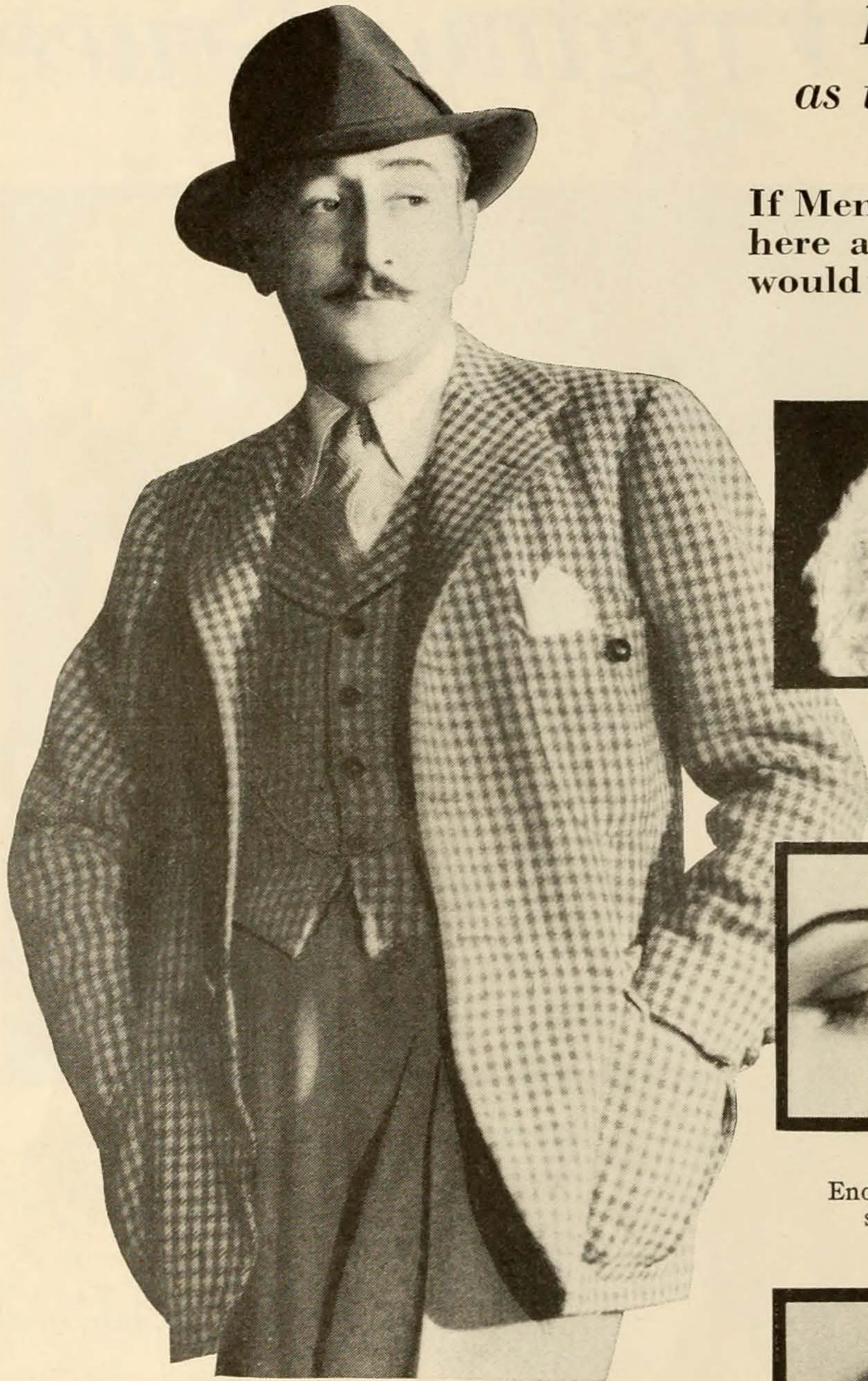


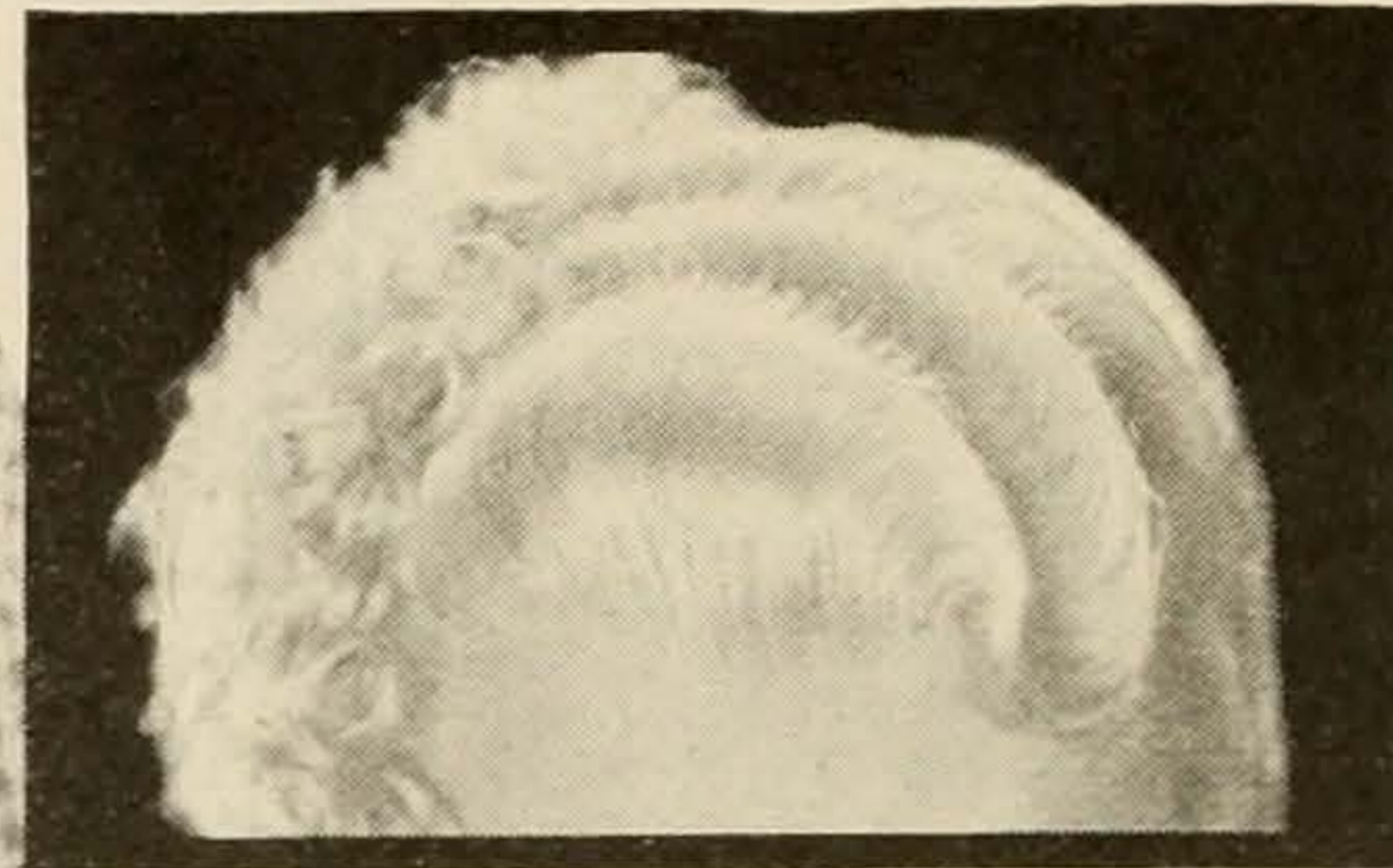
Ladies as Mr. Menjou

By Adolphe Himself
as told to Kirtley Baskette

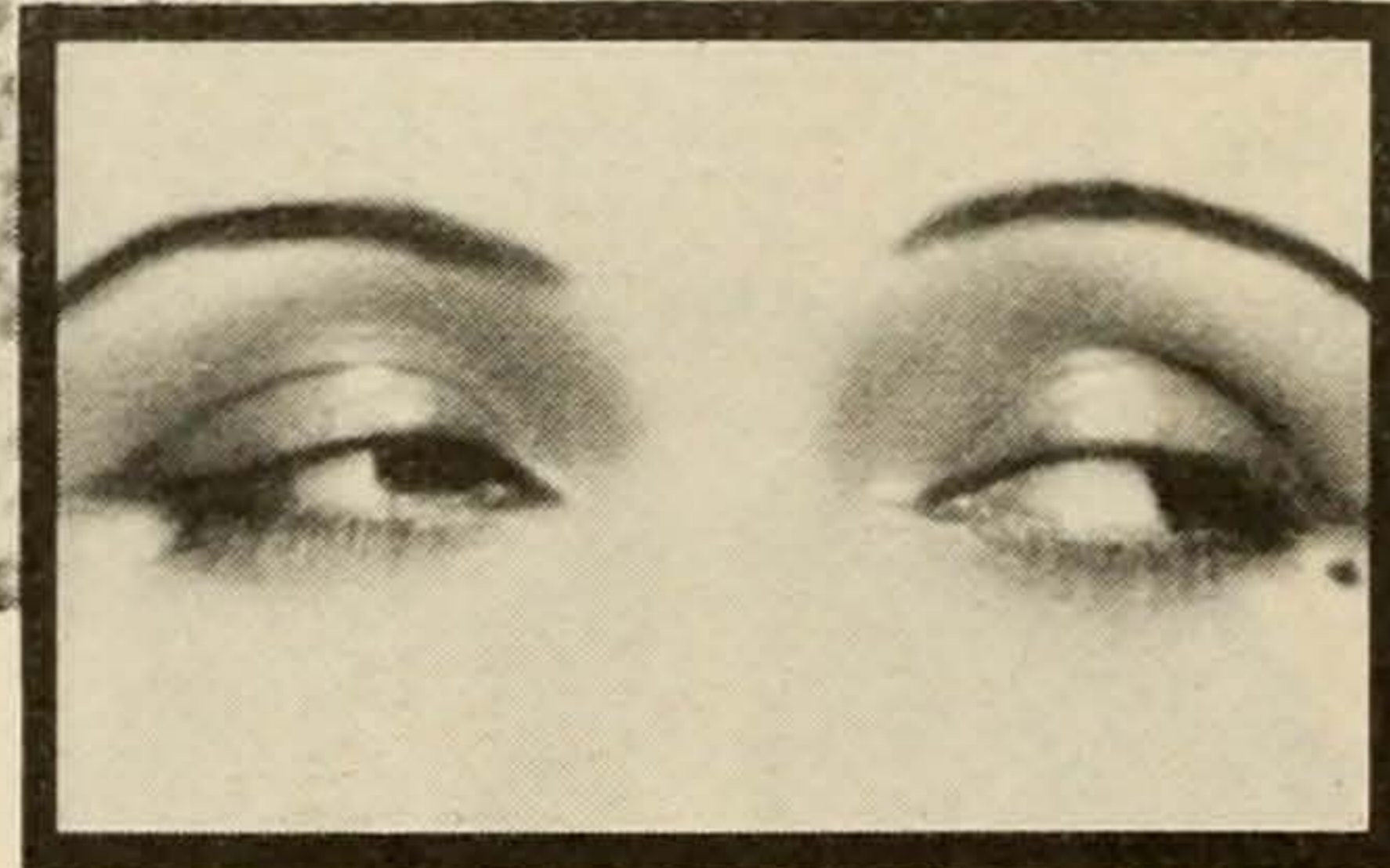
If Menjou were a woman, here are some things he would not do. He'd shun—



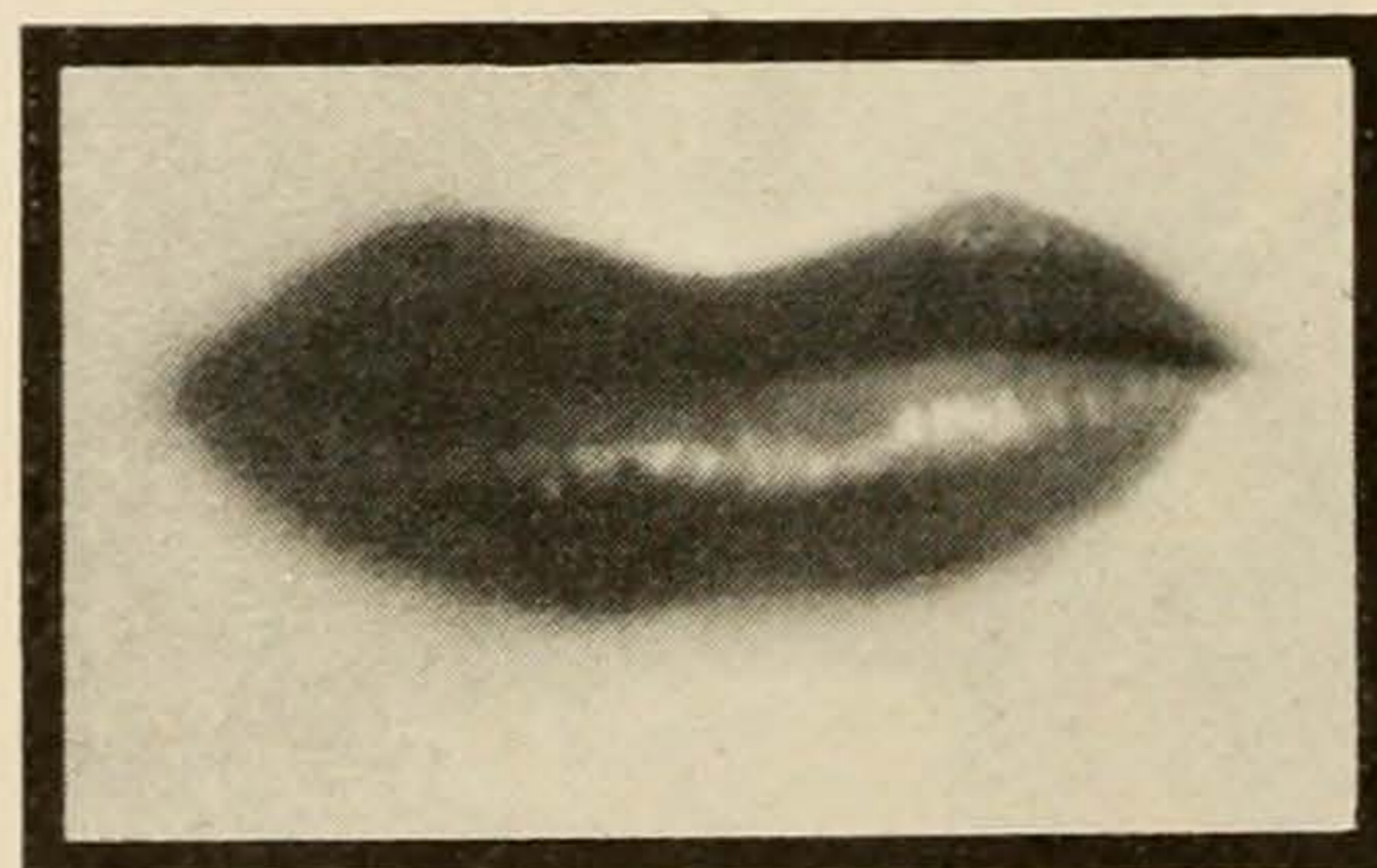
The connoisseur of fair women in person—and a rather violently checkered sports coat. Suave Adolphe is certain that if he were a woman, Mr. Menjou would be his favorite actor



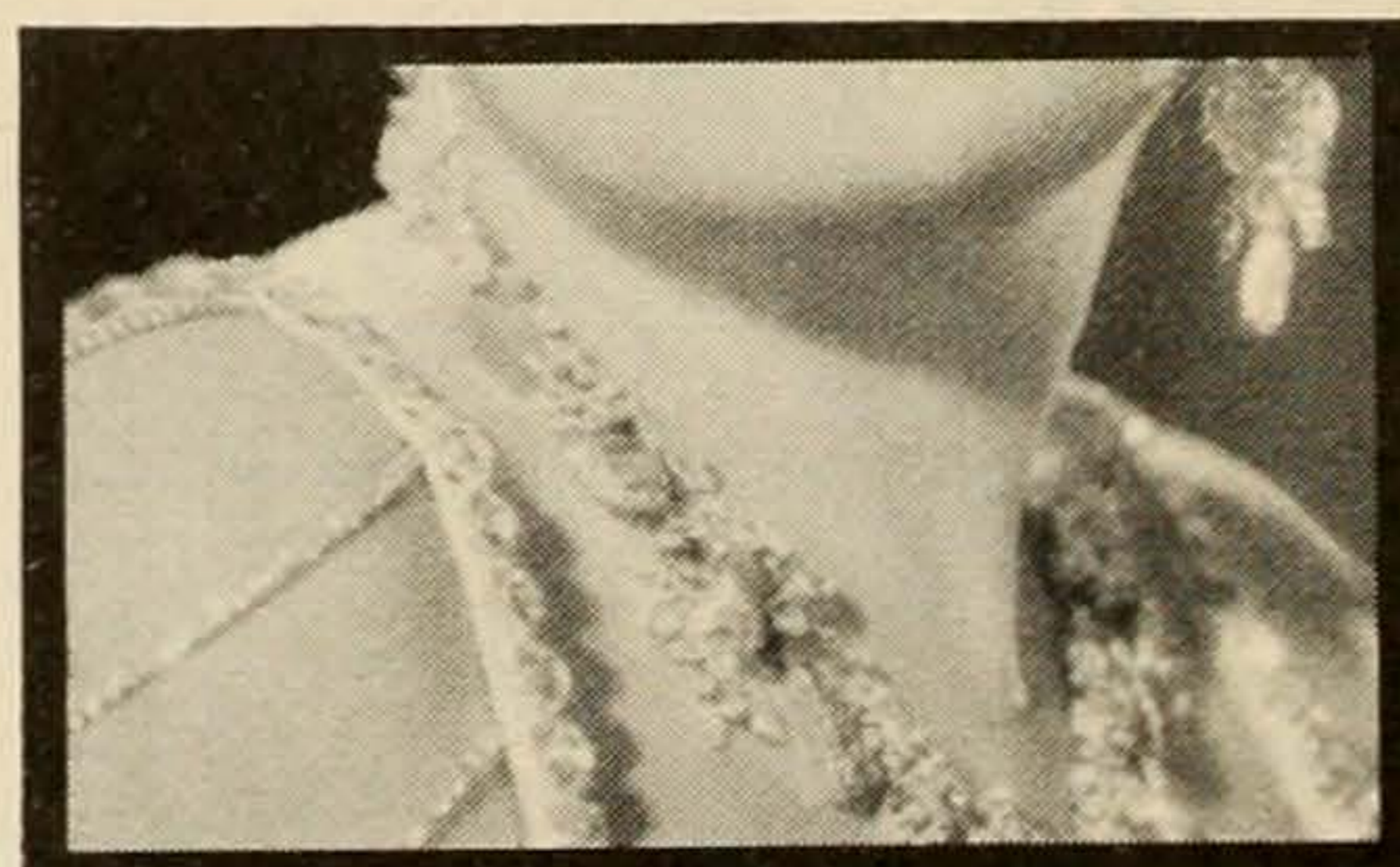
Artificially colored, queer cut hair



Enough eye-shading to cast suspicion of a "shiner"



Lip rouge applied to suggest an unpleasant accident



Large, "gaudy" jewelry and huge, ungainly earrings

away from trick and sensational fads in dress, jewelry and coiffures, because I would realize that being spectacular isn't always the same thing as being attractive.

I would study my coloring, and in doing so I'd probably discover the amazing fact that the natural shade of my hair did very well with the pigment in my skin, my eyes and other features. So I would not alter the color of my hair no matter if I had read somewhere the still unproved but universally prevailing belief that all gentlemen prefer blondes.

I'd continue the research a little farther and analyze my good points of appearance—and my weak ones. All women don't have exquisite hair, beautiful teeth, lovely eyes or a flawless figure. But I'd find out which of those I did have, and learn to make the most of them in my dress, mannerisms and general make-up. I wouldn't worry about being classically beautiful, especially if I had confidence in my mirror and myself. I would, however, discover some way to be attractive, to grade down my defects and display my strong points—not only physically, but intellectually as well.

But no matter what the score was when I had come to some decision about myself, I would never, never do a number of things.

I'd never wear long, dangerous, Oriental finger-nails, formidably feline enough to scare anyone away with their dagger-like points. I'd never color them scarlet or crimson, or polish them to a bloody brilliance. But I'd keep them impeccably groomed.

IT is always intriguing, but often dangerous to speculate—especially about women.

So, in delivering myself of a series of purely personal and rambling thoughts on what I would and would not do if I were a woman, I should like to state flatly that nothing in the manner of a sermon, tome, prescription, or even a message is being attempted.

It is purely a one man's-eye view. If I really were a woman, doubtless many of these ideas would be distorted by a very different perspective, and perhaps badly damaged by experience. But I'm not (and let me preface my remarks by saying that I am perfectly satisfied on that score), so I can hew right to the line and let the quips fall where they may.

First of all, and foremost all the time, if I were a woman, I would strive very hard to maintain a balance—in my dress, in my habits, in my personality, in my friends. I would avoid extremes like poison. I'd keep

Likes Them

I'd apply lip rouge carefully and sparingly to avoid looking as if I had just had an unpleasant accident. I'd never use enough eye shading to cast suspicion of a "shiner," or pluck my eyebrows down to a pencil stripe. My perfume and scents would be only faintly detectable about my person, never overpowering, and when I selected one which suited my personality, I'd stick to it.

I would never do my hair in queer twists and eccentric cuts. If I possessed evidently straight hair, I wouldn't steam it into a mass of plainly artificial ringlets.

If I were short I'd not wear a close bob. And I would avoid acquiring a "fussing" complex—fixing my hair, powdering my face, or rouging my lips in public—particularly in a restaurant or a theater.

Costume jewelry of any kind would have no place in my jewel box. I would realize that it is vulgar, ostentatious and cheap. Even large, gaudy jewelry, no matter how genuine or how costly, I would refuse to wear. I would choose small, delicate, finely wrought jewelry of the finest quality, which could never possibly attract undue attention.

I'd never wear huge, ungainly earrings. Or a monocle, unless, of course, a genuinely bad eye absolutely demanded it.

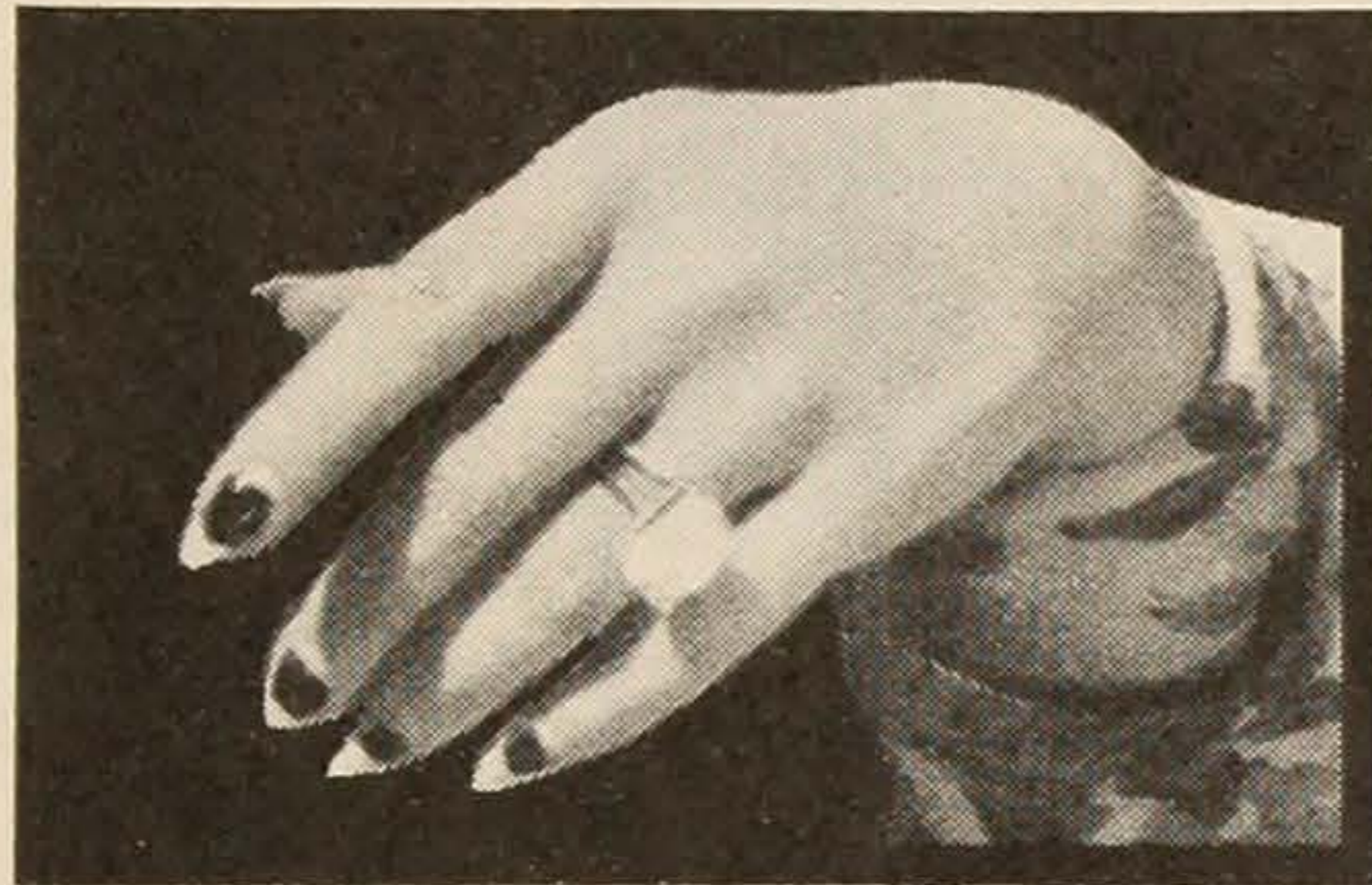
I would never display my bare feet on the street—even if I had feet to make a sculptor rave, and the chances are I would not have. I would not color my toe-nails, put on sandals and walk around out of doors. On the beach, yes, but *never* on the street! I'd never wear pajamas out of the house, or perpetually in the house. There are places—and times—for pajamas and sandals.

I would step before a mirror and take a long look at myself in trousers and, after noticing the revolting spectacle, turn over all pants and slacks to the gentleman friend. They were originally designed for him anyway, and with good reason, as the mirror should point out convincingly.

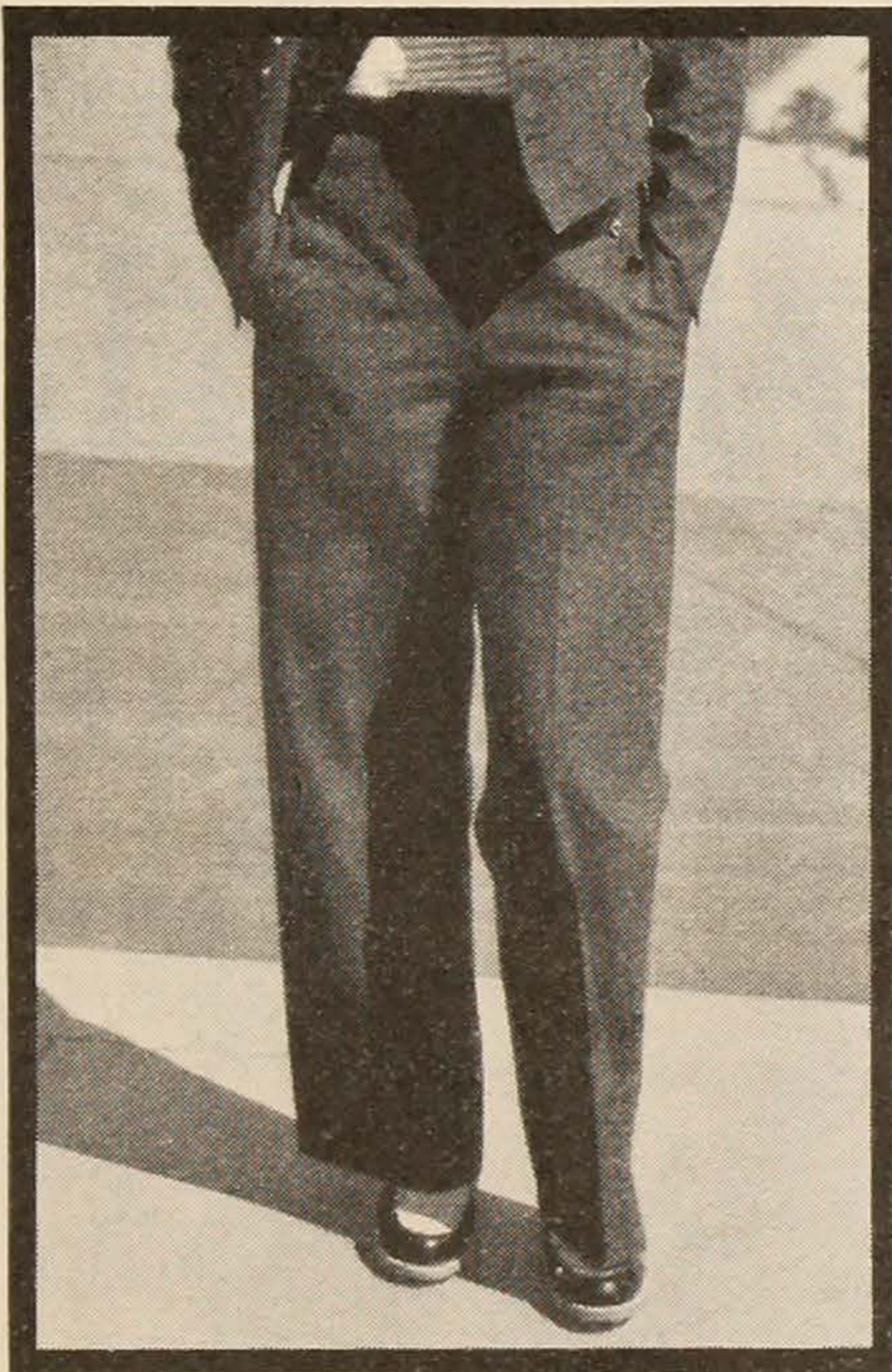
I'd do the same thing with knickers, and just to settle all possible doubts, I'd don silk stockings and high-heeled shoes with the knickers, and take another look.

I'd shun masculine tailored suits, shirts and ties, mannish brogues and hats, and close-

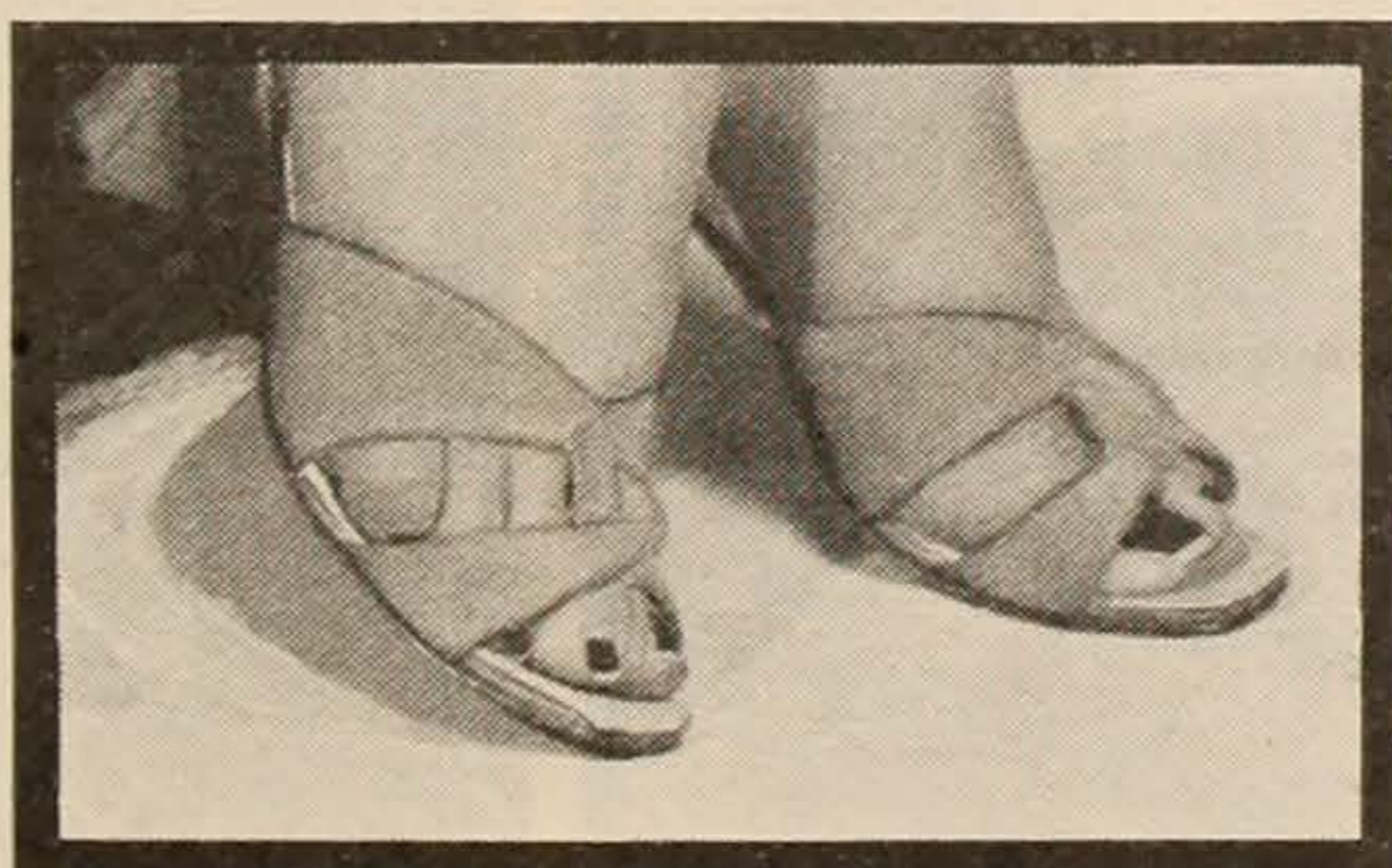
And to be well-groomed as a woman, he says he would avoid these fads—



Formidably feline, highly colored finger-nails



Pants, slacks, and masculine tailored clothing



Colored toe-nails and sandals on the street



Is this your perfect woman, Mr. Menjou? Reports of your interest in statuesque, blonde Verree Teasdale seem to indicate she meets enough of your requirements

clipped haircuts. Some very few women look well thus tailored, at a dog or horse show, but I'd play safe.

When I went downtown shopping or on business, I'd dress plainly in dark clothes and not look as if I were headed for a lawn party. The minute I had my clothes on, I would try to forget I was wearing them. I'd be a little firm with my *modiste* and tell her what kind of clothes I should wear, instead of letting her experiment on me. If I had a not too good figure, the gowns wouldn't be tight to parade it. And by the way, I'd always be sure that my heels weren't run over; that my petticoat was well above the danger line.

On the street I would keep my cigarettes in my purse, fighting down the temptation to light one. But I would keep some in my purse, not only when alone, but when out with [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]

Ladies as Mr. Menjou Likes Them

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

a man. Certainly, if I smoked his cigarettes, I wouldn't complain about the brand. And I'd shun long cigarette holders.

When I went out with a man, he would drive the car, no matter if it were my own. I'd consider it his job. If he had sent flowers, I would mention them and thank him. In fact, I would be polite enough to thank him for the theater, the dinner, the dance, or whatever he provided for entertainment, instead of taking it all for granted.

Somehow, I would manage never to keep a man waiting unduly, because, after several years, I'm sure I should learn that men don't like it.

I think I'd find time to investigate my own powers of interesting conversation. If they proved weak, I'd refrain from keeping up a running stream of empty-headed small talk. Especially would I avoid dwelling upon myself, my diet, or my hospital experiences. Some people faint easily. And when I did talk, I'd manage to speak in a voice designed for immediate audition—not across the room. And laughter likewise.

I'd avoid *cliches* of conversation and most contemporary slang. One trip to London wouldn't make an English accent stick; I'd employ the natural, domestic one. I would never swear in the masculine manner—certainly not in public.

When an evening demanded highballs or cocktails, I'd watch them closely enough to keep from letting my tongue run away with my thoughts. I'd consider it dangerous.

I would never have a host of friends whom the man I knew "must know." I wouldn't foist people on him unless he suggested it, because I'd realize that he might possibly be bored at meeting strange people in whom he had no interest. Nor would I ever insist that he play bridge (pointing out his errors), or do anything in which he had expressed himself as taking no interest.

If I ever caught myself talking baby talk or anything even approaching it, I would march straight to the bathroom and wash my own mouth out with soap—it works very well with most children. That includes such expressions as "bye-bye" over the telephone, an instrument which I certainly would use with discretion. If I had reason to call up a man, I wouldn't hesitate to do so, but I'd never keep after a man, or take the initiative in making social engagements. I'd let him be what he wants to be—the aggressor.

I'd let him say where to go, or at least ask for suggestions before I settled on it. And when we got there, if he wanted to flirt with every other woman in the place, I would never let him know it bothered me in the slightest.

If I were a woman, I would play some athletic game well, but I wouldn't let it monopolize my life, my thoughts, and my conversation.

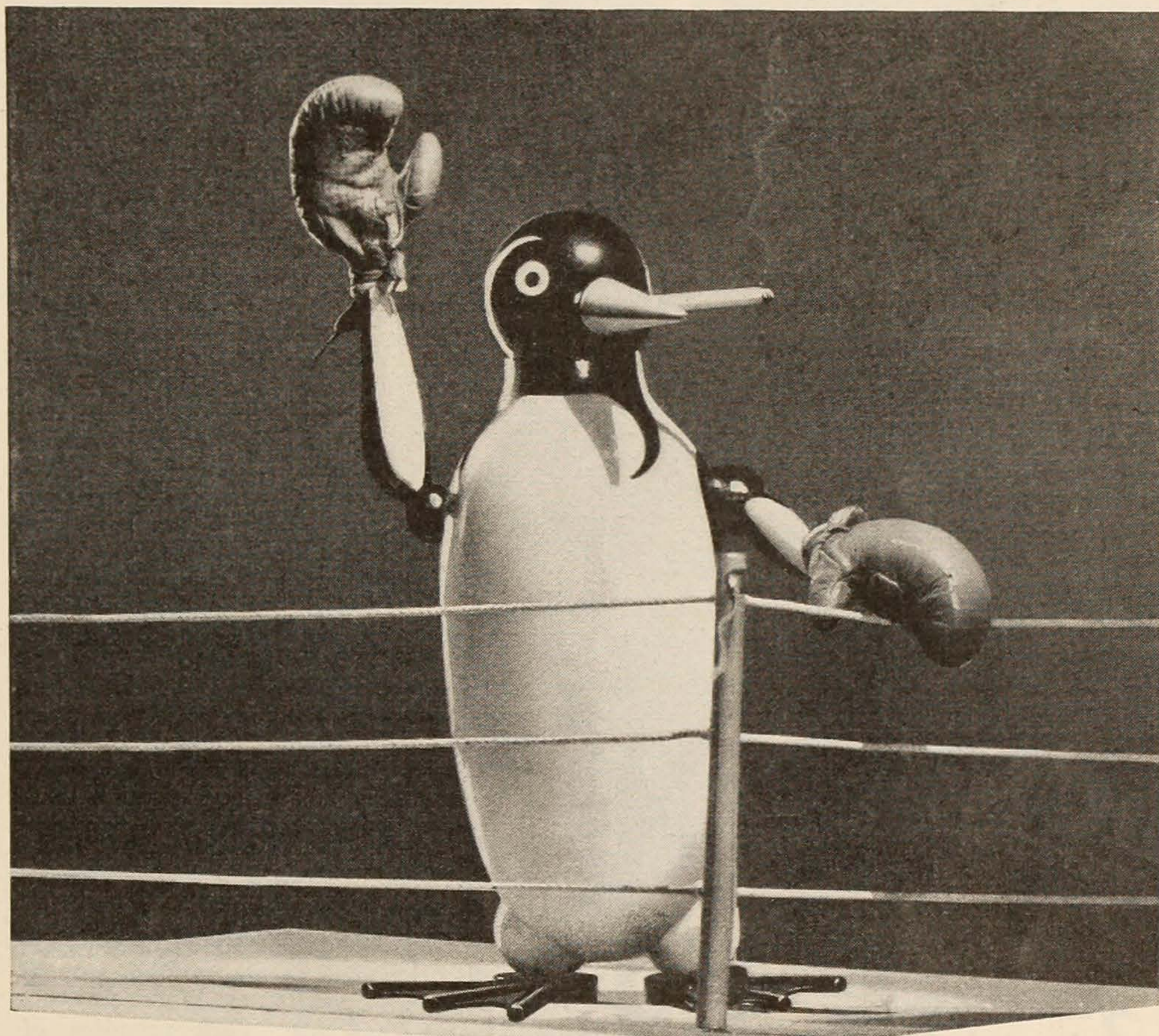
If I had a fondness for horses, I wouldn't insist upon talking horses always, or go around daily clad in jodhpurs or boots, smelling of the stables.

If a tan became me, I'd acquire one, but if I were fair, I wouldn't brook the impossible and peel to a raw redness all summer.

I'd try to learn at least enough French to get by in a restaurant, but I wouldn't parade my knowledge. There is nothing more dreadful than anyone attempting French without complete mastery of the accent. I'd acquire at least a speaking acquaintance with the arts, but I wouldn't go into an impressive theatrical act at the slightest cultural opportunity.

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Have I been talking? I'm afraid I've been thinking out loud, indiscreetly expressing thoughts I've held for a long time but managed to keep locked in my bosom. They look just a little intimidating, set down on paper. Ah, well, it's too late now. And as long as

I'm in for it, I might as well add one more very important thing— I would see all motion pictures in which Adolphe Menjou played—for, of course, if I were a woman, I'm quite certain my favorite actor would be Adolphe Menjou.

Anna Sten—The Million Dollar Gamble

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

While she was making "Nana," Gary Cooper came to visit her on the set. Miss Sten, wearing a feathered negligée, had just seethed through a scene with one of her lovers. At the end of the sequence, she walked over to meet Gary, and an ambitious publicity man thought it would be clever to photograph them together.

Miss Sten, however, refused to be photographed with Mr. Cooper *en negligée*. Her reasoning gave the Hollywood publicity man heart failure! It seemed, Gary was still Mr. Cooper to the Russian star.

"It would be different," she said, "if Meester Coopaire were playing in the picture with me. Then we would both be in character when we were photographed, no matter what costume we had on. But he is a gentleman visitor to the set. It would be very undignified of me to allow myself to be photographed with him so—half-undressed!"

That's Anna Sten—the woman.

THE hard-boiled censor is so intrigued by her, he forgets his job. The Hollywood-wise press-agent gasps in amazement at a star so modest, she refuses to pose in a negligée with a male star. The press is bewildered by an actress who is anxious to make an interview interesting and truthful.

The story has been told often, how Goldwyn gambled a million dollars over a two-year period on the faith that this daughter of Soviet Russia would be a colossal sensation in America. Only, the press-agents got the sum up over a million.

But after the New York première of "Nana," those high praises chanted for Miss Sten were not the hallelujahs of press-agents. They were the ravings of the motion picture critics of New York's great daily newspapers—a clan that makes no general practice of gushing, and that includes two or three who are rather hard-boiled in their attitude toward the screen.

Several of this clan were lukewarm or unflattering toward the adaptation of the story—admitted by the producer to have just a loose relation to the "Nana" of Emile Zola, a Nineteenth Century novel. Zola wrote about a Parisian *demi-mondaine*, whose unregenerate career ended in a horrible death by smallpox. Miss Sten's *Nana* is nobler, and dies gracefully as a generous sacrifice—a suicide.

But as for Miss Sten herself, all of the critics clapped hands and some shouted approval.

Which was not surprising, since most critics who saw the picture on the West Coast discovered the same thing beforehand—that Anna Sten is distinctly a screen personage to be reckoned with.

She came over here in April, 1932. For a year and a half Goldwyn paid her a salary said to have been \$1,500 a week, but took her before the camera only for tests. He hired teachers to tutor her in English and school her in American ways. Then, when he thought she was ready, he began production on "Nana." A quarter of the way through it, Goldwyn was dissatisfied. Production ceased. The film was shelved. He had already invested nearly half a million dollars in the Russian star. And he still thought she was worth half a million more.

Production on the picture began anew, with the insistence that every production detail must be exactly correct.

When the picture was finally finished, Goldwyn spent thousands of dollars more advertising Anna Sten as a personality.

Goldwyn believes Sten is different from any star that has ever come to Hollywood.

Zola, in his novel, describes his heroine thus: "Nana has something else, by heaven! and that something is better than all the rest. She has it strongly . . . Wait until you see her. She has only to show herself and she'll make their mouths water."

And Goldwyn believed the same description fits the girl on whom he gambled a million.

Polly With a Future

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

The rehearsing company gave up the stage for the try-outs and moved out front to watch. Polly told Sam Harris she just could not get up on that stage and read a line, she was so paralyzed with awe of Marilyn Miller's presence.

Harris humored her; persuaded her to try a private audition in his office. She did this and Harris liked her. He was seriously considering her for the rôle, when along came Tom Weatherly offering her a part in the farce, "She Loves Me Not," which he and Dwight Deere Wiman were producing.

Weatherly had heard that odd voice of hers slinging slang at some time or other, so Polly popped into his mind when he needed a girl to play the hoydenish *Curley Flagg* in the Howard Lindsay dramatization of Edward Hope's novel.

Polly looked over the script and decided it was just the part for her, regardless of what Harris might decide.

Weatherly and Wiman didn't overexert themselves ballyhooing the fact that Polly Walters was their lead before the opening night of "She Loves Me Not." Because, we may suppose, they realized her name didn't mean anything much in the legitimate theater.

But at that late November première, hardened critics rolled in the aisles, guffawing at the genuine comedy that Polly got out of a wildly imagined character and far-fetched situations.

A few words might give you an idea of what "She Loves Me Not" is all about.

Curley Flagg (Miss Walters) is a hooper in a Philadelphia night spot. A gangster drops in and casually slays another mob gorilla. *Curley* throws a coat about her daringly scant dance attire and grabs the first out-of-town bus. She's afraid the cops will pen her up for months as a material witness.

The bus takes her as far as Princeton, New Jersey. Wandering the streets, hungry and tired, she finally slips into the dormitory room