

My Life



IN this final installment Miss Bow tells about her first success, her loves and her philosophy of living

"I am happy—as happy as anyone can be who believes that life isn't quite to be trusted. I give everything I can to my pictures, and the rest to being young and trying to make father happy. I don't think I'm very different from any other girl"

*I*N the previous installments of this engrossing story, Clara Bow told of her early life in Brooklyn; of her love for her father; of her devotion to her pathetic mother. Clara was the tomboy of the neighborhood—a strange, vivid but far from pretty child.

She entered a motion picture contest and won a prize. But when she tried to find work in the studios, she was snubbed and ignored. Her mother, desperately ill, fought against Clara's career. One night, in a fit of insanity, she tried to kill Clara. After getting her first chance in "Down to the Sea in Ships," Clara decided to give up pictures, for her mother's sake. Then, one night, she is called home from a party by an urgent message from her father.

Now go on with the concluding installment.

THAT night, after my father called me on the telephone at the party and told me to come home, we went through the dark streets in silence. All the laughter and gaiety had fled. We were just scared kids. I remember thinking then that fun didn't seem to last very long, that something terrible always happened, and maybe it was best to get *all* you could out of it *when* you could.

Mother was on a couch in the living room. She was white and still. She did not know me. She never knew me again, though I used to try so hard to make her. For days she lay like that and I cared for her, trying to ease the paroxysms of pain when they came.

And just then, with the peculiar way fate has of always bringing extremes into my life, my first chance in pictures came. They sent for me to play a little dancing girl in "Enemies of Women." At first I didn't want to do it. I didn't think I could, my heart was so heavy. But there was

nothing I could do for mother and Dad insisted that I go ahead. He saw that I was breaking down under those days of silent grief, of being shut up all the time in one room with mother like she was.

It was only a bit in the picture. I danced on a table. All the time I had to be laughing, romping wildly, displaying nothing for the camera but pleasure and the joy of life. As I say, it was only a bit, but no matter what parts I have been called upon to play as a star, or ever will be, not one of them could compare in difficulty to that rôle. I'd go home at night and help take care of mother; I'd cry my eyes out when I left her in the morning—and then go and dance on a table. I think I used to be half-hysterical, but the director thought it was wonderful.

One day when I was on the set working, in some sort of a little scanty costume, I looked up and saw father standing there. One look at his face told me that the end had come. I walked over to him and just stood staring. I was paralyzed. I don't think I had realized until that moment that mother was really going to die.

Story

By CLARA BOW

as told to

Adela Rogers St. Johns

Clara's Three Engagements

And I don't think I had ever realized how much I loved her.

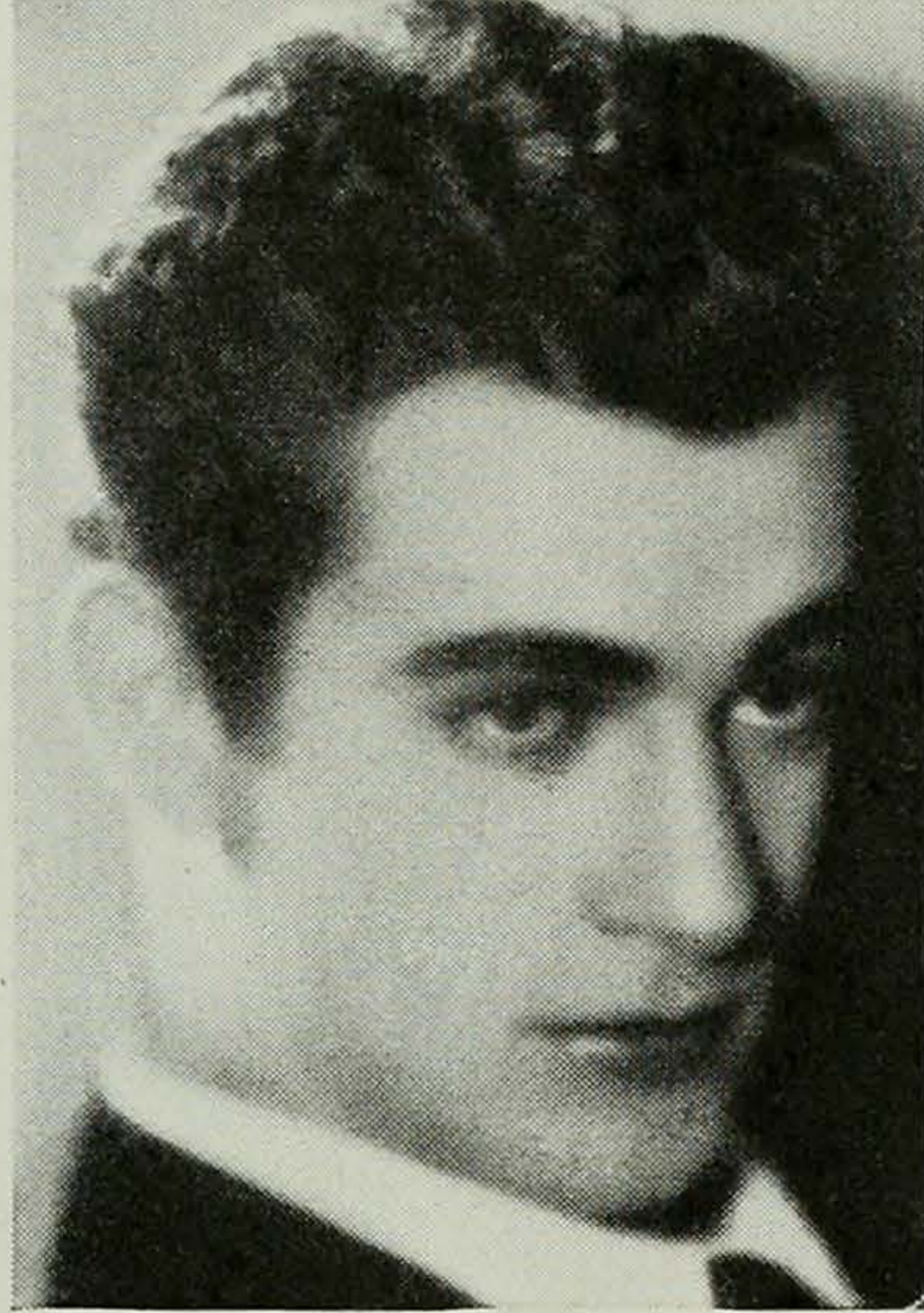
Looking back on it now, it seems to me that the day of my mother's funeral was the beginning of a new life for me. Perhaps it was the birthday of the Clara Bow that you know. The end of my kid life had come. Sorrow and disappointment had been my lot so much that I didn't believe in anything but trying to get what you could out of life. I've come to a saner philosophy now, but then I was just hard and bitter.

On that day, we went across to Staten Island on the ferry, and I sat absolutely motionless all the way, my hand cold and frozen in my dad's. All feeling had left me. Loneliness engulfed me. Even during the services, in the church and at the grave, I didn't cry. Dad said my face was like a piece of marble. Poor dear, he was weeping enough for two of us, but I couldn't cry. When they started to lower the coffin into the ground, my heart began to beat again. Then the clergyman turned and told me to throw the first pieces of earth down upon her I had so greatly loved.

AT that, I came to life and went crazy. I tried to jump into the open grave after her. I screamed and cried out that they were all hypocrites, they hadn't loved her when she was alive, or cared for her, or done anything to make life easier. I raved and fought like a little wildcat. The thought of leaving her there in that hard, cold ground tortured my imagination beyond bearing.

And then I was overcome with remorse. Just think, when she felt the way she did about pictures, I'd actually been working, dancing on a table with just a few clothes on, when she left me for good. A deep knowledge, perhaps the deepest emotion I had ever had in my life, came to me then of how much she had loved me. I'd been the only thing she'd ever had to love, she'd poured all the frustration of her soul out upon me. And I'd disappointed her, gone against her wishes.

I felt that I never wanted to see another motion picture. I was very ill again after that. And for a while I stuck to my resolution about motion pictures. But Dad—who is so very sensible, who knows the



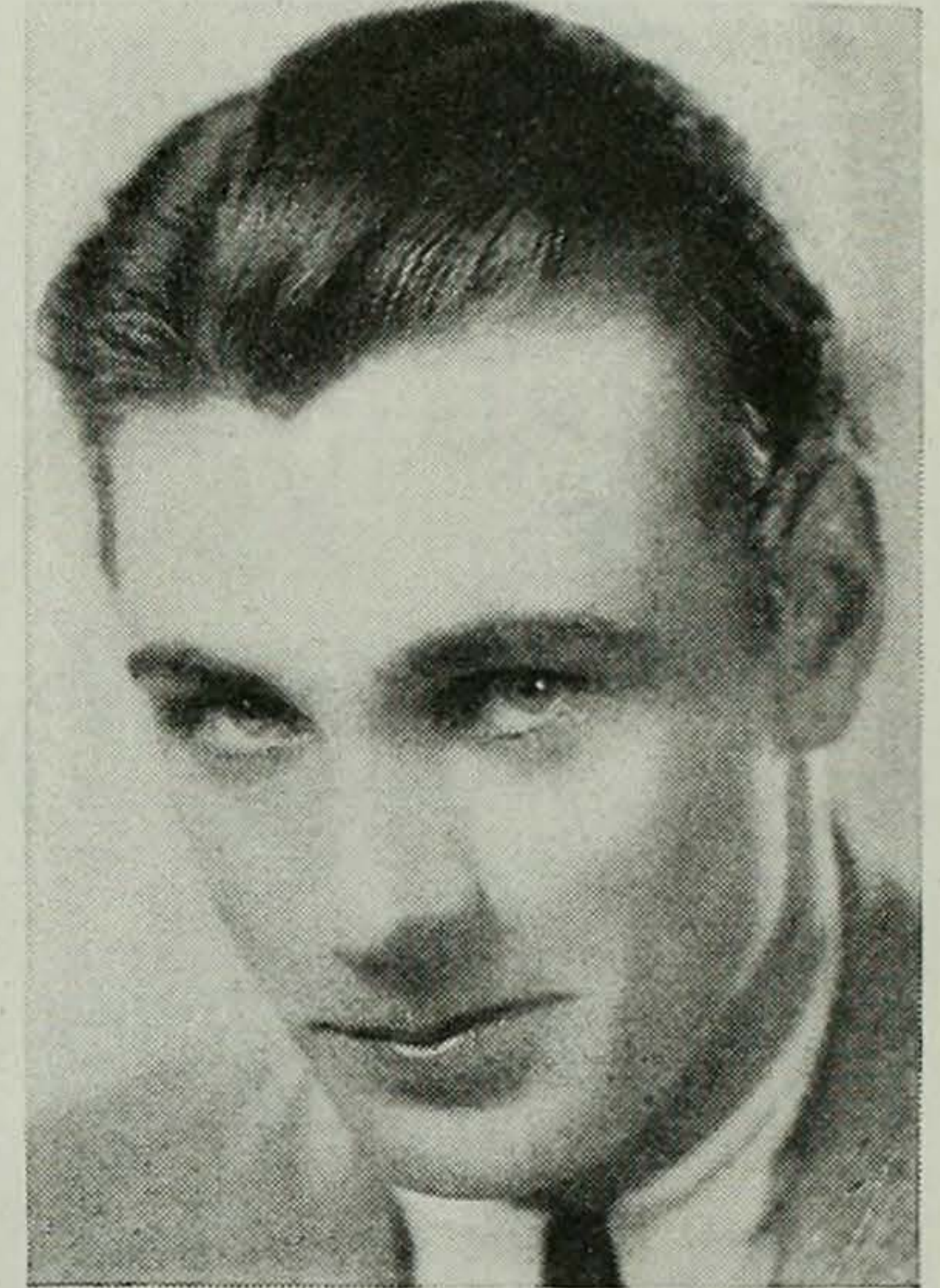
Gilbert Roland

"When I met Gilbert Roland I'd never been in love in my life. We used to sit and just look at each other. I think we might have been happy together if outside things hadn't interfered so dreadfully. I look back on my first love story with tender memories and maybe a tear, though I know it can never come again"



Clara Bow and Victor Fleming

"Victor Fleming is a wonderful man and he had a tremendous and very fine influence on my life. He showed me that life must be lived, not just for the moment, but for the years. Our feeling for each other became more that of close friendship than that of lovers. . . . I was young and I needed romance"



Gary Cooper

"While I was making 'Children of Divorce,' I met a young man named Gary Cooper. He was new to the screen. I always like to help anyone who is new. Well, we fell in love. It was very wonderful while it lasted. It's very difficult to be a motion picture star and be married. So many fail at it. Gary was—so jealous"

world well and understands so much—talked it all over with me. I remember he came in and sat on the end of my bed one night and looked down at me.

"Little daughter," he said, "you're making a big mistake. You're very young and I know you think your heart is broken. But it isn't. You mustn't allow it to be. You have a long life ahead of you, and your mother—as she was before her illness changed her—would want you to go on and live it to the fullest. She was a very wonderful woman and she expected a great deal of you. It would make her so unhappy to know that your grief is ruining your life. And at the time when she was herself, she would have understood your ambition, your desire to be in pictures. She loved beauty and all expressions of it. So you must, for her sake and your own and mine—because after all, Clara darling, I'm still here and I need you, too—you must pull yourself together and do your work."

THAT woke me up. I hate a quitter and I saw that I was quitting. And I knew he was right, that if mother had been herself she would have understood my picture work. So I started in again looking for work. I don't believe anybody ever had a harder time getting started in pictures than I did.

You see, I had to make a niche for myself. If I am different, if I'm the "super-flapper" and "jazz-baby" of pictures, it's because I had [CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]

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to create a character for myself. Otherwise, I'd probably not be in pictures at all. They certainly didn't want me.

I was the wrong type to play ingenues. I was too small for a leading woman and too kiddish for heavies. I had too much of what my wonderful friend Elinor Glyn calls "It," apparently, for the average second rôle or anything of that sort. I got turned down for more jobs, I guess, than any other girl who ever tried to break into pictures.

FINALLY I did get a lead with Glenn Hunter. The girl was a little rough-neck, and somehow they thought I fitted into it. I guess I did. I'd always been a tomboy, and at heart I still was. I worked in a few pictures around New York and by that time "Down to the Sea in Ships," which had been held up for such a long time, was released and that helped me.

About this time, I met a woman in New York who was sort of a casting agent. I am not going to mention her name in this story because I am trying to be truthful all the way through and I cannot say anything kind about her. Perhaps she did try to help me, but she did so many things that didn't help and while I try not to hold any hard feelings against anyone, I cannot help feeling unhappy whenever I think of her.

Anyway, about that time Mr. Bachmann saw me in "Down to the Sea in Ships," and he liked my work. He came to talk to me. At that time, he was B. P. Shulberg's partner and he wired Mr. Shulberg, who was in Hollywood, that he thought I was a "bet." He suggested that Mr. Shulberg give me a three months' contract and my fare to Hollywood, at a salary of fifty dollars a week, and give me a chance.

"It can't do any harm," he said.

So this agent—I'll call her Mrs. Smith, because that wasn't her name—and I came to Hollywood.

WE left my Dad in New York, because we didn't have the money for railroad fares and besides he'd gotten a job down at Coney Island, managing a little restaurant, and he liked it. So we thought we would wait and see how I made out.

Mrs. Smith and I took a little apartment in Hollywood and I started to work. I did nothing but work. I worked in two and even three pictures at once. I played all sorts of parts in all sorts of pictures. In a very short time I had acquired the experience that it often takes years and years to get. It was very hard at the time and I used to be worn out and cry myself to sleep from sheer fatigue after eighteen hours a day on different sets, but now I am glad I had it.

The story of my career from there on isn't so different from the story of all other motion picture careers. I'll wind it up later, but right here I'd like to stop and tell you something of my personal life in Hollywood and the three love affairs—or engagements—that have happened to me

since I came and that have been so much in the newspapers.

You know enough about me to realize that I'd never "had things." I'm not going to pretend that I had. Everything was new and wonderful to me. It was wonderful to have the things I wanted to eat, not to have to scrimp on dessert and be able to order the best cuts of meat. It



Clara Bow, at the age of two and a half years. This photograph was taken in Brooklyn, the borough of babies and churches. And Clara grew up to be one of its most famous babies. Somehow or other, the church influence passed her by

was wonderful to have silk stockings, and not cry if they happened to get a run in them. It was wonderful to have a few dollars to spend, just as I liked, without having to worry about the fact that they ought to be used to pay the gas bill.

Maybe other people don't realize that, don't get the kick out of those things that I do. Of course I still can't exactly understand the money that is coming and is going to make my Dad and me comfortable and happy all the rest of our lives. When I bought my first home, the one I still live in, a little bungalow in Beverly Hills, when I signed the check, I couldn't possibly appreciate what the figures meant. I knew I had that much in the bank—me, little Clara Bow—and that the home was mine and I'd actually earned it. But the figures were just too big for my comprehension.

But I do know what a hundred dollars is. That used to be a dream to me—to have a hundred dollars. I never thought

I would, not all at once—have a hundred dollars, and certainly not to do something I really wanted to with. So now I get more thrill out of a hundred dollars that I can go and buy a present for a friend with, or do something for Dad, or get myself something awfully feminine and pretty with, than I do out of my salary check.

I guess I'm still just Clara Bow at heart.

I'm getting away from the run of my story, but a life story ought to tell you a little about how a person feels, and that's how I feel about the success that has come to me.

Well, a short time after I'd come to Hollywood and Mrs. Smith and I were living in a little apartment and I was working in three pictures at once I met Gilbert Roland.

I'D never been in love in all my life. Funny, because I suppose people think I was born being in love with somebody. But Gilbert was the first man I ever cared about. There isn't any reason why I shouldn't tell it, because we were both kids, and we were engaged, and we were very happy. Not a bit in the modern, flapper fashion, but rather like two youngsters that didn't know what it was all about and were scared to death of it.

We used to sit and just look at each other, hardly breathing, not really knowing each other at all. He called me "Clarita"—he still spoke with a good deal of Spanish accent in those days, and I used to love to hear him say my name, it was so soft and sweet. Neither of us had much money, and we used to do all sorts of silly little things to have a good time, and we used to think it was wonderful when we could go out to dinner and to a theater.

I think we might have been happy together if outside things hadn't interfered so dreadfully. We were happy, for a year and a half, and used to talk about getting married, and the time when we'd both be stars.

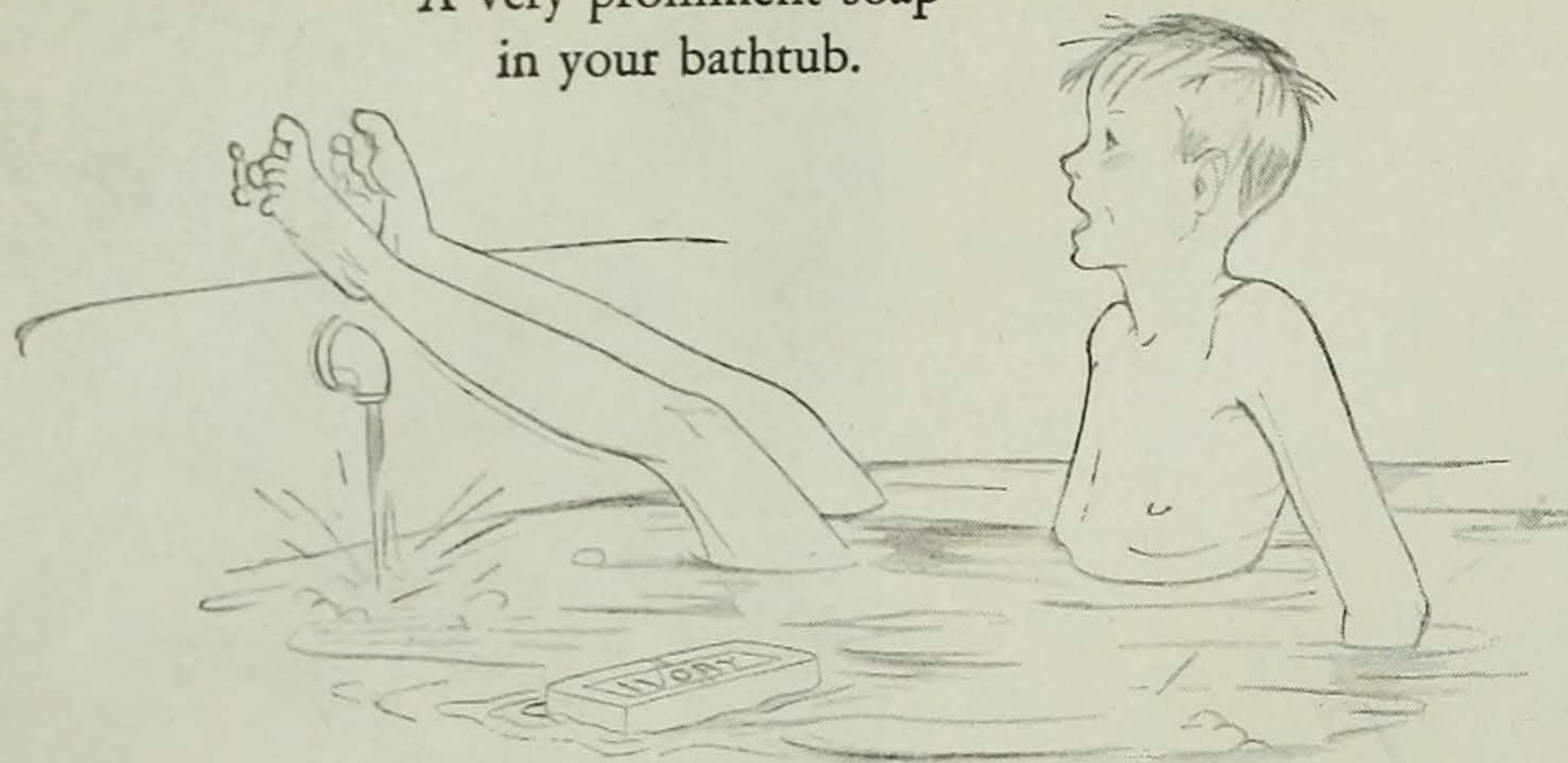
Well, we're both stars now, but the rest of the dream has vanished, and like every girl, I look back on my first love with tender memories and maybe a tear, though I know it can never come again.

I DON'T know just what separated us, but Gilbert was working hard on one lot and I on another, and everyone came between us, and we were both very jealous. And at last we had a violent quarrel. I don't think either of us meant it, or dreamed it would be final. But it went on and on, and we were both too proud to make the first move, so the breach finally grew so wide and we were so far apart that we never made it up.

Mrs. Smith had been doing a lot of odd things about my business affairs. She kept trying to make me think that I wasn't making good and that they were going to send me back to New York very soon. I worried about that all the time,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]

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My Life Story

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108]

and gave her more and more authority and power, because I thought she might keep them from doing that.

Finally, my Dad came West. Mrs. Smith had done a lot of things to make me think that Dad wasn't what he should be and that he would handicap me in a business way. She said relatives always did and that it would make the bosses sore around the studios if my father came interfering. I believed her. I knew so little about things, and what with working the whole time and trying to enjoy myself in spare moments I was—just dumb, I guess.

WHEN Daddy arrived I had quite made up my mind to leave him out of things and to show him at once that he must not interfere with this great "career" that seemed opening up before me. I felt that perhaps he actually *would* be out of the picture and—oh, I am ashamed to tell this, but it came out all right and perhaps will make you understand a little of what I went through—when he arrived I was going to be very cool and aloof with him. I was now a successful motion picture actress and I intended to keep my new position and put him in his place.

When we met I just said, "Hello, Dad," and looked at him. I had on a new frock and, maybe, a new personality. I had learned so much about personality in the months I had been in Hollywood. I had been seeing the world and getting my first taste of success and admiration and money. I had begun to stand out a little, to hear people say, "That's Clara Bow. They say she's very clever."

Dad just stood and looked at me. He looked a little tired and worn, as though he had been working very hard. But as he looked the light went out of his face, the light and joy and welcome that had been his at seeing his little daughter again.

And suddenly I couldn't do it. I didn't care a—rap, for Mrs. Smith, nor B. P. Shulberg, nor my motion picture career, nor Clara Bow. I just threw myself into his arms and kissed and kissed him, and we both cried like a couple of fool kids. Oh, it was wonderful! I knew then how lonely I had been for someone of my own, someone who belonged to me and really loved me.

WE sat down and had a long talk, and right away Dad started looking into all these things. And soon I knew that Mrs. Smith hadn't told me the truth at all. She knew that the work I had done was very successful and that they liked me very much. But she wanted to keep a hold on me so she made me think I wasn't getting over and that nothing but her clever management kept me going.

About this time Frank Lloyd, the great director, was looking for a girl to play the flapper in "Black Oxen." He had looked at everybody almost on the screen and tested them, but he had not found exactly what he wanted and finally someone suggested me to him. I shall never

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forget the kind way he received me. He didn't do as most people had done in Hollywood, try to make me think I didn't have a chance and that they were doing me a favor when they let me work in their pictures. When I came into his office a big smile came over his face and he looked just tickled to death. And he told me instantly that I was just what he wanted.

Of all the people in motion pictures I owe the most to Frank Lloyd, for the chance he gave me to establish myself as the screen flapper in "Black Oxen," for the direction he gave me which showed me entirely new vistas in screen acting—and to Elinor Glyn, for the way she taught me to bring out my personality, and the way she concentrated her great word "It" upon me.

ALL this time I was "running wild," I guess, in the sense of trying to have a good time. I'd never had any fun in my life, as you know. And I was just a kid, under twenty, with a background of grief and poverty that I've tried to make you understand, even though I've had to bare my whole soul to do it. Why, I'd never been to a real party, a real dance. I'd never had a beautiful dress to wear, never had anyone send me flowers. It was like a new world to me, and I just drank it all in and with that immense capacity of youth for understanding and loving excitement, I tried to make up for all my barren, hungry, starved-for-beauty years in no time at all.

Maybe this was a good thing, because I suppose a lot of that excitement, that joy of life, got onto the screen, and was the sort of flame of youth that made people enjoy seeing me. A philosopher might call it the swing of the pendulum, from my early years of terror and lack, to this time when all the pleasures of the world opened before me.

Just about this time I met Victor Fleming, who directed me in several pictures.

Victor Fleming is a wonderful man. You have no idea how wonderful he is because the public scarcely knows about directors at all. But he is a man, older a great deal than I am, and very strong. He knows the world, he has cultivated a great sense of values through living, and he is deeply cultured. I liked him at once, though I didn't feel in the least romantic about him.

BUT soon we became great friends and he had a tremendous and very fine influence on my life. He grew fond of me at once. And he began, with his strong intellect and understanding of life, to guide me in little ways. He showed me that life must be lived, not just for the moment, but for the years. He showed me what a future I might have as an actress, because I had made a place for myself that people seemed to want. He was very patient, and he taught me a great deal. He formed a lot of ideas that were running around in my mind.

Mr. Shulberg had gone into Paramount and taken my contract, which he had signed a while before, with him. So I was working for Paramount, and they were beginning to do things for me and I



Days that Would be Gone Forever

had I not taken the one precaution that keeps them alive today

"WHAT a thrill I got as I watched my two boys play their first games of baseball.

"Whenever they'd hit the ball, or catch a fly, or fan a batter, I was so proud I wished the whole world could be there to see them. Those were the happy days.

"But how quickly they passed. Overnight my boys became 'young men.' It was no longer baseball—it was golf and tennis. I watched them still . . . with all the intense interest of a father . . . but it just wasn't the same.

"I began to realize then how wonderful those baseball days had been . . . the days when they were 'just kids.' And I realized another thing also: those snapshots I had taken were now more precious than rubies. Year after year they keep the old days alive. Incidents that otherwise would have faded from my memory, I am now able to recall clearly and joyfully."

Some day you will want to remember your children as they used to be. When that day comes are you going to regret that you didn't take more snapshots? Are you going to be one of the unfortunate few who have no pictures to remind them of life's most precious moments?

How is your youngster going to feel later on when his friends proudly display snapshots of their childhood—will he have to make excuses for you?

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could see that I was important to them. It looked as though if I made good in the chances they gave me I would be a big star. So I began at that time to be subjected to flattery, to people who had never paid any attention to me coming around to tell me how wonderful I was, to getting a salary that I didn't in the least know how to spend or invest.

Under all this I used to feel a little lost. I'd wake up in the morning and like the old woman in the nurse rhyme I'd wonder if this "could be really I." I think that sense of things kept me from ever getting fatheaded, as the youngsters I know say. But it all had to be coped with.

AND in this crisis I learned to find the advice and companionship of a man like Victor Fleming invaluable. You couldn't deceive him with any false glitter. He steered me straight a lot of times when I was going "haywire."

And gradually our friendship seemed to deepen until it became the great thing in both our lives. I think he cared for me because he knew how much I wanted to get happiness out of life, and yet how frightened, in a way, I was of it,—and still am for that matter. Life has been so good to me. And yet, even now, with all I see before me, I cannot quite trust life. It did too many awful things to me in my youth. I still feel that I must beat it, grab everything quickly, enjoy the moment to the utmost, because to-

morrow, life may bludgeon me down, as it did my mother, as it used to do the people I lived with in Brooklyn when I was a kid.

I had had a pretty good education, in spite of lacks in other ways, and while Victor Fleming and I were engaged—we became engaged about that time—I began to read again, and to enjoy music, and to grow calmer about many things.

I was very happy. I was gradually growing more and more successful in my work. I loved it. There is one thing I must say about my work as a picture star. I have worked very hard. I've been at the studio terribly long hours. I've had very little time between pictures. It would probably amaze anyone to see how much of my life the last four years has been spent on a motion picture set. But I've loved it.

Perhaps the difference in age brought about the severing of the tie between Victor Fleming and me, though we are still the best of friends. Perhaps the feeling had grown so gradually and under such circumstances that there wasn't quite enough romance in it. I was young and I needed romance. Perhaps even he found that I didn't give him the sort of companionship he needed.

ANYWAY, our feeling for each other became more and more that of close friendship and less and less that of lovers. Until finally we agreed that it would be best that way, to be friends, nothing more.



The leopard is giving Rupert Julian a hard look. Julian had to direct the animal in Jacqueline Logan's picture, "The Leopard Lady," and the leopard doesn't think his director gave him enough footage. This photograph was taken at the special request of Count Felix von Luckner, German sea raider. The Count is on the extreme left. Captain Louderback, of the U-boat *Emden* stands directly back of Miss Logan and the Countess von Luckner is standing next to her

Right after that, while I was making a picture once more with my dear Frank Lloyd, a picture called "Children of Divorce," I met a young man named Gary Cooper. It was his first big part—he'd been a cowboy up in Nevada or something and played a small part in some Western picture. He was to play the lead. Of course he was new to the screen and didn't know exactly how to do things, though he was wonderful and photographed marvelously. I always like to help anyone who is new, so I was willing to go over and over scenes with him, in rehearsal, to help him out.

WHILE we were doing that, we fell in love. If I wanted to be the Clara Bow of the screen, I'd say—and how! It was very wonderful and beautiful while it lasted. But—I can't altogether explain. It's very difficult to be a motion picture star and be married. So many fail at it. I have made up my mind that I shan't fail when I do marry. I shall wait until I am sure. Gary was—so jealous. I know he wouldn't mind my saying that. Anyway, we parted.

Is that so many romances for a girl of twenty-two? Haven't most girls been engaged two or three times, before they're twenty-two? Yet just because I am Clara Bow and it is always printed, it sounds as though I were a regular flapper vamp. And I'm not at all.

It seems to me I've said very little about my career, after I became successful. But the story of every success is much the same. You work and suffer and battle and starve, and then you get your nose in a little way and then—you get the break. And if you have it in you, you make good. And then you just go on working, getting more money and loving the fame and the admiration of the public.

Somehow, I had managed to make a niche for myself. I'd created a Clara Bow, by being myself largely I guess, who fitted the public desire and the public imagination. I hope they'll go on loving me a long time. I don't know.

I live in my little bungalow in Beverly Hills with my father. I work very, very hard. I like young people and gaiety, and have a lot of both around me whenever I have time. I like to swim and ride and play tennis. I have a few close friends, but not many acquaintances. I don't have time. I am happy—as happy as anyone can be who believes that life isn't quite to be trusted. I give everything I can to my pictures and the rest to being young and trying to make my father happy, and filling up the gaps in my education.

I DON'T think I'm very different from any other girl—except that I work harder and have suffered more. And I have red hair.

All in all, I guess I'm just Clara Bow. And Clara Bow is just what life made her. That's what I've tried to tell you in this story. I'm terribly grateful and still a little incredulous of my success. It seems like a dream. But—I'm willing to work just as hard as ever to go on having it. Beyond that, I haven't yet evolved any plans or desires.

After all, I'm still only twenty-two. That isn't so very old, is it?



"At last I have found the perfect manicure," says Rosaline Dunn, who for fifteen years has been manicurist to New York's smartest social set.

Glazo has IT

by Rosaline Dunn

In 3 Brief Steps . . . This Marvelous Glazo Method Bestows on Hands The Enchanting Loveliness I Have Sought for 15 Years

THE smartest women in New York's social group have adopted me as their personal manicurist. Naturally I am jealous of this reputation. And to aid me in my work I use only the finest accessories money can buy.

Until recently, my one despair has been polishes. I think I can truthfully say I have experimented with every one that has come to my attention. I had even vainly tried to produce the perfect polish that I had looked to others for, so many years.

When Paris ushered in the sensible vogue of liquid polishes, I breathed a sigh of relief. But even the most expensive imported polishes failed to live up to my expectations.

I began to believe I was looking for the impossible, that I had an ideal too high ever to be realized—when I discovered Glazo Manicure.

Perfection at last!

Imagine my delight when I found the lovely Glazo package—two phials containing the

solution of my problem. At last I had found the perfect polish for the nails.

Glazo has IT.

Every quality that I have sought, it has in abundance. It is lasting. Its tint is that of beautiful, healthy nails. And from one appointment to the next, it holds its soft patina, its perfect lustre.

Then there is Glazo Cuticle Oil to frame the nails in exquisite pink cuticle ovals which are the perfect setting for dainty, white half-moons. For those who prefer a cream to an oil, Glazo Cuticle Cream is a marvelously healing preparation.

I would like to show you how I keep the nails of my patrons forever smart and correctly manicured.

The coupon will bring you the lesson book I have prepared. It tells you how to keep busy hands young.

Of course you can obtain Glazo at all the better shops and stores. Its price including the Remover 50c.

*Lovely, Eloquent Hands
... in 5 Brief Steps*

1. Work Glazo Cuticle Oil into the skin that borders the nail. It nourishes the cuticle and keeps it soft and clean. It fashions the cuticle curve of beauty.
2. Cleanse the nail surface with Glazo Remover to prepare for polish.
3. Apply Glazo Liquid Polish. Ever so quickly it gives to nails a lovely lustre that lasts a whole week.

Miss Rosaline Dunn
1104 Blair Ave.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me your booklet and miniature Glazo manicure set, 10c enclosed.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....