



You're apt to come upon almost every imaginable luxurious gadget, wandering through the homes of stars. Turning on concealed lights, Josephine Hutchinson (left) changes her lilies to rainbow colors. Paul Muni (center) takes life easy in a special house he has built in which to rehearse. Anita Louise simply throws a switch, and her bird cage is cleaned . . . just like that!

Looking 'em Over

***** WITH *****
GAIL GARDNER
 Five Star Motion Picture Editor

SYLVIA SIDNEY, loaned to Walter Wanger for "Mary Burns, Fugitive," plays a girl hunted by the law because of her love for a criminal. Convicted on circumstantial evidence when she is found guilty, she finally extricates herself by the help of a wealthy scientist.

The cast is composed of Melvyn Douglas, Alan Baxter, Pert Kelton and Wallace Ford. Another crime story with Miss Sidney doing her utmost to make it convincing.

"BROADWAY HOSTESS" is one of those light, strictly pedestrian pictures which deals with trials on the Great White Way. In unreels a theme as old as the movies, a little country girl who goes to the big city in search of a musical career. She gets a tryout in a cafe, but before she gets the job she is spotted by a city slicker, Lyle Talbot, who becomes her manager.

From thereon, most of the audience is able to go on with the story. Winifred Shaw is in the lead and shows promise of becoming a very good actress. She is given capable assistance by Allen Jenkins, comic, Spring Byington, Talbot and a newcomer, Marie Wilson, who, in her small role, indicates she may become the screen's funniest woman if she doesn't watch out — a rare type indeed.

The picture is an old girl in a new dress.

THE chances are you will not require the services of a film reviewer to send you strutting to see "The Indestructible Mrs. Talbot."

It is one of those sprightly comedies of intense drama always in demand by sophisticated audiences. Especially will the wives of philandering husbands, and the sweethearts of married men enjoy it for, like the erstwhile "Animal Kingdom," it deals with the husband who enjoys the liberties of single blessedness while married.

Ann Harding (Mrs. Talbot) is the modern wife who sends her husband, Herbert Marshall (Dr. Talbot), into the arms of another woman (Margaret Lindsay), displays a very fine flare for such smart comedy as this. Marshall, whose heart is supposed to be as transient as moonlight, takes his scenes with convincing ardor. Walter Abel, that splendid actor from Broadway who recently made his screen debut, succeeds in making the character of the young engineer, vainly in love with Ann, so poignant that one wishes him better luck with his amour. The action of the play is fast. The casting is perfect. The story is a refreshing variation of the love triangle.



Walter Abel

"Professional Soldier," strange as it sounds, isn't a war picture at all, but an operetta with the opera left out.

It has one of those preposterous plots concerning the kidnaping of a boy king, Freddie Bartholomew, who rules over a mythical kingdom. Victor McLaglen, the kidnaper, is one of those rough brute-men with a heart of gold.

Vic is hired by some revolutionists, whose interest is the people's welfare, to kidnap the King. He accomplishes this with the aid of Michael Whalen. There's a countess, too, Gloria Stuart, who gets

That's No Railroad Station, Madam; It's the Home of a Big Movie Star!

Inside You'll See Soda Fountains, Trick Beds, Secret Passageways, Glass Rooms, "Port-Hole" Windows with Windows Behind Them Specially Lighted — Many Other Oddities

By Donna Risher

"NO, ma'am, that's not the Santa Fe station," returned the tourist's guide to the curious lady from Iowa, as he pointed to a red, black and 'n' pile of lumber atop a hill, "that's a movie star's home."

Duly awed at the sight, the curious lady appropriately exclaimed, "My land." But had she been privileged to visit the interior of this home and other homes of the film celebrities, she, no doubt, would have received the shock of her life at the sight of the unusual features contained therein.

For these home hobbies of the stars run from soda fountains to crystal-glass living rooms.

Perhaps the most unique collection ever assembled is that in the Beverly Hills home of Joe E. Brown. Joe has a trophy room filled with everything under the sun. There is a hand-made saddle worn by a Derby winner. A baseball thrown by Christy Matthewson. A football kicked by "Dixie" Howell. Odds and ends from all corners of the earth. And right next door Joe has a soda fountain where ice cream sodas can be obtained at all hours.

DOLORES DEL RIO'S proud possession is a room of glass in her Brentwood mansion. One entire wall consists of a huge plate of crystal glass overlooking her garden. The opposite wall is one great flawless mirror, and the ceiling is a mass of smaller mirrors. The effect, upon entering, is startling and something a casual visitor never forgets.

At Paul Muni's ranch house near Van Nuys, his odd rehearsal house arouses special curiosity. It is a small, substantial structure, which stands half hidden by walnut trees behind the ranch house proper.

This rehearsal house was once an elaborate portable dressing room, presented to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., by Joan Crawford just before that young couple went separate ways. When Fairbanks left

mixed up in the action. After several reels of deviltry, the King and the kidnaper escape death from a bullet, and the picture ends with everything just dandy.

No matter how bad the material, McLaglen and Freddie are always in there acting.

 In the past, Janet Gaynor has been squandered somewhat futilely in pictures which were obviously made for some other player. In "Small Town Girl," the little Janet is shrewdly cast, and this may or may not be accounted for by the fact that she is off her home lot (Fox) and is making her first picture for M-G-M.

The story is by Ben Ames Williams, the popular magazine writer. It has much to do with a New England doctor, Lewis Stone, who is eager for his son, Robert Taylor, to follow in his footsteps. Young Taylor is in love with Janet . . . but ah, me . . . love

will find a way. There is: Conflict. Poignant moments. Good photography. Happy ending.

"Riff Raff" is decidedly the most fittingly named photoplay of the month. By the time it un-winds you have seen the "reds" in a waterfront strike, Jean Harlow parting with her baby born in prison, a love affair between a fish cannery worker and a dock hand, not to mention the bloated capitalist who buys his woman with fur coats.

Harlow, Spencer Tracy, Una Merkel and Joseph Calleia do their utmost, but that doesn't seem to be enough.

for England, Muni acquired it. In this house Muni studies his lines and tries out new characterizations. The double walls make the place sound proof, and it contains all the comforts of home.

Warren William's chart room is probably the only one of its kind in the world. It is a hide-away under the roof of his new house, which is next door to Al Jolson's in Encino. The room is reached through a window-like door above the head of the actor's bed. The bed head itself forms steps which lead to this door. A visitor would never know the room was there unless invited to enter by Master William.

The room is modeled like a ship's chart room.

IT has an imitation mast running through it, port-holes for windows, with landscapes behind them specially lighted. A compass is inlaid in the floor. When Mrs. William can't locate Warren, she climbs to the chart room, salutes, and tells him dinner is waiting.

Dick Powell helped design the tricky bed he has built in his home in the Toluca Lake district. Without lifting his head from the pillow, Dick can turn on a radio hidden in the bed head. Secret compartments hold the telephone, and a complete call button panel makes it possible to summon the servants from all parts of the house.

WILLIAM POWELL'S new house in Beverly Hills has numerous secret passages and hidden panels, which the actor uses to confound his guests.

John Barrymore points with pride to his trophy room, which holds, among other things, a dinosaur egg sent him by Roy Chapman Andrews from the Gobi desert. Josephine Hutchinson has an electrified lily pond. When she touches a button, the cream-white blossoms turn to mauve, pink, blue and cornflower.

Anita Louise cites her bird cage as the trickiest to be found in Hollywood. Anita merely throws a switch, and the cage is refilled with water, replenished with fresh bird seed, and the perches are washed.

James Cagney's gun room and library have no counterpart anywhere, while Al Jolson's apartment hotel in his country home is singular indeed.



With five years of stardom behind her, Jean Harlow has signed a new long term contract at M-G-M.

Gossip

From the Studios and Social Centers of Hollywood

by Jane

THEY were filming a trade-slaving sequence of "Anthony Adverse" when I was out on the Warner Bros. lot the other day. I went out to see



Fredric March

Fredric March, who takes the lead role. Instead I saw a great many other things.

As I approached there was a jungle across the river. Dank and lush it stood in a cup of hills. In the center of the jungle was an African compound, surrounded by a stake fence.

In the compound was a platform and on this platform were nearly a hundred half-naked men, yoked together. Slaves. Magnificent fellows, their glossy skins shown like new enamel. Below them were a motley crew of bearded men garbed as Arabs, carrying long-mounted rifles; witch doctors, bright with paint and feathers; blacks with bull whips and wicked-looking knives.

There was the camera on hand to put on film the tragedies and horror of slave trading under a blazing African sun. And there was Director Mervyn LeRoy standing behind the camera, telling the slaves when to cry out in pain and when to show horror. But the blazing sun didn't blaze and the wind blew cold.

 Nevertheless, I wanted to cry when one poor devil after another was sold to cruel Arabs with bull whips. Bowed with grief they were, stoically accepting their awful fate meekly. I turned my head away when one big fellow got 20 lashes . . . the blood spurted brightly. . . . My throat hurt. . . . Couldn't someone do something about this? . . . It seemed no one could . . . and pretty soon the sun sank lower and lower and the wind blew colder and colder.



Mervyn LeRoy

 Four o'clock came. Blue with cold, Director LeRoy, shiveringly, ordered the whole company dismissed. . . . WHAM! The biggest slave of all threw off his yoke, jumped down from the platform, rushed to a pile of brush, and—so help me—dug out a golf club! He set his big feet apart and began practicing his drive.

Several other blacks disappeared behind the compound. I peered at them over a dying bush . . . they had a blanket on the ground and in the big black hand of the slave with the 20 lashes . . . there was a rattling pair of dice. . . . Now I ask you . . . can you tie that?

 Led off by Ruby Keeler less than four years ago, the young hoofers are being welcomed by the producers. So if you are trying to make the grade in pictures, see that you know your syncopation, because the shortest cut to fame nowadays is being made by those who can sing and dance.

 It's come to this, Albert; it's come to this: The movies now have glass chairs, glass divans, glass tables and even glass upholstery. . . . S'fact. Stop and think—if you have to stop to think—what a fat gal would do sitting on a glass chair.



Ruby Keeler