

Try this new BEAUTY RECIPE

Look at the photos of this girl before and after using it



How she used to look



How she looks to-day

"I can hardly believe my eyes when I look into a mirror," writes J. M. "My skin is fresher, clearer, lovelier than ever before in my life. My newly-found complexion beauty is the envy of all my friends." You too can get a new fresh skin—marvellous complexion. Start to-day the very same simple beauty treatment that this girl used. To-night, just before you go to bed, cover your face and neck with Tokalon Rose Skinfood. It contains "Biocel"—the amazing vital youth element discovered by a world-famous Skin Specialist. Every minute while you sleep the skin is absorbing this precious extract. Each morning you wake up looking younger. Next morning apply Crème Tokalon (White Colour, non-greasy). It dissolves away blackheads and enlarged pores; makes skin fresh, clear and velvety-smooth. Any woman who follows this simple 3-minute-a-day treatment can look years younger—get a new complexion beauty. Successful results are positively guaranteed or money refunded. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

Film Reviews by G. M.

DR. EHRLICH'S MAGIC BULLET

As an Edward G. Robinson fan, and a devout one, I viewed his name in the advertising sheets for this film with not a little trepidation. Not because I am adverse to tough films in which there are real bullets and sinister Robinsons, but because I knew, without needing a catchline which you may see in Warner Brothers' advertising, that this was not a gangster film, and because I wondered how my favourite villain would appear in the role of the good Doctor Ehrlich. Versatility has been a crime since Sherlock Holmes and the first mass-production factory.

There are other small worries to be considered in the approach to such films as these. The lives of great men tend to a sameness which disillusion those of us who stick to the illusion that greatness is the product of variation. There is the difficult beginning, the sight of success, the setback, the eventual success, and the happy ending.

Paradoxically, while we object to finding our leopards changing their spots, we also object when they don't. Hollywood has discovered the historical film, the doctor film, the this film, and the that film; and with each type it has set about breeding as if the job was something to do with chromosomes. For some time past now we have had the biographical film: Pasteur, Edison, Victor Herbert, Zola—everybody so far but Hitler.

As every intelligent picture-goer will think of these things before he or she goes to see "Dr. Ehrlich," I have thought it as well to lump them all together at the beginning of this review, so that together they may be demolished, dear to the critic's heart as they undoubtedly are.

Because this is a good film. It would be a good film if Dr. Ehrlich had never lived. Since Dr. Ehrlich was alive once, there may be some people sufficiently knowledgeable about him to say that it is not a true biography. I have not read a good biography of Dr. Ehrlich. In fact, I cannot remember reading a good biography of anyone. For its biographical virtues, or faults, the picture does not interest me. For its entertainment value, it interests me greatly. It is a long film. I did not notice the length. It has various inconsistencies. I prefer to ignore them. It is an interesting film, and entertaining film, which is sufficient.

For this we have to thank that same Edward Robinson; not for being himself, which is a lot, but for acting a part so accurately that it was a periodical effort to remember during the screening that this was Robinson. Other people helped. The cast you will see well advertised before you go—and you will go. There are the old familiar supporting faces. Otto Kruger, for example, Donald Meek, who makes a brief but an expertly handled aside, Maria Ouspenskaya. They fit exactly, with William



EDWARD G. ROBINSON
As Dr. Ehrlich. The resemblance to Paul Muni is probably not accidental

Dieterle putting together what is, after all, a large jig-saw.

In this picture the word "syphilis" comes for the first time into the vocabulary of the popular movies. Yes, the Hays Office has passed it. Some dozen references to it, report says, were deleted. Enough remain to secure the reality of the story. For it was Dr. Ehrlich who went from his discoveries of the affinity of different aniline dyes for different microbes, to the discovery of blood serums, and from that to the discovery of the chemical method of attack on diseases in the bloodstream. His last success was a success against syphilis.

Far from slurring this important fact, the film at one stage makes a bravely bold play on the fact that we tend to be shy about so shocking and prolific a reality. This too, is well done, and will leave you with that satisfied feeling that you are broadminded and understand the import of such matters, and the necessity for plain speaking. Do not think that this is the touch of the bedroom scene. It is straight, honest, direct, and it lines up with the sincerity of the rest of the picture.

The story is the old formula: adversity, success, setback, success, climax. This is the traditional biography, and I am glad that in this case I have disowned concern with it. It is no more real than any biography—no more real than any story that tells about lives and leaves out the living. It is in this case simply the bones of a picture well fleshed by first-rate acting and competent directing. Even the climax, spoiled as its effect may be by that caption which Warner Brothers have not been able to resist at the end, comes up to standard and manages, in fact, a remarkable timeliness. On his death-bed Ehrlich, somewhat more alive than perhaps he should have been, remarkable

a man as he must have been, exhorts his followers to keep on in their fight against disease. He warns them, too, against diseases of the soul. This, surely, is topical: "There will come a time when there will be epidemics of greed, of hate, and of ignorance. We must fight, we must fight." There is no serum, no anti-body, no pill, no magic-bullet, no Dr. Ehrlich to treat the diseases of the soul.

These are the simple, serious sort of thoughts you will be thinking at the end.

But they are not all you will be thinking. You will remember also every small piece as well as every long piece of good acting, from Ruth Gordon's picture of the self-effacing wife to Albert Basserman's Robert Koch. You will remember also that you were entertained, made intensely interested, for about two hours which seemed shorter than one; and if you remember in addition that the East and West have known syphilis since Marco Polo as well as Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, or Dunedin have known it since Captain Cook, and a few other noteworthy matters which the picture may bring to your mind, then that will be all the better.

THE OLD MAID

(Warners')

This is what is known in the trade as "a woman's picture." Often that means nothing more than that weddings, weepings, and fashion-parades outnumber gun-fights, murders, and leg-shows in a ratio of about three to one. But in this particular case the classification is apt. "The Old Maid" seems to me to be peculiarly and bafflingly feminine in outlook and treatment: so if I appear to have missed some of the finer points you'll excuse me, won't you ladies?

What chiefly interested me in the film was the opportunity it gave to study the contrasting styles of those two high-spirited queens of tragedy, Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins. We all know what Miss Davis can do with bad women and just plain unfortunate ones: and here she has the chance to exploit a character complex enough to have delighted the heart of Freud. She's the old maid of the title, which is a courtesy title only, for the whole thing turns on the fact that, as a result of a brief and youthful love affair with a man who is killed, she has a daughter to conceal in public and yearn over in private. What fills the spinster's cup of sorrow to overflowing and is likely to wet many an eye in the audience is the somewhat sadistic behaviour of her more fortunate cousin (Miriam Hopkins).

Never sin; but if you must sin, never repent, somebody once said. The spinster makes the mistake of telling all to her cousin, who thereupon wrecks the unhappy girl's chance of a respectable marriage out of sheer spite, and sets about winning her child away from her. And the reason for the cousin's peculiarly feminine behaviour (sorry, ladies!)

(continued on next page)