorce."

Whether it will set a precedent for future domestic rows remains to be seen.

Certainly, Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers are expected by Hollywood to end up in the same sort of divorce suit, because they have each arrived at the stage of insisting that they have no ill feelings toward each other and are on the friendliest of terms. Even since his divorce, Jimmy Cagney has watched with suspicion all couples who seem particularly devoted, wondering if they, too, are secretly getting a "mail-order" divorce.

The "Kiss Divorce," "The Gardenia Divorce," "The Civilized Divorce" seem to have come to Hollywood to stay. Future testimony in divorce cases will no doubt continue to read like letters of recommen-
dation. For while it took a sophisticate to stage a divorce scene that was hotter than a movie—even the sophisticated went lukewarm on the folks before it was over. Perhaps this should be called "The Truce Divorce."

Did You Know That—

Ina Claire and Samuel Goldwyn have turned up the actress' contract by mutual consent, and that she is returning to the stage.

Besides Dolores Costello Barrymore's horse son has been named John Weibe Barrymore, Jr., new movie star. Philo Walts are Mayre and Mervyn LeRoy. When Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Robert Montgomery and Lawrence Oliver recently went on a fishing cruise, they grew heavy heads and vowed that the first to have must eat a large helping of each other's line. They are not married.

"Two of the few players who won't be in Hollywood for the Olympics are Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, who are touring Europe! It is Hardy's first trip abroad, and Laurel's first return to England since 1923. They have just finished their second feature-length comedy, "Pack Up Your Troubles."
Dancing sunbeams—ripples of gay sunshine that bring the charm of youth and loveliness to your hair. They can be yours forever! And it's so easy—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will bring you all of them.

Golden Glint has a little secret—it's more than a shampoo! Besides cleansing, it gives a finishing sheen to every shade of hair. And what a delightful difference it makes! You'll see a lovely, lustrous-sparkle-thousands of tiny dancing lights that hide from ordinary shampooers! You'll never dream a little extra touch could bring such loveliness. At your druggists, 25c, or send for free sample and letter of special advice.

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14 inch 46.75
and call attention.
18 inch 39.75
will be handling over $300,000 worth.

Shampoo your hair with
SUNSHINE!

Headline Career of Garbo—1925-1932
(Continued from page 60)

December 5, 1930—Picture of Garbo in sun-bath garb, finally seen by some enterprising slender girl, is just a blip. January, 1931—Elinor Glyn declares Garbo is a type that suggests eternity, a woman who has lived and loved, with wantonness in her eyes, as though she had known much sorrow, yet still believes that somewhere can be found love and love.

January, 1931—Writer draws up picture of "The Real Garbo at Home." After stalling her for some time, discovers that she likes puppet shows and quiet dinners, and goes home after the theatre.


February, 1931—"Is Garbo Through?" Quoted personally. Rumors persist that she may go back to Sweden soon.

March, 1931—"Dietrich's Shadow on Garbo's Path." All about the new Garbo rival from Germany. Another magazine story this month asks: Did Director Hagen and Garbo is to become a "tramp in urporna?"

April, 1931—"Exploding the Garbo Myth." Title of one Garbo story this month. Berlin is quoted and says she is bored with Garbo, finds her dull, ordinary and petulant. Another magazine headlines: "Here is the Real Garbo!" announces that she likes to whittle, uses no paint or powder, never goes to dentist, smokes non-nicotine cigarette and would like to have a family of six. (Hollywood permits itself a snicker at the last assertion.) Another magazine headlines "Garbo Lunches on Grapefruit," adding that the star also likes romaine salad, caviar, American cheese and black coffee.

May 15, 1931—"Walter taken to densality ward of hospital because he believes he is brother of Greta Garbo.

May 30, 1931—Newspaper columnist announces that Garbo's most intimate friends in Hollywood are Mr. and Mrs. Harry Edington. He has been her business manager and agent.

June, 1931—"Is Garbo Doomed?" asks magazine in big type. Sensation-writer hints strange fate lurks over star. Is there secret tragedy in her life—is she well—or has she pernicious anemia? Another magazine displays story called "Garbo Woman Without Love." Writer asks why Greta has never fallen in love. ("Hasn't she," asks Hollywood.) Magazine that published story "Exploding the Garbo Myth," in April, receives 18, 814 letters in her defense from outraged Garbo admirers.

June 30, 1931—Book called "The Private Life of Greta Garbo," soon to be published. Report is that Garbo will try to suppress it. June 23, 1931—Dispatches from Copenhagen say Garbo is to become wife of wealthy merchant named Anderson. She is quoted as saying: "Which Anderson? They're as numerous over there as Smurrs in America."

September, 1931—"Garbo Never Sleeps," headlines a magazine. Story tells how she is troubled with insomnia, explains her long, solitary walks.

October, 1931—Garbo appears in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise," with Clark Gable, new "great lover," as her co-star. Picture breaks theatre records in New York.

December 28, 1931—Garbo discovered in New York, registered at fashionable St. Moritz Hotel as "Gussie Berger, Chicago."

Reports describe her as disguising herself by dressing "like a schoolmarm" and wearing smoked lenses to be just as blip. In summer of 1932, garbo is quoted as begging reporters: "Please leave me alone. I came here for just a few days, for fun. When I go back to Hollywood to work. Yes?"

December 29, 1931—Out for a brisk walk in Central Park, New York, she is pursued by reporters and other curious New Yorkers. Escapes by dashing to a cab, and driving away in haste. Reporters pieced, ask quietly where all the famous Greta Garbo is.

December 30, 1931—Columnist reports that Russ Columbo, orchestra leader and Ramses Novarro under contract with Garbobig bouquets. But New Yorkers who have spotted Greta and Ramon Novarro at other exclusive night-clubs suspect this doesn't mean a thing.

December 31, 1931—Reporters, who have now given up efforts to interview Garbo, remark in their papers that it is strange that Garbo's arrival in New York coincided with opening of " Mata Hari," her latest picture. Especially with Ramon Novarro, her co-star in the picture, also in New York.

January, 1932—Magazine headlines: "You've Been Wrong about Garbo... She Has a Brother in Sweden." Writer cites incidents to prove it.

January 8, 1932—Passing through Chicago on her way back Garbo, Garbo is telling reporters: "I don't like most people. No, I am not in love. No, I am not ever to marry. No, I am not to stop playing the hero. This is my life to me. I am happy to be far, far from New York. They are so impolite in New York."

February, 1932—"All" magazine reveals "Garbo's Broken Love Affair"—the hitherto unknown story of a romance of her early days in Sweden.

February, 1932—Garbo has moved from $600-a-month home in Santa Monica. Location of new home kept secret until two skilled boys, living next-door, came running into their own house with: "Mama, that lady is out there in the yard without any clothes."

March, 1932—"Is Garbo's Double Taking Her Place?" asks magazine. Story recounts recent Hollywood rumors, but does not say they are true.

March 24, 1932—Newspaper columnist remarks that it looks as if Garbo's "annual threat" to walk on Hollywood has been fulfilled this time. Says star has all the money she wants, and now wants only a little farm in Sweden, and retirement.

April 2, 1932—Slandering columnists now declare that Garbo is planning her own producing company in Sweden.

April 10, 1932—Garbo said to have applied for passport to Sweden. There is a persistent report that she has lost heavily in the crash of stock of the Krueger match syndicate in Sweden. Harry Edington, her business manager, emphatically denies this, and says her investments are all in the United States.

April 13, 1932—A six-month's extension on her visitor's permit has been granted to Greta Garbo. Strangely, there is no word whether or not she is going to sign new contract, now under consideration. Difficulty is about salary. Star is reported to have accepted a "$50,000-a-year salary, with studio feeling such a raise is unwise under present business conditions. Compromise being attempted.

April 12, 1932—World premiere of "Grand Hotel" in New York, with Garbo (who has dropped the "Greta" for good and all) in the role of the lurer, Gina- skaya. Critics hail picture as one of the great films of all time, and have high praise.
for Garbo. Praise for cast, however, divided among five stars—Garbo, Joan Crawford, John and Lionel Barrymore, and Wallace Beery.

April 10, 1932—Newspaper reporter discovers that Garbo is not in "Who's Who," and kids the editors on their oversight.

April 22, 1932—London hears that Greta Garbo will leave Hollywood at the end of April and be married to William Soerensen in Berlin in the early summer. He is some young man who figured in romance rumors in March, 1929. Harry Edington denies that she is leaving Hollywood to marry anyone. Her studio frankly announces that it does not know her plans.

April 27, 1932—NPG Garbo, brother of star, denies in Stockholm that she is to marry Soerensen. Soerensen, himself, asks reporters not to print any more such rumors—as it might endanger "a very dear friendship."

May 20, 1932—Harry Edington is quoted as saying that Garbo will leave Hollywood for Sweden within ten days.

June, 1932—Magazine cover line, "The Inside Story of Garbo's Great Success." Writer claims that four men are responsible for her fame and glamour. Says that Leo Chaney suggested mystery to her; that John Gilbert advised no interviews, to add to the mystery; that Gilbert Adrian, the M-G-M designer, had dressed her exotically; and that Cecil Howard, the make-up artist, has brought out her facial distinction. With her talent and this assistance, Garbo has become the world's most famous woman, says the writer.

June 1, 1932—Garbo's contract ends. Studio presents her with fitted traveling bag.

June 2, 1932—Her latest picture, "As You Desire Me," has its premiere—and critics again acclaim her, most of them hoping out loud that it will not be her last picture. Reviews find her more daring than usual.

June 1, 1932—The First National Bank of Beverly Hills closes its doors. Reported that Garbo has more than a million dollars in the institution.

June 6, 1932—Harry Edington denies report that Garbo's fortune is tied up in the closed bank. Says most of her money has been invested in U. S. government bonds, and that she has only a few thousand dollars on deposit in the bank.

June 6, 1932—Walter Winchell reports in his column that Garbo left on "the luxury train No. 360" Sunday morning at two o'clock.

June 8, 1932—The "Garbo Rumor Department," at M-G-M denies departure and also denies that there is any such train. Says star is still in town.

June 8, 1932—Reported that Garbo has signed an agreement with Joseph P. Kennedy, banker and former screen executive, to act under his management at $15,000 a week. And he is reported to be dicker with M-G-M and Warner Brothers for use of her services. Reports hint that closing of bank may have brought change in her plans.

July, 1932—"Will Garbo and Dietrich Be Deported?" is the newest headline query about Garbo. Magazine asks question after bill is introduced in Congress by Representative Dickstein of New York to ban foreign talent from American films. Article points out how many of the present great stars we would have never seen if such a law had been in effect.

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BEAUTIFUL FORM in 30 days

You, in just thirty short days you can increase the size of your breasts and mould them to the firm, youthful shape that is so smart and so alluring. Hundreds of women praise this simple, harmless home treatment for the amazing results obtained in just a few minutes a day.

Why deny yourself the most alluring of feminine charms when you can easily and quickly increase the size of your breasts and develop the lovely, cup-like form that is so attractive?

No Matter What You Have Tried

No matter how small or flat your breasts may be, you owe it to yourself to try the wonderful Nancy Lee method. Take advantage of our big, special offer now and get a large container of Miracle Cream and complete instructions FREE BOOK.

FREE "A Beautiful Form" Mail Coupon

"Mystery was so thin, but it surely is something not seen before and no suit in previous will go, she says. If they want to know anything about your Miracle Cream method they will have to ask me."—H. K. Short, city, Iowa.

Here is how to get your bust to a marvelous shape. I'm enclosing a picture of myself, a thin one, Miss Nancy Lee, 1300 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

My new illustrated book tells all about this new, easy way to develop the bust—How flat, thin or sagging breasts may be made full, firm and shapely. This valuable book is yours absolutely FREE. Special offer NOW! Send only $1.00 for LARGE CONTAINER OF MIRACLE CREAM AND INSTRUCTIONS and I will include my Free Book. This offer is limited and may be withdrawn at any time. Send money order and coupon with $1.00 AT ONCE.

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WONDERSTOEN, the Dry Method for the removal of unwanted hair, is easy, pleasant and economical. Just rotate the tube delicately over the skin and usually hair disappears instantly, leaving the skin perfectly smooth. Wonderstoén contains no ill-smelling sulphate or injurious chemicals. In use for over 25 years, millions of women are happier under Wonderstoén. Physicians prescribe it. Wonderstoén facial (for face, eyebrows and upper lip) $1.25, Wonderstoén de Luxe (for nose and lips) $3.00. On sale at beauty counters. Also send direct on receipt of price (add 25c for each order). Booklet "The Truth About Wonderstoén" on request.

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All the king's horses... and all the king's men can't make a success out of a bad product. No amount of advertising will create a market for it. The more it's advertised, the more it deserves to be known.

But a good product well advertised grows as swiftly and naturally as a healthy plant. People try it and like it. They tell others. They like it. Soon that product is found everywhere... and its name spread abroad by advertising is on every tongue.

When you see something widely and consistently advertised, you can be pretty sure it's well worth having. If it weren't... if it didn't represent an honest and worthy value... the maker couldn't afford to advertise it.

Look over the advertisements in this magazine. Some of these names you know. Others perhaps are newcomers, potential friends bringing some new comfort or convenience. But all are entitled to your trust... all are here because they have something real to contribute to your advantage... your service and interest... your happiness.
Losing a Hundred Pounds of Husband

(Continued from page 27)

it might be wrong. 'You've been planning to take out more life insurance,' Paul, I told him. 'Why ever do you think I want to lose one-third of what I have?' If you pass a life insurance health examination, you will know that you're all right.

So Paul went to the life insurance people and the doctors who had examined him ten years before were amazed. 'You're younger physically now than you were then, your expectation of life is longer, you're in splendid condition,' they told him. He passed with a hundred per cent rating. And he'll probably keep it. I've told him I'd never buy life insurance because he is such an unusual case. Mentioned again, I mean. He made the medical books first when he weighed twenty pounds at birth.

'The hardest part of this dieting business, so far as I was concerned, was to mix hospitality and diet. But this is the way we managed it. When Paul had been put on a diet for a week, he had it made up for it by cutting down calories the next day.'

He weighs himself morning and evening. There is a slight trend to gain during the day. If he found himself going even one pound over the normal variation between morning and evening, he called a halt on eating entirely until he was back where he belonged. At home we simply served our friends meals as we ate ourselves. He didn't have any complaints.

There's no reason why it should be noticeable. That's the trouble with most diets—their rapid success hides any of you ever dined at Paul Whitman's home before he was married, you know what garnet he serves. Garnets that look as if the cook could hardly stagger under, and everything else in proportion.

Lessening His Appetite

WELL, I started out serving huge bowls of salad or enormous tureens of soup for a first course. Nothing stingy-looking. I had the table set especially prettily, like a party every night, and then in defiance to all etiquette we started off with a gorgeous big salad. It certainly takes the appetite away to eat a couple of helpings of vegetables and a taste of every proper. I used lemon juice and mineral oil for dressing.

The diet scheme, itself, was very simple. No pork or sweets at the same meal, no starches and proteins at the same meal. That's the secret. I'm sure I can't tell you the scientific reason why these two combinations make you fat, but they do. I didn't let him cut out potatoes, or candy, or cream, or butter, but I did try to eat something else besides so that he didn't eat them in combinations with meats. I'd call him up every afternoon and find out what he had for lunch before ordering our dinner. If he had had a tomato and cheese salad with a sweet dessert, I'd order a steak and fruit for dessert. He always ate as much as he wanted at dinner, and I'm sure he got a better proportion of his weight of the right parts of your body—bone, liver, skin, soft tissues, muscle, cellular fluid—than you can as you reduce—leaving it firm and youthful.

We left out meat pies for a few months. I felt a little guilty in your house. Your institutions, by themselves, are sensational.

New Triple-Action System Reduces you Safely—Quickly

Take off 10, 20, 30—say, 100 pounds in the course of a few weeks. The marvelous new TRIPLE-ACTION SYSTEM, the final perfection of all fat burning methods, is GARANTEE to reduce you as much as you insist. Combining THREE of the most effective reducing agents known to medicine—Venus Cream, Bovine Oil, Bovine Bath Tablets. Fat melts away—by three pounds a day.

Send No Money Just send name and address (front card will do.) Pay postage on delivery. We pay postage on carriage-charges. We guarantee satisfaction. Paul Ricther & Co., 337 South St., San Francisco.

MERCOLIZED WAX Keeps Skin Young

It peels off need skin in fine particles in all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your natural beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly dissolve one ounce Powdered Soapstone in one-half pint water and use daily. At all drug-stores.

LOSE FAT

Three Times as Fast!

Take off 10, 20, 30—say, 100 pounds in the course of a few weeks. The marvelous new TRIPLE-ACTION SYSTEM, the final perfection of all fat burning methods, is GARANTEED to reduce you as much as you insist. Combining THREE of the most effective reducing agents known to medicine—Venus Cream, Bovine Oil, Bovine Bath Tablets. Fat melts away—by three pounds a day.

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Give a beautiful figure

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Lose 100 Pounds

Send for our FREE Booklet, which will not cost you one cent. It is a practical and

read only $2.00 as here and send "TRIPLE-ACTION SYSTEM" by mail. It gives special price and also how.

10 pounds for 50 cents. It will be sent free of charge.

Name

Address

City

State

80
Why Genevieve Tobin Has Never Married
(Continued from page 76)

strict faith, she subscribes seriously to all of her
church's tenets. Marriage, for Genevieve,
must be indeed 'as long as ye both shall live—'
She sings, dances and plays the harp. She
doesn't stipulate that the Lucky Man will
have to play the harp, but she does state
that he will have to do practically everything else and do
it well. "He must be able," she told me, "to play
golf and tennis and polo. He must be able
to swim and to know good books and wines. He
must have a sense of humor, though he
must not kiss my hand. He must be a
connoisseur of living and loving." She threw
wide her very slender arms in a pair of blue
Harry Collins sleeves and cried: "Do I not
worthy of the best?" (Acting—how Genevieve
loves it?)

Wants a Man of the World
SHE must have a man who has traveled,
who knows the world. She has traveled
extensively and it would be a crushing bore
to be married to any man who could not
discuss the history of Eiffel Tower as the
Eiffel Tower should be discussed. She
loves clothes—and lots of 'em. The man
she marries must be a lover of art and
appreciate clothes, too, but also love to see
her in them and dote upon paying for them.
He must be able to laugh at bills, as well as
coins; and he must have weak stomachs as
gaily as he sings in his morning tub.
She adores kidney saute and loaves egg-
plant. The man she marries must likewise
worship kidneys (sauteed) and turn a
cold shoulder on eggplant. She sleeps in
pasamas and loafes nightgowns. If there breathes a
man with soul so dead that he could quibble
with Genevieve over nightmares versus jani-
mes, let him cross his own name off the list
this instant.
She'd rather drink champagne than beer
any day in the week. Well I mention again
that a champagne check-book is not a
luxury, but a necessity.
She's awfully fond of her mother and
her sister, Vivian, and of her two brothers.
Her mother "spoils" her, as all good mothers do.
She brings her to bed, puts her to sleep in her studio and
cuts it up into dainty tid-bits that do not
disarrange the lip-poo on her mouth. The
man she marries must be one of such
thoughtfulness. The many males who are
perusing this story now should immediately
jot them down before daring to propose.

She Won't Do the Cooking
SHE never cooks. Nor does she ever intend
to. The man she marries must be able to
engage a chef or turn to and try an egg,
himself. She never does. The man she marries will
never have to eat his meals to the calory
chorus. Nor does she have any secrets of
beauty. Her beauty is a secret and
her husband will be subjected to no shocks,
either of pain or of pleasure.
She admires Greta Garbo profoundly. The
man she marries should admire Miss
Garbo, too. Because a household garbo-
vised against itself must fail. Genevieve
reveals to Greta that Miss Garbo is as
thin as an actress. She thinks that she has stood for
a fine dignity, both in her contacts with Holly-
wood and as a whole and a part in the Press. She
believes that players should maintain
a certain aloofness, a certain mystery. That
is why, she tells me, pictures go so much
better in places where the players are never
seen. Familiarity, says Miss Tobin, breeds
contempt—at the box-office. Out in the

Now You Can REDUCE SAFELY!

WOULDN'T you like to rid yourself of ex-
cessive flab—slightly fat around your hips, waist,
arms, cheeks, knees, hands, back or buttocks,
whenever it appears, if you could do it with-outhaving to pay for it. And without
"reducing" baths, without violent
exercise, without taking thy-
roid or other dan-
grous drugs, without
posing yourself with cons-
ervation-producing
salves, lotions, sin-
pes and physics?...
Wouldn't you
like to acquire a dainty young figure if you
could do it SAFELY, and without the
slightest fuss, bother or inconvenience?

Here, at last, in the reducing news for
which you have waited. In many enter-
prises—A Reliable and Harmless Way to Diminish Over-Parasites, the late Dr.
Aubrey C. Custer, of Baltimore stated
that if any person weighing less than 300 pounds, with
simple uncomplicated constitution, is
able to drink a glass of these waters of
two famous springs alternately each
day, after every meal, he or she will
gradually and SAFELY, but without leaving wrinkles,
loathsome, or over-fatness, lose those
muscles, nerves, glands or strength. Dr. Custer
owed case after case to prove the remarkable re-
ducing powers of these waters. One patient lost
thirty pounds in six months; another reduced 21/2
pounds in eleven weeks; others reported losses of
22 pounds in 12 weeks; 221/2 pounds in 13 weeks.

It is no longer necessary to go to the famous
springs in Germany and France, and if
reducing benefits of these waters, a famous chemist
has succeeded in producing an elixir, renovation
in formula of their mineral content in the form of
chewable tablets. When dropped over
the tongue, these tablets release an electric
sparkle, producing a delightful taste, and
particularly refreshing. These tablets, appro-
 priately named "SAIF," can be obtained only direct
from the exclusive American distributor, by mail. It
is not necessary to send money in advance: you
should simply fill in and mail the coupon below, and a full
week's supply will come to you in a color-wrapped,
postage-paid envelope. When the package arrives, pay the postage only $1.00 plus a free delivery charge of 50 cents. Included
are their continued use will gradually and
safely cause your excess fat to disappear, return the
elemental carbon and your money will be refunded.
And the coupon NOW is written for the complimentary trial of SIXTY
SAIF tablets. SAIF, Inc. Suite 135,
Empire Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

SAIF, Inc., Suite 135
Empire Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

Please send me a week's supply of SAIF tablets, in plain wrappings,
and not exceeding 16 tablets, postpaid, for only $1.00. I will send you
the remaining 50 cents for delivery. I am convinced that your
tablets are genuine, and return the empty carton within ten days
after using the tablets, you will refund my
money.

Address
City
State

IMPORTANT NOTE

Rapid reducing is dangerous, because tablets are
gentle they do their work gradually, but surely
and SAFELY. So, you cannot, by any means, reduce
your flabby fats without interrupting and with-
out reducing, thus increasing your health.
If you are interested in acquiring a special Automatic Service, if desired, a
one-week's supply of pilules, please send the coupon below,
notify Dr. Custer.

You cannot forget to order, and you are never
will return your excess fat to you. You cannot
without stopping your natural and healthy habits.
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