

Dolores Extols Passive Love

"WOMEN are always happier in passive love, no?"

Dolores Del Rio was speaking of American girls compared to those sheltered Latin ladies below the Rio Grande.

The glamorous Mexican *senora*, stretched out on a white satin chaise-longue, was the perfection of all that quiet charm so many of her countrywomen exemplify.

Her golden skin, smooth as mellowed ivory, and her dark, flashing eyes bespoke the lure of those maidenly *senoritas* who peep at life from behind cloistered shutters.

"Life does not hurt sheltered women," Dolores explained, when we pressed her for more. "There are no disillusionments, no rash disappointments for her to suffer through. She knows only the sweet beauty of love and the joy of her own calm domesticity, you see.

"It is such a natural thing for women to do simple things; to be kept in seclusion by their men. I sometimes wish I could have been like those other convent girls I went to school with in Mexico.

"But I have the blood of the *conquistador* in my veins. And it made me want to step out of the sheltered life and do things for myself.

"I wanted a career. And I was considered strange and wild to even think of such a thing.

"But I have paid for my picture success a thousand times over—by suffering disappointments, disillusionment, heartbreak and worry. Yet, in spite of all that, I would not exchange my freedom for anything in the world."

That vast army of American business girls, who feel the same way about their freedom, flashed through my mind; girls who enjoy their stenography or their clerking or their selling. And who, through the pay envelopes they carry home each week, have been able to go about with the freedom only their brothers and fathers enjoyed a little while back.

"American girls go after life with much gusto," Dolores smiled.

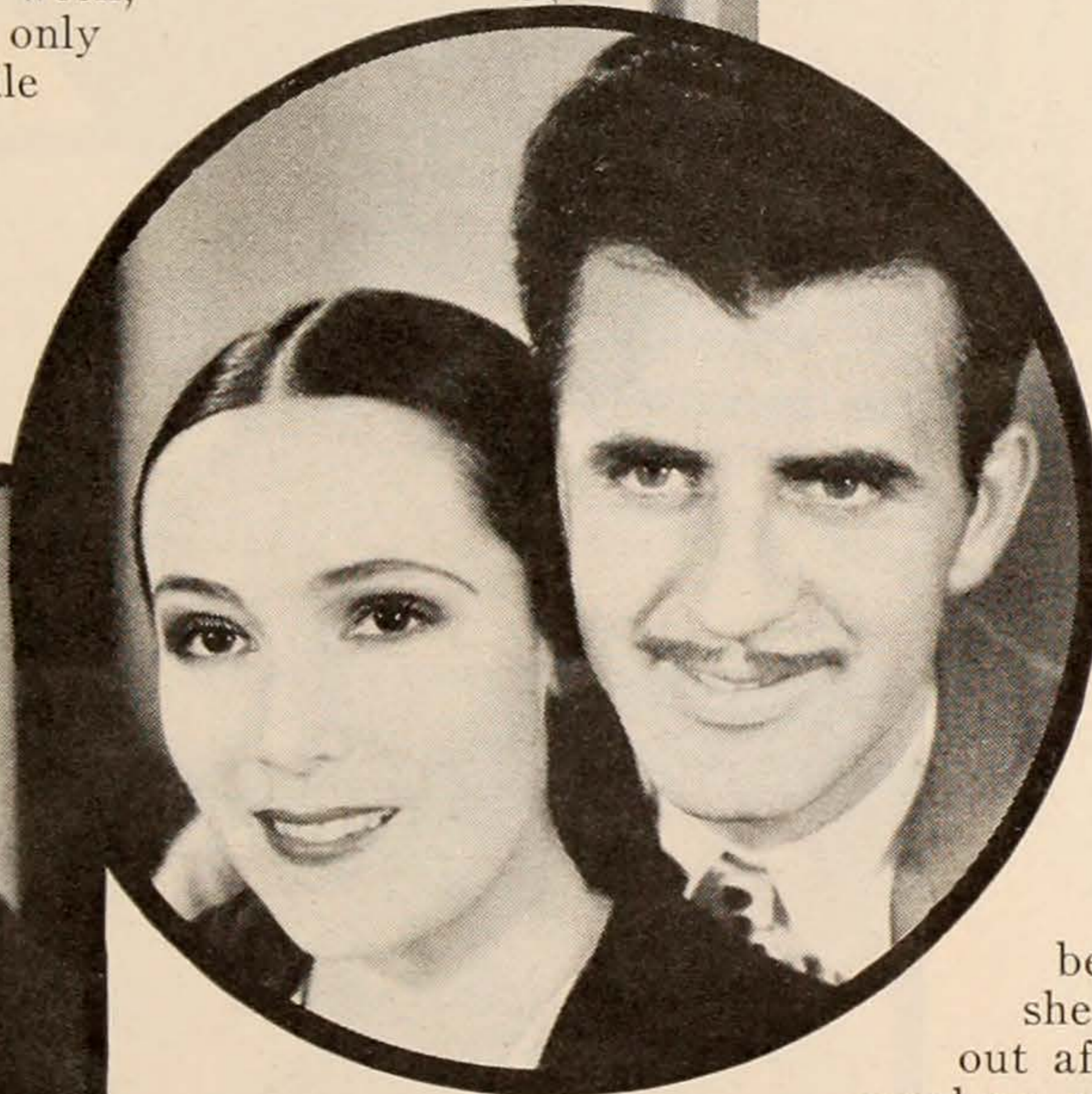
"It is like this: They know what they want from life, whether it is a career or

Our girls amaze this flower of Old Mexico, with their flip, unbreakable, carefree hearts

By Katherine Franklin



Del Rio meditates upon the love life of sheltered women below the Rio Grande. She chose a career instead



In Cedric Gibbons, the Latin star has found a husband combining the chivalrous attitude with the dashing American quality

The passive manner—Dolores is touched by the Latin technique Ricardo Cortez uses in this amorous scene from "Wonder Bar"



marriage or a sweetheart. I admire them so very much. And they almost always get what they want from life, too.

"I see it this way: A sweetheart comes and makes love. A girl falls deeply in love with him. If it does not turn out to be a smashing romance—pouff!—she slaps on her little beret and goes out after a job, or a new interest—or maybe a new boy friend!

"It is all so simple here. I am always amazed how quickly American girls can get over a broken romance. In my country, girls die for love. When the adored one does not respond with lasting affection, the Latin girl has been known to pine away, in quiet solitude, until she died."

I smiled a little, for this spirit seemed so far removed from our American feminine standards.

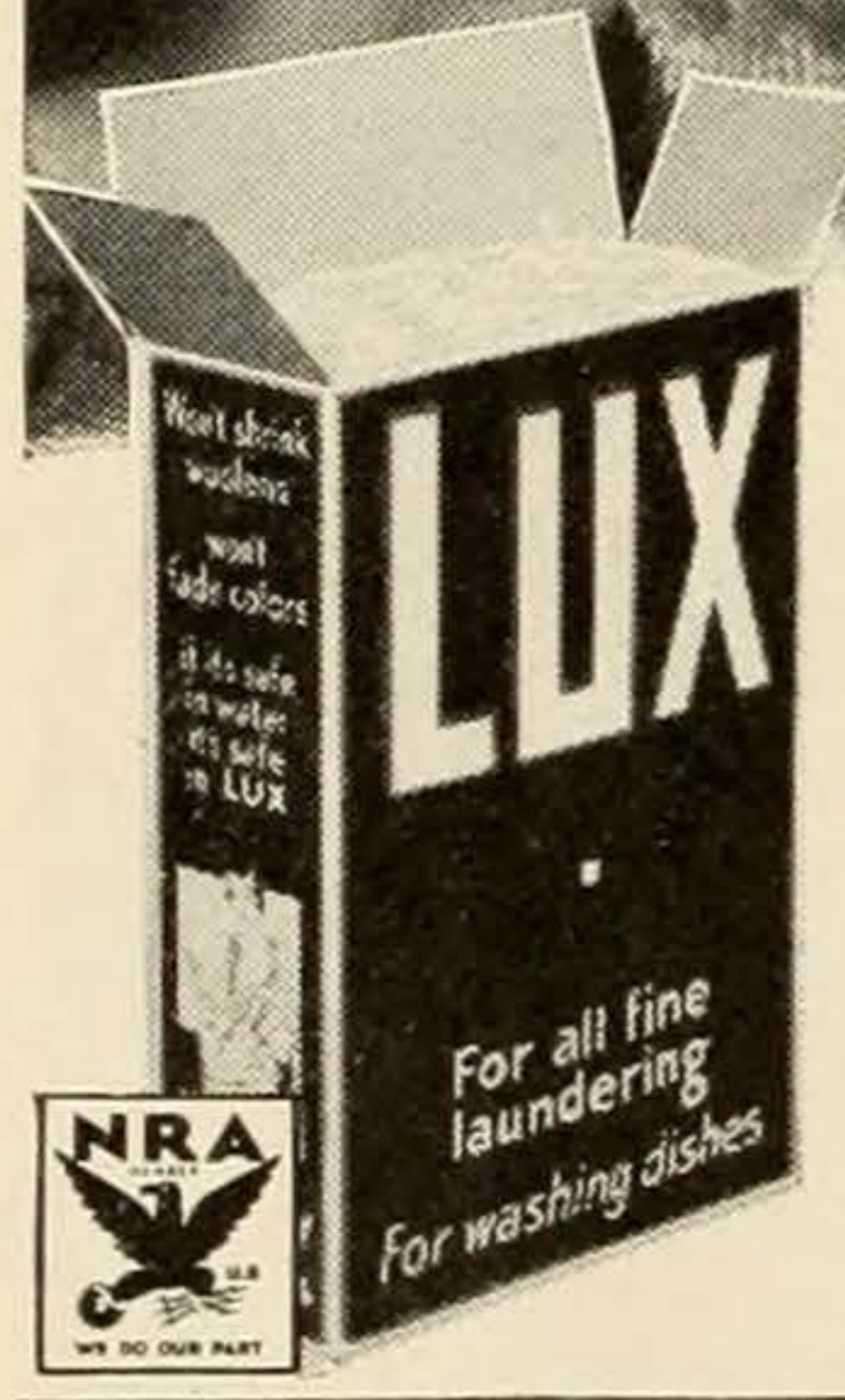
"It is really beautiful and very sentimental to suffer for love, no?" she said quickly, as if explaining the attitude of the Latin woman with complete sympathy.

"It is a sort of fulfillment in itself; a grand, magnificent sacrifice. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



SHE SAYS SHE'S 30 BUT I BET SHE'S LOTS OLDER—LOOK AT HER HANDS

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one wonder why publishers trouble to bring out a Who's Who in the Theater!

At any rate, the head of the greatest of American acting hierarchies is here—to play in a music hall! And this, be it known, amazes our best people. Many of our own genteel actors and actresses would “never dream, my dear,” of walking where slapstick comics so recently have trod.

MISS BARRYMORE is giving the Palladium patrons Barrie's “The Twelve Pound Look,” which served her as a starring vehicle in New York in 1911.

You may be amused to know that when a gossip writer asked her if she would consider appearing in a British film the Barrymore reply, voiced icily, was this:

“Hollywood—and ‘Rasputin’—cured me of all desire to have anything whatever to do with motion pictures.”

So, Elstree, take that!

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“In my country, love does not come so quickly. It is inspired by starlight and flowers and gentle music. When the young man comes to call on a *senorita* in Mexico,” Dolores explained, “he brings his guitar. He stands in the patio at first, playing tender melodies until he knows she is willing to respond.

“He waits for her to come to the grilled window and look down at him. Then he kisses a white rose and throws it to her. After that, he might dare to hope for a further interest, if she kisses the flower and tosses it back to him.”

Old Mexico, with its star-strewn skies and brooding mountains, its age-touched haciendas and orchid-grown jungles, is a perfect setting for such languorous romance as Dolores was describing. There is something about its fragile orchids, clinging in great masses to the sturdy trunks of tropical palms, remindful of the spirit of its dark-eyed Latin maidens who wait so patiently for the strong, protective lover.

DOLORES DEL RIO is like this. She is restful, passive, gentle in every look and gesture. Yet behind her glowing black eyes there is the restless spirit of her grandfather, *Senor Francisco Asunsolo*.

He is remembered in Mexico as a fearless *conquistador*: a gallant spirit who gave up the luxury and cultured living of northern Spain to set out in a ship for parts unknown.

Senor Asunsolo found Mexico a place of rare beauty. And with his little group of adventurers, set up a crude hacienda high on the plateau near Mexico City.

They became *rancheros*. And from that bountiful soil they extracted enough fruit and oil and gold to live in a luxurious manner.

It was into this atmosphere of quiet refinement Dolores Asunsolo was born. Later, she became *Senora Del Rio*, when she married.

The tragic ending of this first encounter with life, after Dolores had set out on her grand adventure to find fame and fortune in Hollywood, is well known. *Senor Del Rio* died suddenly in Berlin, after rumors of a marital rift had been gossiped about for months.

“You are bound to undergo dreadful unhappiness when you encounter life outside those sheltered walls,” Dolores said, a little sadly.

“It can't be avoided. Girls out in the world live so much before they find the fine emotional balance which tradition and the conventions have already developed in sheltered women.”

Anyone who saw Dolores Del Rio in “Flying Down to Rio” will recall the patio scene



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where she sat with a number of American society girls and flirted so dexterously with Gene Raymond. Remember that scene?

The American girls were very frank in their gestures of admiration for the handsome orchestra leader, but Del Rio was fascinating. She coquetted with lowered eyes, then she peeped at him through the lattice of her fingers.

No wonder Gene Raymond left his band flat and dared the wrath of Dolores' chaperon for a word with the charming *senorita*.

"Flirting is a fine art with Mexican girls," Dolores said. "They are never alone with men, so they must find secret little ways of letting a man know they are interested in him.

"It is like this," the dark-eyed beauty went on. "Latin women know that for centuries men have wanted to do the courting. They desire to protect women; it is their high privilege.

THE American girl has her freedom, true. But I think she cheats herself of so much of the chivalry which men in my country display. And that is too bad, no?"

Cedric Gibbons, who is Dolores' husband, seems to be her ideal combination of the gentle solicitude of the Latin and the go-getter practicality of the *Americano*.

For Gibbons is a society man as well as an art director at the studio. And he has been trained since boyhood to the niceties of a chivalrous attitude toward women. That, says Dolores, is the reason she fell in love with him.

"Cedric is perfect," she asserted, and her eyes lighted up like burning candles.

"First, he is American, with that dash most American men seem to possess. And he is understanding and sympathetic. He has never been to Mexico and does not know my people—but he is an artist, and in his artist's appreciation he has been endowed with the sensitivity of the Latin. A perfect husband, no?"

A perfect husband, yes.

And why not? Considering the perfection of Del Rio herself.

Hollywood Snubs Paris

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79]

with a leading modiste shop, where he had opportunity to outfit many prominent actresses of the stage. This awakened his interest in theatrical costuming, and he worked with Florenz Ziegfeld on the gorgeous "Follies" for a while.

Nine years ago, Walter Wanger asked Banton to go to Hollywood and put his ideas into a picture called "The Dressmaker from Paris." Banton intended to stay on the Coast six weeks. He has been there ever since, except for his trips in search of inspiration. Eight of these took him to Paris—but Paris, last year, he says, was too "shabby" for him to want to go back soon.

BANTON was born in Waco, Texas—Tex Guinan's old home town—thirty-eight years ago. When he was five, his family brought him to New York. His academic schooling ended when he "flunked out" of Columbia University.

Then he entered the Art Students' League, and eventually turned to dress design.

He isn't the traditional type of designer—no monocle, French mustachios, elaborate gestures and cream-puff language. He looks like a good many men who attend Chamber of Commerce meetings.

But Banton is, today, one of the few men who exert any large influence on women's styles of the world.