Scanned from the collections of The Library of Congress

Packard Campus for Audio Visual Conservation
www.loc.gov/avconservation

Motion Picture and Television Reading Room
www.loc.gov/rr/mopic

Recorded Sound Reference Center
www.loc.gov/rr/record
Beginning Vicki Baum’s Best Love Story

New Slants on Great Screen Lovers—Leslie Howard, Fredric March, John Barrymore
Often a bridesmaid but never a bride

EDNA'S case was really a pathetic one. Like every woman, her primary ambition was to marry. Most of the girls of her set were married—or about to be. Yet not one possessed more grace or charm or loveliness than she.

And as her birthdays crept gradually toward that tragic thirty-mark, marriage seemed farther from her life than ever.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. Not by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. Lambert Pharmacal Company; St. Louis, Mo.

This smart Moire Cosmetic Bag FREE >
WITH PURCHASE OF LARGE SIZE LISTERINE

THE HIT OF PALM BEACH
Fits into purse, keeps powder, lipstick and other cosmetics in one place.

At your druggist's while they last
This offer good in U. S. A. only
You naturally expect to see—from any lovely woman you meet—a lovely smile.

(A flash of sound, white teeth. A glimpse of firm, healthy gums.)

You don't expect to see—from a lovely woman—an unlovely smile.

(An unpleasant glimpse of dingy teeth, tender gums.) And you shouldn't. And you needn't!

The modern dentist knows how to avoid "pink tooth brush." How to correct it. How to treat the unpleasant mouth conditions due to soft foods and lack of massage. He will tell you what to do about it. And it's very reasonable.

Too many soft foods... not enough hard, fibrous foods... and consequently not enough work to keep teeth and gums normally healthy—these are the primary reasons why "pink tooth brush" is so common nowadays.

EXERCISE KEEPS GUMS HEALTHY

So modern dental practice encourages an oral health measure that's not only effective but very easy and simple—Ipana plus massage. All you do is to put a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip, and rub it into your gums. Massage them thoroughly. Do it regularly, every time you brush your teeth. You can tell that your gums are grateful by the healthier, cleaner "feel" to them. New circulation tingles through them. They feel less lazy. More alive... Less sensitive.

Make this gum massage with Ipana a part of your daily routine—morning and night. And "pink tooth brush" will probably always remain a stranger to you... gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease probably will be just words in a book. And the new whiteness of your teeth, the new brilliance of your smile, will make you wonder why every woman isn't using Ipana plus massage.
The motion picture that is eagerly awaited the world over

Norma Shearer
Leslie Howard

in
Romeo and Juliet

with
JOHN BARRYMORE

EDNA MAY OLIVER • VIOLET KEMBLE-COOPE
BASIL RATHBONE • CONWAY TEARLE
REGINALD DENNY • RALPH FORBES
C. AUBREY SMITH • HENRY KOLKER • ANDY DEVINE

To the famed producer Irving Thalberg go the honors for bringing to the screen, with tenderness and reverence, William Shakespeare's imperishable love story. The director is George Cukor. A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE.
Cheers for the Quints!

The Dianne Quintuplets are screen stars now—and Shirley Temple, Jane Withers, and Freddie Bartholomew had better watch out. Because these five babies have screen appeal-plenty! They have literally grown up before a motion picture camera, so that camera-fright holds no terrors for them. They are no more self-conscious than kittens or puppies, and twice as playful. Watch for those scenes showing them knocking over chairs, one after the other—it’s natural comedy. Perhaps never before in theatrical history has there been such “natural” entertainment; everyone will go to see "The Country Doctor," and the miracle is that no one will be in the least disappointed. The Quints have been starred in a fine picture which would be excellent entertainment even without them. The scenes of the birth of the five babies have never been equaled for human interest. A warmly human drama has been written of the self-sacrificing life of a country doctor, magnificently realized by Joan Hersholt; his nurse, Dorothy Peterson, and their efforts to build a hospital in their little far-northern village. The arrival of the Dianne darlings solves their problems for them—but not before your sympathies have been keenly aroused in the doctor’s difficulties and the romance of two nice young people, Michael Whalen and June Lang. Once the babies appear on the screen, of course, they hold all your interest; and we hope the astute Mr. Zanuck will plan a whole series of Quintplet films: "The Quints in Kindergarten," "The Quints Step Out," and "The Quints in College."—if the girls stay as sweet as they are. So, again: Cheers for the Quints!

SPECIAL ROMANCE NUMBER

The Editor's Page.............................................. Delight Evans 19
"They Aren't Like That At All"............................. Elizabeth Wilson 20
"Romeo" Great Lover? Not to Leslie Howard........ Charles Lancaster 22
"Mercutio" Barrymore On Not-In-Love!.............. Charles Darnton 23
Beauty Prize. Fiction........................................ Vicki Baum 24
Fredric March's Day Off..................................... Maude Stacey 26
Ginger Rogers' Good Deed................................... Leonard Hall 27
Eddie Horton's Home is a Bachelor's Paradise........ Maude Cheatham 28
Mayfair Charm................................................ Ben Maddox 30
On Her Own. Dolores Costello............................... Ruth Rankin 31
They "Give" as well as "Get"................................. S. R. Mook 32
Stormy Sidney. Sylvia Sidney............................ Margaret Angus 51
Reviews of the Best Pictures......................... Delight Evans 52
The Headline Dodger. Lionel Barrymore................. Ida Zeitlin 54
"Always Be in Love!"......................................... John Boles 55
Screenland Glamor School. Edited by Bette Davis........ 56
Hollywood Fashion Highlights. Tailor-Maids. Frankly Frivolous... 58

SPECIAL ART SECTION:

DEPARTMENTS:
Tagging the Talkies. Short Reviews........................ 6
Screenland's Crossword Puzzle............................ Alma Talley 8
Honor Page...................................................... 10
Ask Me......................................................... 12
Inside the Stars’ Homes. Madge Evans............... Betty Boone 14
Salutes and Snubs. Letters from Readers................. 16
Here's Hollywood. Screen News.............................. 60
Stars On Parade.............................................. 64
Glamor Secrets of Perfume. Beauty Article............. Elin Neil 65
Femi-Nifties.................................................. 69

Spotlight Cover Portrait of Norma Shearer by Marland Stone.
Shirley Temple's best picture! Warm and human, with plenty of rich humor and humor, the popular story about the old lighthouse keeper on the New England Coast who adopts a baby, is charmingly told. Shirley teams perfectly with Guy Kibbee, dances wonderfully with Buddy Ebsen, June Lang, Slim Summerville, Nella Walker and June Darwell give fine characterizations, but this is Shirley's picture.

Walter Huston, in his most ambitious film undertaking, gives the finest performance of his screen career in this sweeping historical romance of Cecil Rhodes' adventures in cornering the diamond mines of South Africa and setting up the British Empire there. No love romance, so don't go expecting that. But here is a film done in the epic scale, with bigness of theme and excellent acting and photography.

They've had every other kind, so now comes a murder of a film leading man who gets a threat note on the set saying he'll not live to see his picture previewed. And, by gum, he doesn't! Two other killings occur, and the chowhutit jitters gain momentum. Reginald Denny, Frances Drake, Gail Patrick, Jan Keith, and a flock of old-timers add to the proceedings. The inside-studio stuff is the best yet. It's exciting.

Excitement in Mexico with the Senator's exploring daughter, Gertrude Michael, kidnapped by a hiding-out band of jewel thieves. George Murphy is a newspaper reporter who does his best. But the gem performance that stands out in cameo-cut brilliance is that of Akim Tamiroff, a Russian, who does a Mexican desperado you'll never forget. The tempo is finely sustained; situations build. Don't miss this picture!

Sally Eilers and James Dunn together again, this time they fall in love in a nonsensical bit of affable amusement. Pinky Tomlin goes along for the cross-country ride in a broken-down flivver, which Sally hires, plus services of the two out-of-lucks pals. Sure enough, Sally turns out to be the daughter of a rich London, Ohio, business man. It's a perky little comedy, unpretentious but thoroughly entertaining.

George Raft in a made-to-measure part of a real be-guy, and you will like him all over again. Here he and Leo Carrillo are immigrants from Italy, expecting to find gold in the streets—but they have to dig ditches to eat. From that start, George works up to affluence and influence. Rosalind Russell is the love interest, and Alan Dinehart underplays excellently the part of the scheming banker. Good entertainment.

Very touching, particularly to the dog lovers of the land. It's folksy melodrama laid in the Ozark mountains, where they raise fox hounds and bestow upon them an affection to match that of the dog for its master. Lionel Barrymore draws a heart-warming portrait of the man who kills his neighbor because he thought this man killed his dog. Maureen O'Sullivan and Eric Linden supply the romance. Appealing.

Skating on very thin ice back to the Nineties goes Mae West, the gal of simulations and innuendoes. Far less of a "family picture" even than her previous films, so make sure you send the children to see "Captain January" or "Little Lord Fauntleroy" before joining Miss West in her latest series of questionable screen adventures. Victor McLaglen, that fine actor, is wasted in this exhibition of bad taste.

The tragedy of Dr. Samuel Mudd, "the American Monte Cristo," told in terms of stirring and distinguished screen drama, with Warner Baxter giving a notably fine performance of the Southern doctor falsely accused of complicity in the assassination of Lincoln and committed to Shark Island. Gloria Stuart is sympathetic as the wife, and John Carradine scores in a heavy role. Stark drama, but a really grand film.

A rollicking film that rolls along to the tune of your chuckles, giggles, and some laughs. Carole Lombard gives it lots of bubble and sparkle as the girl who gets chased by a wealthy suitor, then turns about and chases him when he f eigns indifference. Preston Foster teams along in great style with the lively Lombard. Cesar Romero has a negative part. For a gay and frivolous evening, be sure to see this one!
A DRAWING-ROOM DRAMA
Scene: Twentieth Century Limited, Chicago to New York

Drawing Room "A"

ANTHONY AMBERTON
"So the great Cherry Chester, sweetheart of the screen, is on this train. Ugh! Those marshmallow-faced movie stars make me sick."

CHERRY CHESTER
"H-m-m! Anthony Amber- ton, the great novelist, the one and only, on this train! Bet they’ve put the big monkey in the baggage car."

Drawing Room "B"

ANTHONY AMBERTON
"Miss Chester says marriage should be like a ski jump. Sudden, reckless, Blah...!"

CHERRY CHESTER
"Mr. Amberton has conquered the highest peaks known to travelers. Bilge! Absolute bilge!"

What the "silly old moon" does to two celebrities who yearn for romance in the moonlight instead of sensation in the spotlight, is entertainingly told in Paramount’s "THE MOON'S OUR HOME" starring MARGARET SULLAVAN, with Henry Fonda, Charles Butterworth, Walter Brennan, Beulah Bondi, Henrietta Crosman... Adapted from Faith Baldwin's Cosmopolitan Magazine Serial... A Walter Wanger Production... Directed by William A. Seiter.
The modern girl doesn't decline an invitation just because of the time of month! She knows how to keep going, and keep comfortable — with Midol. For relief from painful periods, this is all you have to do:

Watch the calendar. At the very first sign of approaching pain, take a Midol tablet and drink a glass of water, and you may escape the expected pain altogether. If not, a second tablet should check it within a few minutes.

Midol's relief is lasting; two tablets should see you through your worst day. Yet Midol contains no narcotic and it forms no habit. But don't be misled by ordinary pain tablets sold as a specific for menstrual pain! Midol is a special medicine, offered for this particular purpose.

You will find Midol in any drug store, it is usually right out on the counter.

So, look for those trim, aluminum boxes that make these useful tablets easy to carry in the thinnest purse or pocket.

ACROSS
1. Co-star of "Peter Ibbetson"  2. "The Farmer Takes a Wife" she is it
15. Evade  16. To change to
18. Irish Roe's boy friend  19. To await
22. Last month (abbrev., in business letters)  23. Croner's "Anything Goes"
25. Very dumpy  26. Every orchestra needs him
28. What Carole Lombard polished in "Hands Across the Table"
30. Elevator man in "Kings of Burlesque"
32. Dined  33. Ager
34. Make a mistake  37. An actor's manager
39. Worry  40. Most actresses look this way
42. Featured actress in "Without Regret"
43. Possessive pronoun  44. Bound
45. That sun god again  46. Gloves
47. Chum  48. Comic star of "Alibi Ike"
49. A test in church  50. The word Clara Bow once made famous
51. Partly open, as a door  54. "Sylvia Scarlett"'s big moment
54. A "Broadway Hostess"'s manager  56. Johnny Weissmuller's little spitfire
59. The Tars  60. Not in
61. Equality  62. To move fast
63. "Goldie" in "Mary Bury, Detective"
65. Comedienne in "Thanks a Million"
67. What this puzzle is chiefly about
71. Exist
72. You pay this to ride on a train
73. Part of a church
75. Mrs. Bing Crosby
76. Leading lady in "Two-Fisted"
78. To let fall
84. A Musical study
85. Star of "Magnificent Obsession"
86. The light goes up when the movie does this

DOWN
1. Mate in "Maritly On the Bounty"
2. Pastor's daughter in "Story of Louis Pasteur"
3. Fish age
4. Biblical pronoun
5. Star of "Riffraff"
6. To form into line
7. Hard shelled fruit
8. Star of "Grand Exit" (nickname)
9. Biggest box-office star of 1935
10. Cautious
11. Wing of a house
12. Leading man in "Next Time We Live"
13. Belief, creed
14. Membrane
15. Seeks, as fast
16. "Grand Taj Mahal"
17. European measures of land
18. "Corset of "Petrified Forest"
19. The way you address a king
20. Damp
21. Tune
22. Co-star of "Follow the Fleet"
23. Before
24. Allow to come in
25. Star of "Anna Karenina"
26. To give birth to, said of sheep
27. To burn
28. To trouble
29. Pastry desert
30. To walk
31. On a boat
32. Choirboy
33. A hard one
34. To be a drugstore
35. "Time" banner
36. To be a fish
37. To be a horse
38. To be a monkey
39. To be a man
40. "Evelyn" in "The Devil's Playground"
41. The audience does this at a ball picture
42. He starred in "Exclusive Story"
43. Co-star of "The City"
44. Japanese
45. A fastener
46. To bother
47. To snub
48. A rowdy
49. To be in a mess
50. To be a name
51. To be a river
52. To be a state
53. To be a large man
54. To be a woman
55. To be a whisper
56. To be a stem
57. To be a star
58. To be a tower
59. To be a horse
60. To be a football
61. To be a fish
62. To be a horse
63. To be a monkey
64. To be a man
65. To be a horse
66. To be a fish
67. To be a monkey
68. To be a man
69. To be a horse
70. To be a fish
71. To be a monkey
72. To be a man
73. To be a fish
74. To be a monkey
75. To be a man
76. To be a horse
77. To be a fish
78. To be a monkey
79. To be a man
80. To be a horse
81. To be a fish
82. To be a monkey
83. To be a man
84. To be a horse
85. To be a fish
86. To be a monkey
87. To be a man
88. To be a horse
89. To be a fish
90. To be a monkey
91. To be a man
92. To be a horse
93. To be a fish
94. To be a monkey
95. To be a man
96. To be a horse
97. To be a fish
98. To be a monkey
99. To be a man
100. To be a horse

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle
JOE HARLOW  CALL ORIOLE  BIRDS  APE  SLIDE  BETA  MEN  DEFEATED  NOON  INLAND
BALL  THE  IRA  ALOE  ARNAB  OR  LONE  RED  CARY  POWER  RED  CRAS  HE  BAY
HE  TAUVE  TN  BETA  T  CRAB  T  OR  BETA  RASPBERRY  CALEB  EDDIE  CAROL  BAD  THAT  JOY
SUN
So Al Jolson, Sybil Jason, The Yacht Club Boys, Cab Calloway & His Band, Edward Everett Horton, Wini Shaw, Lyle Talbot, Allen Jenkins and Claire Dodd have joined forces and voices in a celebrity-packed Warner Bros. song show that recalls the glories of Al’s immortal “Singing Fool.”

"THE SINGING KID"

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

'Sonny Boy' in skirts! The world’s greatest and the world’s youngest entertainers form one of the most delightful picture partnerships in years.

Those Yacht Club Boys, boast of Broadway's and Hollywood's niftiest night spots, are musically madder than ever in 'My! How This Country Has Changed'.

Girls! Girls! 100's of 'em! bring Harlem to Hollywood in lavish dance numbers staged by Bobby Connolly, forming a gorgeous backdrop for the dramatic story which was directed by William Keighley for First National Pictures.

The King of Swing & his hot band show how they do it in Harlem to the tune of Cab Calloway's own new song, 'You Got To Have Hi-De-Ho In Your Soul'.

Al knocks 'em dead with 'I Love To Sing-a', 'Save Me Sister' and other torrid tunes by E. Y. Harburg and Harold ('Stormy Weather') Arlen.
“These Three” is an all-star picture. Above, Oberon, McCrea, Hopkins. Left, Marcia Mae Jones and Bonita Granville in one of their highly dramatic scenes. Right, Bonita again dominates the scene, with Margaret Hamilton and Alma Kruger also scoring.

To “These Three,” most powerful and important of modern screen dramas, which presents Merle Oberon, Miriam Hopkins, and Joel McCrea in their finest roles to date, and introduces two marvellous new child players, Bonita Granville and Marcia Mae Jones, who will amaze you.

HERE is acting to shout about! Merle Oberon gives an exquisite performance as the young school-mistress whose life is almost wrecked by gossip. Miriam Hopkins submerges her own personality completely in the role of the other teacher, and her portrayal achieves an austere authenticity. Mr. McCrea manages to be convincing in the difficult part of a young man loved by two women. The two new child actresses, however, will move you most: Bonita Granville as the cruel and crafty little liar, and Marcia Mae Jones as her pitiful victim. You'll be spell-bound at their intense scenes throughout.

THESE THREE was among the first of the new screen plays based on the sensational stage play, “The Children’s Hour,” which has already created a furor on the London stage.
Edna Ferber's
"SHOW BOAT"

(starring)
IRENE DUNNE
ALLAN JONES

with
Charles Winninger, Paul Robeson, Helen Morgan, Helen Westley

BEYOND QUESTION THE GREATEST SHOW-EVENT
OF THE YEAR FOR ALL AGES

THIS 1936 version of Edna Ferber's superb story of the
"SHOW BOAT," compared with which every production
of its type pales into insignificance, is characterized by
GLAMOUR—FASCINATING ROMANCE—BEAUTIFUL, LONG-TO-BE-
REMEMBERED NEW MUSIC, new lyrics plus your old favorites,
by the masters of melody, Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammer-
stein II, SCENIC MARVELS and ARTISTS OF RENOWN. We can't
enumerate its multitude of attractions. It will be a striking
event in all theatres.

A CARL LAEMMLE, JR. production — directed by JAMES WHALE.

IT'S A UNIVERSAL, OF COURSE!
Answering your questions about the stars. For authentic information address your queries to this department, then watch for the reply here

By Miss Vee Dee

Miss Nell L. These clever kiddies do something to our heart-strings, don’t they? Little Shirley Temple and Jane Withers, our own American-born children, and Sybil Jason, the little English lassie who is slated for bigger things since her “Little Big Shot,” a Warner Bros. release. Shirley Temple was born on April 24, 1929, in Santa Monica, Cal. She has golden hair and hazel eyes and is about 40 inches tall. Shirley has appeared in these feature pictures: “Baby Take a Bow” and “Bright Eyes,” with James Dunn; “Little Miss Marker,” with Adolphe Menjou; “The Little Colonel” with Lionel Barrymore, Evelyn Venable, John Lodge and Bill Robinson; “Now and Forever,” with Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard; “Our Little Girl,” with Joel McCrea and Rosemary Ames; “Curly Top,” with John Boles and Rochelle Hudson; “The Littlest Rebel,” with John Boles, Jack Holt, Karen Morley, and Bill Robinson. Her latest one is “Captain January,” with Guy Kibbee, June Lang, Buddy Ebsen.

Maynard L. Several of the actors you ask about have long since faded from the silver screen, some are engaged in other business activities, and one or two appear in a film occasionally. Clara Bow was in “The Plastic Age” in 1925 but I have forgotten the male members of the cast. Now here’s your chance, all of you old-timers, to refresh your memories and Miss Vee Dee’s! Raymond Keane was with Universal several years ago but I haven’t any recent information about him.

Barbara D. When a star’s fan mail goes over the top with thousands of letters every week it doesn’t seem likely that he or she could answer all of it personally, so a secretary is employed. Since Nelson Eddy has become the popular man of your moment, he may have to do the same. He was born in Providence, R. I., in 1901, has blue eyes, very blond hair, is 6 feet tall and weighs 170 pounds. He has been on the concert stage for the past three years and in 1933 he had his first screen test. His first appearance was in a small singing part in “Dancing Lady” and that led to his great success with Jeanette MacDonald in “Naughty Marietta.” His newest picture is “Rose Marie.”

H. A. W. The first all-talking feature picture, “Lights of New York” was produced by Warner Bros. in 1928, from the story and scenario by Hugh Herbert and Murray Roth, and directed by Bryan Foy. The cast included Helene Costello, Cullen Landis, the late Gladys Brockwell, Mary Carr, Wheeler Oakman, Eugene Pallette, Robert Ellis, Tom Dugan, Tom McGuire and Walter Percival.

Dorothy R. “Smilin’ Through” was released in 1932 with Norma Shearer playing Kathleen; Fredric March as Kenneth Wayne; Leslie Howard as John Carteret and Ralph Forbes as Willie Airley. The film was from the stage play by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin and was directed by Sidney Franklin.

Irene Dunn Fan. Your favorite is one of the screen’s outstanding personalities. She was born on July 14, 1904, in Louisville, Ky. She has brown hair, blue-grey eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. She was married on July 16, 1928, to Dr. F. D. Griffin, a New York City dentist. Her first picture was “Leather Stocking” made in 1930. Since then she has appeared in “Bachelor Apartment,” “Cimarron,” “Great Lover,” “Consolation Marriage,” “Symphony of Six Millions,” “Secret of Madame Blanche,” “No Other Woman,” “Silver Cord,” “Ann Vickers,” “If I Were Free,” “This Man is Mine,” “The Age of Innocence,” “Sweet Adeline,” “Robert,” and “The Magnificent Obsession,” with “Show Boat” her latest.

James L. R., England. I’m sorry I cannot help you in obtaining the name of the musical theme used in the Barbara Stanwyck’s and Nils Asther’s picture, “The Bitter Tea of General Yen.” I remember the haunting music but haven’t been able to get any information on it. Your fellow country-woman, Cicely Courtneidge, made a good impression in her first American screen appearance with Frank Morgan in “The Perfect Gentleman.”
Before you dress! — use the secret of all-over fragrance — MAVIS!

Keep lovely with Mavis. At least twice a day . . . before you dress . . . after every bath . . . smooth your skin all over with Mavis Talcum. Mavis is so pure and soothing. It guards the youth of your skin . . . protects it from drying . . . keeps it velvety and soft. And the use of Mavis is so Parisian! Its subtle fragrance cloths you in glamour. And protects your feminine daintiness . . . gives you a fresh adorable charm that lasts the day or evening through.

Mavis Talcum in 25¢, 50¢ and 81¢ sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. We invite you to try Mavis—use coupon below.

Francis Lederer is about to get all wet—with prop raindrops. It’s for a scene in his picture for the new Mary Pickford-Jesse Lasky company.
Madge smiles at you as she samples the deliciously different chicken patty which is her pet party dish. Below, your charming hostess lights the candles on her attractive luncheon table.

Inside the Stars’ Homes

Madge Evans lives in a buff-colored stucco house in Beverly Hills, the sort of house that might be said to have felt the Spanish influence without going completely Latin. It has a tiled roof, a great carved front door, and a sun-filled patio.

“The patio was what really sold us on the house,” confided Madge. “It’s such a grand place for sun-baths, and the pool is there—and there’s room for tables and hammocks. When we first came, we found that the previous tenants had left a very young alligator in the pool. It was so cute that we thought it an added attraction, but presently it began to grow and we had a terrible time getting it out of the pool. I lost my enthusiasm for it when it threatened to bite the dogs. We have four dogs, you know.”

Madge looked taller than she is because she was wearing a long “hostess coat” of printed taffeta, sprawling yellow and green flowers on a taupe background, a combination of colors that set off the yellow of her hair.

“I designed the coat myself,” she pointed out. “I like pajamas, but I think there are times when pajamas aren’t sufficiently dignified. Then this seems to fill the void.”

She led the way from the living-room, which looks out on the cherished patio, to the dining room where the “Spring Luncheon” was to be given. An excellent background for Spring, too, with its dark green carpet, its lighter green drapes, Venetian blinds with a green stripe through them. The table was Sheraton, though its beauty was hidden under the long lace tablecloth. The ladder-back chairs, the candelabra on the buffet, flanking a portrait of a woman Naturally, the candlelight test will show up strangely, bushy, or poorly marked brows. And that will be your cue to send for Tweeette, the automatic tweezer that whisks away offending hairs, roots and all, painlessly! Probably you’ll want a Lashez also, with a unique stick of mascara, like a lipstick, to darken lashes and mark brows. It has a clever little brush for grooming too! Each, $1—at good stores.

Have you tried Tweeette—the new tweezer with scissors handles—marvelously efficient—25c.


Bright Eye Deas

By Jane Heath

in a crimson robe, each contributed something to a gracious setting.

"Una Merkel, my best friend in pictures, is coming," observed Madge, twiching a spring flower into place, "so we're having chicken patties. Una must have chicken in some form, if it isn't possible to have breakfast things. Her favorite meal is breakfast, and you're sure to suit her if you let her have an egg dish, or little thin hot cakes, or sausage and buckwheat. I'm never hungy for breakfast, so those things don't intrigue me.

"The patties aren't ordinary chicken ones, though—Willa, our cook, will tell you how to fix them."

Willa did. This is how:

**CHICKEN PATTIES**

Instead of creamed chicken, you use shell macaroni and mushrooms combined with your diced cooked chicken. Make your cream sauce of chicken broth instead of milk, using carrots, onions, and celery to give the sauce a unique taste.

This is also a good casserole dish, sprinkled with bread crumbs and browned in oven. Serve with peas as a garnish.

"My favorite dish is a chicken one, too," went on Madge. "We usually serve it for dinner, but it could be used as a luncheon dish if you keep everything else very simple, especially if you are having men to lunch. This is another of Willa's specialties."

**SPANISH CHICKEN**

6 lb. chicken
1 cup minced ripe olives
2 lb. ripe tomatoes diced.
2 cloves garlic
1 large green pepper diced

Wash and cut up the chicken, brown the pieces in olive oil. Make a mixture of the other ingredients and cook on top of the stove for ten minutes. Put the chicken in a casserole, cover with the mixture, and bake in oven until well done. Serve with wild rice.

"We're having jellied salad today, but I'll tell you about a marvelous green salad Willa makes that we favor in our house. She uses little green spring onions, tiny radishes, peppers, sweet pickles, ripe olives, celery and tomato, and chops them all up—shreds them, in fact. Then she puts them into a dressing made of red mayonnaise, quite thin. We love it.

"There's a prettier salad that we sometimes serve if the luncheon is to be given to girls on a diet who think salad and wafers is all that they should eat. It's called 'Rose Salad.' You put a hollowed-out ripe tomato on a bed of shredded lettuce and fill the tomato with new peas, Rosettes of cauliflower, cubed string beans, and red beets. Then you mask it with red mayonnaise."

(Continued on page 77)
Salutes and Snubs

Mirror of public opinion on pictures! Your letters are welcome here.

The Chips Still Fly!

I doubt if my humble opinion will make any difference in a great studio's casting of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." But what can M-G-M be thinking of to mis-cast Charles Laughton—a wonderful actor, I admit—as the beloved Chips?

H. N. La Fountain,
Cranberry Lake, N. Y.

These Grammarians!

Please, can't something be done about the bad grammar that too often spoils a scene in a picture? I am referring to Kitty Carlisle's "Don't feel so badly," in "The Night the Opera." Badly means awkwardly, and Allen Jones couldn't be guilty of that!

Kay Robinson,
Chicago, Ill.

Are They Critics' Pets?

It seems to me there are some stars who in the eyes of the critics can do no wrong, whose story, never themselves, is at fault when the film is just so-so. Among these are: Ralph Bellamy, Gary Cooper, William Powell, Fred Astaire, James Cagney, Madge Evans, Karen Morley, Dolores Del Rio, Barbara Stanwyck, I. C. Cruden, 93 Barons Court Terrace, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Temple vs. Withers vs. Weidler

Shirley Temple is a born actress, sweet always. Jane Withers is another great little actress of the opposite type. But I think Virginia Weidler deserves more credit than she receives. When I see her on the screen, reserved, shy, and altogether lovable, I sincerely hope my little girl will be like her.

Mrs. William Stiles
Lisbon, N. H.

That Wow of Westerns

Hats off to RKO for the best western since "The Covered Wagon." All the stars were fine, but especially Hoot Gibson. Come on, RKO, and give us some more all-star westerns.

John Ebett,
641 S. 12th St.,
Burlington, Ia.

Powell Nominated

My nominee for Motion Picture Academy recognition is that snave sophisticate, William Powell, master of the subtle art of repartee. Given a fair story and clever dialogue, as in "The Thin Man," "Escape," and "Rendezvous," you will find no more captivating entertainer than debonair William Powell.

Inez F. Mariner,
1224 Spruce St.,
Sturgis, S. D.

Let's Hear From You!

This is the department that affords every picture enthusiast opportunity to express individual opinion. If you have any idea you want to pass along to Hollywood or its stars, here's the place to speak up with assurance that you will be heard by Hollywood as well as by your fellow picture-goers.

Please restrict letters to 50 words, and address them to: Lettter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.
FORGET? NOT YOU, FLORA!

My pet peeve is the low comedy—often double meaning—in so many films. Probably most of your readers have forgotten me, but years ago, when teamed with John Bunny, our comedies were clean and wholesome—yet folks seemed to like them. Good comedy never dies—other kinds kill themselves.

Flora Finch, 1835 N. Argyle St., Hollywood, Calif.

GARBO ESSENTIALLY MODERN

Why continue to miscast Garbo as torrid ladies of the past? Even voluminous period costumes insult her essentially modern personality! She needs desperately a modern "Joan of Arc" role, in a "Metropolis" story of the future; her face and figure beautiful and revolutionary against a background of skyscrapers and stars.

Mrs. D. H. Helms, 208 West Boulevard, Charlotte, N. C.

WHEN STARS TAP, DANCE SCHOOLS HUM

When a big musical film comes to town, my dance studio business picks up. Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell's dancing all turned in pupils to me. There's no depression with the movies around the corner.

Kay Matthews, 4721 West Emerson, Seattle, Wash.

MENACE MAN

Stop thief!

Stealing hearts as easily as he steals pictures, Brian Donlevy is, in more ways than one, the new screen menace. Crude villains we resist, but when the suavely handsome Brian levels us with that deadly look, it isn't a hold-up—it's a give-away!

Louise A. Baldwin, 118 West Ninth St., Mount Vernon, Ind.

TAYLOR PROVES HIS TALENT

Good for Robert Taylor! "Magnificent Obsession" definitely labels that gentleman more than merely handsome! It also reveals an intensity of which we hadn't dreamed, because this lad with the dreamy eyes, and the flashing, dental-ad teeth is an actor—and I don't mean a ham!

Mrs. Preston Chapman, 711 Piedmont Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

SALUTING DICK POWELL

Here's to Dick Powell, the fellow who brings so much of cheerfulness and friendliness to the screen! He is a decent sort of chap, and one deserving of admiration for the way he has, through his own efforts, pulled himself up into the top class of the ten leading stars.


MAYBE WE WILL, NOW

Why don't we have more scenes like the one in "Private Worlds," where Charles Boyer was praying with the Arab? Just slight touches of spirituality in pictures make them very effective. I shall never forget the particular scene of which I speak. Neither shall I forget the superior acting throughout the entire picture.

Lois Eason, Scranton, Pa.

Every woman should make this "Armhole Odor" Test

The more fastidious you are, the more surprised and shocked you may be when you realize that you cannot prevent "armhole odor" unless your underarm is kept dry as well as sweet.

Tonight, as soon as you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the arm. No matter how careful you are about deodorizing your underarm, you may find that your dress carries the embarrassing odor of stale perspiration.

This is bound to happen if you merely deodorize. Creams and sticks are not made to stop perspiration. They do not keep the underarm dry, so perspiration collects and dries on the fabric of your dress.

And the very next time you wear that dress, the warmth of your body brings out an unpleasant, stale odor.

Only one way to be sure

Women who care deeply about good grooming know that there is no short cut to true underarm cleanliness. They insist on the complete protection of Liquid Odorono.

With Odorono, not even the slightest drop of moisture can collect on your dress to spoil the pleasant impression that you would otherwise make.

Odorono's action is entirely safe, ... ask your doctor. It works by gently closing the pores in that little hollow of the underarm. Perspiration is merely diverted to less confined parts of the body where it may evaporate freely and inoffensively.

No more ruined frocks

It takes a little longer to use Odorono, but it is well worth your while. In the end you save, not only embarrassment but your lovely clothes as well! You do away forever with those horrible underarm stains that even the cleaner cannot remove, that can ruin expensive frocks and coat linings in just one day's wearing. And there is no grease to stick to your clothes and make them messy.

Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) need be used only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

If you want to feel the utter security and poise that Odorono brings, send for the two sample vials and leaflet on complete under-arm dryness offered below.

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc. Dept. 58-4, 191 Hudson St., New York City. (In Canada, address P. O. Box 2350, Montreal) I enclose 8c for sample vials of Instant and Regular Odorono and leaflet on underarm dryness.

Name. ____________________________________________

Address. ____________________________________________
Born under a Lucky Star

Yet Rochelle Hudson

won't trust to luck
when it comes to
lovely washables—
she insists on LUX

Between scenes, Rochelle rests in
her dressing room on the set.
Its furnishings have the same
crisp freshness she insists
upon for her personal things.

“While I’m usually lucky, I don’t
count on ‘luck’ to save me from
stocking runs or faded colors,” declares
Rochelle Hudson. “Lux is my secret
of keeping things like new for ages!”

Why risk spoiling your smart wash-
ables this summer? It’s so easy—and
economical—to keep lovely prints and
pastels, sheer cottons and fine linens,
always superlatively fresh with Lux.

Rubbing with cake soap, or using
ordinary soaps which may contain
harmful alkali, is apt to fade colors,
weaken threads. Lux has no harmful
alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux!

Specified in all the big Hollywood studios...

“Washing failures, by holding up
production, would cost us thousands
of times what they would an individual,” says Arthur Levy, wardrobe su-
pervisor. “That’s why at Twentieth
Century-Fox studios it’s a rule that
only Lux be used for stockings and
washable costumes—we know it’s safe!”

HOLLYWOOD HAS A NEW WORD FOR “WASH”—IT’S
DEAR JANE:

Don't tell me to go pick on somebody my own size. You're a big star now and you can take it. I've watched you lick Jackie Scarle with one hand tied behind you—I'm the one who should duck and run. Remember, Jane, this is all in fun.

Right off, I wish you wouldn't be so awfully clever. I am awed, amazed, astounded at your virtuosity; you're so uncanny it's a wonder we don't get more letters asking if it's true you are really a midget. There's a full-fledged artist lurking beneath your little-girl exterior—an artiste as technically assured as Hepburn, as talented at timing as Cagney, as picturesque as John Barrymore. There seems to be nothing you can't do with ease—your Irish brogue in "Paddy O'Day," your Russian song in the same picture—you have an excess of artistry, but you don't have to keep proving it. We like you not because you are Miss Jane Withers, Protean Star who can dance a jig, sing songs in four different languages, and cry at will; we like you, and you're getting $3500 a week in personal-appearances because—you're a natural, pestiferous, annoying kid. The brat across the street who is always breaking windows, picking fights and winning, and no holds barred. The Dionnes cause orgies of ooh's and ah's and coos and clucks—you work us up to a good, wholesome state of exasperation in which we'd like nothing better than to turn you up and give you a sound spanking. Then, of course, you give us that grin and we know we'd rather be annoyed by Withers than cloyed by baby beauties. Other stars have found fame and fortune by being sweet, or shy, or gay, or gorgeous. You have arrived because you're the most ornery brat in theatrical history.

Don't go lovable on us, Jane. I suppose you can't help being a nice little girl around the house, helping mother, loving your dumb pets, even being polite to your stand-in. But don't let it spoil you. Remember, a star doesn't have to bring her private life into the studio. I don't care how sweet and lovely you want to be in the flesh; that's none of my business. Even make up with Jackie Scarle; it won't matter. But keep your sweetness and light under cover on the screen, please. Be mean. Think up new tricks to tease the other children. Practice kicking, scowling, and screaming. Pinch the pompous and pull the blue noses. After all, you have this reputation to live up to. Time enough to repent and be charming later on. You're America's Brat, and it would break my heart if you re-formed.

Delight Evans
"They Aren't Like

No—they're like THIS!

By
Elizabeth
Wilson

EVERY place I go, and I get about quite a bit for one who miffs easily, I am constantly bumping into people who say to me, "Isn't it too, too marvelous, isn't it divine, oh lucky you, to know the movie stars! Tell me about Marlene Dietrich—is she as regal and glamorous off the screen as she is on? And Nelson Eddy—I could just die for Nelson Eddy. What type of woman does he like best? Is he in love with Jeanette MacDonald off the screen, too, or is there a chance for me? And is Warner Baxter as dignified and aloof as he is in pictures, and what's Claudette Colbert like—is she always so gay and care-free and irresponsible as she is in her comedies?"

The only time I ever met a college president out socially he fixed me with his Monday Evening Faculty Meeting look and sotto voce inquired if Nancy Carroll was as pretty off the screen as she was on, and of course if I live to be a hundred I'll never forget the Middle West preacher who yearned for "the real Joan Crawford," and yearned so persistently that he paid for my meals all across the state of Kansas. I always say that if Alice Adams had just taken the trouble to go to Hollywood and meet a few movie stars she need never have worried...
That At All!"

Ann Harding is known to you as the noble and long-suffering lady of the celluloid, according to the close-up at right. Really, Ann loves life and greets it with a grin, as the swimming-pool picture testifies. And honestly, Ann's voice, off-screen, has more giggles than sobs in it!

about being a wall-flower in her home town. A little low-down on Jean Harlow and Alice's every waltz would be taken.

Definitely no, dear people. I am constantly bumping into, Marlene Dietrich, Nelson Eddy, Warner Baxter and Claudette Colbert are not like that at all. In fact, very few movie stars are like what you think they are like. Because they are thus and so on the screen, you naturally assume that they are thus and so when they wipe off the grease paint, but they aren't thus and so at all, and you can be wrong. Hollywood is a hot-bed of stellar contradictions. So now if you'll just get cozy, (you are probably sitting under a dryer getting a wave baked into your naturally curly hair and can't get very cozy, but do the best you can), I'll be only too glad to share with you the snatches of truth about the cinema great I have picked up in my wanderings around. Unlike Alice Adams, I did come to Hollywood, and have been waltzing like mad ever since. They call me Vienna.

The Number One Boy of the stellar contradictions of our cinema is Master Robert Montgomery. The celluloid Bob Montgomery is no more like the flesh and blood Bob Montgomery than day is like (Continued on page 74)
If, like Juliet, you should ask Leslie Howard, "Wherefore art thou, Romeo?" you no doubt would be amazed to hear him say:

"I might ask myself that question, indeed have asked why I am Romeo, for I never had wanted to play the part. First of all, though the name has come down through the language and even into our slang to mean a lover, definitely the lover, I don't think Romeo a great lover. He is just part of a tragedy, caught in the toils of it. Juliet all but makes the first advance, completely giving her feelings away before the man has a chance to speak. Surely, this isn't the way of a lover, great or small."

There he was sitting in the very skin, at any rate the skin-tight garb, of Romeo, yet denying him! His boldness violated every rule of Hollywood, where to other actors all their geese are swans. Frankly, and he was nothing if not frank, this fellow Howard made ducks and drakes of them.

"The story of 'Romeo and Juliet,’” he allowed, “is considered the greatest love story ever written. Obviously, then, since Shakespeare was writing a love story he had to have a lover. This explains Romeo, why he is there. But Shakespeare was interested in Juliet, for just as Hamlet is his greatest male creation so Juliet is his greatest female creation. How right he was we know to this day. For women in love will do anything. If a woman kills herself for love, people sympathize with her. But if a man does it, they call him a silly sap. Women in love are interesting. But love doesn't make men interesting. If they're young we don't take them seriously, and if they're old we shun them as bores."

Worse and still worse, from the masculine point of view. Of a sudden, romance seemed to stretch bleakly into No Man's Land. Even a devil of a fellow, counting his conquests, could find no solace there. The one possible grain of comfort in that blighting outlook was that women might not share it. In any case, they would see Leslie Howard as young, and most certainly not put him down for a bore.

"Romance, for itself alone, bores me to tears,” declared this ruthless iconoclast, as my deploiring ear distinctly heard a rain of feminine tears beating hopelessly upon the roof of his dressing-room. "As for Shakespeare, he was clearly idealistic in his attitude toward it when writing 'Romeo and Juliet,' (Continued on page 80)
“Love!” John Barrymore lifted an exclamatory eyebrow. “But do you think it would be seemly, quite fitting for me to talk about the tender—when it isn’t tough—passion? Not that I am destitute of ideas on the subject. I might even speak from experience. But why don’t you tackle Leslie Howard? He’s playing Romeo. I’m doing Mercutio.”

And how he was doing it! By all that’s wonderful, wise, and witty, there never had been such a Mercutio as his. Seeing him in a scene of “Romeo and Juliet” was believing. John Barrymore really was face to face with himself. Brilliant, daring, devil-may-care, actor and character were one. For once, Hollywood had achieved perfection in casting.

Things being what they were, I preferred John Barrymore on (not in) love. He bore this out in looks. Indeed, he was so handsome a cavalier in romantic costume that I wondered if he’d ever wanted to play Romeo. The answer was:

“No.”

“Why not?”

“For two reasons—Juliet and Mercutio.”

First blood! No man can hope to fence verbally with the rapier-like Barrymore without being utterly worsted. “But I’ve always wanted to play Mercutio,” he added. “He’s a grand person, and I was delighted when the part was offered me on my return (Continued on page 81)
IT WAS a dreary day in October when Steve saw the girl for the first time. The rain was drumming against the window-panes, and by four o'clock it had grown so dark that they'd had to switch on the electric lights.

The door opened, admitting a gust of wind and the girl. Steve liked her the moment he set eyes on her.

"I want to send a telegram," she said uncertainly. Her head was bare, and raindrops glittered in her hair. The belt of her blue coat was drawn tight about her waist. She looked like the kind of girl who wasn't accustomed to spending money on telegrams—spending money on anything but necessities, for that matter.

Steve nodded toward the desk. "You'll find the blanks over there."
River office was nothing better than a hole. Steve often wondered why they'd bothered with an office at all in that one-horse town. Probably because of the cotton mills, standing barren and ugly within full view at the corner of Sixteenth Street. A constant stream of telegrams sped back and forth between the cotton mill and other points that were specks on Steve's big map.

There wasn't even a chair in the place—an omission noted by Steve for the first time, as he watched the girl at the desk trying to write with the blunted stamp of a pencil that hadn't been sharpened in weeks. Pulling his fountain pen from his pocket, he walked over and handed it to her, almost blushingly conscious of Joe's amazed stare at the back of his neck.

Brown eyes looked up into his as she thanked him. The bell on his Simplex rang. "Pardon me," he mumbled, cursed himself for his elegance and returned to the machine. The telegram was for the cotton mill. Steve pasted it up automatically.

"Want me to swim over?" inquired Joe, pulling himself to his feet as though he had the weight of the world on his shoulders. Joe was really too old to be a messenger boy, and Steve had his own troubles with him. Making a wholly unnecessary clatter, he mounted his bicycle and wheeled it out of the alley into the street.

Steve breathed a little more freely. The girl turned from the desk and approached him, a look of childish trust and helplessness in her eyes.

"Thank you for the pen."

"Oh, that's all right. Night letter or straight?"

"I—I don't know. Whichever's quickest." She was nervous—he could see that now. He counted the words without reading them. The wire was going to Minneapolis.

"Eight words," he told her, "Seventy-two and four cents tax."

As she dug into her bag for the money, his eyes dropped to the wire:

"FATHER VERY ILL PLEASE COME AT ONCE LOVE RUTH"

He felt a quick stab of sympathy—an impulse to tell her he was sorry. He opened his mouth. "You've got to fill in your name and address at the bottom," he heard himself saying.

"Oh. Could—could I have the fountain pen again?" He watched her as she scribbled in: "Ruth Quirk, 376 North 23rd Street."

"That's fine," said Steve. "Well—good night."

"Good night." She turned her coat collar snugly up about her throat, and was gone.

Joe ambled in a few minutes later. "Cute little trick," he remarked.

"Who?"

"Kid without a hat—kid without a hat—kid without a hat," carolled Joe, setting it to a tune of his own, and proceeded to clean his nails with his pocket-knife. Steve vouchsafed no answer. The wire was already speeding on its way. Sitting there in the (Continued on page 89)
Fredric March's Day Off

How the screen's most versatile actor spends his precious spare time

By Maude Stacey

S PENDING a day, just any old day, with Fredric March would be a gay adventure. Especially so, if it happened to be one of those rare occasions when he could remain at home.

He doesn't have many such days, for his pictures follow in quick succession. Recently, he completed "Anthony Adverse," which took eighty-six days to film, and immediately carried his make-up box right over to the 20th Century-Fox studio, where he's co-starring with Warner Baxter, in "Road to Glory," saga of the French side of the World War. Yesterday, he had been told that the studio wouldn't need him today; so, when the morning dawned clear and sparkling, he was jubilant, behaving like a boy out of school.

Fredric's screen life is adventurous: it carries him through the tragedies of a French peasant in "Les Miserables," the dramatic events of a Russian nobleman in "Anna Karenina," the poignant sacrifices of a blind soldier in "The Dark Angel," the romantic wanderings of "Anthony Adverse"—and now, as an American soldier in France. But in real life he remains just the Middle West-American man, who delights in having an uninterrupted day to spend with his wife and babies, at their beautiful home in Beverly Hills.

So—let's tag along and find out how this famous star celebrates a day at home!

To begin at the beginning, Freddie leisurely arose at eight o'clock, instead of his regular hour of six-thirty. His trainer arrived to put him through an extra strenuous work-out; then joined him in a lively game of tennis; after which, slipping into bathing trunks Freddie dashed down the stairs and out to the swimming-pool, shimmering in the early morning sunshine. A few swift turns, a cold shower; then dressing, he joined his wife, Florence Eldridge, former stage actress, whom he married more than seven years ago, on the broad terrace for breakfast. They chatted gaily, touching a dozen topics—both agree they never get talked out when (Continued on page 82)
NOW and then a little story oozes through Hollywood's wise-cracks that somewhat restores our wavering faith in movie mummers as people. Such is the tale of Ginger Rogers, Harriet Hilliard, and the Helping Hand.

No nicer, more innocent and less motivated little episode has ever emerged from the cinema jungles than this yarn of the Star, the Jittery New Girl, and What Befell. It has brought about the spontaneous and practically involuntary election of Ginger as Chief Eagle Girl Scout of the film colony, and if Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt doesn't send the child a scroll or something I shall be very sore indeed.

This is what happened. La Petite Rogers and her eminent partner, Mr. Astaire, were practicing an Off-to-Buffalo on the "Follow The Fleet" set, when a new girl was led aboard the sound stage. It was Miss Harriet Hillard, a blonde and toothsome bit freshly imported from Broadway for the picture.

"Oh, we've met," said Ginger, smiling brightly at the newcomer, who was quaking like the conventional aspen.

Though their acquaintance was of the sketchiest, Ginger extended the good right hand of fellowship. Now it is only fair to say that lovely Harriet had one of the most vicious cases of Debutante Staggers in Hollywood's annals. The very thought of battling through an important rôle in an Astaire-Rogers film turned her knees-joints to gelatine. Up to that moment the greater part of her public activities had consisted of singing Moon
Eddie Horton's Home is

That famous funny man, Edward Everett Horton, is your host at his farmhouse deluxe.

A GORGEOUS Sunday morning; the peaceful valley, bounded by sparkling blue mountains, lay sleeping in the sunshine.

Edward Everett Horton and I sat on the wide veranda of his home at Encino, in the fertile San Fernando Valley, just over the hills from Hollywood, drinking in the beauty, the serenity of the picture before us.

Finally, breaking the silence, Eddie said, "Brother George is to blame for everything. He became imbued with the idea of buying a small place and raising chickens as a side issue. He couldn't find just what he wanted but finally discovered four acres that suited him and asked me to buy two of them.

"Now, I was in a rut in the city. Mother and I had an apartment in the very heart of Los Angeles, near the theatre where I was producing stage plays. We were completely surrounded by people, noise, and traffic, and I loved it. I thought that was living—why, I'd never even thought about the country.

"However, long ago I learned the futility of arguing with George. So, after a few faint attempts, I told him I would see what he had to offer. Well, the morning we came out to see the place was a peaceful Sunday, just like today, and it seemed to me that a bit of heaven had suddenly dropped at my feet.

"Of course, I gave in and bought the four acres. There was a tiny building where the main house now stands, and mother and I moved into it; brother and his family took the little house farther back on the property.

"Within a few months I was so sold on farm life that I purchased the six adjoining acres, which gave me a choice location in the valley. That was ten years ago, and every morning when I wake up..."
Pride and joy of Edward Everett Horton's life is his garden, above. No hardship at all to be in the Horton "dog-house"—see the kennels at right, above. Our host and his charming mother are pictured at right. Below, "Farmer" Horton at work.

and see the beauty spread out before me, I'm so happy that then and there, I dance a little jig in my pajamas! And this is this. I expect to live here the remainder of my life!"

Born and reared in Brooklyn, New York, Eddie insists he must have inherited the rural instinct from his Connecticut forebears. Each day holds a fresh excitement for him: a new rose blooms, an avocado tree brings forth a prize fruit, a calf is born. He assures me there is nothing monotonous about farm life.

His real specialty is building and rebuilding. He has "made over" the main house where he and his mother live, again and again, for the minute it is finished he thinks up some new scheme and starts all over again. He says it isn't his fault at all; it is just because he doesn't understand blue prints and can't gauge the dimensions they indicate. So when a room is completed it is invariably too small, and out comes the walls, stairways are changed, rooms rearranged, the roof raised. Or, perhaps, lowered. Oh, it's a lot of fun experimenting, he says, and fervently hopes he'll never actually "finish" his place, for then all the fun will be gone.

Right now, he's in the process of elaborate renovations that will make his "Belleigh Acres" the ideal country home. This new impetus was inspired by the many antiques he brought home when he returned from making his third film in London. He admits he has always been "dippy" about antiques, spending all his spare time and spare cash on treasures he digs up in quaint old shops. He has the insatiable collector's virus in his veins and London offered a rich field.

Luckily, there's a commodious guest house and when the building fever grips him, Eddie and his mother (Continued on page 78)
Mayfair Charm

Herbert Marshall has it, and hates it! “I want to spit tobacco, on the screen!” he says in this surprising story

By Ben Maddox

RIGHT now there is more genuine drama in the unpublicized, private life of Herbert Marshall than in any of the films whipped up to display his sophisticated, Mayfair charm.

I want to tell you of the crisis that has finally come to him.

He is at the crossroads. Before 1936 is ended he must make all-important decisions, take the steps which will actually determine his future. Already he has arrived at one very pertinent conclusion.

To me this climaxing of his problems, behind the glittery scenes presented to the general public, is a perfect illustration of the most fascinating discovery you ever make about Hollywood. It is that these stars who thrill us are, despite their glamor and their big salaries, just human beings, too.

Only with extra, peculiar dilemmas! In return for its magnificent rewards, Hollywood alters plans and disregards dreams. Herbert Marshall is the latest to find this out.

There are surprises in store for you when you become well acquainted with this man. He is partially what you expect. Tall, and straight, he really has the same man-about-town handsomeness and he is invariably well-groomed. His diction is equally pleasing and he is as thoroughly cosmopolitan as he is gracious.

Yet what you may not be ready for are pronounced traits like modesty and friendliness. Although he has been outstanding on the London and New York stage, and on the screen, he never for an instant trades on fame. Here is no egotistical (Continued on page 66)
On Her Own

“NEVER close a door that’s open to you!” Dolores Costello Barrymore answered, when I asked why she returned to pictures.

She left the business of acting behind her “in thought and action,” and entered a studio perhaps three times, during the years she was married to John Barrymore. Now she is back, and she looks lovelier than ever.

Dolores looks like a lovely lady with a past—not that kind of a past, but one who has learned to be serene and patient, and who looks a little sad and mysterious and very sweet about it.

It is not so easy to be perfectly natural when you’ve had a lot of unpleasant publicity and you’re trying to begin a new career after retirement, but Dolores is refreshingly free from affectation, from any self-consciousness. I think she is more tolerant with Jack and his defections, than most women in her position would have been. She prefers not to talk about it, but when she does, she simply says that all men reach a difficult age when they are like naughty little boys.

Her motivating interests are, of course, “Deeda”—Ethel Mae—and John, her two youngsters. She wished to supplement their income, and as soon as it was known she would be amenable, she had many picture offers. So she accepted the part of Dearest in “Little Lord Fauntleroy.” It was a wrench to leave the children with whom she has been so close.

“I was terrified at first, but am glad now to be working,” Dolores told me, in her little dressing-room on the set, “I couldn’t live an idle life, but I wouldn’t want to begin slaving as (Continued on page 72)
There seems to be an idea prevalent that motion picture stars live only for themselves and that a picture inscribed “Lest You Forget” is about as far as they go in the matter of “giving.” Unless, of course, it is a present to some big shot. ’Tain’t so. I can think of numberless things stars have done for friends of leaner years and for less fortunate friends they’ve acquired after they’ve “arrived.”

One who seldom receives credit for his charities is Richard Arlen. People who know Dick only casually never credit him with the depth of feeling he possesses. Not since Sue Carol was at her zenith has Hollywood known anyone who shares his good fortune and possessions with his friends to the extent Dick does. When he was abroad his home was kept open so his friends could enjoy his swimming pool. His yacht was at their disposal.
"Give" as well as "Get"

Do stars live only for themselves? No! This inspiring story proves they like to help the other fellow

while he was away. It is seldom, when he is in town, that he and Joby board the boat without filling it up with friends. And the majority of the guests are not stars but people who would not otherwise be in a position to enjoy such luxury.

One of the nicest gestures he—or anyone else—ever made was when his baby was born. I went with him to the hospital to see Joby one night. While we were there we learned that a girl—formerly a featured leading lady with whom Dick had worked—was there in one of the charity wards—broke. She, too, had come in there to have her baby but the child had been still-born. Dick and I went down to see her and Dick couldn’t have been more attentive, more solicitous about her welfare, if she had occupied the most expensive suite in the hospital. When we left he asked her husband to walk to the elevator with us. As we entered the car he pressed $200 into the chap’s hand. “I hope you’ll forgive me,” he begged, “but I know things haven’t been going too well with you. It’ll really make me feel good if you’ll let me help a little.”

When he was in St. Paul recently the manager of one of the theatres wanted Dick to make a personal appearance, which he did. He received no money for his work—only the promise of the manager that once a month the complete program of the theatre—newsreel, comedy, short subjects and feature (Continued on page 94)
UNITED IN DANGER LAUGHTER and LOVE!

Three great stars together . . . in a glorious and courageous venture that decided the fate of three nations!

Wallace BEERY · BARBARA STANWYCK · JOHN BOLES

in

A MESSAGE to GARCIA

with

ALAN HALE · HERBERT MUNDIN · MONA BARRIE

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK 20th CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Suggested by Elbert Hubbard's Immortal Essay
and the Book by Lieut. Andrew S. Rowan
Associate Producer, Raymond Griffith · Directed by George Marshall
What? Only 4 Stars in "Under Two Flags"

Why not add Shirley Temple to the cast as "The Baby Star of the Foreign Legion"? Well, maybe Mr. Zanuck knows best; he has produced some pretty good pictures in his time, and it looks as though "Under Two Flags" will be outstanding. Zanuck knows that it takes more than two big stars in one picture to make spoiled moviegoers sit up. He gives us four—count 'em, four big stars all at once: Ronald Colman and Claudette Colbert, Victor McLaglen and Rosalind Russell. It's the old Ouida adventure yarn, with Claudette as the fiery "Cigarette," and Colman and McLaglen as dandies of the Foreign Legion.

Rosalind Russell, above, contributes her cool charm to the role of the high-born lady in the cast. Colman and Colbert, at left, get right down to realism in their parts foreign to their usual well-bred cinema behavior. McLaglen, below, with Rosalind, is letting loose some real emotion for a change.
The "Permanent" Joan

We’ve had so many “New” Joan Crawfords that it’s a relief to find her as she is in these recent portrait studies—at home as Mrs. Tone, and contented.
Reunion
Margaret Sullavan has a new leading man in "The Moon's Our Home"—her ex-husband, Henry Fonda. They fight—they make up. Are these scenes prophetic?
What happens when two great scene stealers get together? Jack Oakie and Joan Blondell fight it out in "Colleen"—and Joan wins in this one scene shown at left, anyway, by turning those big blue eyes full on her audience, thus forcing Mr. Oakie to act with his profile.

Here's to Hollywood's beautiful bandits and bold, bad thieves, whose artful artistry makes our movies more exciting. Start your collection of famous stolen scenes now!

Patricia Ellis just puts on her new beach costume, above, and steals any scene she's in! Put Joe E. Brown behind bars and the scene is still his. Francis Lederer shamelessly shares Ida Lupino's muff and makes us like it. Right above, that chronic scene stealer, George Bancroft, comes back to take a close-up right out from under Jean Arthur's beautiful nose.
While the scene above from "Romeo and Juliet" really belongs to Leslie Howard and Edna May Oliver, John Barrymore's satirical expression as he listens grabs all our attention. Nigel Bruce is not the star of "Under Two Flags"—Ronald Colman is; but you'd never know it from the scene below! Jane Withers, that terrific little trouper, is shown at bottom of page "lifting" a scene from that other fine trouper, Ralph Morgan.

There are five splendid actors in the scene at the top of this page: Madeleine Carroll, John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Percy Marmont, and Robert Young, in "Secret Agent." But the center of interest is not the lovely star, Miss Carroll; nor the stalwart leading men—it's Peter Lorre, little but oh, so clever, who steals the scene.

Now we've come to the most shameful—and successful—scene-stealer of them all! See Hugh Herbert, above, take this "Colleen" scene away from Dick Powell and Marie Wilson, who's no mean scene snitcher herself. As for Joan Bennett, below, she knows there's no use struggling when "The Duke of Beverly Hills" is in the picture! Joan's prize cocker spaniel is a past master at crowding Joanie out of the close-ups.
Pat, Jo, and Louise Fazenda, above, in a domestic interlude. Left, Mr. O'Brien off-duty. Below, a close-up of the co-stars and a character study of Pat.

Pat and Jo—
By Request

This isn't a new Irish story. It's about Pat and Jo, not Pat and Mike. Besides, you asked for it! Because Pat O'Brien and Josephine Hutchinson pleased you with their performances in "Oil for the Lamps of China," one of the "artistic successes" and box-office failures, you demanded their reunion. Pictures die, but good teams go on, so you'll see them in "I Married A Doctor," from Sinclair Lewis' novel, "Main Street."
Will "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town" do for Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur what that other Columbia picture directed by Frank Capra, "It Happened One Night," accomplished for Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert? The co-star close-up below looks promising. The portraits of Gary, left and right, look business-like. But the silly scene above looks gay—and we like gay scenes in our pictures.

Teamed for the First Time
Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur
Sun-bathing is frankly Joan Blondell’s favorite outdoor recreation. Here, below, you see Joan in her new bathing suit soaking up the sun’s rays at her Toluca Lake home.

Merle Oberon, British glamour girl, goes truly rural in overalls and sweaters, above. Jean Chabert and Eleanor Stewart saunter in slacks, left. The pajama mode for the outdoor mood, exemplified by Eleanor Whitney, extreme left.
All Outdoors Is Their Playground

Making play while the sun shines can be decorative when these stars do it—but don’t think they’re merely posing. The camera, actually, “caught” them at it!

Olivia de Havilland goes down to the sea in white slacks rolled up, waving yoo-hoo to you above. At the right, Glenda Farrell goes pioneering with her covered wagon for a comfortable spot in the shade.

The male stars are also prominent in the great outdoor playgrounds of sunny California—and over there at the right you see a picture our cameraman caught of Randy Scott, out for a hike on a well-earned “breather” from studio work.
Film, radio, and concert impresarios all want Nelson Eddy — because the public wants him. Demand far outruns the possible supply of songs of the handsome baritone who has taken the country by storm.
Here are the two men most wanted by ladies everywhere. But, sorry, you can't have 'em, not all to yourself. So here they are in portraiture—the very best possible.

Ideal romance these days resolves itself into a matter of what film Robert Taylor plays in, so far as hosts of ladies are concerned. No wonder Bob smiles as he does in this nice, natural close-up.
Let's Dress Up!

The famous "Cotton Blossom," show boat of romance, comes to life again. Universal revives the grand musical comedy-drama in spectacular style, with Irene Dunne as the charming heroine, Allan Jones as the dashing Ravenal, right, below, and the magnificent voice of Paul Robeson singing "Ol' Man River" once more. Above, the show boat. Below, scenes from the film. Yes—Charles Winninger, below center, plays his original rôle of Capt'n Andy Hawks, with Helen Westley as Parthy.

Get ready! Here comes "Show Boat"
The Costume Cycle
Is Still On

Go back to the colorful days of courtly fashions in dress and manners in "Sutter's Gold," with Binnie Barnes and Edward Arnold.

Another important costume picture that Universal brings to the screen is this saga of early California, recreating a gallant era. Binnie Barnes lends beauty and becoming grace to her regal jewels and velvets as the Countess Barakoffski; while Edward Arnold plays General John A. Sutter, pioneer and romantic figure. At the right, Sutter the gold prospector and the countess who won his heart, in a scenic setting.
Hollywood is always thinking ahead. Anticipating torrid days to come, Rochelle Hudson gets busy and goes into "The Country Beyond," popular romance of the snowy spaces. With the aid of a new young actor, Robert Kent, and Buck, big dog star of "Call of the Wild," Miss Hudson keeps cool—and collects.
Bob Montgomery and Myrna Loy warm up the frozen North in their own pleasantly humorous fashion as they co-star in "Petticoat Fever," adapted from the stage comedy. You remember Bob and Myrna together in "When Ladies Meet." Don't worry, they wear smart clothes as well as furs—see the pictures above.

Colder!
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month
Beverly Roberts and Al Jolson in "The Singing Kid"
AS FAR as a career is concerned, and it is pretty far if you ask me, Sylvia Sidney has more ups and downs and ups than anyone I know. Fresh from the glamor of the New York stage where she was acclaimed a star despite the fact that she was still in her teens, Sylvia came to Hollywood some six years ago under contract to Fox and appeared in a picture called “Through Different Eyes” which was a bad picture no matter how you looked at it and most people looked at it through indifferent eyes. Very sad and depressed, her youthful illusions of screen fame shattered, the little Sidney caught the “Chief” back to New York firmly convinced that her talents could only be translated on a stage.

On her return to Broadway she was given the lead in “Bad Girl” opposite Paul Kelly, and over-night she was the sensational toast of New York. You perhaps saw Sally Eilers and James Dunn do “Bad Girl” on the screen and wept your eyes out over their grand performances, but you just multiply the film “Bad Girl” by one thousand and then you’ll understand why New York, including Queens, Brooklyn, and the Bronx, went completely Sidney-mad. That “cadenced voice which can transmute words into emotions” was a weekly article in the Sunday papers. Producers can read, despite rumors to the contrary, so when they read all this fanfare about Sylvia they sent their talent scouts to Broadway immediately to give her the once-over in “Bad Girl.” And despite her qualms, Sylvia signed another picture contract, this time with Paramount, and again left for Hollywood. Paramount was having Clara Bow trouble at the time and needed someone to replace her in “City Streets.” And if you didn’t see “City Streets” with Sylvia and Gary Cooper I feel awfully sorry for you, for it was really a magnificent picture, and at the preview the movie moguls suddenly realized that they most certainly did not have a carbon copy of the “It” Girl, but something far, far more valuable—an actress who represented youth emotionally intensified. Sylvia Sidney then gave another of her emotional performances in “American Tragedy” as the innocent little girl drowned by Phillips Holmes and despite Mr. Dreiser’s disparaging remarks “American Tragedy” was a successful picture and definitely established Sylvia as one of the leading stars on the Paramount lot. She moved in to Dressing-Room 1. Her car and chauffeur were allowed to drive on the lot at a time when Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, and Miriam Hopkins were made to park outside the studio gates and sluoh through the rain to their dressing-rooms. (And you can be quite sure this didn’t endear Miss Sylvia Sidney to the Misses Colbert, Lombard, and Hopkins. Oh, you know how girls are!) Sylvia was the Queen of the May.

But it was soon time for another “down”—(not for dear old Yale but for dear old Sidney)—and again months of despair and discouragement and shattered illusions as poor Sylvia was subjected to one sappy picture after another. “Behold My Wife,” “Good Dame,” “Pick-Up,” “Thirty Day Princess” were a few of them, and no one could be expected to survive a mediocre run like that. Sylvia Sidney was definitely slipping. Perhaps if you were only working for that four figure pay-check that’s delivered to Hollywood stars every Wednesday you wouldn’t object to pictures like “Behold My Wife” too strenuously, but Sylvia is essentially an ambitious actress, and if I ever saw an actress career-minded it’s Sylvia. “Behold My Wife,” a

(Continued on page 99)

Stormy Sidney

Sylvia’s private-life drama is never dull. Here’s the latest and the best “act”

By
Margaret Angus
THE most entertaining picture ever made by Dietrich, and the best comedy ever played by Gary Cooper, this gay and gorgeous cinema is something you must see. Sparklingly sophisticated, it is definitely for the adult members of your family circle; but its naughtiness is so deliciously done, its irritating scenes so subtle, that you'll never be shocked, only stimulated. Of course it's that sly Lubitsch who's most responsible for the pert touches that make "Desire" such a comic delight. The story itself is appallingly slight and shopworn: beautiful Continental girl jewel-thief meets upright—though thrilling—young American, and exchanges her career of crime for a legitimate love life, but not before her ex-partner in the light-fingered art has thrown a lot of amusing obstacles in the path of pure love. Dietrich has fewer close-ups and more appealing acting opportunities and proves she's a thorough trampler, as well as the world's most beautiful woman. John Halliday, Ernest Cowart, and Alan Mowbray are superb in support. But it's Mr. Cooper who rates the raves. What a comedian he has turned out to be—without sacrificing any camera angles, either.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY—Selznick-United Artists

THE perfect family picture! The beloved book by Frances Hodgson Burnett has been so beautifully filmed that only an occasional old cynic will deny its fragrant charm and sentimental appeal. Of course Freddie Bartholomew is the perfect choice for the part of the little Brooklyn boy of the 1880's who inherits an ancient and honorable title, and is transplanted to the mighty English castle of Dornecourt, where he is Lord Fauntleroy, heir of the grand, and gouty, Earl. How Ceddie tames his ferocious grandfather, wins all hearts for miles around, withstands the onslaughts of a false claimant to his title, and makes all his old friends happy, including Mr. Hobbs, the immortal fancy grocer, is told with charm and tenderness. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is a marvel of sentimentality without mawkishness, mostly because of this boy Bartholomew, great actor in miniature, who creates a perfect portrait of Ceddie as he did of David Copperfield—though very different. Dolores Costello is exquisite as Dearest, his mother. C. Aubrey Smith as the Earl is a delight. Henry Stephenson, Guy Kibbee and all the cast are just about perfect. In short, it is a triumph for everybody connected with its production.

First Three—Goldwyn-United Artists

FIRST on your list of pictures-to-see, this film drama adapted from the controversial stage play, "The Children's Hour," will enthrall you as no other recent screenplay has done. "These Three" is the perfect picture of its kind. It has thrilling drama, terrific intensity, beautiful performances—and, more important, it has authority. There is the inevitability of a Greek tragedy in this stirring cinema, and less of the "phony" than any picture I can recall. Lillian Hellman, author of the original play, made the miraculous adaptation; William Wyler has directed with gut-wrenching passion; and the stellar trio of Oberon, McCrea, and Granville create three characters of unforgettable appeal. The simple theme is the spiritual devastation wrought by slanderous gossip in the lives of three clean young people. The fact that the slander is spread by a twelve-year-old school-girl makes it more appalling, particularly when the child is enacted with such a credible realism by little Bonita Granville. You will have to see "These Three" to realize its poignancy, and you will be rewarded. See our Honor Page for further and higher praise.
THIS big musical comedy cinema has the accent on the comedy, and I promise you some hilarious moments when the new team, Joan Blondell and Jack Oakie, go into action, particularly when they sing, and dance, *Boulevardier from the Bronx*, the most amusing number in recent films. Joan and Jack do a grand burlesque of all the snootily elegant top-hat love songs and dances in screen history, and while Mr. Oakie is merely very, very funny, Miss Blondell is so gorgeous that she gives you the idea she could be a number one song-and-dance star herself, if it weren't for her terrific sense of humor. Anyway, she and Jack steal this show, with interference, I'll admit, from Hugh Herbert, who is funnier than ever as a moony millionaire who wants to adopt Joanie, but is prevented from his sensible nephew, Dick Powell, who in his turn wants to adopt—I mean marry, Ruby Keeler. The Powell-Keeler team proceeds much as usual until the entrance of tap-dancer Paul Draper, who coaxes our little Keeler through some intricate dances but who is, I fear, not another Fred Astaire. You'll have fun at this one with Blondell and Oakie; and of course there's always the chorus to help keep the show moving.

**Wife versus Secretary—M-G-M**

IT'S amazing that the time-honored triangle should make such a terrific come-back at this late date, but here's one of the most amusing movies of the month to prove it. You won't believe until you've seen how Clark Gable as The Perfect Husband-Lover, Myrna Loy as The Perfect Wife, and Jean Harlow as The Incredible Secretary can rejuvenate the old, old theme. Certainly husbands, wives, and secretaries were never like this before. The wife capers like the old-time secretary; the secretary turns out to be more noble and self-sacrificing than the most martyred wife; and the husband—well, I told you he was Clark Gable, and he's at his best, and Misses Loy and Harlow are lucky, lucky girls. If only to see Miss Harlow's acting at its most subdued, and her appearance at its most lavish; and Miss Loy in a rôle almost if not possibly quite as good as her *Thin Man's Wife*; and a series of highly entertaining if implausible situations; and James Stewart in a startlingly real performance as a white-collared hopeful—you shouldn't miss this; and that doesn't account for Clark, who makes it an absolute "Must." Gable becomes more likable with every new rôle.

**The Trail of the Lonesome Pine—Paramount**

AS JUST an old nature-lover, I found much to appeal to me in this opulent mountain drama in natural colors. You have to be a nature-lover to like it, though. After your first pleasurable view of blue, sky, green, green trees, etc., you begin to wonder, "Where have I seen all this before?" and sit back and demand to be entertained by story, actors, and situations. That may make you a demanding old spoil-sport, but there it is; and there you are, watching a rather moss-covered drama of mountain folk who're always fending—that's all those beautiful backgrounds do for them. The plot, you see, is an old story, no matter how superbly acted, as it certainly is here; and Nature is an old story, too, no matter how much appreciated. Would it be too much to hope that the next time Mr. Wanger decides to splurge on natural color, he first makes sure to get a strong story? Sylvia Sidney is the realistic little mountain girl of the well-known piece, going up or down in cinema history as the second willing victim of natural color. The men have all the best of it; Fred MacMurray and Henry Fonda are as pretty as they can be. You'll be seeing this.

**Follow the Fleet—RKO-Radio**

PLEASE don't ask me if this Astaire-Rogers musical number is better than its predecessors—I wouldn't know. I am so grateful for every new Fred-Ginger film that I rush to see it, stay through several shows, come away humming—well, I call it that—and, if somebody doesn't stop me, go into a dance routine that is almost, but not quite as funny as Joan Blondell's and Jack Oakie's take-off in "Colleen." I mean, I love the Astaire-Rogers shows. I never get tired of 'em. I hear, here and there, that "Follow the Fleet" falls just a wee nite short of the epoch-making success of, say, "Top Hat" or "The Gay Divorcee;" but to me, it's a joy from first to last. I liked Fred's new, fresh-sailor characterization, and Ginger's just as fresh dance-hall gal—in fact, the co-stars are not so elegant in this one as usual and I welcome the change. Harriet Hilliard is a refreshing newcomer, and Randy Scott is a pleasure. Perhaps you won't find a topper to *Check to Check* in *Let's Face The Music and Dance,* but it's good enough for Mr. Berlin and it's good enough for me. If anything, Miss Rogers surpasses her own dancing in this one. Fred's perfect as always.
The Headline Dodger

There's only one way to get Lionel Barrymore to talk, and our reporter discovers how! You'll enjoy this "non-interview" with the famous actor

By Ida Zeitlin

SUNK low in his chair on the set, long legs out-stretched, Lionel Barrymore contemplated three patches of court-plaster on the fingers of his right hand.

"That's where one of the dogs in 'The Voice of Bugle Ann' nicked him," explained Charley Grapewin.

Barrymore looked up at his friend of many years' standing—the kind of friend with whom the insult affectionately becomes the normal means of communication. Except for a blue gleam between half-closed lids, his face remained impassive.

"The gentleman's not quite bright," he drawled. "He gets things added. It was just the other way round. I nicked the dog. If you think I'm hurt, take a squint at the other fellow's plaster."

"Ready, Mr. Barrymore," called the assistant director. Pulling himself to his feet, he shuffled off—in character. Over his shoulder the sound of his voice came back, carrying a hint of indulgent irony. "What kind of action do you want in this scene?" he inquired. "Delicate or rough?"

I wasn't interviewing Mr. Barrymore. Mr. Barrymore doesn't think much of interviews. "We'll get you out there," I'd been told, "and then you can fend for yourself. Keep your eyes and ears open, and grab what you can. But don't, in heaven's name, act like an interviewer!"

So I tried to act as though I weren't really there, keeping my eyes and ears open and my mouth shut. If Mr. Barrymore suspected me, he gave no evidence of it. He showed me the courtesy due any visitor, and went about his business of acting, of resting between scenes, of exchanging lazy banter with his confrères.

I knew that his anti-publicity attitude was no gag. Unlike his brother and sister, who are front-page naturals, he has always shunned the spotlight. "Even when we were kids," John once remarked, "Lionel was always the steady citizen of the three."

He hates whatever smacks of exhibitionism. "I don't want to talk about myself," he growls. "I don't want commonplace magnified. Why should I make a fuss? Some of the fellows I went to school with have done pretty well for themselves, too—one Franklin Delano Roosevelt, for instance."

"Acting's a business," he insists, "like any other. Do your job right and you don't have to ballyhoo. Do it wrong, and your ballyhoo isn't worth a plugged nickel. You're like one of those cheap dentists who draw in the chumps with an ad featuring a new set of teeth for a dollar, with a non-stop refillable toothbrush thrown in for effect. But the filling falls out and the damn tooth hurts, and even the chumps won't come back a second time. No, and they won't come back for the pleasure of watching a ham, no matter how many publicity breaks he gets."

When his wife was ill, and he spent most of his time cooking up schemes for her diversion at the hospital, a publicity man suggested a story on the subject. Barrymore eyed him steadily, and the culprit squirmed. "Listen," he said at length, "I know an actress who lets her kids eat three (Continued on page 70)"
"Always Be In Love!"

Says John Boles, who believes in being romantic both on and off the screen

By Brian Herbert

It's easy to be romantic!

John Boles says so. And he knows.

I have found that this man who typifies the ideal cavalier on the screen is unique in Hollywood, too. For not only has he held onto his own great personal happiness in spite of the crashing marriages all around him, but he is the only male star who will talk freely about love!

"It is the most significant, precious thing in my life and I do not hesitate a second to admit this," he tells me. "It has been the spur for what prominence I've managed to achieve, the reward for the struggling.

"I don't agree that love is merely a feminine prerogative. Men yearn for it with just the same intensity. If they assume that it's purely a leisure pastime, and give it no serious thought, then they're making a terrible mistake!

"Being successful at love is a desirable, primary aim; and it's a simple procedure. The Grand Passion is neither a myth nor outmoded. Today's conditions are often branded unfavorable to the glorious, all-encompassing kind of amour that transforms a drab, colorless existence into a magnificently thrilling life. But for no good reasons.

Love has done too well by John for him to be ungrateful. He sat there in the new dressing-room 20th Century-Fox has presented to him, and sunshine poured in through half-opened Venetian blinds. The restful room, a perfect example of excellent masculine taste, seemed far away from the bustling activity outside.

"I suppose I ought to explain why you should want to be romantic, although I can't understand how any such dissertation could be needed. As if the main motive for living required a defense!"

The topic closest to his heart had been hit upon.

"No matter what heights we may reach as civilization forges ahead, the vital factor that is love will not fade. Why, without it accomplishments and possessions have but half flavor. It is natural to be very romantic."

Blue-grey eyes twinkled and I was sure he was recalling how impetuous he has been himself. John was twenty when he fell quite head over heels in love. They were both attending the University of Texas.

He was a senior, and a catch. He not only had his extraordinary good looks, but (Continued on page 96)
1936 Academy Award Winner explains her own style secrets. Dramatize your fashion life as Bette does! She gives each new costume a different, striking characterization. Carry out this idea

Bette's new Spring coiffure, shown above in two views, gives her a brand new personality. The front-fron fringe is devoursely becoming. Bette likes to add fresh flowers just above her hair curls at the nape of her neck, softening the line. Try this. Below, Bette's huggs the crown of her head go a deadly. Try this. Below, Bette's pleased white dinner gown. Left, below, a dream of an evening dress with full skirt of pink and black pen organza, high neck line; and a collarless peplum jacket. Remember, you simply must be peplum-conscious this Spring.
Above, the jacket of soft white velveteen, which tops the white dinner gown shown on the opposite page, has its petal collar, wide belt, full sleeves, and high, above, Betta’s “street trick” of Indian tan, with an unusual Treatment at the neck. Right, above, Betta’s butterfly sleeves, and hipline. Her hat, gloves, and belt are all the same. Directly below, Bette’s butterfly sleeves, with modern design in white. Below at left, many-colored polka-dot booties, which are a part of many organza, with trailing hemline, and double tier of ruffles across the shoulders.
Crawford in checks, above. Like the wide lapels? See what that jaunty-brimmed hat does for the Crawford profile. Madeleine Carroll, right.

shove, goes in for gray in a tailored way this Spring. Of course, you've heard about the new "blushing shades" of face powder, which make gray coming to all female complexion. Below, from right to left, Carole Lombard in "Love Before Breakfast" chooses brown for her tailored costume—her jacket is cut much after the fashion of a man's dinner jacket. Next, a trim, smart tailored Jean Arthur, followed by Irene Harvey wear ing a "tuxedo" dinner costume, with pleated blouse, black buttons, and bow tie. Then Gail Patrick in oxford gray with dark brown accessories.
Frankly Frivolous!

Dietrich dotes on the dragon design of the flamboyant white embroidery of her house coat, above. Carole Lombard wears two lovely Travis Banton creations: top left, guimpe chiffon and glistening silver; with angel wings; top right, cellophane julie dinner dress, with tunic blouse, Mary Ellis left; covers her evening costume with a sparkling beaded scarf; Constance Bennett, left below, enhances hers with giant garnet. Astrid Allwyn, below, likes her gay silver bracelets, ropes of green gold with pendants of opaque stones. Eleanor Whittney, right below, gets inspired by golf; the wooden pins of her bracelet and fob, encircled in leather, are standard-size golf test.
Here's Hollywood

News as you like it about the stars and pictures in demand

By Weston East

WHAT, with the success of "Follow the Fleet" and a brand new son and namesake, Fred Astaire is just about the happiest man in Hollywood. You can just imagine how proud a father he is, when the other day while playing his favorite game of tennis with kindly Scott, Fred suddenly looked at his watch, threw his racket in the air and made a bee line for home. Yep, you guessed it. It was Fred Junior's feeding time and the proud father hasn't missed watching him since the advent of his birth.

BETS are on as to who will win the latest handicap in Hollywood. Robert Montgomery has challenged Fred Astaire to a race. But instead of horses the stars will use their respective sons' electric toy trains.

GLORIA SWANSON and Herbert Marshall are as romantic as ever—Gloria's little trip to New York without him recently didn't cool things off at all. They have their special table in the cocktail room of the Vendome and can be found there every day at noon far more absorbed in each other than they are in the food.

CONTRARY to public opinion there is a deep bond of affection between John Barrymore and the much-publicized Elinor Barrie. A business associate and close friend of Barrymore's confides that "Ariel" and her mother deserve full credit for the return of the old Barrymore. On the "Romeo and Juliet" set the rumor is that he is simply walking away with the picture. He no longer touches anything stronger than coffee and he has exercised until he has taken off fifteen years in appearance and a number of pounds. They say it's the good influence of his friends, the Barries, that has performed this miracle, all of which makes the front page stories of "Caliban's" flight reel a little of press agently.

Ronald Colman has been taking Rosalind Russell to the races and to dinner at the Brown Derby. Rosalind is playing the English girl in love with Ronnie in "Under Two Flags." Well?

The last of the Hollywood actors to go social in a big way in Hollywood is—you'd never guess—that red-headed, two-fisted tough guy from East Side Noo Yawk, Mr. James Cagney. The dinner at Charlie Chaplin's to meet Hugh Walpole sort of started Jimmy on his social career and he has been white tie-ing it like mad ever since. He and the Countess di Frasso and Elsa Maxwell are just-like that and he has definitely become one of the party-throwing di Frasso's "crowd." And the very social Clifton Webb wouldn't think of having a dinner party without Jimmy. Maybe Jimmy won't be a socialist after all, just a socialite.

IT IS not often that you can get a gasp of surprise out of the famous Fieldie, Carole Lombard's best friend and secretary, for she knows all the tricks and all the answers, but when she read in the gossip column of several chatter writers the other morning that Miss Carole Lombard had attended the swanky Turf Ball on Saturday night looking perfectly devastating in white and with Clark Gable she nearly fell out of bed. For it seems that on that Saturday night all done up in cold cream and looking anything but devastating Lil Missy Lombard played double solitaire with Fieldie until two in the morning. It would appear that you can't even trust a columnist these days.

THE gardenia seems to be dead as far as Joan Crawford is concerned. At the Screen Actors' Guild Ball she carried an old-fashioned nosegay of violets. And at the premiere of "The Old Maid" she carried lily of the Valley.

Dietrich a chambermaid! Marlene decided she'd rather go to Europe than appear on the screen in the role she is made-up for in this still, above.

How do you like Dick Powell with waves in his hair? But don't worry, it's not permanent, just for his part opposite Marion Davies in "Hearts Divided."

The smile that fetches a king—us, too! Grace Moore and pancake face in a scene from the famous singing star's new film, "The King Steps Out."
N O MOVIE star in Hollywood is more nervous than Merle Oberon on the eve of the preview of one of her pictures. The other night when "Three" was previewed at the Pantages in Hollywood, Merle made up her mind to shake off her nervous qualms by hurling a dinner party at the Vendome. With a great show of calmness she invited Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, William Wyler, David Niven, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. and Jr., Madeleine Carroll, and a bunch of others. Then two hours before dinner she gave up. As fine a case of jitters as you've ever seen, and in no fit condition to be a hostess. Like a frightened little girl she called up everybody and begged them not to come to the party. They were all very nice about it and gave the poor gal a "rain check" on it. Preview fright, Merle and a lot of other stars tell me, is much, much worse than that first-night stage-fright.

BEFORE you read a line further, join us in saluting the Queen and the King of the screen artists for 1935. Bette Davis and Victor McLaglen, selected for the Academy Awards, proved one of the most popular decisions ever made by the judges of the Academy. Bette’s work in "Dangerous" was marvelous, and on the strength of it there went to the talented Miss Davis the statuette symbolic of highest honors for acting during 1935. Victor McLaglen richly earned his prize for his unforgettable portrayal in that memorable picture, "The Informer," the selection of "Mutiny on the Bounty" as the best picture, was another decision upon which the Academy will be applauded by the public as enthusiastically as it has been by Hollywood, John Ford took first honors for direction, "The Informer," of course, being the film for which Ford was honored. Equally judicious were the other Academy awards, including: Best Original, Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur for "The Front Page." Short Subject-Cartoon, "Humphrey." Ghost, kids, do we have to go through all that again?

WHAT do you bet Jean Harlow and Bill Powell never marry? They say they are having too much fun to take a chance of spoiling it with marriage and prefer to leave well enough alone—and sound as if they mean it. Both have had unsuccessful experiences with marriage. You remember that grand old "Tish" series by Mary Roberts Rinehart? Haven't you ever wondered why they were not considered naturals for Edna May Oliver? Well, somebody has finally gotten around to it—and the elderly spinster with a nose for news, and trouble, will soon be brought to the screen.

AT THE rate Joan Bennett knits baby blankets, you might imagine she is expecting quintuplets any moment, Well, she isn’t expecting at all, but she just got in the habit of knitting when her young daughter was on the way, and now she can’t stop! All the babies in Hollywood and some in New York are going to keep cozy and warm under Joan’s knitting, and the color scheme will be right, too. She finds out all about the nursery decorations and knits to fit.

BOB TAYLOR is the current local rage with all the Hollywood girls, and his fan-mail has taken leaps and bounds, but that doesn’t mean a thing to a certain waitress. Bob dropped in at a small restaurant late the other evening and ordered up abrace of eggs and ham. (He isn’t sensitive about ordering ham, it seems.) Well, when the bill was presented, Bob discovered he didn’t have a cent. So he took out his check-book—but oh no, the waitress was taking no chances. She didn’t know Bob and she wouldn’t take his check. He had to leave his watch.
YOU probably know that the way to tell how high a star rates is to note the size and scale of the honoring reception put on by the home office publicity department when the royal progress reaches New York from Hollywood—or London.

If they throw the party in the grand ballroom of one of the swank hotels, it’s a cinch the personage ranks absolute tops in the company’s galaxy. If it’s a couple of suites on the fifth floor rear, well, the player is going places, but still has places to get to— including the grand ballroom cocktail party.

And you should know, if you don’t already, that if it’s a glimpse of the star you’re looking for, a better bet than one of these receptions is a seat—even last row balcony—in a theatre where the star is making a personal appearance. There may be an awful lot of people in the theatre too, but the elevation of the seats gives you a chance to see at least what color dress or suit the star is wearing.

If these social niceties have any purpose at all, aside from the benefits befalling the hostelry, which must realize at least a fair margin of profit on rental of the ballroom and the check for the cocktails and canapes, certainly one should have been given in honor of that prodigal son, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. And, properly enough, a big party was put on for the young man who returned to his home shores after a long spell over in London.

Of course it wasn’t at the party—the grand ballrooms are no place for confidences—that young Mr. Fairbanks unburdened to us a heart that seemed filled to overflowing with gratitude for the good fortune that has crowned his determined efforts to be a producer as well as an actor: patience and understanding toward those who criticized his voluntary exile in England these past few years; and boyish enthusiasm for his job as one of the heads of a company to produce in England for release by one of the major American film organizations.

Thus, in very plain English, which, by the way, if accented at all was more “American” than “British,” Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., talked, and very frankly, in the living-room of the New York apartment home of his mother and her husband, Jack Whiting.

“Why did they pick on (Continued on page 8)
Glamor Secrets of Perfume

How movie stars practice the fine art of perfuming

By Elin Neil

Una Merkel, top, right, likes to use a clear crystal atomizer to apply perfume to her hair, skin, and a filmy handkerchief. A fine spray of scent behind her ears and on her luxuriant brown locks accentuates the Irish beauty of Maureen O'Sullivan, right.

THE simple little trick of placing perfume in the spots where it will do the most for you is well-known to Hollywood stars. Una Merkel accents her blonde good looks by a flattering scent, artfully applied—a fine spray on the tips of her hair being the final fragrant touch. Ireland's gift to Hollywood, vibrant Maureen O'Sullivan, knows just how to apply perfume so it carries to the nostrils sensations just as pleasing as those her laughing blue eyes and dark brown hair create.

The real secret of effective perfuming is to diffuse the fragrance so it seems a part of you. The easiest and quickest way to do this is with an atomizer. Start before you dress. Even in your bath or shower, you should use a soap with a scent that will harmonize with the fragrance you are going to apply later. The same goes for dusting powder. Then put your atomizer to work. The strategic spots for perfume are on your throat, chest, behind your ears, inside the elbows, on each wrist, along the hair-line and—by all means, on your hair! Not too much in any one spot, though, unless you're using toilet water or one of those new perfumed eau de Colognes.

Perfume applied directly to your skin brings out the truest fragrance, is the most lasting and the least likely to put you in the embarrassing position of being blatantly over-perfumed for a short time, and then not perfumed at all.

A certain amount of the scent you put on your skin will be suffused through your clothes. However, if you want to perfume your clothes, too, there are rules you'll be wise to observe. Start with your "undies." Keep sachets of the desired scent in the same drawer with them. Or if sachets in your preferred fragrance aren't available, bits of absorbent cotton or felt treated with the perfume answer the same purpose. Put them in your handkerchief drawer, too.

Then, if you wish to perfume your outer garments, apply the scent at least an hour before you plan to wear them. Flowing sleeves and the artificial flowers that are so popular now are grand spots for perfume, and a suggestion of fragrance on gloves is especially intriguing. Place a drop or spray a little inside the cuff of each glove. Although Hollywood beauties are well versed in the art, it's really the smart French women who are responsible for the rule of perfuming "from the inside out."

Speaking of atomizers, there's much of Easter spirit in a new style that looks like Alice in Wonderland's white rabbit. The rabbit is shown complacently eating a carrot. All in luminous white china, it makes a modernistic ornament until the upper part is removed, revealing a most efficient atomizer. Rumor has it (Continued on page 88)
sort, constantly recalling professional triumphs. His aptitude for being a true understanding friend is a characteristic that quickly binds you to him with unbreakable chains of loyalty. He is extraordinarily thoughtful and appreciative, and you can't help responding. Of course, you know all his chicks call him Bart.

Many lovely women have declared him especially attractive, but this popularity hasn't changed him into a ladies' man. Talk to him and it's immediately obvious that he is astonishingly regular. The way he reminisces proves this.

"Mine hasn't been an eventful career," he maintains. "I've tackled an awful lot of roles, and here I am. It's seemed a steady climb. And my feeling isn't one of excitement at what's happened to me, but rather one of gratitude. I've been fortunate, I realize it, and I'm thankful."

Nothing pretentious in that, is there? Nor is there in his explanation of his family.

"We were ordinary, good people," the humble sort who weren't poverty-stricken, but who were always shy of the right amount of cash. We kept out of jail, and had fun!"

You can't resist the desire to learn more of a notable who is as honest as all that, can you? He is poised, and pretty swell in the bargain.

I dropped in on him recently. His mode of living in Hollywood is probably not exactly what you anticipate, either. He approves of quality, but he hasn't gone in for typical star trimmings. Instead, he is located in a Beverly Hills hotel, an expensive but distinctly old-fashioned place where the atmosphere is quiet. In the heavily-tiled gardens there are shingled California bungalows, and a single, unobtrusive manservant cares for him in his.

It was dusk and cool enough for a chipper flame on the hearth in his simple living-room. We relaxed in the easy wicker chairs and I noticed how different this was from the usual, elaborate establishments most stars choose.

Soon Bart had to dress for a dinner engagement, but at present he could be the straightforward, urbane host. We had a whiskey and soda and there was no inquisitive interviewer and cautious player act. I think his frankness is pretty remarkable.

"I had no great passion to be an actor," he said, "I am one because I dropped at everything else. And, for awhile, I dropped at this!"

"I never experienced that surging urge for self-expression which drives so many people into this line. It must be marvellously exhilarating to plunge into a world that's strange; you see, I didn't. My father was an actor and 'back-stage' was familiar to me from childhood."

An only child of devoted but struggling pair, and born in London, Bart carefully observed how unhappy the theatre can make you if you aren't lucky. His parents managed to send him to a good school. Vacations were spent wherever his father fancied to be roaming.

"Hardships for me were to be avoided by my becoming an accountant. So at school I studied bookkeeping and graduated in it. I found a job, in my teens, as an apprentice with a London firm. After a year and a half, they didn't consider me sufficiently promising with my addition. They dispensed with my services!"

"Then it was a spell of the blues, trying to get a foothold wherever I could. It looked as though I was destined to be a successful failure. Finally, I went away from London to seek work in a smaller city. Sometimes it's the best move to just move. In Buxton, thanks to a friend, I found a position as assistant manager of a musical comedy company—of all things! I was nineteen and I wound up in the theatrical business as a last resort."

One evening they needed him to walk during the second act, with a crowd of "sappers." It gradually occurred to him that he might go further as an actor than forever arranging tiresome details of the performances. Two years of persistent applying for bits and he laboriously acquired a degree of stage technique. He returned to the metropolis.

When he went the rounds of the producers' offices, Cyril Maude was struck by his youthful earnestness and hired him to go along to America with the touring cast of "Grumpy." Fate has consistently fed Bart and this is an early sample. He was taken, as he has been by Hollywood.

But the following year, when he saw England's shores again, fate interfered more sternly. The War broke loose and Bart patriotically killed his own ripening hopes. He went to France and did more than his share, suffering serious wounds. There were dark hours for this sensitive man who'd been spoiled and could not have felt inspired about, and who'd then been assigned to the trenches and their tragedies.

The reason for Bart's exceptional kindliness is that he himself has gone through much. Naturally considerate, his sympathy is keen because he comprehends the demoralization in his native London as it frequently stumble into. Yet, outwardly, his nature is merry and his sunny disposition draws you to him.

"After the Armistice I had to have a job. I went on after a momentary interruption. (A bell-boy had brought a telegram from the Marshall tailor, a paean of joy on hearing that Bart had been voted Western America's most promising little men. His reaction was gladness for his tailor and the prestige this would give him, rather than personal pride."

"Acting appeared my one bet. I landed in the stock company at Hammersmith, and stayed there three years. Then I went to London once more. Yet before recognition I had to work at odd jobs. I worked at a theatre, with another lengthy tour of America, on this occasion supporting Marie Lohr in 'The Voice from the Minaret.'"

"I landed up on the stage, and won a winning maturity on the intelligent. To the diligent it also delivers prizes, if you are lucky. And Bart eventually was. By the fall of 1922 he was engaged as his native London as a skilled actor. A series of starring shows and he was alternating between England and Broadway."

"An unusual effort on Bart's part smoothed him into a brilliant interpreter of parlor dramas. His suaveness was a delight to the studio when talks necessitated new standards for pictures."

"It's funny for ambition to pop up after all this while," he asserted smilingly. "The fire's magical darting had tantalized him in his confiding mood. "But it is in me—now! I'm tired of being perpetually 'poised.' It's striking me as a nuisance to have to be inevitably the polite member of a society triangle. I want to spit tobacco, or be the screen. Be an actor beyond all doubt, and not a 'personality.' I want roles I can get my teeth into, characters instead of carbon copies!"

Bart's tone was firm. But next he must make up his mind whether he'll fight for more varied, more rugged dramas. He'll have to battle not only Hollywood but himself. The studios are rejoicing that he is precisely as he is, and are gladly paying him for staying put in the niche they have awarded him. And complacency has become a habit.

His potentialities haven't been fully tapped and the finese he has down pat is to no longer hard for him. He has ultimately rolled in the right direction and the plums fell into his lap. So what to do? Will he be a rich, fairly one-tracked actor, or will he progress to the notice of the masses? To begin a struggle for the fame that will mean growth.
The fast pace of Modern Living puts an extra strain on Digestion

Natural Digestive Action Notably Increased by Smoking Camels

People in every walk of life get "keyed up." The effects on digestion are known to all! In this connection, it is an interesting fact that smoking a Camel during or between meals tends to stimulate and promote digestion. Enjoy Camel's mildness... the feeling of well-being fostered by Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. Camels set you right. Smoke Camels for digestion's sake!

Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr. of Wilmington, Delaware is justly proud of her charming house with its beautiful gardens—one of the historic landmarks of Delaware. Both Mr. and Mrs. du Pont are enthusiastic about yachting. And they are famous for their hospitality. Mrs. du Pont says: "I always enjoy Camels—all through the day—and during meals especially. They never seem heavy, and I like their flavor tremendously. They make the whole meal so much pleasanter. I'm a naturally nervous person. That's another reason why I prefer Camels. They never get on my nerves, no matter how many I smoke."

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia Mrs. Henry Field, Chicago
Miss Mary Byrd, Richmond Mrs. Charles Delaney Langhorne, Virginia
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston Mrs. James Russell Lowell, New York
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, Boston Mrs. Potter d'Orsay Palmer, Chicago
Mrs. Byrd Warwick Davenport, Richmond Mrs. Langdon Post, New York
Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York

COSTLIER TOBACCOs!
Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.

For Digestion's sake, smoke Camels.
Here's to Irresistible YOU... a toast and a challenge! There IS an Irresistible YOU whether you have discovered it or not. To be irresistible, is the art of being a woman. To help you to be irresistible, is the art of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME.

You'll discover your own allure through the thrilling emotional lift of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. It is lasting and as exciting as champagne, gay as cocktails for two. There is further allure in the tender texture of Irresistible Face Powder and in the provocative challenge of Irresistible Lip Lure, the new lipstick. Try all the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.

BUY Irresistible PERFUME and BEAUTY AIDS

IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIP LURE, MASCARA, COLD CREAM, COLOGNE, BRILLIANTINE, TALC.
Beauty's Day at the Morn!

Coty's "blushing shades" of face powder make gray more becoming.

WEAR a blush with your new gray costume! If you're one of the many who think "I simply can't wear gray," and you look on the vogue for those ladylike shades with consternation, let us give you a clear, strong ray of hope. We're convinced that gray can be made becoming to anyone just by giving yourself the complexion to go with it. Coty have solved the problem with "blushing shades" of their grand new Air-Spun face powder. The process of "air-spinning" makes it possible literally to shoot warmth into the powder. The two new "blushing shades" of Coty's Air-Spun powder are Soleil d'Or, (a sun-light shade for the olive-skinned) and Rachel Narcé, with a peachy flush for blondes and light-skinned brunettes. Select the one that suits you—and wear gray to your heart's content!

NEW hopes of clear skin are contained in Stillman's Actone.

Flowers of Spain, like Spanish music and dancing, reflect the romantic glamor of that Southern clime. It's a marvel to us that Spanish perfumes with their gay, intoxicating fragrance, have taken so long to make themselves known in this country, but right now they're building a popularity that threatens to be widespread and lasting. You who like to be among the first to adopt a new vogue will be wise to consider a Spanish perfume such as "Umbrijo de Sevilla," "Maja," "Goyesca" or "Suspirio de Granada" made by the House of Myururgia. Then when you're asked "What is that perfume you're wearing?" you can be proud to answer "It's Spanish!"

Your Easter wardrobe should start with an efficient and dependable foundation. Such is "Flex-Zip." It's a quick, slick little girdle with a lot of power to hold you in shape. There's a twin-cord belt instead of the streamline figure and a super-control for the full silhouette. Whatever you choose will be at your disposal off in a "jiffy," thanks to the Talon slide fastener used for side-closing. And it stays where it's put because it has concealed hooks and eyes at the vulnerable spots. There are two or three of these, depending upon how much control you need. "Flex-Zip" is made by Flexees and you'll find it at your department store.

If you're discouraged and downhearted because your skin breaks out in pimples or acne, you should know about Actone. It's made by the same concern that makes Stillman's Freckle Cream, and from what we've heard it is wonderfully effective in clearing up blemished complexions. Good thorough soap and water cleansing should precede the use of Stillman's Actone. Then pat the liquid over your face with a pad of absorbent cotton. If you use it twice a day regularly for the first week and three times a day the second, you should see definite results at the end of that time. For better skin, be wise to continue using it a few times a week to prevent recurrence of the blemishes.

You take your daily tub or shower, of course, but do you finish it off with a dusting of powder as Hollywood stars do? It takes so little time and effort to observe this beauty rite that we simply can't understand women who neglect it. Personally, we're addicted to Mavis talcum powder and we'd feel our bathroom sadly unfurnished without it. This may sound contradictory, but it's a fact that talcum after the bath keeps you cooler in Summer and also gives you a dusting of fragrance that reduces wear and tear on your clothes. You can get a convenient small tin at five-and-ten-cent stores or larger sizes at drug and department stores.

Quand is French for "When" and it's Corday's name for a mysterious "woodsy" perfume that now comes in those cunning little black one-oz bottles.
The Headline Dodger

Continued from page 54

square meals a day. No cover charge either. Wouldn't that make a sweet story of mother love?"

He was playing that day the role of a Missouri mountaineer—the artist, that is, in-structed to play the kind of role in which you've been seeing him so often lately. The ensemble consisted of a scruffy moustache, a heavy-looking, untidy shirt, and a pair of trousers that fell as he pleased, a faded blue shirt and patched overalls, a dilapidated jacket whose rabbit'skin collar lay open to reveal a strong shoulder, a round, loosely about his throat. A hunting horn slung round his shoulder added the single note of dash. Here was a son of nature, whose horizons were bound by the hills he lived among, who found his books—if any—in the running brooks, his music in the baying of hounds, his works of art in the dotted old edges of regional lithographs. Such a man, in a word, as Lionel Barrymore isn't.

To play himself requires no great skill from an actor. Still it would be interesting, once in a way, to get a glimpse of the eldest Barrymore in a part approaching his own civilized self—minus sentimentality. It would be interesting to hear substituted for homely saws and graceless idiom the slightly sardonic wit, presence of a subtle mind, polished by contact with others of its kind.

By birthright and temperament he belongs to the world of the arts. There's nothing obvious about him. His touch is light. He never belabors a point, but contents himself with a flick of trenchant humor, made all the more effective by his leisurely delivery.

Working once on a picture with George Cukor, he'd submitted patiently to various publicity demands. If he grumbled now and then, that didn't prevent him from doing as he was asked, and for the most part he kept his thoughts to himself. Till the picture was finished. Then he approached very his good friend, Mr. Cukor.

"Doing anything Sunday, George?" he inquired.

"Not a thing," answered Mr. Cukor, and pricked up his ears for the expected invitation.

"Well," said Mr. Barrymore, lumbering into his chair, "would you like to go out to San Fernando and have your picture taken with a frilly old bus-driver? Fine way of spending a Sunday afternoon. I know because I've tried it.

"On another occasion he was playing a bearded gentleman. Through for the day, as he thought, he sat about removing his beard a good half hour left. He just about finished, when the voice of authority sounded in his ear.

"Another take, please, Mr. Barrymore." "But I've got my whiskers off," he protested.

"Sorry, but you'll have to put 'em back on again." He regarded his tormentor for a moment. "You know," he remarked gently, "you're the kind of guy that ruined your beauty. Would you like to go out and see how your picture turned out?"

"Not much of a painter, was he?" I suggested, hoping desperately to keep the ball moving for another moment.

For the first time Mr. Barrymore turned and faced me. For the first time his eyes were opened wide and, what's more, they were burning. He spoke quietly enough but, started though I was, I recognized his quiet as ominous.

"What's the matter with Sargent?" he demanded.

"Oh," I said, thinking fast, "his colors are no good."

Mr. Barrymore gestured as one who would pray heaven for patience, and heaven must have heard the prayer.

"Whose colors do you prefer?" he inquired politely. I named some of the moderns, and he nodded gravely, he said, "I know to my face, "Listen," he said. "Sargent's as good as any man who ever lived, and better than most. He could use color with the best of 'em, and he's forgotten more about drawing than any of these charlatan pets of yours ever learned."

Aware that Mr. Barrymore had forgotten that does matter more than he ever learned, I recognized the folly of going to the mat with him. Yet I meant to persist, for the languid air had been so electrified, that I was perfectly willing to make a fool of myself to keep it that way. It's not that they don't know how to dra, but that they are so much cleverer than I am. I don't have to bathe any more. I'm a graduate washer."

"You're waiting for you, Mr. Barrymore," pleaded the assistant director.

"Eh? Oh, yes. Well—I've got to get out there and earn my living. Wait till I get back, I'll tell you another thing or two about your precious moderns."

He returned with the light of battle in his eye. "Now tell me," he invited without preamble. "You think this fellow Van Gogh's such a great guy. What did he ever paint that was better than Sargent?"

I mentioned a study of chrysanthemums where wild color had taken the heart, "because it's so exciting," I told him.

"Exciting!" he snorted. "You could take a couple of eggs and break 'em over a canvas and get more than Van Gogh's. Do they look like any chrysanthemums you ever saw?"

"That doesn't matter."

"What does matter then? If you just want to go crazy with color, why bother to call it 'Chrysanthemums'? Why not just call it "Crazy Color" by Van Gogh, and you'll still find tools to pay you thousands for it."

He turned his eyes on me again, and it was curious to see how their mild blue had changed to a piercing gray. "Know what's wrong with your ideas?" he demanded.

"You read too many critics. Critics! Asses! —that's what they're reading on paper. They're wrong so often that when they guess right once in a hundred years, that makes 'em gods. It's the fashion today to评价 Sargent and to bash Van Gogh. Tomorrow they'll be dragging Van Gogh through the dirt, and screaming for someone else. If you want to bash Sargent, bash them. But don't bash me."

"I think you're a little unfair to critics. Reading art critics is like listening to three old ladies on a porch. They've been talking for hours. You have an awful lot to say about the work you've got to listen to. 'What a poor man was he!"' he carped. The vague mimesis. "Oh, but my

South Seas patterns feature the smart beach outfit modeled here by Jane Hamilton. It's printed linen—and the hat must match.
Don't let Adolescent Pimples keep YOU from looking your best

JUST when good looks make such a difference in good times—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer—many young people become afflicted with ugly pimples.

During this time, after the beginning of adolescence, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin, especially, becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples appear.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast helps to give you back a good complexion by clearing these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—pimples go!

Eat it regularly—3 cakes a day, before meals, plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today!
had so many mistresses.' That's right—
laugh! It's funny, isn't it? Only don't
forget to laugh at the art critics, too, be-
cause they're twice as funny and do more
harm.

There was more of the same—much
more—a torrential, picturesque flow, inter-
rupted only by necessary intervals on the
set, toward which Mr. Barrymore was
coaxed with difficulty, and whence he re-
turned to plunge once more into eloquence
that left me gazing and all but speechless
with delight. He dispensed with more stimulat-
ing ideas in a minute than I could digest
in a year. It seemed to me that this
passionate defender of a theory of art, his
eyes darting flame, his body vibrant
with feeling, could be the same man who had
blithely shot his challenger between
half-closed lids and talked, if at all, in
gently mocking monosyllables.

I used to in the old days, because now I
want time with my children. The future is
in the lap of the gods. I have no definite
plans after this picture. I shall be quite
calm about it and not try to rush anything.

She has arrived beautifully through her
moments of confusion and despair, and will
one, senses, profit by them. Anybody can
benefit from gains, but the person who can
turn losses to account really has accom-
plished something.

"I am sick of living in the past," Dolores
said. "I can go on. But one is so tied to
things, especially in this town. You go over
and over the same ground. Of course the
real reason is because we tie ourselves
to the things we love and want. If we go
away, we always want to come back."

"The director called her for a scene, at
that moment. I watched her play it with
Freddie Bartholomew, and thought what a
tender, effective pair they made.

Dolores returned and we discussed the
scene. Then she said, "Do you know, this
is the first time in my life I have ever been
on my own? The first time ever to be alone!
First there was my mother, then Jack. I have
a funny feeling now of wait-

ing to see what happens. Anyway, I have
never made a plan for myself that was
lived up to. Something or other never seems to go
down the other side or did the other thing.

"I would like to take a lovely trip, per-
haps to Europe. Not to cities, but to be on
the outskirts of some big place and merely
know it was there. But it will probably
turn out that we go to the country, to a
ranch somewhere, when the picture is fin-
ished. The children are mad about farm life,
they love animals. They have three dogs,
one a mutt who patiently allows them to
dress him up and wheel him in a doll car-
riage.

"No, I haven't any plans for the children.
They must just grow and be healthy and
play, because they can't always play, you
know. I don't believe in a lot of child psy-
chology. A good spanking seems to be an
excellent counter-irritant, when they are
naughty people. I think it is fair better for
them to get it at home than to have the
world punish them later. A child learns
more in his first five years than in any
other ten years. Scotty is a good thing to
remember. You can't just have children and
forget them. You are never free again until
it takes the same way. They are so interesting. Dee is very
temperamental, but not a problem, far from
it. She loves to go out to luncheon with me.
Sometimes I take her, to some quiet
place, and she is a perfectly elegant little
lady, conversing in a very grown-up fash-
ion and playing hostess."

And I, too, still seeing and rearing two
children takes a lot of time, but Dolores
does both jobs well and still has time to
get around. She received quite a sensation at
the Mayfair Ball in that court dress, white
and costume. The effect was dazzling. She
has a store of what you might call "reserved"
virgins. Her social excursions are few and
far between, however, since she prefers small
intimate groups, and old friendships. She is
not a fadist or an extremist in anything,
and she particularly avoids old things that
are new. Her hobby is the study of cos-
tume, and the history that has affected the
costuming of each period.

She was wearing a beautiful dark green
satin creation, looped and draped and gath-
ered into a great bustle in the back, one of
several beautiful costumes she wears in the
picture. She had to be careful not to crush
the bustle, when she sat down, and that
debut a discussion of bustles, how and

"They began because a great Victorian
queen was going to have a baby," Dolores
told me. "She had to conduct her affairs of
state and be seen in public, which wasn't
being done when they tied up with short
skirts."

So she called in her couturiers and had
a conference. They were to create a
new fashion which would conceal yet
modesty her delicate condition, and also be
becoming. They devised the tight bodice,
with the full skirt below, draped in a huge
bustle at the rear, which influenced the
fashions of many countries.

"Just before the World War, skirts were
long and necks high. Then in 1914, the
Great War had no effect on American
than skirt ruffles started for the knee. Dur-
ing the American Civil War skirts were
long, but necks were very low, and the
whole costume tightly fitted, revealing the
figure extensively. Then came a period of
peace, and with it trains, and bustles. It is
a psychological effect. The feeling of aban-
don which possesses everyone in war time
is reflected in the styles of the time. You
can see it approaching now, with Europe
at a crisis. Skirts are getting shorter and
the whole costume tighter, the de-
The Girl who Married your Husband

Have gnawing fears and worries withered the bloom of her romance? Or did she discover "Lysol" in time?

LIKE every woman, you started out with certainty that your marriage would be different. No misunderstandings. All harmony.

Some marriages do succeed in preserving those ideals. You might be surprised to know how often they owe much of their success to "Lysol".

Doctors know that back of most marriage failures is the old, old story of a woman's fear—bred of misinformation and half-truths about marriage hygiene. Fortunately, more and more women today are learning the facts...that much of their fear is needless. "Lysol" has earned the confidence of the millions of women who have used it.

Two special qualities of "Lysol" make it exceptionally valuable in antiseptic marriage hygiene. First, it has the property of spreading, of reaching germs in folds of tissue where ordinary methods do not reach. And second, "Lysol" remains effective in the presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, pus, etc.)—when some other antiseptics lose their germ-killing power partly or even totally. Yet the dependability and gentleness of "Lysol"—in the solutions recommended—are such that leading doctors commonly use it in the delicate operation of childbirth.

You will find that the use of "Lysol" brings you a reassuring sense of antiseptic cleanliness. But more important—it relieves your mind of that constantly recurring worry, fear and suspense, which no husband ever really understands.

A booklet of valuable information on this important subject, is yours for the asking...just mail the coupon below.

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. SAFETY..."Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS..."Lysol" is a true germicide, which means that it kills germs under practical conditions...even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, pus, etc.). Some other antiseptics don't work when they meet with these conditions.
3. PENETRATION..."Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus virtually search out germs.
4. ECONOMY..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears immediately after use.
6. STABILITY..."Lysol" keeps its full strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

NEW! LYSOL HYGIENIC SOAP...

for hands, complexion, bath. A fine, firm, white soap, with the added deodorant property of "Lysol". Protects longer against body odors, without leaving strong after-odor. Washes away germs and perspiration odors. Get a cake at your favorite drug counter.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant
Please send me the booklet called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name______________________

Street______________________

City______________________State______________________
night. Of course from that good plush-covered aisle seat you know Bob as a gay and irresponsible young ne'er-do-well either in tails or a crash towel who starts shrieking for cocktails or champagne in the 1st few rows and quite smugly guess his way to the final fade-out. His leading ladies very often renounce love or life or something in big dramatic moments with glistening eyes and overhead-lighting, but no matter the situation Bob just looks extremely pleased with himself and nips on and on, with never a suspicion that he might be no boy of boyish curls. Poor Bob, this constant sipping should have brought on cirrhosis of the liver long before now. When you see him next, ask him to

"They Aren't Like That All At

Continued from page 21

CHINESE RED

LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

by helena rubinstein

Again Helena Rubinstein, the great cosmetic artist, triumphs. Her newest make-up inspiration, Chinese Red lipstick and rouge, is the brightest spot in a season of brilliant colors! It is young and vivid—with lots of red to flatter you and just a hint of gold to give you a touch of the exotic. To pallid skin it lends a lovely glow. To dusky skin, it adds a vibrant accent. It lifts every skin to new heights of enchantment.

The appeal of Chinese Red Lipstick goes even deeper than color. Like all the famed lipsticks by Helena Rubinstein—Red Raspberry, Red Poppy, Red Geranium, Red Coral and warm Terra Cotta—this newest lipstick contains a precious element which fosters natural moisture. It gives your lips that ripe dewy gleam—the lustre of youth! Lipsticks 50, 1.00, 1.25. Rouges to harmonize, 1.00.

Helena Rubinstein Powders in smart flattering tones. Clinging textures for all skins—Dry, Normal, Oily, 1.00, 1.50 to 5.50.

Persian Mascara—Doesn't run, doesn't smart. Chic shades, 1.00.

Eyelash Grower and Darkener. Groomes lashes, brows, 1.00.

Helena Rubinstein Cosmetics are available at her Salons and at all smart stores.

helena rubinstein

8 East 57th Street, New York

LONDON PARIS

(c) 1936, H. R., Inc.
"It pays to be certain about handbag security."

Helen Vinson

Glamorous Screen Star always checks to be sure her handbags feature the security and constant dependability of the Talon fastener.

There’s method in the way Hollywood Stars choose their handbags. They refuse to gamble with careless, slipshod handbags that spill out contents, cause the loss of valuables. They look before they buy—check to be sure the handbags they choose are Talon-fastened.

Hollywood’s way is your way to be sure that your handbag closes securely—stays fast until you open it. The Talon fastener featured on this year’s models is easier than ever to identify. New decorative pull tabs are easy to recognize. And they lead you to models with the Talon fastener that closes a bag swiftly and easily, and guards contents securely.

Moreover, when you buy handbags completed with the Talon fastener, you are certain to get a model that is smart in design, fine in quality, too.
and training and building for the future. He had no time to play during his play-time years, and now he has the time but not the urge. He is a very sincere young man and takes his career very hard. And, oh yes, no need to be jealous of Jeanette MacDonald. She even kisses on real.

One of the sweetest men off the screen is Basil Rathbone. But, mercy, how you hate him on the screen. When he played poor little Freddie Bartholomew's step-father in "David Copperfield" it was all we could do to keep from rushing up there on the screen and scratching his eyes out. The nasty man. Probably hates children, and sneers at his wife. Mr. Rathbone told me that he didn't get one single kind or complimentary fan letter after "David Copperfield" but hundreds from people offering to kick him out of town. In fact real life Basil Rathbone is one of the gentlest, kindest people you'll ever be fortunate enough to meet—and he has children. He just can't resist a kid who looks hungry or pathetic. He lives in the Los Velez section of Hollywood and it is a common sight in that neighborhood to see Mr. Rathbone with his car full of scrummy kids driving up to the Planetarium. After a lecture on the stars he brings them back for a swim in his pool, (originally built by Jack Dempsey with hot and cold running water,) and as much food as they can pick away in their little stomachs. Mr. Rathbone doesn't want to play any more step-fathers if he can help it. But he makes such a grand villain, (remember him in "Captain Blood"), that I am rather afraid that he is typed forever as a Hollywood "menace."

Now Marlene Dietrich may seem awfully regal and cold in her pictures, and of course it's a terrific responsibility having to be the Number One Glamor Girl of the screen. What with Colbert gone comedienne and Crawford boydenish Marlene is just about the only honest to goodness Glamor Girl we've got left. But judging from "Desire" we don't have to worry about her slipping any time soon. After gazing moon-eyed over her on the screen you probably think that Marlene is all right to look at—but heavens, what a chill she'd bring to a party. She'd just sit in the corner and pose, and everybody would feel constrained and wouldn't have any fun. But ah—you're wrong again! Marlene is more fun on a party than Cab Calloway's orchestra playing "The Music Goes Round and Round," and that's about the most fun there is on a party. If it's a costume party Marlene will enter into the spirit of the thing and dress up like mad; if there are crazy things to do like walking through a whirling barrel, or high-wire over fences, or just acting idiotic Marlene is the first to do everything, even though it means bruises and scratches all over her glamorous body. If, alas, the party begins to die on its feet as even Hollywood parties sometimes do, it is usually Miss Dietrich who comes to the rescue by singing naughty songs in German and French.

Of course we've always heard that Marlene likes to cook, though the studio has always frowned on that bend of publicity, as not being exactly glamorous. But according to Claudette Colbert Marlene is one of the best cooks who ever whipped up an egg. It seems Claudette and Marlene were at the New York Mayfair together with a couple of rich young men about town, and as is so often in a crowded Mayfair room served was none too tasty, "This food is awful," said one of the rich young men about town, "let's go up to my apartment and I'll have the cook fix us up something good to eat." They arrived at the swanky pent-house, but no cook. So Marlene simply tied an apron around her little five hun-

dred dollar Travis Banton number and in no time at all served a delicious supper—(breakfast to us of the working classes)—of scrambled eggs, mixed girl toast and coffee—and what do you think, before the rich young man about town knew what she was up to she had washed the dishes, tidied up, and had every little gadget back in place!

To you Claudette Colbert is perhaps the caresfree belle of the celluloid, but in real life she is one of the most magnificent worries you've ever run up against. And Leslie Howard, our most "intellectual" stage and screen star, is a bit of a small boy with a dash of Peter Pan, believe it or not. Ann Harding, who always seems so gallant and noble and decidedly spiritual on the screen, is far more of the "earth earthly," than you'd ever suspect. Ann drinks beer. Yes, she loves beer, and so do I, if you care. She admits that she had more fun making "The Lady Conscents" than any picture she has ever made because of those divine beer-drinking scenes; as a matter of fact there was a lot of talk on the set that Ann purposely went up in her lines several times just so there would have to be re-takes of the scene—and more cans of beer. Now that very definite stellar contradictions is Gertrude Michael. Gertrude usually plays a hard character, most likely a jewel thief or a gangster's moll but off the screen she is just an old softie and can't bear to see anyone suffering or neglected. It was Gertrude who sent a little script girl to the hospital not long ago and paid all her expenses, and with my own eyes fairly popping out I saw her go into the restaurant across the street from Paramount for a quick lunch one day when she was working only to discover that the proprietress was suffering from serious eye-strain. Without a bit of lunch she jumped in her car, drove furiously to Bullocks-Wilshire, bought a bottle of her favorite eye lotion, and dashed back to the restaurant with it. And of course by then she was due on the set and didn't get any lunch. Gertrude is a Talladega, Alabama, girl, and before she came to Hollywood she used to substitute for the local minister when he went on vacation.

Well, I could go on like this forever, but after all, perhaps I'm boring you. Also, if I wanted to tell you all that is nastly and tell you about some of the goodies of the screen who are just naturally plain ordinary baddies—and I can think up better words than baddies. Remind me to tell you about them when Hollywood and I have gotten our divorce.

Mona Barrie's chic hat in this picture is green and white stitched pliqued lined with soft white felt.
raise and sprinkle paprika on top. It's almost too pretty to eat!

"I'm fond of tomato aspic made in a mold so that it has a hollow center, and Willa fills this center with finely chopped celery roots—you know those big celery roots that haven't much top?"

"I never diet, but I don't exactly go against the fates! If I have salad, I eat rye-crisp or Melba toast with it, instead of hot biscuit. But oh, if you do go in for hot biscuit, try serving them buttered instead of plain sometime. They're delicious!

"Willa makes her biscuit dough thinner than usual, puts a dab of butter on top, sticks another thin biscuit on that, and bakes them. They come out of the oven ready to pop into your mouth."

We wandered back to the patio, where Madge sat in the polka-dotted hammock, the sun on her hair, and I lounged in a white-and-green canvas chair, each of us attended by a dog. Madge's was Prudence, the Scottie she acquired in Scotland, and mine was Tougie, who behaved too well for his name.

"Dorothy Tree is another of my actresses friends," said Madge. "I've been in for people who do something important—one of my friends from school days is an intern in a hospital, one is a girl who is in the National Youth movement. I have almost a fan's attitude toward people who are trying to do something for the world."

" professors. But drinking wine at a dinner table with a pot of meat on the table, I think, is a mistake.

"Speaking of Dorothy, I was with her on the stage and we've been friends ever since. She's an American, but she enjoys English dishes. My mother is English, so we often have things like roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, lamb and mint sauce, steak and kidney pie. Most people know how to make these, but English Squab Pie isn't so common. Dorothy likes that."

ENGLISH SQUAB PIE

Roast 6 squabs and cut in halves, beat 4 teaspoons butter in a frying pan, add 6 thin slices of beefsteak, 3 by 4 inches in size, and 4 chopped shallots; fry the steaks a nice brown and place in a glass baking dish with the squabs; add 1 can mushrooms, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 3 hard-boiled eggs cut in halves. Add to the pan in which you fried the meat 4 tablespoons sifted flour, mix smooth, stir in 2½ cups boiling water, stir smooth and cook 5 minutes, season with salt and pepper and pour over meat. Cover with pie pastry and bake in moderate oven 30 minutes.

"For dessert today we're having ice-cream flower pots. You buy tiny flower pots, line them with waxed paper, fill with ice cream and top with sweet grated chocolate to look like earth, then you put a green toothpick in for the stem, two mint leaves for foliage, and a candied cherry for the flower."

"But my favorite dessert is something we can't often get in California, because for some reason we seldom have gooseberries here. We had it in London, and no doubt Sreenland's Eastern readers can make it. I'm no cook, but this is how it's made, I feel sure."

GOOSEBERRY FOOL

"It tastes like puree of gooseberries. You take the biggest berries you can find, boil them until they're soft, put through a sieve to strain out the skins and as many of the seeds as possible, add powdered sugar and let it stand in

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MILLIONS realize how true this is, and use Colgate Dental Cream for real protection. Its special penetrating foam removes decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and around the tongue—which dentists agree cause most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth, your gums, your tongue, with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.
EYE MAKE-UP done in good taste

Beautiful eyes are the most important feature of any woman's charm—that's why fastidious women who wish to be exquisitely groomed in eye make-up demand Maybelline eye beauty aids. They know that the modern magic of these fine cosmetic creations gives them the natural appearance of beautiful eyes. Not to use Maybelline eye beauty aids is sheer neglect of charm. When you see what lovely long, dark lashes, softly shaded lids, and gracefully formed eyebrows Maybelline eye beauty aids can give you, you'll adore these exquisite eye cosmetics. You will want the entire line of Maybelline eye beauty aids to effect a perfect harmony in your complete eye make-up. Try them today—they will open your eyes to new beauty—eye make-up done in good taste!

Maybelline mascaras in Black, Brown or Blue, Vanilla, etc. ... ready to be 

EYE SHADOW... EYEBROW PENCIL 
EYELASH TONIC CREAM... EYEBROW BRUSH

HYDE PARK LADIES EYE

You can make black currant fool the same way. I adore black currant because it's so tart, but this fruit is also rare out here.

Leading off the patio from the pool is the game-room, which has two dressing-rooms with showers for those who use the pool. In the game-room is a billiard table, used more by Midge's brother Tom than by the young star. Card tables are folded against the walls.

“We seldom play bridge at this house,” said Midge, as we viewed the room. “Bridge is so apt to be taken seriously and end in arguments, so we play ‘knock rummy.’ It's like the regular running, only that if, when the game is hardly begun, you see that the players have a low score, you knock; then you all play once more and lay down your cards. If your score is really low, they pay you. But you're often caught, which makes it fun.

“We play Carlo, too. It's something like roulette where one player has an outfit that can be set up on a card table.

“Over there is where we show our pictures; he has two or three rooms where we can operate ourselves and we take our own home movies. Of course we can't show sound films.

“We have four of the films I made as a child star and when we want to have some fun we show them. The clothes are a scream, naturally, but what slays us is the acting! It seems incredible that such a short time the technique has changed so much, but actually you can see me biting my lip, and full of stage emotion, throwing up my hands in surprise, and so on.

“I don't like big parties where you hardly know who's at the house. We usually have a small group so that we can talk and enjoy each other. Sometimes we have a conversational evening, which is the most fun to me, if my guests are in other professions.”

Horton's Home Is A Bachelor's Paradise

Continued from page 29

EYE MAKE-UP done in good taste

Beautiful eyes are the most important feature of any woman’s charm—that’s why fastidious women who wish to be exquisitely groomed in eye make-up demand Maybelline eye beauty aids. They know that the modern magic of these fine cosmetic creations gives them the natural appearance of beautiful eyes. Not to use Maybelline eye beauty aids is sheer neglect of charm. When you see what lovely long, dark lashes, softly shaded lids, and gracefully formed eyebrows Maybelline eye beauty aids can give you, you’ll adore these exquisite eye cosmetics. You will want the entire line of Maybelline eye beauty aids to effect a perfect harmony in your complete eye make-up. Try them today—they will open your eyes to new beauty—eye make-up done in good taste!

Maybelline mascaras in Black, Brown or Blue, Vanilla, etc. ... ready to be

EYE SHADOW... EYEBROW PENCIL
EYELASH TONIC CREAM... EYEBROW BRUSH

HYDE PARK LADIES EYE

You can make black currant fool the same way. I adore black currant because it’s so tart, but this fruit is also rare out here.

Leading off the patio from the pool is the game-room, which has two dressing-rooms with showers for those who use the pool. In the game-room is a billiard table, used more by Midge's brother Tom than by the young star. Card tables are folded against the walls.

“We seldom play bridge at this house,” said Midge, as we viewed the room. “Bridge is so apt to be taken seriously and end in arguments, so we play ‘knock rummy.’ It’s like the regular running, only that if, when the game is hardly begun, you see that the players have a low score, you knock; then you all play once more and lay down your cards. If your score is really low, they pay you. But you’re often caught, which makes it fun.

“We play Carlo, too. It’s something like roulette where one player has an outfit that can be set up on a card table.

“Over there is where we show our pictures; he has two or three rooms where we can operate ourselves and we take our own home movies. Of course we can’t show sound films.

“We have four of the films I made as a child star and when we want to have some fun we show them. The clothes are a scream, naturally, but what slays us is the acting! It seems incredible that such a short time the technique has changed so much, but actually you can see me biting my lip, and full of stage emotion, throwing up my hands in surprise, and so on.

“I don’t like big parties where you hardly know who’s at the house. We usually have a small group so that we can talk and enjoy each other. Sometimes we have a conversational evening, which is the most fun to me, if my guests are in other professions.”

Horton’s Home Is A Bachelor’s Paradise

Continued from page 29
and there are offers from London, for his humor has won the British public completely.

With noisy honking, Luise Rainer and Jean Negulesco arrived to join us for luncheon, so we all went back to the guest house and visited with Mrs. Horton, a happy, gracious lady, as full of enthusiasm as her son. She finally left us to make an apple pie for our luncheon.

It was a mad, merry meal. Jean was eating because there was no caviar but Eddie blandly insisted he wasn't squandering on extravagances as he was saving up to buy a new tree; Luise sang the song especially composed for her role of Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld" putting a tantalizing, devilish quality into each note; and when the apple pie was served, smothered in rich cream—oh, yes, Horton has three cows and the meanest three-week-old calf imaginable—we all forgot the diet rules.

Glamo's salute to the Navy!
Irene Hervey wears a snappy two-piece suit of white duck slacks, set off with navy blue trimmings.

Eddie knows how to cook, and he can wash dishes and do everything else about the house—if he has to; but he told us, with his contagious chuckle, that he usually manages to be somewhere else when these things had to be done.

He isn't hard to please and he hasn't any cranny little habits. He is very amiable and the only thing he insists upon is peace; discord upsets him terribly. He says he likes parties and likes to dance, but being a farmer he doesn't "get to town" often for social diversions. He doesn't even see his country neighbors, Al and Ruby Keeler Jolson, W. C. Fields, Charlie Ruggles, Warren William and others, very often.

I wonder if you know that Edward Everett Horton made a sensation on Broadway, during his early stage days, in a glamorous portrayal of Paul, hero of Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks?"

With such an auspicious start, it doesn't seem possible that this very attractive actor could side-step romance forever!

---

**If Perspiration Were a Tiger**

—You'd jump to protect yourself from its ravages! Yet the insidious corroding acid of perspiration can destroy the under-arm fabric of your dresses as surely, as completely, as the scarifying claws of a tiger's paw!

Answers to thousands of questionnaires revealed the astounding fact that during the past year perspiration spoiled garments for 1 woman in 3! What appalling wasteful extravagance, when a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields would have saved any one of them at trifling cost.

And this *surest* form of perspiration protection is now the *easiest!* Kleinert's Bra-form is a dainty uplift bra equipped with shields—always ready to wear—no sewing—and as easily washed as stockings and lingerie.

Just ask for "Kleinert's" at your favorite notion counter—shields, 25¢ and up; Bra-forms, $1.00 and up.

**Kleinert's Dress Shields**

*Guaranteed Good Housekeeping's Award of Approval*
“Romeo” Great Lover? Not to Leslie Howard!

Continued from page 22

probably because he himself was in love at the
time. Then he apparently became disillusioned, at any rate about love. I feel
he might have gone through these experi-
ences and finally evolved ‘Hamlet.’ There’s
no other way, to my mind, of explaining
Romeo. Luckily, audiences are on the side
of both characters, feeling with and for
them, though I’m quite sure Shakespeare’s
interest was wholly in Juliet. It is for this
reason, I am convinced, that every actress
is said to want to play Juliet, just as it has
come to be accepted that every actor wants
to play Hamlet. But when it was proposed
that I play Romeo I felt grave misgivings.

At last he left himself open, giving oppor-
tunity to thrust a question as to why
finally he agreed to play the part.

“What made me want to play it more
than anything else,” he disclosed, “is that
last speech over the dead or supposedly
dead, Juliet. It is beautiful.”

Mark well, then, when you see the pic-
ture, that speech which marches with
‘death’s pale flag’ flung back by ‘beauty’s
enigm’ of crimson lips, for in it you will
find the sense of beauty instinctive in Leslie
Howard.

Here, above all else in his talk, was
something truly revealing. It flashed out as
a portrait of the man, eclipsing the actor,
bringing to light reality as make-believe
faded into the shadows.

“I became interested, too, in the later
philosophical mood of Romeo,” said the
mental Howard. “He began to think about
things, rather than just feel about love. In-
stead of being all heart, he became part
brain. A great change took place in him.
Because of earlier affairs of the heart he
might have appeared in the light of a
philanderer, but now he was so hard hit by
Juliet that he saw this love of his drawing
him to his doom. Almost overnight he de-
volved from a boy into a man, growing in
stature to a nobility of understanding which
towered above his former self. He broad-
ened into a character. It was this phase of
him which interested me and made me de-
cide to play him, for its foreshadowed in
its deep melancholy and prophetic vision

Shakespeare’s greatest character, Hamlet.”

“Yes,” replied Mr. Howard, “though not
in a personal, selfish sense. It wasn’t be-
case I intended to play Hamlet on the
stage. But in Romeo I saw something more
than the lover, an infant Hamlet.”

There had been a printed report that
after his forthcoming production of “Ham-
let” on the New York stage, Leslie Howard
would give up acting for writing and pro-
ducing. But he shook his head, with:

“I don’t see how that possibly can be
true. Aside from everything else, I still
have two more pictures to make in fulfill-
ing my Warner Brothers contract. I am
also interested in a London film company
which is to make a picture about ‘The
Young Pretender,’ Charles Stuart. I may
even do the part—that’s the only way to
get any fun out of the thing. I have been
acting since the war. Coming out of it I
turned to the stage as something I then
thought would be temporary. I’ve always
been interested in special things, partic-
ularly writing. I’ve done some small writ-
ing for magazines and also for the stage.
I’m doing one of my old plays, ‘Murray
Hill,’ on the air soon. Then, after playing
in ‘Hamlet,’ I am going to produce and
act in ‘Richard II’ on either the New York
or the London stage. I wanted to do it
first, but realized it would be safer to do
Hamlet, for you have to be very hard to
fail in that play.”

His honesty was ingratiating. He made
no pretense to being the great tragedian.
On the contrary:

“If I’d even talked of playing Hamlet
five years ago I would have been laughed
out of town. At first in England I was con-
sidered only as a comedian. For that matter,
my greatest success, ‘Berkeley Square,’ was
denied me in the beginning on the ground
I was a comedian. I had to go over the
head of a manager to get that play for
myself.”

I wondered if he had started as a
comedian. There was another amusing shake
of the head of this generation’s one and
only blood Romeo, as Howard continued:

“On tour in England, for four pounds a
week, I played the lead in ‘Peg o’ My
Heart.’ With Laurette Taylor? Lord, no,
nothing so wonderful and grand as that!
But you see,” he chuckled, “starting in an
American play, I was destined to be an
American star. The funny thing is I never
played a small part. I’m afraid,” and he
twisted a whimsical smile, “I never had
proper training.”

“What do you prefer, stage or screen?”

“At an actor,” was his outspoken reply,
“I haven’t the slightest interest in the
screen. It is not an actor’s medium. You
enjoy its fruits later, the reward comes
afterward, and there’s something fundamen-
tally wrong about that. In pictures we work
in the dark, with no way of knowing what
the result will be. But on the stage there
is nobody between the audi-
ence. Of course, we are all performing
animals—that’s why silent pictures were so
good. But in pictures the actor is helpless
because he does not control his work,
whereas on the stage he does. There is
a man who does control it in pictures, who
does marvelous work, and that’s the direc-
tor. He tells the actor how to do it and
where to get the best actors, those actors
don’t have to be told.”

There was no suggestion of prejudice,
just fair statement of fact. His clear argu-
ment and straight thinking went on:

“When we talk of success on the screen
we measure it entirely by financial returns.
This is a ridiculous way of regarding any
medium. It assumes a hundred per cent au-
dience for whatever is offered. Now I don’t
think there is a hundred per cent audience
for anything that happens to be out of the
ordinary. Many pictures I’ve done couldn’t
possibly appeal to everybody, any more
than I as an actor could appeal to every-
body. Clark Gable is a possible exception,
one who may be able to please and satisfy
all classes of people. If I have had any suc-
cess as a romantic actor it has been an
accident, for all the plays I have chosen
myself have had an intellectual interest.”

When asked if he believed women shared
this “intellectual” interest, Leslie Howard
proved his powers of observation, not to
mention a lurking sense of humor, by
blithely replying:

“Women in America have sort of
schooled themselves into an interest in
the intellectual. But I believe the average
woman’s interest is romantic. I can only
judge, of course, by film experience. The
Scarlet Pimpernel’ has been my most suc-
cessful picture, though in a sense ‘Of Hu-
man Bondage’ is my favorite. Now, playing
Romeo for the screen is the most difficult
way of doing it, but it gives you the best
approach to a modern audience you may
very well as regards a strong performance
of another Shakespearean part. New York,
I must say, has been marvelous to me, so
much so in its acceptance of me that I’ve
tried to do that it has not been duplicated,
even in London. In both cities, however,
you know your audience. But in pictures it
is impossible to receive a reaction from
your audience, friend or otherwise, can be
learned only through the box-office. This
is significant, though remote. All the actor
can do is to hope for the best. I am
trusting to Shakespeare. And, Hamlet
on the stage, or Romeo on the screen, it’s
all in the day’s work.”

Whereas, wrapping the scarlet cloak of
Romeo about his incredibly slender figure,
Leslie Howard picked up his job and went
back to—romance!
from what a confirmed optimist might call my recent pleasure trip to New York."

"It is your third Shakespearean part, but you first in pictures?"

"Right. As you doubtless remember, I started in 'Richard the Third.' In that play I didn't have to think much about love. What wore me down was a suit of armor manufactured by the Fuller Construction Company. I clanked around in it like a boiler shop on the loose. Siegfried used to put me into it with a steam riveting machine, then blast me out of it. One night when he dropped a one-ton section of it on my foot I blasted him. Perhaps I should explain that Siegfried was my dresser. He came to me after serving in similar capacity for a German actor named Keintz, who had played Richard in Berlin with a horse. Siegfried never tired of telling me about the time when that horse, which knew its business if not its Shakespeare, essayed an interpolation of its own which moved Keintz to say, as one artist to another, 'My dear fellow, don't you know it is forbidden to extemporize?' On the occasion of losing my temper with Siegfried, I later apologized, whereupon he assured me, 'Oh, Mr. Barrymore, I didn't mind a bit! I felt I was back with Mr. Keintz.' Siegfried's affection touched me, but neither then nor afterward in 'Hamlet' was there anything like great love in my professional life."

"Mercutio," I remarked, 'is a cynic about love.'

"True," granted Mr. Barrymore. "Yet he must have been adored by women. There is no indication in the play of just how many women loved him. But his whole attitude toward love is a little whimsical, to say the least."

"Do you feel," I inquired, "you are ideally cast?"

"Well," running me through with a piercing glance, 'I admit that I myself may be a bit of a character part. But one reason I've always wanted to play Mercutio is that he is one of the most delightful people in the world—which doesn't necessarily mean he is a bit of a character part. Far from it, he is so vital, human, and lovable that Shakespeare simply had to kill him when he did—damn him! Or perhaps he died too early to encounter such an emotion as love. This may explain his whimsical view of it."

As to whether women like this view, Mr. Barrymore was quick to say:

"I think there's one thing they find in it—charm. Women don't, I'm sure, like a dull lover. Naturally, there are certain situations in which whimsy is a little out of place. But, everything equal, it gives zest to the everlasting game of love, keeps it light and lively, rather than letting it settle down heavily and dully into something as solidly domestic as Grand Rapids furniture. To keep romance alive there is nothing like imagination, which, after all, may be just another word for charm. Its effect upon women is magical."

What he said brought to mind the best description of John Barrymore I have ever heard. In Rockville Center, Long Island, where Mr. Barrymore lived during his matrimonial pioneering days, there was an ancient driver of an old Ford who 'made' all the trains. One morning as he was driving a New York visitor to the station he jerked a proud thumb towards a yeagish chap who was changing a tire on a car at the roadside. 'That,' he grandly informed his passenger, 'is John Barrymore, the great magician.'

Today there is magic in his Mercutio. The rabbit he pulls out of the hat is charm.

"Mercutio," pursued Mr. Barrymore, "is wise in knowing the value of imagination where women are concerned. He is cynical about love only as most men-about-town are till they hit what they consider to be absolutely the real thing. Of course, what a man thinks is real may very well not be. But it seems to me that every active man—and Mercutio is an excellent swordsman—is pretty nearly always on the lookout for it, and if he really finds it he stops looking. At least he does if he knows his luck."

"But how does he know the real thing?"

"I'm terribly sorry I can't answer that question," regretted Mr. Barrymore. "I've never met that man."

Reminded that Mercutio warns, 'If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark,' he admitted:

'That seems to be a reasonably correct observation, though there are times when it may be a little astigmatic. Men are more likely than women to fall blindly into love. I think they are a little less intelligent about it. Women possibly see facts more clearly, whereas the majority of men are incurable romanticists. Shakespeare knew what he was about when he put Juliet on
See your hair "in lights" too!

- Starry glints. Hair that looks as if gems had been showered on it. How do they do it, those beautiful women of the screen? That’s easy—the Soapless Oil Treatment! You too can “wash” beauty into your hair with Admiration Shampoo Treatment...right in your home!

Every woman faces close-ups of her own. So why not take a tip from Hollywood...and make your hair gloriously soft and radiant.

Admiration does things soaps can’t do. Conditions the hair and scalp. Penetrates deep in the pores and hair follicles. Antiseptic, it contains proved tonic ingredients.

Guaranteed to add rich luster from the very first use: Olive Oil base for dry hair. Pine Tar blend for oily. Follow the stars to beauty!

Toll-try Counters
U. S. and Canada

Admiration
SOAPLESS SHAMPOO TREATMENT

SEND 10c FOR GENEROUS SAMPLE
Admiration Laboratories, Inc., Harrison, N. J.
Olive Oil for dry hair  
Pine Tar for oily hair  
Both 2c

Name:  
City:  

Fredric March's Day Off

Continued from page 26

Hand. But he has even been known to live in France, Hollywood, and that cuts down his sleep till all that’s left of it is a depletion alarm clock.

“There are those who say love is a chemical. I say no. For my part I want to say I have given its scientific aspect deep study. But the human element persists. In this respect I have reached the conclusion that it is the woman, not the man, who is of first importance. She calls the tune and he does the dancing. Not infrequently he breaks down completely. I have even seen a poor little chorus girl make a million-dollar cry into his champagne. Sometimes the penalty is downright hardship. A chivalrous friend of mine, during a hard winter, begged me to give him a chance to do things for others. He was in no condition to do this. I told him he would be a fool to attempt it. But he went to work and made a rule off all men with an iron hand, yet when the day is done he lie putty in the hands of a woman who knows she has him dead to rights. He no sooner starts to spread himself in a café than she tells him to pull down his vest, and he does it with hydraulic pressure. And have you ever danced with a girl who, by the turn of an eyelash, made you feel you were distantly related to Powers' Elephants? Well, I have. But you take it and you like it. Nothing so changes a man as a moment he 'gets' it loses what little sense he ever had. Suddenly he finds himself with a Kaffir Hag—everything extracted from the bean. If he went to a brain specialist that eminent practitioner would prescribe a vacuum cleaner.

In all this there was nothing ironic, just a play of irony. Still, it suggested the cynical Mercutio, and when I asked Mr. Barrymore if he thought a woman could love a man, he had a ready reply, and answered: "I shouldn't be surprised, as it must be such fun for her getting him over it. I also imagine it would keep his slim. Meanwhile, it puts him on his mettle. And there you have Mercutio!"

Or—who knows—John Barrymore?
this was the prize one with her hanging by her knees from a pole. It was truly amazing how fearlessly she swung and dangled in mid-air, then toppled off her act by going head foremost down the steep slide.

Folding up the camera, Freddie observed with pardonable pride, "She's a courageous, independent little monkey in everything. Since she was two, she has dressed herself all but tying her shoe laces, and she runs her own victrola, even to changing the needles. We think that is pretty smart, We make a game of everything so that straightens up her room every night before she goes to bed, and putting her clothes away as she takes them off, are just play to her, instead of a tiresome duty." "Fear" and 'frightened' are two words never spoken before the children. Of course, we teach them a certain amount of caution to guard against falls and accidents. We discourage crying, too, when they take a tumble or hurt themselves. We believe wailing and crying, and seeking sympathy in such cases, are usually the reaction of the adult attitude and not normally their own. Above all else, I want the children to be healthy and happy, so a right viewpoint is absolutely necessary. They must learn to meet the problems of life with fortitude and with a grin. They must never, never whine or complain. It is surprising how readily they learn to laugh off their small troubles; even hurts from skinned knees seem to vanish more quickly if ignored.

Freddie's secretary now arrived and he went to his study, a cheerful room of masculine comfort, opening off from his bedroom on the second floor. The entire north side is in casement windows overlooking the view of the hills. Letters and business details were disposed of rapidly—perhaps this efficiency is the result of those early years young March spent as a bank clerk, before he stepped out as an actor. He attends to all his business matters himself and told me he diversifies his investments, buying conservative bonds and well-planned annuities.

"I've never gone in for real estate speculation, either," he said, "I have no holdings except this home, our Laguna Beach property, and a ten-acre ranch in Hidden Valley I recently purchased. We plan to build a regular farm house on the ranch, have a cow or two, chickens and a garden. We want the children to know the joy of farm-life, to get the thrill of gathering eggs and to learn where potatoes come from. Too, I believe being around growing things will help them naturally to understand the creative part of life."

The precious day was slipping by, so they didn't waste much time on the light luncheon; and afterwards, Freddie, Florence, and Penny helped the gardener transplant some rare tulip bulbs that had just arrived from Holland.

"Before I had a garden of my own," Freddie confided, "flowers were just flowers to me, and if they had bright colors that was all I cared about. But now, I pour over catalogues and find the description of prize-winning dahlias and a new pink camellia, the most fascinating reading! I'm learning too, all about snails and slugs, and the garden's other enemies. I find that every living thing has its particular obstacles. Funny, how life repeats itself in all its phases."

As the glow of the setting sun swept across the hills, we enjoyed a glass of sherry in the long living room, while Freddie turned on the victrola, which holds first place in his affections when he wants music. He especially delights in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and he has all the records of Richard Tauber, the German light opera singer.

Now, came the precious half hour in the nursery before the babies went to sleep. Neither Freddie or Florence ever miss this
Ginger Rogers' Good Deed

Continued from page 27

tossed in Ginger's honor during her recent eastern visit, I mentioned these matters to Mrs. Lela, her colorful and charming Ma. "Erect," Mrs. Lela advised. "Let's Miserables," with its terrific drama, and I couldn't resist playing it. God! How I loved that picture!

Then, with a laugh, he confessed, "I've never seen "Les Misérables," but I have a feeling, from reading the letters that came, that I would have liked it very much.

The simple, sweet, delicate scene of sliced pineapple and coffee, came the momentous question as to how this glorious day should wind up. "Shall we," he asked, "play contract or backgammon? Or shall we go down to the dark room in the basement and develop the films we took this morning of the children?"

Perhaps Florence caught the subtle entreaty in Freddie's voice, for she gaily settled the question, saying, "Let's develop the films!"

Rogers smiled a little, as though she was about to disbelieve his story. "You mean," he said, "that is really happening?" as though he thought it was no better than a transient vision of the night of the world.

"Yes, my dear," she said, "I mean exactly that. We are not going to be late this time!"

"Then," he replied, "we will have time to get somewhere—that she isn't anything marvelous yet. I think she's a real trouper at heart."

And so I—net.

I pause to remark that Ginger's mother is one of Hollywood's interesting women. In addition to riding herd on her daughter's affairs, she condones a pair of dynamite girls on the RKO Radio lot, and tells me that one or two show discovered signs of getting very good indeed, notably a blonde named Fredi Balto. The tip is out to keep an eye on this cutie.

But to return to Ginger and Harriet—is it any wonder that the latter would now give her mentor anything from a bobbin pin to her best tiara if the need arose? to cap this amiable episode, Harriet's labors in "Follow The Fleet" delighted the Hollywood nabobs that they forced a five-year RKO contract upon her, much as she loathed leaving the ever-loving Mr. Nelson. 130 miles away, she added, that she clicks, and that Mr. Nelson will have to pack and transport his aggregation of tailors to the west coast if he wants to play house with Harriet. It may comfort him to know that people also dance to lively swing stuff in California.

It appears, at this time, that Harriet Hilliard is on her way to a sound celluloid career. Hattie, do you remember Eagle Scout Rogers in your nightly prayers?

During his recent stay, Ginger made all the movie people, spend the entire time on her red motorcycle. When these people, sleep I'll never know, except that they were electric. The airline trip was taken from the horrid labors of "Follow The Fleet" and faced with the prospect of returning at once to make "I Won't Dance," acting like a pent-up school girl in town on a fudge-and-matteén bender! It just didn't make sense, but there it was. In a bit over two weeks she saw sixteen

---

Rogers with her hair down loose on her shoulders for the film "I Won't Dance." Mrs. Lela, her colorful and charming Ma. "La Logue, "I mean exactly that. We are not going to be late this time!"

"Then," he replied, "we will have time to get somewhere—that she isn't anything marvelous yet. I think she's a real trouper at heart."

And so I—net.

I pause to remark that Ginger's mother is one of Hollywood's interesting women. In addition to riding herd on her daughter's affairs, she condones a pair of dynamite girls on the RKO Radio lot, and tells me that one or two show discovered signs of getting very good indeed, notably a blonde named Fredi Balto. The tip is out to keep an eye on this cutie.

But to return to Ginger and Harriet—is it any wonder that the latter would now give her mentor anything from a bobbin pin to her best tiara if the need arose? to cap this amiable episode, Harriet's labors in "Follow The Fleet" delighted the Hollywood nabobs that they forced a five-year RKO contract upon her, much as she loathed leaving the ever-loving Mr. Nelson. 130 miles away, she added, that she clicks, and that Mr. Nelson will have to pack and transport his aggregation of tailors to the west coast if he wants to play house with Harriet. It may comfort him to know that people also dance to lively swing stuff in California.

It appears, at this time, that Harriet Hilliard is on her way to a sound celluloid career. Hattie, do you remember Eagle Scout Rogers in your nightly prayers?

During his recent stay, Ginger made all the movie people, spend the entire time on her red motorcycle. When these people, sleep I'll never know, except that they were electric. The airline trip was taken from the horrid labors of "Follow The Fleet" and faced with the prospect of returning at once to make "I Won't Dance," acting like a pent-up school girl in town on a fudge-and-matteén bender! It just didn't make sense, but there it was. In a bit over two weeks she saw sixteen

---

Rogers with her hair down loose on her shoulders for the film "I Won't Dance." Mrs. Lela, her colorful and charming Ma. "La Logue, "I mean exactly that. We are not going to be late this time!"

"Then," he replied, "we will have time to get somewhere—that she isn't anything marvelous yet. I think she's a real trouper at heart."

And so I—net.

I pause to remark that Ginger's mother is one of Hollywood's interesting women. In addition to riding herd on her daughter's affairs, she condones a pair of dynamite girls on the RKO Radio lot, and tells me that one or two show discovered signs of getting very good indeed, notably a blonde named Fredi Balto. The tip is out to keep an eye on this cutie.

But to return to Ginger and Harriet—is it any wonder that the latter would now give her mentor anything from a bobbin pin to her best tiara if the need arose? to cap this amiable episode, Harriet's labors in "Follow The Fleet" delighted the Hollywood nabobs that they forced a five-year RKO contract upon her, much as she loathed leaving the ever-loving Mr. Nelson. 130 miles away, she added, that she clicks, and that Mr. Nelson will have to pack and transport his aggregation of tailors to the west coast if he wants to play house with Harriet. It may comfort him to know that people also dance to lively swing stuff in California.

It appears, at this time, that Harriet Hilliard is on her way to a sound celluloid career. Hattie, do you remember Eagle Scout Rogers in your nightly prayers?

During his recent stay, Ginger made all the movie people, spend the entire time on her red motorcycle. When these people, sleep I'll never know, except that they were electric. The airline trip was taken from the horrid labors of "Follow The Fleet" and faced with the prospect of returning at once to make "I Won't Dance," acting like a pent-up school girl in town on a fudge-and-matteén bender! It just didn't make sense, but there it was. In a bit over two weeks she saw sixteen
shows and did the night club circuit until all hours. In the midst of all this frantic hubbub she was hauled off to Washington as the capital's official guest at the President's birthday parties there.

This was the high spot of Ginger's entire jaunt. Many's the time her kiddies will hear the tale of how Mumsy went way, way off to Washington and visited the White House, where the President lives! I'll be bound!

What went on during the star's visit to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue has never been given out as news, but such things have a way of seeping out, however small and discreet the company.

When Ginger, Mamma, and party were ushered into the Oval Room that evening, the President was already at the microphone, set to broadcast his birthday greetings. The party was presented. Over the air-waves was coming a fox-trot from San Francisco, into which His Excellency would be cut when the moment arrived. Just then some unsung hero whispered that it might be nice if Ginger did a little dance, just to sort of pass the time, like. The President overheard, and nodded smilingly.

So it was that Ginger, hampered by an evening gown and slightly baffled by the music, did a bit of a tap routine on a floor the size of a soda cracker.

"It wasn't very good," Ginger told me later. "But the President seemed to like it, for he smiled and nodded time to the music all the time I was dancing."

Salone danced before Herod, too, but Ginger didn't want anybody's old head on a silver charger. She got something much nicer, and the President is no Herod, but a lovely man. When the broadcast was over, the President wrote something across the top of his manuscript, and it was handed to her. On the script, filled with change and corrections in his own writing, the Chief Executive had penned "To Ginger Rogers, on the occasion itself. Franklin D. Roosevelt."

"His secretary told me it was the first time he had ever given away one of his radio scripts," Ginger said to me. "All the rest are on file."

"Now you've got it," I asked, "what are you going to do with it?"

"Frame it," she said, "AND insure it!"

Ginger looked right pretty and smart while she was with us in New York, but I must say that I fretted about her weight. The girl seems to be dancing herself to a wisp—so fact, it now takes two of her to cast a shadow. If I'd been her boss on this trip, I'd have shot the child into the country to sleep, play in the snow, and drink gallons of milk from, not contented, but positively jolly, cows. But Broadway got her, as it gets 'em all.

Most of us don't begin to realize what she and Astaire go through when they grind out one of their big musicals. They rehearse from 150 to 200 hours before the camera even turns. Every one of their dances, lasting from four to seven minutes, must be a perfect "take." There is no cutting and splicing—every routine must be right from first step to last. Thus an Astaire-Rogers dance may be shot 20 times before it is perfection—Ginger's frock may flow wrongly, or wrap around one of Fred's legs, or one may step on the other's toe. And the toll goes on!

To top all, Mrs. Lela tells me that Director Sandrich has found that Fred and Ginger are most apt to deliver their perfect "take" when they seem to be on the point of dropping over dead from exhaustion. What a ghastly thought! Ginger's sufferings for her Art seem limitless, to the layman. For instance, I find that she must break in and wear two new pairs of shoes in each number. It is all right for the man to wear a pair of comfortable shoes and...
kicks when he works, but the lady must wear beautiful and stylish shoes to match his costume—and the thought of Ginger encasing the gams and puppies as she smiles and whirls in Fredry's arms is almost more than I can bear.

One more Horror Note and I'll let you up. The great Ginger wears in the final number of "Follow The Fleet"—Let's Face The Music and Dance—weighed 25 pounds, and she wore and danced in the contrappunto for 12 straight hours the day the number was filmed. Have a good shudder on me. Want to go in the movies?

Small wonder the gal looks a little drawn and fine-spun compared with her luminous roundness of a year or two ago. But she's tough stuff, and she likes her work. And Ginger is one of those rare Hollywood birds whose hearts and souls do not seem to change from year to year. Some spirits are so simple and so honest that all the fame and flattery in the world can't sour them. If this babe had a bushel of diamonds, she'd still stop on the set to soothe a quaking extra girl. What's nicer than that in this crackpot world?

I could give you no better report on our Ginger Rogers as of early 1936. Still regular—still the same sweet kid.

Stars on Parade
Continued from page 64

He doesn't think he'll ever direct—"I'm no good at details," he explains.

So you see all the talk about it being "romance" that kept Douglas in London was true. But it was the romance of being a producer-actor, realizing the dream of ambition, even more than that much more widely publicized romance with Gertrude Lawrence. Or so at least we must imply from young Doug's volatility about his picture company and his reticence in discussing affairs of the heart. When he fainted, Junior told reporters he had nothing to tell about any reported romances or marriages. "Does that still go?" we asked. "It does," he replied.

So far as this corner knows, he's never said "boo" on the screen, and certainly off-screen he's one of the mildest, most affable, and intelligent men you could meet in a house-to-house canvass of the whole film colony. Yet to the film trade in general, and the public in particular, Boris Karloff is the number one actor of "horror" parts.

Karloff had his first real view of New York recently during a pause between the plate from Los Angeles and the ship to London, where the screen's most famous exponent of make-up and bizarre characterization is to star in a picture.

He looks like a college professor, or a banker, or a business man—like a man whom you know in your home town as one of its leading and most respected citizens. Karloff is tall, very dark, in this respect favoring the Russian strain he inherits.
from his mother's side of the family. He talks very readily about pictures and acting and the stage as a topic of great personal interest, but becomes less responsive when discussing himself. Mention Lon Chaney and he will launch off into a vivid recital. It amounts to such hero-worship as you hear from the most ardent fan about the object of his particular affection and admiration.

If Boris Karloff ever makes a personal appearance in your town, and tells about how he builds up the characters he enacts on the screen, we advise you to go if you're interested in the more fascinating details of behind-the-scenes character creation. You'll be amazed how the very make-up which is used to create a character to fit the story affects and influences the way the character is to be acted. How the mere appearance of the character, decided upon after laborious work with make-up and still-camera tests, sends the actor off to practice a walk, a manner of speech, a mannerism of gesture that will conform to the looks of this creature, and at the same time give credence to the story and point its dramatic effect.

"I got interested in make-up," Karloff told us, "years ago when I was playing stock in North Dakota. I played with a company for fifty-three weeks, with a change of ball twice a week. That's a total of one hundred and six plays. I had to resort to make-up to assist in giving variety to my performances."

According to the way he tells it, Karloff got the more important parts because he was a good "study"—could memorize lines quickly. This was necessary when two plays a week were put on. This is typical; he also claims it was the "greatest luck" that he got a chance to star in films after having been in Hollywood doing small parts for ten years. After that length of time, of course, the studio begins to look upon a player as definitely limited to the small parts. "It's luck," he repeated. "You have nothing more to do with it than you do with the size of your foot." Well, maybe.

It's also luck, he says, that he is signed up for all the pictures he can do for the next two years. Karloff has more to make for Universal, the company that gave him his chance in "Frankenstein" and has offered him in a pair of typical pictures, as well as some to make for Warners.

"The formula for this type of pictures," he remarked, "can be written on the back of an envelope. The character is the victim of some odd circumstance, one who through no fault of his own becomes a menace and must be destroyed."

We asked what kind of reaction there was to his spooky characterizations as revealed in his fan mail. "That's an interesting thing," he said. "Practically everybody grasps precisely what the fundamental idea is. I receive a great amount of mail from youngsters, and with unerring accuracy they put their finger directly upon the crux of the character. They tell me they feel sorry for the character, know it is not his fault, and as to them getting nightmares after seeing the pictures, that is not so. The thrills are the same that come from action pictures and the usual mystery story."

Karloff is one of eight brothers. Most of them followed the parental wish for the sons to enter the consular service—in which two of them have achieved great distinction. "By the time I came along," he said, "the brains had given out, I guess. I was packed off to Oxford to read and prepare for the exams for the Consular, but I spent my time going to the theatres instead."

He set out for Canada on his own. And it was not until many years later that he again saw England. He and his wife, a
California native, live very modestly. Gardening is their mutual pastime. "We grew many of the vegetables served at our table this year," he said with considerable pride. "We are trying to order our living so that when the pictures are all through with me, we won't suffer an immediate change in our lives due to the economic situation. We'll be able to go on living as we are now for several years, at least, even if income from my studio earnings stops. You see, Karloff had saved, and he's been smart enough to learn.

He's Hollywood's outstanding "personality lad," and the ladies, young and older, clamor for tickets when he makes a personal appearance, which is something Gene Raymond does so successfully that his bosses at RKO are planning to build him a stage show to tour the company's leading theatres between his chores before the cameras.

Gene came to this town for a bit of a breath between personal appearances in the Mid-West and East after completion of his latest, and perhaps his best picture in a long time—"Love on a Bet."

After so many parts of the familiar pattern of the young play-boy larking around and falling in love with just the type of girl his wealthy parents disapprove of, you get to thinking of Gene as just that type of chap. His name figures so prominently, along in the gossip columns as escort for all of the unattached lovelies of Hollywood, that the impression is heightened by what you read in the paper.

But, secretly, the chap with the very blond hair and the ways that are so winning of the damsel's affection, yearns to play dashing romantics in costume. "Scaramouche" is one he has begged studios to get for him—without success.

There's a mighty interesting story in this young Gene Raymond. For four years, from his first picture you might say, he has commanded a big personal following. And yet he has had the benefit of relatively few really "big pictures" to build and buttress his personal fortunes as a screen personality.

"Ladies of the Big House" was perhaps his first important picture. After that there came "Red Dust," in which he had a secondary role; then "Sadie McKee" and "Flying Down to Rio." Of course there were, too, such good but not outstanding pictures as "Ann Carver's Profession" and "Andersonville," the strongest from the standpoint of Raymond's own part and the elaborateness of the film was "Zoo in Budapest."

But that only goes to show that the occasional big ones are not so important as a succession of less spectacular films when it comes to building up a following that lasts. And that most reliable of all guides to popularity, the box office itself, attests to his personal popularity when Gene Raymond makes an appearance "in the flesh."

He seems to thrive on the arduous job involved in these personal appearances. Of course it's a thriving business, from the standpoint of the bankroll to collect the headline pay-check when theatres do a sell-out business. But I mean, Gene Raymond enjoys the personal appearance tours for their own sake.

"I'd like to spend several months every year touring the theatres," he said. "I'd even like to play one-night stands. It's hard work, of course, but you get around to seeing many different kinds of audiences, and it's stimulating, to say the least."

there are more atomizers to come, masquerading as animal statuettes. For instance, your lucky eligible, your favorite dog, might hide your secret of fragrance rare at the at a showering of ornament to your dressing-table.

One important thing to remember when you use an atomizer is to be sure you clean it thoroughly before you put in fresh perfume. This is best done with alcohol, which should remove all traces of the former fragrance and also take off any brownish stains that might have been left. Get your atomizer and third full of alcohol and swish it around so every corner is reached. Pour this out, and rinse with spray alcohol through the tube a few times.

A change of perfume is good for the soul! If you use the same fragrance too long and too steadily, you actually become desensitized to it so you can't tell how much you're wearing. You may have on far too much, or too little, but you can't trust your own nose to tell you the truth about it.

Even more important is the grand feeling of emotional "lift" a new perfume can give you, provided you've chosen it because you like it and feel that it's for you. You'll even look prettier because the pleasure an interesting new scent gives you will be reflected in your face—like surprise or an anticipated adventure!

Did you know that perfume was first used in religious ceremonies? In ancient Arabia, aromatic gums and woods were burned like incense, and as the fragrant fumes were wafted toward the heavens, the spirits of the worshippers rose with them to their god. Early Egyptians put perfume in liquid and ointment forms for ceremonial rites as well as for personal adornment. That was thousands of years ago, but there is nothing new or startling in the knowledge that perfume has powers to affect the emotions of you who wear it as well as those around you.

Don't go on wearing perfume after it has become monotonous to you. Give it a rest, and use something else for a while. The wisest method, and one Hollywood even you devotees to the Oriental fragrances should find in character. There are violet perfumes ranging from very light and sweet to a deep, haunting scent. In the Spring fashion picture, there's a variety of violet perfumes ranging from very light and sweet to a deep, haunting scent.
dislim room at his simplex, a sigh escaped him—of which he was unaware, but of which the observant Joe took due note.

There was no more business that day. But hardly had he adjusted his mother and cutter next morning when the first wire arrived. It was addressed to "Quirk, 376 North 23rd Street." He read the message as the tape slipped through the monitor:

"TERribly sorry impossible leave just now stop hope father pulls through love harry"

"Her brother," thought Steve, then pulled up short against another idea. Could Harry be her husband? "Husband nothing," he decided comfortably, "she's too much of a kid to be married," and remained wholly unconscious of the direction in which his thoughts were leading him. All he knew was that a girl with raindrops in her hair had walked into the office, borrowed his fountain pen, raised her brown eyes to his and—

"So Harry's leaving her in the lurch," mused Steve, "the hell with Harry!" He stuck the wire into an envelope and gave it to Joe.

"Make it snappy," he said. Joe muttered something unintelligible, as he glanced through the window and pulled on his jacket. It was raining harder than it had the day before. The moment he'd gone, it occurred to Steve that he might have phoned the message. A hunt through the directory revealed no Quirks. Probably mill folk, too poor to own a phone. He recalled that the foot of Twenty-third Street ran down to the river and was bordered by shacks, and that ill-clad children clattered over its wooden paving on roller skates.

"What kind of a joint is it?" he inquired of Joe, as the latter entered, shaking the rain from his shoulders like a dog.

"What kind of a joint is what?" returned his startled assistant.

"Where those Quirks live—where the old man's sick?"

A prolonged whistle was Joe's only reply. He picked up the wires which had accumulated for the cotton mill during his absence, and took his departure.

They were about to close up at two minutes past six when the girl made her second appearance. This time her hair was covered by a small, damp, green hat. She was out of breath and obviously upset.

"Am I too late to send a telegram? I work at the Five-and-Ten and I couldn't get off any sooner. They only let me go now because my father's sick."

Steve was already proffering the fountain pen. "How's your old man?" he heard himself asking, somewhat to his own incredibility.

"Better thank you," she smiled, and bent her energies to composition.

"FATHER MUCH BETTER DON'T WORRY LOVE FROM US ALL"

She handed the wire to Steve. "Night letter," she said. He took the pen and filled in her name and address.

"Forgot it again," she reproached herself. "But you've got a good memory, I must say. Why you even know the address!" Her eyes, he noted, were a shade lighter than her hair, and her round chin...
was dimpled. She wasn’t as nervous as she’d been the day before. “How much?”

He counted the words. “Only nine. That’s a night message. Half a buck with the tax.”

“Charge plenty for your telegrams, don’t you?” she asked, rummaging in her bag.

“Oh,” he grinned. “I’m a regular Spylock.” He followed her to the door and slid hastily round in front of her to open it.

“So long!” he called. Still she didn’t appear round the corner. That night he went to the movies, but while his eyes were fastened to the screen, his mind wandered.

A week went by before he saw her again. The moment she came in, he knew what had happened. It was two in the afternoon—two hour for a girl from the Five-and-Ten to be at large. Besides, the tip of her wadacome little nose shone like wax with much weeping.

Her wire was to Harry Quirk:

“FATHER DIED AT NOON FUNERAL THURSDAY THRUST PLEASE COME AT ONCE RUTH”

Steve looked down at her hands, trembling on the yellow blank. “I’m so sorry,” he whispered.

She smiled, and the smile was more pathetic than any tears. “Father’s been sick a long time,” she confided from between quivering lips. “It’s better for him this way.”

He stood out of sight at the door, and for the second time his eyes followed her down the street. Grieving though she was, she tripped away swiftly, daintily as before, her coat swaying with the delicate motion of her hips—and vanished round the corner as though a breeze had blown her away.

She didn’t come again, though Steve watched the door, hoping against foolish hope. The office was a more desolate hole than ever, with Joe chewing his fingers in the corner, the Simplex clicking out arid messages for the cotton mill and the weather so cheerless that they had to keep the lights burning almost all day.

But at Christmas time Harry sent Christ- mas wire No. 15. For one wild moment Steve considered the possibility of delivering it himself, but almost before the fantastic notion took shape, he abandoned it.

Joe was grumpy, the extra messenger boy they had taken for no earthly use the bell on the Simplex kept ringing all day long, and he had to stick to the office while all the rest of the world made merry.

Ruth appeared on New Year’s Eve. The office was open till eight. She sent Harry New Year’s wire No. 3.

“Happy New Year,” ventured Steve as she paid in. She gave him a friendly smile. “The same to you.”

He gulped, gathered his courage together and asked: “Doing anything tonight?”

“Staying home with mother. She’s so lonely since father died.”

Well—I certainly hope you have better luck next year.”

“Thanks,” she said, “Happy New Year,” and was gone. Steve spent the rest of the evening, recalling her words, her gestures, the look in her brown eyes. “Nice girl,” he thought. “Stays home with her mother. Why didn’t I date her up for some other night? Well, anyway—” he comforted himself, “she talked to me about her family just as if we were old friends.”

It took him two weeks to decide on the next step, for he was a diffident youth.

“You’re not the aggressive type,” Joe had once assured him—and besides, Ruth Quirk was such a pretty girl. Why should she bother with him? Eventually, however, he found himself at the Five-and-Ten.

It was Saturday night. The telegraph office closed at six, but the Five-and-Ten was open till eight. There were two Five-and-Tens in Bend River, one downtown right next to the bank; the other at the corner of Fifteenth Street. Because it was nearest the office. Steve tried the Fifteenth Store first. He moved from counter to counter, luring soap and chewing gum that he didn’t want, sliding his eyes this way and that till with a little shock he discovered Ruth in the hardware and elec- tric department.

He started in feigned surprise—a wasted effort, since she wasn’t looking at him—and stuttered toward the counter.

“Gee—everything Miss Quirk?”

“Oh—hello. What are you doing here?”

“Buying out the shop.” He’d rehearsed this speech in advance. “Got a couple of 40-watt bulbs to spare?”

As she found the bulbs and tested them, he searched his mind in a panic for conversation.

“Blowy out, isn’t it?”

“I’ll say it is.”

“Like working here?”

She shrugged. “You have to work some- where.”

The package was ready. What next? Another customer came up—and still an- other, Steve dawdled about, fingering nails and screws. “When this one goes,” he ordered himself fiercely, “pay it. What are you doing tonight, Miss Quirk? What are you doing tonight, Miss Quirk? What are you doing tonight, Miss Quirk? What’s so hard about that, you say?”

Ruth turned back to him.

“What are you doing tonight, Miss Quirk?” he asked.

“Same as every other night—staying home.”

“Care to take in a movie?”

“Love to.” Steve marveled at the ease with which a pretty girl could be dated up.

He hung around till closing time, then took her home—just to grab a sandwich and tell my mother where I’m going.”

Steve waited outside the house. It was snowing and the wind, blowing up from the river, swirled the flakes about him. The house was small and shabby, as he’d imagined it, with some empty flower-pots standing forlorn on the sagging porch.

Ruth didn’t keep him waiting long. She walked beside him like a trusting child, her coat swinging, her dainty feet swal-
loved in overshoes, her collar buttoned up about her throat. They took the car at the corner. Steve told her his name, and couldn't resist the temptation of telling her too that he'd been at college for two years.

"But I thought it was time I quit and earned my own money," he added gruffly, a little ashamed of showing off.

There were three movie houses in Bend River. They went to the showiest, at the corner of Main and Fourth. It was Greta Garbo in "Anna Karenina," and they both enjoyed it. That is—Steve didn't really get much of a kick out of Garbo and though the picture should have had a happy ending, Ruth, on the other hand, was mad about Garbo but thought she was throwing herself away on Fredrie March. "He has a silly haircut," she said, "and besides, he's getting fat."

They stopped at the corner drugstore on the way home. Ruth ordered a hot chocolate and Steve a banana split. He swallowed a cherry and dug his spoon into the sticky cream. "Know what?" he said suddenly. "I think you're lots better-looking than Garbo."

She flashed him a glance, half deprecating, half demure. "You crazy!" she said softly.

His spirits rose unaccountably. "How about playing the slot machine?" he asked. After feeding the monster six nickels, Ruth won a pocket comb, and so the evening ended on an auspicious note.

He saw her the next Saturday and the next and the next. He was head over heels in love, and made no effort to conceal the fact from himself. He could find no flaw in her. As for Ruth, she was sweet and friendly; and when, on that last Saturday night, he kissed her upturned mouth, he could feel the responsive pressure of her lips. Steve went home in a daze, and began figuring furniture costs on the back of a yellow telegram blank.

A few days later he was startled to see her name on the tape that glided from the moister:

"MISS RUTH QUIRK
376 NORTH 23 STREET
BEND RIVER OHIO"

CONGRATULATIONS WE TAKE PLEASURE IN INFORMING YOU THAT YOU HAVE WON FIRST PRIZE IN OUR CONTEST QUOTE BEAUTY IN THE FIVE AND TEN UNQUOTE STOP CHECK FOR FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN MAIL STOP FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD AND TEST GUARANTEED STOP WESTERN UNION RE-
SENTATIVE WILL CALL ON YOU AT 2 P. M. THURSDAY KINDLY GIVE HIM DETAILED INTERVIEW IMPERATIVE FOR PUBLICITY PURPOSES"

SILVER SHEET MAGAZINE"

Steve sat staring at the message for perhaps three minutes, while the sweat broke out on his forehead. This was awful. This was worse than a left to the jaw. What was it all about anyway? A practical joke? Some instinct told him it wasn't. What about his plane the furniture? he thought wildly, feeling in some curious fashion that he'd been betrayed. Why hadn't she dropped him a hint of what was going on?

Slowly his mind began to function again. "You're a nice one," he jeered, "worrying about yourself instead of being glad for her.

Joe was out, so he picked up the phone and called the Woolworth number which he knew by heart. His blood pounded as he waited for her voice on the wire.

"Sixteenth Street Western Union calling," he said, "We have a message for you.

"Dentyne's a Double Attraction — Keeps Mouth Healthy — Tastes Delicious"

DENTYNE KEEPS TEETH WHITE. Our ancestors had good teeth because they ate foods that required plenty of chewing — gave teeth and gums healthful exercise. Our foods today are soft, over-refined—that's why many dentists advise chewing Dentyne. The specially firm, chewy consistency encourages the exercise needed for mouth health. It cleanses in a pleasant, natural way.

YOU'LL LIKE ITS SPICY FLAVOR! Its delicious taste alone makes a great many people Dentyne enthusiasts. It's fragrant—it's smooth — and the flavor is lasting. An excellent chewing gum in every way. Note the smart flat shape of the package — made to slip handily into pocket or purse — an original and exclusive Dentyne feature.

Keeps teeth white — mouth healthy
Faintly through the phone he could hear the hustle of trade at the Five-and-Ten.

"Don't be funny, Steve," said Ruth.

With her voice so close, the chill at his heart melted a little. "Didn't I tell you you are better than Garbo?

"Steve!" she protested. "Did you call me to the phone for that?"

Then he read her the wire. He hadn't got very far when he heard a sharp little cry. "What did you say?" he asked her.

"Go on, Steve, go on!" she cried frantically, and when he had finished, hung up without a word. He had no choice but to return to his machine, endlessly spitting wires for the cotton mill.

She came in a little after four, hatless again, raindrops glittering in her hair again, as they had the first time he'd ever seen her.

"Congratulations."

If there was any lack of sincerity in his tone, she didn't notice it. "Thanks, Steve, thanks." She was breathless. "I ran every step from the store. I've got to send a wire."

"You could have phoned it."

"Oh—I didn't know just how to word it. I thought you could help me. You know more about things like that."

He pulled out his fountain pen. "Whaddaya mean, things like that?" he pretended to grumble. "When was the last time I won a beauty prize?" It was a rather forlorn joke. From his corner Joe grinned at the two heads bent above their labors—which produced, after much knitting of brows and a little argument, the following businesslike results:

"SILVER SHEET
5900 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

SILVER SHEET, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA, NEWS WILL BE GLAD TO SEE YOUR REPRESENTATIVE TOMORROW STOP AWAIT FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS REGARDING TRIP"

RUTH QIRK"

Ruth regarded her signature and frowned. "That's no kind of a name for Hollywood."

Steve threw her a startled glance. She was probably right, though if such an idea would never have occurred to him. Movie stars did have fancier names, come to think of it. "Takes a girl," he thought with a flash of bitterness, which gave way to a moment of panic. Did this mean that Ruth was really leaving him?—to be a movie star?

"How's about tonight?" he asked abruptly. "Oh, I'll have to stay home tonight. The whole town'll be popping in to hear about it."

"Tomorrow then?"

"I'll call you," she promised absently, "when the interview's over."

She didn't call him, and he was too proud and too sore at heart to call her. Late that afternoon a man came in, who was obviously no denizen of Bend River.

"Can I send a wire from this dump?"

The interview-fellow! Steve eyed him glumly. Damn sissy with his polished fingernails! "Waddaya think we do—sell pigs?"

"Hm," murmured the stranger, "wise guy!" and pushed over two scrawled blanks for Steve to decipher.

"SILVER SHEET
5900 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

BEAUTY CONTEST WINNER INTERVIEWED AT FIVE AND TEN SAYS SHE WILL BUY
MOTHER NEW ROCKER HERSELF SHEER HOSE STOP HAS NEW NAME VIOLA CARNI WHICH SHE WANTS USED IN ALL PUBLICITY STOP DOESN'T SMOKE, DOESN'T DRINK HAS NO BOY FRIEND CRAZY ABOUT PICTURES HOPES TO MEET GARY COOPER NEVER SAW A PICTREE STOP SHE IS SYLVIA SIDNEY TYPE HER FAVORITE ACTRESS GARBO STOP STORY ON WAY ROLLY" 

The man tipped his hat in polite irony, leaving Steve to brood over the words HAS NO BOY FRIEND as he sent the message off. It wasn't strictly a lie, of course, but it wasn't strictly the truth either. They were taking her from him, he thought, sudden pain twisting his heart—stealthily somehow, behind his back—and there wasn't a thing in the world he could do about it.

Then his saner self took the upper hand. He wasn't being fair. Instead of being glad that she'd had such a stroke of luck, he sat there musing. That night he bought some flowers and had them sent to Ruth's house with a card. It made him feel very much the gentleman and rather magnanimous, to boot, though he had at the same time a sneaking suspicion that flowers didn't go very well with the shabby little house in Twenty-third Street.

He didn't hear from her next day nor the next nor the next. But he got plenty of telegrams for her. Silversheet was bombarding her with advice and instructions that sounded like orders:

"MISS RUTH QUIRK 376 NORTH 23 STREET BEND RIVER, OHIO HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND WE HOLD EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS TO YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS STOP ANY CONTRACTS OFFERED YOU MUST BE REFERRED TO US SILVERSHEET"

"MISS RUTH QUIRK 376 NORTH 23 STREET BEND RIVER, OHIO VIOLA CARNI UNSATISFACTORY AS PROFESSIONAL NAME WILL USE VIOLA PALMER IN ALL FUTURE PUBLICITY STOP MAKING PROGRESS WITH STUDIO RE CONTRACT SILVERSHEET"

"MISS RUTH QUIRK 376 NORTH 23 STREET BEND RIVER, OHIO HAVE ASSIGNED ROWLAND LYMAN FIRSTCLASS WRITER TO DO YOUR LIFE STORY TO RUN SERIALLY IN OUR MAGAZINE STOP KINDLY GIVE HIM COMPLETE COOPERATION SILVERSHEET"

Steve discovered that his nerves had begun jumping every time he caught sight of Ruth's name on the strip of tape gliding from the moister. He went to Woolworth's but she was no longer there. When he asked the new girl at the hardware counter for Miss Quirk, her eyes opened wide and she told him in awestruck whispers that Miss Quirk was getting ready to go to Hollywood. He couldn't keep his feet from straying that night to the house in Twenty-third Street. The windows were lighted. He forced himself up the rickety steps to the door, stood there for a moment or two with his heart thumping, then turned and went home.

(To Be Continued)

ROLL UP TO A PACK OF KOOLs and see how much more you get for your money! A blend of tobaccos to win your tongue, mildly mentholated to cool your throat, cork tips to save your lips. And a valuable B & W coupon to save for handsome premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Let's go! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.

SAVE COUPONS...MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS

Luncheon Sets—Pure linen; hand embroidered. 3 colors...225 coupons FREE, Write for illustrated 20-page B & W premium booklet, No. 11

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

Phenomenal Table—Beautifully finished walnut and mahogany...375 coupons
They "Give" As Well As Get!

Continued from page 33

picture—would be exhibited at a sanitarium for tubercular patients.

One might gather from the foregoing it is only when people are in actual distress that the stars remember and come to their aid. That, however, as Mushy Callahan would say, "is a misperception."

About six weeks ago, the DeWitt Fields was making two-reel comedies for Mack Sennett. In one of them he was supposed to be riding a motorcycle and a truck was to back into him. Something went wrong. The truck backed into him, all right, but it kept on backing, knocked him off the motorcycle and ran over him, breaking a vertebra in the back of his neck. Johnny Sinclair, a stunt man, saw what was happening, dove under the truck and pulled Fields out before the front wheels passed over him. Bill wanted to do something for him but Johnny dismissed it with "It's all part of the game." He wouldn't accept a dime.

Six years is a long time to remember but recently, while working on "The Man on the Flying Trappelo," Bill learned Johnny had given up stunt work and was trying to make a living writing dialogue and gags. He insisted Johnny be put on his picture and Johnny did such a good job that when the picture was finished he was placed under contract.

Who'd ever have suspected gruff, bluff old Bill Fields of a sentimental streak? And by the same token, who would ever dream that smart-cracking Mae West, who not only gets her men but gets the best of them, would be concerned with anyone or anything not in a position to "do me some good?"

Well, Mae has with her constantly, two bodyguards furnished by the District Attorney's office. Not long ago she learned one of them, Jack Southard, has a little girl. On the child's birthday Mae gave her a diamond-encrusted gold bangle that was dainty and large enough for the tot to move around in.

Another who plays hard-boiled damsel on the screen but who is just the opposite in real life is John Tynan whose good natured courtesies and generositys not only to intimates acquaintances but to others as well, really deserve a story all to themselves—provided Gert would talk about it, which she won't.

In contrast to Gertrude, Irene Dunne has always been regarded as "the perfect lady"—both on and off screen. People who know her go into raves when her name is mentioned. And with just cause. Only a few weeks ago Irene heard a girl named Virginia Reid, ( Moriarty believes), sing. Irene was so impressed with the girl's voice that she is paying for her training and schooling for an operatic career—a career the girl could never have managed unaided. There are not many stars, noted for their own voices, who would further the career of another girl who might some day prove stiff competition.

Nor does Sylvia Sidney's wistful smile belie her character. She rarely makes a trip to New York that she doesn't send a host of presents to all her friends on the lot. She doesn't wait to bring them when she returns, she sends them.

I don't recall that Bing Crosby ever made a record of an old song that starts out, "I am just a sentimental sap that's all"—but he should have, because he is! When Eddie Lang, who had accompanied him on the radio from the time he first went on
hadn't can New WEEK! complete probably that the wouldn't writers, women find cheerfully return inches. spare a When notice a a put pretention constandy the work see not

"A

when she was working on the M-G-M lot there was an office boy, whom Marion didn't know beyond seeing him as she went in and out. One day she realized she had seen him in several weeks and asked what had become of him. She was told the boy had developed a cata
cract and was going blind—that he was, consequently, unable to work anywhere. Marion found out his address, sent specialists in droves to see him, and when they couldn't do anything for him she brought out her best specialist in New York to operate on him. The boy's sight was saved. The only thing she asked in return was that he say nothing about who paid the bills. When he was cured his gratitude was so great he couldn't keep it to himself.

A diamond in the rough® fittingly describes Jimmy. Jimmy is the latest push-over in the business for any sort of touch. Despite the demands made on him by friends, he is constantly going out of his way to help things for people. Last winter when we were in New York together we met a friend of his vaudeville days who had fallen on evil times. Jimmy tried in vain to persuade the fellow to accept a loan. He wouldn't and Jimmy was stewing around in an effort to find some way of helping him. He finally went to a tailor, paid the face sum and has the tailor 'phone his friend to come in and be measured for a complete new wardrobe. The chap is probably still wondering who his benefactor was.

Don't gather the impression from these incidents I have cited that "little acts of kindness" are as far as the stars go in remembering. It's only that the more pre
tenations their gestures, the more loath they are to speak of them and the harder it is to find out. It is only because of my close friendship with Joe Morrison that I can tell you of the following.

He and his manager have been together nine years. A不在 R备用 new partners in a vaudeville act. When Joe got his Paramount contract he insisted upon his partner coming west with him as his manager. Joe's salary has been increased so much that he has turned out all the unsightly work. And he and his partner have been together for six months.

Dick Powell, who is disliked only by people who don't know him, has done some of the nicest things of any person in Hollywood. But no one ever hears of that side of Dick. One of the most generous gestures I've ever heard of anyone making in a town where the income often is greater than Dick's. When Phil Regan wasn't getting the breaks Dick thought toward voice merited. Dick went into the front office and spent half a day there begging various officials to give Phil the lead in a pretentious picture that had been intended for Dick. And people talk of professional jealousy!

DEVELOP YOUR CURVES! Don't be disconsolate if your form is flat, nippy, or unde
veloped! There's still hope if you'll try my VENUS CREAM METHOD, simple and harmless and often with 1 to 2 inches. Wonderful for sweaty neck and arms, wrinkles and excess. Hundreds of satisfied users: "My friends are beginning to notice the improvement in my figure," says Miss F. H. J., New Bldg., L.A. "You should see the curves my form has now" writes Miss W. R., 6th S., L.A.

30-Day Treatment Only $1.00

If you are not surprised and delighted with results, return empty container and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

ROSE MILLER, BOX 1971-SU., Birmingham, Ala.

SHOULD YOU RIDE ON THE BONNED SKELETON? Maybe you're one of the many people who say: "I'm not a good rider. Can't control my horse. Can't stay in the saddle. I keep falling off." You have a natural fear of what you call the "Boned Skeleton." No matter what you may tell yourself, you are afraid. No matter how much experience you may think you have, you are afraid. That's why you've been riding wrong and aren't getting the most out of your horses.

Miss Gladys Davis, the famous horsewoman, has solved the problem of the broken skeleton by developing a new treatment. Miss Davis was the first to use it, and it is now being used by leading horsemen throughout the country.

The treatment is simple and easy, and it has been found to be the best way to teach a horse to carry a rider. The method is based on the principle that a horse should be taught to carry itself, not to carry the rider. In other words, the horse should be trained to keep its balance, and not to rely on the rider for support.

Miss Davis' treatment has been tested by many horsemen, and has proven to be very effective. It is a natural and safe method of teaching a horse to carry a rider, and it has been found to be much more successful than the old methods of "spooking" and "jumping on."
Chester Morris has been criticized more than once for being so wrapped up in his immediate family that no one else matters to him.

Once, just as he was leaving on an extended location trip, his stand-in, (Edie McKenna), broke his arm. The train was about ready to roll when Chester learned of the mishap. But no sooner had he arrived at his destination than he called his wife over long distance and told her to see that Edie had the best of care in the way of hospital attention and doctors. And he footed the bills. Close as Chester and I are, I had to learn of this from Edie.

Perhaps I’m wrong, but I’ve always believed George Washington knew whereof he spoke when he said, “A slender acquaintance with the world must convince every man that actions, not words, are the true criterion of friendship.”

It seems to me a picture inscribed “Lest You Forget” is not the surest way in the world of etching oneself into a friend’s memory. The happy smiles many people in this world are wearing as a benediction to the kindness of stars indicates there is a sure, better way and that many stars have found it.

“Always Be In Love” Continued from page 55

breeding, ability and a merry way with everyone. Those little, one of the nest national fraternities, had captured him for their chapter; the baseball varsity couldn’t win without him, and the glee club wouldn’t dream of being praised in his voice to garner huzzahs. His major was science, and he planned to go on to Johns Hopkins for the post-graduate medical course which would make him a surgeon.

All these details didn’t come directly from John. But he did confess to me that he lost no time wooing the loveliest girl on the campus.

He was handed his B.A. degree on a Tuesday and the wedding was on Thursday evening in her home; with their parents beaming proudly. Their mothers had been school-chums. Friday he had to be off soldiering. All men, he had patriotically enlisted in the War.

“Women who try to fool themselves into figuring a career or a job of any sort can recompense for the lack of love are silly. They may arrange for self-sufficiency, but is that not the fault of the woman if they’re making. Their friend’s kind expression doesn’t hide the plain fact that here are lives which are truly tragic.”

Marechite Boles is utterly feminine. She had a college education and an ex-Beat, but she’s never failed to be John’s ex-Beat ideal. She has stayed attractive and fun, running their home superlatively and giving their two children the best of care. Hospitable and tactful, she’s ready for a lark whenever he is.

In John’s estimation you are happiest when you are intended you should. He handles all the family’s business and being the provider delights him.

“Following the wonderful instincts with which we are all endowed is the antidote for discontent, frustration. The more normal you are, the more you’ll discover in love. If our experiences with love have been sad it’s not the fault of the world, it’s because we’ve gone off on perversions. Or we’ve not turned down shoddy substitutes for love because we can obtain by waiting for genuine emotional response.”

Environment has practically nothing to
"Yet they are touched on hidden chords by sentimental fancies. Poetry, music, the moon—all the enthrallingly tender little trimmings which can make life enchanting are intimately tied up with why, they're no conception of how to get along without love?"

It's interrupting, but you should glimpse John and Marcelite on a shopping tour. They've come down about Early America and each piece they select for their home in Beverly is purchased by both of them together. That's the way they tackle love—no separations that can be prevented.

"You map your own limitations," John insisted. "So don't hang onto any cynical streaks. Realize your new faith in yourself—daily until all materializes as you want, keep visualizing what you'll do and say when the one right one suddenly crosses your path.

"My method doesn't cost money, and you don't have to escape somewhere else. You must not rely on others. Be gay, be human, and be yourself uninhibited. That isn't too hard, is it?"

Michael Whalen, above, is one of the most promising new screen leading men.

"The superficial, surface aids and technique that enhance romance will be on your follow-through program. Notice what material improvements you can make; go ahead and make them.

"It strikes me that basic precepts mustn't be overlooked, however. Women must never forget that men want to capitalize, be intrigued. If a girl isn't acting as though she's on a pedestal, she ought to climb on one immediately. She should abhor any thing that smacks of cheapness. Man must bear in mind that women always want to be conquered. He'll cease to be the glamorous, domineer male the minute he lets his superiority be stolen.

"There's a lot of current discussion on clothes and their contribution. My observations lead me to the conclusion that women must be dressed themselves to be enticing; a man doesn't have to bother. A stirring tone in his voice, a husky physique, and a gallant air are far more valuable to him."

In parting John added, "Romance is the finest of the fine arts; it has a thousand raptures. And all the subtleties will be increasingly easy to master when you have resolved to respect your own capability. You'll be playing those big scenes yourself!"

He grinned. "Remember, too, that love thrives better when you garnish it with just the proper dash of suspicion!"

Marcelite, you don't have to assure me it's never dull with John! There are voids for him. There can't be when he's both living and lives, principality, to be in love.
Stormy Sidney
Continued from page 51

casual evening in the theatre to you and me, was a knife in the heart to Sylvia Sidney—and also the handwriting on the wall, and it looked very much to her like the hand was writing “Fins.” Now was the time—if ever. Sylvia extricated herself from her Paramount contract, moved out of Dressing-Room 1, and signed a new contract with Walter Wanger productions for better or for worse. (And just to show you how far Sylvia had slipped and how superstitious players are, no one will move into Dressing-Room 1 now.)

Sylvia was due for an “up” and she got it with the new contract. In “Mary Burns, Fugitive” she was given a chance to act the likes of which she hadn’t had since “Ladies of the Big House” and “City Streets,” and again she won her way into the hearts of the movie fans. “Mary Burns, Fugitive” did sensational business. It was quickly followed by “The Trail of the Lonesome Pine” in which picture Sylvia Sidney, little city gal from New York and Brooklyn, gave an amazingly perfect portrayal of a mountain girl. And it must be said to her credit, and to the credit of Henry Fonda, Belah Bondi, and Fred Stone, that they played their parts so well that audiences failed to laugh and snicker at this crackey old melodrama, though it’s the smart thing to do now.

So today at twenty-five—Sylvia will be twenty-six in August—she is right there on the crest of a great big up and she’s got her fingers crossed and I’m knocking on wood for her and maybe there won’t be any more “downs.” She is co-starring with Spencer Tracy in “Mob Rule” at Metro now and then she returns to Wanger to do Emily Bronte’s “Wuthering Heights.” It all looks very pretty.

And what with a new contract and good pictures coming up our little Sylvia has taken a new lease on life, and declares that she is happier now than she has ever been in her life; but Sylvia is a creature of “moods” so I wouldn’t count too strongly on that as tomorrow she might decide she isn’t so happy after all. After one of the shortest marriages recorded in Hollywood—Sylvia was married to Bennett Cerf, New York publisher, in Phoenix, Arizona, last November—Sylvia joined her husband in New York in January and called the whole thing off. When you see that a marriage is not going to work out as you hoped it

Lorraine Bridges sang at a banquet, a film scout heard, and now Lorraine is under contract for pictures.

ECZEMA TORMENTS
quickly pacified by efficient help of
POS LAM
A CONCENTRATED OINTMENT

ECZEMA

Send for FREE SAMPLE
Poslam Station G
NEW YORK

FEMALE HELP WANTED
Earn Extra Money Name: Sara Tim
ADDRESS ENVELOPE to: Women's Aid Office
Send for details.
WOMEN'S AID SOCIETY, Dept. 50, 319 High St., Toledo, Ohio.

Songs for Talking Pictures
BIG ROYALTIES

paid by Motion Picture Producers. Full booklet describes most complete song serving ever offered. Fit writers will revise, arrange, compote music to your lyrics or voice to your music, secure S. & I. Copyrights, broadcast your record and also included are complete script of song, master tape of song, master tape of music, extra music, complete script of song. Include S. & I. Copyrights.

UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 444 Meyer Blvd., Western Avenue and
Sinatra Yoda, Hollywood, California.
would, so Sylvia says, the best thing to do is to cut it off clean. This is the only comment she has to make about her separation and coming divorce. And rather a wise comment, don't you think? When you make a mistake, everyone does at some point or another, call it a mistake and don't go around trying to disguise it as something else. Sylvia is very sensible and un-Hollywoodish about her marriage failure. She doesn't dramatize it, she isn't tragic about it, and she certainly isn't sensational about it, as the press is likely to be.

While she was in New York arranging her separation recently she also did something else for the first time in her life. She bobbed her hair. A very chic bob that looks smart peeping out from under a hat, but when she takes the hat off you definitely miss that bun of soft curls, "I don't like it particularly," Sylvia told me, "but I feel so much cleaner and neater." Sylvia, alas, is growing up. If I ever catch her trying to give a Dietrich arch to her eyebrows I shall slap her hands. But fortunately no matter what Sylvia does to herself she can never change that cute little heart-shaped face and those strange repressed jaye eyes that help her play whimsical children or sad, yearning young girls better than any dramatic actress on the screen. When Sylvia has an "emotional scene" it isn't embarrassing to us, the audience, and that, my lambies-pies, is the acid test.

After refusing to "go Hollywood" all these five years she has been here, Sylvia still calls New York "home" and refuses to "mix" with Hollywood society, she has at last broken down and entered into the spirit of things enough to have her apartment in the Colonial House re-decorated and fight with the decorator. But that's about all. She still refuses to go to Hollywood parties, or to give Hollywood parties; she will not smile and show her teeth when she is feeling unsociable; and, money or no money, she is just as ambitious to become a great actress today as she was when a child of fifteen she made her début as Prunella in "Prunella" on the New York stage, sponsored by the Thad-re House Guild. When you meet Sylvia for the first time you immediately say to yourself, "She is much smaller off the screen than she is on and much sexier on than off." She will meet you very cordially, without a sign of Holly-wood glamor, in wrinkled slacks and with her hair mussed, and you'll say to yourself, "What a sweet child she is." And then she will completely throw you off by lighting a cigarette in a foot-long cigarette holder that would even have amazed Poly Negra.

The things she lutes most are broadcasting—the very thought of speaking into a mike to an "unseen audience" makes her sick for weeks—and any kind of commercial tie-ups. Two of Hollywood's chief indoor sports that she positively refuses to co-operate with. She's a restless soul, always planning to go some place, and at this moment it's "Paris in the spring." Sylvia is one of the few actresses in Hollywood who doesn't want to be popular with the movie crowd. She likes a few people and she is loyal to them to a fault, and it is her contention that to be the sort of person whose intimate circle is large, and whose smiles are tossed in every direction requires too much energy, (it certainly does), and is too great a sacrifice of career and self. If turning a smile on and off like a water faucet is the thing to do in Hollywood, and people will tell you it's the only way to get ahead in this business, then Sylvia will have none of it. She'd rather be a rebel. But she isn't a particularly good rebel for she conforms to the law of the tribe much more than she thinks she does.

To the outsider she is always quiet and poised and dignified, with that same im- penetrable calm that Myrna Loy has. So it was with some surprise that I found that famous calm completely shattered the other day I hunged with her. It seems that she has been rude in a big way, and she hadn't intended being rude, and her conscience was hurting like everything. She had an- swered the phone herself that morning and a voice she did not recognize asked for Miss Sidney. "This is Miss Sidney," said Sylvia. "This is Joan Crawford," said the Voice. "All right," said Sylvia, "this is Garbo, so what." "I would like to have you come to a cocktail party I am giving for Leopold Stokowski next Sunday," the Voice continued, but Sylvia was in one of her moods and didn't feel like playing so she interrupted with, "Sorry, but I'm walking by the sea on Sunday," and hung up. A gag, she muttered, and returned to her knitting. And then she happened to read in the paper that Joan Crawford really was giving a party on Sunday in honor of the famous conductor. "How was I to know?" Sylvia moaned to me, "I have never heard Joan's voice over the phone before. I thought she'd be the last person in Hollywood to invite me to a party. And almost every day some snotty calls up and says this is Miss Garbo, or Miss Dietrich, or Miss Hepburn, and I thought it was just somebody trying to be cute again. Oh, this is horrible. Joan will probably think I'm the rudest person in the world."

Well, I enjoyed her misery for a while and then I assured her that a lot of other movie stars thought it a gag too. When I shud-Stokowski and said, "This is Joan Crawford," Mr. Stewart responded with "Howya, Toots." After all, it is unusual to have Joan Crawford call you up. I didn't tell Sylvia, but I'll tell you thought it was a gag, too, and suspected one of my best friends.

And so, the only way people can't get to first base with an interview. She is very friendly and has a decided sense of humor and if she thinks she can detect a smart sense of humor in you the interview will very likely be a romp. I made the grave mistake of saying something witty, (oh, you probably won't think it's funny), to Sylvia a year or so ago and ever since she has accepted me as a kindred soul with a sense of humor. It seems that I had to get a story on Sylvia for a fan magazine, (you're going to hear that "witty" thing I said whether you want to or not), and I made the appointment through Paramount and she invited me to her apartment at the Colonial House for lunch. She served brook trout and I am mad about brook trout and ate hers and mine both. The interview was published and even I had to admit that it is a happy doing. A month or so later I bumped into Sylvia at the Vendome and she percy-ly reminded me of all the trout I had eaten and suggested that in return for the trout I pay for her luncheon. "Miss Sidney," I said with mock hauteur, "for your trout I gave you tripe, and I'm no longer indebted to you." Whether you think it's funny or not Sylvia did, and it established me in her mind as a wit. The trout and the tripe and my paying for lunch have become one of those Hollywood routines. Sylvia always pays, I may add, and never fails to comment as she picks up the check, "I don't like your stories on me and I don't see why I should have to pay this." If you are an aspiring fan writer, (there must be something else you can do), take a tip from your Aunt Maggie and when you're interviewing Sylvia Sidney, any movie star, look as serious as a tombstone and as gloomy as an over-drawn account, and along about the entire Sylvia will tell you out of awe or sheer boredom or some- thing why she separated from Bennett Cerf and who the heart-throb is now. My failure in this regard has been so large that I always giggled with the aperitif.
At 6—Sally is tired out after a hard office day

At 7—Sally is radiant, gay, her skin fresh and delicately fragrant

This quick Beauty Bath peps you up—leaves you dainty...

For the girl who wants to win out with men, daintiness is all-important. There's a world of fascination in skin that's not only thoroughly clean, but delicately fragrant, too!

You'll love the way a Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath relaxes and refreshes you. You'll love the fresh, sweet odor it gives your skin. And here's another important thing:

The lather of Lux Toilet Soap is active. It cleans the pores deeply, carrying away stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. After a Lux Toilet Soap bath, you feel like a different person. You're ready for conquests—and you look it!

9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap because they've found it such a superb complexion care. They use it as a bath soap, too, because they know neck and shoulders need the beautifying care this gentle soap gives.
Chesterfield writes its own advertising They Satisfy
Clark Gable's Bachelor Dates

The World's Greatest Love Story—See Page 24
"Maikai!" Enchanting! It's the word in Hawaii... the word the world around, for the glamorous fragrance Gemey. For wherever there is moonlight... flooding Honolulu Bay, glancing off the prow of a gondola in the Grand Canal or lighting a garden pathway... wherever romance and youth and laughter are abroad in the land, there, too, is the lovely fragrance Gemey. Women wear it in Naples and Nassau and Nice... in cosmopolitan centers of five continents. Wear it because it is wistful and winsome, wear it because it is gay and young. Wear it because men like it... as you'll like it, when you discover at your favorite perfume counter this world-honored bouquet Richard Hudnut presents to America, the fragrance Gemey!

In Hawaii... in every romance port o' call... wherever there are lovely women, there's the perfume they adore... the fragrance Gemey!
Surrounded by Luxuries...
he spends only
25¢ for his Toothpaste

Richard Arlen says: "I like a dentifrice that has substance and body to it... one that does a good job of cleansing... particularly when it comes to removing discoloration. Maybe that's why I'm such a consistent rooter for that Listerine Tooth Paste."

SCREEN stars don't guess about their tooth paste. They can't afford to, with millions ready to spot the slightest flaw in teeth.

Is it any wonder then that the famous screen star, Dick Arlen, surrounded by luxury and able to pay any price for a dentifrice, chooses Listerine Tooth Paste? Its brilliant results won him as they have won more than 3,000,000 other users.

Why not give your teeth the same wonderful care? Buy a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today, and use it twice daily for three weeks. You will be delighted to see the improvement in the brilliance of your teeth.

See how thoroughly but how gently it cleans... See how it erases stubborn discolorations... See how it makes precious enamel gleam and shine.... And note the wonderful feeling of freshness and invigoration it gives to the entire mouth.

You will like Listerine Tooth Paste from the moment you try it... It is in every way worthy of the fine name it bears. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.
They were BORN to play these roles

You never saw two stars more perfectly suited to portray the "male-and-female" of this great drama of San Francisco's bravest days! Clark Gable, owner of a gambling hell and Jeanette MacDonald as the innocent girl, stranded in a wicked city! Their first time together on the screen... and it's an electrifying thrill!

**Here's a Love Song for You!**

It's called "WOULD YOU"
The composers of "Alone" (Brown and Freed) have written a new one called "WOULD YOU". Try it on YOUR sweetheart for exciting results... but first hear Jeanette MacDonald sing it. The screen's beautiful songbird also sings a thrilling number... "SAN FRANCISCO" in addition to "THE JEWEL SONG" and "MANON".

Clark GABLE
Jeanette MAC DONALD

San Francisco

with

Spencer TRACY

Jack Holt • Ted Healy • Jesse Ralph

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

See the "Paradise" hottest spot of Frisco's most daring days... with Clark managing!

See New Year's Eve revels in San Francisco... with champagne flowing in fountains!

See "The Chickens' Ball"... with a pot of gold for the most popular entertainer!

See A gala first night at the Tivoli Opera House... Jeanette MacDonald the glamorous star!

See San Francisco in flames... a roaring cauldron of death and destruction!
Gary Cooper's Suppressed Desire!

"Mr. Deeds Goes To Town," Gary's new picture, has made him big news again. So you won't want to miss the feature in next month's SCREENLAND which shows you the elusive "Coop" in a new light. You may be surprised, but you'll sure like this story; and you won't be "in the know" about the most important screen man of the moment until you've read it.

Remember: the best Gary Cooper story is one of the big features in July SCREENLAND, on sale June 3rd.
Thrills and chills galore, with something happening every second as moments of grand comedy are followed by gripping drama, Fred MacMurray turns in a he-man performance as the devil-may-care pilot who falls in love with his lovely blonde passenger, Joan Bennett. ZaSu Pitts, never funnier; Fred Keating; Brian Donlevy; Alan Baxter; Bennie Bartlett, a fine kid actor, and the others are fine too. See this!

Good clean fun for the whole family, with Irvin S. Cobb, humorist, novelist, and now film character actor as an American businessman who thrives on competition. Rochelle Hudson supplies the eye-appeal and a performance that gives notable depth to her characterization. Johnny Downs proves a most promising screen juvenile, and Norman Foster adds a good portrayal as Cobb's prudish nephew. Pretty fair show.

You'll be giving three big cheers for the Gaynor-Taylor team after you've seen Janet and Robert in this up-to-the-minute Cinderella yarn about the country lass and the very social young surgeon who fall in love after an after-the-party wedding that joined two total strangers. Nothing new in this story at any point, but it holds and amuses and entertains you, because of Janet Gaynor and Bob Taylor.

An ambitious production, finely conceived with regard to the pictorial values of the historical episode with which it deals. For the history-minded, this story of the Swiss in California who built a vast fortune, then lost it, is worth seeing. But as entertainment, it falls far short of the necessary story interest. Edward Arnold is excellent in name rôle. Lee Tracy and Binnie Barnes do their very best. A film worth seeing.

Concerning the lives of several youths at a military academy, with grand acting performances by George Ernest, Billy Lee, Buster Phelps, Sherwood Bailey, and Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer—juveniles whose acting will be refreshing to all those who are beginning to yawn at the precious million dollar starlets. Some telling jibes at neglectful parents, but good comedy makes it entertaining, especially for youngsters.

The famous old mystery thriller brought up to date and made into a corking good action melodrama, capitalised by Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke, Irving Pichel, and Rosita Moreno. It is well directed entertainment, not very convincing as to plot but capable of holding your interest right up to the finish when world war, no less, is averted by defeat of the international spy. Enjoyable, and one of the best of its kind.

Loretta Young's first film in too long, is something to help you guess the time away as it unfolds a mystery plot involving Loretta, her barrister husband, Franchot Tone, and others. Tone, Roland Young, and Lewis Stone give excellent support to the lovely Loretta, if anything more beautiful than ever. Roland Young's smooth comedy helps matters along immensely. Not exciting, but thoroughly entertaining mystery.

A wholesome little number about young love. Its unpretenious good humor rather brings you around to liking it, but you must go prepared to hear lots of talk and see very little action. Ross Alexander plays the breezy, back-slapping chap who doesn't like work, and Anita Louise the girl who loves him. They marry on other people's money. Joe Cawthorne, Gene and Kathleen Lockhart round out a highly capable cast.

If you're a Charlie Chan addict—and one can do worse than that so far as screen pastiming is concerned—you'll find this about average for the series. The circus background puts some glitter in as support for the always interesting work of Warner Oland as the immensely clever Oriental sleuth, and the midgets, George and Olive Brasso, add some amusing novelty to the blend of comedy and melodrama in the film.

Boys, who hasn't seen a beautiful girl for two years, meets a honey when her companion's plane runs out of gas over Labrador. She's engaged to the stuffy pilot, but the young radio operator fixes that. With thin material, Bob Montgomery, Myrna Loy, and Reginald Owen manage miraculously to be really entertaining and make this fairly perky and diverting.

(Continued on page 11)
Hollywood Does A Mirthful Martial Musical Up 'Brown'

JOE E. BROWN

joins the army and 'slays' the world as the head man of a riotous regiment of singing

'Sons O' Guns'

Including Joan BLONDELL

Beverly Roberts, Eric Blore, Winifred Shaw, Craig Reynolds, Joseph King, Robert Barrat

Those thousands of "Bright Lights" audiences who demanded another song-and-dance show for Joe have had their way! Warner Bros. went right out and bought that famous stage musical 'Sons O' Guns,' equipped it with an uproarious cast and all modern conveniences including new Warren and Dubin songs, and a passionate apache dance number by Joe that stops the show. The riotous results emerge as the month's top entertainment.
To Gary Cooper, for a triumph in character delineation

"Mr. Deeds Goes To Town" is destined to rank among the great accomplishments of the screen. Here is supreme entertainment—touching, amusing, and as real as life.

While honoring Gary Cooper for his greatest acting performance, we pay high tribute to Frank Capra, at right, with Gary, for masterly direction. It is no coincidence that Cooper and Jean Arthur surpass anything they have previously done—for other established stars also have climaxed their past efforts under Capra's direction.

"MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN" is one of the most accurate reflections of life the American theatre, stage or screen, has produced in pure entertainment form. You can't accept its characters merely as great examples of acting skill by Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur, and their fine supporting cast, but only as real, living people. Great in an artistic sense, as well as its popular appeal, is the picture's portrayal of the fundamentally American viewpoint as represented by Longfellow Deeds, and developed with hilarious humor and poignant pathos. Here, indeed, is great entertainment.
Gloriously The Screen Surrenders to COLOR!

... in the first dancing romance filmed in all the breathless beauty of the new TECHNICOLOR!

THRILL to a throbbing love story of Old California ... gay with the laughter of sweet Senoritas ... alive with the dash of bold caballeros ... a tingle with the music and song and dancing of daring hearts aflame in a land of carefree adventure.

PIONEER PICTURES presents

DANCING PIRATE

You've never seen anything like the spectacular "Moonlight Dance"... and a score of other gasping scenes!

A CAST OF HUNDREDS
featuring

CHARLES COLLINS
Dancing idol of Broadway

FRANK MORGAN
Laugh star of 50 hits

STEFFI DUNA
The girl of "La Cucaracha"

Luis Alberni • Victor Varconi
Jack La Rue • Directed by LLOYD CORRIGAN. Designed in color by ROBERT EDMOND JONES.

Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES

Hear the sentimental songs by the hit composers, Rodgers & Hart: "When You Are Dancing the Waltz" and "Are You My Love?"
MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Make sure that you can never offend in this way. Use Mum!

Y OU can't help feeling sorry for her—the girl who seems to be "in wrong" with everyone.
She's pretty—but men avoid her. She's good company—but girls let her alone. She's simply out of things. And why?

Well, bluntly, because underarm perspiration odor makes her unpleasant to be near.

And the pity of it is, she has nobody to blame but herself. For it's so easy, these days, to keep the underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. With Mum! It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time—before dressing or afterwards. Mum is harmless to clothing, you know.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

The daily Mum habit will prevent every trace of underarm odor without preventing perspiration itself. Get this helpful habit—it pays socially! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ACROSS
1. Co-star of "Follow the Fleet" 5. Heroine, in "Tale of Two Cities"
10. The Secretary (versus the wife) 14. Famous opera star, now leading screen across
15. Glove leather 16. Encircled
18. Historical chronicles 20. What a pet grows in
21. Her new one is 'Love Before Breakfast'
22. Ingenue in 'Anything Goes' 23. Philo Vance in 'The Garden Murder Case'
24. What you use in knitting (sweater)
27. Malt drink 28. Valley
30. Toward 31. Beside
32. Reared 33. Period of time
35. A pear 39. Acted
40. To leave 42. Ocean
44. Tiny 45. Male child
46. Exclamation 48. Her new one is 'Colleen'
50. Sirloin, Constance, and Barbara
53. His new one is 'Love on a Wet
55. Greek letter 56. Chemical symbol for silver
57. Fragment of lava 58. Paper liquid
59. Often used to live in on vacation
61. The bride who comes home
65. Poker term
66. European measure of area
67. A tree
69. Paddle
70. Shade tree
72. One
73. An insect
74. Ginger Rogers' husband
76. To be ill
78. To be painted
80. Exclamation to attract attention
81. River in Italy
83. Container for food
85. Near
86. Encircle
89. Pierced
91. To open (poetic)
97. Star of 'Splendor'
98. Spanish for mist
99. Father of 60
101. Star of 'Magnificent Obsession'
102. To contradict
103. Urged
104. Scroffing
106. Odor
107. M-G-M lion
108. Co-star of 'Rose-Marie'
110. Compass points (abbrev.)
111. Mrs. Franchot Tone
112. To make a mistake
113. Girl's name
114. A star has this to help her dress
115. Ace
116. Drunken
21. You do this at a sad picture
24. In every beauty contest someone did this
26. Nickname of famous president
29. Nor hard
32. Crooning star of 'Anything Goes'
34. Biblical pronoun
36. To possess
37. Bebe Daniels' husband
38. Bing Crosby's wife
39. To achieve
40. Our beloved Swedish star
41. External
43. Backwards (also surprised)
45. Condition
46. Pantaloon's daughter
49. In Italian, story of Louis Pasteur
51. Actress who married a tennis star
52. To bar or prohibit
53. A ham actor has too much of this
54. Indefinite period of time
56. Joan Crawford's husband
57. The Wife (vs. Secretary)
58. To prohibit
59. Before
60. Among
61. Nearby
62. Note of the scale
63. Sylvia Scarlett's big moment
64. Astor
65. Mata Hari was shot for being this
66. Star in 'The Voice of Bugle Ann'
67. Intentions
68. Wrote
69. What a girl talks about most
70. Over (construction)
71. Squared
72. Present
73. Hero of 'Desire'
74. Famous father and son actors with same name
75. Otherwise
76. Raised platform
77. Electrified particle
78. Worn on the head in a costume picture
79. Man's name
80. French article
81. Nickname of 23 across

DOWN
1. Dave in 'The Trail of the Lonesome Pine'
2. Sydney Carton in 'A Tale of Two Cities'
3. Fresh
4. Valley
5. Since
6. Weisssamler's sparring partner
7. The M-G-M lion
8. Co-star of 'Rose-Marie'
9. Compass points (abbrev.)
10. Mrs. Franchot Tone
11. To make a mistake
12. On a ship
13. Girl's name
14. A star has this to help her dress
15. Ace
16. Drunken
17. You do this at a sad picture
18. In every beauty contest someone did this
19. Nickname of famous president
20. Nor hard
21. Crooning star of 'Anything Goes'
22. Biblical pronoun
23. To possess
24. Bebe Daniels' husband
25. Bing Crosby's wife
26. To achieve
27. Our beloved Swedish star
28. External
29. Backwards (also surprised)
30. Condition
31. Pantaloon's daughter
32. In Italian, story of Louis Pasteur
33. Actress who married a tennis star
34. To bar or prohibit
35. A ham actor has too much of this
36. Indefinite period of time
37. Joan Crawford's husband
38. The Wife (vs. Secretary)
39. To prohibit
40. Before
41. Among
42. Nearby
43. Note of the scale
44. Sylvia Scarlett's big moment
45. Mata Hari was shot for being this
46. Star in 'The Voice of Bugle Ann'
47. Intentions
48. Wrote
49. What a girl talks about most
50. Over (construction)
51. Squared
52. Present
53. Hero of 'Desire'
54. Famous father and son actors with same name
55. Otherwise
56. Raised platform
57. Electrified particle
58. Worn on the head in a costume picture
59. Man's name
60. French article
61. Nickname of 23 across

Last Month's Puzzle

GARY JANET WEST CANOE ELI CANTER
BARKER RAWLINGS CARTER TUT BING SPRY WET
LEADER NAILS EATS
AGENT CARE PRETTY
DRAKE HIS TIED RA
ME
E E AREA CAN BRIAN
TALBOT UPE RENDS
PERD PRETTY ACTORS
ARE CARE ASLEEP
LEE PATRICK DROP FAIR
ASTON DUANE
EATS ROOST ENDS
Tagging the Talkies
Continued from page 6

Another saga of early California, perfectly cast and magnificently photographed, but, we fear, too realistic to please the average entertainment-seeker. Warner Bax
to's superbly cast as Joaquin Murietta, Mexican, who turns bandit to avenge cruelties inflicted by lawless Americanos in their greed for gold. J. Carrol Naish, Ann Loring, Margo, and others in support, excellent. Good, if you like strong action melodrama.

Jimmie Allen, endeared to so many by his breath-taking experiences over the radio, in an action thriller that should please the juvenile population—though the story material seems pretty hackneyed stuff. Allen with more experience and better stories will be a better actor. Here the histrionic honors go to William Gargan, Katherine DeMille, Kent Taylor and other actors. Good chance to see a radio hero.

Jane Withers is given every opportunity to play on the heartstrings and be her most hoydenish self in this well-written story, slightly reminiscent of “Daddy Long Legs.” Jane’s natural impulsiveness makes her make-believe amazingly real in her escapades in trying to have herself adopted by a real daddy. Ralph Morgan, Sara Haden, Claudia Coleman, Jane Darwell, and Harry Garey offer fine support. Jane scores again.

Some rare moments of pathos, a bit of comedy, and excitement enliven this human interest story which directs its appeal particularly to animal lovers. It’s about a horse, a dog, and their young master, and the telling of the story loses nothing through good acting by John Arledge and Louise Latimer—neither prominent as box-office names, but both doing excellent work here. Good fare from beginning to end
"How I Ended Constipation"

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. 

Fernice Huttman
NOTARY PUBLIC

"I was miserable with constipation. My husband suggested yeast, but I hated the taste."

Then I discovered Yeast Foam Tablets. I liked them, and they have certainly helped me.

"Now my weight's normal and I'm like a new person. I wouldn't be without your tablets."

WHY LET constipation keep you run-down, listless, nervous and tired when permanent relief may be yours so easily? Take comfort from the above true story of another sufferer. For this is not just advertising promises, but the actual experience of one of the thousands who write to tell how Yeast Foam Tablets have ended their suffering and restored them to vigorous health. There's no more need to make yourself the victim of habit-forming cathartics. Yeast Foam Tablets help restore normal digestive and eliminative functions without irritation. Rich in needed tonic elements, this pleasant, pasteurized yeast has banished constipation, headaches and other symptoms for thousands—bringing back the normal healthy glow of the skin—the natural pep—and the surging energy of buoyant health!

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. Do not accept a substitute. Send for Free Sample.

Address: NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO., 1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"I Found Stella Parrish" with Kay Francis, and is now to be seen with Al Jolson in "The Singing Kid."

Ask Me!

By Miss Vee Dee

Sitting pretty, are both Michael Whalen, who has advanced with a rush as a film favorite, and his prize bull terrier, in the actor's Hollywood garden.

Miss Annette. With one of the finest tenor voices in pictures, Nino Martini will go far if the producers will give him the opportunity. Nino was born about 30 years ago in Verona, Italy. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 152 pounds, and has black hair and brown eyes. At the age of ten years he was singing as soloist in Verona’s San Fermo Cathedral, Jesse Lasky “discovered” him in Paris during one of Nino’s concert tours, and in 1929 he made a series of shorts for Paramount. He was signed in 1931 by Columbia Broadcasting Co., who worked him into the Metropolitan Opera Co. He is unmarried, very shy, and lives at hotels with his singing teacher Zenas-tello, his accompanist, Sadovalo, and his business manager. His first and only feature length picture to date is "Here’s to Ru-ruance" with Anita Louise, Madame Schu-umau-Heink, Genevieve Tobin and Maria Gambarelli, the well-known dancer.

Carrie J. S. "The Private Life of King Henry VIII!" was produced by London Film-United Artists and directed by Alex-ander Korda. John Loder, who was a favorite in American films some time ago, was in the cast; also another old favorite, Claude Allister.

Just A Fan. One of the outstanding supporting players in pictures is J. Carroll Naish, who was Mansfield in "Two in the Dark." He is Comus in the Prance-Tone-Madge Evans picture, "Exclusive Story," and Three Fingered Jack in "Robin Hood of El Dorado," starring Warner Baxter. Jack Durant and Molly O’Day are married and they have a little Durant and O’Day—not, no twins, just one kid. The adorable little Sybil Jason, Warner Bros. English child star, who played so delightfully in "Little Big Shot," was also in "I Found Stella Parrish" with Kay Fran-ces, and is now to be seen with Al Jolson in "The Singing Kid."

Ray R. It's always a pleasure to see Ronald Colman on the screen. Since making "Clive of India" and "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," he has appeared in "Tale of Two Cities" and is next in "Under Two Flags," with Claudette Colbert. Ronald was born February 9, 1911, in Richmond, Surrey, England. He has a dark complexion, dark hair, brown eyes, and weighs 175 pounds. When the war broke out in 1914, he was among England's "First One Hundred Thousand" and was disabled in the battle of Messines. Receiving a discharge for disability he went on the London stage. Then entered English pictures and in 1920 he came to America and was on the stage, following many hardships. In 1922 he was given the lead opposite Lillian Gish in "The White Sister."

K. P. of Baltimore. If you’ll look up your February 1936 issue of SCREENLAND, you’ll find a very interesting interview with the lovely mezzo-soprano, Gladys Swarthout of the Metropolitan Opera Co. Then put on the old grey bonnet and the best bib and tucker to see "Kneel in the Rancho" with John Boles. Her latest picture is "Give Us This Night" with Jan Kiepura.

Jannie Z. Robert Taylor did appear in a short or two before he was discovered by M-G-M as a future sensation. He played with the late Will Rogers in "Handy Andy" for Fox and his second feature film was "There’s Always Tomorrow" for Universal; and since then has been with Metro. Robert was born on August 3, 1911, in Fillery, Nebraska. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet 1 inch tall, and weighs 165 pounds. His real name is S. Arlington Brouk. Not married. Among his pictures are "Times Square Lady," "West Point of the Air," "Broadway Melody," "Magnificent Obsession" with Irene Dunne, and "Small Town Girl," with Janet Gaynor.

Toni. Two of Joan Bennett’s pictures have been: "She Couldn’t Take It," playing opposite George Raft and Walter Connolly, and "Two for Tonight" with Bing Crosby. "13 Hours by Air" is her latest picture. Joan is the youngest of the Bennett sisters. She says she was born on February 27, 1911. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 108...
pounds, and has golden hair and blue eyes. She has two daughters: Diana who is seven years old, and Melinda, who was born in February of last year. Constance Joan's sister, was born October 22, 1905, according to her biography, and is 5 feet 3½ inches tall.

Josephine W. Three months is a long time to be searching for the address of your favorite actor—why didn't you try your faithful Vee Dee? I'm always glad to come to the aid of all suffering-for-information fans. George Brent can be reached at Warner Bros.-First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. George was born on March 15, 1905, in Dublin, Ireland. He has brown hair, brown eyes, and is 6 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 165 pounds. Among his films were "Stranded," with Kay Francis; "Special Agent," with Bette Davis, and "In Person," with Ginger Rogers.

Dick N. S. Yes, you're right about Johnny Downs. He was a member of 'Our Gang' when he was a little feller. Johnny has made some rapid strides and why shouldn't he with his charming smile and gracious manner? Johnny was in "College girls," "So Red the Rose" with Margaret Sullavan and Randolph Scott, and in "Coronado." He was a song writer in the last-mentioned film. His latest is "Everybody's Old Man," starring Irvin Cobb.

S. S. I have never heard that Ben Turpin had his eyes operated on—they have always been Ben's greatest asset so why should he have them straightened? He appears in a short occasionally but is not on contract to any one studio, as far as I know. An excellent cast was assembled for "Little Lord Fauntleroy," marking the screen comeback of Dolores Costello Barrymore. With her are Freddie Bartholomew, Mickey Rooney, Guy Kibbee, E. E. Clive, C. Aubrey Smith, Constance Collier, Ivan Simpson, Una O'Connor, Jessie Ralph and Jackie Searle.

Elnore G. Sorry, I haven't the name of the piece Katherine Hepburn composed in "Break of Hearts" but you might try writing RKO-Radio Studios, Hollywood, Calif. They may give you the desired information. Katherine's latest release is "Sylvia Scarlett" with Cary Grant and Brian Aherne. Her next, "Mary of Scotland," is nearing completion with Fredric March as Hepburn's co-star in this screen version of the Maxwell Anderson play.

Mavis is more than a talcum . . . its tantalizing fragrance is so feminine—so Parisian! Always before you dress, clothe yourself in Mavis' gay allure. Don't consider your bath complete until you have dusted yourself all over with Mavis Talcum. Mavis is pure, soft as velvet, silken-fine. It protects your skin from drying, soothes it, keeps it young. And its clinging fragrance gives you a mysterious scented charm that men adore!

Mavis Talcum in 2½, 50¢ and 81 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. We invite you to try Mavis—use coupon below.

```
Start the day—and the evening—with MAVIS . . .

It gives you that alluring all-over fragrance.
```

```
Mavis more than a talcum . . . its tantalizing fragrance is so feminine—so Parisian! Always before you dress, clothe yourself in Mavis' gay allure. Don't consider your bath complete until you have dusted yourself all over with Mavis Talcum. Mavis is pure, soft as velvet, silken-fine. It protects your skin from drying, soothes it, keeps it young. And its clinging fragrance gives you a mysterious scented charm that men adore!
```

```
Mavis Talcum in 2½, 50¢ and 81 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. We invite you to try Mavis—use coupon below.
```

```
Mavis Talcum, Ads

John Carroll, young leading man, seems mighty pleased with the view from his hilltop home in Hollywood.
```

```
Mavis Genuine
Mavis Talcum
IN THE RED CONTAINER
```

```
V. Vivador, Inc.,
680 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
I enclose 10¢. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum—I can try its fragrant loveliness.
Name:
Address:
City:
State:
```
Jean Parker whips up some delectable foreign dishes to tempt the most exacting Spring appetite

By Betty Boone

A RED-ROOFED Spanish bungalow with little blue gate in its patio wall and flowers blossoming wherever they can find an inch of space, and to be sure, there are grapefruit trees loaded with luscious fruit. That’s the Beverly Hills house of Jean Parker, or, to use the private-life name Jean acquired in her recent romantic marriage at Las Vegas, Nev., Mrs. George MacDonald.

“Things to eat can be so interesting,” confided the slim young mistress of the house. “While I was in England making ‘The Ghost Goes West,’ and when we ran over to France, I made everyone’s life miserable asking what the dishes were that were served and how they were made. After all, half the fun of tasting a new kind of food is figuring out how to fix it so that you can surprise your friends with it.

“One night at Claridge’s I got so excited over a soufflé, they had to call in the chef to tell me all about it before I could finish my meal. It was the most delicious thing I ever put in my mouth! Let me tell you about it: It’s called

ANGELICA SOUFFLÉ

\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup flour
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup sugar
\( 1 \) cup butter
3 eggs
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cups milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 pinch salt

“Mix the butter, flour and milk together, add the sugar, and cool slightly before adding the egg yolks well beaten. Bake in a buttered dish at 350 degrees oven for 50 minutes.

“With the soufflé you serve what the chef calls

VELVET SAUCE

1 cup sweet butter
1 cup sifted powdered sugar
2 egg yolks well beaten
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup whipping cream
\( \frac{1}{2} \) teaspoon vanilla
\( \frac{1}{2} \) teaspoon lemon extract

“Cream the butter, gradually add sugar, then egg yolks well beaten, a little at a time, cool. Add the cream, and after a little cool a little more. Add the lemon extract. Use cold and let your guests serve themselves.

We were sitting in Jean’s bedroom while we talked. The room was designed especially for Jean in peach and pale blue. There was a peach-colored carpet on the floor; a four-poster bed had an all-over lace coverlet in peach color, and the net curtains about the bed were the same shade, but their ruffles were trimmed in blue braid. The same curtains hung at the windows. The chaise longue was of blue with a “throw” of...
peach satin and mounds of delicate boudoir cushions in pastel shades.

Jean, in a dark blue, trimly fitting dress with a wide white frill, looked scarcely sixteen.

"Ethel, the cook, has a big dinner to get, and she doesn’t like to be bothered, so they told me if we went into the kitchen to take pictures we’d get killed and that would be all there was about it.

"However, there are four of us, counting Buddy, who’s taking the pictures, and the electrician, so let’s all go together! Maybe Ethel won’t mind so much if we make a really, good salad for her while we’re about it."

So saying, Jean hopefully led the way through the white swinging door to the red-and-white kitchen. There were touches of red on the curtains, thin red stripes around the long-tiled sink, and red in the breakfast-room table and chairs.

"We’ll be awfully quick and terribly good, Ethel," Jean assured the cook, giving her a seraphic smile.

Ethel still looked anxious, but not dangerous, so we proceeded to line up the salad ingredients.

"It was really quite funny about this salad," said Jean, putting on her apron. "Remember that grand character actress who played with us in ‘The Ghost Goes West’? Elliott Mason, her name is. She invited us to have a midnight supper with her at her London flat, after we had all been to the theatre, and she served this salad.

"After I’d tasted it, I said: ‘What kind of fish is in here? Is it tuna or lobster or crab or some English shellfish?’

"She laughed at me. ‘The kind of fish that is,’ said she, ‘is parsnips. I call it ‘Mock Crab Salad,’ because you think it’s fish!’ Can you believe it? I couldn’t. But it’s true. I often make it now. One of these days I’m going to have Anne Shirley over—we’re good friends and both of us interested in new dishes—and fool her with my parsnip fish.”

**MOCK CRAB SALAD**

1 cup shredded parsnips
½ cup shredded celery
8 olives (stuffed Spanish olives) cut fine

_Lettuce_  

(Continued on page 93)
Salutes and Snubs

Here's YOUR department! Let's hear about your pets and prejudices

**Hollywood Reads What You Write**

When the public speaks, Hollywood listens! You are the public, so why not tell what you think—your likes, dislikes, ideas and suggestions regarding stars, stories and pictures? The stars and producers are tremendously interested in your reactions to their work, are anxious to have your suggestions. And here's the place—your own department—in which to communicate your ideas directly to headquarters. All your letters are welcome. Try to restrict your letters to fifty words. Address them to: Letters Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

This new picture of Carole Lombard will amuse or awe you according to your fashion taste! Carole, you see, is wearing one of those 'Margo' inspirations, created by Travis Banton in blue lace. See the ruff around the neck? And the pattern in the lace is outlined in cellophane—what next?

**MAKE-UP MADNESS**

I'd like to lodge a hot and heavy protest against the exaggerated make-up some actresses use with the results of unnaturalness that spoils the whole show for me. Be a little more natural, girls, and it'll be more natural for us to be for you!

Hal Newcomb,
815 Orange Grove Ave.,
South Pasadena, Calif.

**CAROLE, TAKE A BOW**

Thanks to the talkies for bringing glamour and beauty into drab, commonplace lives. Yesterday, after seeing lovely Carole Lombard, I felt glamorous myself—and me wearing a two-year old hat, too! Of course, others might not have thought me glamorous, but that's because they couldn't see the inner glow that made me feel glamorous.
Latona L. Leinwand,
721 East 11th St.,
Tacoma, Wash.

**SNUBS THE PRODUCERS**

I want the producers to know they ruined that otherwise perfectly swell picture, "The Bride Comes Home," by injecting a cheap slapstick ending into the final marriage scenes. Why couldn't they have maintained the light, intelligent touch instead of giving us that terrible burlesque ending?

Louie Stephens,
Route 21, Box 645,
Berkeley, Calif.

**SALUTE TO SPRING**

May I break into print in praise of Spring Byington in "Ah, Wilderness"? To my mind she is a grand character actress, and gets far too little applause. Her portrayal of the 19th century mother was so true to the times, I shall never forget her. Having lived through those days, I know whereof I speak.

Mrs. Helen D. Baldwin,
35 Grace St.,
Bloomfield, N. J.

**ASIDE TO SPENCER TRACY**

We like you, Spencer Tracy, but not always as the R-Man, (rough man). We want more pictures like "Whipsaw," not "Riffraff." Don't get the idea we want to
Every girl owes it to herself to make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If moisture once collects on the armhole of your dress, the warmth of your body will bring out stale "armhole odor" each time you wear your dress.

There is one SURE protection

Once a woman realizes what the problem is, she will insist on underarm dryness. That is why millions of fastidious women regularly use Liquid Odoron. With the gentle closing of the tiny pores in the small area under the arm, no moisture can ever collect on the armhole of your dress, to embarrass you later by creating an impression of uncleanliness.

Sweat-Smell-Free! Once you wear Odoron, you'll never again be troubled by the odor of sweat, the discomfiture that comes with it.

Any doctor will tell you that Odoron is entirely safe. With Odoron, the excess perspiration is simply diverted to less "closed-in" parts of the body, where it is unnoticeable and evaporates freely.

Saves your lovely gowns

There's no grease to get on your clothes. And with all moisture banished, there's no risk of spoiling an expensive costume in one wearing. Just by spending those few extra moments required to use Odoron, you'll be repaid not only in assurance of complete daintiness, but in money and clothes saved, too.

Odoron comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Regular Odoron (Ruby colored) need be used only twice a week. For especially sensitive skin or hurried use, use Instant Odoron (Colorless) daily or every other day. At all toilet-goods counters. If you want to be completely at ease and assured, send today for samples of the two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

RUTH MILLER, The Odoron Co., Inc.
Dept. 692, 101 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose $1 for sample vials of both Instant Odoron and Regular Odoron and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

Name_________________________
Address_______________________
City__________________________ State__________________
Thank you so much for telling me about these jobs, Mrs. White—I'll start right in trying to land one tomorrow.

I'm sorry, Miss Baker, but I think Mrs. White misunderstood me—we really need someone with more experience.

I couldn't take on a girl with pimples like that!

No, Mrs. White—I haven't had any luck. I can't seem to put myself across. I wish I knew what...

My dear, I'm going to be very personal. I think the trouble may be your skin. Have you ever tried eating Fleischmann's Yeast to clear up those pimples?

Mother—I've got a job! It's where Alice works—and she says the reason they took me was because they liked my looks! I must tell Mrs. White!!

Don't let Adolescent Pimples be a handicap to YOU

After the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—many young people are troubled by pimples.

During these years, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is often prescribed to help get rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes daily—one about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it regularly—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated
DEAR BETTE:

You’re a great disappointment to me. Here I’ve been waiting all this time to write you an Open Letter and you never gave me a chance. No temper, temperament, bad acting, or just plain meanness, so what could I do? But then came the Academy Award, and fresh hope. There was a title to live up to! A bit of the beastliness of “Human Bondage” could crop up, and probably would; a slight tinge of authentic nastiness; a profound dissatisfaction with everything—or at the very least, a new look of weary mystery. Very little left of the refreshingly frank, sane, humorous, and generally grand gal I first knew. In other words, a ready-made Open Letter.

And what happens? You come to New York, fresh from your triumph, to do a broadcast for big money, and you’re mobbed at the station, surrounded by shrieking reporters, snapped by candid cameramen every waking hour, and practically torn to pieces every time you venture outside your hotel. All very promising, all very much according to the best Academy Award Winner routine. All I had to do was to lurk, awaiting the moment—it must come—when Bette Davis from Boston would turn into a composite of Every Big Star. It was just a question of time, not long enough for Shirley Temple to grow up to pick on.

But something went wrong from the start. “I’m thrilled,” you said. “It’s fun to win. I don’t know what I said at the banquet, I was too excited; but later they told me I kept asking, ‘Where’s everybody? There’s nobody here!’ with half of important Hollywood at my elbow. What I meant was, I didn’t see my director or scenario writer of ‘Dangerous’ and I thought they should be in on it too.”

This was bad, very bad. What to do with an Academy Award Winner who doesn’t pretend to be oh-so-surprised—is-this-really-all-for-little-me as she dashes in to receive the award while on her way to somewhere; who does want to share the statue with others, and who calls the statue Oscar, of all things? But there you were, Bette Davis, looking very little, young, and shining-eyed, openly admitting it was the big event in your life, and you wouldn’t have missed it.

I didn’t give up yet, though. Maybe, I thought, you’d begin to Strike for higher things, such as only two pictures a year, inspiration music on the set, and your own portable bungalow. But you were frankly interested at the moment in just one thing—getting back home to New England, to be met by mayors, bands, and banners, but particularly relatives and old friends who knew you when, and the more the merrier.

Well, then, what about a grievance? Every big star has one. Ah—at last! Your big blue eyes clouded; you began to get just a little of that “Human Bondage” look about the mouth—that famous Bette Davis lip-droop that bodes no good for man, woman, child, or Leslie Howard; that made you, the pint-size belle from Bean Town, one of the world’s most talked-about actresses. “Yes, there is something,” you muttered tensely. “Something I long to do, that I’d give my right hand to do.” Better and better! Not even Garbo could smoulder more dramatically than this. Here was temperament rampant, even amok. “I wanted to play in Hepburn’s picture, and they wouldn’t let me!”

When an Academy Award Winner wants to play a supporting part in a Hepburn picture, that’s a miracle. And you may have it. I know it’s wonderful, Bette, that you’ve kept your head in Hollywood; that you’d actually rather play a good acting part in another star’s picture than star in your own, written especially for you. But do you want to set a dangerous precedent? When other stars hear of this devotion to art and lack of swish and chi-chi on the part of a Winner, a new era of devastating honesty may sweep Hollywood. Instead of relying on personality cycles, stars will go in for versatile acting, seeing what it has done for you. Good sportsmanship may become smart, and glamour give way to well-bred distinction. And there won’t be anyone left to write Open Letters to.

Delight Evans
SO NOW how's about the Great Gable's bachelor freedom?

It's the one remaining thing about him that hasn't been satisfyingly explained. The papers headline his occasional long jaunts away from Hollywood. Whenever he has his next real vacation, Clark intends to board the China Clipper. And then what excitement there'll be in the Orient!

Meanwhile, he's staying in Hollywood and the columnists are coy in their hinting. The candid cameras snap his photo here; they snap it there. Evidently Gable is what's going 'round and around still, and a pretty damsel's always astutely lurking alongside.

Let's plunge right into this new private life he's having for himself and learn all. Maybe your imagination turns riotous at the very idea of his amusement program. Since he's single again, our most popular actor ought to be having a hot time in the swanky Beverly Hills every night. With his appeal, his money, and his screen halo, his leisure diversions should be just colossal.

Oh, no doubt Clark has to pop over to the studio to be glorified. But as soon as the director yells quits, the lucky egg can come out of the clinic with a stream-lined siren and begin cutting up in grand and glorious fashion. From then on likely it's every ambitious gal for herself-and-Gable. And curfew dare not ring on love.

But let's jump right into the specific, without further haggling. I swear, invariably, that there's nothing more enlightening than the exact data on certain people's affairs. Henceforth, no hedging from the Gable front—what is he doing for his relaxation seeing that he's back in the bachelor ranks? You know he isn't the stuffy type who'd want to devote himself completely to his Art.

I've checked his lighter moments, both by a little detective work of my own, and by asking Clark pertinent, point-blank questions, and receiving point-blank replies.

"You suppose I might be partying every evening?" He chuckled at this and reached into his right coat pocket for a cigarette and a lighter. Said gadget eventually flamed, "Well," he retorted. "I did begin on that scheme! I was introduced to many fascinating persons in Hollywood. I'm awfully human, and I confess readily that I'm intrigued by a lot of action. Only I discovered, sad to have to report, that I couldn't take it! I can't be up half the night and be any good the next day. I tried—and that's precisely why I'm not continually on the go!"

He hasn't been rushing any one beauty, contrary to all printed innuendos. Indeed, he hasn't dated a one of his eligible leading ladies. I wouldn't want you to brand him a lout, however. While Clark's no Lothario on the loose, he's not vaccinated against feminine charms.

His latest move is into a smart apartment. For almost half a year after he and Rhea Gable separated he resided contentedly in a Beverly hotel. It was pleasant for a while not to bother with details.

"But I want to entertain some," he told me. "On Saturday evenings it's nice to invite ten or twelve folks in for dinner. I serve them a cocktail and afterwards we debate everything from cabbages to dictators or indulge in contract or backgammon. I'm crazy about both."

The Gable headquarters were rented furnished. Clark doesn't require tricky interiors. He's in tune with any room that's tasteful to the masculine eye. The apartment isn't vast; in fact, it's so compact it borders on the cozy. And there's no imperial retinue. Clark prefers to wait on himself as much as possible. One efficient servant attends to the housekeeping.

His marital split hasn't changed his circle. Gable's friendship is a sincere, lasting thing and he continues to pal with the same crowd of married couples. He does the social whirl with the Wesley Ruggleses, (Arline Judge), the Richard Barthelmesses, the Donald Ogden

Who's the lucky girl Clark Gable is dating? You'd better read Screenland's story about Gable's bachelor fun-life. It's no fake "revelation," but the real thing, without trumped-up trimmings. Clark admits plenty, denies some more, but always talks with terrific frankness. Don't miss our feature here.

GABLE'S

By

Ben Maddox
BACHELOR DATES

Stewarts, the Phil Bergs, (Leila Hyams), the Bob Leonards, the Sam Woods, and the Hunt Strombergs, "They don’t object to my tagging along as ‘odd man,’ and I don’t mind.” When he’s on a picture he accepts week-night dates only at homes of these close friends, “They realize I’m not being deliberately rude when I want to leave by ten. I can walk out, with no qualms. You can’t be that informal with everyone.”

Clark is thoroughly impulsive. He hates to budget any portion of his life, to be tied down to a grind. This characteristic is carried into his play.

“My fun-formula?” He repeated my query. “I take my fun on the run. I have to sandwich it in, instead of scheduling it, because of the nature of my job. We’re never positive when we’ll be through, or how much time we’ll have off. But I’d detest figuring out how to allot my spare hours, if I could. Fun’s got to be spontaneous, or it isn’t. At least, to me.” His willingness to join a party at the last minute makes him the ideal guest. Gable plus such a superb disposition—and he’s away out in Hollywood, darn it!

“Out last night and out the night before? You mean in bed sleeping and the same any number of nights before. I’m employed in a picture currently, fellow!”

I didn’t doubt that, for I’d caught up with him between earthquakes. While they were readjusting the "San Francisco" street set for another sudden catastrophe, Clark sprawled in a canvas chair on a bit of lawn on M-G-M’s back lot. He was quite masterfully disheveled, having been appropriately damaged by the quaking. Yet even though his clothes were torn and spotted, and a bloody gash was dabbed on his face, he remained Gable. I think he’s swell because he’s never acquired that ennui which afflicts many of these babies who’ve skyrocketed. I don’t even mind that devastating dimple which is automatic with every grin.

Much has been written about (Continued on page 95)

Gable’s latest screen love is Jeanette MacDonald, pictured at right with Clark in a scene from "San Francisco," their first co-starring picture. Yes, Jeanette sings a little, and Clark makes love a lot! Below, Gable with Ted Healy and his stooges, also in the Gable-MacDonald movie.

For the first time, and perhaps the last, Clark talks straight from the shoulder about his new private life. Here’s no hokum "confession,” but the real truth
MAYBE it's spring and maybe it ain't but I must say I've never seen such a pretty howdy-do among the movie stars as there has been these last few weeks. Stars who spurned the gay social life just as if it might be something the cat dragged in and who hadn't bumped into a milkman in years suddenly swooped down on Hollywood hostesses and night clubs and became the life of the party. Yes, indeed, time was when you could count on the Garbos of Hollywood keeping their silences and hiding their faces in their lonely castles on the Brentwood moors—ah, those were the good old days of mystery and conjecture—but now they romp and bounce all over the premises like a bunch of Junior Leaguers. When I think of the years I spent trying to meet Margaret Sullavan, Irene Dunne and Barbara Stanwyck—and now no matter where I go dancing, at the Cocosnut Grove, the Troc, the Beverly Wilshire, or the Countess di Frasso's, I stumble over Margaret, Irene, and Barbara. Well, I always say even if you are a movie star you're entitled to some fun, so I'm all for the girls and boys going on a laughing jag for a change and whooping it up wherever they like.

Margaret Sullavan, she of the screwy temperament, has always been one of the "mystery" girls of Hollywood, and was rarely seen except at the studio, and not then if she had anything to do with it. "She wants to be alone," her publicity read. "She likes to drive by herself in an open car for hours at a time, a lonely little girl in a world of her own." Well, I never did understand geometry and higher mathematics, (not even lower, for that matter), but somehow or other Margaret's world and Hollywood's world suddenly coincided, and now you can find little Maggie anything but alone at parties, premiers, and gay dance places.

What brought about this startling change in Miss Sullavan?
Explaining Hollywood’s current amazement as stars who used to spurn the social whirl suddenly decide to play, laugh, and be gay

Maybe it’s spring—but more likely it’s Henry Fonda. And with Walter Wanger playing Cupid. You see Mr. Wanger bought Faith Baldwin’s “The Moon’s Our Home” and adapted it for the screen and borrowed Margaret Sullavan from Universal to play the lead in it opposite Henry Fonda. Henry Fonda, as you of course know, is Margaret’s ex-husband. Some five or six years ago when Margaret and Henry were a couple of crazy kids struggling on the New York stage for recognition and not getting it, they decided that two eggs could be fried as easily as one over the gas jet—so, hopelessly in love and quite madcapish about the whole thing, they got married. Then Margaret became a (Continued on page 87)
The World’s
"ROMEO and JULIET"

The immortal romance of Romeo and Juliet, realized most poignantly in the modern art medium of the motion picture, thrills you anew with Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard as the lovers

Fictionized by
Elizabeth Petersen

EDITOR’S NOTE: SCREENLAND is prepared for criticism in presenting Shakespeare’s great romance in fiction form. Ever since Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford made "The Taming of the Shrew," with its notorious screen credit of "Additional Dialogue by Sam Taylor," Hollywood has taken a beating every time the sacred Shakespearean plays have been translated to the screen. We believe that Shakespeare, supreme showman of all time, would welcome the wide applause made possible by closer contact with the world’s greatest audience, the motion picture public. Those who are awed by Shakespeare’s "Art" malign him. He was the great entertainer.

D. E.

"Good-night, good-night! Parting is such sweet sorrow that I will say good-night, till it be morrow."

Copyright by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation

She was beautiful as the night is beautiful, this Juliet of the princely house of Capulet, with eyes that held the tenderness of stars and skin as softly white as sleeping moonlight. And fair as the day is fair with her smile that was like the coming of morning.

Romeo but looked at her and all that had gone before in his life was meaningless. It had happened in the space of a heart beat, that first sight of her and with it the knowledge that forever more must he love her.

There had been vague stirrings in his heart before as in the earth when Spring is first coming, for Romeo was young and tall and the lordly name of Montague was his to make the fairest of the Verona maidens tremble when he passed. There had been Rosalind, the capricious, for whose smile he had braved coming to the palace of the Capulets, his family’s ancient enemy
Greatest Love Story

where she was one of the guests.
Then he had seen Juliet, and Rosalind and the others who had gone before her were forgotten. For this thing that held him was no vague stirring of any Spring but a lasting thing that struck deep into every Spring that had gone before or would come afterward. The others had been fragile flowers that had pleased and held him for a little while. This was a tree in its full blossoming and it was so rooted in his heart that even had he wished it so he could not free himself.

There is no love so poignant as that which comes at first glance, and it came to Juliet too as her hand rested on the arm of Paris, the young nobleman her parents favored. It had not seemed hard before to listen to their pleas that she find indulgence in his courting of her. But now it was different. Her whole life’s course changed by a single look of one who was a stranger to her!

It was almost as if she could hear Romeo’s words as he turned to his cousin Benvolio and said with that new rapture in his voice: “O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright. It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night like a rich jewel in an Ethiope’s ear, beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.”

There was another who had seen that long look that had passed between these two. He was Tybalt, Juliet’s kinsman and one who had done much to keep the fires of the ancient grudge between the Capulets and the Montagues burning high.

He went now to his uncle the prince and demanded that the son of the Montagues be punished for daring to come within their household.

“Content thee, let him alone.” Capulet smiled in rare good humor, for he was host tonight and the dancing and gayety pleased him. “It would not for the wealth of all this town here in my home do him disparagement. Therefore be patient. Take no note of him.”

The head of his name had spoken, so Tybalt regretfully took his hand from his rapier. But his uncle’s words had sent hate of all Montagues, and of Romeo in special, deeper into his heart. The day would come, and soon, when all that hatred could be loosed. He must content himself to wait.

There was room for nothing but love in the hearts of Romeo and Juliet as they danced together, as he led her from the dance floor to the garden where for a moment he held her and felt her heart beat against his. Felt her hair brush as lightly as swallow’s wing against his cheek as his (Continued on page 68)

"Two households, both alike in dignity, in fair Verona where we lay our scene, from ancient grudge break forth to new mutiny, where civil blood makes civil hands unclean. From forth the fatal loins of these two foes a pair of star-cross’d lovers take their life—" The Prologue, "Romeo and Juliet."
Cupid Okays Oakie

And don't laugh! For no groom was ever more seriously in love than Jack. Here's real romance

By Jerry Asher

YOU can expect almost anything in Hollywood now that Mrs. Oakie’s little boy Jack is a blushing groom!

Impetuous Jack Oakie a married man, Jack, the beloved buffoon, a benedict, Oakie the cleverest clown in pictures, settled down to being a harlequin husband! The whole set-up would almost seem fantastic, if it weren't for one little thing, Jack Oakie is in love. Not the kind of love you've seen him make on the screen. Nor is it the gay sort of affectionate kidding, that Jack can do so convincingly. This time Jack is dead in earnest. His mask of merriment is as serious as a Shakespearean drama, when he speaks of the lady of his heart.

Six years isn’t such a long time, and yet in Hollywood six minutes can seem like a lifetime. It was just a little over six years ago that Jack Oakie came to Hollywood. He was fresh as paint. Somewhere along the way someone had laughed at his antics. Jack was a clown at heart, so getting the laughs came easy. He was ambitious to an almost pathetic degree. He was so serious about making good, that he clowned all the harder, to hide the inevitable disappointments. Life as yet hadn’t touched him too seriously. Outside of his tender devotion to his mother, Jack was inclined to take things pretty lightly.

One night Jack was taken to a Hollywood party. "There are picture people here," someone muttered. The words worked like magic. Clowning like mad, Jack was the life of the party. Then someone pointed out Director Wesley Ruggles. Without hesitation, Jack walked up to him.

"My name’s Oakie," he began. "Now if you're looking for a comedian, a real funny man, here I am." Ruggles wasn't looking for a real funny man. In fact he wasn’t looking for anything, but a quiet corner where he could go and be let alone.

A few days later, Jack met a giant-sized extra, who is now an (Continued on page 74)
GLADYS Talks Back about Grace

Can Miss Swarthout take it? Read her vividly colorful ideas below

"SHE is an elegant whirlwind! All the world's her stage and Grace is seldom off center. Her singing voice is to me like heady champagne. And so is Grace, herself. There's such tremendous punch to her pep that you zoom hastily up onto the crest of a wave, too."

"I wish I had her astounding vivacity. She's intoxicated with life and is wildly enthusiastic about everything from opera to new cooking recipes, golf to emeralds. Today's best society seeks her company, and her pet game is rummy! She's an American girl with a Spanish husband, and until a year ago her residence was officially a picturesque villa in Cannes, France.

"Her courage is a constant incentive to me. When I recall how she has dared, and won, I resolve to do better. But probably what I'm most impressed by, from a professional standpoint, is her marvelous certainty. Grace never deigns to recognize an obstacle, is positive where she is headed, and is sure she's right!"

"I found the much-discussed "rival" to Grace Moore on a set, also. Only this was the stage of an opera house. Gladys Swarthout, in a plain dark blue dress, was being photographed with a couple of other supposed amateurs as they sat tensely on stiff wooden chairs, listening to Jan Kiepura sing first.

Between "takes," while the Polish tenor strode up and down in Napoleonic fashion, Gladys joined me in the wings. Here, instead of magical blondness, is all the supreme loveliness of the sculptured brunette beauty. Swarthout is a great contrast to Moore, both in looks and personality. Huge brown eyes are pools of calm tenderness. Her complexion is a satiny olive, and there's a suggestion of delicate nobility which captivates you.

If you've been trying Norma Shearer's Juliet hairdress, you'll be interested in noting that Gladys has been wearing her own soft dark tresses that way all the while. Adrian poured into historical tomes to concoct it for Norma, who thereupon discovered that the svelte newcomer had already introduced it. So Norma, as you'd anticipate her doing, frankly asked if she could go on imitating. Gladys murmured, "I'm flattered to death!"

"Grace is independent and I'm not," she asserted to me, as I probed for (Continued on page 91)
THE STORY UP TO NOW

Steve Tyndall, manager of Bend River's lone telegraph station, is the first to congratulate Ruth Quirk on winning a screen magazine's beauty contest. Steve phones the good news to Ruth at the five-and-ten-cent store where she works, and his fears that this turn of events means the end of his dreams of marrying the pretty girl seem confirmed when days go by and he does not hear from Ruth, now busy preparing to go to Hollywood for a screen test and conferring with a representative of the magazine on the selection of a new name for her screen career. Then one night Steve decides to call at the home where Ruth lives with her widowed mother. But arriving there, he feels he will be in the way, and retraces his steps without even knocking at the door. Read what happens next.

PART II.

RUTH came in next day. She was wearing a new hat, and she had her own fountain pen.

"Hello, Steve," she said. It wasn't cool, exactly, yet it certainly didn't sound as though they'd ever kissed each other on the front porch. She needed no help with her messages this time. Her pen flew over the paper and, when she'd finished, she handed the forms to Steve with a rather businesslike air.

HARRY QUIRK
CROWN FLOWER MILL
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
THANKS LEAVE FOR HOLLYWOOD EARLY NEXT MONTH STOP MOTHER STAYS HERE LOVE
RUTH*

SILVERSHEET
2900 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA
RECEIVED LETTER AGREE PROPOSED NAME STOP MANY THANKS FOR CHECK AWAITING FURTHER NEWS

VIOLA PALMER

ROWLAND LYMAN
27 EAST 56TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY
ARRIVE NEW YORK PARK HOTEL NEXT WEEK STOP LOOKING FORWARD TO OUR COLLABORATION
RUTH VIOLA

Steve took the messages from her and began tapping them out on the machine, while she rummaged about in her bag for money. The bag was new, too—black suede.

"Great doings," he said, his voice strained. "So you're really leaving us."

"Here you are," she said. "Three eight six, right? It's like a dream come true, isn't it?"
The richly human story of a girl who wins what millions seek—a chance in Hollywood

“Can I—I mean—could we have another date before you go?”

“Oh, of course,” she answered. “I’ll call you.”

Steve didn’t dare send so much as a glance after her, when she left. First of all, Joe was sitting there, watching him, and besides it just didn’t seem the thing to do. That night he went to the movies alone, his heart as sick with longing for Ruth as though she’d been in Hollywood for a year. In the film, the young people married at the end. He’d been a chump ever to dream of such a thing. Only a chump would fall in love with a girl who was prettier than Greta Garbo. He went to the corner drugstore, ate a banana split, and bought a bottle of whisky to put him to sleep. He’d had enough of tossing and twisting every night, and rising dull-eyed and heavy every morning.

Telegrams came marching out of the moister:

MISS VIOLA PALMER
BEND RIVER OHIO
SAW YOUR PHOTO IN SILVERSHEET STOP
MAY WE REPRESENT YOU IN HOLLYWOOD STOP
BELIEVE WE CAN GET YOU GOOD CONTRACT
STERN & CLAYBERG AGENCY
8372 SUNSET BOULEVARD

MISS VIOLA PALMER
% SILVERSHEET
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
SAW YOUR PHOTO IN SILVERSHEET
STOP PLEASE WIRE COLLECT YOUR TERMS
FOR MODELLING OUR NEW BRASIERE
QUOTE UPLIFT UNQUOTE
LIFTA COMPANY
CHICAGO

MISS VIOLA PALMER
% SILVERSHEET
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
SAW YOUR PHOTO IN SILVERSHEET
YOU ARE MY DREAM GIRL HOW CAN I MEET YOU
HAVE LARGE FARM AND ENOUGH CASH TO
MAKE GIRL HAPPY
FRANK BAYLE
BLUE CREEK, IOWA

MISS RUTH QUIRK
336 North 23RD STREET
BEND RIVER OHIO
TICKETS BOUGHT AND BERTH RESERVED
NEW YORK TO HOLLYWOOD FOR WEDNESDAY THE FOURTEENTH STOP WIRE CONFIRMATION YOUR DEPARTURE ON THAT DATE
SILVERSHEET

MISS RUTH VIOLA PALMER QUIRK
% WOOLWORTH’S
BEND RIVER OHIO
DELIGHTED WITH LETTER STOP YOU ARE A DARLING STOP SEE YOU IN NEW YORK LOVE
ROLLY

MISS VIOLA PALMER
% SILVERSHEET MAGAZINE
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
DO YOU CARRY LIFE INSURANCE STOP IF NOT GET IN TOUCH AT ONCE WITH PROVIDENCIA, PROVIDENCE RHODE ISLAND

(Continued on page 83)
Love
as burning as
Sahara's Sands

From Ouida's romantic novel of the French Foreign Legion, flashed this glorious spectacle-drama of men's heroism and women's devotion, enacted by one of the greatest casts the screen has ever seen.

UNDER TWO FLAGS

starring
Ronald COLMAN
( Beau Coute )

Victor McLAGLEN
(The Informer)

featuring
Claudette COLBERT
( It Happened One Night )

Rosalind RUSSELL
(Rendezvous)

with Gregory Ratoff • Nigel Bruce • C. Henry Gordon • Herbert Mundin

AND A CAST OF 10,000

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck

Directed by Frank Lloyd ( Cavalcade , Mutiny on the Bounty)

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Based on the novel by Ouida
Is Hepburn Making Screen History?

Making historical movies is hardly the same thing as making cinema history—oh, no! Katharine Hepburn accomplished the latter feat in "Little Women." She is now appearing in "Mary of Scotland," historical drama about the fascinating, if luckless, Mary Stuart—the rôle played on the stage by Helen Hayes. Fredric March plays the Earl of Bothwell—a swashbuckling rôle. Directing Miss Hepburn is the brilliant John Ford, who made "The Informer," "Art," or Box-Office, or both?

Hepburn as Mary of Scotland is supported by Fredric March as Bothwell—left; Douglas Walton as Lord Darnley above; and a star-spangled cast of other thespians including Florence Eldridge, (Mrs. Fredric March), as Mary’s rival, Queen Elizabeth.
Two Beauties Come Back!

American Beauty Number One, Loretta Young, returns to the screen after her long illness as the heroine of "The Unguarded Hour," with Franchot Tone as her leading man. Loretta, lovelier, more ethereal than ever, augments her come-back with another picture, "Private Number"—so you'll be seeing this Young girl soon, and often!
British Beauty, Madeleine Carroll, is lured back to Hollywood to be starred in three Walter Wanger productions—the first, "The Case Against Mrs. Ames," with George Brent playing opposite. Miss Carroll's English picture with Robert Donat, "The 39 Steps," was such a personal triumph for the beautiful blonde actress that the Hollywood offers poured in, and unlike her co-star Mr. Donat, who is holding out against a long-term Hollywood contract, Madeleine accepted, and her glittering new career begins.
"Fairhaven" is the name he has given his estate, and Victor McLaglen chose its location for its natural beauty. Left, the star takes in the scenery from the lower terrace leading to the house, perched on a knoll.

McLaglen At Home

At ease! The pavilion adjoining the tennis court offers invitation to make yourself comfortable, as McLaglen does above. At the left, a close-up of the master of the manor on the terrace stairway.

Easy to see McLaglen's interests run to sports and the outdoors, by the pictures and other objects in the view above of the star of "The Informer" in one of his favorite retreats.
Beautiful landscaping makes "Fairhaven" one of California's most impressive estates. Right, the star seated on the lawn enjoying the view which carries the eye from the Pacific eastward to the high Sierras.

In the trophy room, above, Vic seems as proud of the cups won by his thoroughbreds as of his own award for acting. Below, with his favorite mount, Duchess, one of his eight thoroughbred jumpers.

These photographs of Victor McLaglen's home were made exclusively for SCREENLAND by Gene Kornman.

Academy Award Winner takes us on a sight-seeing tour of his magnificent home in the La Canada hills near Pasadena, California.

You find a variety of pets at McLaglen's, among them several deer of which the actor and his family are especially fond. Meet the deer, above, with Victor extending the hand of friendship.
There's the lift of poetry in what's said by a lot of spring posies, and see how Eleanor Whitney, right, wears one to garland her svelte figure. Of course, you have to do things with your eyes when you speak this language—as witness the eloquent beauties here.

White violets have the mood that suits the blonde beauty of Ann Harding, and nothing could make that more emphatic than the picture of Ann above. But for a brunette who wants to be saucily engaging, take pink camellias, as Marsha Hunt does when she turns on the charm at right.

Marion Davies shows how you can give a charming meaning to a pensive mood with lilies-of-the-valley for headdress and costume ornament. Above, Carol Hughes lets a spray of white flowers accentuate the brunette loveliness of her hair. Below, Ann Sothern, now a brunette, strikes a sophisticated pose.
Every smart girl must learn to speak it — so take a lesson from Hollywood.

Gardenias for glamor, or is it the other way about? Anyway, note at left, how Margot Grahame expresses an exotic mood with these symmetrical blooms. Below, roses, roses with long, long stems, for Anita Louise to match the wistful loveliness of her “lavender and old lace” mood in the picture below.

A rare mood for Joan Bennett, but rarely expressed, you’ll admit, as you contemplate the enigmatic look Joan emphasises with a spray of violets in her hair. At left, Gail Patrick shows flowers need not be confined to corsages and bouquets.

And flowers certainly belong in the phase of romance portrayed at lower left: Frances Langford and Smith Bal-lew, strolling on the set one day.
Rainbow Revels!

In addition to color schemes by Robert Edmond Jones; "Dancing Pirates" introduces Charles Collins — screen "discovery" of John Hay Whitney. The new dancing star is seen at top center, and above, with Steffi Duna.

Since comedy belongs in every film — color or black and white — there's Frank Morgan present among the dancers and pirates in this new film, and you see above the three principals of the picture, Morgan, Steffi Duna, and Charles Collins, engaged in a scene that appears to blend humor with romance.

Bowling to popular demand, "Dancing Pirates" comes to the screen arrayed in the color film's brightest hues.

Bold, dashing, and dancing pirates and lovely señoritas seem a perfect combination to bring color to the screen — particularly when there is added to the action the terpsichorean nip-ups being demonstrated above by Charles Collins, and right and left by Steffi Duna.
Come, 'fes up, did you ever expect to see Ann Harding, the reserved, restrained lady in so many films that have won your applause, roughing it in woodsman's outfit, and romping with mountain lions? Well, neither did we, but here's Ann giving us the personality contrast which makes for "color." We're all for you, Ann, in this new "rough and ready" mood.

Charm Calls For Color

Not only films, but stars too go in for "color"—such as the colorful human side the captivating Ann Harding reveals here.
Making Faces

Faces that make you happy, by opposite means. Jeanette MacDonald flashes a gorgeous smile as she sings a dazzling song in "San Francisco." But below, that new groom, Jack Oakie, sweeps clean with a good cry.

That's how stars earn their salaries. The best face-makers make the finest artists. Here's artful make-believe in action.

Warner Baxter gives us that baleful look in his very dramatic role in "The Road to Glory." While Lionel Barrymore, across the page at right, makes a patriotic face for his part in the same picture.

But you "ain't seen nothing" till you watch Massa Al Jolson make those faces as he puts over his greatest song-hits in "The Singing Kid." Below, Al turns on some face-making.
Paula and Dorothy Stone love their dad, Fred Stone, but when he plays the piano they make faces like this, right.

Freckles make the face of Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer, above, one to make you laugh. Right, Edith Fellows shows a perfect peeve; and lower right, Joe E. Brown makes the kind of face that launches a million guffaws.

Austerity and "aw, g'wan" seen in the faces here. Left, C. Aubrey Smith, as Lord Capulet in "Romeo and Juliet." Right, good-natured Wallace Beery makes believe he's terribly tough.

Charles Bickford, left, puts on his hardboiled-face in "U. S. Smith." Nobody can pout as amusingly as Stuart Erwin, below, nor is there a child or adult star to beat Jane Withers, right, at looking down-right pesky.
Pretty faces return to rule the screen, and these lovelies prove it!

Beauty Reigns Again!

Is Hollywood anticipating demands of color, or commands of the public? Anyway, there's an abundance of pulchritude at the studios now. Proof? Look at Jane Hamilton, top left; Frances Farmer, above; Marsha Hunt, left; Jean Chatburn and Irene Bennett; below; Maxine Jennings, lower left; and Louise Small, extreme left—all newcomers.
Stage training gives way to beauty as a "must" in Hollywood's current search for new actresses. Fascinating evidence that Hollywood finds what it seeks are: Elizabeth Jenna, above, upper right, Frances Sage, and Besie Patterson; at right, Chloe Douglas; below, Elizabeth Russell, and Louise Latimer; lower right, Olympe Bradna.
Ladies On Shore Leave

When screen beauties go down to the sea, style for beach wear follows closely after. Here are hints for swank at the shore.

Madge Evans selects this sports outfit for play days at the beach. A suit featuring white slacks topped with a sweater sporting a blue yoke, and red diamond trimming to add striking color effect to an ensemble that combines chic with comfort.

Cecilia Parker, who is one of our most promising young actresses, is all ready for a dip in the ocean, clad in a new-style one-piece suit of navy blue topped with lighter shade of blue for stylish contrast. Happy splashing to you, Cecilia!

A flash of color, supplied by the bandana in contrasting hues, gives particular sparkle to the swim suit worn by Mary Carlisle, left. The suit is of a new knitted material, called "Skipper-Knit," and the suit comes with two bandanas.
Men At Work

But with thrills like this the boys don't find the job dull

Nice work—if you can get it, this screen acting. Ask Freddie March, above, doing a scene for “The Road to Glory.” Or Bill Powell, right, compensated for a headache by an ice-pack for his brow, and Jean Arthur to console. By the way, will Jean receive Academy honors for her swell acting with Gary Cooper in “Mr. Deeds”? Below, Ralph Bellamy, reunited with Fay Wray in his new picture. Lower right, Chester Morris and Madge Evans in “Moonlight Murder.” No wonder they like their jobs!
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Shirley Temple in "The Poor Little Rich Girl"
Follies
Girl's Days and Nights

Virginia Bruce knows—and tells!

By Charles Darnton

SHE knows! All the dazzle, glitter, whirl, gaiety and temptations of prodigal Broadway that Virginia Bruce flaunts as a showgirl who rises to renown and sinks to dissipation in "The Great Ziegfeld" have come within her own observation, for she herself was that fabulous creature, a Ziegfeld girl.

Her beauty, blonde and radiant, winged its way to the brief glory which has scorched countless fluttering moths of a night. But she, for one, flew free of the flame without being singed by its hot breath.

"Any girl can do it—if she has sense," is her wise judgment.

Sense is the birthright of Virginia Bruce. It went hand-in-hand with her beauty when she took that precious commodity to New York's most fastidious market. It brought her back safely to a screen career in Hollywood which now is headed for assured stardom. It rewarded her with the inheritance of a quarter of a million dollars as the last wife of John Gilbert.

All this you know. But do you know what it takes to be a Ziegfeld girl? Let her tell you: "It takes what men in the first ten rows will look at and like!"

Hard as their shirt-fronts, these men turn thumbs up or thumbs down. Girls who capitalize their charms—face, figure, and that unknown quantity called style—win or lose by that narrow margin of ten rows.

"What is mostly noticed," pointed out Miss Bruce, "is a beautiful figure. But mere lines and curves are not enough. There must also be grace and rhythm. If the figure betrays the slightest sign of awkwardness, nothing can save it."

Now this would seem to assume a (Continued on page 80)
The Great Ziegfeld—M.G.M

BIGGEST money's worth of movie of the month! It's the behemoth of all musical pictures, running three hours, studied with stars, crammed with color, brimming with beauties. There is a super-colossal musical number to end all such numbers, involving a mammoth revolving stage and winding stairs whirling with dancers, ringing with song and saturated with satin and lace and nostalgic "Follies" sentiment—a number to lift you to your feet cheering or drop you into a dazzled daze. "The Great Ziegfeld" combines spectacle and intimate drama, tracing the professional and private life of Broadway's late leading girl-showman, telescoping his colorful career from his start as manager of Sandow, the strong man, through his discovery of Anna Held, his presentation of the "Follies," his final triumphs and happy marriage to Billie Burke. William Powell plays Ziegfeld with finesse; Luise Rainer repeats her "Escapade" bit as Anna Held; Myrna Loy is a charmingly sympathetic Billie Burke; and Frank Morgan shines as "Ziggy's" friendly rival. Harriet Hecton's ballet is enchanting. You won't want to miss this stupendous show.

The Singing Kid—Warner

AL JOLSON'S new picture is the best Jolson to date, and has the least Jolson in it. Make of this what you will, but take it as evidence that Al, along with Lloyd and Cantor, is putting good showmanship above personal close-ups, and the result is very okay. If for no other reason, "The Singing Kid" is worth seeing for one number called "I Love to Sing-a," in which Al and the effervescent Yacht Club Boys go town in terrific style. You'll be a-singin' this song. The Jolson honors are handsomely shared with Sybil Jason, really appealing in this, and a new girl, Beverly Roberts, who owns and uses to excellent effect the most mellifluous speaking voice yet heard from the screen. The story concerns a Broadway star who loses his sweetheart, his bankroll, and his voice practically simultaneously, and goes truly rural for a rest—and all the rest, including "I'l Sybil" and Miss Beverly, Romance blooms. AI's voice returns, and there's a highly hilarious happy ending. Cab Calloway and his band for high color, Claire Dodd for beautiful menace, and Edward Everett Horton and Allen Jenkins for fun—and you have "The Singing Kid." Grade-A Jolson.

Things to Come—United Artists

A PICTURE to attract international attention. H. G. Wells' "Things to Come" is chiefly interesting as Exhibit A of a Great Author Writing Directly for the Screen. Mr. Wells apparently respects the screen as a medium of expression, but with all the good will in the world he remains a Great Author, expressing in literary rather than cinematic terms. The result is a talky, tedious, and, alas, too often pompous presentation of Wells' far-sighted and stimulating views of the future of mankind if it persists in settling its disputes by war. Agreeing heartily with Mr. Wells' arguments it is still difficult to regard "Things To Come" as good screen entertainment. There are exciting scenes of the world-to-be in 2055, of "Every Town" shining in its scientific perfection; there are Jules Verne-ish variations to amuse the imagination; and there are good performances by Raymond Massey and a sultry siren named Margareta Scott. But if this is "Things To Come" we prefer things present, Hollywood touches and all. Now if Mr. Wells had only filmed his own fascinating "Autobiography"—there's a story possessing the very vitality which "Things To Come" lacks as screen material.
Top Performance by an Actress: LUISE RAINER in "The Great Ziegfeld"

Best Supporting Actors: FRANK MORGAN in "The Great Ziegfeld" and LIONEL STANDER in "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town"

Two Important Newcomers: Exquisite JEAN CHATBURN in "The Great Ziegfeld." Original BEVERLY ROBERTS in "The Singing Kid"

Absolute "Musts" of the Month: "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town" "The Great Ziegfeld" "Three Little Wolves"

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town—Columbia

THE most appealing picture ever made! Most human story, most distinguished direction, most inspired performance—it's the "Most" of the "Best" pictures, and you must not miss it. Like "It Happened One Night" it follows no formula, it breaks all the rules. Gary Cooper plays Longfellow Deeds, small-town boy who inherits $20,000,000 and doesn't know what to do with it—and until he finds out, you have a perfectly marvellous time chuckling over his problems; and when he does discover a solution, you'll be amazed and moved, too—for "Mr. Deeds" has pathos and purpose as well as spirited fun. In fact, you may even find this picture "significant" and I wouldn't blame you; but first, last, and always, it's magnificent motion picture entertainment. There are moments you'll remember, words you'll adopt, scenes to treasure and to talk about—you may even form a "Mr. Deeds Fan Club." Cooper was created to play Mr. Deeds, and that he proves worthy of the part is a tribute to his performance and personality; he's superb. Jean Arthur is brilliantly believable. Lionel Stander is so good he—well, he's practically "pixilated," that's all.

The Amateur Gentleman—United Artists

PRETTY sporting of Young Fairbanks to call his first producing venture "The Amateur Gentleman"—so easy to quip and crack about "the amateur producer." I won't because I enjoyed some of it, being just an old sentimentalist who likes the actor-manager tradition and also Young Doug. I hope he's a success in his new career, and I believe his first effort is rather hopeful, showing shrewd showmanship in the "Scarlet Pimpernel" vein, good casting, and particularly a rousing good boat of fisticuffs, my hearties. All in the Fairbanks, and actor-manager tradition. Produced in England, with some charming scraps of country scenery. "The Amateur Gentleman" has that atmosphere of authenticity characteristic of British period pieces. It has a disarming youthfulness in its swashbuckling adventures that makes it a perfect panacea for families with smallmovie-hungry boys. It's a colorful role Young Doug plays, masquerading as a mysterious gentleman of consequence to save his father; calling for elegance, assurance, and robust romance, and in all departments the star satisfies. Elissa Landi is a picturesque heroine.

I Married a Doctor—Warners

PAT O'BRIEN and Josephine Hutchinson play a return engagement of their popular act in this new picturization of Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street," Hollywood is nothing if not loyal; once it has a good story it sticks to it; and it believes you can't have too much of a good team. Pat and Miss Hutchinson are sympathetic team-mates, but this time, perhaps, they are not too well cast—Pat is not my idea of a conscientious country-doctor, and Miss Hutchinson is too much of an exquisite to be altogether convincing as Celia Kennicott; nevertheless, they carry on like the swell trouper they are, and Guy Kibbee and Ross Alexander, in support, do a lot to help. The struggles of the doctor's wife to make friends, to elevate the aesthetic standards of the small town, do not seem as important as they once did; in fact, dear old "Main Street" dates, my dears. But it's a nice family picture, and you could find far worse movie entertainment for your evening than this rejuvenation of a novel that, in its day, excited not only this but other lands. After all, every picture about a doctor can't produce the Dionne Quintuplets.
Ann's hair is no longer "Hollywood blonde," but its own natural brown, and very becoming, too! See the Southern belle in that romantic "picture" gown above, of starched chiffon and lace in pale orchid. Upper left, dinner suit of black with slit skirt, topped by a jaunty black and white checked jacket. Left, below, new print of beach umbrellas and cabañas makes this silk suit so amusing.

SCREENLAND
Glamor School

Edited by

[Signature]
Charm is chic again! See Ann Sothern's Spring style show for piquant proof that our overworked word "Glamor" has a new meaning.

"The" three-piece street suit for Spring, worn by Ann Sothern at right, is Radier jersey in two shades of blue: high-necked sweater, straight skirt, and short belted jacket with puffed sleeves. Ann's accessories are navy blue—note particularly the grand, pouchy handbag she is carrying. "The" cape suit of the season is pictured at upper right—grey wool with crisp piqué bow. Ann's gloves, hat, and flowers are white; her shoes and handbag, blue. And now "the" dance frock; directly above: a supple, feminine affair of flesh-pink net and Alencon lace, with double skirt effect: the full, diaphanous, lace-banded overskirt of the net setting off the clinging silhouette of lace underneath. At the low neckline is clustered a group of pale pink roses. You can wear this sort of thing if you're slim, graceful, and carry yourself as Ann does.

Fresh Start

Picture girls perk up to please you and themselves and their Hollywood beau! It's Spring, and time to take stock of your face, hair, skin, and "figger"—bring 'em all up to date and make the most of the newest aids to beauty. Above, left, Paulette Goddard; Charlie Chaplin's reel and real leading lady, is the spirit of Spring in her white jacket and snor¬
rous white hat. Take notes from Paulette's piquant costume—worth studying. Jean Harlow, above, has gone natural—her own blond "brownette" hair softly waved and shining, her make-up smooth and fresh, her daytime favorite a soft sweater. Lorena Young, left, has a new coiffure and evening coat. See the soft curl atop Lorena's lovely head? And the flattering petal collar of her white evening coat?
for Spring!

Greet the new season with a fresh hair-do! You may want to copy Marguerite Churchill's new coiffure, above; crown of curls brushed off the face, part line at the ear. Marguerite enchews vivid liquid polish for natural hue—but Carol Hughes, pretty newcomer, prefers bright shades to match her costume, and paints her nails to their tips. And Carol, below, devotes as much time to her dainty pedal extremities as to her facial make-up, knowing that Summer demands smooth, shapely "Dixtricks" and comfortable, well-shod feet. Three new coiffures that change their owners' personalities are shown at left: Karen Morley with her new cluster of curls; top; Frances Drake, so different with her curled-crescent coiffure; and Betty Furness, who combines side curls with a natural front wave.
London News-Reel

Follow these flashes of film activities in England's Hollywood

By Hettie Grimstead

**London**

OPENING scene set in an ancient Sussex castle, with walls of mellow stone and gracious diamond-paned windows and dim old family crests enshrined among the oaken panels. Richly-carved antique furniture and bowls of colorful rhododendron blooms gathered in the park; and standing beside a priceless suit of armor, the one and only Ned Sparks, his inimitable cigar at an angle expressing superb astonishment.

"Gee! Just take a look at this clock. It was made in 1680 and it's still going. And it hasn't even got any wheels! Would you believe it unless you saw it? Well, I'm real proud to have this clock in the film with me."

For it's one of the stages at the British and Dominion Studios where Paul Soskin is producing "Two's Company" in which Ned plays a go-ahead American business man competing with an English aristocrat for the hand of pretty Mary Brian. Ned can't tear himself away from the historical old pieces used to decorate the sets.

"Say! King Charles the First sat in this chair, I wish my little Betsy Ann could sit in it too. She'd be tickled to death."

As everybody in the studio now knows, Betsy Ann is Ned's bull-terrier, and the prettiest apple of his eye. She had to be left at home in Hollywood owing to the quarantine laws, but Ned has brought numerous photographs of her and an exquisite miniature painted on ivory and framed in gold. Every week he receives a diary-letter from his chauffeur who is tending Betsy Ann in which her daily doings are set out in detail.

"She must be missing me," he says. "I always take her for a drive in the mountains Sundays and I put her to bed myself—yes, madam. She has a proper bed with sheets and a satin quilt like a human being. She's no ordinary dog, I'll have you understand."

As he takes out the picture of Betsy Ann that is always in his pocket and gazes at it affectionately, fade slowly out, with strains of music soft and gentle. Fade in a long shot of a great luxury hotel in Park Lane, then wheel the cameras ready for close-ups of all the famous Hollywood stars who are living there while making pictures in England.

First Edmund Lowe, bright and breezy, wondering why he has to ask for "grilled bacon" in order to get his fried ham for breakfast. Edmund is playing for Gaumont-British in a detective thriller called "The Wreckers," his part that of an enquiry agent on holiday in Europe who becomes involved in a curious series of ( Continued on page 97 )

Mary Brian and Ned Sparks, at top of page, borrowed from Hollywood for "Two's Company," with Paul Soskin, British producer. Then Peter Lorre getting his hair curled for his role of a killer in "Secret Agent." Next, Cary Grant and Mary Brian in a scene from "The Amazing Quest." Finally, Helen Vinson, Director Al Werker, and Clive Brook, making "Love in Exile," based on the Gene Markey novel, "His Majesty's Pyjamas."
Paris Playground

Painting the stars as they shine at work and play in the City on the Seine

By

Stiles Dickenson

Paris

The first time I painted Constance Bennett she was a wee baby, asleep in her crib. That's picking the stars young! Each time I see Constance in Paris she always asks me when I am going to do her again. It will be a great pleasure to do her any time.

It seems to me that when the stars are in Paris they are much more art-conscious than in their native Hollywood. I've painted them in London, New York, Chicago, and Hollywood, but they seem much more in the atmosphere here. This Paris does get one!

Grace Moore makes a thrilling subject. I first painted her when she was studying her opera roles—before her debut. She was living in Mary Garden's apartment in Monte Carlo and coaching with Mary's father. The influence of her distinguished predecessor seemed to inspire Grace. I used to make the sittings as numerous as possible for I'd linger around and hear Grace at her music lesson. What a joy to sit back in an easy chair with drinks by my side and hear that glorious voice roll out. Oh yes, many delightful lunches were included in the so-called sittings. What more could an artist ask for on this earth? Lovely model, delicious lunch, and a concert all thrown in.

In Paris I attended Grace's début at the Opera-Comique. At that time she was working out the roles that have since been rounded into perfection. Came the Hollywood experiences, and last summer the prima donna returned to Paris with that much abused word glamour exuding from every pore. "One Night of Love" seemed to have turned the trick. The miniature I had painted in Monte Carlo seemed a pale, washed-out effort. Out came the paint-box and with the brightest colors I faked in a dazzling portrait. Just as though the stage had been set by a Hollywood director, Grace's surroundings were perfect. At the hotel where she stopped, an Indian Maharajah was in residence accompanied by wives, relatives, and a suite that filled over two floors of the hotel. No musical comedy could equal the picturesque beauty of those turbanned and be-jeweled attendants of the Maharajah. They filled the corridors and salons and every time Grace would appear I expected to hear a hidden orchestra strike up a tune and see them join hands and break into a song and dance number. They were all greatly interested in Grace, for she is a huge favorite in India. I had several conferences with the Maharajah and his suite about painting some miniatures and they would be full of questions about the prima donna.

(Continued on page 94)
ANNE SHIRLEY was giggling like a school-girl of seventeen (which she is) when I sat down to lunch with her in the RKO commissary.

"What's so funny?" I asked.

"Did you see that person I was talking to just as you came up?" Well, he said, 'I thought you had today off, Anne?' I told him I was here to talk about myself. He said, 'That sounds just like you,' I said I was insulted, and he hastily replied, 'Oh, I mean it sounds like 'Anne of Green Gables.'"

"What's the joke?" queried I.

"There isn't any, but ten people have been by this table while I waited for you and they have all asked me the same question and I've given them all the same answer, then they always responded in the same way—it's an experiment that I'm making!"

Then I understood. Anne has been making "experiments" since she was four years old. Her first came with her new tricycle. Mrs. Shirley looked out of the window one day to see if her daughter was all right, and what to her shock and amazement should she see but Anne taking a running leap from the front porch onto the tricycle three steps below on the sidewalk, landing on her head. She rushed out and Anne explained in her own inimitable way that she was just trying it to see if it could be done.

Her next "Great Experiment" came some years later. Anne kept coming into the house with unexplainable skinned knees and elbows. Finally a neighborhood girl quite innocently told Mrs. Shirley that her daughter was the best Robin Hood she'd ever seen—'Why, only yesterday she jumped from the roof of the garage onto a tree two feet away!' she marveled. When Anne was called in for questioning she explained all the other kids had tried it and she had an idea that she could do it, too—and she was right.

When Anne was fourteen her favorite boy friend had a crush on another girl. Anne studied the girl and decided that the thing the boy must like about her was her plucked eyebrows. So Anne came home and secretly plucked away on hers, but being slightly inexperienced couldn't get them even, and consequently kept plucking until she had no eyebrows at all. It was indeed a tragedy, but then, as always, she had an answer. She told everyone she plucked them in the hope that they would grow in thicker, and besides she was anxious to know what she would look like in case for some reason or another she would have to have them plucked out for good.

The most important experiment that Anne has made to date was her rôle in "Anne of Green Gables." Anne and her mother have always had a code between themselves, an unbreakable one, that they kept even in lean years, that if Anne was offered a rôle and they decided that she wasn't suited for it they would refuse it, so that a girl who was "right" for the part might have it. When RKO offered Anne the title rôle in "Anne of Green Gables" she and her mother sat down and read the script, and looked at each other in fright, both afraid to speak their minds. Here was an offer to do a star rôle, an opportunity of a lifetime, but down in their hearts they felt that Anne (Continued on page 77)
Here's one star who remembers his struggles and gives credit to those who helped him succeed

By Paul Russell

JUST how do you get to be a movie star? The actual story always begins away back, somewhere. There were persons who held out helping hands. Without their assistance the road would never have led to glory.

There is more required than ability and hard work and the obvious Hollywood build-up. But very seldom do you hear of those people in the background. Once set with fame and wealth, whirled into the glamorous crowd, the crises of the humble yesterdays fade from the average celebrity's mind. Or the memory is deliberately sacrificed to present, influential "names." The folks who should be credited for aiding in the escape from the monotonous grind of everyday living are all too often forgotten.

In Hollywood, if all the extraordinary virtues aren't blandly adopted, it's thought clever to flatter the local powers-that-be. But Preston Foster is the most notable exception I know. He doesn't forget!

Not even now, when he is topping four years of character leads with a surprising switch to romantic parts and so is really important at last. Incidentally, it was Carole Lombard who first realized his potentialities as an ideal film lover. She said it was a shame for him to keep on submerging his husky attractiveness, and insisted on him for a debonair rôle opposite her. Since then he's suddenly been in demand for the more exciting love dramas.

Pres hasn't been affected by all this hurrahing over the Gable in him. "I al-

Preston Foster is now a star, but he likes to talk about early days, and to give a boost to newcomers like Harry Mayo, shown with Foster at left, below. Harry is Preston's stand-in and his pal.

Foster Can't Forget

...ways wanted to be an actor, but I never would have climbed at all if it hadn't been for the kindness of certain people." He had been enjoying his only vacation in a year, down at Balboa Bay, but when he learned that I wanted to interview him he promptly came into town.

He was propped against the wall, in an old chair. The democratic calls from various members of the publicity department there in the big, general office at RKO-Radio ceased as they saw that we were in a serious mood.

Pres is enormously popular in person. His friendly attitude towards everyone accounts for this. Invariably he greets you with a merry quip and his gusto is contagious. Yet he can quickly turn from gay bantering, and he proved it again by what he proceeded to tell me.

"I was pretty much the village ne'er-do-well. At least, that's how I was usually cataloged because I was habitually losing jobs. I worked at nearly a little bit of everything before I caught the faintest glimmer of my dream becoming a possibility."

He was born in Ocean City, (Continued on page 78)
"It's a romance," says Hollywood, because Cary Grant and Mary Brian always look happy, like this, when they've seen together—which is often.

**Brief and breezy news reports about the stars**

**By**

Weston East

**CLARK GABLE'S** little tiff with Director Van Dyke was short and sweet—and Clark came away smiling. Ever since his serious illness, Clark has understood that he will not work at six o'clock. "Van," who has a way of getting around the stars, insisted that Clark remain and work that evening. Clark refused in a very nice way. But Van instructed his assistant to tell Clark to remain. At six o'clock Clark walked off the set. The next morning Clark was asked to come to Mr. Mayer's office. Director Van claimed that he had been humiliated in front of the "San Francisco" company. Clark claimed he was being shoved around like a schoolboy. While everyone fumed and fretted, Clark sat back and smiled. Very casually he remarked that if they didn't want him on the set, just to say the word and he knew a nice place where they had good hunting. Before many more moments the cameras were grinding and Clark was before them acting. Yes, he left at six that night.

There's a little rumor afloat that Anita Louise has suddenly taken the moulding of her own life into her own hands. The constant companionship of Anita's mother has long since become Hollywood tradition. Now they say that Anita and Ross Alexander have become fast friends. Anita feels that she wants to live her own life and without disrespect to her mother, think a little more for herself.

**ASK** any of the Hollywood tradesmen who their favorite movie star is and they'll tell you, Alice Faye. Not only does Alice answer the door herself, but she thanks the boys graciously and usually offers them cigarettes.

**Here's Hollywood.**

Seen at Palm Springs! Patricia Ellis reveals trim sports shorts, and two good reasons why her bike wheels go 'round and 'round so smoothly.

**This** is how Robert Taylor received the news that Irene Hervey is going to marry Allan Jones. Bob came into the M-G-M commissary to get a cup of coffee, before going on the set, Irene was sitting at the counter and Bob walked over and sat down next to her. The night before Allan Jones had returned from New York and surprised Irene with an engagement ring. She showed the diamond to Bob and broke the news right then and there. If Bob had any misgivings, he managed to give a very convincing demonstration of wishing Irene every happiness. There are those who still insist that Irene and Bob would be the engaged couple, if it weren't for certain domestic problems in Bob's life. Irene has been married before and has a little girl. Jones has also been married and has a little boy. He made his final divorce arrangements while in New York.

**THERE'S** a little rumor afloat that from England! Patrick Knowles arrives in New York with his wife, en route to Hollywood to appear in "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

**From England! Patrick Knowles arrives in New York with his wife, en route to Hollywood to appear in "The Charge of the Light Brigade."**


**THERE'S** a little rumor afloat that Anita Louise has suddenly taken the moulding of her own life into her own hands. The constant companionship of Anita's mother has long since become Hollywood tradition. Now they say that Anita and Ross Alexander have become fast friends. Anita feels that she wants to live her own life and without disrespect to her mother, think a little more for herself.
All interested in color! John Hay Whitney, center, head of the company that specializes in color pictures, and John Speaks, left, associate producer, seen talking with Steffi Duna, star of their latest film, at their Hollywood studio.


Betty Blythe and Fritz Leiber, co-stars years ago in "The Queen of Sheba," meet again at a studio party.

William Powell plunges into mystery again, and aiding him are three other film favorites: Lila Lee, Jean Arthur, and Eric Blore. We see the four principals huddling in a studio corner, cooking up ways to keep us in suspense.

LUISE RAINER'S make-up for her rôle in "Good Earth" is something to rave about. Believe it or not, she has little to do but change the slant of her eyes and the effect is astounding. Of course she's had to rearrange the style of her hair, as Luise sports that "egg-beater" effect. Of all the actresses in Hollywood, there is more talk of the potential qualities of the little Rainer than any other newcomer on the screen.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, reluctantly taking her first maritall vacation, decided to go to New York. On the way to the station, Dr. Pressman, (Claudette's new hubby), smashed his hand in the door of the car. The train pulled out and Claudette tearfully waved goodbye. By the time she reached Pasadena, she was beside herself with misgiving and worry. In the meantime Dr. Pressman stopped to have his hand dressed and then headed for Beverly Hills. As he turned the latch in his door, who should greet him but wifey Claudette. Just in case you've forgotten, the name of her last picture was, "The Bride Comes Home." P. S.: Claudette got to Manhattan later.

CONTRARY to publicity, Jean Harlow is not brownette. In "Riff-Raff" and "Wife versus Secretary," Jean wears a beautiful wig. Her own hair underneath is slowly growing out to its natural color. When it gets the right length, the wig will automatically be discarded and then brownette will come into its own. According to a certain Hollywood beauty operator, the strong bleach used to make Jean a platinum blonde were beginning to disturb her system.

YOU'D be surprised how many of your favorite stars are going in for wigs. Because of the daily water waves, necessary when they are working, the stars have to get up an hour earlier and sit under a hot drier. Not only is this bad for the hair, but milady could be having that extra time for rest. Jeanette MacDonald went right from the "San Francisco" set to the Trocadero. Even if she had wanted to have her hair done, there wouldn't have been the time. And even Jeanette's dancing partners couldn't tell she was wearing a wig.

DOROTHY PETERSEN, who received world-wide publicity on her assignment to play nurse to the Dionne Quintuplets, hasn't worked a single day since she finished in "The Country Doctor." Sometimes it's so hard to remember in Hollywood—and easy to forget.
Oh, the things they say and things they do in the movies! Out on the M-G-M lot some very important guests were being shown the courtesy of the studio. Their one desire was to work with Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard as "Romeo and Juliet." If they had requested to have tea with Garbo, the studio couldn't have been more upset. But, as luck would have it, the company stopped working early, so the visitors were allowed to go on the stage. After having had their breaths taken away by the magnificent variety of the sets, they came upon the famous tombs. In the center stood Juliet's final resting place, tragically real. Slowly the visitors advanced toward the tomb, where Norma Shearer would lie in artistic mortality. There on top, out of range of the camera—was spread a sumptuous mattress.

FOR the Hollywood premiere of "The Old Maid," every important star attended. During intermission they gathered in the lobby and a great many of them expressed themselves as being disappointed in the supporting cast of Judith Anderson and Helen Henken. I happened to be standing near Jimmy Cagney and overheard someone ask him what he thought of the play. "A... It's... " he started, "wasn't quite my thing," and pretzels," was Jimmy's only comment, as he went back to his seat.

At a Hollywood cocktail party Madge Evans sat and talked to Rosalind Russell. For the occasion Rosalind was wearing a startling plaid blouse and circular skirt. It was a dress that was distinctive and not easy to forget. Later on Madge went to the Trocadero. There, with her back turned stood Rosalind, still wearing the same outfit. Madge was just on the point of sneaking up behind Rosalind and tickling her in the ribs, when the lady in plaid turned around. It was Mr. Bill Robinson.

When comedian Jack Benny and his wife, Mary Livingstone, stepped off the train in Hollywood, they were met by Mary's brother. Imagine Jack's surprise when the young man escorted him to a waiting Rolls Royce and chauffeur. Upon inquiry Jack learned that Mary's brother and eleven of his pals had chipped in and bought Herbert Marshall's old car for practically pennies. When Jack asked who paid the driver, his brother-in-law replied, "Oh, we're doing him a favor to let him drive a Rolls—he's crazy about cars."

Joan Crawford's surprise birthday party for Franchot Tone was quite a success. While Franchot dressed upstairs, Joan told him she would try out some new records. Instead, she instructed a three-piece stringed trio to start playing. In the meantime the guests quietly arrived. Franchot walked in and everyone burst into "Happy Birthday to You." Joan gave Franchot an oblong platinum cigarette case, monogrammed in sapphires. The guests were the Charles Boyers, Joan Dixon, Ted Ely, the George Murphys, William Haines, the Norman Fosters, (Sally looking too beautiful), Clark Gable, and Jerry Adler. And to those of you who go in for fancy desserts, how do you like this? Each person was served a nest of the finest spun-sugar. Inside was an assortment of fruit, moulded in ice cream.

Bob Montgomery and Jimmy Cagney were driving down Melrose Avenue in that sporty new imported car of Bob's. Suddenly they came to the corner of Melrose and Gower Streets. There, towering over their heads, stood RKO's magnificent new sound stage.

"There's the stage Fred Astaire built for RKO," cracked Bob, as the traffic started moving again.

Mike "Papa" Levee, general manager of such stars as Bette Davis, Dick Powell, Joan Crawford, Paul Muni, Leslie Howard, and many others, recently moved into new quarters. Besides a kennel for his clients' dogs, a sun parlor, bar, and badminton court, Mike's new establishment features an aquarium. Bette Davis conceived the idea of each star sending Mike a fish, that was representative of the star's personality. Joan Crawford managed to find a fish with great blue eyes. Bette found one with black rings around the eyes and blamed it on her "Of Human Bondage" characterization. Paul Muni topped them all by sending a Chinese bamboo fish and named it after himself in "Good Earth."

The "Class B" girls are in mourning over at Paramount. And if you've never been a "Class B" girl, you'll never know how they can mourn. It seems there are a certain number of inexpensive pictures made every year, that are listed as "B" pictures. They are made within a limited time and feature contract players. To keep expenses down, the girls must wear used clothes out of the wardrobe. Naturally the selection is quite limited. When Dietrich makes a picture, they design several new dresses for every sequence, before she makes a final choice. The dresses not selected go into the wardrobe and the "Class B" girls get them. Now Dietrich is going away and the "B's" have the blues.

Barbara Stanwyck attended a cocktail party at the home of a friend. It's so seldom that she is seen around, few recognize her. At this particular party, a foreign-looking gentleman never took his own eyes from Barbara's face. Finally she began to feel uncomfortable and wondered if she had ever met the man before. Coming up to Barbara, he said, "I have been admiring your profile all evening. Did you every try to get in pictures?" "I'd like to," answered Barbara, "but they tell me it's so hard to." "Well," came back the answer, "there are a lot of picture people here tonight. Maybe someone will discover you."

The honeymoon may be over, but the memory lingers on. The most beautiful baskets of pale yellow tulips arrive at Sylvia's door. Sylvia's a bride, and she received them via a special wire order from New York. The name on the Card? Bennett Cerf. (Sylvia's Ex-).
**TEMPUS FUGIT:** the music goes "round and round and movie stars forget; Grace Moore recently made a public statement that she was through with pictures, because "Hollywood treated her like a machine." Wonder if Grace remembers when she made "New Moon" for M-G-M? She held up production for hours, because she refused to wear Russian boots, unless they were specially made with soft bedroom slipper soles. Ah, there, Grace!

In this case, he who laughs last—is designing Hepburn's clothes for "Mary of Scotland." For seven years Walter Plunkett was head of the RKO wardrobe department. During that time he did all the clothes for Irene Dunne, Ann Harding, Ginger Rogers and the Hepburn things in "Little Women." Then, as so often happens in Hollywood, someone thought up the brilliant idea of bringing out Bernard Newman, famous Eastern designer. While Newman's things are in a class all their own, after one picture they did not appeal to Hepburn. In the meantime Plunkett had resigned. In New York he made wonderful connections and was just getting settled when a wire came from Hepburn, asking him to come back. Plunkett had no desire to go and boosted his salary. The studio met his demands because they wanted Hepburn in his "Mary of Scotland." Plunkett, on his own terms, Hepburn is happy and "Mary of Scotland" is shooting merrily on its way. Yes, Plunkett is returning to his job in the east, the minute the picture is finished.

**SIGNOR OTTO MORANDO,** (who is preparing Joan and Tone for opera), has a new job on his hands. Lupe Velez arrived at his studio one morning, with Johnny Weissmuller in tow. "I want Jane-nee to sceeg," said Lupe. And when Lupe says sing, Johnny warbles. Funny part of the story is, it develops that Johnny really has an unusually pleasing range.

**Betty.** (Hattie), Furness moved into a new house and mother nature gave her a new son. The first time Betty heard strange sounds coming from the general direction of the basement. The next morning she investigated and discovered a brand new litter of cats. They were so cute Betty couldn't part with them. Just to be different, she's named them "Puckle-Puss," "Drizzle-puss," "Sour-Puss," "Weazel-Puss," and if you pa-lece, "Puss-Over."

**JUST what was in back of a little scene between Francis Lederer and Ida Lupino, I wouldn't knowing. But Ida succeeded in embarrassing Francis to the point where words completely failed him. In a scene for "One Rainy Afternoon," Francis, skating with Ida, was supposed to slip and fall flat on the ice. They rehearsed it several times and Francis proved that he could take it. When it came to the first actual "shot," his elbow accidentally came up and hit Ida in the face. Francis was all over the place with apologies. Then, without warning, Ida suddenly turned and in front of the whole company, accused Francis of hitting her on purpose. No wonder Francis Lederer is bewildered by Hollywood!

By THE time this is printed, Hollywood will have heard about Grace Bradley. With the new executives at Paramount doing a thorough job of housecleaning, Grace was one of many to be let out. (Katherine DeMille is another). C. B. DeMille, who has several big pictures up his artistic sleeve, has had his eye on Grace for some time. Now he has her signed to a personal contract and Grace is assured that her troubles are over. Incidentally, it develops that the leading man from Jean Muir's play, who got a contract with Warner, turns out to be Grace's boy-friend, Frank Prince.

**ONCE upon a time the Fox studios signed an actor, who was destined to be the Clark Gable of their lot. Not only did he slightly resemble what-a-man Gable, but he played the same sort of role. The Metro Lion roared amusingly but refused to be upset. The actor, named Weldon Heyburn, had a brief career, married Greta Nissen, was divorced by Greta and dropped out of the picture. There were rumors of a romance with Pola Negri, but it never came to light. Now, Weldon is once more on the Hollywood scene. This time he has been signed by M-G-M. What of Clark Gable? He's busy hunting lions that can roar without a sound track, between pictures.

If you saw "Follow the Fleet," you will remember Fred Astaire playing a miniatu re of the great boxer. He's been sent a letter asking where Fred had purchased his, because she wanted to buy a good one for her little son. Fred purchased it as a gag, when he was on a shopping spree in the Beverly Hills five-and-ten.

The dashing new team of Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray on the alert for the director's call to action.

The forecourt of the Chinese Theatre in Hollywood continues to excite the visiting foreigners. Recently the imprints of Joe E. Brown's mouth and Al Jolson's knees were immortalized in the soft cement. Wonder when they are going to do something about Mae West?

**UNA MERKEL,** who has appeared in hundreds of pictures, took a trip to New York. The first person she saw was Eleanor Powell, who has appeared in one picture, in which she worked with Una. "I talked to the studio," said Eleanor "and I have asked for you in my next picture." This is all very sweet because the girls are good friends and Una did appreciate it. It also goes to prove, that you never know who is going to be famous and influential tomorrow and it pays to be nice to everyone in pictures.

**THE** Hartford, Conn., Hepburn's, it seems, have another member of the family bidding for fame in the theatre. Richard Hepburn, Katharine's brother, has authored a play, described as "an economic satire," which is to be produced by Jasper Deeter at the famous Hedgerow Theatre at Moynan-Rose Valley, Pa., this month.

(Continued on page 97)
Foot-Notes for Beauty

With Summer days ahead, your feet will soon be taking their place in the sun!

By Elin Neil

TIPS of Hollywood toes that twinkle brightly beneath beach sandals or open-toed evening slippers come in for their share of beauty care. One of the prettiest pairs of feet, on and off the Hollywood sets, belongs to Rochelle Hudson. She has studied dancing and that, of course, is one of the best ways to make a girl realize that her feet can be beauty assets and should be treated accordingly.

Personally, I'm convinced that the vogue for bright polish on toenails is one of the best things that ever happened to us from a beauty point of view. It makes us "foot-conscious" so we'll pay some attention to the parts of us that have been beauty's step-children far too long!

Shorter skirts and the gaily colored stockings that have leaped into the fashion picture along with bright gloves, also center attention on feet and legs. Besides the glowing copper tints, we'll be wearing shades of blue hosiery from navy to turquoise, olive green, wine, golden yellow, leaf-tendril green and even delicate orchid, provided we're the type to go in for high fashion colors.

Much demand for pastel stockings to go with evening slippers is reported by one of the leading hosiery manufacturers. The general rule for pastel evening stockings is to harmonize them with the frock. For the new "dream dresses" in two shades of filmy chiffon, stockings should be the pastel tint that most closely matches the paler of the two shades.

The key-note for less formal wear is contrast, in fabric as well as color. Tailored costumes are softened with dainty mesh stockings. Shiny materials call for dull crepe hose, and thick, nubbly fabrics for sheerest of the sheer.

Naturally, shoes have a great deal to do with foot beauty. We're lucky to be living in a time when shoe manufacturers are doing everything they can to make shoes comfortable and beneficial to the feet, as well as smart. We can even descend from "stilts" to "flats" in evening slippers and conform to fashion! Only don't change from high heels to extremely low in one fell swoop. That's bad for the arches. Make the change gradually, with built-up heels of from one to two inches in height intervening.

The rounder toes that are fashionable now are a blessing, too, as very narrow, pointed toes are to blame for so much foot trouble. Strange to say, (Continued on page 76)
Barbara's innate sincerity and simplicity. "Nearly everyone inquires if I don't miss my lovely house. Honestly, I don't. For that's just what it was—and no more. I never wanted a display, I wanted a home!"

Which is what she is making for herself today. The exterior of her new place is English, but indoors it's a cozily modern, It's lived-in air warms you.

"This living-room's the scene of mad evenings of Monopoly," she explained. "When a few friends are here we play it on the floor. It is a relative to parches. You have $5,000 in make-believe money at the beginning and you buy and sell all the equipment of a miniature village. I've a passion for railroads and generally spend so much on them I wind up the loser. But ah, such screaming and tearing of hair!"

"Or about seven there's liable to be a phone call, as we're sitting down to dinner. There's a preview! Then such stu-

Pretty slick of Gloria Stuart to turn an old fed to strictly modern use, by making herself a smartly stylish hostess gown of silk patchwork quilting!

fing of stomachs, such hectic hurrying. My brother and I dash for the car and you'd 'preme if we didn't catch the picture that night we never could see it."

It's difficult to describe the glow that either exists or doesn't exist in a house. Perhaps you'll understand if I say that while we talked there in the living-room, with its pretty velours and Venetian blinds and grand piano, you couldn't help hearing an indurtrious vacuum cleaner and a merry baby upstairs.

"But Don't's no baby anymore!" Barbara reached vigorously for a cup of coffee on a handy stand, and looked at matronly as one can in mauve slacks and a matching gaucho shirt. "He's four."

"Are you sending him to kindergarten yet?"

"No," she replied, "I don't intend to for another year. I went over to several kindergartens and, believe it or not, children are apt to be a little hard-boiled at that age! Dion might be influenced. But if I keep him at home, by the time he's five the knowledge of right and wrong should be instilled for good in him. He recognizes all the letters in the alphabet, anyway. He picks them out in the newspapers. He writes numerals up to ten. And whenever we're out riding he identifies the names of all the automobiles we pass!"

The affection Barbara never had herself is thus lavished on the child she adopted. But she'll not be silly about him when he's older.

"I'll let him be whatever he wants, and I don't wish to spoil him. I'll attempt to give him a notion of what the world's like, but I certainly hope he'll not have too many bumps. They leave a mark!"

That's the closest I've ever known Barbara Stanwyck to come to mentioning her own struggle for happiness. She had a miserable childhood, her heart set for herself. There were no protecting parents. There was no home. She was often hungy and cold. And at thirteen, completely self-supporting, she was one valiant, insignificant individual among New York City's millions. It was a plain battle for room and board until she learned she could dance. Then her rise was fairly rapid.

First she had to land a job in a chorus. It's been her sincerity that's been the secret of her attraction, not fatal beauty or in him. To her any wife worth two cents is devoted. A marriage is for better or worse, isn't it?

She didn't give a single interview on why the most important thing in her life failed. It finally did crack up; this was tragic to her. But she isn't a whiner. She doesn't regret anything she wrote, or said, or thought about her affairs; at least she did what she could—none of them could quote her in print."

When she reached the end of the trail with Frank she was terribly depressed—mentally and physically. Characteristically, she didn't flare to boar others with her misfortune. So she quietly slipped away to a ranch in the California desert. Her brother, who's come from the East to live with her, went along. And Don. She didn't pick a popular hotel; and you can easily recall how many Hollywood women do their grieving in the spotlight.

"I've been at the ranch an hour the curiosity attached to my being from Hollywood had died. Nobody stared at me—they weren't interested. I rode, got tan, relaxed. She stayed a month, then turned and plunged into her career. Gallant lady? In her estimation she's not unusual; those who "take it big" are.

Considering how much advancement she had for self-improvement, the intelligence apparent is remarkable. Once I was so forward as to wonder aloud about her development from a not so hot a somebody to a somebody. That would have been an insult to the average star, who's anxious to erase the less prosperous years now that glory's attained. Barbara didn't hesitate a jiffy.

"I didn't have more than a grammar school education, and it quickly was obvious when I got into the theatre that I'd have to make up for what I'd missed—or lose out. I had someone whose taste I respected advise me on what books I should read. I've acquired sufficient background to carry on a conversation on some matters. I'm still researching on others."

Her firm lips curved as she approached a topic I haven't got around to I'm suddenly engrossed in the nearest magazine. Or, like Garbo, in my thoughts! She has no pretensions. Her house, she doesn't confine, with a weather eye on publicity, that her history has been brimming over with elemental emotions. That it's been one contrasting climate after another. Yet of all the women in pictures, she could visualize herself in that way and not be exaggerating.

She will talk, though, about her nephew. She's putting him through Notre Dame and is exceedingly proud of his record.

"He's seventeen, and he's finishing his second year in college! His average is 90 and I keep his grade cards where I can trot them out easily, I want people to know there's someone in the family who's bright!"

I'm not fooled by Barbara Stanwyck's modesty, and I hope you won't, too. She's right back in a list that demands cleverness. I'll bet she'd been a real student if she'd had a chance to attend a university. She's been smart enough to attend her own house, and to be a sport even when dreams have crashed. Poor pictures and a love that fizzled? She was down, but she wasn't left to the crumbs, she's winning better parts and, some day, she'll fall head over heels in love anew. They can't lick a girl with unflinching pluck.
and she saw the sadness graven there that trembled into a smile as he looked up and saw her.

"It is my lady, O it is my love! O that she knew she were! See how she leans her cheek upon her hand! O that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek!"

"Ay me!" Juliet sighed and then she flung her arms about the Hausstrasse and all her love was there in her eyes as she looked down upon him, as his words came to her again.

"O speak again, bright angel, for thou art as glorious to this night as is a winged messenger of Heaven!"

"O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?" She could no more deny to him the longing in her heart than she could deny the words rushing to her lips. "Tis but thy name that is my enemy. What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called, retain that dear perfection which he owes without that title. Romeo, dott thy name and for thy name, which is no part of thee, take all myself."

"I take thee at thy word." His voice was so close now that it seemed a part of her very being. "My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself because it is an enemy to thee."

"O gentle Romeo, if thou dost love pronounce it faithfully." Her voice was caught up with the tears that came from happiness now. "Or if thou knowest I am too quickly won, I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay, so thou wilt woo. In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond and therefore thou may'st think my "haviour light. But trust me gentleman, I'll prove more true than those that have more cunning to be strange."

And she trembled as the jasmine vine trembled at his touch when his voice came to her again.

"Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear, that tips with silver all these fruit tree tops . . . ."

"O swear not by the moon," she begged. "Thy inconstant moon that monthly changes in her circled orb, lest that thy love prove likewise variable. Do not swear at all, or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self which is the god of my idolatry and I'll believe thee."

"O blessed, blessed night." His words came in whispered rhapsody. "I am afraid being in night all this is but a dream, too flattering sweet to be substantial."

She sighed, for the night was becoming pale and soon the household would be awakening. If only she could stay like this, listening to his voice for ever.

"Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed. If that thy bent of love be honorable, thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow where and what time thou wilt perform the rite and all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay and follow thee my lord throughout the world. Good-night, good-night! Parting is such sweet sorrow that I will say good-night, till it be morrow."

Before, it had been fear that had kept sleep from her. Now it was this new happiness, this replenishing of all her being. But with morning came the old doubting, the old fear that would not be appeased until his word came to her.

Then all doubting over, all fear gone. For his message bade her come to him in the good Friar Laurence's cell. There they were married, the Montague and the Capulet, with none of the glory that befitted their state. Simply as any lad or any lass would marry, their hands close held and bird song for their marriage bells. And all too soon they parted with only his kiss upon her mouth to bring meaning to the solemn words the friar had spoken over them.

But Romeo's heart was singing within him when he joined Montague and his good friend Mercutio afterwards. And his love for Juliet embraced even her kin when her cousin Tybalt swaggered up to them.

Before he would have fought his insolence. Now there was only that peace for all Capulets and so he thrust the mockery of the man away and would not draw his sword. It was Mercutio, resenting his friend's submission to the other's insults.
“You girls who want a lovely skin—use my beauty care”
says
Ginger Rogers

“Don’t run the risk of clogging your pores! I avoid COSMETIC SKIN this way”...
- It’s when stale powder and rouge choke your pores that Cosmetic Skin develops—dullness, blemishes, enlarged pores. Use cosmetics? Ginger Rogers does. “But,” she says, “I remove every trace of stale make-up with Lux Toilet Soap.” Clever girls use this ACTIVE-lathered soap before they put on fresh make-up—always before they go to bed. “Lux Toilet Soap keeps skin smooth, flawless,” says Ginger Rogers.
WED LIKE to take some person who had just taken a harsh, over-acting cathartic ... and turn on the X-ray camera. We'd like to show you just what happens within you when you take so drastic a purge.

If you could see a picture like that, you wouldn't be likely to take such medicine again. You'd be super-careful to take only a laxative that is correctly timed. A laxative like Ex-Lax.

WHY HARSH CATHARTICS ARE BAD FOR YOU

When you take a cathartic that over-acts, it throws your entire system out of rhythm. It hurries unabsorbed food through your body, causing violent muscular action in your alimentary tract. You have pains and griping. You feel weak afterwards ... all worn out!

Authorities agree that strong purgatives and cathartics should never be taken except upon the advice of a physician.

WHY CORRECT TIMING IS VITAL

Now, what happens when you take a correctly timed laxative like Ex-Lax?

Well, except for the relief you get, you hardly know you've even had a laxative. You take a little Ex-Lax tablet, preferably at night. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. It works easily and gently, taking 6 to 8 hours to be effective! No stomach pains! No distress or nausea! No unpleasant after-taste.

30 YEARS' PROOF

For over 30 years, Ex-Lax has been the approved family laxative. More people use it than any other laxative in the world. You can count on it for mildness, effectiveness and correct timing. A box costs only 10c at any drug store. Or 25c for the economical, family size.

---

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Time-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.
Name.
Address.
City.
Age.
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)
A LITTLE square of paper can hold so much! Memories... hopes... the look, the very personality of someone you love. Make snapshots now—they'll mean everything to you later. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—
you must take Today
Femi-nifties

Things of Beauty for June

HOW about a treasure chest for the June bride on your list? Even a bride who is sure to have everything would be thrilled to receive a Lane Cedar Chest to hold her most cherished possessions. They are styled and finished like exquisite pieces of furniture. Besides the low, long chest, there's a lovely "window-seat" model and even a wardrobe type. Each Lane Chest carries a guarantee of moth protection. For brides, brides-to-be, or sweet girls graduates, we dare you to think of a more acceptable gift!

SPICK and span white shoes are the making of many a warm weather costume. Personally, we wouldn't be without our bottle of SHU-MILK to keep that "new shoe" whiteness all Summer long. It's a liquid that both cleans and whitens every type of white shoe from fabric to the softest kid. We like it for cleaning white handbags, too. SHU-MILK won't rub off. You can get it at five-and-ten cent stores as well as at drug and department stores.

HAIL to "Three Silent Messengers," Lentheric's harbingers of moonlit moments! This trio of bouquet fragrances comes out now in a gay new dress, like a miniature hatbox. Around the sides of the box whirl mad merry-makers at a masque ball, costumed in French blue and fuchsia. Of course you'll want "Three Silent Messengers" for yourself, with their lovely perfumes of Tweed Mire and Gardenia de Tahiti Bouquet. However, they're so attractive and unusual in their quaint package they'd be divine gifts for Summer birthdays or graduation.

YOU can avoid figure-hazards and hold that line with one of the trickiest pantie-girdles we've seen! It's called "Curtsy" and is made by Maiden Form. The Lascitex legs are knitted in a way that eliminates thigh bulges at the same time the garment keeps everything under control. Wear "Curtsy" with a Maiden Form brassiere and your figure problems will be flatteringly solved. "Variation" is a lightweight "bra" of lace, net, satin, or broadcloth. And there's a dandy three-way model that can be worn halter-back, evening style, or cross-strapped for sports clothes.

WARM weather ahead—and legs are coming out in the open again! Let us give you a gentle reminder to stock up on X-Bazin, that grand cream depilatory that comes in a large tube and takes ugly hair off legs so easily and quickly. Use it as often as you wish to keep your legs immaculately hair-free. The makers assure us it won't cause stubbly re-growth, the chief objection to a razor. It's fine for arms and under-arm grooming, too.

THERE's worlds of eye allure imprisoned in Maybelline's little red and gold mascara case. That's probably why we've caught so many glimpses of it on dressing-tables, and have seen it emerge from so many smart handbags. The case contains a cake of mascara in brown, black, or blue, and a most efficient brush. Refills, each with a new brush, are obtainable. Maybelline mascara model deserves its age-long reputation for ease of application, appearance, and lasting qualities. Even so, it's just been improved.

WHEN we say "Hush," you may think you're going to hear a secret. And indeed you are! A dependable insurance for under-arm daintiness and freedom from body odors is a product called "Hush." It ends under-arm perspiration at the same time it deodorizes. Whichever form you prefer—cream, liquid, or purse-size stick—"Hush" is a life-saver on sultry days. They have a dandy deodorant powder, too.
for June 1936

Five... "Going on Three"

The DIONNE QUINTUPLETS, now safely through their second year

Since the day of their birth, "Lysol" has been the only disinfectant used to help protect these famous babies from the dangers of Infection.

The very first registered nurse who reached the Dionne home, that exciting birthday morning in May 1934, had "Lysol" with her in her kit and went to work with it at once.

"Lysol" has been used in thousands and thousands of childbirth operations. For the danger of Infection is high in childbirth; and doctors and nurses know they need a safe, dependable germicide like "Lysol" to help protect both mother and child.

But here is a record for "Lysol" of extraordinary importance. Following the most dramatic childbirth in medical history... in the care of the most watched-over babies in the world...

"Lysol" has played, and still plays, a vitally important part.

Their clothes, bedding, diapers, cribs, even their toys, the furniture and woodwork of that snug, modern, little Dafoe Hospital... all have been kept clean with "Lysol," the effective, economical germicide.

Are you giving your baby this scientific care? Are you using "Lysol" to clean the nursery, bathroom, the kitchen, laundry, cellar... to disinfect clothes, bedding, telephone mouthpieces, door knobs, banisters, etc.? The scientific care given to the Dionnes is an example every mother should follow. Full directions for correct uses of "Lysol" come with each bottle.

During last winter's flood disasters, thousands of gallons of "Lysol" were rushed to devastated areas, to fight Infection and epidemics. Doctors, hospitals, and Public Health officials know they can depend on "Lysol".

GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. S-6
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol"

Name

Street

City

State

© 1936, Lehn & Fink, Inc.
We Can’t Promise You a Love Affair

...but Nonspi the Safe Deodorant Does Promise You Lasting Protection

A love affair must be of your own making. Nonspi promises only to keep you fastidious... what else can you ask of a deodorant? Nonspi is a sure and safe anti-perspirant and deodorant for underarm moisture... because:

1. Nonspi has been pronounced entirely safe by highest medical authority.
2. Nonspi can be used full strength by women whose delicate skin forces them to use deodorants half-strength, with only half-way results.
3. Nonspi protection lasts from two to five days... and you can depend on it.
4. Nonspi’s siphon-top bottle prevents contamination. And there’s no dripping or waste with this patented Nonspi applicator.

Remember these four points when you buy. Protect your delicate gowns by stopping underarm moisture effectively and safely. Insist on genuine Nonspi at all drug and department stores in the U.S.A. and Canada, 35c and 60c a bottle.

Nonspi Keeps Its Promises

Nonspi

Cupid Okays Oakie

Continued from page 26

Hollywood was to visit her mother. This time a screen career beckoned, when she was signed to a contract after appearing in "The Great Gatsby." As long as life had nothing more exciting to offer, Venita decided to settle down and take the business of becoming an actress seriously before meeting Jack Oakie. A week or so after that meeting her phone rang. It was a friend, who said he had a friend, who wanted to say hello. "Hello, my proud beauty," cracked Oakie. "How about a date for tonight?" "You’ll have to ask my mother," answered Venita. Jack didn’t recover from the shock for days.

A week later, Venita’s phone rang again. This time it was the Oakie in person. "I’m picking you up in an hour," he said. "I’m meeting you at the drive-in." It couldn’t be true. And yet she found herself automatically changing her clothes and fluffing her hair around her lovely face. Subconsciously, (and a little curiously), she was picking up the old art of vanity. As a rule, men made dates with their weeks in advance. Here was a man who wasn’t asking her if she would go out, he was telling her she was going. Venita was completely gazed in amazement at her reflection in the mirror. She was grinning from ear to ear.

From that night on Jack and Venita had a standing date. Not one of Jack Oakie’s friends ever believed that they would marry. They couldn’t know how he felt about marriage. Jack had seen too many of his friends end up in un-holy wedlock. Venita, by her own admittance, had thought of all actors as being "hams." Then one night they went to the Clover Club. The evening started off nicely. A careless word was said and another careless word repeated. It finally became an argument. "I’m through," said Venita firmly. "I don’t have to take this from anyone. Please take me home."

She was the only girl I’ve ever loved," said Jack, simply. "Then why in the heck don’t you marry me?" came back Venita, just like that. "It’s not a bad idea," Jack replied. "I’ll admit I have been thinking a lot about it." And so they were married. The ceremony took place in Yuma, where they had wired ahead for Judge Freeman to meet their train. Just to be sure they’d have witnesses, they made arrangements with the community. In Yuma, who knew me? and this has heard the advance news over the radio and were at the station to witness the event. Just before Judge Freeman arrived, Jack got so nervous he couldn’t control his feelings.

After the fifteen minute stop-over in Yuma, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Oakie proceeded to New York. A honeymoon in Manhattan and back they came to Hollywood. Jack was all getting for his bride the nicest home he could find. The "nicest homes" were soon failed by Venita. "Make it a cheery little apartment with a fireplace and I’ll settle," was her final decision.

Because of his devotion to his mother, many of Jack’s friends felt that she would resent any girl he might marry. To the contrary Mrs. Oakie would do anything in the world to see Jack happy. His interests are her chief concern. Personally, she answers all his fan mail. When Jack
Now...
millions are finding new beauty with Hollywood’s Make-Up Discovery
...are you?

The Powder that is Making Women More Attractive

Now, smart women everywhere are learning what every screen star knows—that the color harmony shades of Max Factor’s Powder will make the skin look younger, lovelier than any other," says Jean Arthur. Max Factor has originated powder shades for every type of screen star, and you try your color harmony shade of Max Factor’s Powder and note the amazing difference. One dollar.

JEAN ARTHUR, star of Columbia’s “MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN” shows you how powder, rouge, lipstick created by Max Factor, Hollywood’s make-up genius, in color harmony shades, can give you new loveliness.

Rouge that is Bringing New Beauty to All Types

Hollywood stars use Max Factor’s Rouge exclusively,” says Jean Arthur, "because it dramatizes our individual type through the magic of the color harmony shades—a make-up secret that is bringing new loveliness to women everywhere.” There is a color harmony shade of Max Factor’s Rouge for every type. Fifty cents.

New Lipstick that is Creating a Sensation Everywhere

To meet the exacting demands of screen stars for a perfect lip make-up, Max Factor created a Super-Indelible Lipstick in color harmony shades. "Being moistureproof,” says Jean Arthur, "it may be applied to the inner, as well as the outer surface of the lips, giving them an even, alluring color that lasts indefinitely,” Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick in color harmony shades for every type. One dollar.

Max Factor Hollywood

Would you like to try Hollywood’s make-up secret—powder, rouge, lipstick in your color harmony shade? MAIL THE COUPON.

© 1936 by Max Factor & Co.
Exquisite but not Expensive

begged her to work in a picture with him, she almost gave him a run for his money in popularity. Only recently she recovered from an illness. "I'll have to get good and strong now," she told Jack, when he told her of his marriage plans. "I have a daughter as well as a son to look out for." Later on she told Venita that she loved her as her very own.

"Jack and I have both been spoiled by our mothers," said Venita, "the day she nervously packed her trousseau. 'Both of us are 'the only child.' My mother has always wanted a son. She is mad about Jack and used to say that she never hoped to see the man who could settle me down. As far as mother is concerned, Jack is always right about everything."

"I'm afraid I pretty much agree with mother. I've sort of been used to having everything my own way, and anything I've ever wanted. For the first time in my life, I'm being blessed, and I must say I like it. It's because I've discovered a side to Jack Oakie that he allows very few people to know. He is the most sensitive, the most sympathetic, and the kindest person in the world. At first he was almost ashamed, if he happened to show the way he felt about things. All Jack's clowning around is just a big bluff. He does it to keep people from getting at him. Jack is noisy at times and yet he hates people who attract attention. Instinctively we've both liked the same things and people. We like to stay home and play Monopoly or Rummy, Jack feels deeply about birthdays and sentimental occasions. But he tries his best not to show it. I found this out when I knitted him a sweater and he didn't know how to say thank you. He's getting better about admitting his sentimental side so maybe I'll bring it out. I hope so for this express train. I've always been afraid of marriage because I've seen what it's done to so many of my friends. But I guess the right girl hasn't come along yet. At first I was afraid Venita would turn out to be another spoiled beauty. She's the only girl I ever met who seemed to know the right time to talk and the right things to say. She's not the kind who would ever get on a fellow's nerves. This marriage business is all pretty new to me, but I'm all for it. I hope so for this express train.

The third of August was the date of Mr. and Mrs. Oakie's first meeting. Since that time, Jack sends her a gift every month. (No, he's not a sentimental drunk.) Venita has a pet West Highland Terrier named Bonnie. He was the pride and joy of the Varden household and the only place Jack would ever go in the house in silence (which is likely to give you a very unflattering hip profile).

The same position of your feet is a great help in sitting in a chair gracefully. Rest the weight on the ball of the forward foot first, rise as if your chest were lifting you up, then distribute the weight so it falls evenly on the balls of both feet. Try it, and see how easy it is!

Now that you've resolved to make your feet comfortable and use them gracefully, give a thought to their beauty care. They should be pedicured once a week. Remove the polish. Bathe your feet carefully, (there are certain experts who say it's all right to carry your body weight than if you keep your feet together. It avoids the awkward position of standing with your feet turned out, one wide apart, and the other bending in the instep (which is likely to give you a very unflattering hip profile). The same position of your feet is a great help in sitting in a chair gracefully. Rest the weight on the ball of the forward foot first, rise as if your chest were lifting you up, then distribute the weight so it falls evenly on the balls of both feet. Try it, and see how easy it is!

Now that you've resolved to make your feet comfortable and use them gracefully, give a thought to their beauty care. They should be pedicured once a week. Remove the polish. Bathe your feet carefully, (there are certain experts who say it's all right to carry your body weight than if you keep your feet together. It avoids the awkward position of standing with your feet turned out, one wide apart, and the other bending in the instep (which is likely to give you a very unflattering hip profile). The same position of your feet is a great help in sitting in a chair gracefully. Rest the weight on the ball of the forward foot first, rise as if your chest were lifting you up, then distribute the weight so it falls evenly on the balls of both feet. Try it, and see how easy it is!

Now that you've resolved to make your feet comfortable and use them gracefully, give a thought to their beauty care. They should be pedicured once a week. Remove the polish. Bathe your feet carefully, (there are certain experts who say it's all right to carry your body weight than if you keep your feet together. It avoids the awkward position of standing with your feet turned out, one wide apart, and the other bending in the instep (which is likely to give you a very unflattering hip profile). The same position of your feet is a great help in sitting in a chair gracefully. Rest the weight on the ball of the forward foot first, rise as if your chest were lifting you up, then distribute the weight so it falls evenly on the balls of both feet. Try it, and see how easy it is!
Anne Ascends
Continued from page 60

was not "right" for this particular story. She had never played a character like this girl in the story, and even then she didn't even know a girl like this one. What were they to do, should they turn it down? Anne's mother told her that she must decide by herself.

The next morning, Anne went to the studio and had a talk with the director, George Nichols, Jr., expressed her thoughts and fears to him. He merely laughed and said, "Don't be silly—you don't have to act; you are this girl in Anne of Green Gables!"

After much deliberation and thought, Anne quietly told her mother that evening that she wanted to make an experiment—to see if she could do a rôle which she herself didn't believe she was suited for. After all, she explained, she didn't know all there was to know about pictures, and she might be wrong—she hoped that she was. The rest is history. Anne was acclaimed as a star, and she can't quite believe it yet.

Since then there have been many stories printed about this charming miss—Cinderella stories, slightly exaggerated ones of poverty and hunger. Anne and her mother went through a lot, but they always had each other, and felt, as they still do, that that was the most important thing. Many kind people helped them in those days when they were struggling, hoping for a "break." They are grateful to them, and they still consider them among their best friends—something that is unusual in a Hollywood success story.

There have been many rumors of Anne's engagement, but she has no thoughts of romance. "In the first place," she says, "I'm much too young to even think of romance seriously, and in the second place, if I weren't, I have to save a lot of money before I can marry, for when I do meet the right person I'm going to retire and make a career of being a wife."

My thoughts might have wandered on indefinitely if my roving eye hadn't caught a glimpse of Anne's luncheon plate. Before her she had a salad with every kind of fish that she could possibly think of, mixed into one huge dish, and a glass of milk.

"What's the idea?" I asked.
You guessed it—she answered, "It's an experiment!"
Foster Can't Forget

Continued from page 61

New Jersey, of non-theatrical parentage. The family moved to Pitman, a nearby hamlet of three thousand. There his adventurous spirit resulted in banishment from high school at the age of sixteen. Whereupon he decided to lick life into a semblance of what he wished it to be.

His yearning to be an actor found no encouragement then. He'd sold papers, clerked in a soda fountain, and delivered groceries after classes. Pres knew that he'd have to earn the money to get to where he could land a chance. So he plunged from one petty position into another and he was just that Foster boy who imagined he could be famous.

"I drove a bus; I pressed suits and acquired the technique of minor repairing at a tailor's; I was a mechanic. And all the time I should have been fascinated by the pertinent details I wasn't. I was wondering when I'd be able to get a break at what I wanted."

"It sounds amusing now, recalling all those jobs. But it wasn't funny to me when I was going through it all. I was a shipping clerk for four years in a Victrola factory. I saved and bought a gas station in Haddonfield, New Jersey. It was to be the means to the end I had in my heart, only it flopped."

"Almost everyone regarded my ambition as a joke. Well, I guess that most people are always ready to chuckle at failures. As soon as I'd get some money I'd take a train for New York City and hang around the theatrical offices until it was gone. I never was noticed."

"My grandmother, on my father's side, had had a fine voice and I sang in the choir where I was in Pitman, between jobs. I believed I could make headway as a singer, although the natives giggled at that notion, too."

"But Harry Sand, who sang in the choir, didn't. He was the first to express confidence in my voice; he repeated that I ought to do something with it. Furthermore, he was sympathetic enough to introduce me to Douglas MacCauley, an instructor in Philadelphia."

"I began studying, spending what I could for lessons. It wasn't much."

He flicked his cigarette, lost in the past that was passing once more. "But MacCauley was swell to me; why, I still do the exercises he showed me. By then I was on a newspaper in Philadelphia. I used to set up ads, to demonstrate how effective they'd be, and then go out and try to sell stores into taking them. I sold refrigerators and phonographs, did house-to-house canvassing."

"MacCauley was a sincere artist; and he went to the trouble of inspiring me. Later I met Walter Grigaitis, a well-known Polish maestro, and it was he who determined me on my career. He was the first to believe I had acting possibilities. If his enthusiasm hadn't come along, I might have become so discouraged that I'd have given up and accepted whatever dull future fate dealt me. Grigaitis was a splendid teacher, and he charged me for only about one out of every four lessons I had from him. Because that was all I could afford!" Then, to boot, he got me into the La Scala Opera company."

Love entered his scheme of things in this period. Pres had completely capitulated to the petite blondness of a girl he'd met. (Today's Mrs. Foster is the first and only one!) She was an excellent pianist and on several state occasions played for him when he gave concerts.
He laughed spontaneously. "I'd had a regular job for six whole months and that permanence convinced me I could safely persuade her to marry me!"

His occupation was selling resort advertisements, securing them for a Philadelphia journal. He traveled from one swank spot to another. The wedding was in the picturesque Little Church Around the Corner, in New York City. Honeymooning on tour was all right, but Pres was devoting too much time to his musical practice. Abruptly he was fired!

The Posters, with the zeal of youth, valiantly settled in New York itself. The career was definitely launched. But what slow rising it was!

"If it hadn't been for friends there likely wouldn't have been any progressing," Pres affirmed. "Grigaitas' great patience and reliance on what I could accomplish was the decisive factor. I'd already become acquainted with Chamberlain Brown, who's discovered more stage headlines than any other person, on previous flying excursions. He'd had me come up from Philadelphia twice, but the roles hadn't materialized. Still, he wasn't distressed. And when an agent of his calibre had faith in me, I cheered up mightily."

"I bucked against that wall that closes out all amateurs. But, thanks to Brown's advice on what to answer when they inquired what experience I had, and thanks to his recommendations, I finally got around the barrier."

"Fortunately for me, it was Carl Hunt, casting director for the Shuberts, to whom Brown eventually sent me. Dr. Hunt was true blue. He kept me working in bits when I had to have the money to support my wife and myself. They came after I'd understudied a leading man for six months. Afterwards he got me on as an assistant stage manager."

"In Atlantic City I was on my third play at this trade. It was summer and Lionel Atwill, who got me my first Broadway part, was the star. On the opening night there was some sort of trouble with the regular stage manager, and Atwill asked me to sub." He was so capable that Atwill appointed him head man backstage for the following season in New York. He had the Atwill presentation running so smoothly that he was accorded a hundred per cent boost in salary.

"And Atwill did more," Pres stated, appreciatively. "He directed the play 'Seven' at the Republic Theatre, and I received my first Broadway notices, thanks to his okaying me for a role. At rehearsals he'd haul me aside for extra pointers. He fussed with me until I could go on and deliver a performance."

It was the actor with whom he shared a dressing-room for this production who told Pres to go see the agent, William Stephens. He did, and Stephens was the first to presume that Foster was suitable for pictures.

"He had a melodrama named 'Two Seconds,' and was positive that if I did the lead, I'd get a nod from Hollywood. Nobody else was excited at such a prospect; in fact, no one would finance a gamble. Stephens dug up the money himself."

"Luckily, we had a bit and Mervyn LeRoy saw it and me. The matinée Mervyn attended we'd rather let down, but still he okayed me. I certainly owe him a great deal, for he has been a marvelous friend, also, Mervyn had Warners buy the show and sign me to come West for his film version. He knew I was a beginner here, and did everything in his power to guide and boost me."

Loyal, Pres brought William Stephens to Hollywood with him, and that benefactor handles all his business dealings. There was no new arrangement when major recognition came.

---

**If you would appreciate having a skin soft and smooth as a rose-petal...immediately...and enjoy a beauty bath sensation...try the Linit Beauty Bath.**

As Alluring

...AS A BREEZE IN SPRING

Dissolve some Linit in your bath while the tub water is running, bathe as usual, step out and when you dry yourself pat your body with a towel...do not rub...then feel your skin...soft and satiny smooth as the rarest velvet. And the most astonishing thing about the Linit Beauty Bath is that the cost is trifling. Don't deny yourself such gratifying after-bath comfort when the expense is so insignificant. Try the Linit Beauty Bath and join the thousands and thousands of lovely women who daily enjoy its soothing luxury. Linit is sold by your grocer.

---

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package... recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.
You'd suppose that once he had a long-term contract his worries would have eased. But an actor has to have continual chances to score, no matter what kind of a tie-in he has. After fourteen months the assignments at Warners weren't so good, and so Pres signed with Fox. He was there ten months, and then went to Metro. Five months, during which he was given but one role—that of a gray-haired football coach—and he was feeling low.

The last on his list of those whom he remembers with particular gratitude rescued him when his movie career might have faded out.

"Cliff Reid, producing here at RKO-Radio, recalled my work in a Fox picture, 'The Man Who Dared,' He was preparing 'The Last Days of Pompeii.' Ernest Schoedsack, who was to direct it, was sold on me for the lead. Then they were delayed in starting. But Reid, bless him, put me under contract meanwhile; he cast me in 'The Informer,' and then with Barbara Stanwyck in 'Annie Oakley.' If it hadn't been for his giving me this latter role, which was fairly romantic, Carole Lombard wouldn't have chosen me for her hero. And I wouldn't be as happy as I am!"

So that's where this newest of masculine heart-throbs has evolved from. Pres resides in a fashionable apartment house on Roosmore, is amazingly athletic, and what do you think? Since Carole detected his appeal, M-G-M has put in a bid for him to return and team with Harlow!

Yet when he's interviewed, he doesn't gossip about his promising tomorrows. That's typical Hollywood chatter. He talks like this, acknowledging candidly that he has cause to remember others. How does the bad strike you?

Follies Girl's Days and Nights

Continued from page 51

You wear lipstick
16 hours a day.
Be careful of...

lipstick
parching

Remember that lips are sensitive. Does your lipstick leave your lips rough and dry?
The new Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick never parches. Coty thought of smoothness as well as color. So a wonderful new ingredient was added. It's called "Essence of Theobrom." It has a special power to keep lips soft.

And what warm color the "Sub-Deb" gives your lips! Color that's ardent and indestructible.

Make the "Over-night" Experiment!
Put on a tiny bit of Coty Lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how soft your lips feel, how soft they look.
Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five indelible colors, 50c. Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50c.
Come to a new world of beauty... with the new Coty "Air Span" Face Powder!

Honeymooners! Onslow Stevens and Anne Buchanan, stage actress, married at Las Vegas, recently.

background productive of all the feminine grace. But the fair Virginia protest: "Not in my case. From the time I was a year old until I was eighteen I lived in Fargo, North Dakota, and you'd hardly associate Fargo with a Ziegfeld girl. But the funny part of it is that New York takes it for granted that the showgirls it sees are the most sophisticated of sophisticates. I used to laugh to myself when I was putting on worldly airs. If those metropolitans in front had only known what a bluff I was throwing! I'd never even been in New York before, and the laugh would have been on me if blast Broadwayites could have seen me coming out of Grand Central Station and stopping to stare at the high buildings.

It was natural to suppose the wonder-struck stranger might have felt a bit shalby in the knees when stepping out into the big city. "I wasn't afraid, just overwhelmed," she said. "If I had come straight from Fargo I'd probably have dropped in my tracks. But Hollywood had broken the journey. Working there in an extra in pictures so that the family might eat more or less regularly had helped me to meet people without falling all over myself. I was a showgirl in the film production of 'Whoopee' when Ziegfeld saw me and offered me a job in New York. Of course, I didn't know what that would mean to me, but a theatrical agent who went along on the train with me said that all I had to do was be reasonably innocent." As I pondered this elastic advice, Miss Bruce helped me out with: "I think men know if a girl is innocent. But she has to have balance. I feel sorry for the little weak ones. Two other girls who went to join the show took their mothers with them for protection, but I don't think that's necessary if girls are sensible, do you?"

Never having seen any Ziegfeld girls who looked as though they had mothers, I couldn't say.

Zieggy was awfully nice to his girls, treating them even better than the principals. He'd give them lingerie left by a salesman, and was always saying, 'Don't work the kids too hard.' Sometimes at rehearsal we'd dance till we were too tired to drop. But things were very pleasant until one night in the big dressing-room that I shared two of the girls, one Spanish and the other American, had a terrible fight. It was over a fake Count for whose dubious affections they were rivals. The Spaniard knew he was phony, but when she came right out and said so the other girl was furious. She didn't lose any time in starting something. Chairs and tables were knocked over as the two of them screamed and clawed and tore each other's hair. I was simply terrified, then amazed—for no sooner was the battle over than those girls, both of them wrecks, kissed and made up, and what's more, gave each other presents of silk stockings!"

Could it be, I wondered, that men were usually the cause of trouble? "Yes," admitted Miss Bruce, as she went on to tell of a Ziegfeld girl's days—and nights. "But I got along very well with men. It was only once I had to be on my guard. A man who lived at a fashionable hotel suggested I would be more comfortable there and that he would be happy to make arrangements for a pleasant suite of rooms which I would have all to myself. I thanked him for his unselfish generosity, but explained I preferred my humble quarters because they were near the theatre. He never mentioned the matter again and continued to be very nice and sweet to me.
This simply went to prove that a girl could take care of herself by being sensible. I had lots of offers to go out, but they were nice ones."

Her first night out in New York was with, if all gay blades for a Ziegfeld girl:

"A boy from my home town, Glen Osman, of Fargo. That was my first date, and we went to the Stork Club for dinner. Eating was very important to me, for I wasn't getting much money. At the hotel I'd manage with a bottle of milk and a bun or a few small cakes from a bakery. But when I was invited out to dinner or supper, I'd make up for it. At the time I left for New York I weighed a hundred and twenty pounds, but it didn't take me long to gain ten. Away from the hotel, I always ate heartily, nourishing food, which is the thing to do, don't you think?"

You never can tell. Once a philanthropic young man took a poor little chorus girl to dinner in New York. With every reason to believe she needed a good square meal, he rashly suggested steak. "Oh," was her horrified protest, "let's not have anything so common!"

"But there was one thing I had to be careful about," Miss Bruce was saying, "All the time I was in New York I couldn't afford an evening dress. So when I was asked anywhere I'd find out if people were going to dress, and if they were I wouldn't go. For that matter, men didn't care a rap about a girl's being all dolled up, liking her just as well, perhaps better, in her street clothes. That's one of the reasons why I've always had faith in men, and could never be bitter about them. They take you, and respect you, for just what you are. All the parties I went to were interesting, with men like William Rhinelander Stewart, Jock Whitney, and Louis Bromfield, who autographed one of his books for me. They all treated me as a human being, not just a Ziegfeld girl."

"Who isn't quite human?"

"She's exotic,"patiently explained Miss Bruce. "Not that it's her fault. But on the stage she is quite unlike her real self. There she is completely changed, except for her figure. And that's something she must have to get a job. The rest of her can be made over. One of the greatest transformations I ever saw was that of a girl who came from a railroad lunch counter at a lonely junction. But she knew she had a figure—and so did every brakeman on the line. One day she got hold of a magazine containing pictures of Ziegfeld girls, and that settled it. Saving every cent she could lay her hands on, she finally had carfare to New York, and once there she made a bee-line for the Ziegfeld office. Zieggy saw she was pretty raw material. But she had her health and figure, and before long her own mother, much less her forlorn brakemen, wouldn't have known her. She was a Ziegfeld beauty!"

Out of my provincial ignorance I asked what she was most admired.

"In five months I was there," Miss Bruce enlightened me, "it was mostly the golden-haired girl, and I think this still holds true. She is the ideal type, like Gladys Glad. I think blondes are more striking at first sight, but I like the darker type better. She has more character."

Coming from a blonde, this was interesting, not to say magnanimous. Yet she named Ina Claire as the most beautiful stage actress.

"And on the screen?"

"Dolores Del Rio," was her choice. "But, added Miss Bruce, "I don't think New York girls are as beautiful as Hollywood's. In fact, I'm sure Hollywood has the most beautiful girls in the world. That's why Ziegfeld came out here. He knew."

Spoken like a true Ziegfeld girl!

---

**CLASSIQUE AND SQUARE BACK**

by B.V.D.

For the Eves of our sun-drenched beaches, for the sirens of the seas and the sands, B. V. D. offers the new perfection, the new sculptured grace, the new silhouetting devices of its Swim Suits of '36.

To the left, above, B. V. D. points with pride to "Classique"—a maillot in its elastic, figure-moulding and exclusive Perl Knit. Its seamless sides (B. V. D. exclusive), its built-in brassiere top, its adjustable bust straps give you a complete new mastery of your own silhouette. $5.95.

To the right—"Square Back"—a skirted suit in Perl Knit featuring the brilliant square neck and back of the newest evening gowns—B. V. D.'s new seamless back—and contrasting two-color adjustable straps that tie at the shoulders in twin bows. $6.95.

But these are only typical—just two fair examples of a brilliant roster of beauty and style. The B. V. D. Co., Inc., Empire State Building, New York.
GLAZO

The most important news in years, for lovely hands

HERE is such a nail polish as you've dreamed of! The new GLAZO, with its remarkable new formula, attains a beauty of sheen and color far beyond the realm of polishes of the past. Every longed-for virtue of nail polish perfection reaches its zenith in Glazo's new creation.

You've never seen a polish so rich in luster... so long and perfect in wear. Chipping and peeling are gone—and forgotten woes. Glazo's exclusive, fashion-approved shades retain their full beauty for several extra days. Streaking becomes a lost word, for new Glazo floats onto every finger with perfect evenness of color. Evaporation has been so amazingly reduced that the polish is usable down to the last drop.

For even a day, don't deny your fingertips the luxury of this new Glazo. Just 20 cents.

How Fay Helped Cary and Gary

Continued from page 27

When the play closed that night Archie took his second-hand car and started West. Fay received a postcard from him, postmarked at Del Rio, on which he scribbled that he was taking her advice for better or for worse. As you all know, Paramount signed Cary on a contract in 1931 and Mr. Leach out of gratitude to Fay insisted that his screen name be Cary Lockwood, which was his stage name in "Nikki," so now hopefully he could be considered just in case he might become a star, so young Mr. Leach and Paramount compromised and Cary Grant was the name of his character. He was often an evening in Hollywood and he and the Saunderses will get together and talk over the night on the stage that Fay starred him on his movie career.

And what about Gary? Well, Gary, (another of Fay's beautiful friendships which has lasted through the years), was already in pictures at this time. Even from somewhere was far from being a success, was very shy and unhappy about Hollywood, and had about decided that he had better return to his art rather than to the movies. Cary and Fay were not far from his studio. Fay was what the doctor ordered. Just as shy as Gary himself, the Montana boy found in her a kindred soul and it was she who gave him and encouraged him. Fay also gave wise advice in those precarious months. After "The Legion of the Condemned," Fay and Gary were sent to St. Michael's Hospital, Maryland, on location with "The First Kiss" company, that was in 1928 and in those days a "location" trip was really something. St. Michael's is a little fishing town on Chesapeake Bay, selected by the studio because the picture was about the oyster industry, Gary played a fisherman, "poor when the 'movie folks' arrived the townspeople went mad with excitement. They took one look at the 'love interest' of the picture, Fay and Gary, and decided that they were the most romantic young couple in the world and ought to get married at once. Poor Fay and Gary—it was just too, too embarrassing. Soon it was in the newspapers all over the country that Fay and Gary were hopelessly in love. Then one of those near-tragedies happened in the Bay one day. Fay was supposed to be swimming and somehow she climbed up the side of the barge, aided by a concealed rope. The rehearsal was perfect, but when it came time for the scene, when something happened, the rope had mysteriously disappeared, and when Fay tried to climb the side of the barge she slipped and fell right into the Bay. The men on the barge all thought it was a part of the picture and looked on with great unconcern while Fay, who couldn't swim a stroke, went down for the second time. Fay was marked to play "The Legion of the Condemned" and fallen in love with its leading lady, Miss Wray, read all this to do about the Fay-Gary romance, and decided that they were the most romantic young couple in Hollywood, or the world that Fay and Gary weren't in love. Now out in Hollywood, a Mr. John Monk Saunders, who had known Fay and Cary from the "Nikki" days, realized that pictures were coming down and the ad lobbied something about the war just to fit in with the atmosphere. But the play, not a success, had posted its closing notice and when the corps were coming down and the ad lobbied turned into a personal conversation. "Well, what now?" said Archie, "Know of any jobs, a good boulevard, bricklayers here for a little music act with?"

"Why don't you go to Hollywood?" said Fay. "I should think you'd go over big in pictures." "Who, me?" said Cary. "Nuts! I'm not a pretty picture boy."

And so right there on the stage, while several hundred people looked on, Fay gently sold Cary Grant, to Archie Leach, the idea of going to Hollywood.
it was very small and completely covered with vines, and a marriage ceremony ensued; but it was John Monk Saunders, not Gary Cooper, who married Fay Wray. St. Michaels' never forgave him. I guess it was the shattering of their first illusion. Anyway, Gary was the Best Man, and presented Fay with a little booklet on how to keep your husband. The day that Gary rescued Fay from the briny deep he had on his most valued possession, an extremely expensive wrist watch. The watch was ruined—but Gary still keeps it as sort of a souvenir of the occasion.

Well, I always say that it must be kinda nice to know that you were the wanmanly touch in the careers of two such grand guys as Gary and Cary. And what would movies be without them? Thank you, Ma'am, thank you, Ma'am, Miss Wray.

Beauty Prize

Continued from page 33

RUTH QUIRK
BEND RIVER, OHIO
GRATULATIONS SWEETHEART
DELIGHTED TO SEE YOUR PHOTO
IN SILVER SHEET EVEN UNDER
ALIAS STOP NEVER BEEN ABLE TO
FORGET YOU STOP NO JOB RIGHT
NOW BUT MAY SEE EACH OTHER
IN HOLLYWOOD, LOVE AND KISSES
SNOOPY

Steve read them all, slipped them into their envelopes and, after a hatch had accumulated, sent Joe off with them. He hated Rolly, he hated Snoopy, he almost hated Ruth. Business brought her to the office practically every day, but she evi-
dently had no time for an evening with him. Once—in the comparatively quiet in-
terval between two and three—she stopped for a few minutes' chat. She told Steve how the whole thing had come about. It seemed that a man had appeared at the Five-and-
Ten months before, acted very important and mysterious, photographed a few of the girls—just as they were, in their working clothes—and gone off. No one had dreamed anything would really come of it. She was terribly happy, of course, because now she'd be able to send her mother money, and help Harry out too. Harry was ex-
pecting another baby—or rather, his wife was. She sighed through force of habit.

"But aren't you scared?" Steve asked.
"You know—Hollywood and all that?"
"Scared to death," she replied, but as bli-
lidy as though she were already queen of Hollywood and all its works. "After all," she said, "Garbo started in a hatshop—a Swedish one, at that. I read in a magazine that her English is nothing to brag about even now." She paused for a moment, then added modestly: "Not that I'm trying to compare myself with Garbo."

"Oh, those Hollywood baboons'll be crazy about you all right," said Steve wearily. He'd been suffering torments these past weeks. He sometimes found himself wishing that Ruth were gone to Hollywood or the devil, and the whole thing over and done.

"Rolly says I'm just the type they're look-
ing for," mused Ruth, (and for per-
haps the hundredth time Steve consigned Rolly to the darkest depths of perdition).

"Rolly says they're all too hardboiled in Hollywood—the girls, I mean—they drink and they'll carry on with anybody. He says a girl that doesn't drink or smoke and—
and respects herself, can make five thou-
sand a week. Two thousand, anyway," she added uncasily, as Steve made no reply but continued to fix her with a gaze at once preoccupied and penetrating. Yet
Steve hadn't heard a word she said. She was so changed, so alien—as though a year had passed since their last meeting. He simply couldn't conceive that he had ever kissed this girl.

"Doing your hair some other way?" he finally asked.

"No—what makes you think so? I just got a permanent."

"Going to write me when you're famous?"

And Ruth replied politely: "Why, of course. What do you suppose, Steve?"

The day of departure came. The train for New York left Bend River at 6:24. Steve locked up at six sharp and started racing for the station. If he ran all the way he could make better time than the street car, bumping through town. Breathless and perspiring, he did manage to get to the station before the train left. It made only a two-minute stop at Bend River. He could see Ruth's face at the window, but she didn't see him. She was wearing a new hat—another new hat, that is—not the one Steve already knew. A group of twenty or so stood on the platform, waving frantically. They were all strangers to Steve. Ruth was a stranger too, for that matter. There was no more Ruth. Viola Palmer. A Hollywood star. Goodbye. The train puffed out, and Steve stood there looking after it. The world was gray and meaningless. Suddenly a glimmer of light pierced the general gloom. "I'll see her in the movies," he thought. He went home and to bed, though it was far too early. He even managed to sleep.

Nothing came for a week but piling telegrams for the cotton mill and the uninteresting residents of the river district. Steve took to writing verse during the tedious intervals between wires. He felt desolate and empty—bowed almost with the sick emptiness inside him. But the matter of verse-writing wasn't as easy as he'd imagined it. Nor was the office quiet enough for creative effort. No sooner had he got himself into the mood, when the bell of his Simplex would ring or Joe would start whistling or a man from Fourth Street would come in to wire his mother-in-law that an eight-pound baby had arrived, mother and child both doing well. He thought two of the poems had turned out rather well, and sent them to the Bend River Star. They were returned a couple of days later with a printed rejection slip. Once he went out with Tony—a girl he'd known before Ruth dawned on his horizon. But it only made things worse. Tony's eyes were different, her hair was different, her voice was too loud and her skirts didn't swing like Ruth's.

Mrs. Helen Quire
376 North Third Street
Bend River Ohio

Arrived safe, Marvelous reception everywhere. Terribly exciting tomorrow. Letter follows.

Ruth

Mrs. Helen Quire
376 North Third Street
Bend River Ohio

Good trip, Hollywood. Happy to know you've arrived. Address Poinsettia Apartment, next fourteen thirty North Bronson Kisses.

Mrs. Helen Quire
376 North Third Street
Bend River Ohio

Don't worry that we know nothing of your appointment tomorrow. Phoenix company love.

Ruth

Mrs. Helen Quire
376 North Third Street
Bend River Ohio

Hurrrah contract with Union film company sixty per week. Everybody prophesies great future. New address: Lemon.

Grove Apartments Six, Three, Six
One Sunset Boulevard

Love Viola

Miss Viola Palmer

Lemon Grove Apartments

691 Sunset Boulevard

Hollywood California

Congratulations very happy over speedy success. Hope you won't forget your old friend.

Steve

Three months had passed since Ruth's departure, and Steve was doing his best to forget her. He went out with Tony, and he gave up writing verse. He was always wrangling with Joe, though Joe was only the messenger boy. It mattered not that Steve was an old grog and a nervous wreck, and hinted darkly that he knew why, all right too. Suddenly Tony announced his engagement to the saleswoman of the department store. There were no more telegrams from Hollywood. Ruth was apparently sending her mother all the news by mail.

Steve discovered that Silver sheet came out twice a month. He circled the dates on his calendar and, when publication day rolled round, made straight for the office for the newstand at the corner of Main Street to buy the new issue. For six weeks they featured Viola Palmer. There were dogfight photographs—Viola in the Fifth Avenue—Viola leaving New York—Viola arriving in Hollywood—Viola on the beach at Santa Monica—a photograph in which her legs were very much in evidence and her face little more than a smudge. Viola Palmer, Hollywood's latest find. The next picture was captioned Viola and Ducky Dear at the Brown Derby—a darkish snapshot showing Ruth at dinner with a grinning young man. It was such a poor picture that Steve wouldn't have recognized her except for the caption. The photographs were used to illustrate a serial called Life of a Beauty Queen, by Viola Palmer, as told to Rowland Lyman.

Steve pored over each installment, his heart beating a little faster as he hunted the pages for some mention of his name. But it never came. The terse, snappily written story did contain references to various young men who had entered Viola's life at one time or another, but Steve wasn't among them. Hungry for every word, he began buying other movie magazines. Only once was his search rewarded. On a page showing a group of girls for the Filmmusical Mars Away, he found a picture of her, not much larger than a postage stamp, included among the miniature photos of other girls."

Then nothing happened till August. At noon one Thursday an elderly woman entered with the embarrassed, apologetic air of those unaccustomed to sending telegrams. Steve gave her his fountain pen. He could see that she was pondering and crossing out words to get her message within the limit of ten.

"Nice day, isn't it?" There was something about her smile, and when she'd left and he was inserting the form into the machine, his heart skipped a beat.

Miss Viola Palmer

Pico Court

691 Sunset Boulevard

Hollywood California

Worried no news. Haven't been able to send some money if necessary.

Mother

All evening Steve brooded over the message. What could it mean? Was Ruth sick? Could she be getting the break? Had something happened to her? It was all he could do to keep from sending a wire himself. He spent half an hour collecting the files containing every wire that had something to do with Ruth. In bulk, they made little sense. That evening he went to the movies. For weeks now he had been religiously at-
tending the showing of every new film. Ruth might appear in one of them. You never could tell. But it seemed to take those fellows in Hollywood forever to get a picture done—and longer than that to get it round to a dump like Bend River.

Ruth's answer came next day:

MRS. HELEN QUIRK
376 NORTH 3RD STREET
BEND RIVER O HIO

DONT WORRY MOM WORKING AT STUDIO DAY AND NIGHT NO TIME TO WRITE VERY HAPPY AND SUCCESSFUL LOVE AND KISSES VIOLA.

The moment Joe went off with the wire, Steve, working against time, sat himself down to compose a letter to Ruth. Three times he was interrupted, but he finished and dropped the letter into the postbox outside just as Joe turned the corner on his wheel.

"Darling," he had written, "I don't know whether I ought to say Dear Ruth or Dear Miss Palmer, but I know I can't go wrong on darling, because that's what you are. Do you remember the night we went to see Anna Karenina together? I'll never forget that night. I go to the movies quite often because I'm so anxious to see Miss Viola Palmer in her first picture. I'm proud enough to burst when I think a girl I knew so well is now a movie star. Nothing new here. I was in the 5 and 10 not long ago, but I didn't see a single girl there I'd care to go out with. We're having a drought and it must be very hot in Hollywood. It would make me very happy if you could find time to drop me a line.

Yours, Steve Tyndall."

The answer was a postcard, which arrived about the middle of September. It showed Ruth in slacks and cap, looking for all the world like a boy. Across the photograph she had scrawled: "Greetings, Viola Palmer." Steve carried it around with him till the corners curled up and the picture was wearing threadbare.

Meantime great things were happening.

MRS. HELEN QUIRK
376 NORTH 3RD STREET
BEND RIVER O HIO

JUST SIGNED MARVELOUS CONTRACT WITH PHOENIX FILM COMPANY SEVEN YEARS WITH OPTIONS SALARY INCREASING TO TWELVE HUNDRED WEEK STOP PLEASE BE AS HAPPY AS I AM LOVE VIOLA

MISS VIOLA PALMER
BEVERLY CHATEAU
BEVERLY HILLS CALIFORNIA

GOD BLESS YOU DARLING DON'T WORK TOO HARD BILLY SENDS BEST LOVE WE ARE VERY PROUD OF YOU MOTHER

And a little telegram that Steve sent off on his own hook:

MISS VIOLA PALMER
BEVERLY CHATEAU
BEVERLY HILLS CALIFORNIA

COMPLIMENTS TO THE NEW GARMET FROM AN OLD ADMIRER IN BEND RIVER

Steve had reconciled himself to the fact that Ruth had escaped from his world and best carried, as though on wings, straight into the heaven of movie stars. The thought of her brought him a curious sense of satisfaction. He had been the only one to recognize her beauty and charm while she was still living in a dump, buried in the Five-and-Ten-Cent Store. Coming in hatless, with raindrops in her hair. The shabby little coat she'd been wearing the day she'd sent her first wire. A smile touched his lips at the memory. Now she was making twelve hundred a week—or would be before long. It was all a fairy-

A Jantzen molds the body in graceful slender silhouette. New Kava-Knit fabrics combine richness of texture and design in the loveliest swimming apparel of the year with permanent and perfect-fitting qualities. Jantzens gently but firmly hold the body in the natural lines of youth with a truly amazing degree of figure-control. It is, you know, America's finest fitting swimming suit.

ELEANORE WHITNEY, appearing in the Paramount picture, "Three Cheers for Love" wears the Jantzen Kerchief, $5.95. Other Jantzen models $4.50 to $6.95.
FOllow the stars

ONE step towards that glamorous Hollywood complexion . . . the kind that women envy and men adore . . . is the proper application of face powder. Don't use a tailed, crushed powder puff—it rubs in dirt and harms the skin. Change your puff frequently—for a clean skin needs a clean puff. To be certain of the finest, use the famous Screen Star Puffs . . . the brand that famous Screen Stars endorse. They're consistently fine and soft as dawn, with extra-long, silken plush, closely woven fibres to hold your powder an tap . . . where it belongs. And Screen Star Puffs brush on your powder like the delicate whistl of a zephyr-like breeze! Try these perfect puffs today. Five cents at all leading chain stores.

Autographed by

YOUR FAVORITE SCREEN STAR

SCREEN STARS

Powder Puffs

"Hitch your beauty to a star!"

Don't forget—with each Screen Star Puff is a Hollywood Beauty Secret. Save these folders, they're good for free premium.

tale. She might get to be more famous than Garbo or Constance Bennett. But he was the fellow who had discovered her and kissed her, long before magazines or beauty judges or movie magnates or film directors had known anything about her.

Since Steve took it for granted that Ruth would do great things in Hollywood, he felt no surprise when her name appeared one morning in the Bend River Star. "Smashing," showing at the Majestic Theatre from Wednesday through Saturday, would be of special interest to the residents of this city, featuring as it did the initial appearance in films of a young actress from Bend River. Viola Palner, who had just been launched on a promising screen career would play the part of Molly. Doreen Davis and Herbert Taylor were starred. The picture was rich in thrills and romance, climaxing in a stupendous air crash and its attendant consequences.

The Evening Post, rival sheet to the

Cecilia Parker's pets, Speck and Stingy, are speedy fellows when out for a run—so Reel, indeed, that Cecilia has to wear roller skates to keep up.

Star, printed a little story headed "Local Girl Makes Good in Hollywood." Steve recognized fragments of the articles in Silverheet, reworked into a tasty little newspaper ragout. He was in his seat at the theatre on Wednesday, before the house lights were turned off. Once he had sat here with Ruth. Now he was waiting to see her on the screen. Looking about him during the newsreel, he marvelled that the house hadn't been sold out. The feature was announced—and his body grew so tense that the muscles at the back of his neck ached. There was her name: MOLLY—VIOLA PALMER—near the end of a long list of players. He resented the fact that it came so far down on the list. But resentment soon gave way to uneasiness. The movie went on and on, and still no Ruth. Where was she? There couldn't be any mistake. He'd seen her name on the list of players.

The scene changed to a Monte Carlo Casino. There—his heart leaped—was it? Yes, it was Ruth all right, but so changed that he could hardly recognize her. Her hair had been tinted a platinum blonde—or was it a wig?—that pale, stiff, artificial-looking cap of waves. She looked very tall and extremely slender, and her glittering gown with its train was cut so low and hung so close to her body that Steve felt a little uncomfortable. The moment she opened her mouth, the audience laughed, for she spoke with an exaggerated Middle Western accent. Almost before Steve knew what was happening, the scene was over. "Nuts to you!" she had said, and people had laughed, and the scene had shifted to a precipitous Riviera road, down which a car, bearing Doreen Davis and her leading man, dashed at breakneck speed. He stayed to the end, but he saw no more of Ruth. Not till he was riding home did he realize that her part had had nothing to do with the rest of the picture, and had been inserted only for a couple of laughs. "She doesn't talk like that at all," he thought. He remembered now that Ruth's speech had been touched with the typical Bend River intonation, but there had been something gay and artless about it. They seemed to be making a guy of her in Hollywood.

On the whole, the movie served to cool his ardor a little. The girl on the screen had been Ruth, and yet not Ruth. Maybe

MRS. HELEN QUIRK

4 NORTH 36TH STREET

BEND RIVER OHIO

ARRIVE TOMORROW AFTERNOON

LOVE,

RUTH

— From a telegram received Wednesday, December 9th.
success and Henry didn’t. The old story of the rich, successful wife and the poor, unappreciated husband, and of course two such screwy people didn’t wait long to get a divorce.

Margaret came to Hollywood, was a sensational success in her first picture “Only Yesterday,” and a year later married William Wyler who directed her in “The Good Fairy.” Henry finally got his break on Broadway in “The Farmer Takes a Wife” and was signed for pictures in Hollywood and has had one success after another, (especially “The Trail of the Lonesome Pine”), until today he is as well and favorably known by the fans as Margaret is. Well, that was the situation when Margaret, a bit surly and aloof, was reintroduced to her former husband and handed a script of “The Moon’s Our Home.” To her surprise—and horror—she discovered that she and Henry were practically playing themselves in the picture, except that the picture had a happy ending and she, definitely, had no intention of returning to Henry Fonda. The director and people on the set tell me that for the first few days of production Margaret and Henry never spoke to each other but at the end of each “take” would go to opposite corners of the stage like a couple of wrestlers when the gong rings. And then “The Moon’s Our Home” company had to go way up to Truckee in the Sierra Mountains for the snow scenes and I must say there’s nothing like an isolated location to bring out the milk of human kindness in a movie star.

The first day of location in the snow Henry persuaded the sound technician to let him handle the “mike” boom for one scene in which Margaret was supposed to rant all over the place. And he purposely did such a bad job of handling it that the scene had to be taken over three times. By the third “take” Margaret was really ranting and Henry made a dirty crack to the effect that it sounded just like old home week. Late that afternoon Margaret got even with him. She was on top of a small slippery incline and extended a helping hand to Henry as he scrambled up. Just as he reached the top she pushed his face down in the snow and then sat on him. Well, you can’t be aloof to a man after you’ve sat on him, now can you?
Anyway, my spies report that with the picture in its last days of production you can't pray Margaret and Henry apart on the set, and according to the gossip columns and my own eyes they've been making "entrances" at some of our best parties and night clubs. It's rather interesting to note that "The Moon's Our Home" had been in production only one week when little Miss Sullivan through her lawyers secured herself a Chihuahua, Mexico, divorce from William Wyler. When I asked if she planned to re-marry her former husband Margaret said, "I can't say just now—maybe."

Another girl who has been doing a lot of stepping lately is Joan Blondell. Maybe it's spring—or maybe it's Dick Powell. Now Joan never was a Garbo exactly but she lived on the tip-top of Lookout Mountain and she was married to George Barnes, camera-man deluxe, who was quite a bit older than Joan and who liked nothing better than to come home from the studio, slip into his bed-room slippers, and lounge around for the rest of the evening. Joan wanted to go places and have laughs but George usually managed to talk her out of it. But came the Blondell-Barnes divorce, then came reconstruction, wherein Joan was the "little mother" to Normie Barnes and nothing but the "little mother." But a gal in her twenties, full of health and vitality and an urge to have fun, can't be expected to sit around home pining over the wreck of her marriage forever. Joan sold the hill-top home, lock, stock, and barrel, moved away from the cold dreary mountain fogs to the sunshine of San Fernando Valley. She dieted and exercised systematically and lost twenty pounds. She bought herself some perfectly elegant clothes. Then she started having dates with popular Dick Powell who had the neighboring estate, and now with her new svelte figure and her new clothes she's dancing like mad all over the place. A party really isn't a party unless Joanie is there with a flower in her hair. Your guess is as good as mine but I guess that Joan and Dick will be married when Joan's divorce is final—it's been a long time since these old eyes have seen love in such bloom.

And still another little gal to do a lot of fancy stepping lately is Bette Davis. Maybe it's spring—or maybe it's the Academy Award. Anyway, ever since that eventful evening some two years ago when Bette went to a gala premiere at the Chinese Theatre escorted by five young men as a publicity gag and the gag went sour on her Miss Davis has been more or less a homelessness. They, her husband, the youthful Harmon O. Nelson, returned to Hollywood to play and sing at the Roosevelt Hotel, and then Bette won the Academy Award for the best performance of the year and ever since then Bette has been the belle of the ball. When last heard from she was on her way to New York to see plays and have herself one grand time.

And of course Hollywood is still gasping from the shock of seeing Ronald Colman, who never goes any place, come out of his shell and actually start dating a few girls. The only place Hollywood has ever been able to find Ronnie was on Warner Baxter's or Bill Powell's tennis court, and suddenly for no reason whatsoever there he was dancing at Perino's with Benita Hume, dining at the Brown Derby with Benita Hume, and escorting Rosalind Russell to the races and then to the Trocadero. And if that wasn't enough to give us a stroke he actually attended the Countess di Frasso's party for Elsa Maxwell, sent Claudette Colbert roses, and gave a party himself. Such goings-on.

With Carey Grant I just don't know—maybe it's spring or maybe it's England. Anyway, ever since he returned from England recently Cary has been very, very social and a host to Lord and Lady Plunkett, no less. (You really haven't "arrived" socially speaking in Hollywood until you have entertained British aristocracy.) He was slipping pretty badly until "Sylvia Scarlett" but I hear tell that since he gave that grand performance of a cockney trick that every studio in Hollywood has been after him. He hasn't been seen with charming little Betty Furness, (not that she has maimed, for she has a whole string of boy friends), since his return from England and I do hope all that Lord and Lady business hasn't got to his head.

And imagine our surprise when beautiful Irene Dunne started dancing the night away at the Trocadero, not to mention the Mayfair and Joan Crawford's party. Why, in the old days no one ever saw the fair Irene after six o'clock. She was home by ten. She went home from the studio and that's all anybody ever knew. But now she's all over the place. Maybe it's spring—or maybe it's Dr. Frances Griffin. You see, Irene has always been one of those transcontinental wives. Her husband is Dr.
Francis Griffin, a well-known New York dentist, so between pictures Irene would always scurry off to be with him in New York, and then when she was working she just went home at night and went to bed, so naturally we of the film colony didn’t see much of Irene, one of our best hermits. Then out of a clear sky she suddenly up and bought several acres in Holmby Hills, right next to Claudette Colbert, and started building a perfectly beautiful home, and can be found there any day now planting petunias. Well, it seems that Dr. Griffin was getting a bit bored with having Irene pop out of New York almost as soon as she popped in so he has now made arrangements whereby he can spend six months of the year in Hollywood—and that, my kids, seems to be the real reason for Miss Dunne becoming a social butterfly.

Those two popular lads, Clark Gable and Robert Taylor, are among our more constant stepper-outers now too. Of course Bob Taylor never did much stepping before because he was only a young man trying to get ahead in pictures and no money in the bank. But now that he’s considered one of M-G-M’s most popular young leading men and with a salary that’s really something, Bob is having himself a social swing the likes of which Hollywood hasn’t seen in many a year. First there was Irene Hervey, the girl he was engaged to before he became a big success. But things happened there, and although their best friends will tell you that Bob and Irene are still hopelessly in love with each other, Irene has just announced her engagement to Allan Jones, the young tenor who sang himself to picture fame when he sang *Moon* in “A Night at the Opera.” Since Irene, Bob’s girls have been Janet Gaynor and Barbara Stanwyck—it looked pretty serious with Gaynor, there for a while as the two of them were out dancing or partying some place nearly every night, but lately Miss Stanwyck seems to be the love light in his eyes.

And speaking of Miss Stanwyck, mercy, she’s the shining example of a reclusive gone gay. Ever since she has been in Hollywood Barbara has been the most retiring of the screen stars. Talk about your Garbo—Barbara completely out-Garboed Greta. Far, far more people knew the Swede than knew the little red-headed gal from Brooklyn, who was Ruby Stevens. She never accepted an invitation to anything and she never went any place except to the studio. Behind the high white walls of her estate in Brentwood, a veritable castle, she lived her life in solitary confinement with the exception of her husband, Frank Fay, and her adopted son. People who used to know Barbara in New York in the old days would never fail to wonder out loud, “What ever happened to Barbara Stanwyck?” Then all of a sudden Barbara jumped over her high white wall, separated from Frank Fay, moved her small son to a new home in Beverly Hills, and started going to every party in Hollywood. The Screen Actors’ Guild Ball, the Mayfair, and the Trocadero almost every night. At first she went only with her brother from New York or the Zeapps—Marx—we but now it seems that Mr. Robert Taylor is leading her in every walk. And it isn’t forced gayety on Barbara’s part—but no, people “who knew her when” say that she just like she used to be six years ago on Broadway when she was the gayest girl in town.

Well, anyway you look at it, the gay life calls for love, spring, and laughter, and wouldn’t you just know I’ve been singing like a nightingale the new Al Jolson song for days: “I love to singa...About the moona and the Jun and the springs...I love to singa...”
She knows the secret of
"BREATHE CONTROL"

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
Keeps breath pure and sweet
1 to 2 hours longer

Hollywood FLIGHT
You pay for the contents, not the container. Fiction only sometimes are unconditionally guaranteed to be of highest quality...yet their price is less than you would pay for ordinary cottonoids.
35c everywhere

Westcraft Laboratories
Los Angeles Cal.

Grace X-Rays Her Rival

Continued from page 30

Grace X-Rays Her Rival

I was of Garden, how I worshipped her. When I was in finishing school in Tennessee, I heard her at a concert and it was what decided me on opera. I deluged Garden with fan letters. Years later, when I had a chance to make the Metropolitan, and went to Europe to study, Garden lent me her villa on the Riviera so I wouldn't have to worry about the rent while I was preparing for the tryout that meant so much to me.

"Gladys is a small-town, strictly American product like myself. She was born in Deep Water, in the Missouri Ozarks, and sang in a choir as I did. Only she attended the Methodist Church, and I was a devout Baptist.

"She trained her voice at a conservatory of music in Chicago, and on graduation she and her sister formed a singing act and were featured on a Mid-Western theatrical circuit. They were content. One afternoon Gladys went into a Chicago shop to buy a piano. The proprietor was a leader in musical circles, and he'd admired her on the stage. He asked why she hadn't attempted opera. 'Don't be silly!' Gladys retorted.

"'If I arrange an audition, will you try?' he continued, realizing that she wasn't aware of her own potentialities. Gladys was overwhelmed at such optimism, and finally consented to the experiment. She quickly mastered twenty arias and when she sang for the committee for the Chicago Opera she was judged excellent material. During the summer before the season began she had to study hard. She did—she became proficient in twenty-one complete scores. And it was Mary Garden who stepped in and personally supervised that groundwork for her. Fine, generous Garden!"
Hollywood last year for her picture début. Grace was abroad. But she cabled, insisting that the Chapmans occupy the Moore-Parera home in Beverly Hills. Grace didn't remember that typical gesture of hers. Yet she spoke of how, when she had to have her tonsils out last fall, Gladys had substituted for her on her national radio program.

"It's such a pleasure to have friends in one's own profession, to be above petty jealousies that are now as quaint as fat primas dons. But Gladys is a woman's woman, as well as a man's woman, and that alone is enough to make her outstanding in Hollywood. She's feminine, but fair. I've never known her to say an unkind thing about anyone.

"However, she's much less of a dependent person than she imagines. While she hasn't the domineering sort of personality, she gets the same results through a rare and persuasive quality of femininity that's irresistible. Her modesty and refinement are subtly appealing.

"I think her voice is comparable to the deep, mellow music of the glockenspiel. It has a subtle, mystic tone that wins listeners. It doesn't evoke sadness to me, the full low notes being pleas for sympathy. To me her singing is that of a friend who's expressing a personal emotion.

"She adores Hollywood, incidentally, although she proclaims it harder work than she has ever done before. With a crowd she's invariably a good sport. But Gladys is actually too wrapped up in her music to delve into many ordinary pastimes. As she progresses she's observing more and more opportunities, and to take advantage of them she is having to concentrate.

"Mounting this ladder of fame isn't all laughter. There are disappointments that we never let the public in on. But we do confide in our intimates. That eases the wounds. I hope Gladys and I will go on sharing our experiences on the rest of our way up. When it is time for us to step out of the spotlight we'll have created a lasting friendship. We'll have rich memories of mutual joys and the occasional sorrows we can't escape. And—at gratitude for our luck—"

I thought I knew Grace Moore. But her gracious introduction of this newcomer was one more disclosure of a limitless attractiveness. There was only one thing left to do. I had to interview Gladys Swarthout herself, and get her pointers on this remarkable charmer. More about Moore—that's the motto of every male fortunate enough to chat with this super-dynamic blond damsel!"

**Gladys Talks Back About Grace**

Continued from page 31

information. "She's uninhibited by any false complexes; I'm inherently the opposite—shy and given to underestimating my possibilities. Oh, I don't mean that Grace overvalues herself! She's merely absolutely aware that she can fulfill her impulses.

"People have played a larger part in my ascent than in hers. I'm anaequoused; I took up music, then the opera, radio, and now pictures because I was argued into them by friends who insisted I could make the grade. But Grace is a born fighter; she doesn't wait for a push. She picked her goals, had no doubts of attaining them, and then worked like a Trojan. Her energy draws people to her.

"I don't know of any woman or man, in the world of fine music, who has made such

**SWING OVER TO KOOLS.** They're the sensible hot weather smoke these steamy days. They're cool. They're refreshing. They're cork-tipped so as not to stick to lips. And each pack brings you a valuable B & W coupon good for classy premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) So give your throat a break. Switch from hots to KOOLS! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.

---

**save coupons . . . many handsome new premiums**

**RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS"
important to you

the impression you give others concerns you! that's why dew concerns you too... you can't possibly be your most attractive self unless you keep your undershores dry and dainty—absolutely odorless. dew is sure protection. dew's action is gentle, instant and lasting. when you use dew, your tender undershores are sweet and dainty, your dresses and coat-linings are free from stains, odors and perspiration—economical—one small bottle lasts for months... at any department, drug or chain store.

no dandruff!

if you have dandruff, excessive falling hair, or thin, lifeless hair—use glover's faith correctly to stimulate local circulation, start today with glover's mangle medicine (the medicine with the clean plug for odor), and follow with glover's medicated soap for the shampoo, sold by all druggists. or have your hairdressers give you glover's treatment free of charge. for free booklet on proper care of hair and scalp, write glover's 462 fourth ave., new york city.

suffering of eczema, rashes, chafing, dryness—quickly checked and healing promoted with resinol

sample free. resinol, dept. 12b, balto. md.

professional courses

screen, stage and radio tech. nique. acting, dramatics, voice, speech, and direction for announcers, actors, and singers. ballet and stage dancing.

auditions—tests... one and four year courses. for information write ithaca college

5 devitt park ithaca, n. y.

shu-milk

restores

new shoe whiteness

america's largest selling white shoe cleaner

screenland

direct, honest development as grace moore. her voice grows more superb each season and i can't praise her success of popularity to the public too emphatically. she wants to be good, not only because she can't be pleased with half-hearted ventures, but because she feels an obligation to the public. i am glad to see grace making her role like jeanette macdonald. invariably she's what is expected of her, conscientiously so.

"wherever she is, there's a current of suppressed passion. her entrance is a Filip. and her stay is stimulating. she's one of the top career actresses, either, but a re-splendent woman of the world. the trouble with hollywood, she swears, is that its stars pull in their horizons. they should travel, keep in touch with other centres.

"grace can't do much of what she preaches. she blithely combines opera, radio, concert tours, and films—and manages to have the most fascinating personality. i can visualize, too. she's far too emotional to forget fun just for fame. while she's in hollywood her dinner parties are the 'cream of the crop.' when she's in new york she's at home with the keenest members of the life class, abroad she's feted by royalty.

"she exemplifies the saying that nothing succeeds like success. you deserve to be with her, for you're having a perpetual panic of a time."

i chatted with frank chapman, glover's good-looking husband. while she went back into camera range, frank is a concert singer of considerable renown, and he is now her manager. an entertainer of discrimination, he is the manly type upon which this star depends for strength.

he held one of her shapely hands in his when returned and we sat down. "frank and grace get along excellently," she asserted. "he debates with her and she seems to relish his spirit. but i never speak up boldly—i am a grand audience! it would be difficult for me to talk, i am a bit of a cry, so i'm my quiet self and we're all pals. valentin parera has proved as much of a balance for grace as frank for me. valentin is a well-informed, well-traveled houndsman; and he's the conservative member of their household."

"it's strange about the dissimilarity in your singing," frank interposed.

"yes, it is," gladys commented, pensively, "hers makes you happy and mine makes you cry. the low tones seem to put one in a remaining frame of mind. i'm generally told that i evoke tears. i don't see why i should, for i'm terribly happy and i wish everyone else might be."

on that vast set one would eventually distinguish gladys as the heroine. her tranquil, poised exquisiteness stands out upon close inspection. but you'd have to look around, for she isn't conspicuous.

"i recall my first glimpse of grace," she went on. "it was backstage at the metropolitan. i was cast with her and with lucrezia bori, lily pons, and lawrence tibbett, in 'tales of hoffman.' when the initial rehearsal was called, grace swept in swathed in a billowing silk cape, glittering with jewels. she was a vision, and i was awed no end.

"she always dresses for every occasion. when she plays tennis, for instance, she tops the regulation sports and blouse. she'll come on the courts wearing a striking bandana instead of a visor; gold bracelets will dangle from her left arm, with a flowing, colorful handkerchief intertwined artistically."

"did she give you any particular advice?" i questioned. "recollect any mistakes she'd made so you might profit by them?"

"but i told you grace never frets about being wrong! no, she has never mentioned errors to me, for she would confess to have made any. that's her confidence that i emphasized to you. she did, though, tell me the peculiarities she'd uncovered in working before the cameras. how we have to replace the flamboyant acting that we do in opera, and technical advice along this line."

gladys hasn't resided in hollywood long enough to be changed by the tempo of the town. but grace has. so i requested this faithful moore devotee to divulge how.

"she has been affected by this screen chapter—her responsibility to her fans has increased. she understands that she can't let them down. already there is a legend to be lived up to, and she's curling impatience that might tempt her into living for herself only.

"audaciousness is a prominent idiosyncrasy of grace's. if it hadn't always been she'd probably never have become what she has. her family, in jellico, tennessee, forbade her to aspire to opera. grace ran away and supported herself by singing jazz in a new york café while she took her lessons. there was that dreadful six months when she bravely retired to an isolated island in canada, thorough silence being the cure ordered for the thickness which suddenly ruined her voice."

"and then she finally was starred in broadway revues, after understudying and training strenuously. the average girl would have stopped trying there, and have held onto that spot. but grace abandoned her sure musical comedy for an eighteen months of exhausting coaching for opera. the metropolitan decreed that she wasn't eligible, but she defied the verdict and made herself fit their standards. later, to the horror of the old-timers, she went from the opera back to an operetta. there was an unwritten rule at the metropolitan that once you left for a lighter field you never returned. yet grace dared—and has."

"her valorous second siege to the movie fans' hearts is too familiar for me to play up. she didn't allow the immaturity of the early film musicals to conquer her. she could have retired to the opera and disdained hollywood. instead she risked her reputation to try again out here. grace loves to read the movie magazines, to go to pictures. she wanted to be in them. so we who have been invited from the opera now have her to thank. when she demonstrated that we could register, we were awarded our opportunity."

"i honestly can't imagine a more liberal friend, and this isn't a characteristic she can locate in many busy women. grace has hosts of captivated well-wishers and she's extravagant with her attention. she prefers jolly company to solitude.

shirley temple and her new leading man, michael whalen, in shirley's new film, "poor little rich girl."
Inside the Stars' Homes
Continued from page 15

Use either thousand island dressing made with mayonnaise and chili sauce, or Russian dressing. Mix with wooden fork and spoon, then let mixed salad stand in the ice box to bring out the flavor.

At Elliott Mason's we also had a wonderful gooseberry pudding, but we can't make that over here because the gooseberries are very expensive.

"Oh yes, another time when we were at her house she served Scotch shortbread and coffee. You must have that recipe—it's more than marvellous!"

SCOTCH SHORTBREAD
7 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 cups sugar
1 lb. butter
2 eggs

Knead butter with sugar, add eggs and knead them in. Sift flour with baking powder onto board and gradually knead into mixture. Divide into 4 portions and shape each piece into a round flat cake, fluting edges by pinching with fingers. Prick all over with a fork, put in papered tins and bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes. Dust with fine sugar and let cool in tins.

In the dining-room, where Jean was lighting the candles on the dinner table, she suddenly remembered another novel dish. "It's a grand thing to serve for Sunday night suppers or even after-theatre snacks when you want a filling dish to add to the frothy ones," she told me. "This is how I make it: Get a pound of white navy beans and soak them over-night, then bake them with butter, brown sugar, salt, and a strip of bacon, as you would ordinarily bake them. When they're partly done—beginning to get tender—add a can of pears with their juice. The fruit and juice will cook right into the beans and add an indescribable flavor. You'll have your guests wondering what they are eating."

Ethel changed the dainty clinton plates for dessert dishes.

"Robert Donat liked to add to my food education," she remembered. "One day we had the most delicious vegetable for lunch. I'd never heard of it before so as usual I asked. For a long time I went around thinking I had eaten leeks, until somebody said it was a 'glick,' and then they all telled me that I didn't know to this day whether it was a leek or not."

"Mr. Donat's cook Annie used to send over cakes for us at tea hour on the set for June 1936
Just Like Eating Candy!

- Get rid of fat in a hurry!
- And here's the best part of it all, you can now reduce with absolute SAFETY...no diet, no strenuous...no threat.
- NO DRUGS whatsoever! Not intermediate...no thyroid...
- NO DRUGS whatsoever! Not intermediate...no thyroid...
- NOW! without need for a larder or diet or doctor's approval.
- And do it for a change.

Safe and easy.

Dr. Scholl's FOOT BALM

17 lbs. in 4 weeks
SAFE
METHOD
NO
DRUGS

Hot Aching FEET

Quickly Relieved and Refreshed

Aching, sore or swollen feet are quickly relieved by Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm. This invigorating, healing, medicated balm drives out fatigue from sore muscles and joints; soothes irritated nerves; reduces swelling; quiets painful corns, callouses and bunions. Try it and you'll never be without it, use a jar today. Use it on your drug, shoe or dept. store, 35c. For free booklet on Foot Care, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., 416 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Scholl's FOOT BALM

Paris Playground

Continued from page 59

Eliasa Landi is one of the living arguments for color films. It seems a shame to see her red hair and green-gray eyes reduced to black and white, to be seen on the screen. Our settings would generally be during the lunch interval at the studio. Joinville was where she was filming "Koenigsmark," with John Lodge from Hollywood. How I ever painted Landi with just a plain hairdress I'll never know. One day she would be all decked out in a tiara, another a bridal veil, a third she was sporting a severe derby hat for a riding costume. The climax was reached when I found her lovely head weighed down under a huge fur and gold-brocade multi-strap Beer-piece. In the film she played the part of the ruler of an imaginary principality and in her job of Grand Duchess she had to impress her subjects with all this regalia. I liked her better when back in Paris she would pose sipping periods. At odd times she would work on a big tapestry piece. Wonder when it will be finished? When I paint her again she will no doubt be still working on the same piece. Truly, art is long!

After "Koenigsmark" was finished John Lodge lingered on in Paris. We got to be great friends and loved to wander about the cafes. He, too, had left his Grand Ducal regalia at the studio. When I painted him I wasn't handicapped with visions of white and gold uniforms and a monocle. He made a grand subject in more ways than one, and I set him to the job of reduction to transfer his six-feet-something to the oval confines of a miniature. During his stay here he made a speech before the American Club about the screen and stage, and was presented with a medal for his efforts. John's French is more Parisian than most of the natives and many French people complimented him on having had such a good "dubber." This, after he had been brought all the way from Hollywood because of his French!

Except for perfecting his English, Hollywood seems to have left no visible mark on Charles Boyer. I feared the worst when this fine sensitive actor came West. Several years passed in the meantime and I didn't see him on his various trips to Paris. Then when he filmed "The Tragedy of Meyerling" I had a great excuse to see the Boyer. The only changes in him were a deeper feeling and sincerity which would be the normal development of such an actor. He was no longer the actor that used to finish the film as he was overdue in America that I had to snatch so-called sittings when he was actually working in front of the camera. I had to modernize him up as he naturally wore the side-burns and costumes of the 1890's. So I mentally every day. I thought that was such a gracious thing to do. Our favorite was apple-sauce cake, and I thought: 'Ah-ha, a new recipe!' And Annie swore it was made just the way we make ours at home.

"But she did have a grand recipe for what she called apple cheese cake. Let me give you that."

APPLE CHEESE CAKE

Pare, core and boil sufficient apples to make a half pound of cooked; add to the pulp 1/2 lb. sugar, 1/2 lb. melted butter, 4 eggs, leaving out the whites of 2, and rind and juice of 1 lemon. Stir until well combined; line, patty pans with puff paste and fill them. Bake about 20 minutes.
chopped off his sideburns and decked him out in a rue de la Paix collar and tie for the miniature.

I'm anxious to paint Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., again. When he was a younger he studied painting for a year in Paris. I sketched and painted him then but his face hadn't the thin expressionistic contours that it now has. When Richard Bar-
thelmess was on his first trip to Europe I painted two miniatures of him. We motored over France and Switzerland and in each town we stopped he insisted on my painting on them. A bit of eyes were flicked in Tours, a chin in Avignon, a part of an ear in Aix and background in Monte Carlo, and the end of a nose in Geneva. In that way Dick, on contemplating the miniatures later, could recall no 'photographic' spots. In London he wanted Tallulah Bankhead at her loveliest. After I had painted her many times the amusing Tallulah wrote in my book, "I always thought I was beautiful, now I know I am!"

Gable's Bachelor Dates

Continued from page 21

his being a plain man. He is down-to-earth in his honesty, but Clark's also a gentleman. He proved himself to improve himself and consequently he's poised, well-informed, and altogether a genuinely fascinating individual. And, by the way, he doesn't consider himself thrilling. He is, nevertheless, for he's a vital, adventurous soul if there ever was one.

"Why do they call them the whole truth?" he challenged me. "Why assume I must be either anxious to dress up in a dinner jacket or that I'm a bull in a china shop? I don't deny that tapas are nifty, and I like them. Yet who'd describe those formal parades as fun? I relish casual gatherings, I see as many movies and plays as I can. But I'm a bitter pill to friends when we venture forth on first nights. My comrades mutter, "Oh, let's not go with him. He'll stand around signing autographs for hours."

With this parting crack Clark hopped over the cameraman's paraphernalia that was strewn about, and into the midst of a group of the strike-breakers blaring directions to a hundred terrified men and women, done up in the snappiest modes of 1906. Debris started falling, and next the redoubled fire was set to the gathered crowd. A fire entangled, fire burst in sight. There was more screaming and dashing and fainting than I'd seen since Pompeii's memorable calamity. Gable staggered through the middle of all this, and then braced up and returned to where I was waiting.

"Be big and actually tell ALL. Love's fun; sure! But so are other things," I rallied nobly. "Such as what?"

He was quick with his answers: "I get a kick from watching the boxing, wrestling, and polo matches. Yes, and the major tennis tournaments. However, I don't suspect I'll develop into a tennis champ I didn't start at young enough. There was a miscue in his backhand to that.

"I was remembering when I was in high school; how I obstinately refused to try tennis. It was a uniting thing and I had an overpowering hunch that tennis was slightly la-b-de-laah—even though my best friend, the bank teller, had a distinct edge in the tournament of the town's daughter, because he took her out so frequently to the tennis court. Come to analyze it, I'll bet her fastidiousness steered me away from participating then. She always tied a pink satin bow on her racket!

"Exercise is keen fun to me. I've got a friend who

How to Attract and Hold Your Man

Attract and fascinate the man of your choice.

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so ter-
rible you choke and gasp for breath, if Hay Fever keeps you sneezing and snuffling whilst
your eyes water and nose discharges con-
tinuously, don't fail to try and suit whilst
yourself to Frontier Asthma Co., for a free trial of a re-
markable method of relief from a matter where you live
or whether you have any faith in any remedy
under the Sun, for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send in today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address Frontenier Asthma Co., 287-8 Frontier Blvd., 422 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Shapely Legs

Men—Women—Children! improve

BOW-LEGS and KNOCK-KNEES

While walking—sleeping—playing
Morris Limb Straighteners have been worn by thousands with over-powering results. They have been prescribed to individual measurements. Send 10c for actual specifications. Satisfaction guarant
ted. Mail to cover. Low cost.

Morris Orthopedic Institute, Division 10,612 Loew's State Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
DENTISTS DISCOVER

Teeth-Agleam

Sparkling White Teeth
Secretly

why, how can you wonder at the enthusiasm
with which the public has turned to this
new, wonderful, harmless method of
brushing, flossing, before teeth treatment.
In the ordinary way, brushing and pic
ing, with force, removes some of the
lodged debris, but it is not thorough.
Here's perfect cleanliness. Win admiration.
Costs nothing. No ordinary toothbrush
will do it. This one will. Silently, unassailably,
reaches every corner. Use it and see. Isn't
this the way to keep your teeth healthy?

WHOLESALE DENTISTS SUPPLY CO.

Gurley, Nebraska

for everyone by Teeth-Agleam
in style. Works for dentist prices.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel! And You'll Jump Out of
Bed in the morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food will not be digested. It decays in the bowels. Gas builds up in your stomach. You get constipated. The bowels become poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks plain.

A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile freely and make you feel "up and out." Harmless, excellent medicine, amazing in its effect. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuses anything else. 2c at all drug stores.

Freckles

Banish those embarrassing freckles quickly in the privacy of your room. Your friends will wonder why. It's Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft, smooth, and clear.

Stillman Co, Aurora, Ill. Dept. 20

Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM

PLAY PIANO FIRST LESSON SEND NO MONEY

Lane Williams, famous radio artist, perfects an entirely new and revolutionary piano course.

If you want it to the number of your choice. It should be sent with the price of the lesson. If you want to actually play the piano: from the first lesson and learn the who's, where's and when's of the piano. Stillman's Freckle Cream leaves the skin soft, smooth, and clear. a jar.

Play Piano, First Lesson}

STILLMAN'S CO.

Aurora, Ill.

WORK FOR UNCLE SAM

$1200 to $1000 year to start. Males, females. Vocational, Com
tin education usually sufficient. Write immediately for free 32-page book with list of positions and full particulars. Send 5c to

Franklin Institute, Dept. 3316, Rochester, N. Y.

Alviene School of THEATRE

School of Speech and Dramatic Arts, Graduates: Lee Tracy, Fred

Heilman, Dora Hayes, Ann Carden. Address: 325 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y. for application. For information write

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio A313

VOICE

100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen, and develop the human voice. We do it
not with surgery, but by scientifically sound and absolutely harmless
methods. We can teach you how to breathe, sing, and speak in a
manner that will give you perfect tone and control of the voice.
We guarantee 100% improvement or your money back. Send for
guarantee. Lessons are free. Apply for part passage. Learn to sing, etc. in 30 days or less.

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio A313

SHU-MILK

Cleans AS IT WHITENS

America's Largest Selling White Shoe Cleaner

To convince you that REJUVIA Lipsticks are as fine as any selling at $1.00 or more, we will send these three full trial sizes, each in a dif
ferent shade, so you can find your most alluring color. Just send 10c in stamps for mailing cost. ACT NOW!

REJUVIA LIPSTICK

REJUVIA Beauty Labs, Dept. C-825, E.way, N.Y.C.

FREE

To convince you that REJUVIA Lipsticks are as fine as any selling at $1.00 or more, we will send these three full trial sizes, each in a dif
ferent shade, so you can find your most alluring color. Just send 10c in stamps for mailing cost. ACT NOW!

REJUVIA LIPSTICK

REJUVIA Beauty Labs, Dept. C-825, E. way, N.Y.C.

NAME, ADDRESS, CITY

DISCOVERY

Teeth-Agleam

Sparkling White Teeth
Secretly

why, how can you wonder at the enthusiasm
with which the public has turned to this
new, wonderful, harmless method of
brushing, flossing, before teeth treatment.
In the ordinary way, brushing and pic
ing, with force, removes some of the
lodged debris, but it is not thorough.
Here's perfect cleanliness. Win admiration.
Costs nothing. No ordinary toothbrush
will do it. This one will. Silently, unassailably,
reaches every corner. Use it and see. Isn't
this the way to keep your teeth healthy?

WHOLESALE DENTISTS SUPPLY CO.

Gurley, Nebraska

for everyone by Teeth-Agleam
in style. Works for dentist prices.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel! And You'll Jump Out of
Bed in the morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food will not be digested. It decays in the bowels. Gas builds up in your stomach. You get constipated. The bowels become poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks plain.

A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile freely and make you feel "up and out." Harmless, excellent medicine, amazing in its effect. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuses anything else. 2c at all drug stores.

Freckles

Banish those embarrassing freckles quickly in the privacy of your room. Your friends will wonder why. It's Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft, smooth, and clear.

Stillman Co, Aurora, Ill. Dept. 20

Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM

PLAY PIANO FIRST LESSON SEND NO MONEY

Lane Williams, famous radio artist, perfects an entirely new and revolutionary piano course.

If you want it to the number of your choice. It should be sent with the price of the lesson. If you want to actually play the piano: from the first lesson and learn the who's, where's and when's of the piano. Stillman's Freckle Cream leaves the skin soft, smooth, and clear. a jar.

Play Piano, First Lesson}

STILLMAN'S CO.

Aurora, Ill.

WORK FOR UNCLE SAM

$1200 to $1000 year to start. Males, females. Vocational, Com
tin education usually sufficient. Write immediately for free 32-page book with list of positions and full particulars. Send 5c to

Franklin Institute, Dept. 3316, Rochester, N. Y.

Alviene School of THEATRE

School of Speech and Dramatic Arts, Graduates: Lee Tracy, Fred

Heilman, Dora Hayes, Ann Carden. Address: 325 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y. for application. For information write

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio A313

VOICE

100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen, and develop the human voice. We do it
not with surgery, but by scientifically sound and absolutely harmless
methods. We can teach you how to breathe, sing, and speak in a
manner that will give you perfect tone and control of the voice.
We guarantee 100% improvement or your money back. Send for
guarantee. Lessons are free. Apply for part passage. Learn to sing, etc. in 30 days or less.

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio A313

SHU-MILK

Cleans AS IT WHITENS

America's Largest Selling White Shoe Cleaner

To convince you that REJUVIA Lipsticks are as fine as any selling at $1.00 or more, we will send these three full trial sizes, each in a dif
ferent shade, so you can find your most alluring color. Just send 10c in stamps for mailing cost. ACT NOW!

REJUVIA LIPSTICK

REJUVIA Beauty Labs, Dept. C-825, E.way, N.Y.C.

FREE

To convince you that REJUVIA Lipsticks are as fine as any selling at $1.00 or more, we will send these three full trial sizes, each in a dif
ferent shade, so you can find your most alluring color. Just send 10c in stamps for mailing cost. ACT NOW!

REJUVIA LIPSTICK

REJUVIA Beauty Labs, Dept. C-825, E. way, N.Y.C.
Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 65

NOW that his differences have been settled with RKO, Fred Astaire is no longer dancing with team in his eyes. Because of the considerable energy it takes for Fred, who creates his own dances, rehashes them and stages them, he felt he couldn’t possibly keep up the standard of his pictures and make so many a year. His latest picture, “Follow the Fleet,” proved that he was right. While the picture is breaking records all over the country, it is far from pleasing Fred. He can afford to coast along temporarily, because of the precedent he has established. But Fred is too good a showman to believe that you can do inferior work and expect to come out ahead. Perfection is Astaire’s goal!

LORETTA YOUNG buys white leather, fur-trimmed house slippers, a pair at a time. She never wears anything else on the set unless a shot of her feet is necessary.

AFTER “I Loved A Soldier” was definitely big news, there was a lovely scene in which Miss Sullavan broke her arm, W. C. Fields was heard to say, “Well, at least Sullavan got her arm in the cast!”

DORIS NOLAN, a contract player on the Fox lot, was working for less than a hundred dollars a week. Al Woods gave her a chance in his play, “Night of January 16th” and Doris became a New York sensation. Recently she returned to fulfill a contract with Universal. Her salary calls for over a thousand dollars every Saturday. And now you know why they say that anything can happen in Hollywood.

WHEN ship news reporters, swarming about Eddie Lowe as he was greeted by Rita Kaufman on his return from England, asked him if he was going to be married, Eddie jovially slipped into his Sergeant Quirk character and said, “How about it, Babe?” Two days later Eddie got the answer, and the star and the former Mrs. Kaufman, scenarist and screen stylist, motored to Amonk, N. Y., and had the knot tied. It only goes to show what reporters can get a perfect situation even in such tender matters as creating the opportunity for proposals.

London News-Reel

Continued from page 58

sensational accidents and railroad smashers.

Next Tuesday, Goff Campani, perfectly groomed and correct in a dark grey suit with one of his favorite pink carnations in his buttonhole, a French novel under his arm, and a frown on his bland face, will come to a London booking house.

“It is this music,” he explains, “I think I shall have a large card printed and wear it on my back, I CANNOT PLAY THE PIANO! Since I have appeared in so many musical and back-stage films there has sprung up a legend that I am exceedingly musical myself. People ask me to play at parties and invite my opinion about Chopin or Scarlatti. I feel so foolish because I don’t even know the bass notes from the treble. You will have noticed that when I ‘play’ my piano accompaniments as I sing on the screen, you never see my hands. They are just hovering about a dummy keyboard, while a real pianist off the set provides the actual sound.”

Now two little heads covered with blonde curls, two snappy tailored dresses, two
the two finest English race horses that money can buy. She has ordered some rare china and glass for her California home, too. Noah Beery is acting in "The Crimson Circle" and having singing lessons. Sylvia Sidney's first British picture will be directed by Alfred Hitchcock, who made "The 39 Steps" and "Secret Agent".

Silver-haired Gitta Alpar, the lovely operatic star from Vienna who is Europe's Grace Moore, has set a new fashion with white stockings and bright blue shoes. She has had several offers from Hollywood following the success of her first film, "I Give My Heart" but before she can accept one she must finish "Guilty Melody," in which she appears with Nils Asther and John Loder.

Pull up the microphone, for conversation has turned to Ronald Colman. He intends to spend a month's vacation over here in the fall. Somebody remarks that he is now the highest-paid male star in films, and a middle-aged director smiles reminiscently.

"Don't suppose any of you remember Ronald's first picture. He made it here in London fifteen years ago, and he was paid the equivalent of four dollars a day. It was a crude spy melodrama in two reels and nobody thought much of Ronald's performance. In fact, the casting director wrote on his file card 'This actor does not screen very well. Looks better in real life.' It wasn't Ronald's fault because he didn't even understand make-up in those days. His eyes always seemed too close together and his nose came out too large.

"Somebody else recalls how Ronald met beautiful Thelma Raves while playing a small part in one of those early British films and married her after a whirlwind courtship. When he sailed for New York with just forty dollars and two letters of introduction his wife was to follow in three months' time. But she stayed on in England, as Thelma would. Ironically missing the husband she adored so deeply. Then suddenly she vanished, and only the news of Ronald's steady climb toward success in Hollywood reached the friends who had known the happy if sometimes hard-up young couple in London.

Now it has been discovered that Thelma lives alone in a modest little villa on the Riviera coast, far away from the busy world of stage and studio, cooking her own simple meals and occupying her long leisure hours with needlework. Even when they were divorced she resolutely refused to discuss her husband. But she collects all his photographs and his press-cuttings, keeping them carefully in a special room which nobody but herself ever enters. Truly the private lives of film stars are often more poignant and dramatic than any of the roles they enact before the cameras.

Cut quickly for the next item, the scene a pleasant book-lined room in a flat not far from the Strand, and genial bald-headed Edmund Gwenn dispensing the drinks and announcing that he had the happiest time of his life in Hollywood. He is back in London to fulfill an old contract to film "Laururn Grove," the stage play in which he starred so successfully on Broadway last year. He's full of admiration for Katharine Hepburn. "She's not an imitation of Garbo. She's essentially herself, sincere, unpolished, vital and tremendously ambitious. I gave her some lessons in chess when we were making 'Sylvia Scarlett' and she grasped the game with amazing quickness."

Footage for Paul Cavagnagh, just returning to star in his new film, "Dusty Errniche," which is all about military espionage in the days of Napoleon. Dissolve to a shot of another famous English actor, unambiguously mistaken for a correct road walking a quiet suburban road wearing a shabby cloth hat and smoking an ancient briar pipe. Close-up reveals him as George Arliss, who emerges but under which he pacest so fine as inexcusably as he stops work at four o'clock for his afternoon tea. George is tired of being benign and kindly on the screen but appears as a wily European rajah—"always scheming, you know. He makes the due of a lot of trouble and fun."

Special insert for Michael Balcon, the slim, dark, bespectacled Director of Productions for Gaumont-British who is announcing details of his new contract, which will bring more of the leading Hollywood players to London this summer.

"There's Charles Ruggles—he is going to play a comedy part especially suited to him in our film 'World Without a Mask,' a story of the future with television and death rays and colossal flying-boats. Joan Bennett has signed for a crime picture, adapted from Edgar Wallace's novel 'The Northern Tramp.' Maureen O'Sullivan and Richard Arlen will be co-starring in 'The Great Divide,' which describes the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. One of our camera units has spent the whole spring out in the West shooting the background scenes."

The next news item opens in panoramic, a Continental café with a sanded floor and little tables covered with gay checked cloths and glistening waiters scurrying about with glasses of absinthe and vin rouge. Men in wide trousers and velvet coats, women with the tight-waisted muslin gowns and the piled-up hair under enormous befurred hats of forty years ago. It's the Associated Talking Pictures lot where Tooplitz Productions are filming W. J. Locke's celebrated story of old-time Bohemia, "The Beloved Vagabond."

Close in to Paragot, the wandering artist hero. Here he sits with his glass of wine, his long black hair falling from under his odd white cotton hat, a huge spotted bow at his neck, a jauntly little moustache adorning his sun-tanned face. You don't recognize him? Look at his lip again. Yes, it's Maurice Chevalier in the most important part of his screen career.

He's giving the camera everything he's got, for this rôle is the vindication of his abrupt departure from Hollywood, by which he hopes to prove to the world that he is capable both of serious and finer acting than are called for in lightweight musicals. He's no longer the M'terre we used to know. He seems older and much more serious, much thinner. Perhaps he's wondering what his fans will think of his new dramatic screen personality.

When Maurice isn't at the studio he is generally attending a vaudeville show or dining at an exclusive little Mayfair restaurant where they understand the finesse of food in the true French fashion. Maurice makes his own crepe suzettes at the sideboard, and mixes his salad dressing with the juice of a tennis ball, drops of olive oil, four of vinegar, a spoonful of garlic, the green pepper, and the strong black clove to flavour—oh, violette! This breaks that famous smile and a sigh of satisfaction.

But if you want to see those dark eyes flash with anger just lean over and whisper "Kay Francces." That brings the final fade-out, very quickly! 

THE CINEMA PRESS, INC., U.S.A.
When you feel the desire to conquer...

Let your lips be
savagely red . . . warmly moist like
dew . . . and tenderly soft . . . so soft that to
touch them is to forever surrender all desire for any
lips but yours! Nothing is so tempting as the pagan,
junglish reds of Savage Lipstick . . . and nothing is so sure
to conquer as lips that have the thrilling softness that
only this lipstick can give them. Savage is truly indelible, too; it clings savagely as long as you wish your
lips to lure...and longer. None other is like Savage!

TANGERINE • FLAME • NATURAL • BLUSH • JUNGLE
AT ALL TEN CENT STORES

20¢

The highly indelible lipstick
Miss Rose Winslow, of New York, Tuxedo Park, and Newport, dining at the Savoy-Plaza, New York. Miss Winslow is a descendant of Governor Winslow of the Mayflower Pilgrims. She made her début in Newport in 1932. Miss Winslow says: "Camels couldn't be milder. They never have any unpleasant effect on my nerves or my throat. I smoke them constantly—all through the day, and find them particularly welcome at meal times."

A delightful way to aid digestion

Traffic—irregular meals—the responsibilities of running a home—no wonder digestion feels the strain of our speeded-up existence. That's why people everywhere welcome the fact that Camel cigarettes aid digestion—normally and naturally. Scientists explain that smoking Camel cigarettes increases the flow of digestive fluids, fostering a sense of well-being and encouraging good digestion. Enjoy Camel's mildness—with meals—between meals—whenever and as often as you choose. Their finer, costlier tobaccos never get on your nerves—never tire your taste—and definitely aid digestion.

Fastidious women turn instinctively to Camel's costlier tobaccos. Among them are:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
Miss Mary Byrd, Richmond
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, Boston
Mrs. Byrd Warwick Davenport, Richmond

Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., Wilmington
Mrs. Henry Field, Chicago
Mrs. Chanwell Dalney Langhorne, Virginia
Mrs. James Russell Lowell, New York
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
Mrs. Langdon Post, New York
Mrs. Brookfield Van Remsquel, New York

For Digestion's sake
smoke Camels

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.
Carole Lombard and Bill Powell Together Again!
The Gay Romances of Robert Taylor
New IRRESISTIBLE SWIVEL LIPSTICK!

Now—a stunning new SWIVEL case, in one quick turn of the base, will bring to your lips the luscious ripe color of IRRESISTIBLE LIP LURE. Now—an Irresistible case to match an Irresistible lipstick!

Irresistible Lip Lure gives your lips alluring appeal because of its glorious coloring, its velvet-like texture, and its indelibility. Fragrant is the kiss of Irresistible Lip Lure because it has the bouquet of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Irresistible Powder, soft as a flower petal, completes the symphony of allure.

Try all the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Certified Pure. Laboratory tested and approved.

BUY Irresistible

IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIP LURE, MASCARA, COLD CREAM, COLOGNE, BRILLIANTINE, TALCUM POWDER

ONLY 10¢ EACH AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES
"Barbarous!"

A HOSTESS AND A DENTIST BATTLE OVER "Intelligent!"

A T-BONE

(But the civilized way to build firm gums is IPANA and MASSAGE)

HOSTESS: "Your picture is disgraceful. No girl with a spark of intelligence or breeding would ever eat like that." (But your dentist disagrees—emphatically.)

DENTIST: "That picture is a perfect lesson in the proper exercise of teeth and gums. I hope millions of people see it. If more people chewed as vigorously, there would be far fewer gum disorders—fewer evidences of that dental warning 'pink tooth brush'."

Check up on your own menu, and you will see the dentist's point. The modern menu is a soft-food menu. It deprives teeth and gums of the work and exercise and stimulation they need. No wonder gums grow weak and tender—no wonder "pink tooth brush" is such a common warning.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is serious

The first sign of that tinge of "pink" calls for a visit to your dentist. You may be in for serious trouble. But he is far more likely to tell you to take better care of your gums, to give them more stimulation, more exercise. And he may tell you—he usually does—to switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. Follow his advice. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth! For Ipana is especially designed to help your gums as well as clean your teeth. You'll soon notice an improvement in the health of your gums. New circulation wakens lazy tissues. Gums grow stronger. They feel firmer. They look better.

So switch to Ipana today. The first ten days of Ipana and massage will show an improvement. And thirty days will convince you that you should have changed to this modern, sensible health measure long ago.

IPANA plus massage is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.
THE WINNER!

M E T R O - G O L D W Y N - M A Y E R

We’re taking space in this magazine to tell you to keep
your eye on Leo, the M-G-M Lion!

He’s had the best year of his career what with grand enter-
tainments like “Mutiny on the Bounty”, “China Seas”,
“Broadway Melody of ’36”, “A Night at the Opera”,
“Rose Marie” and all the other great M-G-M hits! And
of course there’s “The Great Ziegfeld”, now playing in
selected cities as a road-show attraction and not to be
shown otherwise this season.

But (pardon his Southern accent) Leo says: “You ain’t
seen nuthin’ yet!”... On this page is just part of the
happy M-G-M family of stars. Look them over. You’ll find
most of the screen’s famed personalities and great talents
on Leo’s list. They will appear in the big Metro-Goldwyn-
Mayer productions that are now in the making and
planned for months to come.

Ask the Manager of the theatre that plays M-G-M pic-
tures about the marvelous entertainments he is arranging
to show. And when Leo roars, settle back in your seat for
real enjoyment!


Franchot Tone, Robert Young, Rosalind Russell, Frank Mor-
row, Reginald Owen, Virginia Bruce, Nat Pendleton, Lewis Sto y, John
ersholt, Ted Healy, Allan Jones, Buddy Ebsen, Joseph Calleia, kref,
Chester Morris, Stuart Erwin, Bruce Cabot, Elizabeth Allan, Brian Aherne, Charles Butter-
worth, Madge Evans, Frances Langford, Eric Linden, June Knight, Ann Loring, Robert
Benchley, Jean Parker, May Robson, Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Ernestine Schumann-
Heink, Harvey Stephens, etc.
Coming
TO THRILL YOU!

MARGARET E. SANGSTER’S
"DISTANT STAR"

Startling Romance of Hollywood


Margaret E. Sangster, one of America’s most gifted writers, talented interpreter of the modern scene and author of best sellers, creates a romance of breath-taking realism, dramatic plot, and stirring action. Through her previous novel, “Forever Yours,” recently published by this magazine, SCREENLAND’s readers know Margaret E. Sangster’s flair for vivid portrayal of Hollywood life and deep understanding of its unreal reality. In the August issue we begin “Distant Star,” in which this author surpasses her best previous achievements in translating studio life into terms of thrilling fiction.

Determine now to begin reading this “different,” extraordinarily moving novel starting in SCREENLAND for August. On sale at news stands July 3.

SPECIAL ART SECTION:

DEPARTMENTS:
Honor Page ............................................... 6
SCREENLAND Crossword Puzzle.................. Alma Talley 8
Tagging the Talkies. Short Reviews................. 10
Ask Me.................................................. Miss Vee Dee 12
Inside the Stars’ Homes. Irene Dunne............. Betty Boone 14
Salutes and Snubs. Letters from Readers........... 16
Here’s Hollywood. Screen News.................... Weston East 62
Figures à la Carte. Beauty Articles................. Elin Neil 66
Femi-Nifties ........................................... 69

Every Story A Feature

The Editor’s Page ........................................... Delight Evans 19
Carole Lombard and Bill Powell Together Again .. Elizabeth Wilson 20
Are the Stars Fooling Themselves? ................ Dorothy Manns 22
Gary Cooper’s Suppressed Desire ..................... Anita Kilore 24
The Truth About Boyer, Charles Boyer ............... Jerry Asher 26
Born To Be Famous. Luise Rainer ..................... Helen Harrison 27
Beauty Prize. Fiction .................................. Vicki Baum 28
The Proudest Dad in Films. Wallace Beery ......... Maude Cheatham 30
Joel and the Glamor Girls. Joel McCrea .......... Margaret Angus 31
The Gay Romances of Robert Taylor ................. Ben Maddox 32
Candid Cameos ........................................... Malcolm H. Oettinger 34
From Sawdust to Starlight. Joe E. Brown ......... Ida Zeftlin 51
Reviews of the Best Pictures ..................... Delight Evans 52
SCREENLAND Glamor School. Edited by Jeanette MacDonald 54
Hollywood Fashion Highlights ..................... 56
Can It Happen Again? ................................. Thornton Sargent 58
Seeing Stars in London ................................. Hettie Grimstead 60
Why Picture Pets Go to Paris ........................... Stiles Dickenson 61
To "Show Boat"—the classic American musical motion picture. Magnificent entertainment not to be missed!

SCREENLAND is proud of "Show Boat." Proud of being a part of the art-industry that can produce such magical entertainment! True, Edna Ferber's famous story, set to Jerome Kern's grand music, has long been a classic of our musical comedy stage; but it remained for the sound cinema to give it immortality. In its handsome new Universal production, "Show Boat" will sail around the world, spreading the real American spirit, ideals, and humor to replace the sordid picture of a gangsters' paradise too often accepted abroad. Ironic, perhaps, that a gifted Englishman, James Whale, should have been chosen to direct this native epic, but Mr. Whale proves a happy selection, for he has directed with an inspired sympathy, an intelligent perspective, and a fine appreciation of the American scene that a more familiar and less reverent director might have missed. Huzzas!

To the wonderful artists of "Show Boat" our deepest bow! To Miss Irene Dunne for her warm, delightful performance of the heroine Magnolia, portrayed with exquisite feeling from girlhood to middle-age. To Mr. Allan Jones, the new romantic leading man with the melting voice. To Mr. Paul Robeson, one of the world's great artists, whose singing of "Ol' Man River" will bring cheers and tears for its terrific intensity. To Miss Helen Morgan, most deservedly celebrated of all torch singers, who finds her right place in pictures at last. To Mr. Charles Winninger, immortal Cap'n Andy, a day forever. And to Helen Westley, Queenie Smith, Harlos McDaniels, Sammy White, Donald Cook, J. Farrell MacDonald—every member of the superb cast, applause!
"If you want the truth—

—go to a child." And the old saying is certainly true, isn't it?

Here was the case of a young woman who, in spite of her personal charm and beauty, never seemed to hold men friends.

For a long, long time she searched her mind for the reason. It was a tragic puzzle in her life.

Then one day her little niece told her.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant. It puts you on the safe and polite side.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. The entire mouth feels invigorated.

Get in the habit of using Listerine every morning and night. And between times before social and business engagements. It's the fastidious thing to do. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.
“Keep an eye on the sun”
says Jane Heath

Watch Old Sol especially during the summer days, because he does things to your eyes—makes them look pale and squinty when you’re in glaring light, playing on the beach or winning a golf match. That’s why, if you’re smart, you’ll outfit him with Kurlash eye make-up and bring out the natural loveliness of your eyes.

First, slip your eyelashes into Kurlash. It’s a clever little instrument that curls your eyelashes in 30 seconds and requires no heat, cosmetics or practice. Kurlash is really a beauty necessity, for by curling your lashes your eyes look larger and reveal their full beauty. In the sunlight your curled lashes throw flattering, subtle shadows that make your eyes glamorous! Don’t be without Kurlash. Buy one today, at your nearest department or drug store, for only $1.

Lashite, the perfumed liquid mascara, is ideal for swimming days because it doesn’t crumble, smear or rub off. Apply it while the lashes are being curled, by touching the little glass rod to them as they are held in the rubber holder of Kurlash. In black, brown, green and blue... $1

Shadette, the non-theatrical eye shadow, comes in 12 daytime and evening colors, including gold and silver shades that are grand finishing touches to be applied alone or over your preferred color. Try Shadette some romantic, moonlight night... 7¢

Try Tintins—the new tweezers with scalloped handles, curved to permit full vision. They’re marvelously efficient, and only 25¢.

Kurlash


SCREENLAND’S Crossword Puzzle
By Alma Talley

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>3</th>
<th>4</th>
<th>5</th>
<th>6</th>
<th>7</th>
<th>8</th>
<th>9</th>
<th>10</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>32</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>38</td>
<td>39</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41</td>
<td>42</td>
<td>43</td>
<td>44</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>46</td>
<td>47</td>
<td>48</td>
<td>49</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51</td>
<td>52</td>
<td>53</td>
<td>54</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>56</td>
<td>57</td>
<td>58</td>
<td>59</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>61</td>
<td>62</td>
<td>63</td>
<td>64</td>
<td>65</td>
<td>66</td>
<td>67</td>
<td>68</td>
<td>69</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>71</td>
<td>72</td>
<td>73</td>
<td>74</td>
<td>75</td>
<td>76</td>
<td>77</td>
<td>78</td>
<td>79</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>81</td>
<td>82</td>
<td>83</td>
<td>84</td>
<td>85</td>
<td>86</td>
<td>87</td>
<td>88</td>
<td>89</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>91</td>
<td>92</td>
<td>93</td>
<td>94</td>
<td>95</td>
<td>96</td>
<td>97</td>
<td>98</td>
<td>99</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

ACROSS
1. He and his brother are famous screen villains
2. Pasture’s daughter in “Story of Louis Pasteur”
3. Star of “Follow the Fleet”
4. Her new one is “Romero and Juliet”
5. Port
6. Troubled
7. An author’s bound equipment
8. To purpose
9. Bond
10. Annie Oakley’s boy friend
11. For example (abbrev.)
12. Star of “The Lady Conquest”
13. “K nondike Annie”
14. Greek letter
15. Up till now
16. Concerning
17. Poets
18. To build
19. Toward
20. Co-star in “Don’t Get Personal”
21. “What a girl talks about most”
22. Rules
23. Drunken opera star in “Give Us This Night”
24. Suppression of syllables pronouncing
25. Bleas
26. Within
27. Either
28. Greek letter
29. Nearby
30. Measure of area
31. Her new one is “Listen Two Flags”
32. Those slippery fish aka salmon
33. Roman lead in “The Bishop Misbehaves”
34. Indeterminate period of time
35. To snare
36. Since
37. Harlow’s leading man in “Rolf”
38. Characteristic
39. Myself
40. Kind of whiskey
41. Turkish title
42. Autumn’s mean of snow
43. Ginger Rogers’ husband
44. To perform
45. Leading lady in “Two in the Dark”
46. Therefore
47. Star of “Trail of the Lone-Jome Pine”
48. Hero in “Dancing Feet”
49. Mexican star of “The Widow From Monte Carlo”
50. An instant
51. A famous movie baby
52. Feminine lead in “Crime and Punishment”
53. Sharp-eyed
54. Charlie Chan
55. Let it stand

DOWN
1. Neither
2. Constellation
3. Bruce Cabot’s ex-wife
4. Man’s nickname
5. Extension
6. The back of the neck
7. Patron saint of lawyers
8. Canvas shelter
9. One
10. If you like movies you’re this
11. Ceremony
12. Funeral oration
13. In
14. What a yes man never says
15. Notre Dame college degree (abbrev.)
16. To confine within a country
17. Lie stock color
18. Over (abbrev.)
19. Shape or range
20. Well-known screen actor (not active now)
21. To defeat
22. One spot in cards
23. Hanging vessel for liquids
24. Long
25. Constance and Barbara
26. Biggest box-office star
27. Imposing
28. Star of “Midnight”
29. Star of “Metropolitan”
30. Basses
31. Exes
32. Mc
33. Card game
34. Yours and mine
35. At a distance
36. Soft and comfortable
37. Full of steep rocks
38. Slang term of address
39. Torn up
40. Crippled
41. To shut up
42. Epoch
43. To pinch
44. What you get around in in Hollywood
45. Male
46. Star of “Strike Me Pink”!
47. Star of “Crime and Punishment”
48. First time only
49. The belter Cain killed
50. Greek Queen of the Gypsies
51. Presently
52. Thin board
53. Thoroughfare (abbrev.)
54. To annoy
55. Ever (poetic abbreviation)
56. Printers’ measure
57. Member of a party (suffix)
58. Exclamation
59. Refusal
60. Measure of length (abbrev.)

Answer To

Last Month’s Puzzle

FRED ALLEN JEAN MOORE ALFRED SUEDE J. CAROLINE
ANNALIS POD CAROLINE
BADA VENAL
DENNY PATRELLA
SHARP COLEBART
TENT COLBERT OLD HAM
RUBY BENNETT DENY
TENT COLBERT ANTR
TENT OAK BARKMAN
ACE HIT POLISH DENNY RUTHERFORD
TEN ONE RAILER
SENR LUCIE TREN
DENNY EDDO CANNY

DUBBA WEBER SWAN SILK
ACHTER DITZEN POLISH
GARDEN DONOVAN
WUGG DUNNE
FLINT FAY
ALBERTO VARN ALICE
SANDY WEBER
JIM BREESE
MOLLY MOLL
LUCY BROWN
BARBARA
JENNY OF JENNY
RUBEN BENNETT
RICE RED HENRY
JENNY FUGGIN
JACOB B. DITZEN
RUBEN BENNETT
COWBOY BILLY
ELEPHANT EDDO CANNY
SANDY WEBER
PARAMOUNT brings you America's beloved comedian, W. C. FIELDS, as the one and only Professor Eustace McGargle in the musical comedy "POPPY" with Rochelle Hudson... Directed by A. Edward Sutherland.
Glazo creates new polish far lovelier, far superior

With this newtype Glazo formula, even evaporation has been so reduced that you can use the polish down to the last brushful.

The new Glazo provides a richness of beauty and sheen that has been beyond the realm of old-type polishes. Be among the first to wear Suntan, Russet, and Poppy Red—stunning new "misty" reds, and the latest additions to Glazo's range of authentic fashion-approved shades.

This new Glazo wears extra days... its brilliant surface unmarred by chipping, peeling or cracking. So easily does it float on, without streaking, that there's never a nail in need of re-doing.

For even a day, don't deny your fingertips the luxury of this new perfected Glazo. Still only 20 cents each—at toilet goods counters all over the world.

A dazzling display of acting by Cedric Hardwicke, as David Garrick, famous actor-manager, and a tasteful production based on Garrick's romance with Peg Woffington, Irish lass who became the toast of eighteenth century London. Anna Neagle is fascinating as Peg. The unhappy ending is very beautifully handled—but it is an unhappy ending still. It is one of the better pictures London has sent over here.

Beauty of setting, costume design and color combination, novel dances, and ingrating performances by Steffi Duna and Frank Morgan, are offered in what is no doubt the finest example of color photography to date. Charles Collins, new star, is an excellent dancer, but still his film acting technique to acquire. The plot means nothing—typical musical comedy. But as a feast for the eyes, this is worth your while.

You've never worn a polish like new GLAZO

It's new, it's perfect

GLAZO

20 CENTS

(D. cents in Canada)

TAGGING THE TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

The Law in Her Hands

Dancing Pirate

The Case Against Mrs. Ames

Sins of Man

Peg of Old Drury

The Golden Arrow

WARNERS

KDO

PARAMOUNT

PARAMOUNT

WARNERS

WARNERS

WARNERS

You've never worn a polish like new GLAZO

Law and love tangle in this amusing, but not always believable exposé of the criminal racket—what, again? Two lovely lady lawyers, Glenda Farrell and Margaret Lindsay, fight out their problems as they see—and eventually win—success in their profession, despite crooked politicians, gang leaders, etc. Lyle Talbot, Warren Hull, and Eddie Acuff lend good support. Entertaining, with some fresh angles.
Amusement for the whole family, but especially for the younger element, as Jane Withers again comes through with flying colors in a typical rôle—that of Julia's little sister, who gets people pretty mixed up, but straightens 'em out again. Jackie Searle as Jane's foil helps the fun considerably. Tom Brown and Marsha Hunt are the nice young love interest; Harry Holman, Hattie McDaniel and the others help.

While this is about all the producers could expect from a story whose selection for filming remains a greater mystery than anything in the plot, "Big Brown Eyes" is not what you'd expect from such a promising team as Joan Bennett and Cary Grant. It's a distinct let-down for both, but the play more than the players is to blame. Joan is a manicurist and Cary a detective. She helps him capture a very slick crook.

Effective, but morbid and relentless melodrama, with Herbert Marshall and Gertrude Michael sparing themselves nothing to heighten the macabre tensions of this story about a gambler who kills his wife's lover, serves a jail term, and then shields his child from the disgrace of her parents by bombing his faithless wife to her death. Miss Michael's performance is vital if not consistent, and Marshall is very good.

The home folks will like this, though the sophisticated set may yawn, as Gene Stratton Porter's tale of the Cinderella who marries the Prince—a fine, upstanding farmer—unfolds in a refreshing rural settings. Glorifying the good earth and its heart appeal are such fine trouper as Alice Brady, Russell Hardie, Eddie Nugent, Cora Sue Collins, Emma Diuan and Frank Craven. Nice sentiment, wholesome diversion.

The secret of fascinating French women—yours!... Be feminine! Clothe yourself in Mavis' garden-scented glamour. Men adore its fragrant Spring-like freshness—remember how it enhances your charm. Mavis does even more!... It absorbs body moisture, lowers skin temperature, helps you keep cool. So pure and soothing—Mavis protects your skin. Never neglect this feminine witchery every time you bathe, every time you dress. Mavis' enchanting fragrance lingers all through the day—or evening.

Mavis Talcum in 25c, 50c, and $1 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10c size at 5-and-10c stores. White or flesh. We invite you to try Mavis—use coupon.

V. VIVAUDOU, INC.
500 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.
I enclose 10c. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum (white... flesh...)—so I can try its fragrant loveliness.

Name
Address
City
State

MAVIS
Genuine Mavis Talcum
IN THE RED CONTAINER

Be a charmer!... Before you dress
add this alluring all-over fragrance... MAVIS
ASK ME!
By Miss Vee Dee

Dorothy E. S. William Powell and Myrna Loy co-star in "The Great Ziegfield" for the first time since they were seen together in "The Thin Man." Myrna's pictures since "The Thin Man" have been "Broadway Bill" with Warner Baxter; "Whipsaw" with Spencer Tracy, "Wife versus Secretary" with Clark Gable, and "Petticoat Fever" with Bob Montgomery. William Powell has made "Star of Midnight," with Ginger Rogers; "Reckless" with Jean Harlow; "Escapade" with Luise Rainer; "Rendezvous" with Rosalind Russell and Binnie Barnes; "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford" with Jean Arthur, and in his next he co-stars with Carole Lombard, his former wife.

Suzette C. So you love Francis Lederer's quaint laugh or is it a chuckle? His recent films are "The Gay Deception" with Frances Dee and "One Rainy Afternoon" with Roland Young, Ida Lupino, Hugh Herbert, and Joseph Cawthorn. Francis uses his own name in pictures. He was born on November 6, 1906, in Prague, Czechoslovakia. He has brown hair and eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 150 pounds. He is not married or engaged as far as I know.

Maudie D. Heigh-ho! We have to get Frankie Darrow's age correct or I'll give up the ship. His birthdate was given me as December 22, 1917, and I'll stick to that until Frankie wries, writes, or radio's me to the contrary. He is a splendid little actor. I've watched him climb up the ladder and I know it's the "top" for Frankie. His latest releases are "Stranded" and "The Unwelcome Stranger."

Marilyn M. Spencer Tracy has appeared in two rather unusual pictures recently: "Riffraff" with Jean Harlow, Una Merkel, and Joseph Callela; and "Whipsaw" with Myrna Loy. I've heard that he co-starred with Myrna Loy and Clark Gable in "Wife versus Secretary." One of Marlene Dietrich's best films and perhaps it is the best, is her latest release, "Desire." Gary Cooper as Tom Bradley plays the role as you'd expect him to and we expect a lot of Gary.

Miss D. M. S. John Howard, the natural cause for a lot of feminine heart failures since he appeared in "Annapolis Farewell," was born on April 14, 1913, in Cleveland, Ohio. He has blue eyes, brown hair, and weighs 150 pounds. He was educated in the public schools of Cleveland and attended Western Reserve University and seriously studied dramatics. He has had a Paramount contract since 1934. He was in "Million in the Air" and "Soak the Rich," and his latest is "13 Hours by Air."

Dottie T. Your favorite, Helen Mack, was born in Rock Island, Ill., on November 13, 1913. She is 5 feet 3½ inches tall, weighs 105 pounds and has beautiful dark brown eyes and brown hair. Helen was Tony in "She." Helen Gahagan of the Broadway stage was She and Randolph Scott was Leo Vincey. Clark Gable is 35 years old, is 6 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 190 pounds.

Mary D. Jean Parker is back in Hollywood now after a vacation and picture-making trip in England. While there she played opposite Robert Donat in "The Ghost Goes West." Jean isn't on the air on a daily or weekly program but you may have heard her as a guest artist. Yes—she is married to George MacDonald. She was born on August 11, 1915. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 109 pounds and has hazel eyes and brown hair. Her real name is Mae Green.

Anne W. The William Powell and Luise Rainer picture, "Escapade," was based on the German script, "Maskerade," by Walter Reisch; the screen play by Herman J. Mankiewicz was directed by Robert Z. Leonard.

SPARKLING EYES invite ROMANCE

SPARKLING, laughing eyes . . . eyes that say more than words can ever express . . . are the eyes that fascinate men, that invite romance.

Now, every girl can have eyes that sparkle . . . eyes that radiate life and beauty. Just a touch of WINX Mascara to the lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer, and more lustrous. It works wonders—brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes—enlivens your whole appearance.

Once you try WINX you readily understand why so many smart, well-groomed women use WINX regularly for both daytime and evening make-up. You will like the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft at all times.

WINX Mascara is offered in four colors—black, brown, blue, and green—and in three convenient forms—the new Creamy WINX (which is gaining in popularity every day), and the old favorites, Cake WINX and Liquid WINX. All are harmless, smudge-proof, water-proof, non-smarting, and easy to apply.

Your local drug and department stores carry WINX Mascara in the economical large size. You can also obtain the complete line of WINX Eye Beautifiers in Introductory Sizes at all 10¢ stores.

WINX
Eye Beautifiers

William Wyler, Margaret Sullivan’s estranged husband, and Luise Rainer, who are companions at so many Hollywood events that romance rumors flourish, make faces at the cameraman who snapped them at a recent concert.
Elizabeth H. B. Russell Gleason is the son of Jimmy and Lucille Webster Gleason. He was born in Portland, Oregon, and has blue eyes, brown hair, is 6 feet tall and weighs 150 pounds. Roscoe Karns was born on September 7, 1893, in San Bernardino, Cal. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Richard Bennett is the father of the three Bennett girls: Barbara, who is the wife of Morton Downey, Constance, and Joan. Mr. Bennett was born in 1873 at Bennetts Switch, Indiana. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and grey eyes. Jack La Rue was born on May 5, 1902, in New York City. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds and has black hair and eyes. Jack played in "Times Square Lady," "During Young Man," and "Strike Me Pink!"

S. Marion G. Your kind words are sweet music to my ears, if I deserve them or not. Nils Asther is in England making pictures. His recent release, "Abdul the Damned" was made some months ago in England. In 1915 Nils made "Love Time" with Pat Paterson. He was Franz Schubert and he really did the singing in the picture.

Rosemary V. Your favorite, Johnny Downs, is rapidly making a place for himself at the top, and why shouldn't he with his engaging personality? He was born October 10, 1913, in Brooklyn, N. Y. His name is John Morey Downs. He has appeared in "College Scandal"; in "The Virginia Judge" as Bob Stuart; in "So Red the Rose," as the Yankee Boy, with Margaret Sullivan and Randolph Scott; and in "Coromado," with Betty Burgess and "The First Baby" with Shirley Deane and Dixie Dunbar.

Joan. It won't take a minute to give you the correct heights of your favorites. Janet Gaynor is a trifle over 5 feet; Marion Nixon is 5 feet 1 inch; Joan Parker is 5 feet 3 inches, and Joan Crawford is 5 feet 4 inches tall. Joan's last picture was "I Live my Life."

You know the feeling that grips the heart, When you see that stain on the ceiling start, When water drips down from overhead, Because the children are not in bed, But sailing your slippers for boats instead! It's out of date to dissolve in tears, It's modern to smile at the little dears—And remember the package that always serves To please your palate and calm your nerves.

**Compose yourself with Beech-Nut Gum**

BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM... is so good it's the most popular flavor of any gum sold in the United States.

BEECHIES... another really fine Peppermint Gum—sealed in candy coating. Like Gum and Candy in one.

BEECH-NUT PEPSIN GUM... candy coating protects a pleasing flavor... and, as you probably know, pepsin aids digestion after a hearty meal.

BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT especially for those who like a "stronger" taste. A Beech-Nut Quality product.

ORALGENE... made to do a "special" job. Its sugar texture gives much needed exercise... and its dehydrated milk of magnesia helps neutralize mouth acidity. Each piece individually wrapped.

Freddie and Florence step out! The Fredric Marches, having finished "Mary of Scotland," in which he plays Bothwell and she plays Elizabeth to Hepburn's Mary, go to a concert.
INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES

Irene Dunne is your hostess at formal dinner, and for the first time divulges her favorite recipes from soup to demi-tasse

By Betty Boone

COLONEL, a huge police dog, met me at the door of Irene Dunne's stately Spanish home. He seemed tremendously excited by my ring of the doorbell, and could scarcely contain himself until the maid had unfastened the latch. But after his first wild rush at me, he walked off, tail dragging.

"Poor Colonel!" sighed my beautiful hostess. "He's a one-man dog, and that one man is my husband. Since his master left for New York the other day, Colonel has been inconsolable. He keeps looking in all the closets, peering under the beds, leaping up when the doorbell rings, greeting every new step with hope. I suppose he thinks he has been deserted, or that I have done away with my husband in some dark manner.

"There, there, Colonel, don't howl so! Anita, won't you put him out in the garden?"

Anita, the maid, coaxed the animal out into the gardens that stretch from the terrace beyond the sun-room at the back of the house to the far wall of the grounds.

There are gardens in front as well as in back of the red-roofed dwelling, with walled-in patios, pools, fountains, and such tropical flowers as hibiscus and bougainvilleas making brilliant splashes of color against the white walls.

The living and dining rooms, the hall and stair, with their grille-work, archways, Oriental rugs, heavy furniture and velvet drapes seem the background for a smouldering-eyed Latin, instead of the cool, slim, poised loveliness of Irene Dunne. Only the sun-room, in clear yellows and white, gives her the right setting. This room seems to brighten the red-gold of her hair, to warm the blue of her eyes.

She wore a turquoise-blue dinner gown with a feather trim, most becoming in shade and silhouette.

"See what I'm using for corsages," she said, picking up a cluster of pale lavender-and-white violets. "I had never seen the variegated flowers before and I thought my guests would like them.

"If this dinner were being given in New York, I should probably make it more
elaborate, for there a fish course seems indicated for some reason; but here in Hollywood where everyone either diets or keeps a wary eye on the figure, I find that a three or four course dinner is appreciated. If a hostess in Hollywood serves a heavy meal—topped off, say, with strawberry shortcake or plum pudding—her guests will probably eat it, because it's there and they like to eat, but they will be uncomfortable. They'll have that "Oh, what have I done? I'll have to give up lunches for a week!" feeling.

"So if I serve soup, I omit seafood cocktail; if I have a fruit cocktail, perhaps there will be no soup course.

"I usually order a clear soup for myself, but sometimes I have cream soup if I know certain guests prefer it. Consomme Mary Stuart is on the menu tonight."

Consomme Mary Stuart

Heat six cups of clear consomme and add to them one cup cooked small peas and one cup cooked diced carrots.

An excellent cream soup is

Corn Soup, Southern Style

3 ears corn or 1 can corn
1 quart milk
2 tablespoons butter
1 large spoon flour
3 onions
1 stalk celery
1 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon salt

If corn is on the cob, grate it, heat milk and turn in corn, blend butter and flour, add to soup after it has been cooked ½ hour, very slow. Cook onions and celery in a little water ½ hour, strain and pour into stock. Cooking this separate gives a different flavor. Serve with dusting of parsley and grated putmeg. If you can get popcorn, throw four kernels into each plate with a fine strip of green pepper, which makes a pretty dish.

"Men usually like Filet Mignon if asked for a preference in meat courses," mused my hostess. "I serve it often. Then there's chicken—most people think chicken is just chicken, but my cook serves such a dish as you might dream of, melting in your mouth. But her recipe is a guarded secret. Even I don't know how she does it.

"Don't smile, for I do know something about cooking, though I get no time to practice it now. Once upon a time I won a prize in a cooking contest. The prize was for doughnuts, I remember. Imagine offering a Hollywood woman guest a doughnut! She would slay you.

"Then there's the meat course, with potatoes and two vegetables. If we are alone, there will be one vegetable, but I find that so many of my women guests pass by the potatoes that I must have two other dishes. However, if I am having asparagus, I do not bother with a salad course. If there is to be salad, it is usually quite simple.

"Then perhaps there will be an elaborate dessert. This need not be fattening. My cook makes the most marvelous dessert, called Chocolate Roll, made without flour, and to be served as a matter of fact tonight. She will tell you about it. It can be as simple or as elaborate as you please, according to the sauce used."

Chocolate Roll

6 eggs
1/2 lb. sugar
3/4 cup Ghirardelli's chocolate

Beat the egg yolks well, then add the sugar and beat again, add the chocolate, which has been dissolved in very little hot water. Fold in well.

Consomme

She said, "Waiter, there's a fly in my soup," and the waiter said, "But Miss, it's your soup; you must have put it in yourself."

Dr. Bullman, the statistician, went into a restaurant and ordered dinner. "What will you have?"

"I would like a good hot meal," he replied.

"Well, sir, I have a special meal for you.

"It's called the Bullman Special."

"Is it a change of diet?"

"No, sir. It's just a special meal for you."

"But what does it contain?"

"It contains a bull's head and a tail."

"A bull's head and a tail?"

"Yes, sir. It's a Bullman Special."
USE FREE COUPON BELOW

Is your face collecting a treacherous, pore-deep dirt—the kind of "dirty face" that brings on pimples, blackheads, enlarged pores and "failed" skin? Send for FREE BOTTLE offered below. Make the famous "1-2-3 DRESKIN TEST"—which has shown thousands of women the danger of using old-fashioned skin cleansing methods. DRESKIN, a liquid cleanser, is guaranteed—(1) to clear out deep-seated dirt—(2) to let your skin "breathe naturally"—(3) to neutralize skin-drying alkalies. Mail the coupon today! Make the "1-2-3 Test" on your own skin. You be the judge!

Campana
Dreskin
by the makers of Campana's Italian Balm

CAMPANA SALES COMPANY
217 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Ill.

I enclose 3 cent stamp for
presenter. Please send me FREE SIZE TRAVEL BOTTLE of DRESKIN.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City __________________________ State __________

BUNIONS
TORTURE NEEDLESS

Plain steps almost instantly. The result—
Flawless skin, no signs of blemishes. campana.

Fred Astaire is too sophisticated to "Follow
the Fleet." Even while he was sitting
on barrels and doing messy paint jobs, I
kept thinking of Lady Astor, the Prince of
Wales, and cocktail hour on the Riviera.
I do wish Fred would once again don his
"Top Hat."

Elaine Evert
1559 Pierce Ave.
Marquette, Wis.

FRED'S TOPPER

Why do all the good musical films have
to be cheapened by "hot" singing? In "Love
Me Forever" it was amusing, but to have
practically the same thing re-enacted in
"I Dream Too Much," "Metropolitan,""Rose Marie" and others, is too tiresome
and boresome.

Bickett Axtell,
Kings Highway,
Middletown, N. J.

COOL TO "HOT" SINGING

Hollywood Reads
What You Write

Whatever your thoughts about pictures, there's
to point keeping them secret, when many might
share them through the medium of this open
forum. So come a few of the many who get a
big thrill in telling others by writing what they
think for this department.
Please try to reduce letters to fifty words—but
write as many Salutes and Snubs as you please.
Address letters to: "Lett. Dept., Screenland, 45
West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

SALUTE TO SHEARER

I have been an ardent admirer of Norma
Shearer ever since I thrilled to her glorious
performance in "Smilin' Through." Since
then I truthfully boast of never having
missed a Shearer picture. So you can
understand how much I look forward to
seeing her in "Romeo and Juliet."

Helen D. Klein,
250 Avenue R,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

PREVIEW! Norma
Shearer as "Juliet,"
presented here by
request of the letter
writers.
MUNI MAGIC

I retract the statement that I don’t believe in ghosts—for the shade of Louis Pasteur stalked across the screen and spoke to me! Paul Muni, I salute you as Doctor Louis Pasteur—the finest characterization of your brilliant career.

Frank R. Moore,
2520 Bagley Ave.,
Detroit, Mich.

EXTRA! PRODUCER Praised

Believe it or not, I’m not going to throw snubs at the poor, fan-pecked producers! Quite the contrary, for I am sending up salutes to Paramount, for producing the best picture I’ve ever seen, “The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.” The scenery was indescribably beautiful, the well-chosen cast did remarkably well.

Jean Denny,
4806 Nebraska Ave.,
Nashville, Tenn.

OR IS IT?

Can’t we have more of the fascinating and delightful Ginger Rogers in something other than dance pictures? It seems to me her marked ability as a most charming comedienne is lost sight of in this constant “hoofing,” which after all, is only a vogue.

Rosina Thompson,
Hudson View Gardens,
New York, N. Y.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT DIXIE

Dixie Dunbar is a Dixie Dream! Her grand dancing is fast and fascinating. Couldn’t Dixie keep up with Fred Astaire, though. How about it, Hollywood?

Myrtle Labour,
39 Maplewood Ave.,
Marlboro, Mass.

CALL FOR ALAN BAXTER

Producers, don’t you realize you’re missing a big opportunity by not giving Alan Baxter bigger opportunities? I certainly thought that after his brilliant success in “Mary Burns, Fugitive” you would instantly give this gifted young man leads, but whatever you do, don’t type him as a gangster.

Miriam Wilson,
382 N. Bronson,
Los Angeles, Calif.

RETURN OF A FAVORITE

The big moment of “Whisper” to me was the appearance in the cast of Robert Warwick. My idol of the silent movies is a fine-looking man and the experienced actor I always thought him to be. Let’s hope we have the opportunity of seeing him often.

Mildred Kreyer,
4409 Malden St.,
Chicago, Ill.

NOW, NOW!

A ragged individualist would like to do a little heckling from the ten-cent seats: “The Informer.” A few characters that live and breathe in a simple story, simply and beautifully told, expertly acted and intelligently directed. Result: Grand Entertain-

“... The Crusades.” A few thousand ham actors in tin union suits jab each other with spears while the two principal hams chase a Hollywood blonde around. Result: Dull Hokum.

Art Long,
10748-88th St.,
Ozone Park, L. I.

You may blush with shame when you make this “Armhole Odor” Test

If you deodorize only, you will always have an unpleasant, stale “armhole odor”—Test yourself tonight by smelling your dress at the armhole

The more fastidious you are, the more shocked you may be to realize you cannot prevent armhole odors unless your underarm is dry as well as sweet.

Tonight, when you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the arm. No matter how carefully you deodorize your underarm, you may find that your dress carries the odor of stale perspiration!

This is bound to happen if you merely deodorize. Creams and sticks cannot protect completely, because they are not made to stop perspiration. They do not keep the underarm dry, so perspiration collects on the fabric of your dress.

The next time you wear a seemingly clean dress, the warmth of your body brings out an unpleasant “armhole odor” which is imperceptible to you, but embarrassingly obvious to those around you!

Only one way to be SURE

Women who care about good grooming know there is no shortcut to underarm daintiness. They insist on the complete protection of Liquid Odoron. It keeps the underarm not only sweet, but absolutely dry. Not even a drop of moisture can collect on your dress.

Odoron is entirely safe—ask your doctor. It gently closes the pores in that little hollow of the underarm. Perspiration is merely diverted to less confined areas where it may evaporate freely. Women safely use millions of bottles of Odoron yearly.

Time well spent—Clothes saved

It takes a few seconds longer to use Odoron but it is well worth your while. There is no grease to get on your clothes. And expensive dresses can no longer be stained and ruined in a single wearing. You need never worry about your daintiness or your clothes again.

Odoron comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Odoron (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Odoron (Colorless) is especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. Keep both kinds on hand—for night or morning use. At all toilet-goods counters.

To know utter security and poise, send for sample vials of both Odoron and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

Ruth Miller, The Odoron Co., Inc.
Dept. 756, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2310, Montreal)

I enclose $ for sample vials of both Instant Odoron and Regular Odoron and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

Name ________________________________
Address ________________________________
City __________________ State __________________
"There's a product... that Listerine Tooth Paste...
I have never used a dentifrice that made my teeth feel and look so
clean. And in my business that's important!" Ken Maynard

He could afford $25
for his tooth paste
... he pays 25¢

Once again you find a man accustomed to
every luxury using, by choice, this denti-
frice which costs him but 25¢.

Once again you find a man whose profession
demands sound and attractive teeth, using Lis-
terine Tooth Paste.

What's the reason? Better results, nothing
more. Millions of people have found that
Listerine Tooth Paste is amazingly superior.
If you haven't tried it, do so now.

See how thoroughly it cleans teeth. See how
it sweeps away ugly discolorations. See the
brilliant lustre and gleam it imparts to the
teeth. Note that wonderful feeling of mouth
freshness and invigoration that follows its use.
Give it a trial now. Your druggist will supply
you. Lambert Pharmacal Company,
St. Louis, Missouri.

Ken Maynard's plane. It is the
land type, completely equipped for
camping and hunting. The star re-
cently explored Central America and
spent all but two nights aboard.

In his motors as in his tooth paste, the film star
likes speed and efficiency. His two Packards
and Chevrolet are here shown.

In his sturdy cruising yawl, "Nymph,"
Maynard cruises the Pacific, or takes a
week-end sail to Catalina Island.

Ken Maynard and his famous horse,
Palomino, taken at the Maynard ranch in
the San Fernando Valley, California.
An Open Letter To Hersholt

This letter started out to be addressed to somebody else. To Katharine Hepburn, for instance. You see, it all began one recent evening in a New York theatre. It looked like celebrity night. Hepburn with Leland Hayward crept in just as the curtain rose—the Kate like a bright flame in vivid striped gown and red sandals, tiptoeing in, sitting still, like a little lady, and enjoying the play; remaining in her place at intermissions, generally behaving so unlike a temperamental movie star that few in the audience knew Hepburn was there. Proving it can be done. An Open Letter to Hepburn, then: Why can't you always be like this? Or to Louis B. Mayer, vacationing mighty mogul of Metro, who sat in the same row. His company had bought this play, as well as "Pride and Prejudice" and "First Lady" for Norma Shearer. Dear Mr. Mayer: You think of everything—why did you let Garbo get that bushy new permanent she was sporting on her return from Sweden? Or to Anita Louise, fairy princess of pictures, who sat beside me, looking too lovely to be real, and trying hard not to notice the curious gaze of sophisticates in front of her who turned to stare at her blonde beauty as though she were a wax doll instead of a flesh and blood girl with real feelings and all. Dear Anita: Why didn't you make faces at 'em? Or to the Magical Morgans, Lady Furness and Gloria Vanderbilt. Dear Twins: You ought to be in pictures.

Yessir, it was a big evening in the audience. But somehow, with all this glitter and glamour present, the biggest event occurred when a quiet man went up the aisle at intermission, looking neither to the right nor the left, until groups of people rose about him, seized his hands and his coat-tails and began bombarding him with requests and questions. He grinned impartially, responded genially; and the murmur rose all over the house: "It's Jean Hersholt—you know, 'The Country Doctor.' Wonder what he really thinks of the Quin's?"

So here's my Open Letter to Jean Hersholt:

You're the most important person in motion pictures at the moment and you deserve to be. Thirty years in pictures, twenty-two of them in Hollywood; so many films you can't begin to name them; three times a star—and now, again, a star to stay. Mellow with rich maturity, humorous, kindly, you fought almost a half-century for solo stardom, and now that it's come you're unaffectedly thrilled. Nothing is too much trouble: the boys who ganged you at your hotel, each with five photographs to be autographed; the high-school girls who insisted upon meeting you just as you and Mrs. Hersholt were hurrying to a radio rehearsal; the amateur interviewers who all wanted to know how you could tell the Quin's apart. Then there's your genuine, whole-souled enthusiasm over your new career, with "The Music Master" to be bought for you; and your joy over the telegrams after the "Sins of Man" pre-view. I like, too, your continued friendship for Eric von Stroheim, once the greatest of all directors, now not half so important in the Hollywood picture as you are; the way you'd rather tell Gregory Ratoff stories than talk about yourself; and last but not least, your appreciation of Irvin Cobb's crack at your anniversary banquet: "The really remarkable thing about Jean is the fact that his wife has put up with him all these years." I've met many "big stars" in my time, and some of them are grander or gayer or handsomer than you are. But when it comes to the fundamentals, you're the biggest of them all.
When Ex-Husband meets Ex-Wife! See our exclusive picture, center, of the Powell-Lombard reunion on the set of "My Man Godfrey," their new film together. Bill's whiskers are all for Art—authentic, too.

To paraphrase Rudy Vallee's theme song, your surprise was my surprise when I read in the papers, as you did, that Carole Lombard and William Powell were making a picture together at Universal. That's the sort of thing that fan writers pray for. Almost as good as a divorce, an elopement, or a baby. Don't ask me why. Because I don't know. But Hollywood is always extremely curious about two people who have once been married and who have since divorced. What they do and say when they meet each other out is of the utmost importance.

Occasionally, I admit the theatre has established itself so firmly in the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Ex that they have risen to the occasion and put on a darned good show. Occasionally, but not often, Mr. Ex slaps cutie-pie's face, and still less often Mrs. Ex will make a nifty crack. "x will be extremely disparaging to Mr. Ex. They in for that in the old days, when Gloria Swanson and Connie Bennett used to feud over the Marquis; but that, like gold and glamour, belongs to the past. But Hollywood hopes—and watches.

So when I read that Carole Lombard and William Powell were making a picture together, why, I nearly fell in my coffee—no sugar and no cream, due to the diet. Honey, I was that amazed. "Here are two people"
said I to myself, "who at one time, and not so long ago, were very much in love with each other; then they divorced; and now they are in love again—for the cinema. How does it feel to be made love to by your ex-husband?"

So you know it wasn't to laugh when I drove out to the Universal studios that afternoon—ah, no, and it wasn't to exchange quips with several slightly cracked friends—ah, but no. I drove to Universal that afternoon to drool at the mouth. Not a pretty sight, to be sure, but sort of symbolic of my profession. And therefore sacred to me, my bread and butter as 'twere, and I'll thank you not to laugh.

Well, I may say that I have made some pretty crazy places in my life, including Congress, a nut house, and dinner at Patsy Kelly's; and some of my best friends have been crackpots and lunatics, (it's all a matter of glands, don't you think, or do you?), but never have I run into anything so insane, really so stark, staring mad, as the set of "My Man Godfrey."

But I might have known—what with Gregory La Cava directing; and with Carole Lombard and William Powell starring, those two goofy people; and with Alice Brady, Franklin Pangborn, and Eugene Pallette in the cast—a nice, neat, little rational idea would have no more chance of surviving than I have of winning the Irish Sweepstakes—(come on, Irish Sweepstakes and make me out a liar, I dare you).

I edged on the set just as the red light went on and the bell clanged, which is Hollywood's way of announcing that Cinema History is in the Making, and as is the custom I stopped dead still in my tracks—but for all the racket that was going on I might just as well have continued my progress to the set and fallen over a cable and into a trash-can besides, for such bedlam I have never heard, and over and above it all was Lil Missy Lombard's voice shrieking away, "It's the Forgotten Man, I've found the Forgotten Man, the Forgotten Man..." The Forgotten Man, I discovered later when the bell had clanged again to announce that Cinema History was now in the Unmaking, was none other than Mr. Debonair William Powell, formerly Philo Vance, formerly The Thin Man, formerly The Great Ziegfeld—and now the Forgotten Man, with a two weeks' growth of beard. It just all goes to show how fickle fame is, I always say.

What happens when Hollywood ex-wife and ex-husband meet again as movie lovers? Our hilarious story of the Lombard-Powell film reunion tells

By Elizabeth Wilson

The set was a reproduction of the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, (oh, I've traveled a bit), and it seems that the Park Avenue Crowd were giving a Scavenger Hunt and in their merry, irresponsible way had gathered in a horse, a monkey, a dummy, a goat, a pushcart, a tandem bicycle, all manner of odds and ends and pots and pans, a truckload of scallions, and William Powell. Carole Lombard, playing Irene Bullock, the dumbest débutante in New York City, found the Forgotten Man in a city dump down by the East River, and is she proud—her mother, played by Alice Brady, only found a goat.

"Now, my dear, sweet, gay young people," said Director La Cava rising languidly from his directorial chair, "if you haven't anything better to do this afternoon you would gladden an old man's heart by keeping your places so we can have another take. Carole, the goat's eating your dress."

"Go way, goat—shoo, shoo, goat!" shouted Carole, grabbing her beautiful, but exquisite, Travis Banton evening gown right out of the goat's mouth. "Are you a Nanny or a Billy? Don't tell me, I really am not interested. I hate goats. Now don't take it personal. I just don't like goats in general. There, there, chew on Mr. Pangborn."

"Mercy," said Mr. Pangborn to the goat, "have your best friends told you?"

"And where is Miss Brady?" (Continued on page 80)
There’s a new Hollywood menace! Read this unbiased, timely story and you’ll agree that here is sound advice for all stars.

THERE used to be a time, (and it isn’t so far back that it should strain the memory of the Juniors, or even the Sophomores), when Movie Stars had rather be Movie Stars than Right—or President.

They gloried in their careers all the way from the fabulous contracts they worked by, to the glass houses they lived in. If the swimming pools were blue and the tennis courts pink, who cared? It was all in the name of Hollywood where anything could happen—and frequently did.

And everything that went with stardom: the interviewing, the publicity, the scads of arty portraits, the personal appearances, the fans who rallied around with autograph books, were all part of the game Movie Stars were glad to play.

But, alack and alas, if the New Scene is any criterion, those were The Good Old Days, indeed!

Something very definitely disturbing is happening within the ranks of the New Order of Front-Trench Stars that has nothing to do with waning box-office receipts, the late Censors, the even later Clean-Up Drives, or any of the other bugaboos that have periodically risen, broomstick in hand, to heckle the movies.

To the contrary, it is little short of ironic that with box-office receipts higher than they have been at any time since the depression, with Censors and Uplifters—completely hulled by the sweetness and sentimentality practically dripping from the screen, that Hollywood should choose this time to threaten to become her own worst enemy!

For this new menace is not from without, but from...
By Dorothy Manners

Are they innocent victims of exaggerated publicity on behind-the-scenes friction and "career worries?" Jean Muir, lower left, James Cagney, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, left to right, across page. Above, Grace Moore, and upper right, Leslie Howard.

within! And whether America's new Sweethearts and Beaux choose to believe it or not, the silliest black eye the movies have had may result from the spirit of discontent, the career radicalism, and the generally snooty air that is pervading Hollywood right now like a low fog over Mt. Baldy.

On every hand the observer within the gates is met with the spectacle of restlessness; stellar complaints, broken contracts, lawsuits, pouty "retirements," studio "pinks," and even out-and-out public apologies for being movie stars in the first place! And it is these iconoclasts within the temple who are bringing more potential trouble for the industry as a whole than the Censors and Directors ever dreamed of in their wildest moments. For in dispelling the illusions of glamor, in stripping away the veil from the legend of the happy success story of money and fame and excitement, they are striking dangerously at the very foundations of their own edifice.

For some time the folly of this attitude has been nudging my conscience as the truth about what really ails Hollywood. But there was the same hesitancy about bringing it out in the open that is inevitably felt toward a good friend, who, suddenly confronted by dazzling success, loses his balance and goes High Hat or Stuffed Shirt. There is always the hope that if we hold on long enough, recovery will set in before too much damage has been done.

But in place of the Cinderella stories of over-night success that used to make up the bulk of Hollywood publicity legends, the daily reader of the doings of the Glamor Girls and Boys is treated to frontpage news stories of the outcome of the latest contract lawsuit; the latest one-man strike; an announcement of a bored "retirement;" or an interview treatise of complaints involving such technicalities as "billing," or "release dates," or "schedules." Consider the stories that have made up the most important news about Hollywood in the past few months:

Jimmy Cagney wins his suit against Warner Brothers not because he was being forced into too many productions in too short a time, (as he claimed), but because a Beverly Hills Theatre owned by the Brothers Warner permitted Pat O'Brien's name to top Cagney's on the marquee billing of "Ceiling Zero." Result—Cagney is a free-lance.

Fred MacMurray walks off the set of "The Princess Comes Across" because (a), he is tired from making too many pictures and needs a rest; (b), he isn't getting enough money; (c) he doesn't want to perform in a role discarded by George Raft. P.S. Fred appears in the picture.

Grace Moore hurl's a throaty retirement at Hollywood and the world because "nobody understands her at the studio"—and the least understanding soul of all wrote a scene in her newest picture calling for her to milk a cow.

Robert Montgomery grants ominously discontented interviews from M-G-M that have to do with abandoning the movies for something "worthwhile" on the stage.

William Powell suffers from income tax trouble in every late edition.

Jean Muir, as though she finds the movies too low-brow, organized her own little Theatre Guild, where the Drama found sanctuary and Art was nurtured.

Ann Harding periodically retreats from Hollywood to the sanctuary of another little Art movement somewhere in the East.

Leslie Howard is wearily through attempting to educate Hollywood to his level of artistic production and announces retirement plans right in the teeth of Romeo, you might say. (And I understand there are some people who consider Shakespeare rather artistic stuff!)

And Pat O'Bren does a temporary walk-out at Warners that hits the second page of local news three days running before he walks back in again.

The most popular team in America, cinematically speaking, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, don't want to make any more pictures together—if you can believe what the columnists hint every day.

At this writing Garbo has rounded out her eighth month of absence from Hollywood.

The Academy of Motion (Continued on page 74)
Gary Cooper's Suppressed Desire

Gary says he never should have been an actor—
says he never was, really, and never will be
—in spite of the fact that he's made out pretty
well as one. Like every famous person he'd
rather do something quite different from the thing that
made him famous. It's always like that—you and I
aren't the only ones who have frustrated desires and
ambitions. I discovered Gary's not long ago.

In one corner of the studio I found him, with his coat
off, in his shirt sleeves, engaged in a knife-throwing con-
test with the prop boys. Not figuratively, but literally.
There was a 2x4 piece of heavy cardboard, perhaps 20
paces away, and they were lined up hurling knives at it.
Most of them missed, and the knives went clattering
across the floor. But when Gary stepped up, last but not
least, he aimed, let go, and the knife went ker-plunk
right in the center and stayed there!

The boys gasped and applauded. Gary smiled and put
on his coat. He looked pleased and proud. Now the direc-
tor called him for a scene. Gary took his place before
the camera. Then, just before he received his cue to

Here is the inten-
sely human
story of Gary's
frustrated am-
bition. The best
feature about this
man of the hour
we've given you!

By
Anita
Kilore
begin, he winked at the prop boy who had given him his stiffest competition a minute before. A wink—the nonchalant prelude to the most difficult scene in all the picture. What a man!

As I watched, waiting to talk to him, I was reminded of one other scene which I happened to “catch” long ago, while Gary was making "Design For Living" with Miriam Hopkins. The director, in outlining the scene, explained that Gary was supposed to be asleep on the couch. Miriam would approach him, bend over him, examine his face tenderly, and unburden her heart to him.

But Gary didn’t have to be told to lie down. He was already on the couch, stretched out. He had spotted this opportunity long ago in his script, and had fastened to take advantage of it. He sank down with a grateful sigh, and closed his eyes. Miriam took her position, and while the cameraman was angling for his, a maid put finishing touches to the lady-star’s hair.

Now prop boys and maid cleared away, the cameras turned over, and the scene was shooting. Miriam played it perfectly the first time. The director called "Cut!"—and then ordered a close-up of Gary.

"Gary, remember you’re asleep, but you’re also dreaming—tender, sweet dreams. Let’s have those dreams registered on your face—do you get me?"

There was no answer. Gary hadn’t moved. There wasn’t even the flicker of an eyelid. Miriam nudged him gently. Then she laughed. Gary was asleep, and no make-believe about it!

A shrug. "All right, let’s shoot him that way!"

The camera sneaked forward on soft rubber shoes. It ground away at Gary for a whole minute. Then they cut. And a few minutes later the company moved noisily on to the next stage. Gary wasn’t needed so they left him there.

An hour later he strolled into the midst of the company, blinked, yawned, and said, "How was I?"

"You were swell!" replied the director.

And he meant it, too. As he told me later, "You can do that with Gary. He’s not exactly a schooled actor, or a finished one, but he’s the greatest camera study in the world. He’s just himself. That’s the secret of his great charm on the screen. You couldn’t film most actors when they don’t know they’re being filmed, because their real personalities seldom match their film personalities. But Gary’s always the same—as natural when he’s awake, as he is when he’s asleep. He (Continued on page 76)
The Truth About Boyer

By Jerry Asher

The romantic Frenchman drops his usual reserve, and blasts several recent rumors

Boyé's inherent modesty is often mistaken for aloofness, his sensitiveness for egotism. Here he speaks with utter frankness about early Hollywood struggles, when he played a "bit" in the cast supporting Jean Harlow in "Red Headed Woman," a close-up from which is shown at right.

If Franchot Tone hadn't been born, this story on Charles Boyer might never have been written! At any rate, it was at Franchot's surprise birthday party that I found myself facing Charles Boyer across the table. It was the first time I had seen the French actor in person since he played the rôle of the chauffeur in "The Red-Headed Woman." That was back in 1930, when I was a struggling publicist and Boyer was unknown on the screen.

At the time, I remember that Charles Boyer wandered around the M-G-M lot like a lost sheep. In his eyes was that hopeless look—that strange sort of restlessness that belongs to the stranger within the gates. And believe me, Boyer was a stranger within those studio gates, if ever there was one. Many times I wanted to stop and talk to him, or ask if there was anything I could do. Boyer was shy. From past experience, I had learned that most actors are suspicious of persons who make overtures of friendship. Now, I wish that I had gone against my better judgment. It's difficult to offer friendship to an actor when he is sitting on top of the world and everything is coming his way.

As I have already said, I remembered Boyer well at the start of his Hollywood career. The same applies to many of our stars today. But I was not prepared, when Boyer leaned across the table and said, "I remember you when we both used to work on the M-G-M lot. I was very lonely then and knew very few people, I sometimes used to see you walking with Joan Crawford. Since then I have heard your name from time to time. So you see you are not entirely a stranger to me. I am glad things are going nicely for you."

All the things I wanted to say to Charles Boyer suddenly seemed unimportant. I had hoped that the time might come when I would meet him and at least congratulate him on his success. Maybe I'm just an old softie, but I must confess that this gesture on Boyer's part really touched me. It is so unusual for an actor to allude to an unpleasant past, to the extent of remembering that you shared it. With few exceptions, actors who reach the top create a background of their own imagination. Very few of them remember those they knew "when." And certainly Charles Boyer remembering when we had never even met—was a little out of the ordinary.

As if drawn by an invisible magnet, we wandered into the Tone library. It is a beautiful room, furnished in magenta and brown and panelled in natural birch. Boyer gazed around in rapt approval. Almost caressingly he fingered the books. When he spoke, he lowered his voice. His attitude was almost apologetic. His love for good books is such that he regards them with reverence. Back in the dining room Franchot, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper and Norman Foster talked over their cognac. The ladies had taken themselves to the powder room.

"Up until the time I married Pat," said Boyer, "I very seldom went out. In our duplex apartment I have built a special round library, I sit in the center at a round table, in a comfortable chair. When I close the door I am entirely surrounded by books—or should I say, French books? I have been collecting for years. Most of them are in French, because I do not know the (Continued on page 77)
I was the first person to interview Luise Rainer! At the time I met her she was neither great nor famous, but a frail, gentle little creature with glorious dark eyes who was all but overwhelmed by the immensity of her surroundings. But, as the huge liner Olympic deposited her on the wind-swept pier, placing beside her a cocky little Scottie, I somehow sensed that here, all unsuspected, lay both greatness and fame.

Today that same little girl has all America at the feet of her celluloid image. Glamorous and acclaimed, her name is mentioned in the same breath with Crawford, Colbert, Shearer. She is called a leading contender for Hollywood’s coveted crown—for today Rainer’s the rave!

Yet it was not always so. It was only a year and a half ago that my friends at Metro suggested I accompany them to meet “a new foreign star.”

“Why not?” I said, “seeing that Garbo’s not in town!”

It was the coldest day in a hundred and fifty years, or so it seemed, and as my idea of red flannels is something like Joan Crawford’s, I froze! Meeting “a new foreign star,” I began to suspect, was a wild, fruitless, and unreasonable adventure.

And then I caught sight of her. It is a picture I shall not soon forget. She looked so lonesome, so forlorn. She wore a warm brown coat, brown shoes, and a floppy black hat, and “Zhonnie,” her faithful Scottie, seemed her sole living contact, for her large eyes were open even wider than usual as they peered out at an unfamiliar world.

“Miss Rainer?” I inquired, hesitatingly.

“Ja,” she answered, her face lighting up with animation; and then correcting herself, “Yes, I am Miss Rainer, and how-do-you-do?” and her wistful smile immediately won me over.

Unheralded, a bit lonely, but serenely confident, Luise came to America not so long ago. The triumph of her Hollywood début in “Escapade” is repeated in Rainer’s new rôle as Anna Held in “The Great Ziegfeld,” at right.

Luise Rainer’s career is a record of triumphs. Will equal success crown the private-life ambitions she reveals here?

By Helen Harrison

We spent some little time having her baggage inspected and stamped and “Zhonnie” must be stamped too, for in the eyes of the law he is neither companion, protector, nor patron saint. “Zhonnie,” I am forced to admit, came under the general heading of luggage.

During the process she asked, as she flashed her charming smile, “Is it always much cold here?”

I assured her it was not—and went on to picture the glories of the California sun as we jumped into a taxi and made for the hotel.

Her excitement during the trip was as refreshing and naïve as, in wildest imagination, one might picture a Hollywood star—but of course she was not quite a Hollywood star then.

She was overwhelmed at the Empire State Building. “How tall is it?” she asked, peering up at its tower that pierced the sky.

“One hundred and eight stories.”

“My!” she commented, incredulous.

At the hotel she was whisked twenty-odd stories to her suite.

“I have never been so high up—in a building I mean,” she cried delightedly, rushing from window to window, “but I love it!”

From her trunks she extracted a huge down quilt and with artless simplicity spread it over her bed, after which she was able to sit down and relax. (Continued on page 67)
By

VICKI

BAUM

PART III

Next day the door opened to admit a girl, whom for a moment he failed to recognize as Ruth. How thin she was! Her lips were too red. And her hair still looked like a wig. He couldn't control the thoughts that flashed through his mind, as he rose to greet her.

"Hello, Miss Palmer," he said hoarsely. Joe in the corner whistled.

"Oh, Mr. Tyndall—still in the same old place!" Her laugh was a shade too bright. "I've got three hundred wires to send."

Actually she sent ten, but even ten was an amazing number for the office in Sixteenth Street. Automatically he handed her his fountain pen, but she refused it with a smile, and took her own from her bag.

Rummaging in her handbag, Ruth drew out a twenty-dollar bill and a package of cigarettes. "Match?" she asked. Steve lit the cigarette for her. "So you've learned to smoke after all?" he smiled.
Love and ambition clash in a girl's struggle for fame in glamorous Hollywood. The latest novel of an internationally famous author

OPTION STOP COULD YOU TALK TO PIP AND USE YOUR PULL LOVE VIOLA

MR. FRANK MONTEREY LEMON GROVE APARTMENTS 6391 SUNSET BOULEVARD HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA FRANKIE DARLING HAD BAD CASE OF FLU WENT HOME TO MOTHER BACK SOON DO YOU STILL LOVE ME? Pierpont of Modern Art seems interested in giving me contract could you pull any wires VIOLA

SAM LOWE AGENCY 28 PERSHING SQUARE LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA Not interested downtown revue stop would consider personal appearance Paramount thanks VIOLA PALMER

MR. HARRY MCCORMICK LOS ANGELES TIMES LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA Can't you raise Cain in paper dear you know I would be grateful and I mean it too YOURS AS EVER OLALA

Steve read the words as he counted them—he couldn't help himself.

"Sixteen twenty eight," he said, and cleared his throat, for his voice still refused to obey him.

Rummaging in her handbag, she drew out a twenty-dollar bill and a package of cigarettes. "Match?" she asked.

He lit the cigarette for her. "So you learned to smoke, after all?" he smiled.

"Only when I'm nervous," she replied unguardedly. "You've lost a lot of weight."

"That's the first thing they tell you to do in Hollywood—starve off fifteen pounds. You always look fifteen pounds heavier on the screen."

He gave her change for her twenty. "Did you get to know Greta Garbo?"


"So much more room for Viola Palmer," said Steve. He thought himself it was a pretty good crack, but it didn't seem to go over so big with Ruth. The bell rang, and he pasted up a wire for someone in Thirteenth Street. She was still standing there, smoking, when he'd finished.

"I did meet Marion Davies, though," she said. "She's a darling. I met lots of interesting people. Lubitsch, for instance. He promised me a contract the minute he had a part for me." It sounded a little defiant.

"What kind of parts d'you like best?" asked Steve respectfully. She was standing so close to him, yet she was inaccessible as the moon.

"Oh," she said airily, "sort of like Marlene Dietrich's. Only it's so hard to get a decent story. Something dramatic, you know, with a really great romance but some comedy too—"

In spite of the silver fox cape over her shoulders, in spite of the promise from Lubitsch tucked away in her heart for comfort, Steve felt something like compassion for her. "This place must look like a worse dump than ever to you now," he prompted.

"Yes and no," she replied slowly, looking about the office which was really nothing better than a hole in the wall. "Nothing's changed here, anyway. Sort of makes you feel good when your nerves are a little shaky. I had a bad case of grippe, you know, and you feel wobbly in the knees for a long time after the grippe."

"But you look grand," lied Steve, and he was a poor liar.

"Hollywood's hard," said Ruth absently. Then she pulled herself together. "Well, I've got to run along. If any wires come, phone me, will you? I'm staying at the Town Hotel."

So she hadn't been in the little house, after all, last night.

She turned to go and Steve opened the door for her. A Buick coupe was standing dutifully in the rain outside, waiting for her. "How d'you like my little car?" she asked more cheerfully. "I drove myself all the way from the coast." She got in and (Continued on page 82)
"Wally Beery is the happiest man I know," says the author. Read the story and you'll know why.

By Maude Cheatham

HOLLYWOOD'S sweetest love story has for its co-stars big Wallace Beery and tiny Carol Ann, his beloved adopted daughter!

Wally's life has ever been lusty drama: drama high-lighted with hardships, struggles, disappointments. Now, after years of hard and grinding work it has been crowned with world-wide triumphs. Yes, he's won fame and fortune on the screen, and has been blessed with a beautiful marriage with the lovely blonde Rita Beery. Then, some five years ago, they adopted Mrs. Beery's orphaned cousin, aged nine months.

Sitting in his dressing-room at the studio, we hadn't talked more than five minutes before he drifted to the subject that is always nearest his heart, little Carol Ann. He told me about the new home he recently bought in Beverly Hills—with its sweeping lawns, tennis court, swimming pool, and plenty of space for the child's play-things. He wants her to have all the things he missed when he was growing up; he wants her to have a happy, carefree childhood and girlhood, and so be prepared for the future, whatever that may be. (Continued on page 78)
McCrea marches on to new screen importance—the colorful story of a mighty colorful movie man

By Margaret Angus

THE producers first took an active interest in the Joel McCrea case when they discovered that he was a pretty kisser. Joel was six feet two inches tall in those days, and still is in these days, and could embrace a movie queen gracefully without having to stand on a box or wear French heels as did some of the other heartbreakers of the screen. Furthermore he could plant a neat kiss right on the Glamorous One’s beak without smearing her lipstick—a kiss that would send the entire female population of Omaha swooning into the aisles.

"For years," said Joel, "I didn’t do a thing in pictures but stand around waiting until the star was ready to be kissed. When the director shouted, ‘You love her, kid, give her the business,’ I registered what I considered love and looked exactly like a calf about to cavort through the clover. It seems to me that I stood around sets for years just waiting to kiss somebody."

Sam Wood was the first producer to notice that Joel was a pretty kisser. Joel had the leading role in a college dramatic show while he was (Continued on page 68)
HE ISN'T in love—now! But he has been, and certainly will be again!
He isn't "going steady" any more. At least, "not for a good spell."

Knowing Robert Taylor, I won't bet a nickel on his staying heart-free for long. You have only to look at him to guess why. Yes, and off the screen he's even handsomer, too. Never let anyone fool you; of course he's just naturally emotional.

I shan't vouch for his statement that he won't marry "for six or maybe eight years." That's what he maintains today, but I have my doubts!

However, I can clear up his gay romances to date for you. I'm anxious to do this, for a complete explanation will enable you to understand Bob as his friends do. You've already read how he got into pictures shortly after graduating from college, and that he comes from a nice family. None of those details is exactly ultra-personal, though.

What's definitely exciting has heretofore been skipped. Why did he and Irene Hervey split, and did he really care for Janet Gaynor? Is it authentic that he's rushing Barbara Stanwyck at present? In terser words, whose prize is he?

The first thing that impresses you when you talk to Bob of love is his good taste.

"I don't ever want to play coy," he declares. "I think it's a part of my job to reciprocate interest shown in me by always being obligingly honest. Still, what can a fellow say along this particular line without appearing darned conceited?"

"After all, I can hardly discuss Miss Hervey, because she's engaged to another man now. And as for declaiming about 'My Ideal Woman,' the absolutely correct answer to that is I'm not at all positive what type appeals most to me. I could go into a cooked-up song-and-dance for you, but then I'll probably fall for some entirely different sort. Anyway, I'm not aged enough to lay down love rules!"

He is indeed in a heck of a spot when cornered for quotes in this regard. Bob Taylor has ability plus a very rare masculine magnetism which is highly intriguing. Spotlighted by assignments to hero roles, this charm of his is obvious to millions. It has skyrocketed him to the film top. Yet—he's only twenty-four.

Fortunately for him, he seems considerably older. Hence he can be convincingly cast opposite the already established leading feminine stars.

Yet imagine him as he is, in reality. Just three years off the campus and the fans dub him "the perfect lover," gorgeous ladies pursue him, and his bosses—well, they're

He isn't in love—now! He won't years—he says! Then what's romantic adventures? Read
We're proud to give you these first, exclusive pictures of Franchot and Joan Crawford Tone in their just-completed play paradise! Never before photographed in this informal, "unposed" mood, Joan is revealed as the warm and human girl she really is, happy in her marriage to the devoted Franchot, and one of the finest swimmers and badminton players in all Hollywood! Now turn the page for more new pictures.

SCREENLAND Presents
First Exclusive Pre-view!
JOAN and FRANCHOT
in their New Outdoor Life
Smash flash! Joan Crawford tries out her new swimming pool and badminton court for SCREENLAND readers. Co-star, Franchot Tone.

Joan is one great star whose glamor survives the glare of the sun, swift action on the badminton court, and the close inspection of the critical outdoor camera which made these splendid candid pictures. Above, Crawford, the bathing beauty who can really swim. Left, a salute from an admirer! Right, a lovely leap.
Franchot Tone has been so often described as a serious young scholar or a sleek sophisticate that it's pleasant to see him pictured in a new and athletic light, as at left, and in the badminton pictures with Joan at the top of the page. See Joan in action at upper left and right; and finally, as the sun-bathing beauty at top form, right.
Jean Harlow is happy! She has exchanged her nickname of "Blondie" for "Brownette;" she approves her current picture, "Suzy," in which she wears the startling white gown you see above and at left; and she likes having two—count 'em—two leading men, Franchot Tone and Cary Grant, to appear with her in this latest film of life and love in war-torn Paris. About time for Jean to go gay again!

Just Call Her "Brownie!"
Claudette is the star of surprises! She won’t be “typed.” Ever new, this actress astonished us by becoming a bright comedienne for the memorable “It Happened One Night,” turning to tragedy in “Under Two Flags,” and now, back home at Paramount, preparing, with a grand new coiffure and gorgeous clothes including the printed satin evening gown shown here, to dazzle and delight us in “The New Divorce.”
High up in the hills near Palm Springs we find the lovely Louise girl, exulting in freedom from studio work and hectic Hollywood—but not free from the peeping eye of the still camera that brought us these glorious glimpses of a charmer whose loveliness adds allure to the streams and rocky heights where Anita fishes and romps in comfy shorts.

Nature Sets the Scene

Anita Louise sparkles in the sun's radiant spotlight
Fields of Laughs and Fun

At the peak of his fame on the stage, before winning recognition as a supreme master of screen comedy, Fields played "Poppy" on the stage. The role he created is revived in pictures, and here you see the results. Have a look at Bill with his bike, above, and at left, pretending indifference to the attentions of Rosalind Keith. Immediately above, Rochelle Hudson and Richard Cromwell, who supply the young love interest.

Laughter are the measure of greatness in a W. C. Fields picture—and by that standard these views of "Poppy" indicate that this may prove Bill's greatest film.
Do Something Different!

Being different! Kay Francis, usually so modish, reverses the usual order for her rôle as Florence Nightingale in "The White Angel." Below, Constance Bennett dresses very plainly in this scene with Douglass Montgomery in her new English film. At right, "different" fashions. Madeleine Carroll wears an all-black evening gown, while Joan Bennett, across page, dons a fur cape for summer evening wear.
Herbert Marshall plays a daddy in his new picture, above. At right, Anita Colby, beautiful newcomer, keeps up with the parade with a new high in hats.

Not merely “different,” it’s loony—but Bob Montgomery and Frank Morgan like to make you laugh, so they breakfast in the bath-tub.

It’s a Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray custom to be different, in a hilariously amusing way. Below, Bing Crosby goes cowboy on us in his new picture.

Spring a surprise, and you’ll be interesting. Here’s how Hollywood does it!
Still at the Top!

Blending experience with screen magnetism, these ruling favorites know how to hold their place in the sun.

They continue to make screen history! Extreme left, John Barrymore, who caps a brilliant career with the important assignment of Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet." Left, Leslie Howard, winner of the prize romantic rôle of the year, Romeo opposite Norma Shearer as Juliet. Lower left, William Powell—hits are his habit, and his latest, "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford," continues the record. Below, Jean Hersholt, king of character actors.
Still Going Up!

While forging ahead at astonishing rate are these young challengers of the mighty for star screen ranking.

Demand for them increases with each new film! Extreme right, James Stewart, Henry Fonda’s pal during stage days in New York, is following Henry right up the ladder of screen prominence. Right, John Howard, who is being groomed for stardom by his studio, and boomed for it by a large number of fans. Below, Michael Whalen, taking it easy, but going forward just the same. Lower right, Ross Alexander, going up fast.
Ruby and Al
At Home

A swimming pool—Ruby emerges from a refreshing dip, left—landscaped walks, and rolling lawns add to the attractions of the handsome estate, with its interesting ranch house, shown in the general view below, with Ruby and Al seated on the steps. Lower left, Al, Ruby, and Al, Jr., bask in the sun. Right, below, view of the breakfast room and sun porch.

"I live here, too!" husky little Al Jolson, Jr., informs us, and comes into range of the lens, with a camera technique that would do credit to the famous stars who adopted him.
Intimate, exclusive first views
of the Al Jolsons' new estate
at Encino, California

Al takes a "sit-downer" from the spring-board, with some startling effects in facial expression. Jolson is the Mayor of Encino, as well as master of its handsomest manor.

The Jolson pool isn't just for decoration—not while Ruby and Al are around. Below is a full view of the pool with the bathing pavilion in the background. At bottom of page: the library, with its walls panelled in knotty pine, its practical fireplace, and recessed book-shelves. To the right below, the dining room.
Shore Lines De Luxe

Hollywood lovelies know their shore styles!
Seeing is believing

Eleanore Whitney, above, wears a "Kerchief" style two-piece suit, while Rosalind Keith selects a halter-neck model, "Bra-Mico," shown at left. Irene Bennett, at right, in a "Take-Off" suit, the skirt being the take-off feature. All suits of new Kava-Knit by Jantzen.
Many a misguided woman has let them “guinea-pig” on her hair, only to pay for disillusionment! As in driving your car, there are safety signals for your guidance in getting a good permanent. One *sure* way is to look for the little Eugene Sachets that gently steam your hair into waves, end-curls, or a combination of both if you prefer. These Sachets are trade-marked for your protection. They contain a secret Eugene solution that cannot be duplicated. Would you like one to identify, to take with you to your hairdresser’s when you get your new permanent? Write for a free sample. Then see that Eugene Sachets are used and the results will bless you for your trouble.

"THERE IS NO WAVE LIKE A EUGENE WAVE"
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month
Marguerite Churchill and Otto Kruger in "Dracula's Daughter"
From Sawdust to Starlight

Joe E. Brown climbs the ladder to fame. Here’s real-life drama

By Ida Zeitlin

BOY of seven, walking as fast as his short legs would carry him, was making his way toward "The Hill," a section populated by Toledo’s poor. A trained eye could have told he was under-nourished. Any eye could have told he was shabbily. To himself he was the richest and proudest boy in the world. His fist closed lovingly over the coins in his pocket, and even the ice-cream store he passed on the way—paradise of his dreams—offered no temptation.

Coming within sight of his home, he broke into a trot. "Ma!" he crowed, bursting through the door. "Ma!" and opened his paw to display two nickels and six grumpy pennies. "Look what I made for you, Ma. I saved eight cents 'n' bought sixteen papers 'n' I sold 'em all."

She patted his head and told him what a fine lad he was, and if there were tears in her eyes for a moment, she took care that Joey should see no trace of them.

But the young financier was soon to discover for himself that fortune may smile today and frown tomorrow. Next evening he plodded homeward, clutching his unsold papers under his arm, sobbing convulsively both for his mother and himself.

That was when Joe E. Brown was a little boy. By the time he was nine, he had grown out of tears, and his plans had progressed beyond the newspaper field. He was going to be a clown with a circus. Why a clown? "Because I had a funny face, I guess," says the famous Brown of today. He would stand, lost to the world, before the circus posters plastered over the town. There were too many children, there was too little money in the Brown household for visits to the circus. But that was all right with Joe. Some day he’d be on the inside. Meantime he could gaze his fill at the bespangled fairyland on the billboards.

"Look what’s gonna be a clown in the circus!" jeered the kids without malice.

"Go ahead 'n' laugh!" Joe would yell back. "Some day I’ll show you."

The day came sooner than he could (Continued on page 96)
**One Rainy Afternoon—United Artists**

LIGHT as a feather and just as ticklish, this first production of the new Mary Pickford-Jesse Lasky company is the ideal warm weather show. It's gay as anything, frivolous, frothy, and nicely naughty. It all begins one rainy afternoon, (touché), in the cinema, when, right in the middle of an ardently love scene on the screen, the irrepressible Mr. Lederer kisses the very pretty Miss Ida Lupino, has his face slapped, and is arrested. But that's only the beginning. Before long Mr. Lederer is front-paged as the "Monster of Paris," becomes a matinée idol, and gets arrested again. Are you as confused as I am? But you don't go to see this picture for the plot; you go for the charming scenes in which Francis Lederer reinstates himself as premier charmer of the screen; for the supremely silly comedy of Hugh Herbert; for two song hits, Secret Rendezvous and, oddly enough, One Rainy Afternoon; but principally for the generally ingratiating, spontaneous, and irresistible air which will put you in good humor in no time at all. It's that sort of film.

**Under Two Flags—20th Century-Fox**

SMART. Hollywood showmanship is responsible for the success of this new version of Ouida's time-honored tale of the Foreign Legion. You can't remain indifferent to a motion picture which co-stars Ronald Colman and Claudette Colbert and features Victor McLaglen, Rosalind Russell, Gregory Ratoff, and a score of other topnotchers. I say you can't—I mean, I couldn't. Me, the old movie fan, was carried away by it all, and true to form I mourned over Ronald Colman's mysterious past which forced him into the Legion; moaned over his patrician desert romance with the well-bred Rosalind; cheered Claudette on her wild ride to save the beleaguered regiment—in fact, I was a pushover for the old-fashioned romantic appeal of "Under Two Flags." I don't say you'll be swept off your feet, and you just may be able to guess what's coming next; but I think you'll enjoy Mr. Colman at his most wistfully romantic; and some of those magnificent shots of Arab riders in the desert; and La Colbert's Big Scene. As Cigarette, Claudette is excellent in her dramatic moments and not so convincing when she has to be the fiery toast of the Legion in Mr. Ratoff's lap.

**The Ex.-Mrs. Bradford—RKO-Radio**

NOW here's a swell picture! If you say "Is it another Thin Man?" you and I are through; but aside from that little controversy, which is too silly to talk about as far as I'm concerned because there can't be another "Thin Man" and here's a perfectly charming "Ex-Mrs. Bradford" to rave about—we should all have a grand time. I liked William Powell better in this than in "The Great Ziegfeld"—and if that is treason you know what you can do; and Jean Arthur is sensationally good as the most adorably silly modern wife in the history of the cinema. Seems Dr. and Mrs. Bradford had come to the well-known parting of the ways scene before our picture started; but the ex-wife decides to be "ex" no longer, and crashes back into Bill's well-ordered life just in time to "help" him solve an exciting murder mystery. Don't make too much of the murder, because Bill and Jean don't; they're mainly concerned with building up their old romance, between pursuits of suspects. The great Geline Supper Scene is the scream of the month—how these two elegant players pull the most of it! Eric Blore is just about perfect, too. I want you this please. It's one of the Best Ones.
SENSATIONAL:
PAUL ROBESON'S
singing in "Show Boat"

SURPRISE:
IRENE DUNNE'S dance
in the same picture

CHARMER:
FRANCIS LEDERER
in "One Rainy Afternoon"

NOVELTY:
CAROLE LOMBARD'S
Garbo-Dietrich act

FINEST DRAMA:
JEAN HERSHOLT
in "Sins of Man"

FUNNIEST:
JOE E. BROWN
and ERIC BLORE

TRIUMPH! One of the greatest motion pictures of all
time, "Show Boat" is superlative entertainment, the finest
contribution to celluloid America yet made. For all
its saccharine sentiment, its theatrical devices, it is a
heart-warming glorification of the best in American life. As our
Honor Page points out, the direction is superb, the cast perfection.
Jerome Kern's stirring songs have been sung as never before—
with the magnificent voice of Paul Robeson leading all the rest
in "Of Men River." Miss Irene Dunne gives her most spirited
performance as the lovely Magnolia, daughter of the Captain of
the Show Boat—wait until you see Miss Dunne, the dignified,
going into a low-down negro shuffle! Allan Jones is just the
right choice for Ralovel, and sings and acts the role with romantic
charm and conviction. Of course you know Charles Winninger's
classic portrayal of Capt' Andy, one of the glories of our theatre; and Helen Morgan's haunting Julie is beautifully re-
vived—Miss Morgan's singing of Just My Bill stopped the show
for me. This is your "Must Not Miss" movie of the month.

WHEN a comedian makes fun of war and gets away
with it, he's tops with me. Joe E. Brown does get away
with it. In his latest and most elaborate number, the
beloved clown plays a doughboy daring enough to rib the
World War—you see, Joe E. doesn't really want to fight because
he isn't mad at anybody. Right now I want to promise you one of
the most hilarious sequences ever screened, in which Eric Blore,
prince of British butlers, appearing here as Joe's valet, goes to
great lengths to incense the genial Mr. Brown. But it is the
seductive Wini Shaw, aided and abetted by an A.E.F. parade,
who is really, and finally responsible for Joe joining the war.
In France, Joan Blondell, with new curves, coiffure, and French
accent, captivates our reluctant hero—and you won't want to
miss the song and dance of the Brown-Blondell team. High spot
of "Sons o' Guns" is a burlesque Apache dance performed by Mr.
Brown, probably the funniest thing he has ever done—broad fun
of the uproarious, old-fashioned variety, which I for one welcome
in such summer fun fare as this. The decorative darlings, Misses
Blondell and Shaw, are abetted by charming Beverly Roberts.

IF YOU want to see the best Dietrich-Garbo imitation
you ever dreamed of, be sure to catch this new Carole
Lombard picture. It starts off like a whirlwind with the
lovely Carole combining an impersonation of Marlene
and Greta with uncanny accuracy. If you want to know how one
girl can imitate both Dietrich and Garbo, you'll have to go to
see for yourself—it's worth your trouble. Go, watch the first two
or three reels; then if you're bored don't blame me, but steal
quietly away and go home and wait for the next Lombard-
MacMurray romance, which had better be better than "The
Princess Comes Across." The opening scenes showing Lombard
as a foreign "Princess" sailing from Europe for Hollywood,
swimming around in yards of silver fox and speaking throatily in
the grand manner, are delicious fun. Carole looks like Dietrich
half the time, and sounds like Garbo; then she reverses the proc-
ess. Wickedly clever, this little protein feat. For the rest, the
film concerns a concertina player, Mr. MacMurray; an unim-
portant murder, and the unmasking of the "Princess"—all rather
labored stuff. But, as I said above, be sure to catch Carole's act.
Our fashion star to follow this month is joyous Jeanette MacDonald. Every girl can't play love scenes with Nelson Eddy or Clark Gable, but we can share Jeanette's charm secrets from the star's personal wardrobe, shown here.

Flowers in the hair! Clifion gown of gray! Fresh down puff each evening—to be carried in a silver brocade evening bag deceiving in its minuteness—for Jeanette carries in it a mirror, a lipstick, a tiny comb, and her housekey! The full-length picture below is Jeanette's pet summer dinner gown in pale wisteria, with tiny bouquets of orchid, hyacinth, and purple forget-me-nots at the low square neck. Now glance across to top of opposite page: From head to toe she's gay and smart! First, shiny straw sailor with lipstick-red grosgrain band. Center, a close-up of the mandarin hat of pleated linen with its huge white magnolia forming the crown. Far right, close-up of those tricky open pumps of brown and white. To be truly chic, let a net petticoat show!
School

Edited by

A calico pom-pom, of all things, adorns Jeanette's bonnet of brown straw, shown below. Schiaparelli's new bracelet, designed from old-gold watch-fob charms, jingles merrily. Left, an original frock from Jeanette's personal wardrobe is of brown silk with large splashy white bouquets. Chic accessories include brown patent leather belt, brown patent and white kid pumps, and a dashing mandarin hat.
HAT-HAPPY!

Ginger Rogers on a chaps-and-spree! No girl ever had enough hats until Ginger got gloriously high in a smart shop and bought and bought. You see the gay results above; right across the top of our two pages. Reading across, flower top-knot on black lace straw; disappearing trim; turban with ribbons; ruffled, crownless bonnet; black Breton with tails; Chinese cookie hat of shiny black straw.
LIKE all good little Hollywood girls, Miriam Hopkins settled at the George V. Hotel when she came to Paris on her recent holiday. Some time before “Becky Sharp” came to Paris, as do most of Hollywood’s films, and I for one suspect “Becky” came to show the Parisians that all the golds and reds and blues of natural color photography couldn’t begin to do justice to the coloring Nature gave Miriam herself. The film had created great interest here, but nothing compared to La Hopkins in chair et os—French equivalent to “in person”—an expression that always amuses me.

When Miriam arrived the excitement began. Every one in Paris and London seemed to want to talk to Miss Hopkins at once, and several times it looked as though she would spend her brief holiday in Gay Paree talking into and listening in on two or three telephones. By some sort of miracle Miriam escaped and managed to go to town as ‘twere.

It was interesting to see the vivacious Hopkins scintillate smartly. In my school-days the word smart meant keen intelligence. But now the more accepted sense of the word suggests sophistication and stylishness. Tennial at Gertrude Stein’s—supreme symbol of intelligentsia plus—Miriam was smart plus, and seemed quite in her element. Then came a cocktail party at Lady Mendl’s, that cele-

brated hostess and leader of the smart sophisticates. But none was more smart and sophisticated than our Miss Hopkins. There are many things, far from film studios, which really should be filmed. One is a Lady Mendll party. Here you could find a scenario writing itself about any one of them.

Lady Mendll, as you probably know, first won fame on the stage as Elsie de Wolfe, later deserting the footlights to become one of the most famous of interior decorators. After that she married Sir Charles Mendll of the British Embassy. In Paris and at her villa in Versailles she gathers around her the most interesting lights of the world. Naturally, Miriam Hopkins was a guest of Lady Mendl during the star’s visit here.

After that Miriam had to dash to London, but she was back again in a few days to get started on a jaunt to Vienna, Budapest, and Prague. And before leaving she confided that if this excitement continued she would have to seek the quiet of Hollywood for rest and recovery from her so-called holiday.

To return, briefly, to the idea suggested about ready-made scenarios, another I would nominate was the Douglas Fairbanks wedding with Lady Ashley. It opened with that lively action which captures immediate interest (Continued on page 88)
ALL THE ROMANCE, Gossip and Cheerful News flashed to you from the land of the stars

By Weston East

As far as Marlene Dietrich is concerned, the sheiks can have the desert. When she arrived at the “Garden of Allah” location in Yuma, Marlene found a satin-lined tent awaiting, with all the comforts of home. She tried it out for two days, but she couldn’t stand the heat. She moved bag and baggage into a Yuma air-cooled hotel. Charles Boyer is Marlene’s new leading man—and watch for the fictionization of their co-starring film in a future issue of Screenland.

Henceforth Joan Crawford, who shows partiality to all shades of blue, shall be known as “The Lady in Red.” For her birthday, Joan purchased a flowing red chiffon gown, because it is Franchot’s favorite color. He took her dancing at the Grove and for the occasion Joan wore red carnations in her hair. Incidentally, the flowers are wired on to a comb and placed at an angle above the right eye.

The day may yet come when a Hollywood blonde will be a novelty. Jean Harlow started the brownette craze and now the list is growing by leaps and bounds. Bette Davis, Alice Faye, Jean Muir, Lucille Ball and Betty Furness are the latest ones to tire of being "light-headed."

Kay Francis has a telephone-answering phobia. Every time she hears a ‘phone ring, regardless of where she is, she just has to answer it. The other day she was in a Hollywood beauty parlor getting a manicure. Jingle-jingle went the ‘phone and Kay did her stuff. Result, she sprained her ankle and couldn’t leave her house for a week.

Irene Hervey and Allan Jones celebrated their first month at being an engaged couple. Allan gave her a diamond wrist watch. Irene gave him a cigarette case and lighter. And on the same night, Robert Taylor gave Barbara Stanwyck a ‘phone call—and took her dancing at the Trocadero.

The Sam Goldwyn publicity department would have us believe that Omar Kiam, their "six-foot Texan" designer, is using fresh flowers on Ruth Chatterton’s hats and costumes. This is not true, but a telephone call would reveal the correct inside story.
WHEN Jean Parker married George McDonald after a short courtship, no one was more surprised than those closest to her. Wearing a pair of riding trousers, Jean announced that she and George were motoring to Santa Barbara for the day. Instead, they ended up at Yuma. Because she was called back to the studio, Jean had to postpone her honeymoon. She had always planned to go back to the redwood forests where she made "Sequoia." As soon as she finishes her present picture, Jean is heading for the giant trees.

THERE'S a little white chiffon number that Jean Harlow wears when she sings in "Sassy," that looks quite simple—but oh, my! I don't know how it will look on the screen, but on the set Jeanie practically held up production.

FRANCHOT TONE received the fan letter to end all fan letters. It came from a colored woman, who wrote that she was rushed to the hospital from the theatre, where she was seeing Franchot in a picture. After giving birth to triplets she decided to name the first one Clark Gable Jones, the second one Franchot Tone Jones, and in honor of the picture she called the third one "Mutiny on the Bounty Jones."

WHEN the Hollywood, will don't such her her the preview, trip-friend. pair a Bounty one get know short Santa old postpone Jean colored very let lot International fan Muir the buy picture. their honor first newcomer named Yuma. studio, she the lot, an end really fight-ring letters. plain making sew-ing the giving THERES a woman, came in that was all the the name lets hold in as always the Clark Jones.

WHEN Jean Parker married George McDonald after a short courtship, no one was more surprised than those closest to her. Wearing a pair of riding trousers, Jean announced that she and George were motoring to Santa Barbara for the day. Instead, they ended up at Yuma. Because she was called back to the studio, Jean had to postpone her honeymoon. She had always planned to go back to the redwood forests where she made "Sequoia." As soon as she finishes her present picture, Jean is heading for the giant trees.

THERE'S a little white chiffon number that Jean Harlow wears when she sings in "Sassy," that looks quite simple—but oh, my! I don't know how it will look on the screen, but on the set Jeanie practically held up production.

FRANCHOT TONE received the fan letter to end all fan letters. It came from a colored woman, who wrote that she was rushed to the hospital from the theatre, where she was seeing Franchot in a picture. After giving birth to triplets she decided to name the first one Clark Gable Jones, the second one Franchot Tone Jones, and in honor of the picture she called the third one "Mutiny on the Bounty Jones."

All good pals and jolly good company! Here you see four stars walking—to the set where Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy are to keep a fighting engagement for the cameras—accompanied by friends and fellow players, Jack Holt, left, and Ted Healy, right.
A happy thought! Sylvia Sidney and Spencer Tracy seem to be thinking exactly as we all do—that it was a dandy idea for Hollywood to team them. Sylvia and Spencer co-star for the first time in "Mob Rule."

Biography of a Hollywood baby! Dolores Venable Mohr, 3-month-old daughter of Hal and Evelyn Venable Mohr, being photographed with her mother for the day-to-day movie record her dad, ace Hollywood cameramen, is making.

IN THE future Katharine Hepburn shouldn't object to visitors on her set. Katie herself; broke her own rule and brought a friend to watch her work in "Mary of Scotland." A spirited horse was being used and Director John Ford was having his difficulties. Unexpectedly, the horse reared up and knocked the rider against a wall. It was a gripping bit of realism and would have added to the picture. But Hepburn's guest let out a scream that spoiled the take. The next time they tried it the horse was as gentle as a milk wagon plug.

JAMES STEWART, returning from location where he was making "Speed," parked his car on the M-G-M lot. He went home with a friend for dinner and then had the friend drop him back at the studio late that night. When he started to drive the car off the lot, a new watchman refused to let him out. Stewart argued and begged, but the watchman wasn't letting anyone put anything over on him. Finally, James had to compromise by getting his pajamas and tooth-brush out of his suit case in the rumble seat. He spent the night in a Culver City hotel.

WHEN Randy Scott was a cowboy star, Bing Crosby used to kid him about being a Hollywood cowboy. Now Randy is a full-fledged leading man and Bing is making a musical western. The first day of the picture, Randy sent Bing a cap pistol. Enclosed was a note telling Bing to be careful and not hurt himself.

WONDERS will never cease in Hollywood. While running off a reel of film in the projection room, a fire broke out at the Walter Wanger studios. Investigation disclosed that the first spark appeared in the middle of a love scene between Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda. Not so bad for a man and woman who used to be husband and wife.

WELDON HEYBURN is about to become a rival to Jean Muir. A friend of Weldon's who shares his enthusiasm for the theatre, is backing his new venture. Weldon will act as well as produce in his own theatre.
SWEET shades of grandma! So they can wear those tiny old-fashioned gold hoops. Hollywood beauties are having their ears pierced. Loretta Young, Jean Parker, Betty Furness, and Gail Patrick are the latest ones to lance their lobes.

EVEN though she was scared to death, Madge Evans manages to get a laugh out of her recent hold-up. Madge, her mother and brother were entertaining Russell Hardie in their home. A masked bandit walked in, took three dollars away from Madge, two dollars away from her mother, and thirty dollars away from Russell. "I'm so glad my guests carry money," said Madge. "I would have been so embarrassed to have that burglar go away and call me a cheap skate."

IT ISN'T his make-up in "Good Earth" that's bothering Paul Muni. To all outward appearances he makes a perfect Chinese. It's getting an oriental slant on things that's his present problem. Paul is a true artist and even insists on thinking the Chinese way.

IT'S advisable to bring along the family knitting, if you're calling from a booth and want to reach Warner Baxter. For the first time in years he's having his first vacation up in the high Sierras. He's twenty-seven miles from the nearest phone and a runner has to be dispatched if you have a message for him.

HIS fans may call him "Dick," but he's just "Joseph" to his studio pals. Dick Powell got the name when he bought the brightest plaid sport coat that ever dazzled the eye. It has so many colors that the name of Joseph just naturally applies.

BELIEVE it or not a manufacturer is getting out a toilet water and calling it "The Warren William Scent." It's a nice compliment, but all we can say is—Warren's next picture better be good!

AS A note of interest to the tired businessman man; Marlene Dietrich baked a cake and sent it to Clifton Webb for a present!

THE newest Hollywood party pastime is looking at screen tests, instead of regular movies. Norma Shearer, William Powell, and the Sam Goldwyns resort to this novel means of entertaining their guests. Imagine the consternation of potential Garbos and Gables, if they knew who was eventually going to witness their honest efforts. Incidentally, several have been given jobs casting directors denied them.

STRICTLY formal, like announcements of international treaties, are the statements regarding marital affairs of the film stars these days. The new custom was observed to the nicest detail of formality in the announcement that Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres, after a year and a half of married life, were separating. Word came in a formal statement on behalf of Ginger from the RKO studios that lawyers were drawing up separation agreements and that no divorce was "contemplated for the present."

JOAN CRAWFORD has a novel way of showing attention to her feminine guests. So many of them are going in for these new dangle bracelets. Joan purchased an assortment of tiny shoes, rings, horses, hats, etc., and always has them on hand when a new bracelet-wearer shows up.

MRS. FREDRIC E. ASTAIRE, the lovely mother of the famous dancer, is once more on the high seas. After a happy six months in Hollywood, she is heading for Ireland to spend the next six months with her daughter, Lady Charles Cavendish—who insists on being called Dolly-Welley by her friends.

SOCIALITE Dorothy Fell kept the transatlantic cables busy, when Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was reported seriously ill in London. Doug is on the road to recovery now and has gone to the South of France to rest.

First still—a preview close-up of Errol Flynn as you'll be seeing him in "Charge of the Light Brigade."

They mustn't miss those fancy costumes, so Rosalind Russell and Bob Montgomery relax on their "resting boards," between scenes on the set.

Walks to talk! Greta Garbo snapped on her way to see reporters on her return from Sweden.
Figures à la Carte

Hollywood sylphs order figures to their taste by posture and pound control

By Elin Neil

There's something about a figure like Jean Parker's that makes you gasp for the sheer beauty of it! A figure is expressive, like a face. Jean expresses joy and love of living in every graceful line. I'm not going to give you her measurements and lead you to false hopes that you can be like her simply by bringing your own inches and pounds around to conform. There's more to breath-taking beauty of form than that, and most important of all is posture.

Take a lesson from Jean in how to stand. Stretch up from the tips of your toes to the top of your head as if you were lifting your whole body toward the skies. Make yourself as tall as you can. Many a bulge can be ironed out by stretching.

There are three vital points in posture and all of them start in back to correct imperfections that show up in front. The most effective way to hold in your "tummy" is to tuck under your hips. Stretch them down and under as if you were sitting. Hold your shoulders back, but don't raise them. Then stretch up—up—up from the back of your neck as if you had a string attached there that was pulling you toward the ceiling. Get the feeling that you're stretching out just as far as you can the distance between the top of your head and the tip of your spine. This automatically brings your "tummy" in, your chest up, and your chin in line. And it minimizes your hips at the same time.

It's a strange way life has of evening things up, but nevertheless true that the prettier a girl is, the more likely she is to develop a double chin when she's older. There's a very simple explanation. Pretty girls are apt to form the habit of raising their chins to show a beautiful expanse of neck and throat. This line is lovely and flower-like in youth, but it leads to heavy, unflattering lines later. Holding your head high from the front, especially if you let your shoulders slump forward, stretches neck skin and tissue so it will fall back into droops and a double chin when you are older. Keep your chin up, by all means; but do the lifting from behind your ears and hold your shoulders back for the line of beauty that will last you through the years.

Whatever your height, be proud of it and stretch up to your tallest. It's lucky for us that tall figures are fashionable, because there's nothing quite as destructive to posture as trying to look shorter than you are. I've seen some very instructive pictures of what posture can do to figures at one of the leading beauty salons. Every woman who comes in for reducing or figure correction is exposed to a "shadowgraph." Pictures are taken showing in plain black and white her ordinary posture, (side and rear views), her posture as she thinks it should be corrected, and again as she is posed by a figure expert. Actually, there's as much as two inches difference in height between the first and fourth pictures—and all the difference in the world in attractiveness! Those inches added to height come right off the measurements of hips and "tummy," somewhat multiplied.

So much for posture and making the most of the figure you have. Of course there are plenty of us who are overweight and can't aspire to figure perfection until we've reduced. There are as many ways of reducing as colors in Joseph's coat. A popular one right now is "dehydration." It consists of cutting out all pure water from the diet and depending upon fruit and vegetables, which are heavy in water content, to provide the necessary moisture. This undoubtedly takes off pounds, but I believe it may do so at the expense of general health and complexion beauty. I'm a strong advocate of drinking as much water as you can—except with meals. Water with food interferes with digestion. (Continued on page 94)
Born to Be Famous

Continued from page 27

"It is 7,000 miles from Vienna—from where I come—to Hollywood," she told me. "I should never get this far! My journey was begun by auto, yet we had driven but a few hundred miles when an avalanche, which barely missed the auto, made the roads impassable. So we took a plane. I always fly when in Europe but never have I met such weather," she related, the memory clouding her eyes. "It was the worst fog on record and during the trip there were ten horrible minutes when the pilot flew—how do you say it—in Blind. We were quite prepared for our doom and I remember feeling so badly for 'Zoe'nica' who had no contract—but who had been such a faithful friend! And then I see a man for myself, too, for it seemed such a pity that my American motion picture career should come to an end more hastily than it had begun.

She was born, she told me, just twenty-three years ago, in Austria, where her father, after spending many years in America, returned "for business reasons," settled down and married. Her parents and her two brothers were never in the least interested in the stage. But Luise was—even when she was still a little girl she should never get this far! My journey was begun by auto, yet we had driven but a few hundred miles when an avalanche, which barely missed the auto, made the roads impassable. So we took a plane. I always fly when in Europe but never have I met such weather," she related, the memory clouding her eyes. "It was the worst fog on record and during the trip there were ten horrible minutes when the pilot flew—how do you say it—in Blind. We were quite prepared for our doom and I remember feeling so badly for 'Zoe'nica' who had no contract—but who had been such a faithful friend! And then I see a man for myself, too, for it seemed such a pity that my American motion picture career should come to an end more hastily than it had begun.

Since her first American screen triumph as Lepoldine Major, (spelt with a "J"), in "Escapade," you have, of course, heard her name mentioned as Garbo's keenest rival, even her logical successor. Strange, since Luise and when Luise was sister, the product of a cultured, sheltered home and could no longer restrain her burning insatiable desire to act, it was a friend who urged her to take an audition in Hollywood. She was cast in the rôle of Luise Albers, a twenty-six-year-old Austrian, in "Hans Albers," and Luise Albers in her first American screen appearance, as Luise Albers, a twenty-six-year-old Austrian, is a role that suits her admirably and in no way veers her brightly into the pattern of Hollywood.

Since the Dumont Theatre without professional experience and only the vaguest notion of what was expected of her, Luise Rainer was granted her audition. "I was pleased," she told me, acting out the episode in her inimitable manner, "that I played the scene and forgot where I was. When it was over I sat down in a daze with no thought of leaving the theatre or asking the director how I had done. It seemed to me I had lived only for that moment and it had come! Nothing, afterwards could make any difference." But just ten minutes later, the amazed girl was offered a contract and in her very first part she was given the leading rôle! Luck? Perhaps. Yet no less ability, you may be sure, for after studying "very hard" for two years she reached Vienna and the Reinhardt Theatre where she was frequently seen in the casts of the famous producer.

With such invaluable experience, star roles came and brightly. Soon she was playing the leading rôles in "Men in White," "Mademoiselle," the part in "An American Tragedy," which Sylvia Sidney performed on Broadway, and in Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author." She became an overnight sensation, a toast, a hit, a star. She must have been!

Here her five years of schooling in Lucerne, Switzerland, stood her in good stead, for, although her English is faulty, she speaks French as fluently as German; and as her fame grew she successively captured Frankfort, Berlin, Paris, London. There she was called the rival of Berger—not whose technique bears some similarity, if one must find parallels—though Rainer is always most completely herself. Busy she was, entirely immersed in her work, yet she found time to study music—Beethoven, and Bach, "who has both genius and learning," being her favorites; time to develop her "hobby," sculpturing, which surely deserves a more dignified name since several of her modellings are on exhibit in European museums; and time, as she impulsively confessed to me, "to become three times engaged!" Adding in a manner which implied I could readily understand, "But I never had enough time to remain and be married!"

Nor are the movies new to her, dear me no! You must have discovered her many-sided talent. Famed as a powerful dramatic star, her delightful sense of humor makes her no less a skilled comedienne. But in Berlin, where she began her cinematic career, there was more to see her play than memorable scene in "Escapade," when she returned home after imbuing too many cocktails—remember—and which was a highlight of the film, than we could imagine Garbo romping through a sequence with Wheeler and Woolsey! Such a thought was sacrilege.

Well, it seems they wanted Miss Rainer as the leading woman for Hans Albers, the Hans Albers—and don't tell me you've never heard of the Clark Gable of Germany? Negotiations were concluded and everything was fine. Well, not exactly fine, for when Miss Rainer's manager read the scenario he decided her part would have to be completely rewritten.

"Why?" she asked, puzzled.

Because, he explained, the characterization must be revised to conform to her established reputation as one of Europe's great dramatic actresses. She did not agree, but believing implicitly, as she does, in masculine intellect, she offered no objection.

The picture, a gay, sparkling, and witty thing called "Jazz Bandits," was something along the lines of "It Happened One Night," in spirit, if not in theme. In the revised script she found herself engaged in dramatic climaxes entirely her own. Against frothy situations enjoyed by the rest of the cast, poor, tragic little Luise cried her way to happiness. Although the picture was an enormous success, it was for her, she insists, a most absurd expedition into the cinema.

"What," I asked, "are your plans for the future?"

"Oh, I have plans!" she answered, very seriously. "In three or four years I would like to marry and give up my work and devote myself to my household, my family, my sculpture and my music and have a few children—one, two, three—whatever my husband should wish!"

As you can see, hers is a continental point of view.

In money matters, too, she says she is "not very good."

"That," she adds, "should be left to men. Women should not be too smart, they should leave thinking to men and let them worry things out for women."

It was during the Fall of 1934 that she was offered a five-year Metro contract and told that no time must be lost in reaching Hollywood. She had been very ill, the Vienna doctors suspected her appendix, but she defied their orders—only to again face disaster with the elements.

During her brief stay in New York a physician again said "Wait!" but having come so far she decided against caution and flew on to the Coast. Lots of spunk she has for her five feet three, don't you think?

Reporting breathlessly at the studio she was told there had been found "no suitable part!"

Months of waiting began, alternating hope and discouragement in the contrasting tones of her golden web.

And then came "Escapade," Myrna Loy had been cast in the rôle and left it because she felt it was unsuited to her. This was opportunity.

It is obvious to say she made good. Following "Escapade" she is appearing with William Powell again in "The Great Ziegfeld," an even greater Rainer triumph than her first Hollywood film. The mantle of success, now completed, fell on her capable young shoulders as snugly as though her name were indeed a familiar one to American audiences. Yet, up to that very moment, she had been Miss Anonymous herself! "America is so big," she told me, wistfully, when she had first arrived. But now, smiling her crooked little smile, she says, "I am glad it is big—because there is also room here for me!"

Joel and the Glamor Girls

Strange to say, Joel has never let the Glamor Girls who have swung around his neck from time to time go to his head—or heart. (Of course there was that romance with Connie Bennett some years ago though neither Joel nor Connie took it seriously so neither will we.) I'm quite sure I wouldn't trust my boy friend with Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, Irene Dunne, Greta Garbo, and the Bennett girls, but Frances Dee doesn't seem to fret about it at all. He may do palpatiting love scenes with Miriam Hopkins one month and make ardent love to Merle Oberon the next month, and crush little Joanie Bennett to him in a mad embrace the third month, but "it don't mean a thing" to Joel. The minute the last "take" of the day is finished Joel doesn't linger to hold hands behind the sound booth but he rushes right home to the "little woman" and his babies, Nerts to the Glamor Girls!

Joel has two sons now: David Thomas, who has reached the ripe old age of five months, and Joel Dee, who is two years old and very handsome—but how could he help being, with Joel as a father and Frances as a mother? Any telephone conversation with the McCrea household is punctuated with, "Go away now, Daddy's talking"—"That's a good boy, don't annoy Daddy when he's talking"—"Frances, call my son"—all of which might lead you to believe that Joel prefers babies about his neck to Glamor Girls.

As you doubtless know, Joel who had been one of those "nice"—(and how he hates that word)—young men about town for several years, leaving the elite of moviedom and Pasadena society, suddenly became very Frances Dee-conscious when he made a picture with her at RKO—the "Silver Chord" it was and Joel was supposed to have a mother complex but the only complication he really had was how and when can I marry Frances Dee. The studio strictly opposed marriage. But Frances went East on location and said she'd hell with the studio to take the first plane out of town and he and Frances were married in Connecticut while the publicity department tore its hair. Frances is the ideal mate for Joel, and being an excellent wife and mother and home-maker she has found time during aull her free time to make several pictures, particularly noteworthy being "Becky Sharp" and "The Gay Deception."

When they aren't working, and over the weekends when they aren't working, Joel and Frances stay at a little house on a 1400-acre cattle ranch in the San Fernando Valley. With high mountains all around and not another house in sight for miles this is the most beautiful place in the world, and if Joel or Frances ever develop nerves they ought to be severely spanked. The "rancho" was built two years ago out of the dirt. Joel moved in six Christmas Eve—and was recently chosen by the Architectural Forum as one of the hundred best small houses built in America in the past three years. Consisting of three bedrooms, a nursery, a small dining-room and kitchen and a tremendous living-room with a log fireplace, the house nests under a hillside filled with California poppies, and if you say you've ever seen anything more lovely you're lying. It is furnished with rare old Spanish furniture which would send a collector into spasms of ecstasy. The furniture originally belonged to Major John McCrea, Joel's grandfather, who came to California in 1849 to fight Apache Indians with General Phineas, and from this hearty grand sire Joel not only inherited this quaint old furniture but also his love for horses, and his burning desire to be a cowboy.

When he was a kid in Pasadena, and later in Hollywood, Joel is one of the few "native sons" in pictures, Joel went to the movies every week to see Bill Hart, he of the two guns, and everything that Bill did on the screen young Joel would proceed to do when he got home. "I'm gonna be a cowboy when I grow up," Joel told anybody who would listen, "I'm going to be just like William Tell."

So imagine the poor kid's dismay when his nurse pulled his chaps and spurs off him, washed his face until it shone, put six shirts on him, and sent him to the Hollywood School for Girls. Was he burned! Even to this day Joel blushed when he tells about it. "Hollywood was just a smilie and those days are long since gone and there was no other private school for discriminating parents to send their children to. Fortunately I met Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the kid and with Doug, Jr. and fairbanks in his father all over the place and with me initiating my idolized Bill Hart we used to do things plenty noisy and rough-housed.

When he was fourteen a friend told him the Hollywood High School, Joel continued to remain faithful to Bill Hart, but filled just a little bit. To change this, Miss Swanson. She was his Dream Girl of the screen. She was the girl he was going to marry. He was a terrific dreamer for a Swanson. But he got to and he and Mr. McCrea are very friendly now, and he has no interest in marrying Bill, anyway. He's just married his own cowboy complex and as soon as she made enough money he started moving realizing his life's ambition: a horse and cattle ranch. It was when he bought his little ranch off "Will Rogers that he definitely decided on the ranch. "You need an author to windward." Will Rogers to him, you need to get outdoors to do things

No wonder Marion Davies is startled. Words of wisdom from a wit like Charles Ruggles are unexpected. Collaborating in this scene from "Hearts Divided" are comical Edward Everett Horton, and ditto Arthur Treacher.
grow, and face reality. This artificial life of lights and grease paint will get you if you don’t.” So on Mr. Rogers’ advice Joel bought those 1400 acres only forty-five miles from Hollywood, and with the beauty and inspiration of the good earth you can be quite sure the silly superficiality of the cinema will never “get” Joel McCrea.

When not working on a picture he rides the range every day, brands cattle, orders to his cowboys, rounds up horses, and gets as dirty and bronzed as any kid could ever hope to get.

The most frequent guests at the McCrea Ranch, (the McCrears don’t go for that “open house” business), are Gary Cooper, Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers, all of whom are old friends. Gary and Lew and Joel are the best of buddies, and you can be quite sure that Joel’s ranch brings out the Montana in Gary, for the minute he arrives he jumps on a horse and rides like mad. Except for these friends the guests are mostly Joel’s and Frances’ relations. The McCrears are great on “family.”

But even “unsual” movie people like Joel and Frances are never quite content, it seems. If I’d had that ranch I’d never leave it, not even to see a Clark Gable picture)—for at the present moment the McCrears are plotting a trip to Spain. It seems that next to becoming a cowboy Joel has always wanted to see Spain—it’s his idea of the most romantic and adventurous thing in the world, and he’ll never be perfectly happy until he sees the ancient wonders of Granada, the bull fights of San Sebastian, and the quaint Basque country.

Consequently yes indeed, Joel has been reading every book on Spain this last year that he can get his hands on. Well, it so happens that Frances has a deal on to do a picture with Robert Donat, and Joel would like to do a picture for Korda, so they could both go to London, (the babies are going), and work for several months and then take a marvelous vacation in Spain. That’s the plan, anyway. Mr. Goldwyn, Joel’s boss, might say no.

Joel likes to be an active part of things. He can’t stand to sit in a grandstand and watch horse races, or boys play football no sir-ee, he wants to be out there on the horse’s back, or out there with a half-back on the grid. Consequently he cares nothing for races and sports unless he can participate in them. He loathes bridge with fine and beautiful loathing, and he can’t say much for foot parlor games; he’d much rather read a book. Conversation is not a lost art with him and after dinner on the McCrea ranch you’ll be asked to talk, and listen to Joel talk, and what’s more you’ll love it. He likes bright scarfs, salami and roast lamb, and could eat ice cream and chocolate cake three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. He never gets fat. When he was in high school he made the championship Volley Ball Team of the Santa Monica Beach. While he still goes to the Club at least one Sunday out of the month to play volleyball with the boys—he’s captain of the team. He’s a very loyal, constant kind of guy.

Joel has one parlor trick of which he is very proud. It seems that while he was making “Barbary Coast” and “Splendor” with Miriam Hopkins the set was over-run with hundreds of Miriam simply goes mad for them though she swears she doesn’t believe a thing they tell her. So Joel got interested in the “mystic” racket and one day a publicity man told him how he could hypnotize people. Joel tried it and it worked. He is very proud of being a hypnotist. I walked on the set one day when he was hypnotizing Helen Westley and it looked pretty authentic to me, though I don’t know, I don’t know!

The most frequent guests at the McCrea Ranch, (the McCrears don’t go for that “open house” business), are Gary Cooper, Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers, all of whom are old friends. Gary and Lew and Joel are the best of buddies, and you can be quite sure that Joel’s ranch brings out the Montana in Gary, for the minute he arrives he jumps on a horse and rides like mad. Except for these friends the guests are mostly Joel’s and Frances’ relations. The McCrears are great on “family.”

But even “unsual” movie people like Joel and Frances are never quite content, it seems. If I’d had that ranch I’d never leave it, not even to see a Clark Gable picture)—for at the present moment the McCrears are plotting a trip to Spain. It seems that next to becoming a cowboy Joel has always wanted to see Spain—it’s his idea of the most romantic and adventurous thing in the world, and he’ll never be perfectly happy until he sees the ancient wonders of Granada, the bull fights of San Sebastian, and the quaint Basque country.

Consequently yes indeed, Joel has been reading every book on Spain this last year that he can get his hands on. Well, it so happens that Frances has a deal on to do a picture with Robert Donat, and Joel would like to do a picture for Korda, so they could both go to London, (the babies are going), and work for several months and then take a marvelous vacation in Spain. That’s the plan, anyway. Mr. Goldwyn, Joel’s boss, might say no.

Joel likes to be an active part of things. He can’t stand to sit in a grandstand and watch horse races, or boys play football no sir-ee, he wants to be out there on the horse’s back, or out there with a half-back on the grid. Consequently he cares nothing for races and sports unless he can participate in them. He loathes bridge with fine and beautiful loathing, and he can’t say much for foot parlor games; he’d much rather read a book. Conversation is not a lost art with him and after dinner on the McCrea ranch you’ll be asked to talk, and listen to Joel talk, and what’s more you’ll love it. He likes bright scarfs, salami and roast lamb, and could eat ice cream and chocolate cake three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. He never gets fat. When he was in high school he made the championship Volley Ball Team of the Santa Monica Beach. While he still goes to the Club at least one Sunday out of the month to play volleyball with the boys—he’s captain of the team. He’s a very loyal, constant kind of guy.

Joel has one parlor trick of which he is very proud. It seems that while he was making “Barbary Coast” and “Splendor” with Miriam Hopkins the set was over-run with hundreds of Miriam simply goes mad for them though she swears she doesn’t believe a thing they tell her. So Joel got interested in the “mystic” racket and one day a publicity man told him how he could hypnotize people. Joel tried it and it worked. He is very proud of being a hypnotist. I walked on the set one day when he was hypnotizing Helen Westley and it looked pretty authentic to me, though I don’t know, I don’t know!

**Femi-nities**

**New Beauty under the Sun!**

Achieve flattering tan, minus sunburn, with Barbara Gould Sun Beauty Cream.

IT’S with us again—that perennial problem of how to get a becoming tan without sunburn or skin damage. Barbara Gould has solved it with a perfectly dandy Sun Beauty Cream. It won’t be noticed on your skin because it’s vanishing and leaves a smooth, non-oily finish. Nevertheless, it does a most efficient job of filtering out the harsh sun-burning rays and inuring a gradual tan, lovely and rich in color. It guards against coarsened texture and the excessive dryness that leads to lines. Barbara Gould has a Sun Beauty Lotion, too, which is like a fine liquid powder and contains the same protective ingredients. And for those of you who like to glisten in the sun, there’s her Sun Beauty Oil.

IF YOU have a sort of sinking feeling in your pride every time you step on the scales, resolve right now to make this summer count for reducing! The easiest time to reduce, both pounds and inches, is in hot weather. We’re enthusiastic about the Perfolastic girdle to get those hips, thighs, and "tummy" in shape. But quite of being rubber, it’s surprisingly comfortable to wear, as there’s a soft, smooth fabric lining next your skin. And the little perforations let your skin breathe at the same time they carry on an effective reducing massage. If you have a "spare tire" above your waistline, you’ll want a Perfolastic girdle with a brassiere attached for ironing out that roll.

You'll learn for yourself how naturally beautiful your eyelashes can be when you've touched them up with Tattoo cream mascara. Each tiny hair is colored instantly and evenly from its base to its tip. No water is necessary and Tattoo takes only a minute to apply. We find it waterproof and lasting, and we like it for eyebrows, too. May be had in black for brunettes, a rich natural shade of brown for blondes, or fashionable blue. The tube and brush come in a cunning little black satin bag.

One of the cleverest gadgets we've seen for shaping eyebrows is "Twissors." It's an efficient pair of tweezers that looks like dainty manicure scissors. You hold it just like scissors to grasp the hair (which it does with a "bull-grip"), then a quick pull and the job's done. One special advantage of Twissors is that it's curved in a way to give an unobstructed view of the hair you're pursuing. It comes with lavender, lilac, green, or yellow. It's unbelievably ingenious. If you've probably guessed, it's a product of Kurlash, makers of those instant eyelash curlers that are responsible for so much starry-eyed allure.

For the Summer afternoon daintiness that's so vital to romantic moments, you need a perspiration check that won't let you down. Such is Nonspi. It's a clear liquid antiperspirant for under-arms that completely keeps the skin cool, and it's so non-sticky it can't possibly be spilt or noticed. Your skin is cooler, softer, and more beautiful, all day. No red marks, no problem, no skin irritation. Nonspi is Nonspi, and it's a Nonspi triumph.

If you've despaired of ever aspiring to facial beauty on account of a blemish or a scar, here's your chance! The latest product for breaking up these points is called "Conceal." It comes in a. tube that'll cover a spot completely. It vanishes into the pores and won't show, or be felt. You can wash without washing out. It's water-proof and will stay on 24 hours unless you remove it yourself with cleansing cream or soap and water.

*For July 1936*
The Truth About Boyer

Continued from page 26

English language well enough yet. Some-
day I hope to own one of the finest libraries
in the world. I love good books with a
passion. The outside world does not exist
for me, when I am able to lose myself in
reading.

As we sat there talking, I wondered why
of all my films, I went back to France for
a dull conversationalist. In the last five
minutes he had discussed his books; his
great admiration for Guitry, the famous
French actor, were interesting. Mentions
new things for the screen; his aversion
to talking about personal things that have
no bearing on his acting career; his ad-
discovery that Clark Gable, who is almost
were influencing the European magazines,
by making them interested in the private
lives of the stars; the importance he gives
since Clarridge, and be he's think he they
should be cherished; the untrue rumor that
his wife Pat Paterson is "expecting," and
then we got on the subject of Clark Gable.
Before an Autumn's Eve switched boxes to
Clark, I came right out and asked Boyer
why some people think him dull. I cited
the case of a certain blonde star, who sat
next to him all evening at a dinner party.
Afterwards she remarked that he didn't
have a word to say to her. (Being a gent-
leman I omitted the 'blonde's name, be-
cause she'll probably turn out to be his
next leading lady). "Perhaps," said Boyer,
"the lady didn't have a word to say to me."
"I think Clark Gable is to be greatly
admired," said Boyer next. "There are not
many actors who could remain as unspoiled
in the face of such great popularity. I re-
member the first time I saw Clark on the
M-G-M lot. I did not know his name then,
but he was playing a milkman in a picture
with Constance Bennett. I had enjoyed a
nice success on the Parisian stage for fif-
ten years. When M-G-M decided to make
foreign versions, they signed me and
brought me over. I did the French versions
of "The Big House" and 'The Trial of
Mary Dugan.' I was perfectly happy as I
was doing the work. I had been hired for.
"I took a trip back to France. In the mean-
time, a different version of the picture
was decided against foreign versions. None of
Clark Gable's pictures had been released in Europe yet,
but everyone was talking about the effort. You
and I, of course, have scored such a great
success. I came back to Hollywood to finish
out my contract. To my surprise, I dis-
covered that the studio, who had no pictures for me, as I had been
hired to speak in French. They promised
me the leads in 'Letty Lynton,' 'Grand
Hotel,' and 'My Man Godfrey.' But when
were renewed until they decided against
my accent. It was an awful feeling after
my success in Europe, suddenly to find
myself unwanted.

'When they made 'Red Headed Woman,'
I was given the small role of the chauffeur.
I didn't mind that at all. I knew my line
would have nothing with the English lan-
guage stood in my way. But it would be
very embarrassing for me in Paris, where
I could not speak a word. I went to Mrs.
Laughton and told him my story. He kindly
promised that this picture would never be
shown in my own country.

Something happened during the making
of that picture that I shall always remem-
ber. Naturally, at the time I never expected
to be a Hollywood star. I don't think I am
one to lose my head, but it is hard to say
what one would do until he is put to the
test. Besides as I said before, I had my
fifteen years of experience behind me.

'Mr. Conway, the director, gave me a
scene to do, in which I was supposed
to open a door and say a few lines. Because
I was around strange people and realized
my English was poor, I looked down at the
floor, as I fumbled with the door-knob.

"'Mr. Boyer," said Mr. Conway, not
very quietly and not too kindly, 'don't you
know how to open a door? And when you
talk to people, can't you look them in the
eye?"

'It isn't very important now, but it was
then. I couldn't tell him I had been opening
doors for fifteen years. I couldn't insist
that I was an experienced actor, because
there was no way I could prove it. That was
little niggling and a very bad lesson. I don't say my head would have been
turned now, if it hadn't happened. But since
my luck has changed here, people who
never know the country of their every
way to be nice. It's such definite proof of
how shallow fame can be.

Fatal charm's cause and effect, are illustrated by Mary Ellis and Walter Pidgeon for us here.

When I finished my M-G-M contract
I went back to France for three years. Mr.
Sheehan signed me for Fox, and I was
brought out again. This time I was brought
out as a star. They knew who I was and
what I could do. I am not a dancer and
not the type to have my hair curled. They
insisted that I play such a rôle and I re-
belled. After seeing myself in that picture,
I went to the front office. I had worked
nine weeks. My contract guaranteed that
they pay me for twenty-two weeks' work.
I gave them back the money that was
rightfully mine, in order to be free.

My present arrangement with Walter
Wanger is a pleasant one. I have six
months out of every year to go back to
Europe. I can feel it is absolutely necessary
for an actor to get away, if he hopes to
create new things. In Hollywood one needs nothing but pictures.
If you go out socially, you see picture
people and talk picture business. On the
screen we have to portray donors, mer-
chants, thieves. How can we portray those
people if we never come in contact with
them? Acting is taking out of life and
applying what you have already put into
it. A person must reach out for life and accept every experience.

'With the exception of Leslie Howard,
Paul Muni, and Charles Laughton, most
actors sound alike. They do not read lines
the way that Clark Gable can. They
read them their way, because it is the
only way they know. Unless the actor
happens to be a friend, you can go to a
shop, choose your lines in the dictionary,
and read it can be read again and again by
different persons. You'll never know the
difference. Even the man in a service station will look at you and say, 'I've heard your name, something like, 'You sure were swell in your last picture? That same sentence in real life or on the screen could be said to make a dozen different meanings. Usually,
the service station man has no ulterior
motive. But an actor must be prepared
to say or do anything and make it believable.
They're successful in the abstract, and
make you feel you can believe anything of
those lines. Some of their localities are
real old warhorses from Hollywood part of the year, if I ever
expect to keep a fresh perspective.'

Charles Boyer confided that he feels his best work is yet to come, for he is more
familiar with the English language. Because
he is not capable of using words and giving
them different meanings by inflection or
intonation, he must rely on the director and
sort of repeat them in poll-parrot fashion.
He feels that when he learns to use the
English language spontaneously, then he
can depend upon his own emotion to give it
true value.

Where don't be confused that Boyer speaks bad
English. His use is perfect, but his pro-
unciation is not what he would have it.
Incidentally, during a conversation, when
he stumbles across a word, he has a flut-
tering little way of asking you to help him
out. At all times when he talks to you, his
eyes never leave your face. They have
decided twinkle that is not necessarily
cured by errant or sense of humor. Boyer
reflects a certain zest for life that
comes out in his conversation. He is one of
the few foreign actors who lacks an
observable aggressive manner. You are
convinced of a certain smouldering feeling
of importance. He has a gentlemanly way
of keeping it to himself and not forcing it
on others.

Just before we entered the drawing
room, I asked Charles Boyer about Maurice
Chevalier. I knew he was very unhappy when he left Hollywood and greatly
misunderstood by those who came in con-
tact with him. Francis Lederer had often
spoken of his great admiration for Che-
valier and what a loss his talent was to the
American screen.

Maurice Chevalier is very happy and very
successful in Paris. But he is really an artist, a sincere person, and makes
no pretense of being anything but
what he is. He is an extremely shy per-
son and therefore makes enemies when he
wanted to make friends. He had a great
capacity for friendship and was terribly
hurt when those closest friends for him, were too busy leaving the
Hollywood life to spare him a few
moments.

'The rule, when a person writes about
a handsome star, who has a mellowed voice
that makes the ladies swoon, who makes
love as only a European can make it—the
word 'charming' comes in at least once
during the story. I hope Charles Boyer
doesn't mind. I do think he's charming. I'd
much rather say I knew he was a rather
grand guy.
Romantic Grace Moore is practical, too

She adores Luxables — insists on Lux care

Grace Moore loves luxury in clothes — that's the grand opera in her! Yet she won't run the slightest risk of having her lovely things spoiled with careless washing.

Linen suits, trim sports clothes, Luxable silks and rayons, frothy cottons, so ravishing for summer, are easy to keep superbly fresh her Lux way!

"Lovely colors and fragile fabrics come out of Lux gloriously new-looking, time after time," she declares.

Luxing is different from ordinary washing — protects you from cake-soap rubbing, soaps containing harmful alkali that may fade color, weaken threads. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux!

Specified in the big Hollywood studios... "We use Lux to restore the freshness of all kinds of things, from elaborate period costumes to slim-fitting modern clothes," says William Bridgehouse, wardrobe supervisor at Columbia. "The camera can't find the slightest imperfection!"

Hollywood says: DON'T TRUST TO LUCK, TRUST TO
Her Tennis Stroke is 
Correctly Timed

-too bad her laxative wasn't!

HER swing is a marvel of precision and timing . . . What a pity she didn't know that correct timing is vital in a laxative, too!

You see, when you take a laxative into your system, you can't afford to take chances. Look out for harsh, over-acting cathartics that might upset you, nauseate you, cause stomach pains, leave you weak and dragged down. Such laxatives abuse you internally. Their after-effects are unpleasant, sometimes dangerous.

DEMAND CORRECT TIMING
Just what is meant by correct timing in a laxative? Simply this: a correctly timed laxative takes from 6 to 8 hours to be effective. Its action is gentle and gradual, yet completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It won't throw your system out of rhythm. No stomach pains, no nausea. No unpleasant after-effects of any sort. Ex-Lax works so naturally that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

PLEASANT TO TAKE
Ex-Lax is not only kind to your system—it's kind to your taste, too. Its flavor is just like smooth, delicious chocolate. All druggists sell Ex-Lax in economical 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Get a box today!

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

beautiful partner to Hollywood functions,” he admits. “Confidentially, all that appears in gossip columns isn't gospel. I mean, when you have a date it isn't necessarily proof that you're secretly engaged!”

He leaned back in the chintz-covered chair which he filled rather alarmingly and smiled. His amazing olive complexion accentuates the extraordinary blue of his eyes. A symphony in his favorite shade of brown, his nonchalant sports attire was what every young man ought to wear to be impressively casual.

“I'm like a feather in the breeze. And it's a new sensation. Until recently I've 'gone steady' with some special girl, and I felt as though I were cheating if I even glanced at anyone else.”

“But I truly haven't any plans for marrying soon, I'm not ready to settle down, and if I were I don't see how I could make much of a husband at this stage of the game. When you're trying to rise in the movie world you have to be on top for business before pleasure.”

The whole truth about Bob's love status is, then, that there's come a pause. He's asking various girls out, and he is not that-way about a single one of them. Freelozing is his current phase.

Because he is thoroughly normal he enjoys going to the popular cafés when he can. To him excellent food, soft lights, and sweet music is an irresistible set-up. A radio chatterer accused him of too much social carrying-on. Actually, he has never given a party and he and Miss Trocadero on an average of once a week. His check is merely average; Bob is exceedingly temperate with his cocktails.

At the moment Barbara Stanwyck is garnering a generous share of his attention; yes. But I believe both of them when they assure me it's not a great passion. There's a pleasant companionship.

“Barbara is swell,” he vows when you mention her name. “She's keen for tennis and previews; she's intelligent and doesn't get into gobs of make-up. Which is a tip-off to some of the Taylor requirements. He assumes he hasn't any, but he has his shrewd guesses.”

Ex-Lax works so naturally that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

The Gay Romances of Robert Taylor

Continued from page 33

watching every expression in order to snappily wisecrack back at you. Bob's not given to embarrassing you but has the most supple, funny jibes. Nor will you ever be annoyed, wondering where you stand with him. He doesn't treat himself to those exasperating mystery moods.

The next lass who's lucky and enchanting him won't have to worry over his faithfulness, for in spite of his determination to do plenty of diversifying he's instinctively a one-woman man. He may endeavor to be a merry blade, but so far he has never been genuinely fickle.

When Bob was in college he didn't treat all the co-eds to his affections. No, ma'am! He chose one fellow feminine student and invited her to all the movies, and moonlight drives, and at the proms he danced nearly all the dances with her.

That Romance Number One lasted until they received their diplomas and each was off to tilt with grown-up lessons. Bob was breaking into the studios when he met a non-professional miss who was glamorous incarnate. He has been queried as to why he prefers to be seen with glamorous women.

That's an odd question, in his estimation, for the actress he has dated hasn't been the woman-of-the-world kind at all. He has never told it before, but for eight months prior to his introduction to Irene Hervey he was crazy about a dazzling society lady. She was the exception to his general habit of liking straight-forward, "pal" persons.

He isn't apt to wake early in the morning and realize that what's making him so happy is love. Bob's never gone goofy over a girl at first sight. His emotions warm up gradually, developing from a satisfying companionship.

Because he has scored such a tremendous hit, his romance with Irene Hervey has been commented upon at length. Irene is the alert, sensible collegiate type, although she went directly from high school in Los Angeles to pictures. She was on the contract list at MGM when Bob landed there. As you'll remember, he was carefully coached for almost a year before being put into leads. And it was during that preparation period where he realized that Irene was so often studying together that they fell in love.

Then, after a while, something interfered. Fame was the villain. They agreed to "just
OF TEN you don’t realize how precious a snapshot is going to be. It can bring back the very feel of some day in the past—the thrill, the joy of some wonderful moment. Get your snapshots as you go along—and have them for keeps. And don’t take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

The snapshots you’ll want Tomorrow—you must take Today
Screenland

NED WAYBURN'S Dancing Teachers choose Nonspi TO BE SURE!

Picture Arts and Sciences gives its annual dinner for the purpose of awarding merits and half of Hollywood shows up and the other half stays away because the other half is mad at the Academy, or something. This is not meant as an indictment, or in any way a "siding" with, or against, any actor or producer group in Hollywood. Far be it from me to attempt to insinuate that actors may not have worthy ones, or to fight for and grievances to correct. But what I am trying to say is that as a true fan, I am not interested in reading about them day after day, or hearing about them, or news-flash after news-flash, over the radio. These are the behind-the-scenes-secrets of the movies. These are the working props that have no place on the gloriously set stage Hollywood presents in her guise of the world's most fascinating and colorful industry.

But Glamor, Mystery, Excitement — where are you in the news from Hollywood today?

Certainly they aren't to be found in the interviews granted by the stars who seem to have developed a permanent viewpoint of looking down on the movies. This gently patronizing air first reared its head with the advent of the stars to the talkies. It used to amuse the screen star to read where her aristocratic sister from the legitimate drama announced in broad "yo's" that she was only in Hollywood on a lark, because, (laughingly), no one could refuse to turn down such a ghastly amount of money, you know, but of course her real love was the theatre. It was all very indifferent and casual, and very funny to the natives who used to mimic, "It may be a lark to the Broadway stars — but it's crow's feet to the cameramen!"

Who could have suspected that in such a short time the disease of snootiness should have spread to such a degree that one of our best-known movie stars, (he was chatting with A. G. Vanderbilt out at Santa Anita at the time, and perhaps that accounts for everything), pretended he didn't remember the name of the last picture he had made? In fact, the entire mingling of the stars, seen and unseen, for the last races and the movie stars here for their health, or something — seemed to be at cross purposes. The 400 wanted to talk about the current gossip while the movie girls wanted to talk about the 400. You got the very definite impression that a great many people in Hollywood were really engaged in active pursuits other than movies — and sponsoring the arts — and their movie careers? Merely an eccentric little hobby.

Joan Crawford said something to me the other day that nearly knocked me off the green divan in her playroom, it was so close to the truth about what really ails Hollywood right now. She said: "I used to enjoy reading about Hollywood in the movie books and the newspapers. I was really a fan in that regard. If I interesting vital personality came along and I personally knew her, I did enjoy learning about her career and her personality and the obstacles she had overcome through the talent agencies. But I don't enjoy this any more. Too many picture stars are apologizing for their careers — and I have always been so proud of mine!"

And as long as there are fascinating, vivid personalities like Joan and Jean Harlow, and hard-working, conscientious, serious stars like Norma Shearer, Claudette Colbert, and Janet Gaynor, and proud kids like Robert Taylor, and queens of sex-appeal like Carole Lombard, and be-men actors like Gary Cooper and Clark Gable left on the scene to carry on in the old fashioned tradition — perhaps we won't have to talk about who is, or isn't, retiring from the lovely movies!

Are the Stars Fooling Themselves? Continued from page 23

Picture Arts and Sciences gives its annual dinner for the purpose of awarding merits and half of Hollywood shows up and the other half stays away because the other half is mad at the Academy, or something. This is not meant as an indictment, or in any way a "siding" with, or against, any actor or producer group in Hollywood. Far be it from me to attempt to insinuate that actors may not have worthy ones, or to fight for and grievances to correct. But what I am trying to say is that as a true fan, I am not interested in reading about them day after day, or hearing about them, or news-flash after news-flash, over the radio. These are the behind-the-scenes-secrets of the movies. These are the working props that have no place on the gloriously set stage Hollywood presents in her guise of the world's most fascinating and colorful industry.

But Glamor, Mystery, Excitement — where are you in the news from Hollywood today?

Certainly they aren't to be found in the interviews granted by the stars who seem to have developed a permanent viewpoint of looking down on the movies. This gently patronizing air first reared its head with the advent of the stars to the talkies. It used to amuse the screen star to read where her aristocratic sister from the legitimate drama announced in broad "yo's" that she was only in Hollywood on a lark, because, (laughingly), no one could refuse to turn down such a ghastly amount of money, you know, but of course her real love was the theatre. It was all very indifferent and casual, and very funny to the natives who used to mimic, "It may be a lark to the Broadway stars — but it's crow's feet to the cameramen!"

Who could have suspected that in such a short time the disease of snootiness should have spread to such a degree that one of our best-known movie stars, (he was chatting with A. G. Vanderbilt out at Santa Anita at the time, and perhaps that accounts for everything), pretended he didn't remember the name of the last picture he had made? In fact, the entire mingling of the stars, seen and unseen, for the last races and the movie stars here for their health, or something — seemed to be at cross purposes. The 400 wanted to talk about the current gossip while the movie girls wanted to talk about the 400. You got the very definite impression that a great many people in Hollywood were really engaged in active pursuits other than movies — and sponsoring the arts — and their movie careers? Merely an eccentric little hobby.

Joan Crawford said something to me the other day that nearly knocked me off the green divan in her playroom, it was so close to the truth about what really ails Hollywood right now. She said: "I used to enjoy reading about Hollywood in the movie books and the newspapers. I was really a fan in that regard. If I interesting vital personality came along and I personally knew her, I did enjoy learning about her career and her personality and the obstacles she had overcome through the talent agencies. But I don't enjoy this any more. Too many picture stars are apologizing for their careers — and I have always been so proud of mine!"

And as long as there are fascinating, vivid personalities like Joan and Jean Harlow, and hard-working, conscientious, serious stars like Norma Shearer, Claudette Colbert, and Janet Gaynor, and proud kids like Robert Taylor, and queens of sex-appeal like Carole Lombard, and be-men actors like Gary Cooper and Clark Gable left on the scene to carry on in the old fashioned tradition — perhaps we won't have to talk about who is, or isn't, retiring from the lovely movies!

Nonspi Safe

Nonspi is pronounced entirely safe by highest medical authority.

Nonspi can be used full strength by women whose delicate skin forces them to use deodorants half-strength, with only half-way results.

Nonspi protection lasts from two to five days...and you can depend on it.

Nonspi's siphon-top bottle prevents contamination. And there's no dripping or waste with this patented Nonspi applicator.

To be sure of protection...to be safe from skin irritation...insist on genuine Nonspi at all drug and department stores in the U.S.A. and Canada. It's 35c and 60c a bottle.
I NEVER WANT TO SEE ANOTHER SOUL AS LONG AS I LIVE

HER PIMPLY SKIN MADE ANN FEEL LIKE A TOTAL LOSS

I NEVER WANT TO SEE ANOTHER SOUL AS LONG AS I LIVE

HERE'S WONDERFUL NEWS, ANN... AUNT MARY WANTS YOU TO SPEND TWO WEEKS WITH THEM AT THE SEASHORE

OH, MOTHER... DON'T MAKE ME GO, PLEASE. I JUST C-COULD'T... NOT WITH MY FACE ALL BROKEN OUT LIKE THIS IT MAKES ME LOOK AWFUL

WHY DARLING... THOSE PIMPLES DO SEEM TO BE GETTING WORSE. I THINK WE'LL BETTER ASK THE DOCTOR WHAT TO DO FOR THEM

AND YOU REALLY THINK I CAN GET RID OF THESE PIMPLES?

INDEED I DO. EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FAITHFULLY. JUST AS I TOLD YOU, AND YOUR SKIN SHOULD CLEAR UP NICELY

LATER

ISN'T THIS DRESS JUST TOO DUCKY? AND NO PIMPLY FACE ON ME TO SPOIL IT. THANKS TO FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST, OH, I'M SO HAPPY. NOW I KNOW I'LL HAVE A GOOD TIME AT AUNT MARY'S!

ANN IS SUCH A DARLING... SO CUTE LOOKING AND SO FULL OF PEP!

YOU SAID IT. SHE'S A WINNER ALL RIGHT

Don't let Adolescent Pimples spoil YOUR vacation plans

A BROKEN-OUT skin is no help to any girl or boy who longs to be popular and have good times. But unfortunately, many young people are victims of this trouble.

After the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire body. The skin gets oversensitive. Harmful waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Thousands have found Fleischmann's Yeast a great help in getting rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly—one cake about 1/2 hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

—clears the skin by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated
Gary Cooper's Suppressed Desire

Continued from page 25

has no 'camera manners,' no less technique. Most actors, the minute they step in front of a camera, begin "sprucing up." Gary never even thinks about straightening his tie."

Now, on the set Gary finished his scene, and came over and sat down beside me. I happened to comment on the pictorial excellence of the set — good lines there — a set like this must be a real inspiration and for the first time in all my experiences with him, Gary grew eloquent. He raised his arm and pointed: "See that doorway over there, that arch — did you ever see lines like that in your life?"

I looked at it, and saw that he was looking through half-squinted eyes. I looked at his hands — my eyes traveling from his face down the long lean arm to his hand — the kind of hands that had knocked against the great out-of-doors, to the long tapering fingers that were, surprisingly enough, the fingers of an artist. I suddenly remembered, "Didn't I hear something once about your wanting to be an artist?"

I shall never forget the expression that came over his face. A warm, uncomfortable flush, yet not an unhappy one — rather a glow, like the kind you see when you remind a man of his first love. I suddenly sensed that that was what I was doing. Reminding Gary of his first love.

Gary's hand stopped pointing and dropped to his knees. Then in that husky-soft voice of his: "Yes, I used to think it might be fun, but I haven't done much about it lately. I exhibited some drawings at a California art show not long ago, but — well, it wasn't very successful."

"Why not? I should think it would have given you a lot of satisfaction."

"It didn't!" Gary said quickly. "You see, everyone said my things were 'very interesting,' but I had hoped for some real criticism on their value as 'art.' Nobody seemed to take them seriously — they thought I didn't, maybe — just the hobby of a movie mugger — nobody takes those things very seriously!"

"Then why not exhibit under another name some time?"

"I hadn't thought of that," said Gary. (Guileless Gary Cooper, even about his art.) Then he shrugged. "But maybe, some day — when all this is over — maybe then — Oh, hell! What's the use! I've been saying that for years!"

"Once an actor, always an actor," I taunted him.

And that was all that was needed to put him on the defensive again. "That's true, maybe, when one's born and raised to be an actor, but I wasn't! I should never have been one! My career — the start of it, at least — was just an accident."

True, it was just an accident, just happenstance. There's no grease paint in the conservative Cooper blood, none whatsoever. As everyone knows Gary came to California purely and simply to put his art on a paying basis. The newspaper back home couldn't pay him for his drawings and cartoons. Los Angeles papers probably could.

Yes, probably they could, but they didn't. Gary canvassed for a photographer for a while; then when that blew up he turned "extra" merely as a stop-gap. The tall lanky boy from Montana was hungry. But even those first few months on the movie sets he spent most of his time scribbling in his drawing book — an interesting face, a horse in action, a scratching dog. Most of his movie work was in Westerns, so most of his drawings were of lonely things — cowboys, horses, and cattle. As everyone holds his first love dearest — or thinks he does — so it's only natural that Gary should look back on that early work, and think longingly of the artist he might have been.

Of course, if it came to brass tacks, I doubt if Gary, or any of the stars, would ever trade his movie success for a gamble on "what might have been." Still, he can't help wishing and wondering. Movie fame passes away and celluloid is destroyed, but a man may be immortalized on canvas. Gary might have, I am sure, become a great painter of the West, the glorifier of the rolling Montana plains. It's easy to imagine his subjects: wild horses at round-up time; saddles and harnesses hanging in the stable; cow hands at grub; flowing manes against the sky — all the clean wind-swept life of his Montana prairies. In a way Gary has drawn these things in his celluloid characterizations. But just as a stage actor, now acting in the movies, looks back longingly to the days when he trod the "boards" so Gary looks back sentimentally to the days of his first medium.

There really is very little of the actor about him. Gary is much more the quiet, easy-going, imaginative introvert. His unusual lack of ego illustrates that. Why, there is nothing that even resembles an "exhibition complex" about him, and that, the psychologists tell us, is what makes an actor. Gary, for example, is probably the one and only big name in pictures who has never once kicked about "top billing." He doesn't kick because he's not afraid. He's not afraid about it. If they want to give me top billing in a picture, all right! I'll try my best to have co-star billing, that's all right with him, too. Then too, he's one of those few "near and far between" who have pays the slightest attention to whether or not he's getting all the "glamor" that the other man.

He'd just as soon stand in the background any day. Again, he never uses the tricks of the trade that others use to loosen them.
The most tragic triangle of all—

HUSBAND...WIFE and FEAR

Back of most marriage failures, say family doctors, is woman's fear, born of ignorance and half-truths. "Lysol" would help to prevent many such needless tragedies.

Ignorance of proper marriage hygiene, and the "incompatibility" it brings, is estimated to be the cause of more than half the divorces in America today.

The nervous fears of a wife...her natural reluctance to be frank about such a delicate subject...a husband's puzzled resentment. These are the rocks on which thousands of marriages crash.

How stupid—how sad—that this tragedy should go recklessly on—when there is one simple method which has earned the confidence of millions of women who use it regularly...the "Lysol" method.

There are two important properties of "Lysol" which make it valuable in antiseptic marriage hygiene. (1) It has an exceptional spreading quality; it reaches germs where many ordinary methods can't reach. And, (2) it remains effective in the presence of organic matter (mucus, serum, etc.) when many products don't work.

Yet in the proper solution, "Lysol" is dependable and harmless to sensitive tissue. So dependable and harmless, it is used in the delicate operation of childbirth.

The use of "Lysol" gives a reassuring sense of antiseptic cleanliness. But, far more important, it gives you peace of mind, free from that tension of suspense that leads to so many needless heartaches.

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"
1. Safety..."Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. Effectiveness..."Lysol" is a true germicide, which means that it kills germs under practical conditions...even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work when they meet with these conditions.
3. Penetration..."Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus virtually search out germs.
4. Economy..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. Odor...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears immediately after use.
6. Stability..."Lysol" keeps its full strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is unsealed.

New Lysol Hygienic Soap...for bath, hands, and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Lysol & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. S7

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name________________________
Street________________________
City__________________________
State________________________

© 1936, Lysol & Fink, Inc.
Hastily he explained, "Not that I want to spare her life's knockers; that would be cruel, for the only way we learn is by overcoming obstacles, but I want to help her meet them in the best possible way!"

Speaking of knockers, he told me, with one of his most contagious chuckles, about the winding stairway in the new home and what a temptation the shining bannisters are to Carol Ann. After a week of skinned knees and bruised shins, he decided that the only way to keep her out of mischief was to cover the railing with velvet. Now, if that isn't the height of necessity's invention, you tell one!

Wally went on, more seriously: "I want Carol Ann to know something about life before she bumps into it; I never want her to be surprised. I've watched so many young things growing up and I have a theory that it is a sudden surprise at a critical moment, when one is wholly unprepared, that causes many of the troubles. You see, I believe that knowledge strips away the mystery that surrounds the unknown and so often takes the imagination of children into high gear trying to figure out the ordinary things of life. Perhaps being on her guard may deprive her of a few illusions, but after all most of youth's illusions are false and when they crash they leave pretty bad wreckage that is difficult to adjust. I want to spare her a few of these crashes."

"I take Carol Ann everywhere with me for I want her to become accustomed to people and places, and to know how to act. She loves to fly—she says that kids don't know what fear is. Often when I go on location for my pictures I take her along, then we go automobiling, have picnics, and even step out occasionally to go to a café for dinner. She is always a game little sport and it is positively uncanny how she understands subjects that are far beyond her years. She is one of the few who know without ever being taught."

With another chuckle, he continued, "She's so sweet, so demonstrative, so affectionate. Every time she comes in my bed looking so cunning in her pigtails and long nightie—she adores pink ones, and we go through a regular routine. I say, 'How did you sleep last night?' And she replies, 'Oh, very well, thank you, and I had the beautifuldest dream that you were going to take me to the Vendome for a luncheon.'"

"Well, on days when I'm not working, I do take her to the Vendome, and we usually meet up with some of the comic artists for luncheon. I never exclude her, nor push her into the background or make her feel she is an extra one in the party. She is completely at ease and can carry on an intelligent conversation and never monopolizes the attention and she knows perfectly well when to keep still."

"At home, when we entertain, we always have her with us to greet the guests and we treat her quite like a grown-up daughter. Then, she disappears to the nursery. There is no 'mystery' to the party down there or the young lady about it, and she takes it from her mind. In the meantime she is getting the benefit of valuable rehearsals that will make her perfect in her part when she is older."

Wally buys all of Carol Ann's clothes and it is heartwarming to see the two, hand in hand, strolling through the exclusive Beverly Hills shops, while he selects her tiny panties, her slip-on sweaters, frilly dresses, and even delicate perfumes, which he permits her to use on very special occasions. Over her hats, they debate long and seriously.

"It's the pigtails," grinned the fond dad, "that liven them up. There are ten million children in screwy curls and permanent waves, but as long as her hair is straight it is going to stay uncurled with no hairdressers. I've learned that all hats aren't becoming to her."

Carol Ann made her second trip to Europe last summer and when Mrs. Beery decided to return home because she was not well, the baby and her nurse went on with Wally. It was not an easy task, for it was known that the child suddenly became conscious that her daddy didn't look like the other men. So Wally reluctantly put on his tuxedo every evening for dinner. He says making him dress up was the height of his devotion but he couldn't fail her, she was so thrilled with the formality, and always wore her prettiest little frocks.

In London, Wallace stayed at the Savoy Hotel, taking an apartment nearby for the baby and nurse, so she could have her rest and plenty of food.

"Carol Ann is a good little sight-seeing tourist," continued the indulgent father. "Early one morning she came to Buckingham Palace to watch the changing of the Guard, and she never wearied of the impressive ceremony. However, the event of the day was coming to the Savoy for tea in the afternoon. It was all like a party to her and she loved to watch the beautiful ladies in their beautiful clothes."

And he added with a chuckle, "She knew
the ones she liked best and always picked out a few favorites. Then, if I'd ask her to stay for dinner, her day was complete. But the little rascal would accept with the proviso, saying, "Will you put on your dinner clothes?" I had to be correct to the last detail, too, she is so observing. I got so I didn't mind it and we had lots of fun together. She's a very comfortable companion—do you know what I mean?

"I flew to Holland, Budapest, and other points of interest, leaving her in London; but when I returned at last, I told her about Holland she recalled the pictures in her books at home, showing the children in picturesque costumes, so I had to do a repeat, and we flew back together.

"Carol Ann went wild over the dresses and wooden shoes and of course, I bought her some. Here's a joke. When we landed in New York, we had twelve or fourteen pieces of baggage and I told her I didn't know about bringing in those wooden shoes but if the inspector said anything, for her to speak right up, I gave the fellow a wink so when she walked up to him and with a tear in her voice, explained that the shoes only cost twenty-five cents and she wanted to wear them with her Dutch dresses when she went to parties in Hollywood, he was lenient and let her have them. To this day she talks about that nice man—he sure made a hit with her!

"We spent her fifth birthday in Brussels, and after viewing the castle and cathedrals, we celebrated with a dinner in a beautiful café. That evening, I'm sure, added a page to her memory that will never be effaced. "It is fun to do things for her because she is so responsive and appreciative and gets such a kick out of even the simplest things. She is always gay and happy; she doesn't know what discontentment is, and she has brought so much real happiness into my life."

Among the amusing things Wally told me was once, after giving a broadcast one evening, he returned home and asked, "Well, honey, how did you like my scene from "Viva Villa"?" She replied, "I liked it best when you died but oh, daddy, why didn't you die sooner so Harry Richman could sing another song?"

"Her future?" Wally repeated my question. "First she must have her education; then she can choose her own career. I shall not influence her. I believe every-

---

**EVERYBODY SAYS HE NEGLECTS HER, BUT...**

**MRS. LANE SEES HER DENTIST**

BAD BREATH COMES FROM TEETH?

EXACTLY! MOST BAD BREATH IS DUE TO DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN THE CREVICES BETWEEN THE TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.

**FRIDAY NIGHT—TWO WEEKS LATER**

I'M HOME EARLY, DEAR! THOUGHT I'D TAKE MY BEST GIRL STEPPING TONIGHT!

SHE ACCEPTS WITH PLEASURE, DARLING!

HOW GLAD I AM I TOOK THE DENTIST'S ADVICE ABOUT COLGATE!

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

---

**Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!**

LEADING dental authorities are agreed: "Most bad breath is caused by improperly cleaned teeth!"

Decaying food deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are by far the most common source of this social handicap—and of much tooth decay. Colgate Dental Cream has a special penetrating foam which thoroughly cleans each hidden crevice; and a soft grit-free ingredient which safely polishes the enamel ... makes smiles sparkle.

So brush your teeth, gums, tongue with Colgate's at least twice daily. If you are not entirely satisfied, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N.J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.

---

*Looks more like the real thing than acting at Dick Foran and Alma Lloyd portray love here.*
Carole and Bill Together Again!

Continued from page 21

remarked Mr. La Cava casually, "Do you think Miss Brady would mind doing the scene again? Will someone be so kind as to find Miss Brady? Carole, the goat's munching time."

Gregory La Cava, in a case you didn't know, is president of the Irresponsible Hollywood. He was elected president by the other irresponsible ones. He is the most famous train ride. It seems that and W. C. Fields bought tickets for San Francisco, but imagine the surprise the following night to find themselves passing through Albuquerque on the way to Kansas City. It was also La Cava who but completely won over la belle Collette in their conception of the "She Married Her Boss" set. Returning from lunch Claudette found printed on her stage dressing-room door in large letters: "THE FRIGHTENING FROG—HER PUDDLE."

Well, it seems that Alice Brady doesn't like to do anything very long at a time except play "Monopoly" (called "Monotony" by Carole), and every second she can slip away from the cameras she is behind a prop some place buying up the Pennsylvania Railroad. Bill Powell plays with her sometimes, and sometimes Carole, but Carole doesn't get much of a kick out of buying up part of the future Hollywood stars who doesn't own a foot of land, and Bill always remembers that huge hunk of good earth and house he owns in Beverly Hills and the taxes coming due and that makes him feel sick, so Alice has discovered that the game is far more satisfactory when played with a few technicians and hair-dressers.

"Oh, all right, all right," said Alice to the assistant director. "Tell Mr. La Cava I will be there directly. It's most inspiring of him wanting me now. I'm in Jail. See, in Jail. Now run away, young man, run away. I'll come just as soon as I get out of Jail." "Miss Brady's in Jail," the assistant director announced matter-of-factly to the assembled cast. "She can't come."

"Well, we might let us know when she's going to Jail," complained Carole. "I could have gone up to my new house this afternoon and watched the new cat, I have the biggest set of anything you've ever seen. No matter what hour of the day or night I drop in to see things are progressing those little men are working—and on my time. But they always have such divine cake, chocolate with a lot of whipped cream goo, that it's a pleasure to drop in on them. They promised me suzettes on Thursday. Do you think I will go to Jail on Thursday? Look at that goat, look at that goat! What do you suppose is my fatal fascination for goats! Mr. Powell, help, help!"

But Mr. Powell wasn't listening. He had taken up with Josephine, (the monkey), and was cuddling her in his arms. Josephine takes her pictures very seriously and was getting in the mood for her next scene. "Which is the monkey that inspired me, Mr. Powell, holding Josephine cheek to cheek. "The one who isn't house-broken," remarked Mr. Pangborn. "We'll excuse you, William."

Shrieks of exultation came from behind a little something that was left over from "The Great White Hope" and Mr. Carole finally gathered his remaining little group of thespians together for the play must go on.

Well, you can take my word for it, "My Sweet Godfrey" is going to be a knockdown, drag-out laugh riot that will have
you reeling from the theatre in a complete hysterical collapse. It’s a screwy story to begin with, and directed by Mad Gregory, and with those gay cut-ups, Lombard, Powell, Brady and Pangborn giving of their insanity it just can’t miss being the funniest picture of the year. I’m laughing already.

But, I repeat, it wasn’t to laugh that I drove out to the Universal studios that afternoon. It was to drool. For was I not to see Carole Lombard and William Powell, who had been in love in real life not so long ago, making love in the cinema studios? To recall in the light of this reunion how Carole Lombard arrived at the Paramount Hollywood studios in the Fall of 1930 after making “Fast and Loose” for Paramount in New York, and as a prize for her good performance in that picture she was allowed to be the great William Powell’s second leading lady in “Ladies’ Man”—Kay Francis rating the top spot. Carole was taken over to the Powell dressing-room on Star Row and introduced to Mr. Powell, and to keep the records clear it might be noted that when the Powell contract was up at Paramount and Bill moved to Warner Brothers that Carole took over his dressing-room and has lived in it ever since, refusing to budge, even though the new dressing-rooms are supposed to be more chic. Well, anyway, Carole and Bill fell hopelessly and romantically and quite crazily as is to be expected in love during the production of “Ladies’ Man.” And Carole quite frankly admitted to everybody: “I love him. But I wouldn’t marry him for anything in the world.” Obviously, Miss Lombard married him. It took eight months for him to coax her. They married in June, 1931. They were divorced in August, 1933. They ceased being married in time to become excellent friends.

Well, I assure you that when I reached the “My Man Godfrey” set I found it neither the time nor the place for drooling. I have it on good authority that when Miss Lombard and Mr. Powell met on the set the first day of production Carole said, “Hello, Bill,” and Bill said, “Hello, Carole, how do you want to make of that? Then Bill said, “How is Brownie?” (Brownie, a dachshund with a sweet disposition and bad breath, was a birthday present to Carole from Bill shortly before the divorce, and has become one of the most famous dogs in Hollywood).

“Oh, Brownie has become a father,” said Carole, “his little daughter, la Cattessa, is one of the sweetest puppies you’ve ever seen. I’ll bring her to the studio one day. And you must meet the Duchess—she’s a cat. We’re going in for royalty these days—it’s the English influence. Brownie has become a celebrity chaser of the worst sort; he’ll probably start social climbing next. Ever since Pushy, the Killer made his début with me in ‘Love Before Breakfast’ Brownie has been so busy basking in Pushy’s glamour that he doesn’t even tear up my slippers now. Just a pushover for a movie star.”

Dogs, it seems, not love, was the subject of conversation between Carole and Bill that day. Now wouldn’t I get a break like that? Yes, I just built myself up for an awful let-down. There’ll be no undertones of romance, no shadows of a lost love, hot dog, Carole and Bill are just two perfectly grand people, who like each other in a plain, old sort of way, and who are more concerned right now in making a first rate comedy that will have you in stitches than they are in anything else.

Well, little brain, I may say you did your best to stir up something there. In fact I may say, “Little brain, you’ve had a busy day.”

**DENTYNE—FOR A HEALTHIER MOUTH.** Our early forefathers’ teeth were kept in good condition by natural means — by foods that required plenty of chewing. Our foods today are soft — we need Dentyne because its special firmness encourages more vigorous chewing — gives mouth and gums healthful exercise and massage, and promotes self-cleansing. Dentyne works in the natural way to keep your mouth healthy — your teeth splendidly sound and white.

**INDEXHAUSTIBLE FLAVOR!** You can’t chew it out. Smoothness with a tag — a breath of spice — Dentyne’s distinctive flavor is an achievement in sheer deliciousness. You’ll appreciate the shape of the Dentyne package, too — smartly flat (an exclusive feature) — just right to slide handily into your pocket or purse.

**Keeps teeth white — mouth healthy**

---

**DENTYNE CHEWING GUM**

**DENTYNE DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM**

---

**“Dentyne Takes Double Prize**

—For Aid to Mouth Health—

For Fine Flavor!”

---

---

THE STORY SO FAR

Amid a blaze of publicity, Ruth Quirk, former salesgirl in a five and ten-cent store in a mill town, departs for Hollywood, the winner of a beauty contest. Hopeful for her success, but bitterly disappointed that the pretty girl he loves is thus separated from him, Steve Tyndall, manager of Bend River's lone telegraph station, keeps informed of Ruth's progress through telegrams that Ruth, now known as Viola Palmer, sends to her mother. As glowing reports of promised contracts give way to less optimistic news, Steve becomes concerned. Then a wire from Ruth tells that she is returning to Bend River. Steve is thrilled as he reads the wire addressed to Ruth's mother.

(Continued from page 29)

started off over the rough pavement of Sixteenth Street.

"Pretty hot, said Joe, as Steve re-entered the office. But Steve pretended not to have heard him.

"Miss Palmer?" said Steve next morning. "I've got a bunch of wires here for you. Want me to read 'em?"

"Please," said Ruth at the other end of the wire. It struck him that her Middle Western accent seemed as marked as when he had heard it in the movie. You didn't notice it so much when she was standing right in front of you.

MISS VIOLA PALMER
376 North 23rd Street
Bend River, Ohio

DOING EVERYTHING IN OUR POWER TO INTEREST PEO-
PONT STOP ESSENTIAL YOU GIVE US
time to sound marines.

MISS VIOLA PALMER
376 North 23rd Street
Bend River, Ohio

MISS VIOLA PALMER
376 North 23rd Street
Bend River, Ohio

DOING MY BEST WITH PIPE KEE-
P YOUR CHINS UP WE'VE ALL BEEN
THROUGH THE MILL.

DODO

"Is that all?" asked Ruth, when he'd finished.

"That's all right now."

"O.K.," she said, "I'll be here in case anything else comes in," and rang off.

Steve pictured her sitting alone there in the hotel room, waiting for the phone to ring, waiting for a more cheering message. When three days had passed and still nothing had come, he found the old dreams struggling for possession of his mind. Maybe she wasn't so far beyond his reach as he'd imagined. Maybe she'd enjoy living peacefully in Bend River again, going to the movies with a fellow she could depend on. All these Eddies and Louis and Frankies didn't seem to amount to much.

Steve couldn't understand why he wasn't torn by jealousy. If she'd wired to just one, he decided, it would have been worse. Safety lay in numbers.

On the fifth day—he hadn't seen her again—his day-dreams were shattered.

MISS VIOLA PALMER
376 North 23rd Street
Bend River, Ohio

GLAD TO INFORM YOU WE HAVE
ARRANGED DEAL WITH MODERN
ART STOP SALARY AND TERMS
SENSATIONAL STOP FURTHER DE-
TAILS ON ARRIVAL TAKE NEXT
PLANE.

PINKLECAT

It was a night letter. He read it to her over the phone at 8:05 in the morning.

"Well—" said Ruth, "at last," as though she'd known all along that the only possible outcome of her releases must be a new contract with sensational terms and salary. She whirled into the office at noon and
flung a packet of wires on the counter. "Got to fly," she gasped. "Catching the Cleveland plane," and was gone before he could wish her luck. He heard the roar of the motor outside and caught sight of a young man at the wheel.

"Maybe Harry came down," he thought, returning to his Simplex. The telegrams, all collect, were addressed to various people in Hollywood. It made Steve's head and heart ache to read them.

She was gone again—farther from him than ever before. It was as though Steve had caught a fugitive glimpse of her life through a peephole—the strange, indescribably exciting life of a movie star—and as though that glimpse had made the separation final. The way she looked, the way her mind worked, her cares, her joys, her desires—those things had nothing to do with the Ruth he knew; with the girl he'd taken to the movies and whose lips had quivered under his. She was something dazzling now—a beautiful woman in a glinting evening gown, her shoulders bare—an actress in Hollywood—a name in the papers—a picture on a magazine cover.

For such was the metamorphosis actually undergone by Viola Palmer during the next six months. Fame was hers even before her picture was finished. The public knew who she was, even though they'd never seen her on the screen. Steve read all the publicity in the fan magazines—information to the effect that Pierpont was spending hundreds of thousands on the campaign for his new star—ironical doubts as to whether he'd ever get his money back—respectful comments on the inestimable taste and flair of the veteran producer.

One day Rolly showed up—Rowland Lyman, the man who had first interviewed Ruth in the Five-and-Ten.

"Hello, old man," he said, fingering his hat on the counter. "What'll you take for an article?"

Steve didn't know what he was talking about. It turned out that Rolly wanted to write a story entitled, "The Man Who Knew Viola Palmer," for which Steve was supposed to supply the material.

"How do you know I knew Ruth?" he inquired, taken aback.

Rolly's laughter boomed. "I've got the three requisites of a good reporter. First, excellent memory. Second, power of observation. Third, lying so it sounds like the truth and making the truth so exciting that it sounds like a lie."

They discussed it pro and con for a while, and Steve felt himself wrapped in a pleasant glow of importance. Nevertheless, he decided against the offer. He meant to keep those kisses for himself. They were little enough to have, and if he talked about them, they'd melt away into nothing at all. Rolly swore at him good-naturedly, picked up his hat and departed.

Two months later the picture reached Bend River. It was called "Rapture" and the papers had been full of it for two weeks before the event. Through the fan magazines Steve knew something about the story and Viola Palmer's part in it. He had seen innumerable photographs of her in the most enchanting and seductive gowns and poses. She really did look a little like Marlene Dietrich by this time. The dimple in her chin was gone, but they'd given her piquant shadows under the cheekbones instead, and her mouth was always partly open, as though in wonder or desire. Hardly understanding his own complicated impulses, Steve put off going to the theatre till the third evening. He took Anne along as a sort of protective barrier between him and his lost love. There was a great deal of music in the picture and a few shots of confusion, and Viola was on the screen practically throughout. Her

---

**In a beauty parade of colors, in a brilliant parade of new fabrics, and fashions, B.V.D.'s 1936 Swim Suits march down to the seas.**

Take "Sailor's Knot"—that sleck-skirted suit to the left. Let your public applaud your new grace when you wear it. In private you can thank B.V.D.'s silhouetteing new Skipper-Knit, beauty-molding brassiere top, new seamless back with adjustable bow, $6.95.

Take "Sea-Rigging"—that slim suit to the right. Again that contouring new B.V.D. Skipper-Knit, exclusive new seamless sides, adjustable braided straps that mean everything to the beautiful fit of a suit. $3.95.

Yours to note their grace and charm—ours to tell you the new "beauty secrets" that make B.V.D.'s 1936 swim suits the brightest gems of the ocean! And these are only two of the many. The B.V.D. Co., Inc., Empire State Building, New York.
face was shown in one close-up after another, her hands in every conceivable position. But her lines were comparatively few, and when she did talk, she seemed to be trying to swallow her voice. All the big scenes were played by her leading man, a newcomer named Charles Meindland. When it was over, Steve, flushed, bewildered, yet strangely empty, made no move to get up. Anne was holding his left hand, which was cold in spite of his hot forehead.

"How d'you like her?" he asked.

"That Meindland's swell," said Anne.

"I mean the girl—Viola Palmer."

"No personality," said Anne.

"What do you know about personality?" he demanded bitterly, "—in your drugstore? I think she's prettier than Garbo," he insisted doggedly.

"Matter of taste," replied Anne.

"I knew her before she was famous." He hadn't wanted to say it; it had just slipped out.

"I know," said Anne.

"How do you know?" he asked in dismay.

"Girls know everything," she replied enigmatically.

He stood up. It was time to put an end to this conversation. "I'll take you home." Suddenly he never wanted to talk to Anne again.

He had thought this business of Ruth was dead and buried. Now she began forcing her way into his dreams, and there was nothing he could do about it.

Late summer came, and fall, with its tumbledreds along the river bank, and it was weeks and months since he'd heard anything of Ruth Viola Palmer. Curious—the great silence that had fallen after "Rapture." He wasn't seeing Anne either. He must be bewitched. All his affairs with girls seemed to peter out, before they'd been well started. There was only one woman he couldn't banish from his mind. Sometimes he thought of the thousands of fellows all over America and the world who, like himself, must be dreaming of Viola Palmer. That's what a movie like "Rapture" did to you—drove you so wild about a girl that she got into your blood and under your skin and you could never get her out again. It was half in pride, half in jealousy, that he thought of those others, all of them desperately in love with Viola.

One day, not long before Christmas, the door opened on a flurry of snowflakes and Mrs. Quirk. She was so upset as to be all but incoherent.

"I'd like—can you—I mean—I heard you could send money by wire," she stammered.

"You?" he told her. "There's a small fee, Harry's in a jam again, he decided.

"A hundred dollars," said Mrs. Quirk, "to Hollywood—to my daughter—"

Her heart stopped for a moment, then started a violent pounding. "Want to send a wire too?" he asked, controlling his voice.

"Yes, please." She started hunting for the money. She had Ruth's untidy habit of rummaging through her bag. Steve handed her his fountain pen.

MISS VIOLA PALMER
CALIFORNIA HOTEL
LOS ANGELES

WIRING HUNDRED DOLLARS PAY DEBTS COME HOME DON'T WORRY LOVE MOTHER

"Anything wrong with Miss Ruth?" asked Steve.

"No—not really—I guess it's always like that in Hollywood. The child shouldn't be there—she's too good—too decent. —You're right there," asserted Steve warmly. "Then—we'll be seeing her here before long, I suppose?"
“Yes,” said her mother, “before Christmas.”

Steve held the door open for her. The snow was falling in thick white flakes. He drew a long deep breath, full of snowy air, before turning back into the office.

CATT & PINKELESTEIN AGENCY
8836 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
BEVERLY HILLS CALIFORNIA
URGENT YOU LEAVE NO STONE UPTURNED WILL TAKE ANYTHING
STOP SURE I CAN MAKE GOOD
WHEN BACK IN HOLLYWOOD
PALMER

GROSS & STEIN
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
WILL ACCEPT HINT PART IN YOUR
REVUE KINDLY WIRE TERMS
VIOLA PALMER

MISS DODO PRATT
POINSETTIA APARTMENTS
140 NORTH BRONSON
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
DARLING I WILL RETURN LOAN
WHEN I GET JOB CAN’T YOU HELP
VIOLA

Terry Walker, film newcomer, is
proving that her rope and ladder
trick produces slim, lovely lines.

MR ERNEST KASZMARY
BEVERLY CHATEAU
BEVERLY HILLS CALIFORNIA
WHY NO LETTER DATING TO HEAR
FROM YOU YOURS FOREVER
VIOLA

CATT & PINKELESTEIN AGENCY
8836 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
BEVERLY HILLS CALIFORNIA
WHY DON’T YOU WIRE YOU SIM-
PLY MUST GET ME SOMETHING
VIOLA PALMER

MR AXEL PIERPONT
MODERN ART FILM CORPORATION
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
UNDERSTAND YOU ARE CASTING
ONE DAY IN MAY STOP WOULD
ACCEPT HIT STOP TAKING SING.
ING LESSONS PERFECT TAPDANCER
STOP DON’T BELIEVE YOU WILL
LET ME DOWN
VIOLA

MR EDDIE GLAINE
PHOENIX PICTURE COMPANY
CULVER CITY CALIFORNIA
WHY DON’T YOU DO SOMETHING
FOR ME STOP HOW ABOUT ALL
YOUR PROMISES
VIOLA

SAM LOWE AGENCY
248 RONSON
LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA
CONSIDERING APPEARANCE IN
BURLESQUE KINDLY WIRE TERMS
VIOLA PALMER

for July 1936

Do you know anybody
who deserves
this tag?

MEN avoid her. Girls refuse to
bother with her.

“A careless, untidy person who is
unpleasant to be with”—that’s the
way they think of the girl who carries
the ugly odor of underarm perspira-
tion on her person and clothing.

Too bad. For she misses so many
good times. Her real friends would
like to tell her what the trouble is,
but after all, they feel, the girl of
today should be alert to the danger
of underarm odor in herself.

She should know that the under-
arms need special daily care. Soap
and water alone are not enough.

And the modern girl knows the
quick, easy way to give this care.
Mum!

Half a minute, when you’re dress-
ing, is all you need to use Mum. Or
use it after dressing, any time. For
Mum is harmless to clothing.

It’s soothing to the skin, too. You
can use it right after shaving the
underarms.

And you should know this—that
Mum prevents every trace of per-
spiration odor without affecting per-
spiration itself.

Don’t label yourself as “the girl
who needs Mum.” Use it regularly
every day and you’ll be safe! Bristol-
Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM takes the odor out of perspiration

USE MUM ON SANITARY
NAPKINS, TOO and you’ll
never have a moment’s worry
about this source of unpleas-
ance.
If you are planning a motor trip, or a sojourn at the beach, be sure to take two or three packages of Linit with you for the Linit Beauty Bath instantly soothes a roughened or sunburned skin.

**Cool and Soothing**

When you come in tired, dusty or sunburned—relax in a tepid bath with Linit dissolved in the water. The delightful effect is instant—almost magical. Fatigue is forgotten. The rough touch of the wind and burn of the sun is alleviated by the soothing effect of this refreshing bath. After the Linit bath, your skin feels soft and smooth and there is no damp, sticky feeling to your body. Why not try the Linit Beauty Bath before retiring tonight? Notice what soothing relaxation it affords your entire body. LINIT is sold by your grocer.

Don’t overlook the directions on the Linit package... recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.

"You mustn’t do that,“ said Steve gently as he read the final message.
"Mustn’t do what?“ asked Ruth.
"Play in burlesque,“ His heart ached for her.
"Mae West started in burlesque,“ she said stubbornly. Her head was bare, and her hair was turning brown at the roots.
"Guess her mother can’t give her money to have it bleached,“ thought Steve. She’d been coming in almost every day to send off her wires. Pleas, entreaties, threats. Steve waited with her for answers that never came.
"Ruth—“ he said softly, “—what happened anyway?“ He was calling her Ruth again, the name by which her mother called her.
"Happened? Nothing. What always happens in Hollywood. Today you’re up, tomorrow down. I guess I’m not hard-boiled enough to suit them. I wouldn’t do the things they expect girls to do out there."
"I’ll bet you wouldn’t,“ said Steve. Visions of wild parties flashed through his mind. Every girl who failed to make good in Hollywood had the same story to tell. Ruth knew better, but she wouldn’t admit it, even to herself.
"You’re no actress,“ they had told her.
"No personality,“ the papers had said. Paced by the cameras and microphone, she couldn’t laugh, she couldn’t cry, she couldn’t even walk. In her heart she knew what was wrong. “All your talent’s in your pretty legs,“ Glaine, the director, had told her. Only he hadn’t said legs. She’s got no talent even there,“ old Pierpont had walked. She couldn’t understand what they all wanted from her, why they had dropped her. She was still half bemused with all the anguish she’d gone through.

So, “I wouldn’t do the things they expect girls to do out there,“ she said.
Steve gazed at her. She looked so thin, so worn. But the veneer was beginning to wear off and beneath it he could see traces of the real Ruth again. “You’re much too good for Hollywood,“ he assured her, and she believed him and was comforted.
"Just one more wire,“ she smiled up at him. “My fountain pen’s dry,“ she said. He gave her his.

Mr Douglass Gwen
Beverly Wilshire Hotel,
Beverly Hills California
Haven’t you a word for me I’m desperate surely you haven’t forgotten your Viola

Miss Viola Palmer
376 North 23rd Street
Bend River Ohio
Signed contract for English stop sorry not to see you before I go thanks for everything
Douglas

Miss Viola Palmer
376 North 23rd Street
Bend River Ohio
Up to my ears in work don’t be crazy stop letter follows
Ernest

Miss Viola Palmer
376 North 23rd Street
Bend River Ohio
Gentlemen Pierpont regrets no for available will keep you in mind
Modern Art

Miss Viola Palmer
376 North 23rd Street
Bend River Ohio
Nuts to you
Dodo

Miss Viola Palmer
376 North 23rd Street
Bend River Ohio
Hollywood Revue accepts only experienced showgirls
Sorry
Gross & Stein
Steve laid cutter and moister aside and slipped the last wire, which had just arrived, into its envelope. It was ten minutes to six. He went into the corridor, washed his hands, combed his hair and re-knotted his necktie. He felt of his chin, which was still smooth enough, thank goodness. "Romance in the air," hummed Joe who had followed him in, and was watching his maneuvers attentively.

"One of these days," said Steve, "you're going to get a sock in the jaw." He seated himself at the Simplex, his eye on the clock till the hands touched six. No one was going to say that his private affairs took him from the office a minute ahead of time. Joe was still lounging about when he turned out the lights and gathered his belongings together.

"Well—" said Joe, "want me to deliver it?"

"No, thanks."

"Doesn't hurt to change round once in a while," Joe commented. "That makes Joe the boss and Mr. Steve Tyndall, Esquire, the messenger boy," and he chuckled out.

Steve locked up. Five minutes later he was stamping the snow from his shoes on the front porch of the house in Twenty-third Street. Ruth answered his ring. The room was lighted by a floor lamp, and the smell of gas rose from a little stove in the corner.

"I've got another wire for you," said Steve. She tore it open with nervous fingers and moved into the light of the lamp to read it. Then she forced a smile.

"I've got an offer," she told her mother, who was seated beside the stove.

"At last," said Mrs. Quirk. "Is it good?"

Ruth shivered a little, though she was wearing an old sweater over her dress. "Not bad," she said, and threw Steve an imploring glance. He nodded reassuringly. A brief silence was finally broken by Ruth. "But I don't believe I'll take it," she said. Her mother stirred uneasily on the sofa.

"Why not?"

"Oh—I'm not the Hollywood type, I guess," said Ruth slowly. "Harry always said so."

Deep within him Steve felt something thaw and quiver and return slowly to life.

"Doing anything tonight?" he asked.

She seemed a little startled. "Who? Me? No—nothing much. Only I'm pretty tired."

"You'll get over that—in the fresh air."

It didn't make much sense, but Ruth evidently didn't mind that. She followed him out to the front porch. It was very cold, and the breath of her mouth formed into a mist. Steve found himself wishing there were snowflakes in her hair, so he could kiss them away. He could actually feel how cold they'd be, and how they'd melt under the warmth of his lips.

"So now you're back," he said.

She smiled up at him. "Yes," she said, "now I'm back.

The End.

Jantzen

Beauty by Jantzen

- You wear only one garment on the beach.
- Style, beauty and comfort are entirely dependent upon that one garment fitting perfectly and permanently.
- You can have no more positive assurance than a figure-control Jantzen. It is America's finest fitting swimming suit. Knitted by the famous Jantzen-stitch process a Jantzen molds the body in slenderizing lines of grace and beauty.

IRENE BENNETT, in the Paramount picture, "The Sky Parade."

"TAKE-OFF MIO" as shown $5.95
With skirt .............. $8.95
Other Jantzen models $4.50-$8.95
for the characters in the play. There was a
dash to London in a plane for the necessary
papers—classic props of melodrama. Then
their arrival at dawn on the morning of the
wedding, A chartered plane stood by, and
even as he climbed into the cabin with his
brother, Douglas wasn’t quite sure where to
tell the pilot to go. We suggested Spain,
since there was a bit of a revolution going
on there and we knew Douglas’ love for
excitement. Off to Spain they went, and
later reports were that the riots were still
flourishing dramatically and the Fair-
bankses were enjoying it. It was huge.

Two very interesting and widely different
personalities descended in our midst—
Charles Laughton, and Alexander Korda,
the producer who is doing such great things
in the London studios. Of course I had
heard of the extraordinary preparation
which Laughton puts into his brilliantly
realistic characterizations for the screen.
But I never knew how deeply these char-
acters were worked out or what a hold they
took on him till I saw Laughton in Paris
on this trip.

Charles had been in Switzerland and at
the same time studying the role of “Cyrano
de Bergerac,” which he then thought would
be his next picture for Korda. Laughton
arrived in Paris completely unrecognizable
under wildly flowing hair and behind the
huge sweeping mustache of Cyano. He
said he would feel natural when actually
working in front of the cameras because of
this. Which is all very well, but a little
disconcerting when one is with him, be-
cause Laughton would talk and act as if
he felt Cyano would undergo circumstances
that arose in an atmosphere which had nothing
to do with Rostrand’s drama. For instance,
we would be walking along the Boulevard
and suddenly with a wave of his arms
Laughton would spout whole pages from
the play. Or in a restaurant he would hold
long discussions with the Maitre d’hôtel in
much the same way he felt Cyano would
have done. What a pity the production of
“Cyrano de Bergerac” had to be postponed
—for Laughton was certainly attaining that
perfection which athletes call “the pink”
of condition for a major achievement.

To my surprise beautiful French fell
from Laughton’s lips. He told me that he
had always spoken French and had played
all of the Molieres classics in French on
the London stage. It’s a wonder to me they
don’t have him do French versions of his
films for Laughton is one of the greatest
favorites with the French public. In spite
of his Cyano complex of the moment he
was one of the most lovable and interesting
personalities I had ever met, and it must
be a great joy to work with him in films.

Alexander Korda is a peculiarly attrac-
tive combination. He has a fantastic im-
agination which quite runs away with him.
Korda is extremely extravagant, but his
personality is modest and affable. He is
almost always amiable. In Paris he was
very much in the public eye because of his
extravagance. “Things to Come,” on which he
worked over two years, is so very much in
the public eye because of his
extravagance. “Things to Come,”
which was planned at that time but “Lion of Mayfair,”
with “Cyrano de Bergerac” to come later.

With such a man as Korda in the posi-
tion of high command one can readily un-
derstand why British films are forging
ahead with such rapid strides. Of course
the terrible fire at Elstree, London’s Holly-
wood, was a great blow, but they rapidly
readjusted themselves and are working in
other space while the studios are being re-
built. An interesting side-light in connection
with Korda and Wells’ “Things to Come”
is that in the Paris Chamber of Deputies at
the assembly to discuss the French-Soviet
pact, Jean Longuet, the Deputy, mentioned
the film in his speech stressing the war
angles of the future.

Hollywood’s famed Hot Tamale arrived
in Paris. Rather, little Lupe Velez burst
upon our town. The newspapers were sure
that Lupe was here to get a divorce from
her Johnnie. But this wasn’t the first time
some nice headlines in prospective turned
into mere “might have beens.” Once when
I was with her Lupe received a letter from
Johnnie. She read it to me. He started
with “Dearst Ma Ma”—a nice honey
cause from that “wild Tarzan” to be sure,
and it ended with “your loving husband
Johnny Weissmuller.” Lupe roared at that
speech. “Mr. Gil,” she laughed, “does he
think I have so many husbands that he has
to sign his full name so I will know which

Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Nova Pilbeam in “Lady Jane Grey,”
an elaborate historical film produced in London.
Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 15

beaten egg whites, stir the mixture together and pour into a long baking sheet. When baked, fill with whipped cream and roll like a jelly roll.

"You can fill it with strawberries and whipped cream, if you prefer," added Irene, "and you can, if you aren't dieting, serve a thick chocolate sauce with it, topped with whipped cream. But when we are alone, we usually have it covered with powdered sugar and chopped nuts."

When Miss Dunne is planning a dinner at which some of the guests will be men, she caters to the male guests.

"I think it is only fair to consider the appetites of the hungriest," she explained. "Men are bigger and usually more active than women. They need more food and heartier food. Women in this day have a snippy way of eating, and can be trusted to pass up any dish that might add an unwanted pound. Men, however, must be permitted to leave your table feeling that they'd like to stop at a sandwich stand on the way home."

"Today I had two men in for luncheon—to discuss business. Because they were men, I had lemon pie for dessert, something that I would never dream of eating myself, but I know men don't care for something less substantial.

"I wish there were a greater variety of meat dishes that men like, but I think men are conservative when it comes to food—they enjoy most the things they are accustomed to eating. Women like novelty.

"Since women seldom eat potatoes, and men aren't fond of novelty, I haven't yet served Potato Soufflé, which has been recommended to me very highly. Now if I were living in the days of 'Show Boat,' before women began to shudder at sight of scales, I could try it."

**POTATO SOUFFLÉ**

2 cups mashed potatoes
2 tablespoons melted butter
3 eggs
1 cup milk
salt, pepper, cayenne

Beat potatoes until light, add butter, well-beaten eggs, milk and seasoning. Turn into buttered baking dish and bake in moderate oven until firm.

An unusual vegetable served sometimes in this house is

**EGGPLANT ANTONIO**

One medium sized eggplant, one egg, one-quarter cup flour, one small onion, one-half teaspoon salt, milk to moisten, one-half teaspoon baking powder.

Peel and boil eggplant until tender. Drain very dry and mash fine. Season with pepper, salt, onion and nutmeg. Add flour and baking powder, and a little milk to moisten. Drop into hot butter from tablespoon and fry brown. Test out and if batter does not hold together add a little cracker crumbs or more flour.

"I am not a great believer in salads with the formal dinner—that is, elaborate salads, said Irene. "Celery, olives, gherkins—something like that—even plain lettuce with a simple dressing, may be all very well, but I confine my salad inspirations to luncheons for women, where they can be appreciated."

"Now, if you are looking for a light dessert, strawberry or raspberry soufflé is usually welcomed."

---

**DOUBLE MINT gum enjoyed daily helps beautify mouth and facial contours**

A beauty's secret!
Every week go to your BEAUTY SHOP
and
Every day enjoy DOUBLE MINT gum

**Wrigley's DOUBLE MINT CHewing Gum**
Peppermint Flavor

---

Page 91
COOLING SYSTEM

If you want to sleep comfortably these warm evenings after a party—make your snack before retiring—a bowl of crisp Kellogg's Corn Flakes in milk or cream.

Light, yet satisfying. Your dreams will be sweeter, and you’ll face the morning with a brighter eye.

Kellogg's are delicious and nourishing. Sold and served everywhere.

Nothing takes the place of Kellogg's CORN FLAKES SKIN BEAUTY WITH Mercolized Wax

Any complexity can be made clearest, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream in a complete beauty treatment.

Mercolized Wax also works the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath. Just put Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. USE: Sooted Astringent—A refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths our wrinkles and age lines. Relaxes coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Sooted in one-half pint witch hazel.

TRY A Packet of the "different" depilatory. Removes unsightly hair quickly and gently. Simple to use. Odorous.

At drug and department stores everywhere.

BERRY SOUFFLÉ

Pour 1 1/2 cups of berry preserve into bowl set in cracked ice, add 3 tablespoons powdered sugar, 1 tablespoon orange juice, yolks 2 eggs; beat hard with stiff wooden spoon 10 minutes; fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, pour into lightly buttered and sugared soufflé dish, sprinkle with sugar and set in moderate oven 20 minutes. Serve immediately.

"My mother serves rather heavy meals, delicious always, but not for the days before dieting. I know, for one, eat my way through them feeling that I should starve for a week as a counterbalance. However, if I have a simple dinner, I feel I can go on for a richer dessert. Here is one that most men enjoy."

GENOESE CAKES

Beat 3/4 cup butter to a light cream and beat into it 3 cup sifted flour and beat five minutes; add 1 unbeaten egg and beat smooth, add one by one 3 more eggs and beat well after the addition of each egg; beat hard for five minutes and beat in 1 1/2 cup of sifted flour. Pour into a buttered and floured shallow baking pan, have the batter half an inch thick, and bake in a moderate oven until done. Take out of the oven a minute or two before and when cold cut in small cubes.

A delicious and wholesome dish is "Corn Flak Strudel," made as follows:

Line a buttered pudding dish with corn flakes. Cover with a layer of very thinly sliced apples, sprinkle with sugar, a little cinnamon and dots with pieces of butter. Fill to top with alternate layers, covering with a layer of corn flakes. Cover dish closely. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) until apples are soft. Serve with hard sauce, lemon sauce, or cream.

Can I Happen Again?

Continued from page 59

Promply and obediently, Barbara Stanwyck would disappear in search of a cup. Frank Fay gazed after her admiringly.

"The girl is crazy about me," he drawled.

"Wants to marry me, but I don't know whether I want to get tied up."

Night after night during those summer months Barbara Stanwyck waited patiently in his dressing-room for Frank Fay to finish his work. She had come from New York, while her stage production was closed, to be near him.

"Come, you a lucky girl," Fay would say to her, "to be nuts about a guy like Faysee."

Though Barbara Stanwyck obviously agreed with the summertime, her show was to re-open, and she was entraigned for New York without having married him. A lover's disagreement of some sort kept them apart. But since Faysee was willing to turn the cake upside down, and the telephone company $150.00 in toll charges. But after she hung up the receiver, Barbara went back to St. Louis, married Frank, and an hour later was on the train bound for Newark to re-open in "Burlesque" the next night. After that—Stanwyck was back in it.

When Jack Haley came to St. Louis to do his turn as master of ceremonies, he, of course, had to credit his success in the stage and one picture. "Follow Thru." Still, Jack became known to us as the world's most nervous actor, and despite his innumerable charms, we often wondered how he had done so well.

Fearful that four shows a day would strain his voice, he used to sit in his dressing-room with an ice cream, and rehearsed and rehearsed. You'd imagine Jack Haley a perfect ad lib entertainer, but he worked strictly from paper. I'd write radio announcements for him, Treacherous, good or bad, he'd seldom deviate a word. Time and again he would rehearse a joke or a song, and when the time came he'd go into it to forget the gag or the lyrics of his song. Whenever that happened, or any—
thing upset his routine, Jack would blow up completely.

The climax of his nervousness came during a blackout in which Jack was ostensibly reading a newspaper. "Hey," yelled a man from the second row, "you've got that newspaper upside down!"

Jack took one startled look, confirmed the man's declaration, and walked off the stage so ratted he couldn't return.

That very nervousness, however, carried with it a charm and sincerity that won him many followers. Their loyal appreciation touched Jack, just as it would anyone, and when it came time for him to leave, he said his farewell before the curtains with tears in his eyes. "Broadway and Hollywood seem fakes when I compare their coldness with the warmth and kindness of you people," choked Jack, little dreaming that Hollywood would call him back to co-star with Jack Oakie.

When you're dealing with actors who like to sleep late in the morning, it's a thrill to find one who will get up early to play a "benefit," after four hard shows opening day and five shows facing him the next day. Maybe that's why I'm so heartily glad this actor has achieved such success.

Of course, there was a reason for his eagerness to do that "benefit." For the first time on his tour he was "clicking." Howls of laughter greeted his "Wanna buy a duck" and his furious puffing on a huge stogie—a remnant of his burlesque days. It was only natural that we should ask him to appear on our radio hour.

In a sound-proof room, he faced the microphone and a sea of faces whose laughter could not penetrate the dividing-glass when he said, "You nasty man, yo, yo, yo."

When he was Through, we all felt a little disappointed, the radio station didn't ask us to bring him back—even for nothing, and mournfully the actor subscribed to the general verdict. "I'm just not any good on the radio," said Joe Penner, who since has become such a favorite.

This girl was a gorgeous beauty with flaxen hair and a beautifully proportioned body. We didn't catch her name, a tongue-twister, as we sat in the audience to view the week's first performance. After the master of ceremonies introduced her, she sang a song, and we couldn't understand a word. She went into a dance—not because the applause demanded it but because it was part of her routine. She finished to a blatant chord—and a deathly silence.

At the executives' post mortem on the show, we mournfully considered what to do with her.

"Take her out," advised one.

"Pay her off," counselled another.

She stayed in the show to do her dance, only because a feminine touch was needed in the presentation that week. You can imagine our consternation and possibly yours, when we learned that another master of ceremonies had changed her routine, made her a hit, and sent her on to New York where she became the talk of Broadway with Lou Holtz in "You Said It." On the strength of that Lyda Roberti got a picture contract.

But if you try often enough, you're bound to pick a star once in a while. Even when she was getting $300 a week, Ruth Etting was a favorite of theatre operators and audiences. She was stunning looking. She sang beautifully. But the thing I think most people liked best, I know I did, was the Charleston she did at the finish of "I Wonder Where My Sweetie Is Tonight."

Then there was the little ingénue of our stock company. Everyone liked her. She was lovely and her throaty voice intrigued you and made you forget that all she knew about acting she had learned at school. When it came time to cast "Strictly Dishonorable," the director determined to find...
a new leading lady, but he was stumped as to her successor.

"Why not give the ingénue the lead?" I asked at a meeting.

"Not enough experience," he promptly remarked, and then changed his mind the next day as he sat in the audience and heard the people's comments on her charms.

To this I imagine Claire Trevor, the Fox star, knows I was responsible for her "first leading rôle.

"The leading man who made love to Claire Trevor in "Strictly Dishonorable" was a handsome youth. If you'd heard the women gasp and giggle over him, you would, no doubt, balance on him to rival Robert Montgomery as a feminine favorite on the screen.

The director of the company thought so at any rate, and recommended that Warner Brothers make a screen test of him. In a year's time they got around to his screen test, signed him to a contract, and sent him to Hollywood. And do you know the kind of part this handsome, lady-killing youth got for his first screen rôle and has been playing ever since? That of a heavy. Yes, Lyle Talbot, St. Louis matinée idol, is typed as a heavy!

**Figures à la Carte**

Continued from page 66

Sign up your day with two glasses of water first thing in the morning. And cold water is better than hot, as it is more stimulating.

You can conjoin most of your "slimming" will-power to breakfast and lunch, for which your family and friends will thank you. Fruit and coffee (preferably black but permissible with cream or sugar, not both), is as much as your body requires for breakfast. Cultivate the "salad luncheon" habit. With a few exceptions, eat what you want for dinner, but stop when you are no longer hungry, no matter how much you're urged to take another helping.

Foods to avoid are fried meat or fish, butter, pastry and candy, potatoes, lima beans, peas and corn. You'll be taking a long stride toward figure control if you can train yourself to eat your food without salt. Alcoholic drinks are the worst enemies of weight reduction.

Devices for losing inches in needed spots are many and varied. The most effective is massage. Speaking of massage, there is a reducing foundation garment constructed to give a perpetual massage all the time you're wearing it. It can be obtained in a girdle to reduce hips, thighs, and abdomen, or with a brassiere attached to take care of the "spare tire" roll over the diaphragm.

The epitom salts bath is excellent to take off ounces. Put one pound of epsom salts in a tub of water as hot as you can stand. This is weakening if you immerse your entire body. However, if hips, "tummy" and thighs are the spots you want to reduce, simply sit in the bath 15 or 20 minutes, massaging and pinching the over-large sections while they're under water.

Get plenty of outdoor exercise. One of the best sports to develop graceful carriage is fencing. It gives the finest co-ordination of mind and body. You must keep perfect balance with fast foot-work and quick responses.

---

FRECKLES

**DISAPPEAR in 5 to 10 days**

Don't worry over unsightly freckles. Here's a new way to remove them quickly and gently while you sleep. Simply apply Nadinola Freckle Cream over face and arms at night. Then wash freckles disappear usually in 5 to 10 days. Your skin is cleared, freckled, becomes smooth and NADINOLA Freckle Cream is guaranteed by a laboratory with over 30 years experience in this type of skin treatment. Only 60c at toilet counters. 16c size at Five and Ten Cent Stores. Or send a dime for trial package to NADINOLA, Box 165, Paris, Texas.
Shirley Temple Contest Winners

GRAND PRIZE—Complete Shirley Temple Outfit
Mrs. Ruth Chappell, Route 4, Wabash, Ind.

1ST PRIZE—Large Doll Trunk with Shirley Temple Doll
Miss Jennings, Pine Ridge, South Dakota.

2ND PRIZE—$50.00 in Cash
Mrs. Ruth Chappell, Route 4, Wabash, Ind.

3RD PRIZE—Shirley Temple Outfit
Miss Kay Schanzer, 1730 Montgomery Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

4TH PRIZE—22” Shirley Temple Doll
Miss Janet Hendry, 820 22nd Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

(5) 6TH PRIZE—School Dresses with hats & handbags
Miss E. S. McConkey, 506 N. Farnsworth, N. Y.

(6) 7TH PRIZE—Shirley Temple Hats
Mrs. S. J. O. Lee, 208 S. 3rd Street, Dayton, Ohio.

(7) 8TH PRIZE—Pajamas with bedroom slippers
Miss M. A. C. Johnson, 1104 South Main, Clarksville, Tenn.

(8) 9TH PRIZE—Bathing suit with hat
Mrs. C. E. Clark, 2272 North Broad Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

(9) 10TH PRIZE—Hats with hair/rip & rubs
Miss Betty M. Johnson, 505 W. 3rd, Norwalk, Conn.

(10) 11TH PRIZE—Boarding House

(11) 12TH PRIZE—Bucks County, Pa.

(12) 13TH PRIZE—Boarding House

(13) 14TH PRIZE—Bucks County, Pa.

(14) 15TH PRIZE—Bucks County, Pa.

(15) 16TH PRIZE—Bucks County, Pa.

(16) 17TH PRIZE—Bucks County, Pa.

(18) 19TH PRIZE—Bucks County, Pa.

(20) 20TH PRIZE—Bucks County, Pa.

(21) 21ST PRIZE—Bucks County, Pa.

FINANCIAL

FEMALE HELP WANTED


POEMS Set to Music Published

Free Examination—Send Poems to

McNEILL
Bachelor of Music

1552 West 27th St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

FREE SAMPLE AND BOOKLET.
Mail coupon to Dr. Scholl’s, Inc., Dept. 141, Chicago, Ill., for booklets, “The Feet and Their Care,” and sample of New Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads for □ Corns, □ Callouses, □ Bunion, □ Soft Corns. Check size wanted. (You can pass this on to your nearest shoe store!)

NAME.

ADDRESS.

POEMS

Set to Music Published

FREE EXAMINATION—Send Poems to

McNEILL

Bachelor of Music

1552 West 27th St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

McNEILL
Bachelor of Music

1552 West 27th St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

PLAY PIANO FIRST LESSON SEND NO MONEY

Lane Williams, famous radio artist, portrays an entirely new and revolutionary piano course.

If you want to get the surprise of your life, if you want to actually play the piano from the first lesson, sit down right now and send name and address for one lesson absolutely FREE with complete information regarding this revolutionary course.

THE LANE WILLIAMS MUSIC STUDIO, Box 3022, Dept. S, Hollywood, California.

WANT A C A R E E R IN PHOTOGRAPHY?

Wonderful money-making opportunity for in this growing field. Earn while learning. Practical, individual instruction in every branch of Professional and Amature Photography. Personal Attendance and Home Study Courses, 20th year. Free booklet.

NEW YORK INSTITUTE PHOTOGRAPHY

10 West 33 St. (Dept. 99), New York.

GREAT ADVERTISING MEDIA

Billboard or Street Car Card

BE AN ARTIST

You Can Now Be Yourselves by Dr. Basler’s plastic method, developed by many years of experience. All kinds of NOLES REPAIRED. 50 CENTS. STANDING EARS CORRECTED; lips rebuilt; noses corrected. Reduced fees. Consultation and booklet free. Dr. Radin, 1482 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

WE CAN TEACH YOU TO DANCE in your own home during your leisure time. Thirty-year experience of successful teaching proves our ability. (No need to leave home.)

Write today for Art Year Book

SCHOOL APPLIED ART

716-8, 10E, Huron St., Chicago, Ill.

100% IMPROVEMENT.

Healthy canoeing among the mountains, rivers, lakes and forests of Canada. Rent a canoe and lake equipment, and absolutely guarantee to improve any canoeist to the extent of making him a fine paddler. Wonderful canoe trips—out free. Learn with safety. Write for free booklet.

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 8313, 64 E. Lake St., Chicago.

Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads Relieve Pain At Once and Safely, Easily Remove Corns or Callouses!

NEVER use anything on your feet unless you know it is medically safe. Feet can easily be infected. Be on the safe side—try New Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads. They relieve pain of corns, callouses or bunions in one minute; stop nagging pressure on the sensitive spot; prevent sore toes and blisters and ease new or old shoes.

To safely loosen and remove corns or callouses, use these soothing, healing pads with the separate Medicated Diks, included in every box. No risk, no pain, no bother.

New Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads are flesh color, waterproof. Do not soil, stick to the oozing or come off in the bath. Made in sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns between the toes. Get a box today at your drug, shoe or department store. Always insist on the genuine Dr. Scholl’s.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

WANT A CAREER IN PHOTOGRAPHY?

Wonderful money-making opportunity for in this growing field. Earn while learning. Practical, individual instruction in every branch of Professional and Amature Photography. Personal Attendance and Home Study Courses, 20th year. Free booklet.

NEW YORK INSTITUTE PHOTOGRAPHY

10 West 33 St. (Dept. 99), New York.
A CORN'S LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE!

TREAT that aching corn as though it were a tack! Get it all out—not just the head. Use Blue-Jay, the wonderful double-action corn plaster. Ends pain instantly. Safe, easy to use. Removes corn for good—it doesn't grow back. Get a box of Blue-Jay today! 25¢ at all drugstores.

A CORN'S LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE!

TREAT that aching corn as though it were a tack! Get it all out—not just the head. Use Blue-Jay, the wonderful double-action corn plaster. Ends pain instantly. Safe, easy to use. Removes corn for good—it doesn't grow back. Get a box of Blue-Jay today! 25¢ at all drugstores.

A CORN'S LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE!

TREAT that aching corn as though it were a tack! Get it all out—not just the head. Use Blue-Jay, the wonderful double-action corn plaster. Ends pain instantly. Safe, easy to use. Removes corn for good—it doesn't grow back. Get a box of Blue-Jay today! 25¢ at all drugstores.

A CORN'S LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE!

TREAT that aching corn as though it were a tack! Get it all out—not just the head. Use Blue-Jay, the wonderful double-action corn plaster. Ends pain instantly. Safe, easy to use. Removes corn for good—it doesn't grow back. Get a box of Blue-Jay today! 25¢ at all drugstores.

A CORN'S LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE!

TREAT that aching corn as though it were a tack! Get it all out—not just the head. Use Blue-Jay, the wonderful double-action corn plaster. Ends pain instantly. Safe, easy to use. Removes corn for good—it doesn't grow back. Get a box of Blue-Jay today! 25¢ at all drugstores.

A CORN'S LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE!

TREAT that aching corn as though it were a tack! Get it all out—not just the head. Use Blue-Jay, the wonderful double-action corn plaster. Ends pain instantly. Safe, easy to use. Removes corn for good—it doesn't grow back. Get a box of Blue-Jay today! 25¢ at all drugstores.

A CORN'S LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE!

TREAT that aching corn as though it were a tack! Get it all out—not just the head. Use Blue-Jay, the wonderful double-action corn plaster. Ends pain instantly. Safe, easy to use. Removes corn for good—it doesn't grow back. Get a box of Blue-Jay today! 25¢ at all drugstores.

A CORN'S LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE!

TREAT that aching corn as though it were a tack! Get it all out—not just the head. Use Blue-Jay, the wonderful double-action corn plaster. Ends pain instantly. Safe, easy to use. Removes corn for good—it doesn't grow back. Get a box of Blue-Jay today! 25¢ at all drugstores.

A CORN'S LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE!

TREAT that aching corn as though it were a tack! Get it all out—not just the head. Use Blue-Jay, the wonderful double-action corn plaster. Ends pain instantly. Safe, easy to use. Removes corn for good—it doesn't grow back. Get a box of Blue-Jay today! 25¢ at all drugstores.

A CORN'S LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE!

TREAT that aching corn as though it were a tack! Get it all out—not just the head. Use Blue-Jay, the wonderful double-action corn plaster. Ends pain instantly. Safe, easy to use. Removes corn for good—it doesn't grow back. Get a box of Blue-Jay today! 25¢ at all drugstores.

A CORN'S LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE!

TREAT that aching corn as though it were a tack! Get it all out—not just the head. Use Blue-Jay, the wonderful double-action corn plaster. Ends pain instantly. Safe, easy to use. Removes corn for good—it doesn't grow back. Get a box of Blue-Jay today! 25¢ at all drugstores.

A CORN'S LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE!

TREAT that aching corn as though it were a tack! Get it all out—not just the head. Use Blue-Jay, the wonderful double-action corn plaster. Ends pain instantly. Safe, easy to use. Removes corn for good—it doesn't grow back. Get a box of Blue-Jay today! 25¢ at all drugstores.

A CORN'S LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE!

TREAT that aching corn as though it were a tack! Get it all out—not just the head. Use Blue-Jay, the wonderful double-action corn plaster. Ends pain instantly. Safe, easy to use. Removes corn for good—it doesn't grow back. Get a box of Blue-Jay today! 25¢ at all drugstores.

A CORN'S LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE!

TREAT that aching corn as though it were a tack! Get it all out—not just the head. Use Blue-Jay, the wonderful double-action corn plaster. Ends pain instantly. Safe, easy to use. Removes corn for good—it doesn't grow back. Get a box of Blue-Jay today! 25¢ at all drugstores.

A CORN'S LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE!

TREAT that aching corn as though it were a tack! Get it all out—not just the head. Use Blue-Jay, the wonderful double-action corn plaster. Ends pain instantly. Safe, easy to use. Removes corn for good—it doesn't grow back. Get a box of Blue-Jay today! 25¢ at all drugstores.

A CORN'S LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE!

TREAT that aching corn as though it were a tack! Get it all out—not just the head. Use Blue-Jay, the wonderful double-action corn plaster. Ends pain instantly. Safe, easy to use. Removes corn for good—it doesn't grow back. Get a box of Blue-Jay today! 25¢ at all drugstores.

A CORN'S LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE!

TREAT that aching corn as though it were a tack! Get it all out—not just the head. Use Blue-Jay, the wonderful double-action corn plaster. Ends pain instantly. Safe, easy to use. Removes corn for good—it doesn't grow back. Get a box of Blue-Jay today! 25¢ at all drugstores.

A CORN'S LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE!

TREAT that aching corn as though it were a tack! Get it all out—not just the head. Use Blue-Jay, the wonderful double-action corn plaster. Ends pain instantly. Safe, easy to use. Removes corn for good—it doesn't grow back. Get a box of Blue-Jay today! 25¢ at all drugstores.

A CORN'S LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE!

TREAT that aching corn as though it were a tack! Get it all out—not just the head. Use Blue-Jay, the wonderful double-action corn plaster. Ends pain instantly. Safe, easy to use. Removes corn for good—it doesn't grow back. Get a box of Blue-Jay today! 25¢ at all drugstores.

A CORN'S LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE!

TREAT that aching corn as though it were a tack! Get it all out—not just the head. Use Blue-Jay, the wonderful double-action corn plaster. Ends pain instantly. Safe, easy to use. Removes corn for good—it doesn't grow back. Get a box of Blue-Jay today! 25¢ at all drugstores.

A CORN'S LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE!

TREAT that aching corn as though it were a tack! Get it all out—not just the head. Use Blue-Jay, the wonderful double-action corn plaster. Ends pain instantly. Safe, easy to use. Removes corn for good—it doesn't grow back. Get a box of Blue-Jay today! 25¢ at all drugstores.
**NEW!! MIDGET POCKET RADIO**
$2.99
COMPLETE POSTPAID

**Free For Asthma and Hay Fever**

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so ter-
rible you choke and gasp for breath, if Hay Fever keeps you sneezing and snuffling while your eyes water and now and then it tickles and

tingling, don’t fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a re-
mended mixture to correct this matter where ever it may be. They are sold in the Free Tri-

al Trunk. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you can learn of without result; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not show up the, you are losing your chance to try a Free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address Frontier Asthma Co. 207-A Frontier Bldg., 426 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

**WATCH FOR—**

“From Bagdad to Beverly Hills,” colorful fea-
ture in the next issue of Screenland, which tells you the thrilling life adventure story of Victor McLaglen. Soldier of fortune, daring adven-
ture, McLaglen recounts his own wild and event-
filled experiences of his exciting career, more actionful even than his recent rôle in “Under Two Flags.” Don’t miss this stirring story in the August issue, out July 3rd.

**KILL THE HAIR ROOT**

Permanently removes hair on the face or body. A safe, harmless, and simple method. 2c Makes a good Christmas gift. You will want to send for our free booklet, “How to Remove Superfluous Hair,” by Miss Millie M. Maltby, 2c. D. J. FRINK CO., Dept. 208, Providence, R. I.

**TYPISTS WANTED**

Typists earn extra money by typing authors manuscripts, good pay. A real opportunity for those who really want to work. Send 3c stamp for details.

**TYPISTS BUREAU, Dept. S71, Westfield, Mass.**

**/$$ Photoplay Ideas $$**

Please return at once for either color or black and white, in full size, for their exclusive use, to Photoplay, 10 West 40th Street, New York. No charge for use in Photoplay, and they are not used elsewhere except with written permission. This is an entirely new idea. You will want to send for our free booklet, “How to Make Photoplay Ideas,” by Miss Millie Maltby, 2c. D. J. FRINK CO., Dept. 208, Providence, R. I.

**UNIVERSAL SCENARIO CO.**


**STOP ITCHING // TORMENT In One Minute**

For quick relief from the itching of eczema, bites, rashes, pimples, pinballs, athlete’s foot, scales, stings and other skin eruptions, apply Dr. Dennis’ pure, cooling, antiseptic liquid. **D. D. PRESCRIPTION.**

**Brush Away GRAY HAIR AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER**

Now, without any risk, you can unt those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Free trial—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair. Used and approved—for over twenty-four years. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring ingredient is purely vegetable.

**TAP DANCING**

Learn from the stars.

**Teacher of the Stars:**

Ella FAY MILLS

Your favorite stars, Patricia Ellis, Tom Brown, Donald Woods, June Travis, Paula Stone, Bill Stanton, Raquel Torres and others... study tap dancing with Alan Christie, formerly with Ziegfeld and Shubert. Learn to dance as the stars do. Take ad-

vantage of Alan Christie’s modern Hollywood studio methods. Tap—tap—tap your way to thrilling popularity, vital individuality, an alluring figure! Though you don’t dance a step today... Alan Christie’s simple course starts you tapping immediately. One book... ten lessons... from the fundamentals to professional tap tricks... each step clearly explained and illustrated. Send only one dollar today... just ten cents a lesson.

Dance Today The Hollywood Way

**ALAN CHRISTIE, STUDIO I**


**MILLIONS “HUSH” USE**

**FOR BODY ODORS**

Those who are fastidious and im-

maculate of their person welcome HUSH for its effective qualities to overcome excessive perspiration and unpleasant body odors. HUSH keeps the underarms firm and free from every trace of odor. Use it daily.

4 Kinds

10c size at
10c stores
Ash he was quitting. And though that gentleman threatened and cajoled, Joe left him to join the Bell-Prevost Trio.

They said lightning never strikes twice, but it did for Joe. Bell was another Ash—with his own particular brand of cursedness added. But Joe was no longer a child, to be cowed with abuse. He was a man of thirteen—with four years of experience behind him. For eight months he stood the gaff, and then he went home. An abject letter from Bell followed him. "All right," wrote Joe, "I'll come back. But you'll have to cut out the dressing-room comedy."

It takes more than promise, however, to curb an un governable temper. Bell felt himself injured one day because Joe had failed to perfect a trick they were practicing. That night, as the boy jumped to where Bell's arms should have been waiting to catch him, he saw to his horror that the man had stepped ten from snapper. Bell couldn't have known, of course, that Joe was going to break his leg. It might have been a couple of arms—or even his neck.

Joe E. Brown and his leading lady, June Travis, in Joe's new film, "Earthworm Tractor." Joe "discovered" June, who's the daughter of his friend Harry Grabiner, baseball magnate. Renamed Travis, June justifies Joe's faith in her.

"Just one of those things—too bad—it's a dangerous business for kids—or anyone else.

Prevost was made of different stuff. He took Joe to his home and mured him while the leg mended. They built up an act together, and started out as the Prevost Brothers. A year later they became Prevost and Brown, playing the big vaudeville and burlesque houses. It was a happy partnership that lasted ten years, and if they didn't make a fortune, they did make a living. Prevost thought Joe was funny. He kept urging him to don comedy clothes and try some of his routines until the audience didn't laugh," Brown recalls, "he always blamed it on them. It was never by any chance because I wasn't funny, but always added.

In 1914 they were traveling from Winnipeg to California, and Joe fell into conversation with one of their trouffalows, a Mrs. McGraw. Later she introduced him to her daughter Kathryn.

"Prevost and Brown?" said the young lady. "Weren't you playing Duluth not long ago?"

"Yes," he replied. "Did you see us?"

She blushed a little. "Well—I left just before your act came on. You see—"

and then it came out. "It was a comedy bill," she blurted suddenly, "and I just felt I couldn't stand one more comedian."

That broke the ice. And snapshots he took gave Joe an excuse to write. During his four weeks in San Francisco and Oakland, they spent as much time as they could together, and she went up to San Jose to bid him goodbye.

"That was as near as I got," he said, "to a proposal. How near was that? "Well, I said; 'Some day we're going to get married.' And she didn't say yes and she didn't say no."

They wrote to each other, and a year later he wired her from New York. "Got enough money for us to get married. How about it?" He had, as a matter of fact, a hundred and forty dollars. By the time she reached New York, he had thirty left.

They were married at City Hall, and their wedding trip was a subway ride to Times Square. As they walked to the "lovely apartment" he'd taken in 43rd Street, the groom bent his gaze upon his bride, who after all didn't know him very well.

"There are certain things married people should—"

"I know," she interrupted shyly. "My sister told me before I left home. Never have I gone away without a little."

He rehearsed for it in the summer of 1919, and on September 19th of that year, the plan was accomplished.

"I want you to take the part on Broadway tonight," barked Mr. Cort. "Think you can do it?"

"Could I do it? Could I grab the chance every actor dreams about?"

He was in his dressing-room that night, musing over letters and cables. He went on strike with the rest of the actors. His father died, and on borrowed money he went to the funeral. But that was the low point of his story, he opened with "Listen, Lester" in Washington. And if you should ask him whether he made a hit, he'd turn a quizzical blue gaze upon you and say: "Well—Cort engaged me again for the following year."

His first opening on Broadway. His first raise from New York's theatrical gentry. There's nothing in any actor's life to compare with it. Mr. Cort sitting beside him in the darkened theatre. "Well, Joe—your name is up in lights now. Next morning he was down at eight—watching the men put up the letters of his name, standing at the falling elbow while he painted. Joe E. BROWN was there. It was gold on the white stone slabs outside the Cort.

A happy nation has no history. Neither has a successful actor. While he went from one triumph to another, the movie companies began asking him to make tests. "But they weren't any good," he informed me solemnly. "They all looked like Joe E. Brown."

Ralph Ince saw him when he played on the coast, and though he still looked like Joe E. Brown, enjoyed the formality of a test. His popularity has been building ever since. Once there was a legend that Brown was a small-town star, that the cities worshiped him. But the line at the Music Hall in New York stretched round the block when "Bright Lights" was released, and the crowds piled up in village both. Today, the little boy who ran home to his mother with sixteen cents in his pocket, is one of the ten highest paid stars in the business and making more money, both for himself and his bosses, than any other star on the Warner lot. His mother lives in her own home in Toledo. Let the kids, who helped him pick cinders out of his head, put that in their pipes and smoke it. He has three passions—sports, his work, and his family. Where most households put their bars, Joe has installed a soda fountain in memory of that starved childhood, when his notion of bliss was to eat all the ice cream he could hold. If you walk up the path, you're likely to come on some such scene as this: Mrs. Brown stands on the steps in the sunlight, her arm round five-year-old Mary-Elizabeth Ann. They constitute the audience. On the lawn three figures—Don, Joe, Jr., and their father—the last a gurgling bundle of delight, aged three and named Kathryn Francis after her mother.

"Just giving the baby a little workout," Brown will call it.

It's a picture of domestic love and laughter, borne out by the facts. The Brown message, like the Brown career, is among the most successful. And why not?—based as they are on the qualities displayed so early by the youngster who founded them—imagination, moral stamina, the capacity to survive—the qualities that make for happy living.
savagely red
warmly moist
tenderly soft

When lips are a Savage red, the spirit of jungle adventure prevails ... and hearts too easily are caused to skip a beat! For, the five Savage reds were purposely created to be exciting. And they are!

But, it's folly for lips to tempt unless their caress proves warm, moist and tender. So ... Savage Lipstick also softens lips ... makes them softer even than Nature does; assurance that Savage lips will always fulfill the promise their Savage color makes.

And Savage is really indelible, too. It clings savagely ... as long as lips are wished to lure ... and longer. None other is like Savage! Select from these five shades:

TANGERINE • FLAME • NATURAL BLUSH • JUNGLE

AT ALL TEN CENT STORES

20¢
Heigh ho and cheerio!
We'll get off when the tide gets low.
What do we care—we're high and dry
And Chesterfields—They Satisfy.

Chesterfield's Mildness and Better Taste
give smokers a lot of pleasure
Ginger Rogers’ New Freedom
“Distant Star,” Thrilling Romance of Hollywood
by Margaret E. Sangster
“Listerine Tooth Paste keeps teeth looking their loveliest”

Hear what Miss Janice Jarratt, often termed the most photographed girl in the world, says:

“Listerine Tooth Paste? It’s simply delightful . . . gives my teeth wonderful brilliance and sheen.”

Hear, also, the opinion of Miss Carroll Brady, lovely newcomer to famous New York studios:

“The camera is merciless . . . so a model can’t take chances with the looks of her teeth. I have found that Listerine Tooth Paste is best for keeping them really white and gleaming.”

Like scores of other New York models, whose bread and butter depend on their good looks, these two lovely girls have found by actual experience that this dentifrice is best and safest for preserving and enhancing the beauty of their teeth.

If you have not tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so now. It contains two special polishing and cleansing ingredients, notable for their safe and gentle action. And right now there is a special inducement to try this exceptional dentifrice. (See panel below.)

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

Summer’s Best Bargain!

MOIRE VACATION KIT
Rubber lined  Glider lock  Choice of colors
AND . . . 25¢ LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
AND . . . DENTAL SPECIAL TOOTH BRUSH
ALL 3 FOR 49¢

AT YOUR DRUGGIST’S WHILE THEY LAST
This offer good in U.S.A. only
"Do this
IF YOU WANT BEAUTY"
says Gertrude Michael

COLOR HARMONY powder, rouge, and lipstick created by Max Factor solves the problem of knowing which shades of make-up will give you the most beauty," Gertrude Michael tells Florence Vondelle, beauty editor, in a recent interview. Read how you, too, can have new loveliness with this Hollywood make-up secret.

A Famous Star's Powder Secret
Florence Vondelle: "With so many shades of powder available, how can I know which one will give me the most beauty?"
Gertrude Michael: "You can have youthful loveliness by using powder in the color harmony shade Max Factor has created for your type. You will find it dramatizes your skin, enlivens it with the colors needed to give it youthful beauty. Undoubtedly, you've noticed how young and satiny smooth the skin of the stars appears on the screen—the secret is Max Factor's wonderful powder!"

Rouge used by Screen Stars
Florence Vondelle: "Should I select rouge the same way as the powder?"
Gertrude Michael: "By all means! Rouge in the color harmony shade for your type will give you youthful radiance instantly, whereas an off-shade would make you look less attractive than you are. Max Factor has created his amazing color harmony shades in a creamy-smooth rouge that blends easily, evenly, lasts for hours."

Gertrude Michael's New Lip Make-Up
Florence Vondelle: "I've been wondering if my lipstick shade is the right one for me—what do you think?"
Gertrude Michael: "Try lipstick in your color harmony shade—you will be amazed at the difference it makes! The alluring color will dramatize your individual charm, and after you apply it in the morning you can forget about it for the rest of the day because Max Factor's lipstick is Super-Indelible and really lasts."

Since this interview, Florence Vondelle has recommended Max Factor's color harmony make-up to thousands of housewives and business women. "It is amazing," she says, "how much younger, and more charming the average woman can look when her make-up is harmonized to her type." Max Factor's Powder, one dollar; Rouge, fifty cents; Lipstick, one dollar.

Mail for Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in your Color Harmony

©1936 by Max Factor & Co.
THEY PLAY THRILLING ROLES IN M-G-M'S DRAMATIC ROMANCE "Suzy"

JEAN HARLOW
"I'm Suzy. I loved that guy and when they shot him I fled to France. Sure, I gave my lips to Andre—but I never knew...."

FRANCHOT TONE
"I'm Terry. I should have known that slinky dame spelled DANGER. And then Suzy walked out on me, too..."

CARY GRANT
"I'm Andre. Yes, I was weak. I loved that girl but somehow the night life of Paris got me—and those secret plans! That's how it happened!"

"Did I Remember?"
Here Jean is singing the tune that's sweeping the country. Incidentally, watch for the Parisian cabaret scenes where Suzy struggles to earn a living.

DENITA HUME
"I'm Madame de Chabriss. I get around. The spy racket is a cinch when you've got a figure like mine...."
A GREAT LOVE STORY told in the Modern Manner!

One of the world's most pulse-stirring romances will be brought to you in complete fiction form in the next issue! "Ramona" has been called the sweetest of all love stories; and now, through the most modern of all art mediums, the natural-color motion picture, it becomes a brilliant and entirely new thrill.

Please don't fail to watch for the complete fiction story, illustrated with beautiful scenes from the picture, "Ramona," in SCREENLAND for September, on sale August 4—and remember, this is just one of the many exciting features planned for this next issue of The Smart Screen Magazine. Don't miss this big issue.

August, 1936

EVERY STORY A FEATURE

The Editor's Page Delight Evans 11
Have You Played the Handie Game? 12
Ginger Rogers' New Freedom Elizabeth Wilson 14
Distant Star. Fiction. Margaret E. Sangster 16
Can a Career Kill Romance? Rochelle Hudson Dickson Morley 18
The Guy is Nuts! James Stewart S. R. Mook 19
Girls They Could Really Love Dorothy Mann 20
Paris Stiles Dickerson 22
London Hettie Grimstead 23
They Knew Each Other "When—" Virginia Wood 24
Hollywood Nearly Passed 'Em By Whitney Williams 26
From Bagdad to Beverly Hills Victor McLaglen Ben Maddox 27
The Charge of the Light Brigade Elizabeth B. Petersen 30
Is Temperament Dead? Margaret Angus 30
What Romance Means to Lederer Jerry Asher 32
Muni Denies it, But— Ruth Rankin 51
Reviews of the Best Pictures Delight Evans 52
SCREENLAND Glamor School, Edited by Olivia de Havilland 54
Hollywood Fashion Highlights 56
Picture Stealer No. 1 Hugh Herbert Carlisle Jones 58
"I'm Sixty—" Sir Guy Standing William A. Ulman, Jr. 58
He Was Smart to Play Dumb. Nat Pendleton Thornton Sargent 59
Arnold's 10 Rules for Romance Edward Arnold Mark Dowlings 59
Monarch of Menace. Peter Lorre Tom Kennedy 60

SPECIAL ART SECTION:


DEPARTMENTS:

Tagging the Talkies. Short Reviews Betty Boone 6
Inside the Stars' Homes. Evalyn Knapp 8
SCREENLAND Honor Page 34
Beauty Against the Sun Elin Neil 61
Here's Hollywood. Screen News Weston East 62
SCREENLAND's Crossword Puzzle Alma Talley 67
Salutes and Snubs. Letters from Readers 69
Femi-Nifties 71
Ask Me Miss Vee Dee 72

Spotlight Cover Portrait of Ginger Rogers by Marland Stone.
Adroit combination of operatic vocalizing and exciting murder melodrama, with Mary Ellis splendid as the opera star whose charm proves fatal to many suitors. Mystery stalks and holds you in its grip when the golden notes of Miss Ellis are not thrilling your sound-senses. It's her best picture, Guy Bates Post and Walter Plidge, Norman Foster, John Halliday, Alan Mowbray and the others are good.

The old standby of the worm that turns, tripped up with some good situations and nice acting by a cast lacking star names, but nice balance of promising newcomers and old favorites, Owen Davis, Jr., is the clerk in love with the boss' daughter. He gets courage, so to say, and wins out. Louise Lattimer and Davis make a nice team. Hedda Hopper, Robert McWade, Jessie Ralph are good, as usual. Pleasant.

Perry Mason is on the job! And this time, of all things, on his wedding night when he is about to go on his honeymoon with the lovely Claire Dodd. The honeymoon angle adds zest to this murder mystery. Warren William makes the lawyer detective a whimsical fellow; Wini Shaw is a dark, mysterious lady; but my cheers are for Claire—Dodd, what a bride!

After "Powdersmoke Range," that rip¬ snorter in which Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson, and Tom Tyler appeared so successfully, one might be expecting too much of this trio in another half opera. This seems fatter, though there is plenty of shooting and some of the good sentiment stuff, with Carey as the ex-boxer-it winding up modern gangsters. Margaret O'Hara is the girl interest. Pretty good Western.

The old standby of the worm that turns, tripped up with some good situations and nice acting by a cast lacking star names, but nice balance of promising newcomers and old favorites, Owen Davis, Jr., is the clerk in love with the boss' daughter. He gets courage, so to say, and wins out. Louise Lattimer and Davis make a nice team. Hedda Hopper, Robert McWade, Jessie Ralph are good, as usual. Pleasant.

Feminine adorable you!—when you use Mavis' all-over fragrance before you dress!

Men sense it, adore it—Mavis' flower¬ garden freshness lingering about you! . . . Adopt this secret of French women's charm. A carressing cloud of delicately scented Mavis Talcum all over—after you bathe, before you dress. . . . Mavis does more than surround you with an aura of allure. It absorbs body moisture, lowers skin temperature, helps you keep cool. And Mavis actually protects the youthful softness of your skin. So soothing! . . . Add fresh new loveliness to your charm—with Mavis. Its all-over fragrance lasts and lasts! Try Mavis today!

Mavis Talcum in 23¢, 50¢ and 81 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores, White or flesh. We invite you to try Mavis—use coupon.

Mavis Talcum
IN THE RED CONTAINER

V. VIVAUDOU, INC., 550 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
I enclose 10¢. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum (white ... flesh ... )—as I can try its fragrant loveliness.
Name: ____________________________
Address: _________________________
City: _____________________________
State: ____________________________

Barracuda baked in a bag on a boat! Evalyn places a 2-lb. fish in the portable oven of her galley range, right. Below, our cruising hostess mixes a salad. Right below, Evalyn on the bow of her 45-ft. cutter, "Celito Lindo."

"Home" to Evalyn Knapp is a neat little, sweet little cruiser! Here's a new sort of star housekeeping story you'll like

Evalyn Knapp uses a small apartment in Hollywood as a place to sleep, eat, and dress in while she's working, but her real home is the Celito Lindo, the Docks, Wilmington, California.

"When Dr. George Snyder and I were married," explains Evalyn. "he offered me my choice between a rather nice house, decorated and furnished according to my own ideas, and a boat built to cruise as far as the South Seas. My husband already owned the boat, but he would rebuild it so that we could fulfill our mutual dream of travel. The Celito Lindo has a cruising radius of 2000 miles without the sail—excuse me if I display some of my nautical vocabulary!"

She twinkled, and thereby the hint of resemblance to Dolores Costello's wistful beauty vanished, and she looked like nobody else but the piquantly pretty Evalyn Knapp. Evalyn knew that her bridegroom adored the boat; marriage to her meant what it should mean to brides—happiness for the beloved; so she gallantly voted for the South Seas—and that for a house on land!

"Our argument is that if you have the travel bug, as we have, owning a house is a liability," she told me, earnestly. "If the chance comes to get off for a long trip, you usually can't sell on a moment's notice; if you rent, you can't depend on tenants; if you close it up, it's a dead loss and a constant worry. You can't sail away in your house, but you can in your boat. Especially if you are willing to live very simply and do your own work.

"When we decided on the boat, I didn't know the first thing about the sea or sailing, and I wasn't really certain that I could boil water. Any sort of cooking was beyond me. But now, believe it or not, I'm crazy about all of it. I used to think boats were men's toys, that all men loved them and all women hated them. But I'm as bad as the doctor now—I'm happiest on the sea!"

Even I, who wouldn't know a bulkhead from a cockpit, must admit that the Celito Lindo is a pretty thing.

(Description by Dr. Snyder, who is fairly sure I'll get it wrong: 45 foot yacht, cutter rigged, with auxiliary semi-Diesel engine, engine starts on gasoline but runs on crude oil; gasoline & starting is carried in a
small tank on deck where any leakage would run out the scuppers, so there's no fire hazard. Hull painted white with green trim, dark green below water line. Forward, the deck is canvassed, but in the cockpit the deck is natural oak, holly-stoned white. Coaming, blits, mast and boom are varnished in natural color. (Don't ask me what they are!) "It's the largest boat that can be handled by one man," Evalyn assured me. "When we take long trips, there will be just the two of us, and if anything happens to one, the other must be able to bring her in. That's why the doctor insists that I must learn to be a real sailor. I'm a pretty good deckhand now; I can do about everything except fix the engine. Engines are mysteries to me."

"But fortunately, kitchens aren't! Look, this is the galley—my sea-going kitchen. I use a two-burner kerosene stove, with an oven that fits over one burner. Then this skillet fits over both burners and gives me a whole sheet to get breakfast on. You see, when we give a party, it's usually an all-day party, so breakfast is a good meal. If you're interested in good menus for any sea, lake, or river—or even beach-parties, I know some. The new cook tries all the new gags!

Evelyn Knapp is about to serve a platter of creamed lobster baked in scallop shells to her guests.

"For breakfast, I serve fruit or tomato juice, hot cales, sand-dabs fried in olive oil, crisp bacon, and coffee. If I were in the East, I'd substitute smelts for the sand-dabs. Because we serve breakfast the minute the guests arrive, while we're still anchored, this sort of thing is digestible and delicious.

"But when it comes to luncheon, the wise hostess thinks of her possibly squeamish sea newcomers. Did you know that beans are sometimes the only food that will stay down if a person is seasick? That's why they call them 'nany beans'—the navy serves a thin bean soup to men who can't eat anything else.

"As a rule, I have a good brand of canned beans, to which I add a tablespoon of New Orleans molasses, strips of bacon across the top and bake in my oven until thoroughly hot. Brown bread or French sour bread and coffee is good with this.

"If I'm feeling very ambitious, I fix 'Mexican Beans' instead. But these have to be prepared at home and brought down in the baking dish."

(Continued on page 83)

9 out of 10 girls should make this "Armhole Odor" Test

TONIGHT, WHEN YOU TAKE OFF YOUR DRESS, SMELL THE FABRIC AT THE ARMHOLE—THAT IS THE WAY YOU SMELL TO OTHERS!

THe most scrupulous care cannot protect you, charming as you are, from the daily unpleasantness of perspiration odor if you do not deodorize yourself. You can test it quite easily for yourself tonight. When you take off your dress, simply smell the fabric under the arm.

If you have been deodorizing only, the chances are 9 out of 10 that you will discover a musty, stale "armhole odor" in your dress. That odor is what other people notice when you are near them.

It is easy to explain. Unless you keep your underarm dry, as well as sweet, it is inevitable that some perspiration will collect and dry on the armhole of your dress. This need happen only once, yet every time you put that dress on, the warmth of your body will bring out the odor of stale perspiration. Fastidiously fresh though you are, that unpleasant "armhole odor" gives the impression of unforgettable carelessness.

Protect yourself this SURE way

Women who seriously value their charm willingly spend the few extra moments required to use Liquid Odorono, because it is sure. With Odorono, your underarm is not only odorless, but absolutely dry. Your dresses will never collect those little drops of moisture which can undo all the other measures you take for flawless loveliness.

Doctors say Odorono is entirely safe. With Odorono, the usual underarm perspiration is merely diverted, and comes out on less confined areas of the body, where it can evaporate freely.

Saves your expensive gowns

Odorono ends forever those shocking perspiration stains which can fade and ruin a lovely frock or coat lining, in just one wearing. And of course, there is no grease to make your clothes messy.

You can get Odorono in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. At all toilet-goods counters.

Let Odorono keep your underarm dry, your clothes as sweet and fresh as you are—and you will be truly exquisite. Send today for samples of two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 88 6, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 3328, Montreal)
I enclose 8¢ for samples of Instant and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

Name_____________________
Address_____________________
City________________________
State_______________________

(Continued on page 83)
Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU from making friends

GOOD TIMES can be sadly hampered by a pimply skin. Yet many young people have to fight this trouble after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire system is disturbed. The skin, in particular, gets extremely sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and unsightly pimples break out.

But these adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily—one cake about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin clears. Start today!
An Open Letter to Edward G. Robinson

DEAR "Little Caesar":

Don't reach for that gun. Wait a minute. Oh, I know how you feel about that "Caesar" tag. You probably wish you'd never heard of that picture. You want to run and hide when people see you on the street, stop, stare, then gasp: "Jeepers, it's Caesar!" in a scared tone, but with awe. You, gentlest of gentlemen, have become a sort of symbol of the sinister and sordid on the screen. "Little Caesar" did it, brought you fame and fortune; yet after all this time you still cringe when, even at the opera or at "21," total strangers persist in greeting you: "Hi, Tough Guy!" I know; I've seen it happen.

It would be different, I suppose, if you were more the ordinary actor. The sort who basks in the glory reflected from his character; who doesn't care what the crowds call him so long as they call. You're made of finer stuff. You have the sublime ego of the true artist in you, that makes you long to do something shining and splendid—something like "Napoleon" or "Beethoven," perhaps.

Well, "Caesar"—I mean, Eddie—I don't blame you. I thought the same—once. But then I sat in a theatre where your new picture, "Bullets or Ballots," was playing to a packed house. I watched their faces as you cracked that guy on the shins and then knocked him out. I studied their expressions as you swaggered through the gang of bad men and held your own. The tougher you got, the better they liked it. You could give a magnificent performance of "Beethoven" and the critics would cheer; but the people who pay admissions apparently want to see you sock the so-and-sos on the nose as they themselves would sock if they could get away with it.

So cheer up, Eddie. You may spend most of your screen career playing "Cops and robbers" on a grand scale, because you play that game so much better than most. But if it's any satisfaction to you, I get more queries about your private life—"Is he really such a Tough Guy?"—than about Robert Taylor's; and it's a great honor and privilege for me to be able to say: "He isn't like that at all. Why, you should see his collection of paintings; and his exquisite taste in all fine things, including his beautiful wife and son; and you would enjoy knowing him, probably, more than almost any man in pictures, because he's so genuine. As for those grim roles he plays, they're no real part of him; he doesn't 'feel' 'em; he plays them so superbly because you see, folks, he's an ACTOR!"

Delight Evans
Have You Played

Everybody's playing it! Smart stars demonstrate their own for you here. Above, Joan Crawford's best "Handie," which had her "Gorgeous Hussy" leading man, Robert Taylor, stumped; A man with lockjaw singing "Music Goes 'Round and 'Round." Right, Joe E. Brown shows one made up in his honor: Joe E. Brown eating a caraway seed.

George Raft, left, demonstrates his "Handie" game: The Quintuplets under a shower bath. Margaret Lindsay, far left, says expressively: "I'm putting two and two together." Now you think of some! How about "Necking in the moonlight?" Get it?
The "Handie" Game?

When Screenland asked Shirley Temple to show us her favorite "Handie," she said she'd love to, and the picture above is the result. Then we asked Shirley what it meant. "Oh, I don't know," she said, "I just liked to do it." So write your own "Handie." Left, Dick Powell does "I gotta hunch."

Ida Lupino says: "Cut it!" signaling her director that she can do the scene better if he'll let her try it again. George Brent, at far right, gives his impression of "An absent-minded Indian looking at a sunset."
Ginger Rogers is dancing again! I don't mean over on Stage 9 where she and Fred Astaire are finishing up the last of the dance routines for "Never Gonna Dance." But on the gay, shiny dance floors of Hollywood's smart night clubs where people laugh and sing and say casual little charming things. Where nothing is Important. And nothing really matters. How beautifully she dances. Hers is the graceful rhythm of a sailboat in a summer's evening breeze. Rhythm, that's it—it's rhythm that you think of when you think of Ginger Rogers. Rhythm is an unfinished song, a never-ending dance, a refusal of the spirit to be tethered. And rhythm is probably the main reason why Ginger couldn't make a go of her marriage with Lew Ayres. Her spirit couldn't be chained.

Isn't it strange how men like to bind with cold cruel chains the very thing that first attracted them to a girl? Lew Ayres, a silent, serious young man, was greatly attracted by Ginger's gaiety, her bubbling laughter, her free and easy camaraderie with the world, and her voracious appetite for life; and Lew fell desperately in love with her. They met first at a Hollywood party in March, 1933, and Lew as is his custom retired somberly to the quietest corner of the room, but he couldn't help but notice the good-looking girl who had practically all the males in the room gathered around her. She would laugh, she would sing, she would dance, and Lew became so fascinated that although he had sworn off of women, (that was soon after his divorce from Lola Lane), that before he left the party he had wrangled her 'phone number out of one of the guests. Nature put on a grand cataclysmic show for their first date. Ginger was in a beauty salon when her mother called her to say that a Mr. Ayres...
New Freedom

wanted to take her to dinner that evening. "I don't know any Mr. Ayres," said Ginger. Her mother explained that it was Lew Ayres and that he had met her at a party a few days ago and he seemed a very nice boy and Ginger was wracking her brain trying to place him when she suddenly felt a sinking sensation in her stomach and looking out of the window saw a telephone pole swaying like a metronome. "Earthquake!" someone shouted. "Tell him yes!" shrieked Ginger, and dashed for the street.

A little thing like a major disaster couldn't keep Ginger and Lew at home that night. They dined and danced at the Biltmore Bowl down in Los Angeles and the second big tremor threw Ginger, along with a couple of hard rolls and a cup of coffee, right into Lew's arms. "Thank you, Mother Nature," said Lew, taking advantage of the opportunity. It was all very exciting, this trying to dance with the floor rolling under you, and Ginger was terribly thrilled by it all, and the romance got off to a beautiful start. Dates followed in quick succession, and soon all Hollywood knew that Lew and Ginger were going together to the exclusion of everyone else. Ginger was going through an athletic phase then and every Sunday would find Ginger and a few of their mutual friends at Lew's home in the Hollywood hills playing tennis and ping-pong. "Lew will be good for Ginger," a lot of people said, "he's so serious and ambitious. And Ginger isn't." But a lot of other people shook their heads.

Ginger and her mother went to New York in the fall of 1934 and Ginger told several of her best friends that she definitely would not marry Lew Ayres. So quite obviously she married Lew Ayres. The engagement party took place on "The Lottery (Continued on page 85)
DISTANT

By
MARGARET E.
SANGSTER

A new novel in the ultra-modern manner, with glittering Hollywood the background for a gripping romance

PART I.

THE little movie chorus girl said: "How old are you, Bill?"

Bill Banton answered: "Older than God, I guess." He added, "Do you want the new issue of Screenland? You're in one of the double-page spreads. You show up fine, especially your knees."

The girl said: "Be your age, Bill. What is your age?"

Bill Banton gave a copy of American Mercury to a man who looked as if the alphabet itself would be too much for him. He gave a chocolate bar to an elderly woman who looked hungry. He said, "I might be thirty. I might be a hundred and thirty. I might be a thousand and thirty!"

The little chorus girl murmured, "Oh." She smiled into Bill's face and there was something very nice about her smile. Apparently she didn't see anything but his face. Apparently she wasn't conscious of his dragging, useless foot. She said:

"I like you most awfully, Bill. You saved my life with that five dollars you loaned me last week. I get paid today. I'll give it to you on my way out."

Bill Banton returned the smile, and suddenly the deep lines made by too much suffering were erased, and the marks of age—that had not been graven by the years—were very faint. When Bill smiled his expression became almost boyish.

"Hush your pants. From the same pool I only needed a fiver—and now your fiver practically forces it on me!"
The fall shook Bill Banton, but his humiliation at earning Mavis Dorian's scorn made him suffer more. The star ceased her tirade suddenly as she looked at Bill's face. She burst into laughter. "He looks like a dog, waiting to be kicked," she giggled derisively.

The little chorus girl echoed, "If I had it!" she laughed and nodded to the door-keeper, and slipped in through the gateway of the Ultra-Alta lot.

Bill, watching her go, continued to smile. And then a comedian, with a brow like Hamlet, asked for a copy of Variety, and Bill stopped smiling and made change.

Bill Banton's paper stand! It stood just this side of the entrance to what for many was the promised land. To what, for many more, was the cemetery of dead hopes. Outside the portal of paradise—or hell—he sold tabloids and funnies, cigarettes and candy, to the most famous of the actors, (sometimes), and the least famous of the extras, (often). He rather liked his stand, too—it was more, to Bill, than a livelihood. It kept him busy from early morning until past twilight. Furthermore it didn't give him much time for thinking. It didn't give him many minutes in which to remember that he was often in pain.

Most of the stars knew Bill by name. Some of them bullied him, and some of them chose to be gracious. One lady from England had him order the Illustrated London Times and Punch especially for her. One lady from Brooklyn had a way of confiding in him—confidences that were slightly orchid-tinged. But—and this spelled a little private Gethsemane for Bill—one lady from Wisconsin always averted her eyes when she passed. And yet—because the human mind is as perverse as it is complicated—Bill admired the lady from Wisconsin, (which sounds a trifle political), more than any of the others.

"Tell me about Miss Dorian," he'd ask casually of page boy, of mechanic, of electrician, as they lingered close to his stand, "she's a looker, that one?"

It was a stage carpenter who set Bill right on the subject of the Dorian.

"Her name was Marty Smith," he said, "back in Sheboygan, or wherever she (Continued on page 65)
WHEN a girl is nineteen, a knock-out, and a major number in the Hollywood set-up, there remains one big hitch to realizing heaven on earth. _And that is lack of love!_ Romance should be a cinch for a girl in Rochelle Hudson's glamorous circumstances. Blessed with a particularly captivating personality, aided by a gorgeous wardrobe, and haloed by fame, she ought to be leading a gay, beaux-strewn life.

Only she insists to me that she isn't. She declares that there is a strange situation existent in the movie colony. Love—meaning men and dates—aren't what you'd casually suppose. Even for a "lucky" lass who apparently has all the odds in her favor.

"Men?" My queries were met with questions on her part. "Where are they? And as for dates, they're more apt to be dilemmas than simple delights. For a young actress, love is practically an unsolvable problem!"

Now Rochelle's working hours are taken care of, for she is being rewarded for a lengthy apprenticeship by stardom at the 20th Century-Fox studios. But Rochelle is piquantly human, too. Although she is faithfully studying dramatic technique and diction, as well as singing and dancing and French, there is still a bit of spare time left over. Yes, even after she reads the papers to keep informed on current crises!

That she should wish for a reasonable measure of innocent fun is just natural. It wouldn't be normal for her to be one of those hundred-per-cent stay-at-home recluses. Yet more and more that's what she is actually getting to be—and through no choice or design of her own.

"I don't believe I'm frivolous," she asserted in attempting to explain the social perplexities of an unmarried feminine player. "I really have been concentrating on amounting to something, and somehow I've never had time to fritter idly away.

"I don't care about going to a lot of parties. But I do adore dancing. After I've been tied down all week to work, it is a thrill to dress up in my prettiest evening gown and go to the Cocoanut Grove or the Trocadero. A tempting dinner for two, soft lights, a wonderful orchestra, and an attractive partner—this is my dream of a grand frolic.

"But this business of boy-friends for a Hollywood girl is amazing. You immediately bump into complications. You want companionship and sometimes, perhaps, a dash of flirtation. On the other hand, you have been terribly fortunate at a studio. You have soon realized that your personal plans must necessarily revolve around the work the studio gives you. It is impossible to fly off on a hectic love affair which would ruin the chance for which you've struggled so hard."

You may have thought that Rochelle has stepped overnight into the star class, and fancy that her replacing Janet Gaynor in "Way Down East" was pure luck. Neither conclusion would be strictly accurate, for in reality she has been preparing to deliver stand-out performances. Patiently she has waited for this recognition.

She was born in Wisconsin. One of nine children of an intelligent, cultured couple. (Continued on page 66)
WHEN I first saw James Stewart bantering his way through the early stages of "Next Time We Love" with Margaret Sullivan and Ray Milland; when I saw him in "Rose Marie" as Jeanette MacDonald's brother who remarked, "Sis can't understand a fellow wanting to get away and see far places;" when I saw him in "Wife vs. Secretary" as Jean Harlow's boy friend who had guts enough to tell her off when she kept throwing him over for the boss; and lastly when I saw him more than holding his own in the matter of clowning with Ted Healy in "Speed," I thought, "Now, there's a guy who should be interviewed. He's nuts."

So I interviewed him. His biography is singularly undistinguished. His father owns a small hardware store in Indiana, Pennsylvania, where Jim was born. He prepped at Mercersburg Academy, and afterwards attended Princeton, where he studied architecture. He learned to play the accordion and went in for track, high jump and hurdle. With those long legs of his he should. He went on the stage because no firm of architects offered him a job. That about takes care of Jim's past and it will be told and re-told in a dozen magazines. If you want the details, consult them. It wasn't what I wanted.

At the end of an hour I was the most disappointed writer in Hollywood. He was agreeable, likeable, and that was all. Just another run-of-the-mill juvenile—albeit an unusually capable one. But of that bantering quality I mentioned, of that longing to go places that makes the possessor of said quality the despair of his family and delight of his acquaintances—there wasn't a vestige.

I hadn't even been able to blast a laugh out of Jim. Then I saw him at a large party talking to Barbara Stanwyck. A few days later I saw Barbara and mentioned Jimmy. "Gee, he's crazy," Barbara bubbled.

"I thought he would be," I answered dispiritedly, "but he wasn't."

"He's nuts," Barbara affirmed. "Why, at that party along toward six o'clock I said I guessed we'd better go. 'Do we have to go?' he asked. 'Yes,' I said, 'the invitations plainly said from four to six.' 'But I don't want to go,' he said, 'I'm having a swell time.' ‘But we've got to,' I protested. 'Aw, come on,' he coaxed, 'let's stay and be a problem.'"

"That's what I thought he'd be like," I ejaculated.

Ever since then Jim has been referred to by Barbara and me as "the problem child." Next day I went back to M-G-M with blood in my eye. I'd been gypped. I ran into Mr. Stewart watching them excavate for the new restaurant. "Hey, you," I said, "I want to see you some more."

"What's the matter?" he countered uneasily. "Didn't you get enough for your story?"

"Yes," I said, "but not the right kind of stuff. I forgot to ask you the color of your toothbrush handle."

"White," murmured Mr. Stewart, "for purity."

"And how you like your eggs—"

"I don't like 'em," he broke in, "but I eat 'em raw—in my orange juice—so I'll grow up to be big and strong." He eyed me meaningly. "And fat," he added.

"I was kidding," I announced hastily. But, growing suddenly confidential, "here's the whole thing in a nutshell: When I saw you on the screen and even after I'd met you, I thought, 'He's nuts.' But try as I would that first day I couldn't get anything out of you to support my supposition. Then, the other day, I was talking to Barbara Stanwyck and she told me some things about you that have set my mind at rest."

"That's treason," he yelled indignantly. "I try to amuse her and what happens? She laughs and tells. She's a cad! And regardless of what I used to be, the studio bosses told me to quiet down and be (Continued on page 78)"
ONE of the funniest, and at the same time, one of the most honest souvenirs among my collection of Interviews That Never Have Been Printed was with a Broadway Boy who had come out to Hollywood for a picture or two as a sort of breather between his legitimate engagements and his latest breach of promise suits.

A walking example of the Debutante’s Dream, it was obvious that the West Coast writers would flock to him to get his undying words on what he thought of women in general, and Hollywood women in particular.

I remember he sat in an elaborate dressing-room suite, clad in white flannels and a white tennis shirt open at the throat, (just like your favorite photograph of him). His feet were sprawled out on an easy chair and he was chewing gum like mad to keep from smoking more cigarettes than were good for him.

For a half-hour or so we indulged in minor chit-chat about Hollywood and Broadway and percentages and salaries, before we got around to the really important subject of what this Lady-Killer thought about women.

That was my assignment, but it never lived to see the light of print, because how was I to know he was going to tell me what he really thought of them?

“Well,” drawled the Killer, “the world is full of sweet women, and mean women, pretty women and plain women but I seem to prefer ordinary women! Of course, if anyone told me that I liked women who were too conspicuous, whose nails were too red, who dressed too flashily, who laughed too loudly and smoked too much, I would probably deny it. But it must be true, because whenever I find myself becoming really serious about a girl, she is usually this type. So I must like them best!”

You’ve got to give the boy credit! That’s devastating—especially after the reams of copy that go out from Hollywood about the wood violets and the modest Little Audreys most actors are supposed to admire and respect as a type.

For years I’ve been listening to actors sing about their publicity Dream Girls and trying to check the picture with their latest flame, or newest wife; and the
What do great screen lovers demand in lovelies they could fall in love with? It was a deep secret—till we made them tell

By
Dorothy Manners

Does Gene Raymond prefer brunettes? What type intrigues handsome Bob Taylor, below? Read our story and learn just what qualifications the leading men of the movies demand in their heart appealers.

Only possible conclusion to be reached is that they are first-class prevaricators, or else they're all tied up with the wrong women! In a way, I suppose it isn't entirely their fault. The majority of men feel duty-bound loudly to admire the modest, homespun virtues in print. But when it comes to choosing a mate to share their lives, or a dinner partner to share a meal at the Trocadero, you find that while actors may adore Sweet Sixteens in the abstract, it's Somebody Else Again who gets them, in the concrete!

When Clark Gable first started burning up the town he granted several whimsical interviews dealing with the subject of his boyhood sweethearts, (I always got the mental picture they wore ribbons in their hair and gingham aprons), and in one of these stories he sentimentally protested he should have remained in his old home town, married the sweetest of the flock, and settled down to a calm, quiet life far from the maddening influence of Hollywood. It is a sweet thought—but that is about as far as it goes in practice.

If you are a naive child, with nothing more exciting to recommend you than a good skin and a natural curl in your hair, I'm afraid Clark wouldn't give you a second glance, if he were to meet you at teatime some Hollywood afternoon. For the women who have (Continued on page 68)
PARIS always has its allure. Stars of all nations can't resist a visit, it only a fleeting one. All at the same time we had a Mexican invasion, a Swedish star lingered a while, a French song-bird rested her wings on her flight back to Hollywood, and some American directors and film producers were here on their constant search for new faces.

The Mexicans in the persons of Dolores Del Rio, Lupe Velez, and Ramon Novarro were still fundamentally Mexican amidst the French atmosphere; the Swedish Nils Asther seemed as though he belonged always in Paris, but the French diva, Lily Pons, seemed subtly but surely to be changing into an American. Of course big American film magnates like Joseph Schenck, Samuel Goldwyn, and the Warner Brothers are essentially big American film magnates no matter what the surrounding atmosphere may be.

The Del Rio was on her way to London to co-star in a film with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Each time one sees Dolores she seems to be more beautiful. There is a glowing warmth in her dark beauty. She seems less febrile and there is added poise and depth plus a real joy of living. The joy of living, she will listen to explain in her exotic, vibrant voice, is the success she has made in combining a career with married life. But she says that if it ever comes to a showdown and she must give up one of these it would be the career that would go and she would settle down calmly and happily being Mrs. Cedric Gibbons. Her husband had finished his work on the decoration and scenes of "Romeo and Juliet" in time to accompany her. They arrived in Paris expecting to be joined by young Douglas so as to shoot some scenes in Paris, but Douglas was sick abed in London so they went on to join him. In the film to be called "Accused" Dolores plays the part of a dancer and knife-thrower, (married to Douglas), who is accused of murder. The opening scenes showing Dolores doing her turn in a Parisian Music Hall were to have been staged at the Alhambra here in Paris. When she left she said that they would return to shoot the scenes later on, but knowing the great ability of the studios to create atmosphere I fear they might decide to do the Paris scenes in the London studio. It would be a pity, for surely the scenes shot in Paris would carry enough weight in their authenticity to warrant the (Continued on page 72)

News about the Continental holidays of your film favorites

By Stiles Dickenson

Paris was their playground when our reporter saw, and interviewed for you, lovely Dolores Del Rio, above; dashing Nils Asther, left; sprightly Lily Pons, right; and other stars vacationing abroad.
It's the gay season in London, with Hollywood brilliantly represented. Left, Richard Bar- 
thelness, Anita Louise, Francis Lister and his wife Margot 
Grahame, and Sylvia Sidney, seen together aboard ship at 
Southampton. Lower left, Grace 
Moore and her husband. Below, 
Sylvia Sidney in Hyde Park.

T'S Summer-time in London. Roses are 
blooming in Hyde Park, changing the 
King's Guard is once more a colorful mil-
tary pageant of scarlet and gold, and 
every time you walk down Piccadilly you meet 
some lovely famous lady just arrived from Holly-
wood. (Which is the surest seasonal sign of all!)

Grace Moore is staying in London, not to 
face the cameras but to sing—her favorite French opera 
"Louise" being given at Covent Garden. She has to re-
turn to California to make her next picture but after 
that report announces she will come back to England to 
appear in a film for us. Grace says she "can't exactly 
confirm that yet" but she has had several long talks with 
Alexander Korda and everybody knows he is going to 
open his winter activities with a spectacular production 
that has an operatic theme.

Grace lunched with Korda and H. G. Wells at the 
Ritz the other day, all in filmy black setting off her fair 
skin and blonde hair which she now sweeps back off 
her bejewelled ears into bunches of neck-curles. She wore 
one of the hats she bought during her recent vacation in 
Paris, the latest French straw model with a square shal-
low crown and a two-inch brim. It was shiny black and 
trimmed with a massed chaplet of lilies-of-the-valley to 
match the posy Grace had pinned on her shoulder—an-
other new fashion style from the Gay City.

The greatest sensation of the London season so far, 
and most surprising star of them all is Sylvia Sidney. 
Robert Donat was to have co-starred with Sylvia in her 
first British film, called "Sabotage" and based on a novel 
by Joseph Conrad. But later Robert withdrew; the of-

cial reason given was that an attack of asthma prevented 
Donat from fulfilling the contract. Whatever the reason 
it must have been important to Robert, because when 
Korda was forced to postpone "Hamlet" starring Donat, 
the dark-eyed romantic actor, though besieged with 
ofers, chose this one, because he likes to play differ-
ent types in his films and had not hitherto attempted 
such a somber dramatic rôle as this secret agent engaged 
in destroying London's power-stations. Sylvia plays the 
wife, whose young brother the criminal uses to carry an 
infernal machine through the city. But the bomb ex-
plodes prematurely, killing the boy, and the distraught 
sister revenges him by slaying her husband.

We all went to greet Sylvia at the railroad terminus 
and while we awaited the train's arrival an actor who 
knew her well in Hollywood a (Continued on page 73)
MR. TRACY,” I was informed, as I walked into the studio to keep my appointment, “will be a few minutes late. He’s in the hay.”

I smiled politely and dropped into a comfortable chair, wondering if I had heard correctly and if so, just what “in the hay” meant. Was Mr. Tracy asleep, or was it just a scene in his current picture, “Fury?”

Presently he came along, all pink-cheeked and friendly. “Sorry to keep you waiting,” he volunteered, smiling out of a pair of very blue eyes. “That darned alfalfa crop had to be taken care of and I just couldn’t leave.”

It develops that Spencer has gone rural in a big way. What with his twelve polo ponies, a couple of thoroughbreds he’s raising for racing purposes, (and who in Hollywood isn’t?), to say nothing of his seven yearly crops of alfalfa, he doesn’t have time for anything else these days.

It’s a far cry from the beautiful sixteen-acre ranch to the days of the “Bloody Sixty-four” in Milwaukee where Spencer and Pat O’Brien were school-mates, and the later lean years on 94th Street and West End when they were still fighting their battles together in a struggle for existence.

“Pat’s the best pal I ever had,” Spencer said, earnestly. “We were pals in school together and I guess we’ll always be friends, no matter where we are. He’s a swell guy.”

“I was just about fourteen when I first met Pat,” he went on, reminiscently. “It was at the Jesuit School in Milwaukee. All the time we were in school we used to fight each other’s battles. Then we both got a job in the lumber yards. Pat always got the softest job, though. He’d always manage to be the guy who tossed the lumber down to me below. I’d be standing down there, waiting, and he’d be taking it easy up above.”

“Anyway, I got the idea that Spencer didn’t mind much if Pat got the best of the bargain. I wouldn’t have been surprised if Spencer had arranged it that way, but he wouldn’t be one to talk about it.”

Life in the lumber yard began to irk young Pat, however, and he decided to go to New York to become an actor. Spencer didn’t realize how much he’d miss his old fighting partner until he’d gone, but things weren’t the same. Soon Spencer began making plans.

“I’d never thought much about being an actor,” Spencer admitted. “Matter of fact, I hadn’t made up my mind what I wanted to do. But when Pat went away I began to get the urge to follow him. I figured if that mug could get away with being an actor, I could, too!”

Being an actor, they both discovered, wasn’t all it was cracked up to be. As a matter of fact, they couldn’t find anyone at all who was even willing to give them a chance to act, much less give them any money for it.

“Then finally took a room in a boarding house on 96th Street. Life began to be pretty much of a problem, but the days never got so dark that the old sense of humor wasn’t in evidence.”

“We used to figure out more ways of dodging our landlady, Mrs. Brown,” Spencer chuckled. “We’d wait until after the lights were all (Continued on page 74)
Spencer Tracy and Pat O'Brien, neck-and-neck in the race for fame since boyhood, tell on each other, and make you like it

"WHEN"

By Virginia Wood

Pat O'Brien, whose home was wherever his hat turned when he and Spencer were tramps together, likes his home in Brentwood so much he seldom goes out even to pat around with Tracy. Right, Pat vociferous to his own piano accompaniment. Below, looking over his huge scrap-book of press clippings in the living-room of his Brentwood home, here he rests between films.

"I think I know Spence better than he knows himself," was Pat O'Brien's opening remark, as we took our places at the luncheon table. "And," he added with a smile, "I guess he knows me pretty well, too."

Big, clean-cut and very Irish, ready to defend anyone he's fond of at the drop of a hat, I could see what Spencer meant when he told me Pat hadn't changed any. You can't conceive of Pat being anything other than he looks—honest, every inch a man, and conscientious as the day is long.

"You know, Spence was always a natural born actor," he went on. "Even in the school plays, back in Milwaukee and in the smallest parts in stock companies, Spence always made himself stand out. I don't think he ever realized it, but the rest of us did. He has that naturalness, that fine sense of humor that goes for a fine performance on either the stage or screen."

"We used to have some good times together when we were first starting out. We were always broke. Did Spence tell you how we used to swipe beer bottles to turn in for sandwiches. There wasn't any angle we overlooked."

"We used to hang around the Lambs' Club, just waiting for someone to turn up with the price of a meal. We'd get a guest card from someone, even when we didn't have money enough to belong to the club, just so we could keep in touch with people."

"George McBride showed up at the club one day. He was the son of the department store owner back in Milwaukee. Spence and I welcomed him with open arms, knowing he'd have some dough. We finally got him to ask us to dinner that night. We picked out a place that had good steaks. Gosh, we'd been dreaming of steak for days, while we'd been eating pretzels and drinking a glass of beer occasionally. It wasn't a fancy place, but the food was good."

"We all sat down and ordered. Suddenly, someone noticed a peculiar odor. We discovered one of the gas jets in the place was leaking, and nothing could be done about it until a man came to fix it. One by one, the customers began leaving. McBride and Spence wanted me to go, but I was going to have my steak or else. They finally left me there and, believe it or not, I ate all three steaks!"

"I found them waiting for me outside. Spence was mad as the devil. It wasn't (Continued on page 74)
Hollywood Nearly Passed 'Em By!

Look at them then!
And look at them now!

By
Whitney Williams

Janet Gaynor, above, as Hollywood first saw her. Right, Fay Wray, who went from school to studio sets. Above, Gary Cooper roared about Hollywood on a motorcycle then; and Joan Crawford, lower right, was known as Hollywood's Dancing Girl.

They're stars now. Popularity, wealth, and fame are theirs. Their appearance anywhere, even in Hollywood, is cause for a hasty crowd to gather. If they had a dollar for every time they have signed their names to please some autograph hunter, they could feed the nation—and still have dollars left to purchase a few Hispana-Suizas, or Austins.

Who? Why, Joan Crawford, Janet Gaynor, Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen, Fay Wray. Their combined salaries soar to fabulous heights. The romance of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell has been discussed as few other romances of history. The rise of Joan Crawford to one of our most glittering dramatic stars has never been equalled. Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen and Fay Wray boast followings that any great star of stage or screen might well envy.

Not always have these personalities been the source of news they are today, however. When first I knew them—gosh, that's a long time ago—they rated nothing in the news or dramatic columns. They were just nobodies, insofar as the world was concerned. Hollywood almost passed them by.

All but Joan Crawford started their picture careers as extras. Joan came to Hollywood fresh from the "Scandals" in New York. But she arrived not as Joan Crawford but as Lucile Le Sueur, dancer. The studio decided that this name was too difficult to pronounce, and remember. Even the producers weren't quite certain how to pronounce the name without stuttering. And it would never do for a great producer to stutter. The studio arranged, therefore, for a contest to be held, to determine a new name for Lucile. The final selection lay in Joan Arden.

So Lucile Le Sueur over-night became Joan Crawford, no explanation being advanced why she didn't remain Arden, after all the hullabaloo of finding a new name for her. For a period, she seemed lost in the shuffle, at the studio.

Jean had not been in town long before Hollywood conferred on her the title of "The Dancing Girl." At that time, she went places with a young business man named Jerry Chrysler, and the two won dancing contests almost nightly at The Montmartre, The Cocoanut Grove, The Plantation and other smart cafes that donated silver cups for the (Continued on page 95)
Practically no one outside of his own family, even in Hollywood, has heard all of the real story of Victor McLaglen.

He finally told it to me for Screenland.

It's a fantastic, "press-agent's dream" tale. The places he has been, and the things he has done; the way fate has persistently fooled him; how no plan of his has ever come fully true—curious, to put it mildly!

Behind this giant of a man's brusque masculinity there's still the untamed, untired heart of the brash adventurer. He never takes no for his answer. His enthusiasm is as intact as his vitality. Victor is famous, rich; he holds the Motion Picture Academy's award for the best work in this past season by any actor. He is, today, a person of responsibility, of important affairs.

But Victor, for whom every climax is but a prelude to a more surprising denouement, hasn't been altered by this tremendous success. When he let the mask of reserve down I realized that this movie star chapter of his hasn't given him new standards. He ran away from home to see the world, and he has certainly covered plenty of ground. Yet he has emerged from each unanticipated episode with the McLaglen honor untouched by the slightest stain.

"Garbo was right," he said suddenly, on the day he decided to be more than his usual, courteous self. "No one knows what the future will bring. It's an optimistic thought, too, isn't it? There is no telling how well we may wind up!

"Take me, for instance. Seventeen years ago I was in—of all spots—Bagdad. I was in charge of the British military and civil police, and we'd captured that sector of the country from the Turks. Bagdad! It's half-way around the globe and I hadn't the faintest idea of becoming an actor then. There couldn't be a greater change for me. But even though I'm in such a different atmosphere, how can I erase those moments from my mind? I was there in Bagdad for five long years!

"It symbolizes magic and glamor in children's books, as Beverly Hills does to modern grown-ups. I found it a typical old-world city, with about half a million population. It wasn't especially exciting. There were no Aladdin's trimmings; life for the Asiatic-Arabsians is crude.

"We just walked in—it wasn't fortified, but it was in a stragetic location on the Tigris River. The Arabs deserted the Turkish army to stay in their homes."

I was intrigued at the way (Continued on page 70)
Thrill to history's most gallant adventure as retold here from the exciting new Warner Bros. screen play, starring Errol Flynn with Olivia de Havilland opposite.

Please turn to page 76 for complete cast and credits.

The brave company goes into battle! Heroic soldier though he was, Geoffrey Vickers was helpless in the hands of a lovely woman, Elsa, his Colonel's daughter. Then his own brother, Perry, stepped in. Meanwhile, his military life must carry on.

The Charge of the

First there had been the long days away from her. Then they had stretched into a week, a month, a year. And then there had been another year and another.

Years to remember her in. The small grace of her and her eyes that had wept in farewell. Her hair, black as the tropic night that comes without warning of shadow or twilit. Her skin as softly sweet and as glowing as jasmin-scented Indian gardens.

Only one more day and he would see her again. Harder for Geoffrey to endure this day, than all the years of days that had gone by.

He gave an order to the small company of Lancers that had been ordered to Calcutta from the Chukoti Garrison and the men prodded their horses into a gallop. But it was not fast enough. A steed as fleet as a hurricane wind that would bring him to her in minutes, not hours—that was what he wanted. A steed swift as his love for her.

Yet always Elsa had been with him as she was with him now. Riding beside him as he rode over the hot Indian country with his regiment. Standing beside him that day when Sir Humphrey Harcourt, the home government official sent from England, had thought he had placated Surat Khan, the Amir of Surustan. Strange, even the day he had saved the Amir's life when a leopard had leaped upon him during the hunt, she had been there, as though he had summoned her alive and real from his heart.

Trouble was brooding in India and none knew it better than Geoffrey Vickers who was a captain of her Majesty's twenty-seventh Lancers. For a soldier, close to

"Half a league, half a league, half a league onward! Cannon to left of them, cannon to right of them!"
Romance rides again! Daring exploits of real-life heroes are re-created in this stirring drama of unsurpassed true love and courage

Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen

Geoffrey led his men as they swept onward to the great attack. But his heart was left behind with Elsa, who loved his brother. The gallant company presses on, Geoffrey always in the thick of the fight that sometimes threatened helpless women and children.

Light Brigade

warring native tribes, knew what a diplomat could never know. And Geoffrey had seen Surat Khan's eyes when Sir Humphrey had informed him that the bounty paid him annually by the British government was to be discontinued. All right for an English Home Government official to think his diplomacy had saved a difficult situation. Geoffrey, the soldier, knew better.

So the hours went in thinking sometimes of the uprising that was sure to be the Amir's reprisal; in thinking of his brother, seconded from the army into diplomatic service in Calcutta. But swiftest of all the hours went in dreaming of Elsa, of her eyes and her mouth and her laugh.

Then it was over, this longest day of all, and his feet running up the path through the garden, and her father, Colonel Campbell, strangely grave with him when he told him Elsa was not at home.

The almost unbearable joy was gone now. So it wasn't until that evening he saw her at the hall at the Government House. She was dancing with Perry and he thought how good they were to look upon, this tall young brother of his and the vivacious girl who scarcely reached to his shoulder. He started towards them and then other dancers came between them and when he looked again he could not find them.

Perry's arm tightened around Elsa as he led her from the dance floor. Only that afternoon he had told her of his love for her. And though she had tried to deny him at first he had seen the happiness and sadness mingle in her eyes.

"Darling, you do love me, (Continued on page 75)"

"Into the jaws of death......
Into the mouth of hell......
Rode the six hundred!"
WELL, apparently Hollywood has settled down to a sane and sensible mode of life, worse luck, for I was always one to love a bit of bizarre extravaganz. Nearly all the movie stars have become such goody-goody boys and girls ("goody-goody for you") who are early to bed and early to rise, and depressingly healthy, wealthy, and wise, that I am up to my lobes in beastly normality.

I often find myself moaning low for the good old colorful days when Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri were fighting it out over the Star Dressing-Room on the Paramount lot, and Charlie Ray was holding up production while he installed gold door-knobs in his palatial home, and Clara Bow was telling off the producers and flying down to Caliente to keep a date with the croupiers, and Elinor Glyn was burning incense and spouting about "It," and John Gilbert was loudly courting Greta Garbo much to the annoyance of the Beverly Hills police. Ah, those were colorful days. Temperament was not a thing to be shushed at then. On the contrary, the more temperament the better and brighter for everybody.

Will you ever forget the day that Glorious Gloria, discovering that Madame Negri was frightfully superstitious of black cats, launched at least two hundred of them on the studio lot so that no matter which way Pola turned a black cat crossed her path? And the day that Gloria brought the Marquis to Hollywood as her bridegroom and tread upon a carpet of roses while the jealous ladies who had no Marquis swooned with envy? And the day that Jetta Goudal suddenly decided in the midst of an important "take" that she didn't...
Don’t believe it! There are still some colorful examples in cinemaland, and we’ve found them for you, in this feature

By Margaret Angus

like the color of the dress she was wearing and proceeded to tear it into shreds? And the day that Liliyan Tashman made that terrific scene because she tried to cut herself a slice of turkey at a certain famous wedding and discovered that the bird was a little something from the studio prop department? And will you ever forget the Tashman-Bennett feud over who was the best dressed woman in Hollywood, and who had the most chic white drawing room, not to mention Gloria and Connie’s battle to the finish over the Marquis de la Falaise? (Whatever became of “Hank”?) Yes, in those days production patiently waited, at thousands of dollars a minute, while their charming leading ladies fought, or sulked, or gabbled, or loved, or played tricks on each other; and it was all pretty exciting and perfectly permissible because it came under the heading of temperament.

Well, what with the depression, and sound, and salary cuts, and the legitimatizes from Broadway, things got more or less rational, and the temperamental pets of the celluloid died a natural death. Movie stars learned to call each other names behind backs and not to faces, (that is still the approved method), and in that way the temperament, the “scene,” and hair-pulling was avoided. The children of the cinema became docile, obedient, polite, responsible and, alas for local color, re-fined. Producers ceased dueling ink-wells, directors finished their pictures on schedule, and hair-dressers flourished, grew stout, and lived twenty years longer.

But fortunately for the likes of you and me who love a bit of bizarre extravaganza, ye goode olde temperament isn’t entirely dead in Hollywood. Though not as colorful as it used to be there are still some pretty specimens of it. Temperament, as it is flashed in Hollywood today, for the most part consists of one-third art, one-third temper, and one-third just plain common orneriness. Producers, directors, and reporters are no longer impressed by it. Nor am I, but I am greatly amused. And now let’s get cozy and dish like mad.

Margaret Sullavan, I guess, is Number One Temperamental Star in Hollywood today (now that Garbo has become so “gracious”) but Luise Rainer, Metro’s entry, bids fair to nose her out of first position at the next turn. And under wraps is Simone Simon. She’ll make ‘em both look like goody-goodies. Just give her time and pictures.

Well, anyway, la Sullavan doesn’t pick herself a rival movie star to feud with as the glamor girls did in the old days; no, her feud is with the Press and the Photogs. She just can’t resist giving them the run-around.

There was the time a few years ago, just after Margaret had finished her auspicious screen début in “Only Yesterday,” that she displayed a typical bit of temperament. She flew to New York and at the Omaha airport was asked by reporters if she was the former wife of Henry Fonda, Omaha’s native son and young hopeful. "I don’t know Henry Fonda," snapped Margaret. The reporter politely retired, (oh, we’re fundamentally a polite race), and checked through the records in the newspaper files and what he found brought (Continued on page 97)
What Romance

By Jerry Asher

Lederer's home is his castle, and his home-life an amazing mixture of Spartan existence and artistic expression. He works out daily in his gymnasium, at left; models in clay, left above; enjoys the old-world atmosphere of his library, in which you see him above. Left below, a corner of the bedroom.

As HIS first friend in Hollywood, I have always felt that Francis Lederer is his own worst enemy. He isn't as tempestuous as Hollywood would have you believe. He's much more so. Lederer has no inhibitions when it comes to honest personal conviction. He has never accomplished the art of insincerity, or that which often goes by the name of "diplomacy." In the face of ridicule, discouragement and misunderstanding, Francis has stuck to his ideals with the tenacity of a crusader. Three years have passed since his advent in Hollywood. Not in the slightest way has he swerved from the purpose of the things he believes in.

Completely unspoiled, there is no pretense in Lederer's make-up. False pride, what others might say or think, play no part in his life. Once, at a Hollywood picture theatre, word spread quickly through the auditorium that he was in the audience. Just as all eyes were turned in his direction, Francis took a paper sack from under his arm. Quite calmly and without the slightest embarrassment, he nonchalantly ate his lunch while he watched the picture on the screen.

One hot summer's night, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone invited Francis to accompany them to Joan's preview of "Dancing Lady." Franchot was sitting on one side of Joan; Francis, on the other. Suddenly Lederer stood up and took off his coat. Next his tie was removed. Then he unbuttoned his collar and loosened his belt. "Dancing Lady" on the screen had nothing on the original sitting in the midst of that preview audience! After the show Joan asked Francis if he was trying to top the "strip-tease" she did in the picture. Franchot remarked that he only wished he had the courage to do things like that when the spirit moved him. And Francis Lederer looked from one to the other in complete astonishment.

In the very heart of Hollywood, Francis lives in a home pervaded with an old-world atmosphere. It is situated opposite the Japanese gardens, right off Franklin Avenue. The house is Italian in architec-
Means to Lederer

Full-length portrait of the screen's "Great Lover" of life, whose own words and deeds prove he isn't as tempestuous as Hollywood would have you believe

Italian in architecture, Lederer's home is very remote from the restless excitement of Hollywood Boulevard. He takes great pride in his garden, where you see "Lothario" Lederer above; and in his many art objects, like the painting above the bed at right. Lower right, the star absorbed in a good book.

ture and stands on the sloping side of a hill. Marble steps yellowed with age lead down to the front door. The interior presents a mellowed sanctuary. It is indeed a far cry from the transient restlessness of Hollywood Boulevard, just a few hundred feet below.

For years Francis has collected books and objects of art. Special shelves line his living-room walls. There are no novels and no first editions. Books on philosophy, religion, and anything pertaining to the life of Leonardo da Vinci are what interest Francis most. His art objects are chosen for their expression of feeling rather than for perfection of workmanship. He has his own system of classification and can find a favorite passage in any of his books, instantly.

There are no paintings of a morbid nature nor portraits of religious martyrs in Lederer's collection. He has great compassion for all humanity and believes that all art should depict the joy of living.

The Lederer collection of paintings and sculptures includes a great number of pictures and statues of the Madonna.

In this, his own castle, Lederer leads a Spartan existence, working out every morning in the gymnasium he has fitted out. He often walks in his garden and takes great pride in his rare plants and vine-covered statuary. Daily he arises early, and nightly he retires early, and in the matter of eating Lederer sticks to the most digestible kinds of food. He is "health-minded" and athletic in his mode of life. In Europe, before he ever thought of coming to Hollywood and such fame as he has attained was not even a dream to him, Lederer won several amateur wrestling matches.

Hollywood hostesses would never give Francis a very good recommendation as a dinner guest. Conviviality holds little attraction for him. On the other hand, he'd drive a hundred miles to see some such curiosity as a flea circus, or to attend a lecture on any one of his many pet subjects of intellectual interest. It doesn't matter to Lederer particularly what inspires him—as long as he's inspired. Experience has taught him that there is little that inspires him at the average Hollywood dinner table.

(Continued on page 82)
To Jessie Matthews, who dances so delightfully, sings so saucily, and looks so lovely in her new film, we toss bouquets and make our prettiest, courtliest bow.

She’s the star that really twinkles, is this dainty little lady of the dance, the catchy tune, and the artfully casual comedy—and that’s what makes “It’s Love Again” entertainment that glows with charming cheerfulness.

It took our own Robert Young to give Jessie Matthews the romantic partner needed to make her new picture the popular success it is. There’s Bob with Jessie over at left; and again, below, in a scene in which Sonnie Hale also appears.
Genial, gallant, grinning—here's Clark as he really is between pictures.

Oh, sure, he likes his work! But Gable is really himself when, after finishing a new film, he turns to car-tinkering, tuning up for a hunting or fishing trip. His dog, "Snooper," shown with Clark above, goes along. Left: your favorite film hero really gets good and greasy—and likes it!
We want to know what you think! Here are girls as lovely and as talented as most of those whose names shine brilliantly over theatres today. Then why aren't they, too, big stars? Cuddly Mary Carlisle dreams of lone stardom, above. Patrician Gail Patrick, at left, rates big billing. Devastating Frances Drake, below, deserves a more definite place in the Hollywood sun.

UNSTARRED BEAUTIES!
Madge Evans has everything—but stardom. Why can't she have that, too? Virginia Bruce, right, called Hollywood's most beautiful girl, rates more important roles. She takes daily voice lessons and will sing in Eleanor Powell's new picture. June Lang, below, is "the only girl" in "Road to Glory," with Warner Baxter and Fredric March. May the title come true for this charmer.

Why aren't they stars instead of "support?" They have beauty, brains, ability; but do they lack that spark of box-office something?
"TRICKERS!"

Most modern of all screen sirens, Joan Crawford gets all tricked up to play a girl of yesterday in the period piece, "Gorgeous Hussy." Lionel Barrymore, supreme "Trick-er," in disguise as an old lady, at upper right, for "The Witch of Timbuktu." Cedric Hardwicke, smoothly distinguished English star, in character for "Laburnam Grove"—at far left, in group at left. Buck Jones and "Silver," below, in trick riding. Randy Scott, right, is only trickin' with Frances Drake.
"Green Pastures" introduces the expression, meaning a worker of magic. You'll be using it, and we thought you'd enjoy seeing some of your best cinema "Trickers" in action.

High-powered dancing "Tricker," Eleonore Whitney, in a saucy bit of double-exposure, above—a good trick if you and the photographer can do it. Upper left, Bruce Cabot, "trick" Indian in "Last of the Mohicans." Florence Eldridge, (Mrs. Fredric March), at left, as Queen Elizabeth in "Mary of Scotland." One of those trick movie punches is exhibited at right by Edward G. Robinson in "Bullets or Ballots." Kay Francis, below, as the world's best-dressed scrub-woman in "White Angel."
Usually we don't trifle with titles—they change too fast. But here's one we like: "To Mary—With Love," the new Myrna Loy-Warner Baxter "Mister and Missus" modern romance. Myrna plays the "Mary" of the title, Warner contributes the love; and we have—we hope—another "Thin Man" or something almost as good. Remember this Loy-Baxter team in "Broadway Bill?"

To Myrna =
With Love from Warner = and Vice Versa!
School for Stars

Simone Simon can take lessons in technique from Ruth Chatterton and Herbert Marshall, who help make the little French girl’s first Hollywood film an interesting experiment.

You’ve read about her, have seen her photographs in newspapers and magazines; but you’ve not yet seen her on the American screen because she never made a picture! Scheduled for “Under Two Flags,” Simone Simon withdrew from the cast, and Claudette Colbert won the role of Cigarette. But now “Girls’ Dormitory,” a daring story of boarding-school life, will introduce the French girl to our audiences. Ruth Chatterton, that accomplished actress, plays the school-mistress, with Herbert Marshall as a man torn between two loves. Simon had better be good!
Go ahead and gossip! The stars love their animal pals and don't care who knows it.

Luise Rainer, top left, takes her Scottie for a Chinese buggy ride 'tween scenes for "The Good Earth." Center left, mutual admiration between Jane Withers and her daschund. At left, Errol Flynn rides high over the jumps on his pet hunter. Above, top, Jackie Cooper proudly poses with his smart Schnauzer, and just above is Beverly Roberts with "Binnie," a Scottie.
Glamor embraces two pet Dalmatians as Merle Oberon shows affection for her dogs. Below we see Georgie Breakston, and Henry Daniell, with their doggie pals; and at bottom, Hugh Herbert—no kidding either—with his pet goats.

Marlene Dietrich adopted this baby camel as her pet on location for "The Garden of Allah." Left, Charles Ruggles with his Bedlington terrier.
Three's Grand Company

Jean, Franchot, and Cary together!
We'll be seeing you, "Suzy"

Cary Grant looks for romance — and does he find it! Cast as a French aviator opposite Jean Harlow, with Paris the romantic playground. But there's opposition — as why not, with Jean as the prize — since Franchot Tone is very much in the picture.

Here's opportunity for a little study in comparative styles. You look at the way Franchot makes love to Jean above, compare the Tone technique with that of Cary Grant in the embrace with Harlow at the right, and you take your choice — if you can.
Pals of the Plains

MacMurray and Oakie at home on the range! It's a combination to assure he-man thrills and laughs.

They've played dudes in society settings, now Fred MacMurray and Jack Oakie take to the wild country in "The Texas Rangers," just like old-timers who are glad to be in the great open spaces, where men are men and Oakie doesn't have to shave every day. This is Fred's first outdoor picture, and if you examine that close-up of him over to the right you'll find he sure likes it.
“Sea Sirens?” The answer to that is, we’d love to! All right—come along to Hollywood, where the sun seems to shine more brightly, and the girls seem to dazzle more brilliantly, and dress more smartly, than anywhere else in the world.

The girl at the top of the page is Olivia de Havilland, adorning the diving-board at one of California’s smartest outdoor pools. Olivia’s suit is a one-piece, heavy white ribbed wool number. The pretty newcomer, Carol Hughes, above, sports a white suit, too. Little Sybil Jason is shown at left in her pet swim-suit. Marie Wilson, that clever comedienne, rests between swims and looks lovely doing it.
Josephine Hutchinson has a radiant beauty so far uncaptured by the cameras. Wait until color comes in! Top, the titian-haired star at her dressing-table. Above, her living-room, with a glimpse of the dining-room through the door. Right and upper right, views showing the livability of the Hutchinson home. Below, the Spanish-style house; and, right below, our hostess in her garden.

Here's no pretentious palace, but a charming, comfortable home! First, exclusive pictures of the private life of the Broadway actress now completely converted to Hollywood.
The Wholesome Side of

Believe it or not, but we hope you do because it's true: it's the wholesome, athletic, outdoor life that appeals to most players. Take Leslie Howard, shown exercising above, and with his young daughter. Or Allan Jones, left, at ease. Buck Jones, family man, is seen below with Mrs. Jones and their daughter, Maxine, while at upper left, "Spanky" McFarland, star of "Our Gang," is pictured at the home his cleverness built for himself and his parents.
Stars stay home from parties, night-clubs, and picture premieres sometimes; and here are good reasons

Gracie Allen isn’t a bit goofy about bringing up her two adopted children, Sandra, 2, and Ronnie, 9 months. Husband George Burns is just as proud of his new family as Gracie is. Ian Hunter, below, goes in for the Hollywood hobby of running a miniature railroad, in the play-room of his home. Ida Lupino takes all the comforts of home with her to the open road in her new trailer above. Joan Blondell, top right, hurries home to her son, Norman.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Virginia Weidler in "Girl of the Ozarks"

Little Virginia Weidler, our "Still" star this month, is shown at right "in character," and at far right with Elizabeth Russell and Leif Erikson, partners in her film.
IT IS A RARE privilege to write about an actor who has no need for superlatives. One can simply state facts and let the adjectives ride, when Paul Muni is the subject.

He is too modest to claim our title, wondering if it is not more that he really loves his work, than that he is conscientious. I think perhaps the two are synonymous. Certainly you have to love your work to get up at four-thirty A.M. to begin it, as Muni has many times. He is probably the most accurate authority in town on whether the dawn comes up like thunder—and he didn’t find out coming home from parties, either.

It was one P.M. when I approached his dressing-room at M-G-M, so if he started his make-up at the top hour, he had already put in a full day.

The door was opened by a slant-eyed Chinese gentleman with beautiful manners and not a hair on his head. He spoke in the voice of Muni, which was the sole clue to his identity. He had been working on that make-up since all hours and was still arriving at and discarding methods for perfecting it. He had made more tests in the past few weeks than he could remember. None of them satisfied him.

Muni is about to play Wang in “The Good Earth.”

With the same pride a scientist takes in his micro-scope, Muni displayed a pair of the little disguises similar to the ones placed on his eyelids to give the slant effect. The business of drawing up the eyes at the outer corners and hitching them somewhere back of the ears, is completely outmoded. Muni’s pleasure in the ultimate achievement of his make-up was as detached as if he had no personal part in it, and as if someone else were wearing it. It was something he had created with his hands and his mind, as a sculptor would.

When the waiter arrived with a luncheon menu, one felt that under the circumstances, the least one could do was order chop suey. It was good chop suey, but Muni refused to demonstrate his accuracy with chop-sticks, although he has been rehears- (Continued on page 80)
YOU will be swept away by "Fury!" Here's the outstanding melodrama of the month, a vital motion picture of terrific power and intensity. Whether you will find it too realistic for your taste I cannot predict; I recommend that you see it for yourself, but be prepared for a shocking experience in the theatre. The theme is mob violence; the message is a ringing indictment of blind injustice; and the treatment throughout—direction, dialogue, acting—is uncompromisingly stark and strong. Spencer Tracy gives the performance of his notable career, and Sylvia Sidney has never been better. Briefly, "Fury" tells the story of a decent, nice guy, on his way to be married, who becomes the innocent victim of circumstances when he is jailed as a kidnapper. A lynched mob storms the jail, sets it on fire and finally dynamites the building. Unknown to them, Tracy barely escapes with his life and a burning desire for vengeance, and dedicates his life to prosecuting his "murderers." You will be held in horror-struck fascination through all of this unprecedented picture.

Bullets or Ballots—Warner

ROUSING melodrama, important not only as excellent and authentic entertainment but also as the vehicle for Edward G. Robinson's finest performance since "Little Caesar." Yes, the "old" Robinson is back and packing a meaner wallop than ever before, with all of his sinister savagery, his menacing "iron hand in the velvet glove" manner, his quietly compelling power. This time he plays a detective who pretends to turn racketeer to get evidence with which to clean up the gang. Working with the boss bad boy, gradually gaining his confidence, he finally discovers the big secret of the identity of the "highest-ups," and in a final series of highly dramatic scenes he leads the police to them—at what cost to himself you must see the picture to discover. It's always a fast-moving picture, with crisp dialogue and never too much histrionics by any member of the splendid cast which includes Joan Blondell, Humphrey "Petrified Forest" Bogart, and Barton McLane. There's a clear ring of truth to these cinematic proceedings that holds you from first scene to last; and Robinson's performance, particularly, is worth your time and the admission price.

Poppy—Paramount

ALL I can say is, here's W. C. Fields again. You'll go—and I wouldn't stop you. Just one close-up of that elfulgent face with the bulbous nose and I am off with a good case of galloping giggles—in this instance for no very good reason. For "Poppy," my friends, is not first-rate Fields, I'm sorry to report. It has those priceless moments which only Fields can impart to a picture—for example, when he sells a sucker a "talking dog!" or when he makes his impassioned appeal to more suckers to buy his cure-all remedy. But there are also long, dreary scenes in which Fields flounders in a mess of pre-Sennett slapsticks, such as the very sad croquet game; and the "plot" wanders all over the screen with only Rochelle Hudson as a very sweet and wistful Poppy to make it bearable. The little film of his—his quiet beauty and refreshing sincerity to the silliest premise of the season, and the things we hold dear as gentlemen. Her one scene in which she actually talks toFields, "Never give a sucker an even break"
AND the movie Queen of Song steps out with him! Here's a Grace Moore picture without one operatic aria, and I think you'll welcome the novelty. Miss Moore plays the impulsive, capricious heroine of Fritz Kreisler's operetta, originally titled "Cissy," in highly spirited style—in fact, I thought once or twice that Miss Moore would shake that curly, imperious little head of hers right off at us. However, Cissy is that sort of a heroine, so don't blame Grace too much—and she more than atones by the graceful picture she makes in the exquisite period clothes created for her, and the glorious sound of her vibrant voice singing Kreisler's melodies. The direction of Von Sternberg strikes just the right note of continental charm and gaity. As a cameraman he's a genius. Grace plays the incognito—except to the audience—Bavarian Princess Elizabeth who wins the heart of Franz Joseph of Austria. There are gay goings-on by Walter Connolly as a beer expert. Franchot Tone with curly hair and Grace Moore as his "heart" seems slightly ill at ease as the young monarch—and we don't blame him.

WHAT a woman's picture! Whether you're career woman or home-girl, you'll respond to the deep appeal of this fine film tribute to Florence Nightingale. "The White Angel" has a rare quality of nobility about it. Frankly, I thought I'd dislike this picture. Gladly I admit I was mistaken; it "got" me because it shows such good taste and admirable restraint, makes so few obvious bids for sympathy, and refuses to descend to any cheapness of false sentimentality. In addition, it is a very beautiful series of moving pictures; Director Dieterle has told his impressive story in picture terms, so that even with-out dialogue it would be an important contribution to the screen. Simply, almost austere, the story of Florence Nightingale unfolds, from her first efforts to shake off the shackles that bound conventional Victorian womanhood and became a nurse, to her splendid achievements as "the angel of the Crimea." No Hollywood romance this, but an inspiring record of a real woman's work. Kay Francis is always a lovely picture as Miss Nightingale, and at times rises to real heights. The supporting cast is superb.

MEANING it's Miss Jessie Matthews again, that lovely little English girl who is actually one of the two or three screen stars who lives up to her billing. Her grateful film company refers to Jessie as "The Dancing Divinity," and her company is rather right. I suggest "The Gossamer Goddess" or even "The Revolving Venus" as alternate appellations, for Jessie will not let us down. She is always completely captivating, with the rare combination of deviltry and daintiness whose secret has so far been undiscovered by Hollywood charmers. Jessie does several dances that would be censored right out of one of our native chorus numbers; but as Jessie does them they become minor masterpieces. My favorite is the cleverly satirical "Temple Dance." The plot which requires Miss Matthews to masquerade as a mythical Mrs. Smythe-Smythe, intrepid adventuress, has its bright moments; "our own" Robert Young is swell at the "Miss" role; and Miss Matthews' amusing husband, Sonnie Hale, helps with his comedy. It's mostly Miss Matthews—her loopy ways, her sunny smiles, her delicious dances—there, Gaumont-British has got me doing it!

THIS classic of the American theatre becomes a classic of the screen. Marc Connelly's world-acclaimed play has received such reverence and at the same time humanly sympathetic screen treatment that it emerges as even more important entertainment than before. The wider scope of the studio cameras was never more helpful than in translating "Green Pastures;" for now we have the famous "Fish Fry" on a gigantic scale; we look in on Of King Herod and his court, and the Babylonian revels; we meet flocks of angels; we watch Noah's Ark being built and loaded—yes, we actually see all the animals two by two in person, except the aardvark. All the quaint humor and touching faith of the childlike Southern Negro's conception of Heaven have been preserved. Rex Ingram plays De Lawd superbly; in fact, every member of the big cast is excellent, with the actors who portray the Angel Gabriel, Noah and Moses especially fine. The most unique of all motion pictures, "Green Pastures" must be seen, and should run forever. All honor to Warner Bros. for their courage in producing it and their good taste in preserving its spirit intact.
When you saw her with the handsome Errol Flynn in "Captain Blood," you probably never imagined that this charming creature could ever look "right" in any but period costumes. And when you see her again in "Anthony Adverse" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade" you may be even more convinced that her beauty is enhanced only by the clothes of an earlier, more romantic day. But now, Olivia has selected a summer, 1936 wardrobe to make you change your mind. Right, her tailored dinner suit, with navy chiffon skirt, pale pink top, and white mohair jacket. Left, below, her play suit of "magazine" print. Below, center, flowers in her hair; two small clusters of Parma violets; her one-piece culotte of linen splashed with orange and green dots.

SCREENLAND

Glamor School
Hollywood's most romantic young heroine, screen sweetheart of Fredric "Anthony Adverse" March, knows her modern clothes as well as her period costumes. Here she pictures for you her personally selected Summer wardrobe. Just nineteen, Olivia reveals a fashion sense and that certain casual chic usually achieved only by the mature sophisticate. Study her clothes, her coiffure, her fresh charm—for such good taste as hers is timeless!

One sports dress such as Olivia is wearing, at left, can help make a glorious Summer! It's hand-blocked linen in a bold red and blue design. Dance hot Summer evenings away in a gay little two-piece frock like this, above. White rick-rack braid is used for trimming. Top, nautical but very nice: Olivia's navy and white linen sports dress.
Summer Extremes

Hollywood decrees you must be gay this Summer but stay always gorgeous! Look lovely while lounging in the sun. Be decorative at all times. The beauties on this page have learned the secret of how to be charming though sunstruck. Pat Peterson, who is in private life married to that fascinating Frenchman, Charles Boyer, chooses a culotte costume of beige and deep brown linen. The fashion at top left, Pat's sweetly silly hat is a modified mandarin affair topped by woolly pom-poms. Anita Louise, above, wears Chinese lounging pajamas trimmed with brightly printed red and green. Gail Patrick, left, combines beige and green in her spectator-sports suit: jacket and skirt of beige wool, silk crepe blouse beige-dotted green. Gail's hat is beige tipped with the ever-popular pom-pom.
Now to go to the other extreme of high fashion! Carole Lombard must glitter and be glamorous no matter what the thermometer says. Left, Lombard is wearing a Travis Banton number of flesh-colored crystal beads embroidered in a mass pattern on sheer chiffon. The gown follows a tailored silhouette, always favored by Carole, but has a pointed jacket with a train which reflects the same pointed design. Brilliant red open-toe sandals for an additional daring note! Whew! See Carole below, all wrapped up in satin and "simian"—bands of this high-toned monkey fur are applied upside-down for the novel effect. Left below, more Summer furs: Julie Haydon in a very new white swagger. Then see Peggy Cumlin, of screen and stage, trying out her new Chinese-red lipstick.
Picture Stealer
No. 1

By Carlisle Jones

SO HE took the somewhat less than fifty thousand dollars and the three lines of dialogue—and this is what he did with them. He "stole the picture," walked away with a majority of the laughs, dominated the best scenes and came out of what was supposed to be a minor funny rôle with the rating of a star comedian.

The picture was the box-office hit, "Convention City," and the actor's name is Hugh Herbert. Lack of lines was no handicap to Herbert. He can't remember lines, anyway, and those he improvises are generally funnier than those written for him—even when he writes his own, as he does sometimes.

For Hugh Herbert is a writer as well as an actor. Even so, he isn't as funny when he writes as when he acts. Just seeing him is enough to send the average audience off into chuckles. It was in a certain picture made a few years ago, called "Goodbye Again."

A critical studio audience, made up of cutters, a few minor executives and the men who were to make the "trailer" for the picture, saw "Goodbye Again" for the first time in a studio projection room. All of them knew that Warren William and Joan Blondell were playing leading rôles in the picture and the confidential reports about the stages were that it was almost certain to be a comedy hit.

The first reel rolled on and off the screen without comment from this "we've seen it all before" sort of audience. Then Miss Blondell, in answer to a sound-effects knock on the door, let a stranger into the picture.

He sidled through the door, (Continued on page 88)
He Was Smart to Play Dumb

By Thornton Sargent

So THIS was Nat Pendleton!
I'd expected a hard-boiled mug you wouldn't want to meet on a dark night: a "deeze, dem, and dose" conversationalist, and a guy who couldn't count to twelve except on a pair of dice.

Instead I found—a gentleman! Believe it or not, this plug-ugly of the screen sitting opposite me was conversing in a well-modulated voice and expressing himself in the language of a cultured, well-bred American without pose but with plenty of poise.

"I just drifted into acting. You know it's funny the way I got my first job," he chuckled in a restrained way. "I had been producing pictures, and when the company blew up, an agent from whom I'd hired a lot of actors told me of the trouble Irene Bordoni was having in getting a man to play in 'Naughty Cinderella.' 'You're the only intelligent, baboon-looking guy I know,' he told me. 'Why don't you come over and try out for it?'

"Ever since then I've been playing heavies and lugs," said Pendleton. "Maybe it was smart to be dumb. With a face like mine I couldn't have got in any other way. Now I think I've built myself up to where I'm within striking distance of stronger character parts like the kind McLaglen and Pat O'Brien play. I can do them," insisted Pendleton, and then he added in an apologetic tone, "You know I'm really not such a horrible-looking person as I seem on the screen."

I studied him more closely—200 pounds of solid muscle and a clean, clear face that stands out squarely below his sleek black hair. He's the type (Continued on page 90)

Arnold's 10 Rules for Romance

By Mark Dowling

The amazing difference between Edward Arnold's marriage and most Hollywood marriages was shown to us by a little thing that happened the last time we visited Eddie's white hilltop home in Beverly Hills—a thing that could have happened in none of the other houses of the movie colony, stretched out below us. He called his wife, the lovely Olive Emerson, by a pet name he has for her—"Mamma."

Human, deep-rooted, sure—you feel all this in the relationship of these two people. Eddie told me, "When we were married, seven years ago, I just had a job. I was touring in vaudeville, and we were married for three years before things really began to break for me."

We asked if Mrs. Arnold had been surprised, as another woman might, over her husband's sudden, breathtaking success. He shook his head, smiling. "Olive always had a lot of confidence in me."

Their marriage is like that, too. They have confidence in each other. Eddie told me, "One of the most important of my rules for romance is my belief that no man should be too finicky over what a woman spends." He paused for a moment. "Whatever they do spend, I've found, is usually for some good."

"I don't believe, either, in keeping a wife in the dark about your business affairs, as so many men seem to do. Olive knows just as much about my contracts, salary, and so forth as I do. We have a business manager who gives us a set allowance, and we each have our bankbooks for our joint account.

"It's as much to her interest (Continued on page 92)
Monarch of Menace

Peter Lorre tells how a mere accident made him famous as the screen's craftiest "bad man"

By Tom Kennedy

The wide-shouldered, chunkily-built man with the round, pink-complexioned face and very prominent brown eyes, rose from his chair, stamped heavily on the solid floor beneath his feet.

"The story," he said as he gave this emphatic demonstration, "is the ground I walk on. If I know how to walk—I understand the character I am playing—I must go in the right direction, and the character must be 'right,' convincing, interesting to the audience. If the ground crumbles under me, I am lost."

Peter Lorre, hailed in Europe, America and far corners of the world as one of the most forceful character delineators the screen has ever known, is, trouble, never verbose; a ready, willing and compelling conversationalist who commands attention by a steady flow of ideas, tersely expressed without vocal bombast, gesticulation or other acting tricks.

I thought you would like to hear him tell how he puts characters together, makes creatures of fiction and dramatic invention "tick," become startlingly real on the screen. Also why, even as a youth whose father forbade him and his three brothers and sister to enter a theatre, he determined to be an actor. And why, after creating a sensation in his first film, he had spurned lucrative offers from the film magnates of Hollywood, Paris, London, and returned to the stage.

A cordial, friendly chap, a bit past thirty, is this man who burst upon the consciousness of film-goers with his terribly realistic portrayal of the gruesomely warped creature in the German production, "M." Short, (he's about five-feet three), stocky, (his weight is about 160 pounds), Lorre has sandy-brown hair, brushed flat and close to his scalp from a part that makes a line as straight as a draughtsman's rule at the left side of his head. His is a beaming, smiling countenance that certainly does not associate itself with characterizations in "M," "The Man Who Knew Too Much," and "Crime and Punishment," the three films by which he was best known before release of the new Alfred Hitchcock English production, "Secret Agent."

"There are tricks in acting," Lorre began. "Anybody of intelligence can acquire skill in their use. It doesn't take long—a few years."

That's pretty encouraging for all who would like to become actors. But wait, before you take heart for yourself, if you aspire to an acting career, or for friends who may have such ambitions.

"A part can be built up by means of these tricks," he continued. "Those who are adroit in mimicry may take some person they know, or have merely observed walking along the street, and put that person into the situation called for by the dramatist. It is not a difficult trick to thus transplant a certain type. But I don't think we have seen any great acting produced by that method. 'Great acting' is an intangible. But we know it instantly when we see it. An audience lounging in the chairs of the auditorium, listless, only partly interested in what's taking place on the stage or screen, sees a door open, perhaps, a man or woman appears, and immediately the audience comes to attention, eager, alert, interested. Why? That is great acting—there is something essentially 'right' about that person, maybe it's only the way the door is opened, perhaps the lift of an eyebrow. But whatever it is, you are seeing not an actor using an effective trick, but a living character who belongs in the world of illusion before you."

In other words, the talent—something inside a per- (Continued on page 93)
Beauty Against the Sun

Hollywood complexions retain their smooth, clear beauty despite Summer ravages—care does it!

By Elin Neil

Jean Chatburn's clear-cut, colorful charm is heralded as one of Hollywood's newest discoveries. This lovely young actress threatens to equal the historic "Gibson Girl" for honors as the all-American beauty.

Is there a new Gibson Girl looming on the horizon? Look at this picture of Jean Chatburn, who is opening critical fan eyes wide in her rôle as Mary Lou in "The Great Ziegfeld." Now, what do you think?

Jean's a comparative newcomer in Hollywood and it's forecast by heretofore infallible prophets that she has a one-way ticket to the firmament! She was recently chosen as the perfect beauty by the noted artist and illustrator, McClendon Barclay. Like the original Gibson Girl of the late 90's, (artistic creation of Charles Dana Gibson), who held sway as the ideal American girl for a generation, Jean is a product of our own United States. No foreign flavor here. It's her glowing health and vitality, grey eyes that shine, classic features and lustrous naturally wavy blonde hair plus a positively luminous complexion.

Although the parasol of the 90's might somewhat hamper a modern American girl, such as Jean undeniably is, I'm willing to wager that she protects that priceless complexion against the sun! I strongly suspect that we're taking the vogue for ultra-femininity on the dance floor with reservations as to how we spend the rest of the day. And luckily, we're living in an age when we can be carefree hoydens by day and lovely lilies in organdie the very same evening! Thanks for this fortunate state of affairs goes to the protective sun creams and lotions that keep the burning rays from reaching our skin.

Of course, if you wish to pretend to a glowing tan, until you're ready to take it off, there are perfectly grand preparations that you simply smooth over the parts of your skin you expect to expose. They give a golden or coppery richness at the same time they protect against actual sunburn. This is the secret of "liquid stockings," happy accessory to the bare-legged mode. So, you can wear a synthetic tan by day, when you're sailing or bathing or basking on the beach. Then simply wash it off with your favorite beauty soap and a complexion brush before you go ladylike for the evening's date.

If you aspire to an honest-to-goodness tan that won't wash off, be sure it's even and flattering—minus sunburn and freckles. There are preparations to give it to you painlessly. For instance, a sun cream, sparsely applied, permits a gradual and even tan. Or if you want to shine in the sun, use a sun-tan oil. You can get a kind that is absorbed, so it won't leave you with an uncomfortable greasy feeling or rub off on clothes, (your own, or other people's). Then, if your evening décolletage doesn't match that of your bathing suit, there are artfully tinted foundation creams or lotions to cover up the line of demarcation between the tan and the white.

Provided you go in for a (Continued on page 87)
Screen Town topics!
News shorts and camera shots of the stars

HOLLYWOOD is watching Ginger Rogers and James Stewart with interest. Since her separation from Lew Ayres, Ginger has been seen only in the company of Stewart. The story of their first date is amusing. Stewart is a newcomer in Hollywood and doesn’t know his way around very well. When he called for Ginger at her hill-top home, he got lost on the winding road. Then to make matters worse, the fog began rolling in. (Yes, it was unusual weather.) By the time he found the house, Ginger was on the point of going to bed. They got to their party just in time to tell everyone—good night!

YOU’RE going to like the new Crawford make-up in “Gorgeous Hussy.” There will be no false eyelashes for Joan and very little mascara on her natural ones. Her lips will be made up with the lip-stick she uses for street wear. It’s Joan’s idea, but her many admirers wish she had done it long ago.

WHEN you see “Anthony Adverse” be sure and take particular notice of a long coat with a ruffled cape collar, worn by Fredric March. Merle Oberon went to the preview of the picture, took one look at Fred’s coat, and ordered it copied for herself in evening materials.

Anita Louise arriving on the maiden voyage of the Queen Mary, and just about the way she was boarded in New York by cameramen.

ALL OF a sudden like, the little stenographers in the upstairs executive offices at the Warner studios started bringing their lunch. No one could quite understand the sudden love for office routine, until the reason leaked out. Below the windows is a tennis court where the stars some time play. Temporarily it has been surrounded by canvas. Clark Gable is using it to train for his role of the prize fighter in the next Marion Davies picture. Well, girls—how would you like to sit up in a window for sixty minutes and gaze down upon Clark Gable, wearing little more than a smile?

ACK POWELL has returned to work and the Warner powers-that-be are happy. For a while they were quite concerned over Dick’s loss of his singing voice. It was just a temporary affliction, caused by over-work. After a long rest on the desert, Dick is his old smiling self again. As a gag, Joan Blondell sent him a box of patent throat medicines and pills, his first day on the set.

WHAT threatened to be a nasty scandal has now been settled out of court. A certain young star admitted to me recently, that he had spent an afternoon at Shirley Temple’s house. And horrors, of all things—the young hostess was caught guilty of cheating at marbles!

FRED ASTAIRE’S set is the popular place these days. In his new contract, he only makes two pictures a year. Fred has it understood that he quits work every night at six. He remains only if he himself sees fit to stay later and finish some particularly important bit of work. No wonder they all want to work with him.

LORETTA YOUNG, playing the title role of “Ramona,” has solved a beauty problem. Naturally, for the part, Loretta had to go without polish and cut her nails short. When she had a few days off and was invited to a formal party, her short nails made her quite self-conscious. Her manicurists solved the problem. Artificial nails of thin celluloid are now being manufactured. They fit right over the natural nail, are completely covered and held fast by a heavy coat of red polish. When the polish is removed, the artificial nail comes with it. The actress can go back in character again.

HELEN HAYES may not foster a great love for the movies, but she doesn’t forget those at the studio who were kind to her. Lilian Rosee, Helen’s expert make-up woman, and the hairdressers are continuously receiving surprise packages from the star. She gives them notes telling them the latest fashion they never forgets holidays or sentimental anniversaries.

Screenland’s special advance preview! A first glimpse of Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll, appearing together for the first time in a drama of mystery and adventure.
By
Weston East

JEAN HARLOW told us this story, so to her goes the credit. It seems there were three little mice who run away from home. But the big, bad truant officer caught up with them and took them to juvenile hall. The magistrate bawled them out, telling them how bad it was to run away. After scolding them severely, he asked them if they didn't know they'd be caught.

"Ye-e-s, your honor," they sobbed, in shaking voice.

"Then why did you run away?" his honor boomed out.

"Be-e-cause—be-e-cause," sobbed the little mice, "we found out our father was a rat!"

NIGEL BRUCE, who is an old friend of Ronnie Colman, tells an interesting story about the reticent star. According to Nigel, Colman got his first job working on the stage with George Arliss in "The Green Goddess." Ronnie appeared briefly in the third act, but his entrance came at a vital point in the play. After the first week he was given his notice. The producer felt he should have an important name, even for such an unimportant part.

BING CROSBY burned the midnight oil learning how to roll his own. Bing's new picture is a musical with a Western locale. As a cowboy, he makes an awfully good crooner.
THEY were lining up on a close-up shot of Joan Crawford, putting her arms around the neck of Lionel Barrymore. Joan and Lionel stood under the hot lights for all of two minutes and held the position while the camera was being adjusted. Director Clarence Brown called for action, Joan started to speak her lines, and suddenly discovered that Lionel was fast asleep.

"And they used to call me the glamor girl!" cracked Joan, as she joined in the laughter that shook the set.

HENRY FONDA's birthday party was celebrated in gay fashion at the Trocadero. Included in the party were Margaret Sullavan with ex-hubby Henry, and Ginger Rogers with James Stewart. Just to give themselves a good time, everyone sat around the long table and played "Handies." This is the new game that is causing such a furore in Hollywood. The idea is to demonstrate with your hands objects, slang expressions, or figures of speech. Everyone but the one doing it, has to guess what is being represented and he is supposed to know.

THE romance of Francis Lederer and Mary Loos continues to flourish. Mary had a birthday last month and Francis presented her with one of the finest motion picture cameras on the market. And speaking of Francis—that reminds us of Steffi Duna, once the Lederer heart-interest. At the preview of "Dancing Pirate," she was escorted by Chic Chandler. And just when we had about decided that her romance with John Carroll was a thing of the past, she appeared the following week with John, at the preview of "Anthony Adverse."

TO CELEBRATE her Hollywood wave of success, Ann Sothern returned from a New York vacation with her own private hairdresser. Ann has him under a personal contract. He was once assistant to the famous Antoine, who astounded blase Hollywood with his glass heels. (Hollywood is just used to the common every-day variety.)

ACTRESS friends of Henry Wadsworth aren't exactly sure, if there was a friendly gesture that prompted him to send them a present from Maysville, Kentucky. When Henry returned to his ancestral home to straighten out some business affairs, he had the old family cook cure half a dozen hams. Considering them a rare delicacy in Hollywood, Henry proceeded to send them to all his friends. Knowing the Wadsworth sense of humor, they're wondering now.

LESLEY HOWARD, his wife and children, all his luggage and seven horses were safely on the train that was to start them on their way to England. Dozens of friends had come down to see them off. At the very last moment a messenger arrived informing Lesley he was needed for retakes on "Romeo and Juliet." This was at seven-thirty in the evening. Lesley managed to get everything and everyone together but the horses and get off from Pasadena. He dashed back to M-G-M, literally threw himself into the mood and costume of Shakespeare's immortal lover, and gave his all to art's sake. Then, for his horse's sake, Leslie chartered a plane and caught up with the train at eleven o'clock that same night.

WHEN Mrs. Astaire, mother of the famous Fred left for Ireland, what do you think Fred sent along for his sister Adele? He went out and bought hundreds of packages of seeds, Lady Cavendish, (Delly-Welly to her friends), has gone in for gardening and can't find enough things to stick in the ground.

FOR some unknown reason, Sylvia Sidney just couldn't wait to get out of Hollywood. The moment they took the final scene of "Fury" Sylvia was on her way to Europe. After a sneak preview they discovered she needed her for retakes. If you think they could locate Sylvia, then you don't know Mrs. Sidney's little girl. As a result Sylvia would have several more important scenes in the finished picture, if she hadn't been so hasty.

DIRECTOR EDDIE SUTHERLAND, (no he hasn't married Loretta Young yet), tells an amusing story at W. C. Fields' expense. Eddie says he visited the island of Samoa, fifteen years after Fields had spent a summer there. The natives met Eddie at the boat, still juggling bananas.

DIXIE DUNBAR, the little hotch-potch dancer (who would like to play Anita Louie parts), contracted a slight case of make-up poisoning. Just Dixie's luck a special boy friend would ask her for a date. Undaunted, she went to the make-up department and a small miracle was performed. By covering her temporary blemishes with transparent adhesive and a little make-up, Dixie had that school girl complexion you've heard so much about.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY was in an terrific accident. He got his thumb in the way of the electric train belonging to his small child. Bob says he's awfully glad he doesn't make his living by hitchhiking.

IN the case of Al Jolson, virtue is its own reward. The mammy star has a heart that big and recently staked a miner to two hundred dollars, to work a claim. The man disappeared and was never heard of again. Then one day Al received a notice that he had inherited a mine. He didn't pay much attention until he discovered his claim adjoined one of the richest gold mines in United States. Any moment now, Al is expecting a great yellow streak.

FRED KEATING, sitting in back of us at a preview, was much funnier than the picture. On the screen was a short subject, showing the dangers of diving to the bottom of the sea for sponges. "It's so stupid going to all that trouble," cracked Fred, "not too softly, "when you can buy them at any drug store for 10 cents a piece."

DICK CROMWELL is planning a cocktail party, for the sole purpose of exhibiting his new oil painting of Katharine Hepburn. Even though Dick doesn't know the tempestuous Kate, he is painting a portrait from memory, as he says.
from. Marty for Martha. Now she's Mavis Dorian, and says she was born on the corner of Forty-Second Street and the Rue de la Paix! If you ask me, she's bad manners all over her tone like to get out, and a mean line of talk. Once she threw a slipper at me—it almost hit me, too. Why do you want to know about her?"

Bill said easily, "She's so darned pretty." He didn't explain that the thing which really attracted Mavis Dorian was the way in which she moved. He didn't explain then. But later, when he was talking to Carol Kelly, the little chorus girl, he went farther.

"Sure, she's probably everything they say," he agreed, "but that doesn't stop me from liking to watch her on the screen. I don't care much about her voice, and her prettiness comes second, it's the way she walks that gets me. Every step she takes is—so—natural. Like light rippling over water, or the sound of music. As if walking—without his own volition his voice grew a trifle bitter—"was the easiest thing in the world, if she enjoyed it . . ." He stopped, and Carol said—

"You ought to see me tap dance, Bill. If they'd give me a spot, just once!" She said it with such mystery slowly traveled the length of Bill's twisted leg—held complete understanding.

* * *

Bill was, more or less, allowed the run, (did I say run?), of the Ultra-Alta lot. He could always get a pass for the mere asking. He had usually some special privileges. There weren't many times during the day when he was able to close up his stand, and there weren't any times at all when he dared go off, leaving it open. The stand was too precious to risk; it stood for too much. Bill had put all his money into that stand, money he'd saved from being a newsboy, the couple of hundred dollars he'd scraped together by rigorous self-denial. That it gazed the comfortable living, now, was only justice.

Comfortable living? As Bill told Carol.

"I do myself very well!" Very well meant that he had a pleasant room a hole's distance from his place of business, that he could buy a good dinner when he wanted it, in some restaurant with soft chairs and shaded lights. Or he meant that he possessed a broad striped umbrella which kept off the sun and rain—that, at times, he treated himself, or gave a message when things were too bad. Not that Bill would often admit, even to himself, that they were too bad—be had been a cripple for so long that he was used to it. He'd been a cripple since before he could talk. Since before—this was the ultimate misery—he'd been old enough to take a normal step.

"Yeah," he answered a tireless and inquiring customer, one day, "Yeah, my nurse dropped me out of her arms when she was carrying me from my plush-upholstered nursery to the plush-upholstered victoria." He'd grinned mirthlessly, to say it, but it wasn't far from the truth. His doll-faced, Doriscrossed twofold had been talking voraciously in the doorway, with a handsome delivery man. She hadn't taken the time to glance back across her shoulder at the baby who was balanced in his high chair in front of an open window. She hadn't noticed that the high chair was empty until she heard a commotion in the street, three stories below. Well, she'd paid for her carelessness in grief. Bill reminded himself whenever the pain was so great that it couldn't be ignored—God rest her soul, anyway! His mother had died during his twelfth year. From twelve to thirty, (Bill had told Carol Kelly the truth about his age), had been tortuous years, lonely years. But—heaven be praised—they were busy years! Bill had been a success at selling papers—folk nearly always tell a lame lad to keep the change. His only interest, outside of his work, had been the movies. In a dim theatre, with music swirling through the air, and adventure rampant, he could watch the shadows of the world appear.

The movies—they were not only casual entertainment to Bill. They lent him color, and life, and joy and escape. They taught him how to talk, and what kind of ties gentlemen wear. They taught him some of the facts of existence, and gave him an opportunity to recognize some of life's fiction. As he grew older they gave him glamour and a sort of vicarious love life. He often shut his eyes, after seeing some picture, and visualized himself swift and clean-lined and carefree. Making suave speeches to this or that luscious star. Barbara La Marr was his first romance—and the flowers he sent to her funeral, without a name, were neither unembalmed nor in bad taste. For a week they lay in his study, and they were invariably women who moved with grace and dignity, who had strong, splendid bodies and grave a message when things were too bad. Not that Bill would often admit, even to himself, that they were too bad—be had been a cripple for so long that he was used to it. He'd been a cripple since before he could talk. Since before—this was the ultimate misery—he'd been old enough to take a normal step.

"That's where you're wrong; I don't being a movie chorus girl isn't all lobster and champagne and caviar hats. I spend the best evenings sitting home, darnin' the heels of my stockings, wondering when I'm going to get another job—and my next meal. I'm full of luck today—she beamed at Bill above her wine glass—I'm not only eatin'. I'm to have a little part in the picture. You know, don't you, Bill, that I've been workin' in that new costume thing of Dorian's? I wear a powdered wig, and a hoop-skirt, and do minutes and quadrilles and all the same dances like that. And today the director told me I was exactly the proper touch with three lines of makeup, believe it or not?"

Bill leaned forward. He said, "You're working with Miss Dorian? No, you hadn't mentioned it before. Tell me about her picture."
Carol Kelly said: "This broiled chicken
is grand, the way they fix it! Well, Dorian
plays a French courtesan, and I guess she'll
do the part kind of well, at that." Carol
chuckled and Bill glared at her. "It's sort
of like that, but you say the costume
not be lovely. Why don't you come in tomor-
row, Bill, and mosey around? We'll be
doing a rehearsal of the court sequence
on stage some." 

Bill said, "Maybe I will drop by if
I can get anybody to mind my newstand."

Carol laughed. "Ask one of the chorus
boys to take care of it for an hour. If we
put up your fairy stories, she said. "Have you
any of the five dollars left, Bill? Can I
have some? I love Chatterton." 

Bill said, "You can have anything you
want."

* * *

They were rehearsing on stage six, sure
enough, when Bill came through the lot
next day. He'd come slowly—stopping to
see a knife thrower do his stuff, watching
the little 'bodies of a couple 'of girls, in
Nautch costume, as they sauntered past.
He'd even paused to listen to a string
quartet, and he hated cowboy quartettes.
"I'm like a kid," he told himself, "eating
my cake and saving the icing until last. I
wonder if Mavis called her Mavis to himself—'will be in
to himself?"

There was a tension in the air—Bill
could sense it beating against him like a
sure signature of stage six. A man, to
man, who knew him, said—"Howdy,
Banton. Coming to see the fireworks?" At
Bill's "I don't get you," he explained. "Dorian, I mean. She's raising hell about
the sets and the clothes and the props
and her director and God alone knows what."

Bill said: "Well, a great actress has a
right to be touched." He shuffled along
toward the stage. He pushed open a
door very quietly and heard a feminine
voice raised in passionate speech. "I tell
you, Mavis Dorian was saying angrily
to her harassed director, 'there's no contrast!
You surround me with a hundred pretty little girls all showing
their ankles and their teeth. You put me in a
gown like every extra's gown, and expect me
to stand out from the crowd. You cover up my hair with a woolly wrap
and give me a mask to hold in front of my
eyes—what's the big idea, anyway?"

Bill drew near the stage. He was ap-
palled by Dorian's rage—until he was
fascinated—for she was more
gorgeous in her anger than he had ever seen
her. The hours they'd spent watching her on
the silver screen—the more intense glimpses
he had caught of her as she hurried, face
averted, past his stall—had not prepared
him for her amazing beauty. Even the
thick make-up she wore didn't detract from
that beauty. The abandon with which she
raised her clenched fists to the heavens,
the way she tossed back her head, the
stump of her foot, were dramatic poetry
for Bill. When she flung her magnificent
body into a great, carved, throne-like chair,
he found himself creeping nearer. He didn't
know the simile of the bird and the snake
—in fact he didn't see any resemblance to
a snake in the simous turn of the woman's
hips. He was almost at her feet when she
started to speak again.

"I'm the star of this picture," she fairly
screamed at the world of glitter for its
own and mechanics, and scenario writers, "and
you don't give me a break. What I want
is contrast. I've got to have background,
you, " She didn't put a diamond in a sea
ofoinestones, do you, and expect it to
look like a diamond? You don't—"

Irene Dunne and her mother as
they attended a special screening of
"Show Boat," Irene's biggest hit.

Somebody to the rear of Bill coughed.
Not derisively, nervously.

Mavis turned her glorious head in the
direction of the cough. She shrieked: "Shut
up! Do you think this is Denver? Do
you—?" All at once she caught sight of
Bill, standing there.

"For the love heaven," she said, and her
tone was even more shrill, "get that cripple
out of the way. Broken things make me
sick to my stomach!"

Bill stared at Mavis Dorian. He had
never seen her more alluring. Not in
"Flamingo Jack," her home picture. Not
in "Seeds of Despair." He started to turn
blindly—a fugitive from her anger and
her disdain—and was aware that a little
voice somewhere was whispering, was
murmuring: "Bill, Bill, don't you care?"

Bill, hearing his name, waved er ever so
slightly. In the split second of his in-
decision somebody, else, pushed against him.
He stumbled on a step, felt his leg crumple under him, reached
out with impotent hands to keep himself
from falling. He caught at something, felt
rather than heard the ripping of some
satiny fabric as he crashed to the floor.
And then—still feeling rather than hearing—
he was conscious of Mavis Dorian's
voice. As sharp, as metallic, as robbed
of romance, as a steel file.

"Bill," stormed the voice, "that's my
dress! You've torn it. I could kill you—
you clumsy fool!"

The fall had shaken Bill Banton. Worse
than that, it had hurt him cruelly. But the
knowledge that he had torn his lady's
gown—he knew that he had merited her
anger—hurt more. His eyes were filled with despair as raised
them to the face of the star. She looked at her besequently, aware of the awkward-
ness of his position—his awkwardness to scramble up and hurry away. Something
untranslatable in his glance broke the
thread of the Dorian rage.

The lady from Wisconsin began to laugh.
"Dammed if he doesn't look like a stray
dog, waiting to be kicked!" she giggled.
"He's the funniest thing!" Daintily, cruelly,
she crumpled Bill Banton's crouching body
with the toe of a silver slipper.

There was a stir from somewhere among
the men. A group stopped, cried, and in a
rush of hysteria, "That beast! I could
murder her . . ."

But, perhaps fortunately, no one heard
the girl.

For the director—with a throb of in-
credulous excitement in his erstwhile
weary voice—was speaking.

"I never saw anyone like him," he said.
"It's a natural, if ever there was one. He has a sort of Lo,
character. Maybe it's his leg—but maybe it's his ex-
pression in his eyes—his ignorance of us."

He paused, cleared his throat, and then—
"You wanted contrast, did you, Mavis? Well, you've got it. There it is at your feet—made to
order!"

(To Be Continued)

Can A Career Kill Romance?

Continued from page 18

Her father was a prominent federal
official there and a theatrical future did
not loom for her until they moved to Cali-
ifornia. That was when Rochelle was
twelve. She had such an engaging manner
that the following year, by accidentally
meeting a studio woman friend of a friend
of her sister, she found herself under
contract. So the truth is that she has had
six full years of training for her present
opportunity.

I urged her to continue with her
romantic revelations. Here is someone who
knows what's what in Hollywood's
young set.

"Well," she said, "getting an agreeable
court isn't easy. Most young men outside
the picture industry seem immature. I mean,
when they're exactly your age and you've
been working since your early 'teens.

They're cute, but generally too collegiate
to be very interesting.

"And then there are comparatively few
men acting themselves who are eligible.
When you come down to facts, Hollywood
has always had far more unattached
women than men. It's a woman's town.

"So the result is obvious, isn't it? The
handsome young men who are pleasant,
free, and financially able to date—and it
does require more than quarters to go to
the local popular spots—are keenly sought
after. Consequently, being so much in de-
mand they are usually inclined to be
provocatively masculine. If a girl has chosen
to be what is so quaintly described as 'old-
-fashioned,' there are others, one is told,
who aren't!"

Culled up on a soft divan in the library
of her new house in Beverly Hills, Rochelle
during all this frank talk was a vision in
satin lounging pajamas of Alice-blue shade.
She had met me at the door, too. She
doesn't bother to impress, and I would say
that candidness is perhaps her most evident
trait. She is not in the least feared by
flattery, and she pays one the compliment
of seeing her mind in straightforward,
sincere fashion.

With more urging, she amplified further.
"It's this: it is done with brilliant diffu-
sion. It is a girl in pictures to meet a young man with
whom she can have a good time. Someone
to go to shows with. To dance with. You
see, there are those in the extra ranks, we
Every girl learns about clothes, and of
course you have to be in and be a
regular attendant at all the parties to be successful in either.

"I have discovered that an actress is still viewed with alarm by the women in Los Angeles society. The men are charming, but the women manage to be aloof. You don't care to try to mix when that is obviously brought to your attention.

"Now so far as Hollywood's 'society' is concerned, I myself haven't enough energy left, when I've finished work, to be a steady galabout. Players who have definitely arrived at the top can afford to be on the go. Unfortunately, it's almost impossible for one to intimate that he is going to step out only when you're really in the mood. You know how people are offended when you decline invitations!" Experience, it seems, has also taught Rochelle how handicapped a Hollywood girl is by the constant surveillance she rates from the press. Two hundred eager reporters avidly pounce upon every budding romance; indeed, upon every date. Very often considerable damage is unwittingly done by this spotlighting.

Again, Rochelle can call on her own memories. Only a year or so ago she fell in love. It was the first time—no one has come along since to intrigue her. He was an extremely good-looking youth, in no way connected with the movies. Finally he had understood her aspirations for acting careers. She had tried so earnestly for a break, and at last things were shaping up with genuine promise. He, too, had much to effect before settling down to marriage.

There were questions about their affection for each other. Never once did they make a public show of it. They felt too deeply to be the slightest bit anxious to parade. They agreed that they wanted to wait awhile, until each had accomplished a material goal.

Then he went to Europe, and while he was on the high seas a news-biurou suddenly published an announcement of their engagement, rating it to Rochelle. Because he was socially important, the newspapers radiogrammed him for a statement. He was astounded. Rochelle was aghast.

Hollywood's brazen ways are seldom funny, but to those wittily aware of the town's peculiar brand of interference, Distance added complications, made explanation involuted and twisted. Somehow that fine and promising friendship was spoiled.

No doubt, so far as Rochelle's career goes, it was for the best. Anyhow she has a remarkable philosophy for one so young. She's truly convinced that everything happens for an advantageous reason. Maybe it is hard to rationalize, but she has never been a weakening. Her attitude has enabled her to look forward to falling in love again sometime. She will have none of important terrors and futile regrets.

At the studio they are glad she has no strings on her, for she can devote herself completely to getting ahead. Which is what she is doing these days. Well, nearly all the time! For in spare moments her thoughts, as any girl's will anywhere, roam to the fascinating subject of love—and men, and dates.

Among her accomplishments is a special skill with a delicate paint brush, "I shall be staying home painting petunias," she exclaimed, as I departed. An impatient hand waved towards her canvas on an easel by a window. Her evening's program was very evidently depressing, "I'm positive those vexing leaves I've been trying to get right will give me the willies. Tonight I'd so enjoy meeting a very nice young fellow. And with a start she stopped, aware that she'd begun confessing more than might be wise. But I didn't miss hearing a sigh. I was correct from her heart. So Hollywood isn't heaven!"
really attracted Clark Gable all share one particular quality in common: they are intense, vivid, even dominant personalities, naturé in their experiences and their outlook on life. Check the cultured and studious Josephine Dillon, Clark's first wife, against that picture of "the girl in the gingham dress." Or Rea Gable, his second wife, whose personality is so vivid she rates as one of the few non-professional women to come out from behind the stigma of "just an actor's wife" to make her mark on Hollywood. Rea Gable is a grandmother now, yet her dusky beauty, her keen wit, and her subtle knowledge of the world earned her as many close personal friends in Hollywood as Clark's lane. Since his separation, Clark is said to be vitally interested in Carole Lombard, and certainly Carole's forceful, worldly personality needs no added explanation. Two brunettes against one blonde in his love record, color-type seems to make no difference to the Greatest Lover Of Them All if the women themselves are vivid, intense, and colorful. With Gable, it's a case of please omit ingenuity.

But don't get too discouraged, you nice little girls with nice homes, and nice reputations, and the next little thoughts: because Bob Montgomery apparently finds you the most attractive type of all. If you have a grand sense of humor, and real peace along with your petulance, you're just about tops with Bob. The girl he married, Betty Montgomery, is a walking model of every quality Bob admires in a girl. He's such a devoted husband that even the girls Bob admires in the abstract are the same type! Maybe it is because he is so tall, that he prefers very small, very dainty girls. And maybe it is because he is so clever at repertoire, himself, that he prefers the girl who talks softly and gently, minus the wisecracks! They say opposites attract. In Bob's case, I believe they do.

Eddie Lowe once told me that ever since he could remember he had been in love with a blonde! "I don't know whether it is purely accidental, or not," Eddie grinned, "but that's the record." But just because you are a blonde in coloring does not particularly recommend you to Eddie's attention.

For he is the first to admit it is a certain type of blonde that attracts him most. Eddie likes the sleek, magnificently groomed, expensive blonde type you find cocktail-ing on Park Avenue at tea time. He likes women who are as daringly original in their thought and speech as they are in their clothes. The late Lilyan Tashman, Eddie's second wife, was a perfect model of the type. But no more so than the brand new Mrs. Edmund Lowe, (Rita Hayman), whose reputation for chic is equalled only by her reputation for great wit and devastating honesty of speech.

While we are on the subject of blondes, and gentlemen who really prefer 'em, we might as well break down and admit that another fascinating cosmopolite of the screen, William Powell, has a marked weakness for them, too. Not exclusively, you understand, (his first wife, Eileen Wilson, was a brunette), but blondes do catch Ziegfeld-Powell's eye in a crowd a little more quickly than any other type. But where Eddie prefers the tall, statuesque blonde orchid, Bill likes the "laughing blonde," the good-time girl, the fair-haired beauty who gets a kick out of life. He's not even averse to practical-joking blondes. If you still don't grasp what I mean, think back on Carole Lombard ex-Powell, and forward to Jean Harlow, who the columnists insist will be the next Mrs. Powell. Here are gay, decorative girls who take their beauty in stride, and while the world "ahs" over their contours, they'd just as soon run around in slacks with bows tied on their hair, as not! If there's any other qualification to be made in Willie's favorite type it is the single little factor of curves where they belong. He's perfectly frank to admit that he likes the feminine figure feminine! And again Miss Harlow and Miss Lombard may take a bow! Bill likes them beautiful, all right, but he doesn't care if they forget it in being good scouts now and then.

On the other hand, if any woman ever did break up Warner Baxter's happy home, I bet she would be a slender brunette, (only I'm not taking any bets on this, you understand. In the first place, Warner's one of the most completely happily married men in Hollywood, and in the second place, Winnie Baxter is a slender brunette herself — which chance have you with a man who is already married to his favorite type?). Warner is so very much married and contented that the only way it ever has been visible to him in his favorite type is by a casually dropped conversation on certain actresses whose work he admires on the screen or from a high-warm compli- menting the appearance of one in a crowd. Only by these slender straws have I been able to ferret out, after years of interviewing Warner on one subject or another, that the brunette is more eyes to him than the blonde or the red-head. It should be enough of a tip to say that Warner enjoys particularly looking at Merle Oberon and Norma Shearer on the screen, and that he believes little Rochelle Hudson has an interesting future.

A long time ago, I read a story about John Barrymore in which he drew a composite picture of his "dream woman." This lady, via print, was wise, worldly, and witty, and you got the very definite impression that she had learned how to know her way around. Well, "Jawn" was always the kidder, because ever since his divorce from Michael Strange, he has been the most tenent worried about the status of sheer, unadulterated youth, of any adult in Hollywood! He married the dew-eyed Dolores Costello before she had reached her twentieth birthday. And when that marriage went on the rocks, who should he catch up with — or did she catch up with him? — but Elaine "Ariel" Barrie. If the nineteen-year-old became the next Mrs. Barrymore, as it is believed she will, she will be the second "child bride" in the life of the 47-year-old actor who says his "dream woman" is worldly and mature.

Another gentleman who has considerable "word eating" to do concerning his Dream Girls is none other than Gary Cooper who once went on record as a great admirer of the type of girl whose whole heart was in her home, husband, children, and fireside, "just like the girls back home," where Gary was raised. Well, maybe these clinging vines, and good cake-bakers, may be Gary's dreams—but they certainly are not his experiences! Or am I seriously mis-taken about Clara Bow, Evelyn Brent, Lupe Velez, a very wealthy and dynamic tuxedo lady, and last, but far from least, Sandra Shaw Cooper? Some of the women Gary has loved at one time or another have been blondes, some brunettes, one red-head. But one trait they have shared in common is that, one and all, they are no retiring violets! The women in Gary's real life have been colorful, dominating, daring and original thinkers and doers, and somehow I've never had the impression any one of them were bending that amazing will power in the direction of getting out the laundry on time, or fretting over a date for the Spring Bowling Meeting Third String.

But you don't have to be a vital force among women, or even an orchid blonde to catch Gene Raymond's eye. If the truth be known, Gene seems to like just ordinary "nice girls" who live in homes with their folks, who wear pretty and becoming clothes without knocking out the eyes of the cash customers, and who just talk sweetly and softly without achieving any great reputation for wit or frankness. I doubt if Gene would even look a second at if you told him he's got a fine order one from your date.

**Girls They Could Really Love**

Continued from page 21

Nelson Eddy, his mother, and Dr. E. Lippe, Nelson's vocal teacher, stage a happy reunion when the star returned from his triumphant concert tour.
and these are the kind of girls he grew up with! Apparently Hollywood hasn't changed his ideas any, for the type he still prefers, even after years of proximity to the Glamor Girls, are the Janet Gaynors, the Margaret Lindsay's and the Jeanette MacDonalds of the movies. And Janet, Margaret, and Jeanette are just about the "nicest girls" in town! On second thought, I wonder if there is anything in the added factor that all three are red-heads!

Bing Crosby has the reputation in Hollywood of never having looked at another woman but Dixie Lee Crosby, and with Dixie as our only criterion, the only possible conclusion to be reached is that Bing likes "cute girls." He married the "cutest" he could find, and as far as his personal life goes, he has let it rest at that. But Bing's preference in types does come out a little when it comes to putting his okay on leading ladies—and even for make-believe leading on the screen, he's consistent. He still wants them "cute."

Back in the F. Scott Fitzgerald era, I think Bing would have been a great admirer of the flapper. He likes to work in pictures with Joan Bennett, and with Joan in his studio life, and Dixie in his home life, where is Bing going to find more "cuteness"?

Ronald Colman has the reputation for being a "woman hater," a Hollywood legend I have always doubted. There are only certain types of women Ronnie hates, and judging by his conduct at the few Hollywood gatherings he attends, they are the effective, overly-enthusiastic ladies, especially when their effusiveness and enthusiasm is directed toward him!

Colman has never hinted who or what his Dream Girl might be, though he has been cast in so many pictures opposite blondes, (they try to mix up the color schemes for the camera—dark male draws blonde foil and vice versa), it might be believed that he prefers them. But every time it has been rumored that Mr. Colman was "interested" in private life, the lady has been toward the brunette. Incidentally, a majority of the rumors have involved that particular type of clean-cut, clever looking, direct girl who can talk intelligently on subjects that interest men, who can play golf and tennis, emphasis on the latter, and who can get her hair damp in the swimming pool without reaching for her vanity. Also, I believe Ronnie has a marked leaning toward his own countrywomen.

But Mr. Colman is one of the most attractive qualities a woman could have as far as he was concerned were vitality, aliveness, and good health. But where Fred Astaire looks stylish, glibly, and intense, Maurice Chevalier has confessed that nothing or no one in Hollywood was more delightful to his eye than Marlene Dietrich, "because she knows the secret of perfect repose. Relaxation is a delightful quality in a woman." Dick Powell likes pretty girls who are "good sport" but Nelson Eddy likes mature women who have achieved something on their own in life, particularly in the literary or musical fields.

I've saved Robert Taylor, the current heartbeats of America for the last, because Bob seems to like all the girls, in all types, coloring, and moods. Certainly he has been attentive to the widest variety in the short time he has been on the screen. Yet, Bob's feelings got very hurt when a radio commentator took him to task for "playing the field." "I went with one girl for three years," Mr. Taylor offered by way of explaining the consistency of his affections.

But that's the way it is in Hollywood where they talk one Dream Girl for publicity purposes—then get engaged or married to, two or three other types.
he'd opened up. "As head man," I inquired hastily, "did you have a regal residence?"

"Yes, it was grand," he replied, "I had a building designed by a famous architect." I was fascinated, but it was accents. After designing it, he built and lived in the building.

"Victor was off on his reminiscing and what "copy"? His English, or "passing," was as precise as Freddie Bartholomew's—when he's out of character. His splendid physique, also, has always served him well. There have been many dramatic hours when he has had to depend upon sheer strength. His inherited respect for decency and, strangely, for beauty carried him through a conglomeration of circumstances and to his present position.

"I remember wondering, there in Bagdad, what would ever happen to me. When I was eventually demobilized, and returned to

London, there wasn't a promising future. I was thirty-three and I had nothing dependable in view.

"Maybe I can explain what sort of person I had been. My father was a bishop, and I was one of a raft of husky brothers. We were all daredevils. At fourteen I ran away from our little English village to London, where I lived about my age and enlisted boldly in the King's Life Guards. A while of that and I was off to Canada, via steership. I hired out as a farm-hand, then discovered a silver rush was on. I dropped silver-mining to prospect for gold. And quit searching for gold when I determined to become the heavy-weight champion.

"The one genuine regret I have is that I never did acquire that boxing title. I started after it by seeing my first opportunity, which was—to wrestle! Then in fighting the fires that destroyed the mining town I was in—Cobalt—a falling roof injured my back. A doctor advised me to exercise the aching away, so I got a job as a railway steward. To my astonishment I was promoted to a policeconstable, to hunt for fugitives.

"The thieves were nabbed and I took up boxing in earnest. Only I was sidetracked into a heap of wrestling. I loved to fight. According to my clippings, I rose to being ranked as one of the seven foremost heavyweights in America. By then I'd moved on to Seattle. But at that particular period there was so much red tape and grief for aspiring pugilists that I was discouraged. I probably could have fought for the title if I'd stuck at the game for two or three years. That appeared to be centuries!"

Therefore Victor went into the circus, no less. He dug up a partner; they formed a "unit"—challenging every would-be fighter in the state of Washington and British Columbia. Their proposition was three rounds of boxing or fifteen minutes' wrestling, and anyone who could lick them was to be handed $25. They took turns alloting to sign our act for three weeks. We were to open in San Francisco. On our way South we tarried in Seattle and we were invited to an exclusive party at a brewery. We accepted his invitation to inspect it. Of course, we had to sample his products; the sequel was a quarrel with my associate. Consequently, we got thrown out in San Francisco minus him. The Orpheum gave me a day to round up a suitable athlete to be anointed with our skin with a shiny outment and the knock-out blows in familiar title bouts.

"I was stumped; irantie. At the last minute when I was climbing onto the street-car to go down and address a crowd at the conductor. He was it! I induced him to run his street-car to its barn and go on the stage with me. I learned, afterwards, that he was a fighter temporarily out of the running. His nickname, incidentally, was 'the lantern-jawed Swee'de.'

"Their vaudeville memories are highlighted by a special night in San Diego. I tried to stop two marines from squabbling and shortly the three of us were taking in the crowd that gathered. I must confess that when the police arrived they picked on me, and when I sassed them I was ridden to the jail for a reprimand."

"To me, being behind footlights was artificial and boring. I was soon off for the Fiji Islands and some pearl-fishing. The ship I got on was stranded in the terrible calm that carries Nellie typhoons. For an entire month we had no wind. Our provisions diminished as fever developed. Very literally, in the nick of time we were rescued.

"One of my brothers chanced to be in Australia. Being broke, I resurrected the vaudeville act with him and we played it for a year. Then I examined my cash and observed I had a couple of hundred dollars. I'd never seen India. A couple of days after landing in Bombay I again took over, and picked my funds and they were a mere $15!"

"But trust Victor! Something perfectly astounding inevitably has been around the corners for him. He met the rajah of that district and was installed in the palace as physical instructor. The rajah took a fancy to his company and their chats were mutually captivating. For Victor's part, the rajah's address was this potentate's elegant abode.

"I was ready to learn something new, so I went to Africa and shot lions next. When my money was all behind, I did a little trickster work in selling his goats. That requires unique technique! After which I revived the act to earn my passage back to England to join the army in the World War.

"Cited by the King for his gallant and distinguished services on the field of battle, he was assigned to police all who had been bagdad. His chief duty was detecting spies.

"So this was Victor's past—and hardly an uneventful one, don't you agree?—when he was completing his Bagdad chapter.

"My getting into pictures was all accidental," he declared, pacing the floor in his ultra-swanky cigar room. "As a matter of fact, I was in the Century-Fox studios in Beverly Hills. He desired to have me on the payroll, but he had to get me into the studio. I got a job as a costumer, and the next thing I knew, I was a wardrobe dresser in the studio."

The evenings of the week; each cared for at least half a dozen kick-gladiators a night. In the year they "trounced" they never once lost a single encounter.

You can estimate what a strenuous pace Victor set for himself.

"It was a grand existence," he bowed. "I hated the notion of settling down: a nearby office job was an appallingly banal one, I never intended to take. When we finished with the circus tour, my pal and I took to tramping about. No strings, no obligations —the new dawn was a perpetual salad. "I had my introduction to acting—quite by accident. It's fun!"

"The incident leads to another. By chance and I was in a tiny Washington town. There is an old story that we might teach a strange army to the natives. When we tried to do that, they, put on a boxing exhibition. I was proficient, so we appeared as the boxers. I engaged an excellent fiddler to deliver 'The Face on the East Room Floor' as our curtain-raiser. Then I portrayed noted classical fiddler—frankly, I confessed however I was inspired and no one knew the difference!"

"This minor success gave me a hunch. I went to the Orpheum and proposed from
down. He suggested I play the lead in a movie he was casting.

"I never imagined myself as a possibility for the screen. Being confronted with this bold and daring move I had grave doubts whether I could register any emotion before a camera. But it meant money—and that was my essential need."

Victor clicked. He was doing nicely when, in the following year, the same producer came on to Hollywood and cable him that they were interested in a California production.

Victor debated leaving his modest niche, but took the gamble. He can't resist trying new things.

He stepped off the train at the station in Los Angeles he had exactly $20 in his pockets. A former fighter, recognizing that Victor had been a brother-under-the-same-umbrella, rushed up to him with so sad a line that he was "loaned" $10.

"My picture was put off for a month. I didn't think it would give me the correct impression if asked for an advance. Actually, his integrity was so sterling that he proceeded to exist in an attic on twenty-five cents worth of fruit a day—until they called him to begin his lead.

"If a publicity man hadn't helped me by keeping my name in the news I couldn't have secured another part. I was satisfactory enough in the picture for which I came over, but received no further assignments. Things like that happen in Hollywood—what can I do? However, that story was being continually mentioned in the local columns, I did become an employed actor—as a 'heavy.'"

There is an odder twist: one night at the American Legion fights I was hurrying in. I collided with a stranger. We glared.

Next day I was telephoned to come out to a studio. The gentleman who sent for me was that man—Frank Lloyd, the director. I was the type he'd been seeking for a particular role. It established me and ever since my luck has been excellent."

While Victor may credit his many acting triumphs to luck, if you could watch him sitting in line and figure out each gesture before venturing into a scene you'd understand how much he deserves this fine, zenith to his life.

He's still limping; his sense of humor—he'll frame up some gag on the slightest encouragement—is as acute as ever. He has been able to earn big money and hasn't lost his income wonderfully well.

As popular with women as he is with men, he is married to Enid Lamont, a smart blue-eyed brunette. This daughter of a British admiral shares his fondness for both the outdoors and gracious living. They have two children, Andrew, at fourteen, is six-feet-five! Victor is sending him to an exclusive Santa Barbara school, and secretly hopes the lad will go into the diplomatic service. Twelve-year-old Sheila is mostly concerned with learning to ride as marvelously as her parents do.

The estate he has provided for his family in La Canada, above Pasadena, is that of an English manor. There is open house on Sundays, and if the McLaglens aren't insisting that you sample the swimming pool that goes all the way down to the tennis courts, Victor delights in his beautiful aviaries; he has pheasants and pheasants, too; and it is a sight to watch him tip toe or peep into a humming bird's nest.

A decade in Beverly and he is keen for new achievements. The wanderlust is faded: in its place is the desire to enact roles that will really mean something to the film public. No more "Sex you, sex I" things! He's devoted to his home—and has time for his sports arena. To give the men and women of Los Angeles a patriotic sports outlet he's formed McLaglen's Lighthouse Cavalry and donated a headquarters that buzzes with happy people.

BEAUTY by moonlight and under the sun is Max Factor's contribution to Hollywood stars, and you who aspire to be like them! From his famous Hollywood studio come two essentials of Summer make-up—Foundation Cream to give a smooth, protected surface to cosmetics, and Make-up Blender to blend face, neck, and shoulders into a harmonious skin. And we've saved the best until the last—there's a thrilling new Max Factor Sun's Tan Make-up! Blondine rouge and Vermillion lipstick harmonize with Smir Tan face powder. And this make-up expert for the stars sends you this tip for Summer loveliness—use brown eye-shadows, whatever your individual coloring.

W E'RE mighty glad to welcome to our own dressing-table the new Pompeian beauty products. Grand old name that it is, Pompeian carries us back to the childhood days when we got a surreptitious thrill out of dipping our fingers into Mother's jar of "pink massage cream." Now this concern has a complete new line of beauty preparations that didn't even make their debut until many months of testing and research had proved them right. We're especially enthusiastic about the face powder which is wind-blown through silk to make it gossamer-fine, smooth and lasting. The shades are Naturel Nude, Peach, Rachel 21, Rachel 22 and the Summer-inspired Sunglo. Their cream is easy to apply as it compact—and wonderfully adherent. And there are ultra-modern shades of fragrant, non-drying lipstick. All these and the creams and lotions are unbelievably inexpensive.

An eye to beauty welcomes "Eye-Gene" for refreshing sparkle.

You devotees of the model Chinese should thank Helena Rubenstein for bringing her Chinese Red lipstick and rouge to match! They're gorgeous shades, gay but not gaudy, those darker dusky sun-tanned skins as well as pallid complexion. And you'll love the lipstick for the case. In a swift, the contents simply immense and the consistency delightfully lightweight. Induce your hair for the high fashion of Chinese Red accessories—gloves, belt, handbag, bonnet-chapeau and kerchief. Then add Helena Rubenstein's Chinese Red make-up as a subtle lift toward perfection.

WHEN you slip off those heavy black evening gloves, or you sit down to a cigarette or raise a glass to your lips—critical eyes are on your hands. See to it they're ready for inspection to the tip of each little finger! Well-groomed fingernails, (and toenails, too, now that beach and sandal days are here), are easy to have at a very small cost. For instance, at five-and-dime stores you'll find a whole array of liquid nail polishes from ultra-conservative, colorless and natural to rich ruby and exotic deep red, by name of "Chic" and "FO." We've used them and been delighted with them. They come in the standard transparent type as well as the new creamy liquid form which is duller in finish, has more body and covers up blemishes in the nails. And remover of the same excellent brands may be had in plain liquid, oily type, or a removing cream that comes in a tube.

M AKE the most of your eyes, wise damsels. They can and should be your No. One beauty. How? First, you look well to frame them with long curling lashes and sharply brows. But the picture comes before the frame, and your eyes themselves should have that "chic." We give them a clear, fresh shine. A grand aid to eye beauty we're glad we discovered is called "Eye-Gene." It comes in a convenient button, screw-on dropper top. Just let two or three drops fall into the inner corner of each eye, lids closed. Then open your eye and allow the soothing liquid to spread over the surface. It's instantly refreshing, removes tell-tale pink from overworked or underlashed eyes, and leaves them with a vibrant sparkle.
short trip over here. Anyway we enjoyed hugely the short glimpse of the lovely Hollywood. If they shoot the scenes here I'll certainly be on hand to report on any snappy bits that will surely occur when an English company makes scenes in France. Novarro was on his way back to Hollywood after his rather unfortunate experiences on the stage in England. I am sure he will be glad to be back home once more in California.

The last visit to France of Lily Pons was an interesting proof of the glamour that is inevitably associated with a film star. She used to play small parts in comedies in the theatre here. Couldn't even get an engagement at the Òpera or Òpera Comique. Her discovery in a French Provincial Opera House and sensational début at the Metropolitan in New York is a familiar tale to everyone now. Her first appearance in a Paris concert after that was a triumph but was as nothing compared to the furore she caused when next she appeared after her film was released. "I Dream Too Much" attracted great attention here even though done in English. This Spring she appeared at the Òpera in Monte Carlo and the enthusiasm was boundless. I was paying a flying visit to Monte Carlo at the time and watched with great amusement the sensation the diminutive Lily caused. Her every move was in the papers. One day she visited the gardens of Dr. Voronoff, the famous monkey-gland specialist, just across the Italian border, with Sascha Guiry, the great French actor-dramatist. An admiring monkey attacked her and Actor-dramatist Guiry gallantly rescued her. Yes, yes—that got headlines in all the European papers! The vivacious Pons is delighted to talk to. Her accent is a charming mixture of Yankee and French and even her French has the warm accent of the Midi, her native land. In the south she was happy in the family circle once more with her mother and two sisters. One sister, Nette, has a baby which Lily proudly says is as big as she is, which really isn't saying much. Lily's love for America is evidently sincere for on this trip she gathered together her mother, her teacher, her furniture, goods and chattels so as to settle permanently in America. New York to be exact. Showing good taste, and appreciation for what the American public has done for her.

One's idea of a Swede is generally that of a big blond with not very much of the romantic in his make-up. Nils Asther lives up to only one of these characteristics. He is big as to height, though very slim, but he is very dark and extremely romantic. In fact seeing him in Paris one would think of him as an Italian or a native of the south of France, the Midi, they call it here. He loves the very atmosphere of Paris and to wander about the streets, sit at the sidewalk cafes or on his balcony overlooking the banks of the Seine. We would cover miles of an evening in our strolls talking of Sweden, old times in Hollywood, and the latest gossip of the London studios, where he is making pictures. Yes, and he even told me charming and amusing things of Garbo whom he has seen on a recent visit to Sweden.

Mervyn LeRoy sought relaxation in London and Paris after the arduous task of directing "Anthony Adverse." I should think that after just reading the book one would need to take a holiday! The youth of the big American directors is always a source of surprise to the French, for over here in the absence of Rene Clair, the directors are of middle-age or over.

The most beautiful woman I ever saw is in Paris at the moment: the Princess Karam of Kapartheta. Two years ago she paid her first visit here from her native India and was the sensation of Europe. The Princess was mobbed whenever she stepped out. I painted her miniature and never were brushes so inspired! All the film directors and executives who could reach her pleaded with her to go to Hollywood. She looked sweetly and was amused. After two years she has returned and again they are pleading with her to go out there and show the Hollywood starters what real glamour is. Joseph Schenck is in town and between his 'phone calls and Walter Wanger's cables she might weaken and go for a visit. Her young husband, Prince Karam, is as handsome as she is beautiful, so all the directors gaze and think what a pair for pictures! Samuel Goldwyn has just been on a trip to scour Europe for promising star material but has returned to America without a single discovery, so Garbo, Dietrich, and other flowers can still sit securely on their celluloid thrones.

Ask Me!

By Miss Vee Dee

Lorraine T. Yes, Mary Brian was the adorable Woody in the film version of "Peter Pan" and Betty Bronson was Peter. Mary is back in Hollywood after picture-making and stage appearances in England. She is with Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal., and you can drop her a line of welcome at the studio. In 1929 Mary played in "Black Waters," "Man I Love," "Kibitzer," "River of Romance," "Virginian" and "Skanger Playground." Mary is now in the cast of "Spendthrift" with Henry Fonda, Pat Paterson, George Barbiere and Richard Carle. What's more, she is leading lady in Cary Grant's romantic life at present, and it looks serious, too.

Miss Florence S. Thanks a million for your kindly interest and your information about several films of ten years ago. Attention Maynard L. I. It was Donald Keith who played opposite Clara Bow in "Platonic Age" in 1925. A grand guy we have wanted to see at the top of the famous ladder is Lane Chandler, who is in the cast of "Plutocracy," featuring John Wayne and Phyllis Frazier. So give Lane a big hand, all you girls and boys, to help him make the top rung on the cinema ladder.

Blue Eyes. You won't find "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" under that title at your library for the story was written by Clarence Budington Kelland under the name "Opera Hat." The film had several working titles before "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" was selected. Among them, "A Gent Goes to Town" and "Cinderella Man." Remember Mme. Matzenauer in the picture! She took that rôle with only twenty-four hours' notice. She is the oï¿½ famous Metropolitan Opera star, singing opposite the late Caruso, the golden-voiced tenor. Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur made cinematic history in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town."

Miss Helen D. It's nice to hear from the Lone Star state and we hope you'll like to see your name in print so well, yes, ask me another question. Alan Baxter was born in Cleveland, Ohio; graduated from Williams College, took a dramatic course at Yale University, and is now the manager of the Theatre Guild. He is a very versatile chap; he paints, dashes off musical comedy shorts, swims, plays golf, and knows all about the theatre from the box-office to the doorman. Alan has light brown hair, brown eyes, and is 5 feet 11 inches tall and 25 years old. He made a hit in "Mary Burns, Fugitive" and Sylvia Sidney. His most recent releases are "Thirteen Hours by Air," and "Big Brown Eyes."

Hannah and Ann, "The Count of Monte Cristo" was Robert Donat's first American film. You may remember his rôle of Thomas Cubberly in "The Private Life of Henry VIII" with Charles Laughton; and also "Thirty-nine Steps." His latest showing is "The Ghost Goes West," made in England with Jean Parker and Eugene Pallette. Robert was born on March 18, 1905, in Withington, Manchester, England. He has dark brown hair, brown eyes, and is 6 feet tall. He was on the British stage in 1921 and has made a number of films in England.
London

Continued from page 23

year ago told us stories of the soft-voiced star.

"She's a retiring kind of girl," he said.

"Not quite sure of herself and always very nervous at parties. She has a curious little superstitious way. If she walks past a passage she always touches the wall with one hand for luck. She generally wears something yellow because she believes it is her fortunate color."

Even so, we were hardly prepared for Sylvia herself. Wearing a trim dark brown suit with a frilled white veil, she slighted from her carriage and as her welcoming admirers clustered around, she suddenly burst into tears and hid her face in her hands. Police came to the rescue and carried her bodily off the platform into the waiting car, anxiously followed by the reception committee of studio officials, speech and presentation flowers forgotten now. "She's had an attack of panic," they said.

"She'll recover when she gets away from the city."

So it was several hours later before we could actually meet Sylvia at her hotel. Still looking frightened, she sat beside me on a chaise longue like a model porcelain figure completing the picture. Her dark hair was brushed away from her face into a boyish crop and thick deep crimson lipstick had covered her finger-nails, but the touch of sophistication for this sensitive little girl—you'd never believe she was twenty-six years old.

"I'm just a worker," she averred. "I've made seventeen pictures these last five years because I love work so much. I think I should die if I had to give it up. Work is all I live for—work and being alone."

Visitors are forbidden at the studio where Sylvia enacts her passionate tragic roles for locked doors and alone in her dressing-room rather than join her fellow-players in the big restaurant. Certainly she's the shyest and most individual of the lovely ladies who have come to grace London for us this summer season!

Then there's glamorous little Lupe Velez of the dark flashing eyes, come to play the star part in a new British musical film called, "Gypsy Melody." Lupe must be dreaming of sunny days in Hollywood and in addition to all the tunes in the Elstree studios, she is nightly serenaded by a crowd of street musicians—shably singers, ragged violins, passionate, listening to her trumpet and the saxophone and even the ancient grinding barrel-organ who stand outside her window and play her favorite songs.

You see, on the night Lupe first arrived in London two old vagrant banjoists happened to set up their tinkling gongs in the street adjoining Lupe's hotel. With characteristic impetuosity, the Mexican star rushed out on to her balcony and threw them a handful of money—nearly twenty pound notes for she hadn't been told about British currency and vaguely imagined each green and white bill was only worth about a dollar. But that evening she was window shopping for Lupe had learned about pound notes when she had to pay the hotel manager wondered whether to summon the police. But although Lupe had learned about pound notes that day, she was still full of excitement, and she went out to toss down some money and a gay kiss to her new friends. Now they come every evening to pluck Lupe's favorite tango tunes as she dresses for dinner and putting on that flaming lipstick to sound the real of a real English country ballad.

If you watch the striped awning of another great hotel farther along the street you may see Dolores Del Rio walk out, graceful, vital, and so flawlessly beautiful with her cream satin skin and classic features. She is making a dramatic film "Accused" for Criterion Films, the new producing company headed by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Dolores plays Gaby Seymore, a vaudeville dancer who is put on trial for murdering another artiste, and Douglas Junior is her devoted husband, Tony. It's rather an unusual part for her, modern and sophisticated with touches of clever humor to counterbalance the tamer moments.

Going to have tea with Dolores the other afternoon, I opened the white door of her suite and thought the lovely exotic star had suddenly gone mad. There she stood in the center of the room holding a wicked looking knife, her brown eyes glowing, her chiseled nostrils dilated with fury. As she bent forward and hurled the blade I turned to flee, but Lupe's attention to the clear chime of the convent bells in her native land.

"Come in! I shall not murder you. I am only rehearsing." She showed me her target-board fixed on the wall, at which she practices assiduously every day for the big emotional scene of the film which calls for her to throw a Spanish knife with deadly accuracy. Then she sat down and talked.

She told me how pleased she was to find she could still enjoy regular tennis and swimming exercise in London, how she had bought some old books and several flacons of our garden scents like lavender and fern. She added to the celebrated perfume "collection" she keeps on illuminated glass shelves in her Hollywood home. She confessed uneccently that Rosaura was her own favorite role. "I am happier playing a simple woman because I am one myself. I did not feel at ease when I had to be an elaborately worldy lady like Madame Du Barry."

She smiled affectionately at husband Cedric Gibbons, who's handsome enough to tempt even the green-eyed Ameado of being an art director. He drives her out to the studio every day and they often have a quiet supper together at a little Mexican restaurant in Bohemian Soho rather than join the gay society throng.

Miriam Hopkins has been another of our studio visitors this summer, well-known otherwise but enthusiastically that adoring fans went down to meet her ship and showered her with ten thousand dollars in the morning. When Miriam slightly opened the door—in oyster satin pajamas and a quilted rose-pink wrap.

Miriam really came in at London to look us over for she is due to make a film here this fall for Criterion—Fairbanks, Junior, is certainly becoming Star Stealer No. 1.

Then she left for Russia, first stopping-place of a bustling vacation trip that included Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Holland—to see the tulip fields in bloom—France and several other countries. She beat Harpo Marx's famous time-record for The Complete Grand Tour, and afterwards returning to London for another brief stay before sailing for home, tireless, elegant, electrically vital as ever.

She old-fashioned patch of glowing green, Miriam was able to attend one of the gayest events of our social season, the opening of the new cabaret at the studio of Battersea Park. The show is called "A Bit of Hollywood in London" because all the girls have danced in the big musical films in the California studios.

There was Helen Vinson in a closefitting scarlet crepe gown that had a huge dinner collar at the high neckline and pretty Diana Napier with Richard Tauber full of enthusiasm about his operatic picture "Pagliacci" just completed and proudly telling his friends' attention to the greatly-diminished waistline. Sandra Rambou looked as though she had stepped out of a Goldwyn spectacle in a silver lame suit. The long black dress, the feet of paradise plumes mounted on her skull-cap, Virginia Cherrill was demure in pearl-grey chifon.

"And now Anna Sten made one of her rare appearances in public. Placid and gentle, almost earnest-looking in repose, she wore white and announced somehow odd in those brilliant sophisticated surroundings.

"I don't like a lot of people," Anna said to me once, "I wish I could enjoy myself among crowds but they only seem to overwhelm me." Now Anna and her dark muscular husband Eugene Frenche have gone to America so that Anna can fulfill her old-standing contract to make another Hollywood picture which will be a love-legend of medieval Italy called "The Witch." In the early winter they are due back for Anna to act with Lew Howard here in a historical romance—Leslie arrived for his British filming season last week with four polo ponies, a car, and over fifty trunks.

Margot Grahame is home in London too for a spell, chiefly to see her husband, earned France with over twenty of the finest dramatic players on the British lots. (He was recently Otto Kruger's doctor friend in Living Dangerously.)

Vale Hoben has his little garden plot a breaths of her native air and is hoping very much she won't find herself assigned to get her murder film when she returns to Hollywood.

Anita Louise spent her vacation looking round London, sweetly shy with the reputation for she takes her sightseeing very seriously.
They Knew Each Other "When—"

Continued from page 24

out in the house and then we'd sneak in. We'd make a lot of noise in the front hallway so the old lady would think it was burglars and then we'd duck up the back stairs. The poor old lady died while we were there and we never had caught up on our rent! We really felt pretty bad about it, but times were awfully tough.

"Plenty of days, we'd live on pretzels and water. If one of us managed to make a couple of dollars doing odd jobs or something, we'd buy some beer. Beer was a swell investment because it was pretty filling and we could always get a nickel refund on the bottles.

"Pat got the first job," he admitted in answer to my question. "I think it was in a musical comedy. Then he landed with a stock company and I later got a job with them. That was the only time we ever played together as professional actors.

"I'll never forget a pongoe shirt Pat had," he went on, his eyes twinkling. "Pat would wear it a couple of days and then I'd wear it. There isn't much to laundering pongoe, you know. Just wash it out and put it under the mattress to press it. "Oh, yes, and the library books," he went on. "Someone had signed for us at the library so we could take out books. We went down and got half a dozen to take home and read. They never were returned. Two years later, when I was working in a show, they tried to sue me. Guess we must have owed about a thousand dollars on them by that time. Of course, I'd forgotten all about them by that time, so I couldn't return them. But I sent them a set of books for their library, instead."

As times began to improve, Spencer and Pat moved to better quarters. Came the day when Pat was working in stock and Spencer was in New York. Spencer had fallen madly in love with his leading lady and asked Pat to drop over to meet her. Pat saw the set, met the charming lady, and then went back-stage to see Spencer.

"I don't know what a nice girl like that sees in you," he bantered, "but if she'll have you, you'd better grab her in a hurry before she changes her mind."

Spencer proposed the next day. Pat, in turn, quite improved of Pat's selection when he fell in love. By the time she and Pat had set the date for the wedding, Spencer had come to know her quite well.

Eventually, Spencer's career landed him in Hollywood and the movies. Pat was still in New York. Throughout the years, they'd keep in touch with each other by sending telegrams. One day a wire was delivered to Spencer, announcing the arrival of Pat for the picture, "Front Page." Needless to say, there was a grand reuin that night.

"I don't see Pat nearly as often as I'd like to," Spencer volunteered. "We're both kept pretty busy, working on different studio lots, and of course I live out in the country. Pat's wife comes out to go riding with us quite often, but Pat doesn't like to ride. Can't even get him to play golf with me. He doesn't go in for sports much, except handball.

"Of course, we visit the O'Briens now and then," he chuckled. "He's just as crazy as ever, too. Got an invitation to a party over there not long ago. I didn't know what to make of it. It read something like this:

"'I'm having a few people over—probably thirty or forty thousand. If convenient, I'd like you to drop by.

"'There was no date or time mentioned. I sent him a wire back:"

"Typical O'Brien invitation. No date. No time. No where."

"His answer supplied the information and ended with:

"'And don't forget my pongoe shirt!"

"He remembered that, after ten years! Can you imagine?'"

Pat O'Brien

Continued from page 25

the fact that I'd eaten the steaks so much as that I'd been endangering my life by staying in the place. We got into a terrific argument.

"Did Spencer tell you about the peanut machine?" Pat continued. "We were in Baltimore, looking for a job. We hadn't had a square meal for days. Suddenly, we came upon this peanut machine. Neither of us had a penny to put in the thing. We covered every inch of the ground, trying to find one, but with no luck. Finally, we looked around carefully, saw that no one was watching, and smashed the thing. There's one thing that's been worrying me," I told him. "Whatever happened to the library books Spencer was telling me about? He said you had them, the last he remembered."

"Oh, those—" Pat chuckled. "That was pretty bad, wasn't it? I don't know what happened to them. I must have left them somewhere."

Later, he was telling me about the fine new library he's had built in his home. I must have looked a bit peculiar because he looked up quickly, and said:

"And those library books aren't in it, if that's what you're thinking!"

"There's something I know Spencer didn't tell you," he said, firmly. "But I want you to know about it. It was while he was in Chicago, working in 'Baby Cyclone.' He was in New York, and plenty broke. I managed to borrow some money to send a wire to Spencer on the opening night. It read something like this:

"Just repeat that grand performance you gave in New York. I'm still on the loose.'"
The Charge of the Light Brigade

Continued from page 29

 tua, you will be good enough to return to the ballroom."

"Elsa, you will be good enough to return to the ballroom."

Elsa met his eyes and her head went back in a defiance new to her as she put her hand on Perry's arm, and the boy covered her hand with his as he turned to face the Colonel's wrath.  

"May I say, sir—" he began, but the other's curt words cut him off.  

"I'm not interested in the excuses of a man who tries to worm his way into the affections of his brother's fiancée. Come with me, Elsa. I forbid you to see or speak to this man again. If I were a younger man and you were a man at all I would thrash you within an inch of your life."

Seeing Perry's face blanch like that, feeling his hand tremble on hers, Elsa managed somehow to summon a smile to her trembling lips, to find the voice to speak to him.

"Please go, Perry," she said softly.

The man held her to his lips. "I shall see you again," he said, and his shoulders squared defiantly as he went from the room. Elsa looked after him with still, despairing eyes.

"I'm sorry, Elsa," the old tenderness for her had come back to her father's voice. "You are far too young to know your own heart. Remember you loved Geoffrey when you accepted him. The moment you see him again you will realize that love is still there and this was merely a passing infatuation."

"I wish that were so!" The cry was torn from her. Strange how much easier it would be to tell Perry—Perry whom she loved with such unreasoning madness, than Geoffrey, whom she loved as a brother.

"You cannot casually toss Geoffrey aside," her father went on. "Wantonly hurt him. Take time, my child. Know your own heart. You cannot plunge him and me into an unsavory scandal. When you see him this evening you must behave as if nothing has happened."

"I can't," she said softly. He could scarcely hear her.

"That is no more than your duty. Her father had become the soldier again, stern and a little forbidding. "You owe that much, if not to yourself, at least to me."

For a little space she stood without speaking. Honor, Duty. How could they take the place of the ecstasy, the enchantment? When she lifted her head again, her face was forlorn in her hopelessness.  

"Very well, Father." Even her voice had changed in that moment. "But I beg of you, please try to understand Perry."

She took his arm and walked with him across the ballroom to Geoffrey. And somehow she managed to smile, knowing that if she did not smile she must weep for Perry and all lost, lovely things.

Only when Geoffrey, seeing her, started towards her with his eyes glowing with love for her, she faltered.  

"Elsa, my dearest, at last!" His voice trembled at her nearness, her dearness.
"Do you know I nearly wept when I missed you at the house?"

"It's wonderful to see you, Geoff," she said gently.

"I've waited so long—that I hardly know what to say." Strange this feeling he had of being almost shy with her. Almost frightened, doing all that dancing.

With his arms around her again, looking down at the small oval of her face and drinking deep of her charm, it was easier to find words for the thing that held him.

"Look around you, darling," he whispered. "You can see gathered in this room priceless riches, endless intrigue. Great names: here, their successors: of one another, Surat Khan here in Calcutta and altogether too interested in Volonoff, the Russian, for England's peace. Seeds of their mutual distrust and their smouldering hatred. The world is on fire, my dear, and do you know what I think of it all?" He smiled down on her. "Nothing at all! You are the only thing real to me here. All I know is that you are in my arms again. You'll never stop loving me, will you, Elsa?"

Somehow she managed to meet his eyes, to whisper, "Of course not, Geoff." And steeled herself to the touch of his lips on hers as she tried to get closer, tighter around her. Later when they drove home through the stillness of the Indian night and his lips found hers in the darkness the tears she dared not shed lay heavy on her heart.

Perry was waiting for Geoffrey when he came back to his quarters.

"Geoffrey. The boy had planned to lead me up to this thing he had to say, but now the words came blurted from his lips. "I have fallen in love with Elsa."

"What Geoffrey looked at him with that quick sympathy he had always shown this younger brother. "I'm sorry. How rotten for you."

"And Elsa is in love with me," Perry went on defiantly. "We tried not to, Geoff. Honestly we did."

"Splendid," Geoffrey tried to light his pipe but the light flickered and went out in the wind. "Believe my back would have tried to steal the one thing I love most in the world. Get out! Take your dirty, diplomatic intrigues elsewhere, but get out of my sight now."

All that night he paced the floor. He could not really believe that Elsa returned his brother's love and yet the fear was there gnawing and alive. And in the morning when a messenger arrived with a dispatch ordering him north to the Arab country he set grimly out for Elsa's home. Then at the sight of her, smiling as she came to meet him, the fear was gone.

"Oh, Elsa!" He could almost laugh again. "There's something, it's silly, but I can't tell you. After the ball last night Perry came to see me. The boy is in love with you. Did you know that?"

Elsa's face turned cold as the wild winds, that struggled, to her lips. It would be so much easier to tell Geoffrey everything than this pretending. But there was her pride to her father.

"You mustn't take Perry seriously." The words came haltingly to her lips. "He's young and impressionable. You need not worry. I'll tell you this morning I was going to leave for Chukoti and of course I go with him. And Perry—well, Perry will soon forget." Of course he will. It was good to be able to laugh again. "And when I get back we will be married. Perry will be best man and kiss the bride without a tremor of emotion."

All the doubt was gone as he kissed her. And Elsa, as she had always been before, was with him in his heart as he started the long journey north.

Trouble was brewing in India. There was unrest among the British in the border town of Chukoti who were loyal to the English. Whispers of reprisal from Surat Khan and his followers, the Suristani, but Sir Charles Filding, General of the Bengal army, had given orders that peace must be maintained, that the British troops must not fire under any duress.

So it was when Geoffrey returned to Chukoti, Returned to a greater unrest than any uprising of native-tribes. For now, seeing Elsa every day, he felt that something had changed. Always there was that difference in her, that reluctance to meet his eyes. And yet he held desperately to his faith in her love. Should he lose that faith there would be nothing left him.

Then came the orders that sent most of the men at the garrison to manoeuvres at Lohara leaving Chukoti guarded by a handful of men. A diplomatic move this, to impress the Amir with Britain's strength. A move Colonel Campbell obeyed grimly, knowing it left Chukoti open to attack.

The attack came swiftly. One moment Chukoti had lain still and calm in the hot sun and children had played on the streets and women had gone about their tasks, and the native sepoys and the few British soldiers that remained had idled at their posts.

The next moment a fusillade of shots had sent the women on the parapet rolling dead to the ground. The streets were confusion now and a small native boy wept over the dog dead in his arms.

Elsa and Geoffrey marshalling the natives into the barracks, ministering to the wounded who lay about her, and taking orders from Geoffrey and her father.

The Suristani swarmed down on the village like a plague of locusts and then Geoffrey saw they were not alone in the attack, for Volonoff and his Cossacks were bringing up in the rear.

All that night the fighting went on. Then it was that Surat Khan sent for Geoffrey. Suavely he talked, this man known for his intrigue in a land of intrigue. His voice deep, almost caressing as he talked of the day Geoffrey had saved his life.

How long ago that seemed, that leopard hunt. As if it had happened in another life-time. A life in which Elsa's love had filled Geoffrey's being. A life in which she was so much nearer, so much closer, than now when she was with him always.

"And so I am offering you, your life." The words seemed like they were meant that evening, Geoffrey had to believe him.

Then back to the garrison again and the old hope flaring new in his heart when he saw the British soldiers and the survivors to the boats anchored in the river.

Women laughed again, when men and natives alike as they gathered about them, the awful horror of the night over. Then at last the boats were filled with their cargo of wounded, of unmanned men, of women and the children who clung to their skirts.

In another moment they would be starting their journey to Lohara, to safety and the Indians and in turn the Indians thought they might never see again. In another moment—A shot rang out and then another. The Suristani swooped down on the defenseless boats and Geoffrey heard Surat Khan laugh as the river reddened before him. Geoffrey felt a tearing pain in his shoulder as a bullet tore through it and in another moment he was struggling in the river. And then Elsa's scream came as a Suristani caught her and flung her in the water.

The arm that had hung useless at his side was strengthened by his need as he swam to Elsa and pulled her with him to the old sccw floating in front of them. The firing ceased as they climbed into the boat, and they saw those who had escaped the fury of the onslaught being escorted to the pier by the enemy sepoys.

Then on to Lohara they went, rowing until their backs ached with the strain. On to Lohara went the remnants of what had happened. Then there were endless hours of waiting before the word came. Incredible that they might be whole. For every one of the survivors had been herded into the evacuated barracks and shot ruthlessly down—the women, the children, Colonel Campbell, and the handful of men left him to guard the garrison.

It was open warfare now. War with Russia, too. News that Surat Khan had fled to the Crimea with his Russian regiment. Men waiting grimly for a chance to avenge their wives and children. Geoffrey promoted to the rank of major and was ordered to leave with his regiment for the Crimea.

It was on the eve of his departure that Elsa came to his quarters. An Elsa seemingly smaller and more fragile and with the heavy black of her mourning for her father.

"Come, Geoffrey. I had to come." Her hands twisted desperately as she looked at him. "Perry has been recalled to the army. He's gone. Oh, Geoffrey, he'll be killed. I know he will."

Geoffrey's heart sickened within him. Hoping and doubting alike were gone now. There in Elsa's eyes he read the truth. The end of an era.

"You know, Elsa," he found that he could speak after all, "one day you will have to tell the truth. Why not now?"

Somehow she managed to find the words to tell him, and as he listened Geoffrey knew that nothing she could say could tear
NOW... ONLY 25¢ TO GIVE TEETH TWICE THE BRILLIANCE!

Special at all Dealers

SALE

ON NEW PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE

New 25¢

FORMER 50¢ SIZE
Now Only 40¢

Holds twice as much as 25¢ size

IN TUNE WITH THE TIMES
In keeping with the 1936 trend to give more value for less money, we announce the lowest prices in Pepsodent’s history!
A BIG NEW 25¢ SIZE TUBE
FORMER 50¢ SIZE NOW ONLY 40¢

Now everyone can afford the safest, most effective tooth paste known... Super-Soft HIGH-POLISH PEPSODENT! Try it today.

See why millions are switching to this new-day discovery!

New! Super-Soft High-Polish Pepsodent Tooth Paste

1. GETS TEETH LOOKING TWICE AS BRIGHT—SAFELY!
New $200,000 polishing agent quickly restores a dazzling luster to dull teeth.

2. MAKES TEETH LOOK CLEANER TWICE AS LONG—SAFELY!
You double the time your teeth look clean, according to dentists’ tests.

3. BRINGS NEW SAFETY BECAUSE TWICE AS SOFT!
Tests prove Super-Soft Pepsodent twice as soft as polishing agent generally used. Hence it is one way to high-polish teeth without danger to enamel.

HURRY! GET THIS BIG NEW PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE VALUE TODAY!
his love for her from his heart. That in all the days he would live, that love for her would live too.

Geoffrey, like his predecessor, was a great lover of Roosevelt, to Balaklava, and to history! On to the charge that was to lift a handful of valiant men to death and glory.

It was Geoffrey who discovered that on the heights over the valley of Balaklava were Surat Khan and his men holding the guns with Volontoff's Cossacks. To attack them, even alone with his six hundred men, the menace of the Russian guns would be removed. It would keep five regiments busy defending them, while the rest of the British regiment would be free to assault Sebastopol.

Eagerly, he outlined his plans to Sir Charles. Those six hundred men would fight as six thousand, he explained. For with them would fight their wives and their children who had been massacred at Sebastopol.

The general shook his head. It would be suicide. He said firmly, and refused to sign the order. But after the general had left, his quarters Geoffrey paced the floor restlessly.

Finally, grimly, he started writing. Slowly, because it was another man's handwriting he was emulating and his lips were set in a thin, determined line as he signed Sir Charles' name to the order for the Light Brigade to advance on Balaklava.

There were things to do first. The dispatch confessing to his forgery which he ordered Perry to take to Calcutta. His brother looked at him disdainfully as he gave the orders. To him this seemed just another way Geoffrey had taken to humiliate him, to deprive him of his chance for defending his country, to belittle him in Elsa's eyes.

Geoffrey's eyes softened as he saw him go angry and resentful. He was sending him back to Elsa alive. It was the last thing he could do for her. Someday Perry would understand, Someday when he and Elsa—

Elsa, how she could hurt him even now with death so near, so certain! The thought of her was there as it always was the Lancers took their position behind him; her voice in his heart louder than the shouts of his men as they swept onwards to the attack.

Half a league ... half a league ... half a league gone, and there sat Elsa and Perry and the happiness that would come to them out of all the sorrow. Cannon to left of them ... cannon to right of them!

But the thunder not half so loud as the cries of those who had died at Chukoti. Into the jaws of death ... into the mouths of Hell he rode the six hundred.

Sabres flashed as they charged. Six hundred men charging an army! Breaking the line that meant victory and life for thousands of others.

It was Surat Khan who fired the bullet that found Geoffrey's heart after his own lance had torn through the Amir.

A small moment left to Geoffrey now. A moment to see Elsa's face bluer before him as though he were seeing it through his own tears. Then peace again. Peace that knew neither hope nor despair. Peace that somehow found the strength for gladness in the happiness he had been about to give.

**The End**

---

**The Guy is Nuts**

*Continued from page 19*

a gentleman. They won't stand for any more of that stuff.*

"Didn't I see you out in the street in front of your home the other day flying a kite?" I demanded.

Jim looked a little guilty. "Well, I wasn't expecting anyone. I was only trying to—"

It's great exercise and a lot of fun—"

"Until the string gets tangled up in the telephone wires," I put in pessimistically. "You don't get up that high," he admitted. "There was something the matter with the tail. Did you ever fly a kite?" he went on.

"Yes," I grinned. "Well, I'll tell you how I worked the tail on mine and you see if you can figure out what was wrong. I bought the thing from some guy out on Sunset Blvd. It came in pieces that had to be put together and when I got it assembled and took it out, the tail came off and got lost. So I made another tail out of the sheet on Fonda's bed but it didn't seem to me to be heavy enough for such a big kite so I went over to a girl's house and got her to give me some of the weights out of her dress and I fastened those on to the tail but it just wouldn't go. I can't figure it out.

"It was the weights," I assured him, "You should have torn the sheet into small pieces and knotted them together. The knots make the weight."

We argued a few minutes over the relative value of knots and weights but we hadn't a kite so we couldn't prove anything.

"It's just like that airplane I brought out here with me," he informed me gloomily. "Nothing ever works for me."

"Airplane? " I ejaculated. "Have you an airplane?"

"Not now," he said despondently. "It crashed."

"Gee," I sympathized. "What kind was it?" expecting at least a Bluebird or a Douglas.

It was just one that Henry Fonda and I picked up in Macy's toy department in New York," he explained.

My eyebrows described a parabola that threatened to carry them into my receding hairline, I finally conquered my astonishment sufficiently to ask what he had been doing in Macy's toy department.

It was his turn to be surprised—at such a question.

"Why," he said, "we went in there to buy a toy for Fonda's little niece and then after we'd got it—well, you know how it is—the electric trains and all. We spent the afternoon there and then one of us got the idea of buying a plane and putting it together. Only instead of getting a small one, we bought the biggest one they had.

"Both of us were working in shows and every night after the performance we'd rush home and start putting the plane together. First thing we knew it would be six in the morning. We'd go to bed and wake up about one o'clock, grab a bite of breakfast, and work on it until time for dinner. That went on for weeks until Fonda had to come out here. It was a shame, too, because he was pretty good at wrapping the pieces that had to be taped.

"Well, I carried on alone. After about ten or fourteen weeks, just when I got it almost finished, I was signed to come out here. I went home for a few days on a visit and finished it there. I didn't know how to get it out here so I made a case for it. It wasn't intentional but the thing might have been made for a machine gun. I thought--well, just as well have a little fun so I just painted it black and notched the corners and painted them silver.

"It scared the porter on the train to death because I couldn't check it so I just gave it to him and told him to put it away where nothing would happen to it and warned him if anyone stole it I'd kill him.

"I got out here and Fonda and I had a regular celebration opening the case and christening the thing. Finally we took it out in the back yard, wound up the motors, and let 'er go. It went about fifteen feet in the air and crashed. It broke into a lot of little pieces that couldn't be put back together."

He shook his head dolefully. "It was too bad, Fonda had to leave New Y— when he did because he was much better at wrapping joints than I, I think that was what was the matter. If he could have stayed on the job till it was finished we might have had better luck with it."

"Well, why didn't he bring it with him when he came?" I asked.

Jim looked surprised. "Oh, didn't I tell you? The night before he left we went out to celebrate his going to Hollywood and somewhere during the course of the night we picked up a couple of kittens. Ponda's a chap who is subject to sudden and violent infatuations. He became so attached to those kittens that he was separating him from them. It's strictly against the rules to take pets into sleeping cars, so when he started out with a kitten in each pocket we reasoned he'd have to take care of them without bothering with an airplane."

There was a momentary silence and then the two drifted back to Princeton and the Triangle Club where he started his Thespic career.

"What parts did you play in the show?" I asked.

"Oh, I was just in it," he answered vaguely.
"I didn't deserve their pity"

...CONFESSES
A TRUTHFUL
EX-WIFE

If I'd known about "Lysol" sooner, our happiness might have been saved"

When my divorce was granted my friends pitied me, and blamed my husband, as people so often do. But I know now that I was really the one at fault. I had become irritable, cold, unresponsive...actually afraid to be happy. Fear and worries had preyed on my nerves till I was a different woman from the bride my husband loved. I wish I'd learned about "Lysol" sooner.

How stupid that we should let blind, reckless ignorance like this go on wrecking countless marriages! Millions of women know that the simplest and best method of antiseptic feminine hygiene is the "Lysol" method. For nearly 50 years "Lysol" has had the worldwide endorsement of leading doctors and hospitals. Used as directed,

"Lysol" is so gentle to sensitive tissues that it is commonly used in the delicate operation of childbirth.

"Lysol" in antiseptic marriage hygiene has special effectiveness. It has a spreading quality which enables it to search out hidden spots where other antiseptics fail to reach. And "Lysol" destroys germs even in the presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.)...when many other preparations don't work.

To every wife who has been the victim of needless worry—accurate, authentic information about antiseptic marriage hygiene is now offered, in a free brochure called "Lysol vs. Germs". It tells how to use "Lysol" for this and many other germicidal needs. Just send the coupon.

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"
1. SAFETY..."Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS..."Lysol" is a true germicide, which means that it kills germs under practical conditions...even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work when they meet with these conditions.
3. PENETRATION..."Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus virtually search out germs.
4. ECONOMY..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears immediately after use.
6. STABILITY..."Lysol" keeps its full strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is unwrapped.

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Lysol & Five Penny Co., Bloomfield, N. J.

Name
Street
City

Send me the booklet called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".
Remember one little thing

...or this may not come true!

On your vacation you want to be at the top of your stride. You want to be at the peak of your form.

But it isn’t always easy. For, as you know, a vacation means a change of diet, change of water, travel...and you often find that you need a laxative.

Now, just remember this one thing—don’t let a harsh, over-acting cathartic spoil things for you. Strong purgatives are apt to throw your whole system out of rhythm...upsetting your digestion, causing stomach pains—even nausea.

W H Y  A C O R R E C T L Y  T I M E D  L A X A T I V E  I S  P R E F E R A B L E

When you choose Ex-Lax you are choosing a laxative that works g-a-a-a-a-l-l-y...that takes 6 to 8 hours to be effective. In other words, a laxative that’s correctly timed. Its action is thorough. Yet Ex-Lax is so mild and so gentle that it won’t cause you even a moment’s uneasiness. There’ll be no shock to your system, no pain or disturbance of any kind.

D E L I C I O U S  C H O C O L A T E  F L A V O R

And here’s another nice thing about Ex-Lax...it tastes just like delicious, creamy chocolate. Buy Ex-Lax at any drug store. Tuck it in your traveling bag. There’s a 10c size, and a still more economical size at 25c.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

“...It seems he was not only the character he was about to play, but also the ultimate Chinese farmer—similar to the character, I wanted to know all about the Chinese. He watched everyone closely, studied every gesture, and the Chinese farmers who, have always lived in cities. He needed the opportunity to study a more elemental type, the Chinese farmer—similar to the character he is about to play.

Of course—not to be catty—but you know and I know a lot of actors who would consider their character-study complete after two Chinese dinners. But Muni packed a bag and headed North. Up in Northern California are many Chinese farmers working from dawn to dark in their beautiful orderly acres of vegetables and flowers. He drove up-state along the Sacramento River and on as far as Seattle, Washington. He went along, he ate and slept uneconomically, I suppose, in log and rain. It was not a pleasure trip. He made it because he has a sort of obsession about knowing, intimately, the characters he plays.

On his trip he learned a number of things about the Chinese, many of which I want to impart to my readers.

“The idea, for instance, that the Chinese does not show his emotions,” Muni said, “is perfectly absurd. He is, in fact, very demonstrative. There is no Chinese—no aristocratic type, sometimes known as the Confucians, who do not permit themselves any display of feeling. They alone are the bland and unmoved Orientals who have caused an opinion to form of the race as a whole. You might as well say all Americans are like the fictional black New Englander. But the Chinese farmer—he is not something else again. He is naive, shy, enthusiastic, excitable, and of a great simplicity.

“Naturally, he gets excited about different things than we do. The first blossoming fruit tree, for instance, can put him in a highly sensitive mood—similar to the way we feel on New Year’s Eve, perhaps!”

Muni Denies It, But—

Continued from page 51

“In their entirety, the Chinese are a scholarly people. They are passive, I find; they have a great reticence about themselves and their ways. They are not in the least bit aggressive, bold, and they do not wish to create the impression that they know it all.”

Muni’s face, even under the make-up which restricted and limited his expression, reached the climax of his joy. He had found out, first hand, about the man he was going to be—and I doubt very much if he would or could have discussed any other topic then.

He is endowed with a rare singleness of purpose, an enviable quality. His sole intention for some weeks had been to observe the Chinese mind and habit of life. His interest had animated him even beyond the original intention. Now he could not be satisfied merely to assemble the surface appearances. He wanted to probe more and more deeply into the Oriental consciousness.

“Of course,” Muni said, “you cannot group the entire Chinese under one heading, any more than you can say ‘an American does thus and so.' There are Chinese coolies, farmers, merchants, bankers, mandarins, aristocrats. In one class, they are great bargainers, money mad. Over a paltry sum they will create a scene all out of proportion to the object. In another class there is a fine indifference to money, on the surface, at least.

“Another thing. They do not go out of their way to help you. They are not, by instinct, co-operative—except in their family life. Apparently they believe in the Nietzschean theory that a man’s first duty to himself and his career is to help himself. The Chinese are not extemists in anything.”

I wondered if any other actor ever had concentrated quite so intensely on the character of a race in order to play one member of it. It seems as if such a man must throw his work to the winds, without thinking solely of his ultimate effects.

I recalled several things that occurred while Muni was making "The Life of Pasteur" at Warners, his home studio. When he was wearing the Pasteur make-up, he would not talk casually with anyone. His

finger of suspicion had never pointed at The Triangle Club. “You—” he began again.

“You don’t have to get that Who-Killed-Coast-Krahin look on your face,” Jimmie flared. "If you had any sense you’d know I couldn’t have taken all those ducks and alligators by myself. I had to have help.

“What did you do with them?” I demanded.

Oh, we used to hide them in the fellows’ Lunch to the men who worked there at night,” he said. “By only using one or two a night they lasted quite a while.”

We gabbed a while longer, with Jimmie proving more conclusively with every sentence that he belongs well up on the list of Hollywood’s prize gooks.

“You know,” I said in parting, “I’m glad we had this little chat. Like I told you, I had a feeling you were screwy and there’s so few good nuts in Hollywood it seemed a shame to waste one.”

“Coming from you, that’s a compliment,” he conceded, “because from all I hear you really are a connoisseur. And say!” becoming suddenly enthusiastic, “go over and talk to Fonda sometime—he’s really nuts!”
mind was intent on being the great scientist, and several times he turned away from the time-wasters who would distract him. Not rudely. He simply ignored them. For the surgeon was in the midst of an operation.

He would not make his appearance on the set until he had been in the make-up for six hours. He put in his spare time practising with a microscope and learned to make slides.

Muni requires a month of preparation before every picture, during which time he enters into the spirit of the character. He rehearses himself by speaking his lines into a dictaphone and playing them back for his own critical judgment. Don’t ask me when he relaxes; when he takes a vacation, if ever. I know only that he has a superb collection of operatic and symphonic records which he enjoys hearing.

“You know,” Muni continued, “quite aside from the acting and the money, I become so engrossed in the subject matter itself and have so much fun in the research for my characters, I might as well be doing it without compensation. It is what I would prefer to be doing; I would be doing it anyway, for much money or for none. You get beneath the skin, so to speak, of something so different from yourself. It actually changes you—so life is never monotonous.

“Whatever little quality of worldliness I may have arrives from the study for my work, the lengthy research. I covered the history of France for ‘Pasteur,’ now I am reading every available book on China. One becomes well-informed quite painlessly, without realizing it.

“My idea in going up North to find a family of Chinese farmers not Americanized, was to discover some quality, characteristic, psychology even—to make my own, something I could absorb only by living close to it. And I did find something you always learn something from people themselves you can never find in books. I can’t stencil it, I am not even now aware of it. But it will appear when I need it most. It is something positive to draw on, like money in the bank.”

Of “Pasteur,” Muni said he read every book printed about the great man and his work. “I could make three or four more pictures of the life of Pasteur. There were so many interesting sidelights on his character which necessarily had to be cut out. His fervent patriotism, his dominant ambition to make France the most cultured and scientific country in the world, a certain dramatic episode during the Franco-Prussian war with his son, (who, by the way, was left out of the picture entirely, all fine material. And even though it could not be used, it was a good thing for me to know; it gave me a grasp on every facet in the man’s nature. I was so completely filled up with Pasteur there was no room left for Muni—and for some time, there was no Muni.

“It is a great lot of fun, you know. I do wish to see the sword-swinging, sacri

“Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!”

**Why let bad breath interfere with happiness?**

It’s easy to be safe when you realize the most common cause... improperly cleaned teeth!

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

*Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach—while a soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel. So brush teeth, gums, and tongue with Colgate’s at least twice daily. Get a tube today!*

---

**Hugh Takes the Tip**

**Good Thing Your Radio Audience Can’t See How Your "Sweethart" Treats You Off the Air!**

**Don’t Know It! You’d Think I Had Bad Breath or Something!**

**Hugh Takes the Tip**

**Well, Bad Breath’s No Joke. If You’ll Take a Friendly Tip, Hugh, You’ll See Your Dentist.**

**Hugh: So That Is Why Shirley Always Goes Such a Quick Exit After the Show!**

**After Their Next Broadcast**

**Why Don’t You Come Up to My House to Rehearse Next Week’s Songs, Hugh?**

**Hugh: Good Idea!**

**And What a Good Idea That Switch to Colgate’s Was!**

**No Other Toothpaste Ever Made My Teeth So Bright and Clean!**

---

**20¢ Large Size**

**Giant Size, ever twice as much, 35¢**
What Romance Means to Lederer
Continued from page 33

In his own home, pictures and more pictures are usually the chief topic of discussion. Occasionally he invites a few friends to his home for dinner. (His Chinese cook actually has a Ph.D. degree and transposes looks on chemistry between courses.) But they are those who have learned to accept and appreciate him for the way he is. Any man or woman can stop him on the street and he will listen, if they have something interesting to say. Time or guests are no object. He stands there for hours, provided, of course, he is learning something. In anyone else this would be considered unforgivably rude. To Francis Lederer's friends, their tolerance is a demonstration of their fondness and understanding.

Speaking of learning, Francis makes it

a point to take ten new words out of the dictionary each day and master the use of them. As a result of this discipline, the improvement in his speech is remarkable. He studies hard on voice and diction. At times, almost all trace of his accent is gone. He is a firm believer that a person can do anything that he wants to do. He is so anxious to improve, he seeks knowledge from any walk of life. No respecter of person, he loves only to intellect. In everything he attempts, he's guided by inspiration. One morning he awakened and decided he wanted to do sculpturing. He had never had a lesson in his life or had attempted it before. He now has a studio in his home and his models are amazing. The same thing applies to his painting. He never held a brush in his life. Yet, he wanted to paint. He believed he could if he wanted to badly enough—and now he is doing some very creditable oils.

Recently he has become absorbed in cabbages, walnuts, alfalfa, and such fruits of the soil, and finds the keenest interest, as well as amusement, in the ranch he has acquired out in San Fernando valley—about twenty miles from Hollywood. Gradually he is collecting antiques. When his collection is completed, he will move it all out to the ranch and make that his permanent home. Meantime the ranch is run by a caretaker, and it is self-supporting.

Recently he harvested a bumper crop of prize cabbages, and sent generous samples to all his friends in Hollywood. They were neatly packaged in brown paper, bearing in neatly printed letters, the following amusing message:

"Here is a little sample of the first crop to come off my ranch in San Fernando. We planted two and a half acres in cabbages and are enjoying a record crop—about 30,000 head. The apricots, grapes and walnuts are coming along fine, and you'll hear from them, too, when they are harvested. Expect a bumper crop of alfalfa, so, if you have a horse, I will be glad to send him some with the compliments of Francis Lederer."

While his romance with Steffi Duna is a thing of the past, Francis has still re-
tempting offers for a screen career, she is beginning to weaken. While she really is the typical American girl, her beauty is of the luminous, smouldering type, made famous by Dolores Del Rio.

One of the admirable qualities about Frances Lederer is her appreciation for talent. If he sees a stirring performance on the stage or screen, he is moved to send a telegram of thanks, regardless of whether he knows the performer. When he attended the legitimate stage production of "Ah, Wilderness!" starring the late Will Rogers, Francis was entranced by the performance of the little ingenue named Mary Blackford. After the show he went around to see her. She almost fainted from the shock. The next day he arranged for her to have a screen test. Unfortunately, her screen career was interrupted by a tragic automobile accident, from which she is yet to recover.

One day Francis happened to walk into the studio commissary and saw Eddie Quillan sitting up at the counter. Francis had seen him in an old silent picture in Europe. To Eddie's complete surprise, Francis walked up to him and asked if he were a star. When Francis learned that Eddie hadn't even worked in some time, he was completely amazed. He immediately took steps to see what he could do to reinstate Eddie in his career. Since then "Mutiny on the Bounty" has been released and Eddie is going ahead again.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 9

MEXICAN BEANS
Take 2 heaping cups (or about a pint) of dry lima beans. Rinse carefully and soak in cold water overnight. Place the beans in a good-sized saucepan and boil in clear water until they can be crushed between the fingers. Do not drain off the water in which they have been cooked but, instead, add to it the following:

Saute 5 large sliced onions in the fat from 4 or 5 strips of bacon that has been cooked and laid aside. Crumble the bacon and mix it into the lima beans, sauspan together with the sauteed onions, a can of tomatoes, and 3 or 4 small chili peppers.

Return to the stove and let the entire mixture simmer slowly for about three hours. Season with salt and a little sugar.

"If I know we are all good sailors, and it happens to be hot weather, sometimes I omit the beans and serve sandwiches with iced tea, beer, or Coca-Cola. The Celito Lindo sandwich spread is something new, and—oh, think—quite marvelous!"

CELITO LINDO SANDWICH SPREAD

1 can tomato soup 1 lb. American cheese
1/2 onion (cording to size) 2 eggs well beaten
1/2 cup milk pepper and salt

Grate the cheese and onions and add (with pepper, salt and Worcestershire sauce to taste) to the tomato soup, cooking all together until mixture thickens. Add beaten eggs towards the last. Spread on crackers, or thin slices of white or wheat bread.

(Even simpler is a sandwich spread made from white cream cheese and chopped walnuts. Soften the cheese with a bit of cream (or milk), a little lemon juice, salt to taste, and add plenty of walnuts chopped not too fine. This is particularly good when used on raisin bread.)
"See my wooden dishes?" she held out a plate. "I began by having pottery dishes, thinking they are so colorful and typically California, but I lost many of them overboard, when the wind suddenly changed or a wave heaved us higher on one side, that I decided to try wood, which isn't instead of sinking. Now when they fall overboard, we fish them back again. The doctor is particular about things being sterile, andecure about any wooden dishes, but I lost them 20 minutes, so they should be safe. The cups I use are really mugs, see?" She showed me the familiar white mug in which all seaside places serve coffee.

It's Evalyn's dinners that make Hollywood mouths water. A simple meal served after a day's sailing is likely to be the best one. After a cocktail, Evalyn takes from her small ice-box, scallop shells filled in advance with one of the following mixtures:

LOBSTER OR CRAB CREAMED
1 pint lobster (or crab) meat, 1/2 pint cream, 1/2 pint milk, 1 tablespoon butter. I heaping tablespoon flour, juice of 1/2 lemon, even teaspoon salt, pinch of cayenne. Mix the sauce by cooking butter, flour, milk and 1/2 of the cream over boiling water. Put in the lobster (or crab), pepper and salt, and stir until scalding hot. Then add the rest of the cream and the lemon juice. Put mixture into shells and bake just long enough to brown slightly. (Tuna or salmon may be prepared in the same way.)

TUNA WITH POTATO CHIPS
2 small cans tuna (Chicken of the Sea), 1 small bag of potato chips. White cream sauce. Flake fish and crush potato chips not too fine. Make sufficient sauce (sour cream—1 and flour) to thoroughly cover. Flavor with cayenne, but do not add much salt as the chips are already salted. Bake in scallop shells until mixture thickens and browns.

The shells are slipped into the oven to be browned at the same time the rolls are heating, and while Evalyn mixes the salad.

CELERY SALAD
Chop together very fine, 1 bunch of watercress and 1 small firm cabbage. Season with plenty of salt, pepper, a little sugar, olive (or Wesson) oil, and plenty of lemon juice. This is served from a large wooden bowl garnished with lettuce.

Occasionally, the young Sinners give a dinner on the boat in more elaborate fashion, when Evalyn's imagination goes to greater lengths. Her favorite dish is called "barracuda-in-a-bag."

"This is a good way to serve strong fish like barracuda, mackerel, or other fish that you ordinarily think of as not good to eat," she confided. "When we first tried it, we took good firm paper and greased it on both sides thoroughly, then wrapped the fish in this, but now you can get the bags already greased at places that cater to sea-faring folk. If you like your fish very tender, leave the ends open; but if not, twist them carefully shut.

To prepare your fish, remove the backbone with a sharp knife and stuff with the following: 1 cup breadcrumbs mixed with some butter, 2 tablespoons chopped green onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley and an equal amount fine. Seep the fish together and put it in the bag wrapped into a moderate oven and bake for about an hour. You needn't bother taking off skin, for it comes off in the bag and sticks to the paper.

"This fish is so delicate that your guests won't know that they're eating barracuda." A good seafood cocktail for a first course may be prepared from oysters, shrimp or crab meat (be careful not to add too much pepper):

To a small bottle of Sherry add lemon juice, salt, cayenne, horseradish, Worcestershire and tabasco to taste. Use enough lemon juice to make mixture a bit acid and enough tabasco to make it quite hot—this gives much more flavor to the sauce after it is mixed with whatever seafood one uses.

"With my baked fish, I served baked potatoes, which can be put into the oven at the same time, and one green vegetable. Then for dessert we have fruit-cup, or fresh fruit—strawberries or melon in lime-juice water crackers with Roquefort or Edam cheese and butter. People at sea seem to prefer fruit and cheese instead of sweets."

The following recipe for STUFFED VEGETABLES is a popular one. It serves nine persons—but if your guests do not number as many, you'll still find that this dish is so delicious there won't be a scrap left!

STUFFED VEGETABLES
3 each tomatoes, green peppers and cabbages
1/2 lb. boiled ham
1/2 cups rice krispies
1 egg (well beaten)
3 small onions (chopped)
1 clove garlic (chopped)
3 pimentos (chopped)
1/2 teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
1 tablespoon melted butter

Remove seeds and tops from peppers, remove centers from tomatoes. Stuff with above mixture. Dip cabbage leaves in boiling water to letting in center of each leaf. Roll and tie or fasten with small skewers. Place stuffed peppers, tomatoes and cabbage leaves alternately in a kettle or casserole which contains tomato sauce. Cover and simmer until tender (about 20-30 minutes).

I must tell you about Evalyn's cabin. "As I didn't have a house to live over, I agreed that I could decorate the cabin," she told me. "Doctor sometimes says it is a sissy cabin, but it really isn't, because everything about it is practical. The floor is covered with heavy brown linoleum—my color scheme is chocolate brown and white, with the walls enameled in white."

"For the curtains at the port-holes, I got heavy unbleached muslin and dyed it myself because I couldn't find the right shade of brown. I didn't iron the muslin but left it all crinkly as it came from the water, so that now it looks like fine leather and isn't spoiled by any amount of fog or sea-water. A fringe of white and tie-backs of the same finish the curtains."

"The transoms in the cabin—transoms are seats to you—can be made up into florals for extra folks. I got the doctor and I sail alone. We sleep forward. The spreads for these transoms are also cotton dyed brown. Guests can lounge, spill things or what they will, for all I have to do is send them to the laundry and they come back good as new."

"I am proud of my pillows—one brown trimmed in white, yellow with a white rope ending in a sailor's knot, and one of marine blue that adds the needed color mixture."

If anything, it is prettier than it sounds. Of yes, I must mention the brass lamps that swing in their holders in nautical fashion. I like the neat look. There is nothing in storage away exactly, no room to spare, no waste space, yet everything at hand..."
Ginger Rogers' New Freedom

Continued from page 15

Lover” set where Lew was playing a young officer from Annapolis on a spree in Paris. Ginger wore a funny little hat and a big bow at her neck, and Lew looked at her as if she were an angel out of Paradise. Ginger had never been so happy before. They were married in November, 1934, at the Little Church of the Flowers, in Glendale, before a few close friends; and Lew and his best man, Ben Alexander, arrived at the church in Lew’s Ford and as he was getting out of the car he knocked off his high hat and it went rolling down the hill much to the amusement of hundreds of fans who were lined up outside the church. Ginger looked lovely in a dream of a green dress and a large picture hat, and she carried lilies. Janet Gaynor and Ginger’s cousin, Phyllis Fraser, were her bridesmaids. After the wedding there was a reception in the French Room of the Ambassador Hotel, and we drank Ginger’s and Lew’s health in champagne, and cut the wedding cake, and Ginger was very thrilled but was trying awfully hard not to show it, and even Lew laughed and joked and had fun. It was pronounced the best wedding reception that Hollywood had had in a long time. The young couple returned to their home, took off their fine feathers, put on their slacks and dungarees, and drove to a mountain cabin where they spent a brief honeymoon. RKO couldn’t spare Ginger Rogers very long.

Whenever marriages crash in Hollywood, and they do with startling regularity, everybody from Walter Winchell to the boy who fills the studio inkwells says, “I told you so.” And then everybody, but particularly little people who never know the couple in question, claims to know the reason for the break-up. The morning after Ginger’s and Lew’s separation was announced in the newspapers I had at least a dozen people tell me the “real low-down.” It went something like this: “Astronomy is to blame. I knew it couldn’t last when Lew became so interested in astronomy.” . . . “Mrs. Lela Rogers is to blame. How can a real man put up with a girl who calls her mother Mother Mia.” . . . “Success is to blame. Success went to Ginger’s head.” . . . “Lew is to blame. He’s a regular sourpuss and moody than Hamlet.” . . . “Hollywood is to blame. The gossip started predicting their divorce the second day they were married.” . . . “Human nature is to blame. A man just can’t respect a woman who makes more money than he does.” And so on, and so on. Everything and everybody were blamed except— and even the most vicious gossips didn’t go that far— “another man” or “another woman.” Well, I always say that’s Hollywood.

I don’t believe any of these reasons. Most of them are rather absurd. I think you will find the real reason why they couldn’t make a go of marriage by trying to understand their separate personalities. When two young people are on the verge of matrimony you will hear their friends say, “Oh, it’s sure to be a successful marriage because they’re so entirely different from each other.” But if you’ll just take the trouble to study a few marriages you will find that successful marriages—and this goes for friendships too—are usually between those most nearly alike in temperament, taste, and personality. And Ginger and Lew were as far apart as the poles.

Since the blame for the break-up of the marriage of this attractive young couple
Admiracion

SOAPLESS SHAMPOO TREATMENT

for beautiful hair this summer

- Treat your scalp as you do your skin when the burning sun's rays beat down upon it... protect it with oil! Admiracion is a real oil treatment to soften, nourish and condition your scalp and to add a starry beauty to your hair. Change from soap to Admiracion this summer and make your hair a frame of beauty around your features.

Admiracion alone offers you these five advantages:
1. Gives a real oil treatment
2. Latherless, takes 10 minutes
3. Protects against sunburned hair
4. Removes dandruff
5. Cleans, brightens the hair

Your hair can be as lustrous as any screen star's if you will give it the same care. This soapless oil treatment keeps the scalp from drying out and gives the hair a rich luster and beauty. Start today!

SEND 10c FOR GENEROUS SAMPLE

Admiracion Laboratories, Inc., Harrison, N. J.

Olive Oil for dry hair
Fine Tar for oily hair

Name
Address
City

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

Screenland

must be placed on something tangible, why not blame it on "All Quiet on the Western Front?" Well, why not? This picture was Lew's Big Chance in Hollywood. Although still a kid it made him a sensational star over-night—but unfortunately there were no more "All Quets" for Lew, and Time marches on. But what is far more important, that picture had much to do with shaping Lew's character. Russell Gleason, Lew's pal, once told me how seriously Lew and Ben and himself took that picture. They were at the impressionable age then; and the direction was so complete, the suffering so realistic, and the war scenes so graphic that when the picture was finished those poor kids felt as if they had been dragged through the horrors of the War of 1914 in real earnest, not just make-believe. Watching the rushes every day a young impressionable serious-minded kid such as Lew was bound to become humanity-conscious, to hate war and all it stood for, and to think, think, think. Lew began to brood. He became moody about the injustices that go on in this world. He became a book-worm. Few people knew that Einstein, the great Einstein himself, took a fancy to Lew when he was in California and still corresponds with him. Einstein read in one of the more serious magazines that Lew was deeply interested in astronomy. So when he was visiting in Hollywood he asked to be introduced to Mr. Ayres and was quite impressed with his young friend's knowledge. Yes, Lew became an adult before his time.

Lew Ayres can never be happily married to a movie star. He has tried twice now, and neither time did it work out. Lew is one of those men who wants his wife to be a home-body. And no movie-star with a brilliant career on her hands is going to be content to be a home-body. It just isn't natural. It's asking too much of her. Lew should marry a sweet girl who has nothing to do but look after Lew's home and devote herself entirely to fitting in with Lew's life. Millions of girls would love this. But not a movie star. Lew is in the theatre, so to speak, but not of the theatre. He hates publicity, and never could sneeze the value of it for himself or Ginger. Whereas Ginger has been in the public eye since she won a Charleston Contest at the age of thirteen. She knows the value of good publicity and she is usually willing to co-operate. This is a very slight example, but at least it's typical of Ginger. Several years ago I had about twenty pictures for Ginger to autograph for her fans to be distributed by a magazine. Now believe it or not, the glamorous ladies of the cinema do not always enjoy autographing pictures. You sort of have to catch them in the "mood." And the set, after a hard and exhausting day's work, is not the place to find them in the mood. A lot of them would snarl, a lot of them would take the pictures home to sign later; but Ginger Rogers I knew I could count on Ginger had been dancing since eight that morning. But she took the pen and the pictures and went to work on them. "Sweetheart," she said, "Hammer-shagger Schauflerberger, Witherspoon. Will you please tell me why my fans always have such long names? I never get a Smith or a Jones."

The studio could never get a "home-sitting" of Ginger while she was married to Lew, because to Lew the home was sacred and he wanted no photographers profaning it. He couldn't stand to see Ginger discussing contracts or holding business conferences with producers and directors in his home, or discussing story ideas with writers. These long and lengthy discussions are all a part of a movie star's life, just like glamour and publicity. But Lew could never understand it that way. He wanted his home reserved for himself, his wife, and his very close friends.

After her marriage Ginger, too, became rather serious, took a deep interest in reading, gave up going to parties, and was practically never seen in night clubs. Then there were rumors that the Rogers-Ayres marriage wasn't working out very well. That Lew was getting more and more sulky and moody. That Ginger was getting more and more ambitious for a screen career. I don't know. Anyway, the rumors continued, and in May were confirmed. Ginger left the Rogers-Ayres hill-top home and returned to her mother's home which she had left eighteen months before to become the bride of Lew Ayres. Ginger's spirit could not be changed.

To the delight of her friends and her studio Ginger lost no time in becoming her old self once more. Gentle, charming, thoughtful, she is the "pet" of her studio, and they gleefully tell you that "Ginger's Ginger again." The week her separation
was announced the studio handed her a new contract with more money and more power in selecting her pictures. In no time at all Ginger will be a very wealthy young woman. She is planning to build a new home for herself and her mother and is busy now studying plans and consulting architects. It's a safe bet that the photographers and the press will be invited to that home. Ginger today is one of the most charming and lovable of the movie stars, and just as much a "pet" with the press as she is with her studio. She's still in somewhat of a fog over her marital troubles and with perfect taste refuses to discuss them publicly. "I never want to hurt Lew," she says, "I know that he is going far and will make a great success. It is just too bad that this had to happen."

And so Ginger is laughing again and dancing like mad. When Barbara Stanwyck finally separated from Frank Fay she gave up her life of a film star and became one of the gay party girls of Hollywood. With Robert Taylor hovering near, Barbara is now one of the merriest girls in town, and so with Ginger Rogers. The week of her separation Ginger went to the skating matches with James Stewart and since then has been seen quite often with him at the Trocadero and various Hollywood restaurants. She was the gayest of the gay at Margaret Sullivan's and Henry Fonda's birthday party, and didn't miss a dance. Yes, Ginger Rogers, the little girl from Fort Worth, Texas, who played the game the hard way, and won, is free again. Free to laugh, sing, and dance when she pleases. With vio leaves in her hair.

Beauty Against the Sun

Continued from page 61

tan by Nature, please do give your complexion the after-care it needs to counteract the drying effects of exposure. Be liberal with your lubricants to avoid those lines and little wrinkles that are the inevitable legacy of unprotected exposure to the sun.

Smooth a good lubricating cream all over your face and neck, and take it off in 15 minutes if you don't like to feel "greased" on hot humid nights.

Of course, if you're going to be tanned by day and lily-white by night, you must change your make-up accordingly. Deeper, brighter shades are needed for tanned skin. Speaking of which, there have never been so many intriguing shades of powder, rouge, and lipstick to enhance the beauty of sun-tanned complexities! If you choose your own particular brand of tan out of a jar or bottle, you may be coppery or goopy instead.

There are strange, but flattering shades of make-up inspired by the fashion for things Chinese. For instance, "Paris Pencil" gold makeup calls for a powder that brings out the gold in your skin, harmonizing rouge, coral lipstick and green eye shadow like (and who likes, (and who likes), (and who likes), (and who likes) the Chinese-y effect, there's much to be done with eyebrow tweezers and a pencil to accentuate the almond slant of eyes.

For, in the coppery shades of makeup with brownish undertones. They make your cheeks seem to glow and your lips look sunburned. The verge for matching fingernails to lipstick has led to a whole new range of nail polish in sun-tan shades. Toenails, of course, should be in harmony. And there's even a

MODERN Eye Make-up IS AS NECESSARY TO CHARM AS THE SMARTEST HAT

Every woman's chance for romance depends principally on charm. The eyes can express this vital quality more than any other feature. Popular women know this rule by heart. Charm is within the reach of every woman and girl instantly, easily, surely—with the famous Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids!

Don't take our word for it—prove it for yourself. Go to your favorite toilet goods counter today and purchase Maybelline Mascara in the solid form or the New cream form. See how easily you can apply it. Instantly your lashes look twice as long. Notice how smoothly and evenly it darkens your lashes—how daringly beautiful it makes them! Best of all, they will appear naturally dark and luxuriant.

Scientists show there is no more waterproof mascara than Maybelline. Tearproof. Absolutely harmless. No staining. Not lumpy or beady on the lashes—keeps them soft and silky.

Ten million modern, fastidious women have proved Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids to be the finest that money can buy. The Solid form Maybelline Mascara is obtainable at drug and department stores, in a beautiful red and gold metal vanity—only 75c complete with specially designed brush. Refills 35c.

Generous 10c introductory sizes of Maybelline Solid and Cream form Mascaras, (including brush), Eyebrow Pencil, Eye Shadow, Eyelash Tonic Cream, and special Eyebrow Brush may be had at all leading 10c stores. Try them TODAY! You will be more than delighted—you will want to tell all your friends about this breath-taking easy way to lovely charm!

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS
CLEAN YOUR SKIN AS DOCTORS DO

USE A LIQUID

- Take a tip from your physician. Did you ever see a doctor use anything except a liquid, to clean the skin? Then why not follow his lead? Use a liquid yourself—use DRESKIN, Campana's anti-alkali cleanser and freshener. Dreskin is your protection against blackheads and dry, "faded" skin—because this new type cleanser NEUTRALIZES ALKALI, the skin-drying element that is present in practically all water and in solutions of soap and water. Dreskin does the kind of pore-deep cleaning that removes all trace of stale make-up and dried gland secretions—letting your skin breathe naturally, as it must do, to be healthy. Send today for FREE TRAVEL SIZE BOTTLE. Use the coupon.

Campana
by the makers of Campana's Italian Rinse

CAMPANA SALES COMPANY
218 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Ill.

Two sizes—
50c and $1.00

Postage paid.

Please send me FREE the TRAVEL SIZE bottle of DRESKIN.

Name
Address
City State

In Canada—Campana, Ltd., Cleveland Road, Toronto.

BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR

and look 10 Years Younger

- Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray in luscious shades of blonde, brown or black.

DROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed permanent. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Not a rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to apply by adding a little of this famous brown. A box of your own makes BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

REMOVES HAIR PERFUMED XBAZIN CREAM OR POWDER

Simply apply—wash off. Giant size tube or powder never costs more than...

50c Small Tube 90c

ALL DRUG—DEPT STORES—TEN CENT STORES

EASILY—QUICKLY—SURELY

fad for wearing petticoats to match lipsticks!

Give special attention to your eyes in Summer. They're apt to go a double strain. Bathing eyes twice a day with an eye lotion is one of beauty's most profitable rites. And do get the habit of using eye cream—over the lids and just under where your "crow'sfeet" get their start. Cream over your eyelids gives a moist, dewy appearance that's becoming to everyone. It's a foundation for eye shadow. If you use it, and a sure way of avoiding the after-effects of Summer "squints."

Hair, too, needs protection against the sun. The soap-shampoo type that are so popular now will help a lot to keep your hair from being dried out by too much sun-baking, and they'll put it in excellent condition for your Fall permanent wave. Salt water is a potent enemy to hair beauty and should be washed out immediately.

The wonderful work of the Martinique turban, a trick device to protect hair from the hot California sun and at the same time keep it "set" and ready to be better, whereas the "crownpieces" or "crown cars," at the sides. The hair is kept pinned up under it. These turbans are becoming little things, in every color imaginable. They are very practical for parties and shopping, and they even put in an appearance at cocktail parties now and then.

Picture Stealer Number One

Continued from page 58

his head hanging sheepishly from his shoulders, his long nose twitching, his hands fumbling with his hat. The reaction in the dark, little projection room was immediate and amazing.

"Who's that guy?" demanded a visiting cutter who had seen no part of the picture before.

"That's an actor named Herbert," explained the cutter who had worked on the film. "Watch him walk away with the picture."

Hugh proceeded to do just that, excellent though his other performances were and in spite of the comparatively few lines he had to say.

"Where have I seen him before?" asked another.

"He used to be a writer here on the lot. Wrote 'Lights of New York' with Murray Roth."

"Well," said the visiting cutter, "that guy's really funny."

Herbert signed a long-term contract with the studio immediately after the completion of "Goodbye, Mr. Jones." Even so one at his studio knew just how good he was. He played small roles in two or three feature pictures and got a part in a serial and was then called in to be told that he would work next in the picture "Convention City."

In due time Herbert reported to Director Archie Mac like a man in the picture. "Are you in this?" asked Mayo. Hugh said he had been told he was.

Together they looked through the script to find his lines. There were just three of them—and two of those were exactly alike.

He threw the script away, as he always does, and reported for work as called. The use he made of this forlorn opportunity to be funny on the screen is one of Hollywood's favorite anecdotes now. He just stood around—but how he stood! Words in the mouths of the other players were powerless against him. Almost unwillingly the camera seemed to follow Herbert, recording for posterity the comic adventures of a convention-attending attending the wrong convention.

Most comedians are serious-minded chaps at heart. Herbert is different. He is just as funny to talk to over a lunch-table as he is to watch on the screen. He is the butt of most of his own jokes and he has the rarest of all qualities among actors, an ability to listen as enthusiastically as he talks. The very players from whom he looks many of his best remembered scenes, are his closest friends. Perhaps the most frequent victims of the "Herbert look"—that muddled expression which registers with an audience more than any spoken line—have been Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell. With these two women are some stealers of no mean ability themselves but they recognize Herbert as the toughest competition in pictures.

Less able comedians might refuse to work with Herbert. Joan and Glenda are always threatening to desert him but their tempers don't ring true. They are good friends off the set and friendly enemies during the making of a picture.

"How can we work with him?" demands Joan, a perceptive director. "He makes faces toward the camera while we read our lines."

"He just says what he darned pleases and leaves us in the air for cues!" wails Glenda.

"It's too bad," mumbles Herbert. "Shame I can't remember lines."

"You don't try," declares Joan.

"Nobody," snaps Glenda, "can be as foolish as you look!"

Reviewers, columnists, and commentators have stretched the English language all out of shape trying to describe Hugh Herbert's face. They call it a "horse face," a "mush mouth," a "leather face," or a "nano-pan."

Herbert refuses to be insulted. It is his face, and that face is his fortune because it has a dollar and cents value in any theatrical world. It is an effective weapon to use against other players in his pictures. Scenarists on the Warner lot—and on other lots where he sometimes works on loan—have long since learned to leave space in their story-telling for either additional dialogue or spur-of-the-moment pantomime by Herbert. Perhaps if Shakespeare were writing today he would do the same thing. But he didn't, and the stoutest-hearted actor in the world—and Hugh Herbert is not that one—would hesitate to ad lib the lines of that master dramatist.

As a result Hugh probably worked harder for Max Reinhardt in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in which he played the role of "Snout," than he ever has before or since in pictures. He had few lines to play and he was used to that; but those few lines had to be delivered letter-perfect, and he had no previous experience in a situation of that kind.

As he used to do in this script the first day. He got three or four others during production and lost them in short order. The lines he finally read into the finished production, however, were Shakespeare's, not Herbert's.

Only once did he completely forget himself long enough to inject an ad lib into
"I'm Sixty—But What of It?"

Continued from page 58

without turning from his rapt contemplation of the lake.

"Wish we could get out for a bit of fishing."

"I don't see why. It's comfortable here."

"Yes, but this thing of sitting about the house all day is a bit thick. Nothing doing, no activity; gets on my nerves."

"Activity! I should think you'd had enough of that."

"Oh, my-eye-and-Betty-Martin! I like to work; I like to do things. You can't even paint on a day like this!" he answered, his eyes roving vainly around the room in search of something that needed attending to.

"Don't you like to ever just plain rest, Sir Guy?" I asked, thinking guiltily of three unfinished stories waiting for me at home. "Don't you ever get tired?"

"Not in the usual sense of the word, I'm afraid. I was a bit worried about that, too, a while back. Didn't seem right, somehow, and I wondered if it might not be something wrong. Glands, you know, or that sort of thing."

"Anyway, I decided to put it to a test. I got up at six in the morning and drove out to the Rancho Golf Club—that's half way to the beach, you know—and I played off thirty-six holes, using two balls all the way, had a bite to eat and walked down on down to the beach for a couple of hours' bathing and then came back for another double round on the course. Got bored with golf and tramped home. I'd forgotten that that was the day my man was coming in for a few rounds of boxing, but he was there waiting for me when I got back, so we went for ten more economies. He kept me moving smartly for three quarters of an hour, but after a shower, whisky-and-
that some women call handsome—virile, thoroughly masculine, with a devilish light in his eye that promises adventure and excitement.

“Look at these,” he requested, reaching for a stack of portraits. “These were taken not so long ago. Straight on, I don’t look so much like a mug. It’s my harried profile and over-changing eyes. Now, when the camera catches the side of my face, I come up looking terrible. And,” he sighed ruefully, “that’s only the way they photograph me. I’m not sure what my sympathetic role I had to write and tell a story for myself.”

Write? I pricked up my ears. On the screen he acts like a doit who signs himself with an X.

“‘I had a change,’” continued Pendleton. “‘Movie audiences are funny. They associate you with the character you play. If you kick or kill somebody, they think you’re that kind of a person in real life. Just take my latest, C. Henry Gordon, a splendid actor and a great fellow. He’s getting nowhere because people associate him with a hooch liar for Charles’.”

“I haven’t been playing unsympathetic parts for some time. Comedy, yes, but not mean heavies,” he struck out in that direction to get my sympathy role into a sympathetic part for a person like Clark Gable.”

“Or for myself? I smiled Nat.
Again I looked over this brawny individual. Not so bad, I muttered, not so bad! If Wallace Beery and Victor McLaglen could become stars, why not Nat? And I remembered the way a certain young lady went for him after seeing "Penthouse."

And there's no telling how many others reacted similarly to the Sandow who figured in "The Great Ziegfeld," a part that Pendleton gave great comic gusto as well as very handsome "cave man" physical lines.

"Look over the foreword of my story," he urged, dragging forth a massive sheaf of typewritten pages.

I restrained myself from hurling the manuscript, and burred questions instead. "Drifted into pictures? From where—when—why?"

And Nat Pendleton proceeded to recount swiftly his amazing career—a career that is crammed with adventure, travel, and vicissitudes. He told of his family, one of the best, with a great-grandfather general in the Revolutionary War; another who served as Ambassador to England; another by the name of Francis Scott Keye who wrote the national anthem; and of uncles and grandfathers who wore the cloth of the Episcopal church. He admitted to graduating from Columbia with a degree in engineering.

"But not with honors," he laughed. "I just slipped through. Wrestling was my main interest, though I did like mathematics. It's stayed with me ever since. Just the other day I won a suit of clothes from a gambler. He claimed the house percentage at Chuck-a-luck was 2.77. I bet they were 2.77 and proved it."

During one vacation he visited in Mexico and hunted bandits as a member of the secret service. College reclaimed him, however, and on graduation he became an auditor for an oil company traveling in Spain, Portugal, and Africa. He left this position to organize his own export firm which did business through the principal countries of Europe.

That experience helped me on my second picture job," he explained proudly. "I learned French so well that I did both the English and French versions of 'The Big Pond.' Chevalier himself picked me for the French version from a field of 15 genuine Frenchmen. He said I spoke the lines best."

**FOR FINE LAUNDERING**

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package...recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.

---

**THIS LETTER from a Linit enthusiast will interest every fastidious girl and woman in America:**

"Frequently I am faced with the problem of going out to evening social functions with little time to rest beforehand. However, I usually allow myself an hour in which to bathe and dress and so I decide to indulge in a little rejuvenating beauty treatment, in which Linit plays a dual role. First, I make a thin paste of Linit, mixed with orange water. This is generously spread over the face, neck and shoulders. Meanwhile, the bath water is running and to this I add a half package or more of Linit. While I lie in the soothing bath of milky Linit water, I feel the beauty masque of Linit slowly lift the tired facial muscles. Then, a cool shower removes the masque easily and I step out of the tub refreshed and eager to face the long evening."
SWEET and LOW

There's some justification in comparing a bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes to a lullaby. For these crisp, delicious flakes are an excellent sleep-inducer these warm evenings. They're satisfying and easily digested. Result—you sleep sweetly and arise cheerfully.

Try a bowl of Kellogg's after that late party. They're sold every place where you can buy food.

Nothing takes the place of Kellogg's CORN FLAKES LOSING HAIR?

Glover's Helps Your Hair to SAVE ITSELF By nourishing starving hair roots, Glover's helps prevent excessive Falling Hair and Dandruff. Start today using Glover's Mange Medicine the medicine with the clean pine air odor and follow with Glover's Medicated Soap for the Shampoo. Sold by all Drugists. Or get Glover's Treatment at your Hairdresser. For FREE BOOKLET on proper care of the Hair and Scalp, write Glover's 460 Fourth Ave., N.Y. City.

HAVE YOU A SONG IN YOUR HEART? You may have the very note which would fit in with some Talking Picture or which Movie Publishers may buy. Our 32-Line letter, and free, tells you of these opportunities in song writing. It also instructs you in letter writing, rights and waivers and explains how this organization assists you by introducing your song over the radio and submitting it to the publishers and music publishers. Don't submit your song to anyone until you read this book describing the most complete and practical service ever offered the song writer. Write to Universal Song Service, 1638 Victory Building, Western and Sierra Vistas, Hollywood, Calif.

Arnold's Ten Rules of Romance

 Continued from page 59

MOUNTAIN DEAN, big, fat, and funny, it was proving more and more difficult to keep pace with this versatile personality. I looked about his bachelor quarters—the heavy but comfortable quarters a man of his fancy-free nature would have. On a chair rested a banjo. A medicine ball stood on an end-table. And then my eyes came to rest on a table of books.

"Do you read much?" I asked, picking up "A Treatise On Money" by the English economist Keynes. On the bookshelves I could make out still more volumes of equally imposing content—Stuart Chase's "A New Deal," Keynes' "Essays On Persuasion," Gordon Craig's "Theatre Advancing," and President Roosevelt's "Looking Forward."

"Mostly books on economics," he replied. "Keynes is my favorite. I think he's the greatest of modern economists. Drawing-room literature doesn't particularly interest me."

I believe him!
Monarch of Menace

Continued from page 60

son—is as essential to greatness in acting as is the craft and the artifice of the art. “Some actors,” Lorre went on, “will resort to tricks to gloss over a break in the play. They baffle skip or jump over the sunken ground beneath them and carry on. Of course this does not save the play, nor does it fool the audience. I refuse to do that. If the play falls I fall with it.”

There you have the uncompromising artist—blood-brother to the true scientist, like the physician who'd rather stand by, sadly, desolate, and see the patient die by the right therapeutics than survive by the wrong. The experiments of quackery, chance and unsound methods.

You begin to realize that Peter Lorre is something of a psychologist. You're right. But take no credit for discovering this. Three great psychologists, ranking among the foremost in this branch of science, have repeatedly tried to induce Lorre to

Sudden temperature changes, dust from the air, the germs which cause blemishes...all are at work to mar your complexion. Yet you can keep your skin moist and clear with Woodbury's Cold Cream.

Contains Exclusive Germ-destroying Element

Why, you may ask, does Woodbury's Cold Cream fulfill its beauty task more quickly, more surely than others? First, because an exclusive ingredient keeps it free from germs to the very bottom of the jar!

Germs, a common cause of blemishes, are banished. The last fingertipful of Woodbury's Cold Cream is as free from germ-growth as the first!

And how much more this delicate beauty cream has to offer! Down deep into the pores it goes to clear away the dust and waxy secretions that make the skin dull and sallow. And Woodbury's Cold Cream helps to defeat aging lines, to keep the skin moist. Element 576, a second important ingredient, aids in combating skin dryness.

You'll need Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Cream, too, to protect your skin from wind and dust. It's a fluffy foundation cream that makes your rouge and powder look ever so natural! Each of these lovely creams only 50c, 25c, 10c in jars; 25c, 10c in tubes. Do try them!

MAIL NOW...FOR COMPLEXION KIT!

Beings your generous trial tubes of 2 Woodbury's Beauty Creams: 6 shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder; also a guest-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, containing "Filtered Sunshine" element. Enclose 10c to cover packing and postage.


Name

Address

© 1936, John H. Woodbury, Inc.
abandon acting for psychology.

"But I believe psychology is an art, not a science," he said. He takes no interest in "inferiority complexes" and such.

Asked: "How well do you live in the mood of a character you may be playing in a picture?" I should have known better. Even before I met him for the first time, on the strength of his screen acting, I knew there was no quackery about Lorre.

"No," he said emphatically, "I am against that. Of course I do not have much private life when I am making a picture, but if I am playing Napoleon I am not walking around the streets or in my home like Napoleon. I am myself when I am not actually acting for the camera."

Yet this actor, once he has grasped the inner significance of a character, can play that part without elaborate artificial stimulants to the "proper mood." If the director were to rouse him from his sleep at four o'clock in the morning and declare a scene must be made immediately, Lorre could play it even if he had not seen the script covering that particular portion of the story. Play it perfectly after simply mastering the purely mechanical matters of necessary dialogue and action.

How refreshing, in an era when we read about actors who bust right out at a restaurant, in the street, in church, for all I know, and give forth of lines and gestures that fit neither themselves nor any occasion but are in the "mood" of the character they are currently playing at a picture studio.

One so intensely interested in life, and particularly in mankind, must find some social satisfaction from friends or work. I asked Lorre if there were other compensations than the fulfillment of his love of acting and the financial benefits of his profession.

"There is great satisfaction," he replied, "in the thought that you may be helping people to understand their fellow men, even if these be moments as small as the play of a "M." And people did understand that poor creature—at least thousands and thousands who wrote to me said they felt a certain amount of pity for the man who suffered himself as he became the victim of his pathological abnormalities. We are more civilised if we try to understand even the criminal. We might decide that a criminal must be destroyed, in the interests of society and as a moral obligation to its welfare. But destroying a man for such reason is something entirely different than merely killing because of wrath and reparation.

Lorre's training for his art was most unusual, resulting from the application of his own very original idea. He still believes it is a sound method for the determination of talent, and excellent training for the development of the actor.

At seventeen he ran away from home. He organized a company of kindred spirits into a theatrical group. He gave no performances before audiences, produced no plays, had no dialogue prepared in advance. Peter merely told his youthful associates that the situation was thus and so, that each was to represent a certain character or type of person. The "play" was on.

"If people have the talent to play," he says, "they will do so. They need not have quick-wits, be sophisticated. They may not even know what to answer at a certain point where questions are directed at them. But if they can "play" they will carry the action of the situation along, maybe simply with gesture, perhaps with incoherent mumbling of meaningless words."

Certainly the idea worked for Peter Lorre. A year later when he obtained a job with a small stock company, Lorre made tremendous strides. Within a short
time he had progressed so far that his fame preceded him to Breslau, Berlin, even. Fritz Lang, great German producer-director now in Hollywood, saw Lorre playing the adolescent youth in Wederkind's "Spring Awakening." Lang immediately signed him to star in the first talkie the producer was to make. No story, no part, no place had been announced as Lorre's in Wederkind's stage, and for Lorre. About a year later, when Lang was ready to start his production, the sensational Düsseldorff murders being hised around the world. A scenario based on them was prepared, and Peter Lorre made his screen bow as the pathological murderer in "M."

Thus by the accident of birth—birth, that is, as a great screen actor—Peter Lorre's name became synonymous with "monster." The double word, the appellation of the man who was to be the object of humanity's fear and horror, had suddenly been thrust upon him, offered him a tremendous salary, to play a "monster" part for them.

"I could not see," Lorre told us, "how anything worthwhile could come out of playing another 'monster' in a mere 'vehicle' story. Nothing, I am sure, but what money might mean to result will.

So back he went to the stage, after many months returning to films at a Viennia studio. His pictures made there did not please. Then Alphonse Hitchcock—the Frank Capra of England—induced Lorre to come to London and play the villain in "The Man Who Knew Too Much." Lorre conversed in English with it. But you'll get an idea of this man's ability to concentrate on study, when we remind you that after four weeks of working in the English language, the first scenes of "The Man Who Knew Too Much" had to be retaken. So greatly had Lorre's English improved that the dialogue in the first scene was so totally accented to match the English speech he acquired in that short time.

His most pressing concern when he returned from London after making "Secret Agent" was to get his American citizenship papers. That's about the best proof that he likes this country where, in Santa Monica, he has established his permanent home. Lorre and his wife, the former Cecile Lovsky, actress, live there. Since their marriage—they had met as players in a stage production in Berlin—Mrs. Lorre has retired from acting—and that's an permanent arrangement.

According to present plans, Lorre will play "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," a talkie revival of the spectacular film in which Lon Chaney won such fame and applause. He may do a stage play in New York next season, portraying Napoleon.

He's an actor we do not have to fear will bring us a procession of "type" characters, all along the same line. Lorre is a sticker for story, the play's the thing, with him. "I receive stacks of manuscript submitted by writers all over," he told us. "When I get one that contains a foreword telling me 'this is just the part for you' immediately turn it over to the agent who has submitted it. I don't want that sort of thing."

Hollywood Nearly Passed 'Em By!

Continued from page 26

event. Just as romance was blossoming, Jerry died—and Joan wept bitterly for weeks.

Shortly afterwards, she ended her career as "Hollywood's Dancing Girl." Work at the studio occupied her entire attention, and the cafes and restaurants and clubs ministered to her pleasant dancing.

Janet Gaynor was a slave girl the first time I saw her—but she received a salary for "slaving." I was a newspaper reviewer when in Cologne. Then, after Hitchcock—himself a South Sea act in the Pantages vaudeville circuit, where her duties consisted in walking back and forth across the stage after a sketch, a pirate man, (who could only sign tenor).

Well, sirs, cross my beam, I went back to the office and wrote a ravishing—no, not ravaging—review about the little redhead who stole the show. The program didn't list her name, so I composed a chausiplay in red in praise of her work. The theatre management waxed so facetious about my opus—it scarcely mentioned the headliners of the bill—that it called up the police.

Janet was determined that some day she would be hailed as a great star, and Herbert Moulton, a young newspaperman, bore in mind the same idea. They were introduced to each other, after Janet's fiancé in vaudeville, and immediately fell in love with one another. Later, they announced their engagement, and Moulton enlisted the aid of all his friends in the studios.

Janet and Moulton once started for Riverside, about sixty miles from Hollywood, to visit the famous chapel, but decided to postpone the ceremony.

I met Fay Wray when she was an extra—and only an occasional one, at that—on the Hal Roach comedy lot. Fay attended high school at the time, Hollywood High, where so many, now-prominent actresses went to school, but skipped classes frequently to appear as "atmosphere" in the studios.

Fay in those days wore her hair in long curls down her back, and loved to ride on motorbikes.

Both Fay and Janet were elected Wampas Baby Stars of 1926, the same year that saw Joan Crawford, Mary Brian, Dolores Costello, and eight other beautiful girls attain the same honor. Neither girl was known at the time, but there are ways and means when newspapermen make up their minds.

Her great opportunity arrived when Eric von Stroheim, the Austrian director, selected Fay to play the leading feminine role in his super-production, "The Wedding March." Nearly a year elapsed before she completed her part in the film; then, as a war was won, Stroheim declared he couldn't possibly cut the picture down to footage under forty-eight thousand feet, forty-eight reels. The studio finally released the feature in

EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion. It is the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist, contains no narcotics, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

"I found Dr. Hand's such relief to my Baby that I never needed to worry on the hottest summer day."

—Mrs. Wm. H. Kempf, Williamsport, Pa.

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

New Easy Way TO REMOVE FRECKLES

WHILE YOU SLEEP

Here's a special new-type cream that gently fades out freckles while you sleep. Simply apply Nadinola Freckle Cream over face and arms at night. Usually in 5 to 10 days you see marvelous improvement. Freckles disappear, your skin is cleared, fresher, becomes soft-smooth. Nadinola Freckle Cream is unscented and colorless, contains 60% of the famous laboratory formula over 15 years experience in skin treatment. Only 60¢ at toilet counters, 10¢ samples. Order 10¢ for trial package to Box 166, NADINOLA, Paris, Tenn.

NADINOLA Freckle Cream

MILLIONS "HUSH" USE FOR BODY ODORS

Those who are fastidious and impecunious of their person welcome HUSH for its effective qualities to overcome excessive perspiration and unpleasant body odors. HUSH keeps the underarms fresh and free from every kind of odor. Use it daily.

4 Kinds

10¢ size at 10¢ stores

25¢ 50¢
**Relief**

**Bunion Stop Shoe Pressure—Hide the Bulge!**

Sore, throbbing bunions are instantly relieved and shoe pressure is the swollen joint entirely removed by Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer. It reduces by the natural process of absorption. Worn invisibly, hides the bunion, preserves shape of both shoes. Made of pure, soft para rubber. 50c each.

For use outside the stocking Dr. Scholl's Bunion Protector, made of leather with soft felt padding to protect joint from shoe pressure and preserve shape of shoes. 75c each. Sold at druggists, department stores. Write for FREE BOOKLET, "The Bunion" to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., 447 West Shiller St., Chicago, II.

---

**Dr. Scholl's FOOT COMFORT APPLIANCES AND REMEDIES FOR ALL FOOT TROUBLES**

**WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—Without Calomel—and You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go**

The liver should pour out two ounces of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your bowels don't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sick and the world looks black.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, pleasant, yet choosing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stabulously refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores.

---

**I WANT YOU Work for "Uncle Sam"**

Start $1250 to $1200 a year

**MEN—WOMEN—COMMON EDUCATION—A REASONABLE QUALITY—UNUSUALLY HIGH. APPLY IMMEDIATELY FOR FREE 32-PAGE BOOK, WITH FULL DETAILS AND FULL PRACTICAL INFORMATION. THOUSANDS OF HUNDRED NOW PERMANENTLY IN INQUIRY. FRANKLIN INSTITUTE Dept. L271 Rochester, N. Y.**

---

**POEMS Set to Music Published **

FREE EXAMINATION—SEND POEMS TO

McNEILL Bachelor of Music

1562 West 27th St.

Los Angeles, Calif.

---

**Get Rid Of Ugly HAIR**

ODORLESS DEPILATORY

The new Zip Facial Hair Remover contains no sulfides, no noxious odors. Instantly eliminates every trace of hair. Face, arms and legs. Ask your dealer or write Madame Berthé, 562 Fifth Ave., New York.
Salutes and Snubs
Continued from page 69

would have left more than one audience with the impression of having been staring into a lot of open eyes.

Catherine Bernardini, Calais, Me.

PICKS KIBBEE FOR "PICKWICK"

Since there is so much complaint these days about the limited number of really entertaining short subjects, why not film Dickens' "Pickwick Papers" as a series of "shorts" with Guy Kibbee as Mr. Pickwick. They would make swell entertainment, I think.

Eric Moorhouse, 23 Culme Road, West Derby, Liverpool 12, England

OPERA-CONSCIOUS

Ever since Grace Moore's unforgettable "One Night of Love" and her beautiful singing as Modiste Butterfly, I have become opera-conscious. I have gone to the extent of buying a complete book of operas, the more to appreciate the arias as I hear them on the screen.

Mrs. Molly Pesin, 650 Palisade Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

TELLS WHY BETTE IS GREAT

I have seen a number of Bette Davis pictures and I salute her! It is seldom you see so great an artist, one who portrays a part so vividly as to make you hate her in one picture and recapture your love of her in the next.

Hazel Schmidt, 732 First Ave., West, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

TELLS WHAT'S GOOD ABOUT GABLE

Should I ever achieve fame I would like to be able to take it as well as Clark Gable has taken his. He's a red star and a real guy at one and the same time. Here's to Clark, the actor who takes his high hat off when he finishes a society picture.

Maurice Setter, 645 Lailin St., Chicago, Ill.

SALUTES ROSALIND RUSSELL

I'm just an ordinary person who can afford to see only well-recommended movies. Thus I went to see "Rendezvous."

Evelyn McCarthy, 656 North Ave., Westfield, N. J.

AND ALSO VERISIMILITUDE!

We librarians are constantly supplying movie-fan readers (including ourselves) with data to verify the authenticity of Hollywood's historians and property men in regard to minute details in recent historical, biographical and "classical" pictures. Rarely do reliable reference sources contradict film presentations. And that, Hollywood, is ART.

Helen James, Box 209, Denton, Tex.

Is Temperament Dead?
Continued from page 31

three inquiries to the Universal studio from different newspaper syndicates. The studio had to write Margaret in New York for confirmation of her former marriage to that dear lady merely replied by wire, "Never heard of Mr. Fonda." A few months later she appeared in a play with him at the Mount Kisco Little Theatre; later still she argued him to come to Hollywood and introduced him to the producers. By that time she was perfectly willing to admit that she did know Mr. Fonda, very well, in fact. As the world knows ever since she secured her divorce from William Wyler, she and young Fonda have become inseparable and the rumors, (which she hotly denies but no one believes), are that she will re-marry him as soon as the divorce is final. It is a safe bet that the day she does re-marry him Miss Maggie will tell the Press, "Henry Fonda? I never heard of Henry Fonda." Now of course if we accused her of being an out-and-out liar Margaret would be very hurt; to her it isn't lying really—though don't ask me what it is because I wouldn't be a knowing. "My private life is my own business," says Margaret. "A movie star belongs to her public," says we—and the fight is on. She has spoiled so many plates for the poor photographers by being temperamental when they try to photograph her at parties and clubs that naturally the boys take a slyish delight in snapping her with her mouth open and in an undignified pose.

Luis Nearing is another who insists that her private life is her own and refuses to give interviews, though out of fairness to Luisa it might be said that she honestly did try to give interviews when she first arrived in this country but she had such a difficult time with the English language that she simply gave it up. Nearing's temperament expresses itself in different ways. She is constantly dismissing her servants

AMATEUR WRITERS-AUTHORS

$135,000 CASH PRIZES

If you've ever had ambitions to write—or have written a short story, poem, novel, etc.—and didn't know how to market your work, here's just what you need! The Writers' Bulletin* Created purposely for new writers and authors. Write for subscription and free sample issue today and see what they're saying. New York, N. Y., Over $125,000 offered in cash prizes this month alone!

FREE! For a limited time you can get a FREE copy of "Writers' Bulletin* Write for subscription and free sample issue today and see what they're saying. New York, N. Y., Over $125,000 offered in cash prizes this month alone!

SKIN BEAUTY WITH

Mercolized Wax

Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment. Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin for a smooth, invisible surface. Bring out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath. Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. Use Saxolite Antioxidant for restful, stimulating sleep, and the soft, vital looking skin it brings about.

V.P. Saxolite Antioxidant. A refreshing, stimulating, winning skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and sets that restless, red, coarse pores, eliminates blemishes. Divoise Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

"By Photoaction" the "different" diaphoretic. Removes superficial hair quickly and gently. Whole new meaning to beauty everywhere.

At drug and department stores everywhere.

Let us treat you TO THESE 3 LIPSTICKS FREE

FREE... your chance to discover new shades for your lips. These full sized sizes of the famous Rejuvia Lipstick... each in a new seductive color... and upon sweep of 10c in stamps to cover mailing cost. For beauty's sake, ACT NOW!

REJUVIA
LIPSTICK

Fill out coupon and mail 10c BY
REJUVIA LIPSTICK LABORATORY, DEPT. N, 396 B'WAY, N.Y.C.
Send me 3 trial size Rejuvia lipsticks; enclosed (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost.

NAME:____________________________
ADDRESS:________________________

28,000 words

JAYNE'S DREAM BOOK

TELLS meaning of any dream: also how to tell fortunes by cards, dice, tea leaves, dominoes, nails, coins, etc. Also reveals the secrets of Fate, Weather Wisdom, Magic, Mystery. Signs of Luck; How to Hypnotize, Horoscopes, Crystal Gazing, Money Making Secrets. World's most complete book.

Some FREE accessories with each new gift copy. But please send 10 cents to help pay the ad- vertisers, packers, and mailing. Also, if you want a full deck of Egyptian Fortune Telling Cards; write to JAYNE & MAN, Inc., 2 Vine St., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. D-331.
and employing new ones. "In Europe," says Rainer, "servants do what they are told to do. Here they want to look after me." And she of the beey, beey eyes definitely does not want to be looked after. Luise has very exotic ideas about food and has been known to order whipped cream and rhubarb for breakfast. But the cook, firmly convinced that her mistress is a little "teched in the head," will send in coffee, toast, eggs and marmalade as any well-mannered cook would do—and Luise will simply go into a temperamental frenzy! She doesn't want toast and coffee, she wants whipped cream and rhubarb, she doesn't care whether it's good for her or not, she doesn't want to be mothered, she wants whipped cream and rhubarb, so there are tears and new servants on the morrow. Luise gets all tied up with artistic temperament occasionally and likes to get

out in the Brentwood canyons and walk all night long—which is another little trick of hers which throws her servants for a complete loss. They worry and fret for fear something awful might happen to her out there in the shadowy night, but their solicitude is entirely unappreciated for Lu Rainer only goes into a hearty outburst because they have the audacity to think that she can't take care of herself.

Luise is quite an independent little soul at the studio, too, and doesn't at all mind holding up production. "The show must go on," means nothing in her young life. Once when they were making the "Great Ziegfeld" Luise rehearsed the Anna Held mirror number all morning in the bright old-fashioned corsets which they made her wear. Came afternoon, and came time for the director to shoot the scene, but no Anna Held. Soon Luise arrived on the set comfortably attired in slacks. The director and the cast almost fainted. "Those corsets hurt," she pouted, "I don't feel well. When I feel better I will put them on again." So the company just stopped work until Miss Rainer was in the mood for corsets.

Joan Crawford, one of the sanest of the movie stars, works up a good "mess" of temperament, (my favorite word since I saw De Lave in "Green Pastures"), when anyone invokes the sanctity of her dress-

room. When a star is not working her dressing-room on the lot is usually given to a visiting star who is on loan from another studio, but Joan Crawford's dressing-room is definitely Joan Crawford's dressing-room and no visitors need apply. Joan tells the following very amusing story on herself. While she was making "I Live My Life" she would notice when she arrived at the studio in the mornings that the furniture had been pushed about in her dressing-room, and then one morning she discovered to her horror that one of her little knock-knocks had been stolen. Upon investigation it was learned that on afternoons when Miss Crawford was not working one of the employees was in the habit of conducting tourist parties over the studio, and the pièce de résistance was Miss Crawford's dressing-room. Well, she was in a pretty pet when she found out about that,

must walk off the stage in exactly the same round-about way that he came on. Don't ask me why; it's some kind of an Old World custom and I am not Old World and I don't know that the friendship angle on sets, too. A great number of the stars who are given to nerves and temperament refuse to have visitors, and when they go they press the and the publicity departments on their sets and guard the stage entrance with an "Absolutely No Visitors" sign and a bouncer to keep just in the same way. But if a personal friend of the Great One arrives, the cop bows three times and the friend is taken in and made a fuss over. But Luise Rainer, since she has been in Hollywood and the minute she appears on the set Mr. Lederer refuses to work until the intruder is thrown out. By the way, you should ever give Mr. Lederer a present don't be all aghast when he sweetly asks you to spit it on. Just another cute little Old World custom, I suppose.

The two things that Hollywood stars work up the most temperance over are billings and stage dressing-rooms. Outside of Hollywood the billing on a picture doesn't mean a darned thing but in Hollywood it's the most important thing in the world, and there are more screams and shrieks and pounding on desks in front offices over top billing than over any other studio pastime. Of course every star, practically, wants top billing; and if some dirty so-and-so gets late in approving his or her name there's going to be nothing less than bloodshed. Contracts have been broken and beautiful friendships have come to an abrupt end over top billing. Gentleman cease to be gentlemen and ladies became regular viragoes all on account of top billing. There are dozens of sensational cases of temperamental clashes over billing but we haven't time to go into them here. But in passing I might mention that Miss Rainer wasn't any too pleased to find Myrna Loy's name billed above hers in "The Great Ziegfeld," and Loretta Young, who has been a star for years, was eaves and Robert Taylor's name billed above hers in "Private Number."

Dressing-rooms on sets, next to billings, are counted on by every temperament thoroughly aroused. These set dressing-rooms for the most part are shoddy affairs, made out of canvas or beaverboard and furnished with a broken-down chaise-longue and dressing-table from the prop department; but the way the girls and boys fight over them you'd think they were gold and no set dressing-room is entitled to a set dressing-room, and sometimes one or two of the featured players if they are well-known, and drawing the line to see who gets what brings out one star discovers that the other star has a floor in her dressing-room there's hell to pay until a decision is made. (I've never understood why the stage floor isn't good enough for everybody). The best dressing-room bout we've had in recent years was in the "Private Worlds" set. Claudette Colbert and Joan Bennett were assigned the two dressing-rooms, and Helen Vinson found herself out in the hall. I just want to see no reason why they should build her a dressing-room. So Helen turned on the temperament and after a regular avalanche of fire-works she took possession of the dressing-room and Miss Colbert, merely the star of the picture, hung herself a sheet across one corner of the stage and invited everyone to come over to see her "on the other side of the tracks."
"Use Cosmetics all you like, but guard against COSMETIC SKIN my easy way"...

Follow glamorous Grace Moore's advice. It's the way to complexion beauty...

"I REMOVE MAKE-UP with Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps my skin flawless," says this famous star. Why does she trust her priceless complexion to such a simple care? Because Lux Toilet Soap guards against Cosmetic Skin. Do you begin to see the tiny blemishes—dullness—enlarged pores—that mean Cosmetic Skin?

Start using this soap with ACTIVE lather that goes deep into the pores, removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale rouge and powder.

Use cosmetics all you wish! But remove them thoroughly with Lux Toilet Soap—before you renew your make-up, ALWAYS before you go to bed. The girls men like are girls with lovely skin!
...AND GOOD DIGESTION TOO!

Miss Lucy Saunders,
of New York and Newport.

She Likes:

Smart sports clothes...Palm Beach...the young crowd at the Virginia hunts...badminton...the new dances, including the son...the strenuous New York season...Bailey's Beach...lunching on Filet Mignon, Bouquetière, at Pierre's...Camels...dashing off to late parties...Lobster Thermidor...and always...Camels, "Camels are delightful when dining," she says. "They make food taste better...bring a cheering 'lift.' And they're so nice and mild."

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
MISs MARY BYRD, Richmond
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, Boston
MRS. ERNEST de PONT, JR., Washington
MRS. HENRY FIELD, Chicago
MRS. CHISTELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York
MRS. LANGDON POST, New York
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, New York
MRS. ROSE WINSLOW, New York

Costlier Tobaccos

...Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE—SMOKE CAMELS
Claudette Colbert’s New Home Life, With First Exclusive Pictures!

A Day On The Set With Shirley Temple
If you want the truth, go to a child

LATELY, Jepson had felt himself slipping as a salesman. He couldn’t seem to land the big orders; and he was too proud to go after the little ones. He was discouraged and mystified.

Finally, one evening, he got the real truth from his little boy. You can always depend on a child to be outspoken on subjects that older people avoid.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That’s the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won’t tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant. It puts you on the safe and polite side.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. The entire mouth feels invigorated.

Get in the habit of using Listerine every morning and night. And between times before social and business engagements. It’s the fastidious thing to do. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
It's immensely and vitally important— that first impression...when boy meets girl—when man meets woman.

And the first smile she gives him should be a quick flash of sheer beauty—white teeth in a healthy mouth.

But if she's been careless, heedless—her smile may be just an unpleasant glimpse of dingy teeth, of tender gums... and that "moment of magic"—that "instant of glamour" is lost forever.

**NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"**

For the sake of your own good looks and good health—go directly to your dentist whenever you see that tinge of "pink." It may be a symptom of a serious gum trouble. But it is far more likely to be a simple warning of gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—gums that will quickly respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

Modern dental teaching emphasizes this fact—today's soft foods are largely responsible for tender, ailing gums. They need far more work and exercise than they get to keep them firm and healthy. And that is why Ipana Tooth Paste and massage is so widely recommended—so widely practiced. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth, and the reason is soon evident.

For those lazy gums waken. Circulation increases. Gums feel stronger. You'll notice a firmer feeling, a healthier look. They're less "touchy," and more resistant.

Ipana is especially designed to benefit the gums as well as the teeth. So when you use Ipana in addition to massage, you are using the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of teeth and gums. You are giving the really serious gum troubles far fewer chances. And you are adding, every day, to your own beauty and your own power of attraction.
BEST THRILL OF THE MONTH

New Love Team, Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll, in "The General Died at Dawn"

The screenplay's by Clifford Odets. One of the modern drama's pets. He's famous for "Awake and Sing." And his first film has everything.

They meet—on a train, in the rain. Not in Maine, not in Spain—nor in vain. It's in China, according to plan. She's a Blonde; Gary Cooper's the Man.
Boy gets Girl; Girl gets Man. Top that ending if you can.

Yes, "The General Died at Dawn" — But Love goes on and on, doggone!

Very clever these Chinese.
They look grim, but aim to please.
Yes, it's awfully Oriental —
Well spiced with the sentimental.

There's Yang and Chen, or Wong and Wu;
There's thrill and chill before we're through;
There's bang and bong, there's blood and thunder—
This film's just a nine-days' wonder.
To Fredric March, most versatile of all our actors!

Fredric March, and only Fredric March, has creative talent important enough to enable him to play, in one cinema season, two such totally dissimilar roles as in "Anthony Adverse" and "The Road to Glory." First, the film realization of a noted book character: Hervey Allen's Anthony, portrayed by March with painstaking fidelity to the author's conception. Second, the realistic French lieutenant in "The Road to Glory," whose bravery, thanks to March, is portrayed without pathos. If Fredric March is not Hollywood's First Actor, then SCREENLAND would like to know who is!

On this side of our Honor Page, Fredric March is seen in various phases of his exacting rôle of "Anthony Adverse." Above, in the African episode with Steffi Duna; right, with Olivia de Havilland, as the exquisite Angela.

Here is March in his so different characterization of the courageous but always quite human French officer in "The Road to Glory." Above, with June Lang. Left, in an amusing scene with Victor Kilian, also a splendid and able trouper.
Universal Presents

William Powell
as the Butler

Carole Lombard
as the Debutante

"My Man Godfrey"

with

Alice Brady · Gail Patrick · Jean Dixon
Eugene Pallette · Alan Mowbray


Produced and Directed by GREGORY LA CAVA
CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer
Frances Drake gives a real English tea party for her Hollywood friends. Come along!

By Betty Boone

That luciously lovely lady, Frances Drake, keeps up the good old British custom of afternoon tea in Hollywood. Above, a mysterious guest gets a big piece of cake.

Frances Drake lives at a famous "Garden" in Hollywood, consisting of a central lounge and dining room, a group of villas and an inviting swimming pool that stretches in gorgeous greens and blues between banks of flowers and blossoming shrubs.

Her villa is like a tastefully decorated bungalow, with living room, dinette, kitchen, and bedrooms. The color scheme is dull creams and ivory and old blues, and Frances' favorite flowers, pink roses, bloom in ivory vases.

"Pink looks so lovely in these rooms," she explained, "it adds just the right note. When I was ill recently I had truckloads of flowers sent me, and do you know everybody sent me yellow roses?"

Frances' complexion is rather like a pink rose, as is correct in a girl from England: her hair is surprisingly brown-gold instead of the black it usually photographs, and her eyes are clear gray.

"Julia Dean, my cousin, and I came to Hollywood two and a half years ago and we've lived right here ever since," she went on. "Considering that this story concerns food, I think I'd better tell you right away that my sole accomplishment in cooking is scrambling eggs. Julia is the real authority. You see, the dining room here closes at 8:30 and if we want a hot bite after that hour, we must get it ourselves, so Julia exercises her talents."

"I am what might be called an imaginative cook," confessed Miss Dean. "I invent a dish and then I have the courage to invite people to eat it and hope for comments. I make a stew that we often have for after-theatre hot bites. I call it Midnight Stew."

You take mutton, fresh mutton, and cut it up, you also use onions, carrots, parley, parsnips, potatoes and brown gravy. First you fry the onions in your big frying pan, then take them out and drain them and turn the meat in the dripping you used to fry the onions; then you pour away the dripping and make a thick brown gravy in the pan, put everything in it—gravy, vegetables and the flavoring—a dish of lemon, a dash of Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, paprika, etc.—and let it all simmer for three or four hours."

Though a native-born American, Frances spent her childhood in England, and made her début as an actress in London. Her acquaintance among the English stars now in Hollywood is wide, and they are frequent guests at her house to partake of dishes that tempt the palate and also soothe the nostalgic pangs which must ever stir within one who is away from the homeland."

"The most frequent way of entertaining the English colony is to have them in to tea, of course. That happens whenever we're not working. Very often we have Nigel Bruce, Frank Lawton and Evelyn Laye, Margot Grahame, Ida Lupino, Sir Guy Standing—whoever happens to be free."

"We serve crumpets, which must be toasted very slowly so as to be done all the way through, put pounds of butter on them so that they are simply swimming with it, and eat them while hot. We have thin bread and butter and strawberry jam and some sort of cake, too."

"But of course the hot bite after the theatre calls for more imagination. Nigel Bruce likes kidney sauté, which Julia will tell you about."

**KIDNEY SAUTÉ**

Remove the fat, split and remove the white center from 18 lamb kidneys, cover with cold salted water and let stand one hour. Heat 2 tablespoons butter in a sauté pan, add 2 tablespoons chopped onion and the kidneys drained, dried, and cut in half-inch pieces; sauté for five minutes, add 1 tablespoon flour and cook one minute; add half a cup boiling water, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, and a seasoning of salt and pepper and cook five minutes, no longer, as long cooking will toughen the kidneys. Serve on squares of toast on a hot platter.

"Another favored dish for Englishmen is Cornish Pasties."

**CORNISH PASTIES**

Chop half a pound of tender beef in small pieces and mix with 2 peeled and chopped potatoes, 1 peeled and finely chopped onion and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Roll short pie pastry cut on a floured board one-quarter inch in thickness and cut in rounds with a large biscuit cutter; place a tablespoon of the meat mixture in the center of the pastry rounds, the edges, fold over and press together; place on a buttered baking sheet and bake in a hot oven forty minutes. Serve hot with brown gravy.

(Continued on page 84)
MARY OF SCOTLAND

History's greatest love story

...told on a screen a thrill with pageantry and conflict! ...Two nations tremble as two women clash — and a fighting son of Scotland goes to war! ... in the sweeping human drama of the virgin queen whose passion was her greed for power ... and of the fiery queen who threw away her throne for love!

KATHARINE FREDRIC
HEPBURN ★ MARCH

in RKO-RADIO'S glorious picturization of MAXWELL ANDERSON'S outstanding stage success ..... with

FLORENCE ELDREDGE ★ DOUGLAS WALTON ★ JOHN CARRADINE and a tremendous cast of famous stars

Directed by JOHN FORD RKO-RADIO PICTURE

Produced by Pandro S. Berman
Quickly...
Correct These Figure Faults
Perfolastic Not Only Confines, It Removes Ugly Bulges!

TAGGING THE TALKIES
Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

The cast includes such facile fun-makers as Una Merkel, Charles Butterworth, Walter Catlett, the quaint Hugh Herbert—the latter as an absent-minded professor and husband of Una—Walter Abel, and others. But the material is so thin and tiring it overwork's you late, that fortunately for these fine players they can bring forth only a snicker now and then. It's all about some old college grads having a reunion.

Randolph Scott as a traffic cop, Frances Drake as a spoiled rich girl who laughs at traffic laws—a very engaging couple, but here given little real acting opportunity. Tom Brown has the best chance and makes the most of it. It is a timely subject—this one of safety along the highways of a land where too many motor casualties occur—but this film becomes merely a sermon and so there are many dull moments.

Folksy and pure as the driven snow, and as Anne Shirley portrays the little spitfire of the frontier country, it's a film to appeal to all who love the simple and the earthy type of play irrespective of material that seems outmoded, John Beal returns to the screen as the school teacher who falls in love with M'liss, and he, along with Guy Kibbee, Douglas Dumbrille, Mo- roni Olsen and others give fine support.

When the plot doesn't get in the way, this moves along right entertainingly, with Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Young, Gene Raymond, Ned Sparks and Helen Brod- crick doing a really nice job of it. It's a mixture of farce, romance, and melodrama with dialogue ranging from so-so to pretty good. Gene insists Barbara marry him and live on his $35 a week. They go boom on that, with Bob Young, very rich, in the background. But, of course, everything manages to straighten out. It has its modest share of laughs and appealing sentiment—and it has Barbara, who's always worth seeing. Go, but don't expect too much.

Another spy melodrama, this dealing with pre-revolution Russia. Harry Baur, being publicized here as one of Europe's greatest character actors, plays the middle-aged war profiteer who wants to marry a cultured young girl. But she is in love with a dashing young officer; and he, indebted to the profiteer, innocently accepts a loan from an enemy spy. He's accused of treason. Baur shall no doubt see again, but let's hope in films far better than this inept, amusing work, reminiscent of the early films from England, Laurence Olivier and Penelope Dudley Ward make attractive lovers. Just another picture.

IF YOU Do Not REDUCE
at least 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
... it will cost you nothing!

Thousands of women today own their slim youthful figures to the sure, safe way to reduce . . . Perfolastic! "I lost 15 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson, "Lost 60 pounds and reduced my waist 9 inches", writes Miss Dent. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Girdle and Diaphragm Reducing Braiards at our expense?

IMMEDIATELY APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER!

■ You do not risk one penny ... simply try Perfolastic for 10 days without cost. You will be thrilled with the results ... at are all Perfolastic wearers? You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm ... the spots where fat first accumulates.

MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY WITHOUT DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISE!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. You reduce simply by the massage-like action of this "live" material. The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear.

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks ... safely! You cannot lose. Mail the coupon now. Please mention this when you write.

SEND FOR TEN-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 719, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Braiards, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name.
Address.
City State.
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card
An exciting chase, a little suspense and a few laughs churned up by a combination of silent-day holuck, talkie tantrums, and general abuse of "writers' license." It could only happen in the movies, this yara about a G-man, Pat O'Brien, catching up with a snarling, lip-chewing gangster, Cesar Romero, and falling in love with the crook's ex-wife, Margaret Lindsay. Melodrama for its own sake isn't so exciting.

The idle rich idling away their, and the spectator's time at the race tracks and such, as a thin little romance unwinds aimlessly. Henry Fonda is a rich playboy, a boy so spineless that Henry himself seems in a daze and ends up behind the eight-ball with his poorest part and performance to date. Mary Brian marries him for his money, but Pat Paterson loves him, not for his money, but for himself.

One of the finest supporting casts ever to surround a star appears with Marion Davies in this period piece concerning the romance of a New Orleans belle and the young brother of Napoleon Bonaparte. Miss Davies has with her Dick Powell, Claude Rains, Edward Everett Horton, Charles Ruggles, Arthur Treacher, and others. But their valiant efforts produce only disappointing results, alas, and alack!

William Gargan as a bachelor father who takes over the orphaned child of his pal. There's the desire to pay because the in-laws 'on the maternal side want that child and they nearly get Bill hounded out of his beloved Navy, in which he is an aviator. Melodramatics crowd the end, with the baby kidnapped, and Bill flying out to rescue it. He wins back the child, and also a pretty girl, Claire Dodd. Just about fair.
and who should know better than these beautiful models what tooth paste keeps teeth looking loveliest?

Anita Counihan, voted New York's most popular model, says:

"I find that Listerine Tooth Paste is the best dentifrice that I have ever used. It leaves the teeth so bright and luminous."

What says piquant Sally Bynum, a charming newcomer to the ranks of beautiful women in New York studios?

"The first thing a model has to learn is what dentifrice is best for her teeth—that is why I use Listerine Tooth Paste. It is so safe, so pleasant."

How does dark-eyed Annette Downes keep her teeth looking their best? "With Listerine Tooth Paste," she says.

What finer praise could a dentifrice have than the approval of these young women, much of whose success depends on their teeth staying attractive!

Now there's a wonderful special bargain offer of Listerine Tooth Paste that no woman will want to miss. (See panel below.) Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
against possible drafts. The head with its golden cascade
of curls is bent over a piece of work. Shirley is absorbed
in threading strips of raffia through a cardboard pattern.
But not too absorbed to bob her head and smile. "How
do?" she says. "Excuse me for not stopping. I'm making
a blotter for my daddy's birthday, and his birthday's
night. So excuse me for not stopping."

Shirley's mother sees that
her daughter learns to
take a stitch in time, top.
That's the babe's own little
sewing-basket on the
studio chair beside her.
Above, the charming liv-
ing-room of Shirley's
studio home. Left, the rab-
bit-hutch in the backyard
of the Temple dressing-
room bungalow. Want a
bunny? See Shirley!

She has just finished one of her scenes, and is back in
the dressing-room to go on with her school work. As she
sits on her stool, Miss Anderson, her dresser—known
affectionately to Shirley as Andey—is smoothing the
filmy flounces of her frock. Her teacher, Miss Klamp,
is preparing her arithmetic problems. Shirley, just seven,
is a year ahead of her grade—yet, even at that, takes
her lessons in an easy stride.
"Maybe if you read me the problems, Miss Klamp,"
she suggests, "I could do them in my head. Does it make
you nervous, Andey, if I do (Continued on page 78)
Bill Banton stared at his image in the long dressing room mirror, and a wry smile twisted his mouth. The face that looked back at him was undeniably handsome; even under the comic peaked cap of a court jester it was handsome! And yet Bill’s glance didn’t linger on his face. It traveled down over the length of a weary body, attired in motley. The velvet doublet, the silken tights, ending in pointed, bell-tipped slippers, accented rather than hid his crooked leg.

“Just a clown!” Bill said aloud. “Just a contrast! Like any broken, old piece of furniture!”

Standing there, surveying himself with humorless eyes, Bill went, mentally, over the events of the past week. It had been an amazing week—an Arabian Nights adventure set to a grimly hectic tune—a rhapsody in blue. Bill had been jerked from the place where he had fallen at the feet of Mavis Dorian—he had been shuttled from screen test to voice test—he had been fitted for both off-screen and on-screen clothes. He had given speeches to memorize, and had submitted while an expert in illusions did things to the line of his eyebrow and the contour of his jaw. He had rehearsed scenes with Mavis Dorian’s stand-in; he had stammered and flushed to meet the excited approval of the director. And today—today he was going to do the big scene, the court scene, with Mavis Dorian, herself. The palms of his hands were moist and sticky as he thought about it.

There was a knock at the door. Bill swung sharply from the mirror—moved as swiftly as possible to a place behind a long, littered table. He called, “Come in.” He thought, “Another dresser—or maybe that white wig I’m to wear in the last episode.”

But it wasn’t a wig nor yet a dresser. It was Carol Kelly. She popped into the room, fairly rattling in her stiff brocade, and walked around the table and kissed him. Bill recoiled, involuntarily, from the caress. He said harshly: “How do you get that way, Carol?”

Carol laughed. She had a light, carefree laugh—her mirth was elin, like a small girl’s mirth. “I want to be first!” she told Bill.
Kaleidoscopic Hollywood recasts the real life rôles of a newsboy and a chorus girl.

Here's romance that fires the emotions and grips the heart!

* * *

Bill said, "I don't understand."

Carol explained. "I'm an extra. I hear all the conversations. What the star thinks—if she ever does. What the second lead thinks. What the ballet, collectively, thinks. They talk in front of me as if I'm deaf and dumb. I don't matter, see? I'm super-cargo."

Bill queried, "What are you trying to tell me?"

Carol seated herself carefully on the corner of the table. She said: "Sitting on tables is bad luck," and bounced up and transferred her hoop-skirted body to a chair. She looked at Bill with quizically raised brows and murmured:

"Hollywood women are tired of pretty boys who play polo and drive fast cars. They're tired of the Arrow collar type. They want their men to be interesting, a trifle jaded, a shade different. They think, Bill, that you're different."

Bill said, "I am. I'm a cripple. I've got a lump of stone where a foot ought to be. Oh, I'm different, all right."

Carol had ceased to murmur. "I told you once before that your profile had me licked," she said, rather too loudly, "and I meant it. Well, it's going to have other women licked, and don't you forget the fact. It's going to—"

Bill interrupted—"I never had enough schooling to put in your eye. I was a newsboy until a week ago. I only happen to be here because I made a comedy fall that hurt like hell. And even that was a mistake."

Carol went on, ignoring the interruption. "I've heard them talking about your tests," she said. "Seems your voice has something—God knows what—called timbre. Seems your face takes the curse—I'm being frank, Bill—off your foot. You've got a chance to do all the trick rôles Lon Chaney made famous—to do them with a new slant. Because of this timbre in your voice, because you've got beauty as well as tragedy. Don't blush, Bill—I'm quoting. I don't think you're beautiful. That's why I kissed you. Why, some day, I'll kiss you again."

Bill laughed. It was a sorry business, that laugh.

"Guess I better sell my newsstand to a curio store," he said, "now that I'm a cross between the ghosts of Valentino and Chaney."

Carol answered very seriously, "I guess you better."

Carrol was right. The ballet eyed Bill with interest, the second lead let her ringed hand linger, over-long, upon his arm. But on that day of shooting the court scene, Bill was conscious of no one save the star, Mavis Dorian, supremely lovely in her costume of jeweled satin and lace, completely filled his line of vision, and his soul. Bill wondered if she was wearing the frock that he had torn, carefully mended. Or if it were a new one. He longed to touch a fold of it. He'd know by the feel of the fabric.

The part he had to play was not hard. In the court scene he was made to crouch at the feet of the lady, looking up with adoration into her downbent, scornful face. This wasn't very difficult to do—and yet it was. The adoration came to Bill as naturally as did the way in which he breathed. It was this (Continued on page 86)
What Men Wish

By Helen Louise Walker

Don't look now, but Bill Powell likes ladies who eat like normal humans, hates those who diet to the point of emaciation. Clark Gable smiles very politely but "burns" inwardly at frilly, over-dressed ladies.

IT ALL came about because Bill Powell complimented a slim young thing at a party. "I like your hair," was his innocent comment. "It looks charming that way."

"Oh, dear!" the slim young thing fluttered. "It hasn't been 'done' for days. It's much too long and there is no wave in the top and Nancy said—"

"There you are," Bill drawled. "'Nancy said!' I've always contended that women dress not to please men but to impress other women. They dress for them, follow, slavishly, the current fads in haircuts, tailor their figures to compete with their sisters. Now, my dear," he went on, addressing the fluttering young thing, "if you want to please men, you will leave your hair just as it is. It is natural, unaffected and, as I said before, charming.

"You girls bleach your hair, dye it black, stain it red, let it grow long, cut it off, because some other woman has set a style. Men wish you wouldn't!"

The alert hostess sensed an interesting discussion. "What else," she urged, "do men wish women wouldn't do?"

The suave Powell exploded. "Diet!" he almost shouted.

"I mean, if a woman really wants to please a man, (and I wonder whether she ever really does!), she will not diet until she resembles a human skeleton, starve herself until her disposition is ruined, and then sit across from him at dinner and be plaintive and irritable because she is half-starved. If she wants to please a man she will eat like a normal human being, take on a few natural curves, eat a square meal with him and be a cheerful companion for an evening's fun because she feels well.
Women Wouldn't Do

Opposites of charm as seen in the opposite sex by screen heroes. Such candor!

That pained expression of Bob Taylor's isn't feigned when a "gimme" girl meets him at the door with her hand out for a bunch of orchids. George Raft won't even look at women who wear pants in public.

"Now, no one admires a pretty figure more than I do. I don't think that I could be really emotionally interested in a woman who was not—er—well-put-together. And I am aware that some unfortunate women must take rather heroic measures to keep those natural curves down to normal. But they needn't carry the thing to the point of emaciation, and they certainly needn't talk about it constantly. The average woman, when she goes on a diet, becomes a menace to any man's pleasure—often she becomes a peril to his sanity also!"

This was beginning to be really interesting, and some of the women guests were beginning to have guilty, introspective expressions. "What else?" someone entreated, rather faintly.

Bill was warming to his subject. "Perhaps you will put this down to masculine ego," he said. "And perhaps you will be right. But it is true that men wish that women with careers wouldn't take those careers too seriously, at least in conversation. It is unreasonable, I know. But a man likes to think of himself as 'head man' and if the woman across the table from him has a career he likes to think, with tolerance, that it 'amuses' her. His own career, of course, is a serious matter!"

"He wishes that she wouldn't interrupt him when he is relating his own exploits to tell him some of her own! Nothing annoys a man more than that, especially if her exploits, in sports, business or whatever, have topped his!"

"Oh!" he interrupted himself. "I think that all men wish women wouldn't wear scarlet fingernails which make them look as if they had just butchered a herd of calves. I'd rather see green ones than those crimson affairs.

(Continued on page 72)
"Shoot Fast" Fonda

THERE'S that Fonda guy!"

Far across the set I could see a young man squinting into what looked like a small pair of binoculars. I couldn't see his face, but the man with me assured me that wasn't necessary.

"You never do see it—he's always got the camera in front of it, taking pictures. The guy's nuts!"

"Maybe I am nuts, but I'm happy," grinned Henry Fonda, somewhat later when I had tracked him down.

"I don't know how I ever got to the age of thirty without finding out how much fun you can get out of a camera. I never had such a good time in my life as I've had since I found out.

"Now don't run away with the idea that I'm good. I don't really know a thing about taking pictures. I do it because I enjoy it. There's nothing professional about me.

"I began taking pictures in the first place to illustrate my letters home. I'd never been on a picture set before I came to Hollywood to make 'Farmer Takes a Wife,' so it was all new and thrilling. I was sure my folks would get a kick out of it if they could see what I saw. I could buy stills of the production, of course, but those were taken by professional cameramen who were used to production and never thought of taking shots of the things that amazed and interested me.

"I got a small kodak—one of those that pulls out—and took shots to put in my letters. I took 300 pictures during that first film, and the family was crazy about them. I didn't know a thing about cameras, and I just ran around shooting what appealed to me—interesting character faces, people doing something, now and then special effects. Once we were working on an enormous stage, but only one spot at the end was lit. In this spot, were two figures in a scene. I got way back at the dark end of the stage and shot—in front of me was darkness, then the figures of the director and crew, the cameras and lights, in silhouette, and far away the lighted scene. That was what I mean by a special effect."

Victor Fleming, who started his film career as a cameraman, was Henry's director on this picture.

"If you have fun out of that kodak, you ought to get a high-speed camera, the sort the news photographers use," Victor recommended. "You can shoot fast with that and get so many more shots without reloading."

"By that time I knew there wasn't a more satisfying way of putting in leisure time, so I bought a really fine camera," said Henry, fondling the tiny model he wears strapped about his neck. "Yes, it was expensive, but it's been worth it to me because I take so many pictures and it gives me what I want. There's 36 pictures on a roll—a roll costs very little—I print my own and usually get 5 or 6 out of a roll that are worth enlarging.

"The only way I can get good stuff is to shoot fast.

Are you an amateur camera fiend, or a Henry Fonda fan, or both? Then don't miss this exclusive feature story in which Henry tells for the first time his experiences in pursuing his hobby

By Ruth Tildesley

Henry Fonda has his own dark room, where he is shown hard at work printing his own pictures, at top, right. Next, one of Henry's best photographs, the fight scene in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Above, kittens, just kittens. Left and below, two more Fonda camera studies.
I'm not interested in posed shots because I'm not good enough yet to pose them. That's the reason I never use reflectors. They have two kinds of reflectors for good camera artists—gold and silver; gold is softer than silver, and you can get beautiful light effects if you understand the things. They are marvelous to soften shadows that are too deep, too. But I don't consider myself expert enough to go in for them. My effects, if any, depend on spontaneity. If I had to place reflectors, and fuss around with shadows, I'd have to say:

"Hold it! Don't move!" while I wiggled this or that, and by that time my subject would take on a glazed look and I'd be completely fogged.

I just make sure of a strong light on one side and a good shadow on the other and go ahead.

"If a subject is talking or doing something, so much the better for a natural shot. For instance, Jim Stewart likes to play the cornet. He can't really play it, but he has a lot of fun trying. When he's sitting in the patio at our house absorbed in the cornet, I often take a few shots at him. All my friends know I always have the thing hanging around my neck so the sight of it doesn't make them self-conscious.

If they are moving toward me, I sometimes say: 'Stay about there and I'll get it!' Then it's all over in a second.

"I can't get my dog to stand still, so I throw about six feet away from my focussed camera and then when he jumps for it, I shoot.

"I've had a little success with babies. Sometimes I take a friend's baby and put it on a blanket outdoors and stand by. Pretty soon the baby gives me an expression and I shoot. Then I wait until he does something else. In time he makes enough faces to please any parent, and in the end I have something.

"Personally, I hate retouched photographs. The portraits studios take aren't me at all. I need informality. There was a famous New York photographer here who had me outdoors for three hours monkeying around until he got what he wanted. To make me feel at home he let me have my own camera between shots and while he was working with his plates and lights, I shot some fast stuff of him.

"The only secret I have—if you call it a secret—is to shoot people while they're doing something. Playing tennis, pouring tea, reading, lighting cigarettes, playing flutes, making mud pies. I never shoot a person who is merely standing still exposing his profile or 'having his picture taken.'

"You can do a lot with an ordinary box camera.

Don't think you're out of it because you can't afford an expensive camera. I believe you will probably be a better cameraman with a box camera because you will have to pay attention to composition and lighting and posing and so on, whereas I shoot fast for spontaneity. But I'm an impatient sort of person.

"If you take 'candid camera' shots, you can blow them up to any size you want. I don't bother to develop my film, because that's done by machine anyway and I hate to waste the time. But I always print my own stuff. It's fascinating to me to see the picture suddenly appear from the blank sheet.

"If it isn't the way it should be, I cut off the foreground, or slice off overhead or snip off the side. I can frame any part of the shot I want and omit the rest. I usually take from 3 to 4 seconds to print an average shot, but after experimenting you can find the precise instant to take your print out. A lot depends on the subject or the composition.

"I don't know how to advise people about shooting pictures. I think you should develop your own technique.

"Some of the 'still' men I know get marvelous effects with chemicals after they have the print in the laboratory. Fog effects that look like the real thing, soft focus stuff that looks like an artist's dream, gorgeous lighting effects, and so on. But I'm not advanced (Continued on page 83)
SLOWLY the great white and silver State barge comes over the turquoise lake. Silken sails swaying in the wind, Nubian slaves erect with scarlet landing poles, it draws alongside the marble steps of the Palace and the Sultan’s faithful followers prostrate themselves in the dust as he is carried ashore on his golden palanquin.

Suddenly the gorgeous cavalcade halts and the Sultan clammers down, magnificent in flowing satin robes, black velvet coat studded with diamonds and emerald turban secured by glowing ruby. Carefully he screws a monocle into his left eye.

“Ah! Four o’clock, I think.”

And he takes the cup of tea which Jenner, the perfect valet, hands him and sits down on the side of his glittering conveyance to drink it. This is Sultan George Arliss, rehearsing a scene of fine pagentry in his new film, “East Meets West,” at the Gaumont-British studios, and still faithful to the invariable rule of his professional life-time.

George spent several months considering stories before he finally chose this comedy-drama of a wily Eastern potentate pitting his wits against the English diplomats and grappling with added difficulty in the shape of his Western-educated son. He is taking tremendous pains to ensure that all the local details are correct—he has engaged an Oriental to dress him and wind the regal turban in precise manner, and his own distinguished brother, Frederick Andrews, is superintending all the backgrounds. Mr. Andrews has just retired from an important position in the Government of India and was at one time curator of the famous Lahore Museum. Tall and courtly, he doesn’t resemble George very much physically but they go to cricket-matches together at week-ends and smoke the same type of briar pipe.

George Arliss has some pungent remarks to make about certain people who think he should go on portraying those inimitable historical characters on the screen.

“I won’t be pigeon-holed as only capable of playing one type of part,” he says. “An actor should not limit himself in his work, and so I am determined to separate my old-fashioned costume films with an equal division of modern roles. In my next picture, ‘The Nelson Touch,’ I am going to play a dual part for the first time, appearing as a pompous statesman and also as his disreputable younger brother who pulls him out of a difficult situation. It has a present-day setting and plenty of—ah, wisecracks do you call them?—and I am looking forward to it very much.”

So we can progress happily across the studios to the stage where handsome Richard Arlen is working on the interior scenes for “The Great Barrier,” epic of the early trouble-filled days of the Canadian Pacific Railway. As
the young section-foreman, he's once again the Dick we knew in those Wild West pictures, swaggering, virile, and tough in his open-necked shirt and riding-boots. Dick still looks as boyish as he did when he started film-acting ten years ago.

Not much use trying to talk to Dick about his career. "Films? Sure, they're great fun and I know I'm going to enjoy making the exteriors for this one high up in the Rockies. Now tell me, who do you think will win the Golf Open this year?" Off he goes enthusiastically, discussing the matters of the links on which he spends all his leisure. He has tried every golf-course within a dozen miles of London, generally accompanied by pretty Mrs. Arlen, who seems to be as keen on the game as her husband. She'd certainly have to stay home alone if she wasn't!

Take a look at Dick's leading lady, lovely tulip-slim Barbara Greene, just seventeen and come straight from dramatic school to the part which every film actress in London wanted. Gaumont-British regard her as their greatest "find" for years and Dick says it's the first time he has ever had kind thoughts towards an income-tax collector—Barbara's father is one. She's dark and warmly gentle, hates fish and insincerity, and declares that the only place she can learn her lines is in her bath!

Down in the studio laboratory (Continued on page 70)
The Love Story

The complete fictionization of one of the big new pictures, adapted from the immortal romance by Helen Hunt Jackson; recreated on the screen in natural color, with Loretta Young as the lovely heroine.

EVERYWHERE on the rancho there was dancing on that fiesta night. Outside the tall gates the Indians who had come for the yearly sheep-shearing felt the rhythm of the guitars and sometimes one bolder than the rest would catch a serving maid as she passed and swing her high in his arms.

Alessandro stood there with the others. He whose father had been a Chief as distinguished among his people as the great Dons who danced in the courtyards were among the old Spanish families in California, knew that here was a barrier that must remain immovable.

Always he must stand so in the background. He was an Indian, and so there was that invisible bridge he must not cross. Out on the wind-swept hills he could be a friend of Felipe Moreno, the son of the wealthy Señora who owned the huge rancho. As they worked together over the vast droves of sheep they could laugh and talk.

But here at the Moreno hacienda it was different. Here he must stand outside as the others danced within. Must only look at the flagged courtyard, at the orange trees vivid against white walls, at the clusters of purple bougainvelas climbing up the balconies, at the ladies in their silken gowns and lace mantillas.

Somewhere in all that pageantry there was one brighter than all the rest. One whose young beauty made little of all this loveliness of sound and color.

He had seen her for the first time that morning, when she had called to him for help when her dress had twisted and caught on a limb of the apple tree she had been climbing. A small thing she was, who barely reached to his shoulder, and he had known in that moment when she laughed down at him that he loved her. Known, too, that always he must have borne within him the knowledge of this day and moment of meeting, or else why would the dusky girls of his own race have always held so little power to move him?
Now he knew what it was to love, and his heart became gentle with that knowledge. The girl had only to smile and the course of his life was changed forever more.

He looked for her among the serving maids in the courtyard and his heart was glad that she must be one of these so he might woo her. And he remembered the color of her arms, brown as California hills in mid-summer, and the rise of her small breast under the cotton of her bodice.

His heart leaped then, for he saw her. Not among the servants where he had sought her, but dancing in the arms of Felipe. And instantly the heart that had leaped at that first sight of her became heavy and dull again when he saw her gown was of silk and that she wore a rose in her hair in the manner of Spanish girls who were of gentle birth.

“Look at her!” A voice chuckled beside him, and Alessandro turned to meet the twinkling eyes of old Juan, who shepherded the Moreno sheep. “It’s the Señorita Ramona, just home from the convent, and every man here trying to dance with her. And why not? She’s the prettiest girl here. Some of ‘em drove forty miles just to dance with her to-night.”

There were no stars now, no music, no laughter. Only that desolation in the boy’s heart as he turned and went back to his own people. She was not for such as him, the Señorita Ramona. She, whom the Señora Moreno had adopted and brought up as her own daughter. And already talk that the wealthy Señor Valdez himself sought her hand in marriage had reached even the Indian pueblo.

Ramona was laughing as she glanced up at Felipe, laughing because she had felt so strangely happy since that morning, as if she always would be happy again.

“I’m jealous at the thought of your dancing with anyone but me,” Felipe’s arms tightened about her as he spoke. He loved her so much, (Continued on page 95)
"WHAT—another secret life?" exclaimed Fred Astaire humorously.

The time was Thursday evening, (my weekly dinner date with the Astaires). The place, their lovely new English-type home, overlooking Hollywood from a hilltop and the first that Fred has ever had time to build and settle down to live in. I had just handed him a new magazine that contained the "innermost facts" and the "hidden secrets" in the life of public dancer number one. Fred prefers not reading about himself. But this particular story was so amazingly amusing, I just couldn't resist showing him the article.

"Now let's see—how many private lives does that give me?" Fred mused. "Oh yes, that makes ten in all. Not so bad for one guy, I would say. Well, even if I didn't give any of them out, at least the other nine variations had some vestige of truth. But this one sure tops them all. (And Mister Astaire knows his tops.) This one is so private it's all news to me. The facts and circumstances are strangely unfamiliar and definitely quite unknown. I'm certainly glad to learn all these things about myself. Just think what I've been missing—or who knows? Maybe I'm twins and don't know it."

We sat talking across the dinner table. Fred, who had just come in from the studio, was comfortably attired in a white polo shirt and flannels. (Formal Hollywood please note.) He had just completed his most difficult dance number in his new picture—and had done it all in one "take." Yes, he was in a gay mood. Fred is always happy when his work is going well. But it's seldom that it ever pleases him. This was a gala occasion indeed.

I've known the Astaires ever since Fred's "Dancing Lady" days and it's been a most delightful friendship. Every week I've had dinner at their home or we've dined out and gone to a preview. Last summer I spent a few days with them at Palm Springs. Many's the Saturday night I've called for them and we've gone out together to Joan Crawford's dinner parties. I've even gone with Fred to the dentist—which I strongly suggest as a guaranteed way of getting acquainted with a movie star under the most drilling conditions.

This is all being prefaced, because it just suddenly dawned upon me that I've never attempted to do a story on the "private life of Fred Astaire." (I'm the one who didn't—remember?) To be honest with you, it never occurred to me that he had one. During the four years we've been friends, I've always been conscious of his great desire to remain as inconspicuous as possible—except in his work. Whenever I have Astaire assignments to do, having respect for Fred as a friend and regard for him as an artist, I always get twice as upset as he does. (Ye Ed, please note.) Maybe I've been all wrong—what—again? But I'd really like to know. Does Fred Astaire have a private life?

Fred Astaire has been reading others' views of his "secret" life and decides to set forth a few ideas of his own on the subject. Read and you'll know him as well off as you do on-screen, and like him better.

By Jerry Asher
When the Astaires were building their new home, one evening at sunset we drove up to see how the work was progressing. As we started walking through the partially-completed house, loud voices drifted down from the second floor. Then down the stairs marched a group of fans, burdened down with shingles and old hunks of wood, to be kept as souvenirs. They took one look at Fred and screamed for autographs. So Fred signed his name on everything, including a brick. But don't think for a moment the fans were satisfied. They insisted on remaining. Fred, who is much too nice for his own good, wouldn't think of asking them to leave. In his own home, he was practically taken on a personally conducted tour, by people he had never seen before in all his life.

Another time when we drove up to see the house, a second machine filled with people arrived at the same time. Naturally Fred thought they were more fans walking away with the foundation. Just then the driver called out to Fred and addressed him by his first name. Not knowing what or whom to expect, Fred breathed a sigh of relief when the man came closer and it turned out to be John Boles. The lot upon which Fred's house stands was originally owned by Boles. He was just calling on his former property, to see how it looked all dressed up with a house.

Before Fred had even broken ground for the new home, a local paper ran the story that he was planning to build. That evening I met Fred at the studio, as he had invited me to dine and attend the skating exhibition of Sonja Henie at the Polar Palace. As we drove up to the house he was living in then, Fred couldn't find a place to park. The street was lined with cars and his front yard looked like a convention. As we came up the walk, the men formed a circle around us. They represented contracting firms, architects' offices, landscape gardeners, plumbing establishments, frigidaire salesmen, brick layers, house painters and interior decorators. Fred, who was fresh from eight hours of hoisting, stopped and talked to every one. By the time we got in the house, there was barely enough time for a cup of soup and we were off to the ice rink.

Besides myself, the Astaires had also invited Hermes Pan, who is Fred's dancing assistant. While they look nothing alike, Fred and Pan have similar coloring and are about the same size. No sooner were we seated in our box, than the fans and cameramen started charging. Fred, who is a past master on skates himself, was especially anxious to see the show. Instinctively he slumped in his seat, mostly because it upsets him to be (Continued on page 91)
On his way to Hollywood—and, who knows, film fame and fortune! Silver Wolf, one of those talented canines, carries his own make-up box along the road to picture-town, where, he hopes, he'll bark all the other dogs right off the screen.

“ONLY fleas love dogs more than actors love them,” some wise-guy has said. You could make it more general than that. Any person who doesn't love dogs is the conspicuous exception. Let's consider Hollywood's canine crushes.

Ruby Keeler has had her pedigreed Pekingese, Happy, for six years. She has never entered him in a dog-show, but Happy has flown back and forth from New York with her on many occasions. On the train, she has managed on every trip to smuggle Happy in her drawing-room, and he automatically knows it is time to retire under the seat when the conductor appears. Ruby's Scotty, Smokey, was given to a friend when the family moved into the new San Fernando place. Al acquired two Great Dane pups, and after one cautious introduction, it was discovered that Smokey resented them bitterly. Smokey growled himself out of a home, but the Jolsons saw to it he had a new one just as good—and with no competition.

Jeanette MacDonald's Old English Sheep Dog, Captain, finally had to be retired from a too-public life. It wasn't old age that did it—Captain is still a sprig. But he grew too intensely devoted to his mistress, with the result that nobody could get within ten feet of her. He slept outside her dressing-room door and no one could get in until Jeanette officially opened the door. He sat with the driver in her town car, and when they were blocks away from her dressing-room, Captain set up a hollering and yelping enough to call out the reserves. When she arrived home from Europe, Captain pranced all over her new traveling wardrobe until it was reduced to shreds.

So Captain has been placed on a farm where Jeanette calls on him often. He was so jealous of the other dogs, they really were

Yes, Hollywood has gone to the dogs, all right. But in a nice way, as this entertaining story about the lucky pets of picture stars tells you. Even if you're a cat fancier instead of a dog devotee, you'll enjoy this. (What, no Donald Duck?)

By Ruth Rankin

Jeanette MacDonald, left, and what looks like a woolly rug but is in reality a bit of Old English Sheep Dog named Captain. This dog is Jeanette's pride and joy despite the fact that he had to be retired from a too-active private life because of his fierce devotion to his mistress. Ruby Keeler, below, prefers her Pekingese, Happy, who has been her pet for six years. Happy is highly pedigreed, and lives up to his optimistic name, says Missy Keeler.
in danger. Stormy Weather had to play second fiddle, and so did the Bedlington Terrier named Piper, which Bob Ritchie brought back from Europe and presented.

Jeanette gave Nelson Eddy an Old English Sheep Dog he calls Sheba, and a marriage was arranged with Captain Freddie Bartholomew’s Cocker Spaniel was presented to him by Constance Collier, so he named the pup Concoll. Concoll effected many major changes in Freddie’s life. First, Freddie and his aunt lived in an apartment, which didn’t work. When they were absent, Concoll barked. So they took a house.

They traveled by bus, which meant that Concoll had to stay home. So Louis B. Mayer gave Freddie a car and a chauffeur. Sometimes, when he was going to the studio, he couldn’t take the dog anyway, so they engaged a maid.

You could call it the house the dog built—Freddie has a house, a maid, a car and a namesake, he was some time recovering.

Jean’s two Persian cats have no names; they look so exactly alike no one could tell them apart, anyway. They are perpetually in a vile mood and detest being left alone. It makes them so furious they have been known to crawl into the beds and rip the sheets to ribbons. They love to be praised, and bring home a variety of unique offerings, like defunct lizards, to lay at the lady’s feet, purring like mad.

Bill Powell has a huge Saint Bernard, lumbering around the place with sad eyes. A present from Jean.

Dick Powell’s German Shepherd, (commonly known as a “police dog”), is appropriately named Ranger. He ranges all over the neighborhood and brings home doormats, garden hose, trowels—whatever he can find loose on the lawns around about in Toluca Lake. Dick tried to embarrass him by having him shaved and clipped like a French Poodle, but it didn’t do an awful lot of good. The neighbors really don’t mind, much. They love having Dick call on them to return the watering-can, and make a pretty apologetic speech.  

(Continued on page 92)
HITS YOU MUST SEE!

Reunited in the best love story The Saturday Evening Post ever published!

WARNER BAXTER and LOY MARY

IN TO MARY WITH LOVE

with JAN HUNTER and CLAIRE TREvor

JEAN DIXON

Even more laughs than in "Thanks a Million"

with ALICE FAYE ADOLPHE MENJOU GREGORY RATOFF TEd HEALy PATSY KELLy MICHAEL WHALEn RITZ BROTHeRS

HERBERT MARSHALL and CHATTERTON in GIRLS' DORMITORY

Introducing the star discovery of 1936 SIMONE SIMON (pronounced Shee-mahn Shee-mahn) with CONSTANCE COLLIER J. EDWARD BROMBERG DIXIE DUNBAR JOHN QUALEN SHIRLEY DEANE

Darryl F. Zanuck in charge of production
Beauty into Actress!

Frankly, we never thought that Kay Francis would ever turn in a performance as touching and true as her portrayal of Florence Nightingale, right? But she fooled us! Now, she is a top actress as well as a ranking beauty. Just to prove, however, that she still qualifies as one of those "best-dressed stars," we present her, above, in a new gown designed for her next modern film, "Give Me Your Heart."
Ah, and again ah! Robert Taylor and Joan Crawford in a torrid moment, when all the time he's thinking of Babs Stanwyck, and Joan's Mrs. Franchot Tone. Next, Adolphe Menjou, Verree Teasdale's devoted husband, and Alice Faye don't mean a thing by that look into each other's eyes. Right: an indoor picnic with Roger Pryor, Ann Sothern's beau, flirting with Wendy Barrie, who likes another boy, while Cary Grant, Mary Brian's suitor, and Jean Harlow, who sort of likes Bill Powell, share a sandwich—for a scene.
What's this? Wait until Clark Gable and Jean Harlow see this lovin' scene of Carole Lombard and Bill Powell, at left, above. Will Garbo sigh when she sees George Brent, above, make love to Kay Francis, who in turn may bother Delmar Daves? The top in threesomes, left, has Henry Fonda with Mary Brian on one arm, and Pat Paterson on the other. Need we remind you that Henry still likes Margaret Sullavan, Mary smiles on Cary, and Pat is in private life Mrs. Boyer?

Yes, they do look real, these love scenes. But when you unscramble the hectic twosomes, you find they're only fooling, for their real heart interest is elsewhere.
Kenneth Alexander, Merle Oberon poses for you in lacy loveliness just before beginning work in "In Love and War," a thrilling story of the Irish rebellion by John Balderston. Brian Aherne leaves Katharine Cornell's "St. Joan" company to play opposite Miss Oberon in "These Three," since her great success in "These Three."

**Lady in Lace**

Marla O'neill appears in her first film role opposite Katharine Cornell in "St. Joan." Brian Aherne leaves Katharine Cornell's "St. Joan" company to play opposite Miss Oberon in "These Three," since her great success in "These Three."
Lederer, our "Still" star this month, plays a tenderfoot who finds the West not so tough in his new picture. The scene still below shown him as "The Count of Arizona" before his Westernization with Fred Stone and Billie Burke.

Francis Lederer in "My American Wife"

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

the West
WE HERALD

The day of the drawing-room Adonis is done, if you can credit screen cycles. Right now we're enjoying the renaissance of the real hero, who must be not only a grand actor, but a regular guy. Here are examples

Two leading exponents of our new athletic culture are Walter Huston and Edward Arnold, left, above, who met "on the set" the other day at the Samuel Goldwyn studio, where Huston is making "Dodsworth" and his old stage buddy, Arnold, is in "Come and Get It." The scene at left shows Huston in his new film with Ruth Chatterton and a new comedy team, Harlan Briggs and Spring Byington. Below, Huston at his lodge in the San Bernardino Mountains—where, as you can see at lower left, he leads the simple life.
THE HE-MEN!

Here are more convincing proofs that you don't have to be spectacularly handsome or polished to be a popular screen hero. One of the motion pictures' greatest box-office successes, Buck Jones, beloved idol of thousands of small boys, is shown at right on his yacht, the Sartaria, (Indian for "Little Star"), where he spends much of his time between pictures. His latest Western, by the way, is "The Phantom Rider"—but Buck's no phantom! The family group below includes from left to right: Mrs. Jones, Buck’s pretty wife of 21 years, their daughter, Maxine, and Noah Beery, Jr., Maxine’s best beau. And now for fisticuffs! That’s George Brent “working out” with his trainer in preparation for "God’s Country and the Woman," his next picture—which will be in natural color, to show off George’s tan!
Joan Blondell, top, is quite capable of scooping her own ice-cream, but it's cuter if Dick Powell does it for her. Besides, he's her best beau, and it's really pretty serious. James Stewart, above, just has to practice his piccolo playing while having his 1823 coiffure combed out on the "Gorgeous Hussy" set. Mickey Rooney, right, panics Freddie Bartholomew and Peggy Ryan at lunch. The three kids are playing in "The Devil's a Sissy." Sybil Jason, far right, calls her Scottie "Guy Kibbee." Haw!
Hollywood may be goofy, but it's always gay, and that's why we like it. We may be annoyed at its antics, but we're never bored!

Irvin S. Cobb said he had to leave Hollywood for a rest to get away from Jane Withers after finishing "Pepper" with her. Looking up, we don't wonder. Above, three newcomers, Frank Shields, Kathryn Marlowe, and John Payne, catch on to Hollywood's kidding technique very quickly. Left, a motorbike built for three beauties: Mary Carlisle, Cecilia Parker, and Jean Chatburn—who'll hop right off as soon as the cameraman turns his head. Far left, Charles Collins and his wife, Dorothy Stone, Fred Stone's daughter, "step" off a train. Anything for a grin, a giggle, a lark or a laugh!
American Classic


A notable cast will bring life to the screen's portrayal of such characters as Hawkeye, Uncas, Alice, Cora and the others. Above, Randolph Scott, as Hawkeye, and Binnie Barnes as Alice Munro. Right, Phillip Reed as Uncas, and Heather Angel as Cora Munro; below, Henry Wilcoxon as Major Duncan Heyward, and lower left, Binnie Barnes and Bruce Cabot.
Winnah, and New Champ!

Battle of the Century of Romance! Stars: Clark Gable and Marion Davies, to say nothing of Kid Cupid

Ringside pre-view! Clark, trained and fit to fight a winning battle in the ring and in romance too, deftly dodges his adversary's blows, and blasts out with his own fists. Below, Romance, round-by-round: Marlon feigns a faint. Clark tries smelling salts. Round two: the "champ" counters and tries an idea of his own. Round three: Gable leads with his lips, they clinch—and, and—the battle's over! It's a draw. It all happens, ladies and gentlemen, in "Cain and Mabel."
Screenland presents the very first, exclusive pre-view of the new Colbert estate. Our readers are Claudette's honored guests

The First Pictures of

Views of the Colbert mansion, inside and out! Our hostess herself, at top and right, on her terrace. The interior views show you, above, the pine-panelled library; and left, reading up: the living-room with its pale green rug, twin sofas, tables and lamps, and priceless Monet painting over the fireplace; center above, a corner of the same room, showing its handblocked linen drapes, antique secretary and tables; then the exquisite upstairs sitting-room, with color scheme of lemon yellow, hand-painted wall paper, and fine Chinese antiques.
Claudette Colbert's new home at Holmby Hills is a handsome, yet homelike mansion. Claudette created it all herself, worked with the architects, helped plan the gardens and plant the trees. Left, an imposing view from the driveway. Below, the terrace with its enchanting daisy hedge.

Claudette Colbert's Home!

Now for more glimpses of the interiors of Claudette's beautiful home. Left, a lovely antique table with unusual porcelain lamp and flower holders, collected by Claudette on her visit to New York. Left, above, the star's own bedroom, a symphony in grey-green, with pale green rug and paler green walls. Right, her dressing-room, all in white with many mirrors. Here Claudette makes up for her rôle every morning before leaving for the studio. Right, above, the dining-room, with pale blue rug, and the hand-painted wall paper described by Elizabeth Wilson in her story on Page 51.
Now Here's the Playhouse!

The playhouse on Claudette's estate is almost as amazing as the house itself, as the views on this page show you. Left, above, Claudette and a long view of the playhouse. Left, the loggia which gives a lovely vista of the big house. Right, the playhouse itself, where the star entertains at private picture showings. Below, right, the tennis court; and finally, the owner proudly surveys her domain.
Claudette's NEW Private Life

And now read the exclusive story of the Colbert dream-house, how it was planned, built, and furnished; and the happy life being lived in it

By Elizabeth Wilson

COME, come, now, you smug bunch of home-owners, move over and admit another member to your club. Miss Claudette Colbert, née Lily Chauchoin of the Paris Chaucoins, having had boiler trouble, bell trouble, and mouse trouble, having coped with painters, plumbers, and little men with big bills, having paid her taxes and built her fence six feet high to please the law, is now a qualified home-owner, and so bona fide that it hurts.

Two summers ago the Colbert estate in Holmby Hills was but a rolling knoll, quite desolate, with a fine view of the sea on one side and Katharine Hepburn on the other. It was also a glint in Claudette's eye. One of those super-colossal real estate salesmen saw that glint and it was only a matter of days before he had in his possession a rather valuable piece of paper which one of our favorite glamor girls had personally autographed—in exchange for which he gave her what he charmingly called a deed, not one of the deeds that go to town, which assured her that she was now a landed gentry and would have to keep on making pictures indefinitely to pay for the darn thing.

Our little Claudette, who had always lived in apartments in New York and rented homes in Hollywood, never knew what real worries were until she became one of the landed gentry. For quite some time she had suspected in a mild sort of disinterested way that something was wrong with the human race, but she never really knew what it was until she bought property and decided to build. Then she discovered that the human race was mostly concerned with putting one over on Colbert.

Now Claudette is one of the sanest people I know, but when it comes to business she is completely impractical but wouldn't admit it for the world. All good actresses are impractical when it comes to business. It's sort of the law of compensation or something. Anyway, Claudette has a brother, an agent, and any number of friends, all in their right minds, who would gladly have stood in for her on this little land-buying adventure; but no, Madame must do it herself. So what happens? So the very minute the super-colossal salesman glimpsed the Colbert pan the price of the property went up like a skyrocket. An old Hollywood custom. But in the meantime Claudette had set her heart upon it because it was such a beautiful location, high in the hills, and no one could build close to her because of the two canyons. (Irene Dunne muscled in on the side where there wasn't a canyon), and no matter what strange eccentricities in the way of architecture might strike people down in the valley they could never cut off her fine view of the sea.

The day before she signed the papers she took me out to see the lot, and I who don't even own the ground in my geranium pots was deeply impressed, and oh'd and ah'd at length. "How much of this is yours?" I asked in awe. "Please," said Claudette to the beaming salesman, "will you walk off the boundary lines for Miss Wilson? She's afraid of snakes." Well, it happens to be Miss Colbert who's afraid of snakes, (she never was a Girl Scout and I was once), but that was no time to argue. The salesman gladly obliged and it looked like an awful lot of land to me, and it looked (Continued on page 81)
TRULY "colossal!" Yes, for once a motion picture lives up to its label, for "Anthony Adverse" is indeed an epic—as elaborate, lengthy, and impressive as Harvey Allen's best-selling novel from which the film was adapted. The complicated plot has been cleverly telescoped into a celluloid drama that includes all of the story's high spots and misses few of the outstanding episodes. For me, the most moving chapter was the first—the dramatic events leading to the birth of Anthony, with Claude Rains as the colorfully cruel Marquis, lovely Anita Louise as his hapless wife who becomes the mother of the hero, and the fascinating tapestry against which their tragedy unfolds. The episodes of the boy Anthony, charmingly played by Billy Mauch, are quite enchanting. Then Frederic March strides on as Anthony the man, and embarks upon his memorable adventures. March plays Anthony exactly as the author wrote him, and the result is a conscientiously restrained but scarcely inspired performance. Olivia de Havilland as Angela is always a joy, Anita Louise is exquisite; but it is Claude Rains and Edmund Gwenn as Bonnyfeather who linger in memory.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL—20th Century-Fox

YOU may fight against it, but you will find yourself giving in along about the third scene in which the Terrible Tot of Hollywood exerts her wiles and wins you all over again in her latest. Frankly and unashamedly constructed as a vehicle for the Temple charm, "The Poor Little Rich Girl" is a highly-colored, madly modern version of the Eleanor Gates story beloved of childish readers. Shirley, pampered motherless pet of a rich young father, wanders away from the palatial homestead into incredible adventures which include a career as a child radio star, a near-kidnapping, and assorted songs and dances and funny sayings. The uncanny child is at her best in ingratiating songs such as But Definitely—wait until you hear Shirley mispronounce that one; she'll have you crying right back at her; and particularly in a scene with Claude "Crusty" Gillingwater, second only to her memorable Lincoln scene in "The Littlest Rebel." The cast sparkles with gay people, with Alice Faye especially agreeable, Jack Haley breezily likable and Michael Whalen managing to make you like him in spite of his handsome profile. Mike will go places.

NINE DAYS A QUEEN—Gaumont-British

THE finest English historical screenplay since "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth," this is a picture not to be missed. "Nine Days A Queen" is as poignant, tender, and touching as Charles Laughton's great success was rousing, ribald, and robust; and in its necessarily less strident manner the new film is equally picturesque and effective in its humanizing of historical characters. Amazingly, this is the very first work of Robert Stevenson, who not only wrote the screen story, but directed as well—in intelligent and at times masterly terms. In the tragic story of little Jane Grey, pawn of political intrigue, Stevenson has selected the most sympathetic cinema material, for he is able to surround his pathetically appealing heroine with the dark and sinister figures of the potent nobles who used her youth and position to further their own ambitions. Nova Pilbeam, England's wonderful young-girl star, plays Jane with fine feeling, and holds her own in a cast which includes Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Dame Sybil Thorndike, and a clever boy named Desmond Tester. This is the best current British picture, and I advise you to see it, for rare appeal.
TOP ACTOR:
Fredric March, in "Anthony Adverse" and "The Road to Glory"

TOP ACTRESS:
Nova Pilbeam in "Nine Days A Queen"

TOP TEAM:
Carole Lombard and William Powell in "My Man Godfrey"

TOP CHARACTERIZATIONS:
Claude Rains and Edmund Gwenn in "Anthony Adverse"

LOVELIEST ACTRESSES:
Olivia de Havilland, Anita Louise, and June Lang

SURPRISE DISCOVERY:
Victor Kilian, giving new meaning to the term "character actor," and standing out in a cast crowded with showy stars, with his heartwarmingly human characterization of a humble, not tough this time, sergeant in "Road to Glory"

THE ROAD TO GLORY—20th Century-Fox
IF THERE must be war pictures, then let them be as powerfully compelling, as close to grim reality, as this one! As a cinema drama, here’s an almost “great” picture. Where it falls short is not in its overwhelmingly impressive depiction of men at war, in agony and in heroism; but in its convenient coincidences, its timid treatment of the love passages between the impossibly pretty and babyish hospital nurse, and her two stalwart soldier suitors. I'm not complaining, however, of one particular amorous episode that proves the exception: that in which Fredric March makes love to June Lang before he discovers his mistake; here, March gives the most extraordinary portrayal of a fancy-free, roving-eyed officer you’ve ever seen—he is superb, and so is Howard Hawks’ direction. For the rest, if you rule out the French postcard sex appeal, you’ll find a fine and honest film, with terrific suspense. Warner Baxter is excellent as the Captain of the 39th company, who faces the horrors of war and personal tragedy with identical courage. March, Lionel Barrymore, Gregory Ratoff, Victor Kilian—all fine. If we had two Honor Pages, Kilian would get one!

MY MAN GODFREY—Universal
MORE fun than any picture of the month! For real amusement value, here’s your best current movie “buy.” It’s perfectly mad, it’s silly, it’s sheer nonsense; but thank heaven and Hollywood for such film fare, say I. Of course, you know that it's the screen reunion of William Powell and Carole Lombard, who used to be real-life Mister and Missus; but you can't imagine, until you've seen it, what an elegant team they make, these two—the super-sophisticated Powell, the stunning and alluring Miss Lombard. She plays a dizzy deb who finds Powell, a down-and-out "Forgotten Man," on a treasure hunt; gives him a job as butler, and—well, wait until you watch Bill buttle, with Alice Brady and Eugene Palette standing by, and Gail Patrick for additional decoration. For once, a frothy comedy doesn’t turn into a huge bore before your eyes; "My Man Godfrey" maintains its pace, poise, and patrician quality throughout. Thanks a lot, by the way, to director Gregory LaCava. Bill and Carole are so superlative together that my idea of a perfect evening at the theatre would be to attend when Clark Gable and Jean Harlow watch this picture—but not together.

SAN FRANCISCO—M-G-M
MELODRAMA of the month, and not to be missed if you like Clark Gable, grand opera, earthquakes, Miss MacDonald, or Spencer Tracy. So—you'll see it! Definitely designed and shrewdly devised as only Metro can make 'em, this is "Entertainment" in great big letters, never letting you down from the first scene to the last, although when you've left the theatre you may find a few sneaking objections, such as why Clark wasn't more mused up by the "fire," but you won't want your money back, far from it. "San Francisco" is one big smash of excitement, except when the story enables Miss MacDonald to run off an operatic aria, introduced just when the Barbary Coast atmosphere is beginning to get you, Jeannette, as a nice girl with a glorious voice, is torn between her operatic ambitions and her love for Mr. Gable, and you don’t even have to see the picture to find out which wins; but see it anyway; for more words can’t describe the effect of a scene between Gable, boss of Barbary Coast, and Spencer Tracy, as a priest—Tracy, by the way, gives one of the most honest and intelligent performances of his splendid career. Jack Holt is also present.
Suit of the season, straight from London—at left, above: three-piece, of grey Angora tweed, with the top-coat tailored in the best British tradition. Fay wears all grey accessories with an off-the-face hat of the suit material. Lower left, an entirely different type of suit, this of the dressmaker variety, of sheer navy woolen with blouse of eyelet embroidery. Fay's pie-crust beret is of navy felt, and her accessories are navy. A large wine-red carnation is the only touch of color.

Left, Glamor Girl's striking evening ensemble: a Tahitian evening print under a full-length broadcloth coat in warm vermilion, with cowl collar and fur cuffs. Above, Schiaparelli's new Glamor innovation: evening combs designed of fine gold leaves and outlined in seed pearls.

All photographs of Miss Fay Wray made exclusively for SCREENLAND by Roy Jones and A. L. Shauffer.
for September 1936

Edited by Fay Wray

Our globe-trotting guest star brings the best from the shops of Paris, London, and New York back to Hollywood, where she shops some more, and makes new pictures! Here is Fay’s own collection of the highlights of her world-minded wardrobe.

Clothes with charm and color! at top, right: the stunning feature of Fay’s evening costume is the coat, which Fay wears to the theatre and does not remove. Fashioned of century-old brocade, the Mandarin influence is evidenced in the high choker-neck. The gown is a severe silhouette of black crepe. Magenta sandals are worn, and a last and perfect touch is Schiaparelli’s newest bracelet made of old gold coins. Right, below: ideal through-the-day suit, with its Glamor accent a gay yellow tulip tucked casually through the belt. Right: called a negligée, really a Glamor gown, of satins-striped rajah silk in aquamarine, with color contrast attained by a neckerchief of Burgundy georgette. Above, designed especially for Fay Wray and Glamor School by Lily Daché, this Juliet evening cap of brown maline has a brilliant butterfly perched on top!
Tailored Trimness

Heralding the first days of Fall, Hollywood's alert young ladies do their suit-shopping early! Julia Hayden, at left, above, tops her black tailleur with sable scarf. Jean Harlow, above, prefers silver fox. Wendy Barrie, right, lets her trim, slim tailored suit speak for itself. Eleanor Whitney, lower left, in her navy gabardine ensemble. Virginia Bruce, center, below, wears sand-colored tweeds with big fur collar, and brown hat and accessories. Gloria Stuart, at right below, in her favorite suit of mole-colored velveteen with a printed taffeta blouse showing a new neckline, the honeycomb ruff. Gloria's hat is an off-the-face beret. Her handbag and pumps are brown patent-leather.
Cinema beauties blossom into rarer loveliness for gala evenings. Ann Sothern, left, in her very new evening gown which is slit up the front. With it Ann wears her magnificent new sable cape, hip-length. Dolores Costello Barrymore and Elizabeth Russell, above, both prefer regal gowns with soft drapery and trains. Left, below: Pat Paterson in jade-green chiffon fashioned along classic lines, with chains of brilliants. Ida Lupino, below, wears a hostess gown of Nile green lame with princess lines. Dolores again, at right—in a black dinner costume of Balinese influence.
We put the question squarely up to the most popular screen idols: "Is your professional life in the hands of feminine film-goers?" Read their own replies—you'll be amazed!

Nelson Eddy smiled when he was asked if the fair sex is the power that rules the destinies of movie idols—and well he may, for many believe Nelson’s romantic appeal as much as his glorious voice made him a great star. Robert Montgomery, below, is another actor with a great feminine following. You'll be amused at what Bob has to say about the power of women over an actor's success.

Do Women Make Movie actors are the most highly praised and highly paid class of men in the world.

The first condition is essential to the second. For to gain great financial reward there must be equally great personal acclaim. While this may begin with printed approval, it does not end there. Lasting applause, in which may be heard the clink of gold, comes from audiences. But it swells in volume with lip-service.

What counts most of all is the spoken word. It is heard everywhere—in the street, in the shop, in the office, and in the home. Social gatherings are its special forum. There talk is fast and sometimes furious. Screen reputations are fashioned into rich splendor or torn to shreds.

Since women flock to pictures in far greater numbers than men, they may logically be considered to wield the balance of power, together with having the advantage in speech. What they say would seem to be equivalent to thumbs up or thumbs down.

If their decision were restricted to women stars the matter would be quite simple. But the situation takes on peculiar interest for the reason it includes men stars. Naturally, perhaps, the chief effect is upon the popularity of so-called romantic actors. Inevitably, then, it brings up the question: Do women make or break actors?

"There isn’t any question about it," declared John Barrymore. "Feminine interest is of excessive importance to the actor, provided"—this with the flicker of a smile—"it doesn’t meet him off the screen without his make-up on. As many as possibly three-fourths of every audience is composed of women it’s a cinch they can make or break an actor. But I don’t think the...
Fredric March, right, says: "Women choose the film the family will go to see. The husband may hate Fredric March, but if his wife says March, that's what he gets! The woman rules." Below, Herbert Marshall, the very suave and polished British actor, is one of the most romantic stars in films. Bart puts sincerity into his statement about feminine rule of the screen.

or Break Actors?

actor's work itself is affected by any influence. No actor worth his salt plays deliberately to an audience any more than Paderewski plays to a Steinway—he plays on it. I don't know whether women's approval of an actor is for good or bad; but it's very pleasant, a most agreeable sensation. Incidentally, I don't believe there is anything sexual about it. So far as that goes, some feminine stars have a great following of their own sex. This was proved years ago by the thousands of girls and women who adored Maude Adams on the stage and waited for her at the stage door to show their affection. When my own sister Ethel gave a matinee in her earlier days she was fairly mobbed by them. Much the same loyalty to men stars of the screen, particularly Clark Gable, is evident today. It may at times embarrass them personally, but it's all to the good of their professional success. It makes them, whereas the lack of it would break them.

Herbert Marshall put all his sincerity into: "Whatever women do in the bulk, and of course they do constitute the bulk of movie audiences, means that their effect on the fortunes of the actor is enormous. Meanwhile he is left to the bewilderment of wondering how to keep in their good graces or out of their bad ones. An accidental word dropped here or there in a women's club may be disastrous to him. This is perfectly disgraceful if it happens to be unjust. In such case the actor may well ask if the women are discerning enough to hold that tremendous majority which they do in the picture theatre. But of one thing we may be certain. Women are emotional, and for this reason are sure to respond to emotional acting. It is through their emotions they have become the greatest influence upon the welfare of the screen actor."

(Continued on page 89)
Hollywood Says: Watch That Hair-Line!

Screen hair styles may look carefree—but they’re sculptured with an eye to beauty

By Elin Neil

The return to naturalness espoused by Hollywood stars and rapidly taking hold among seekers after beauty, is typified in an English actress—Madeleine Carroll. Her “tailored long bob” strikes the happy medium between that unmanageable mass of hair overflowing the back of one’s neck and the all-too-mannish shingle. A whole chorus of thanks to Madeleine for showing us it can be done!

Her hair is combed smoothly back, showing a shapely forehead and graceful hair-line. Soft, loose waves end in sculptured curls, upturned and just slightly below the tip of her chin. The effect is classically simple but perfectly conceived to bring out the best lines of her profile as well as to provide a flattering frame for her face from the full-front view.

The important thing about new coiffures is to make the most of your hair-line. Betty Furness shows how the fashionable center part can be made more becoming. Her part is cleverly concealed at its inception by a strand of hair brushed softly across it. This reveals a bewitching “widow’s peak” and an unbroken hair-line outlining one of Hollywood’s loveliest foreheads. Her hair is brushed up and off her pretty ears, and it ends in a short long bob—abandoned with careful precision.

The vogue for saucy curls atop one’s head will probably continue, at least if they’re as becoming to everyone as they are to Louise Lattimer! Her coiffure starts with a side part, and the soft little curls commence about two inches away from it. If you adopt these top curls for yourself, you must experiment to find out just where to place them to give you the most flattering lines. Sometimes they’re piled evenly across the back of one’s head providing a “halo” effect when seen from the front; and the whole back of the head may be boxed with soft curls from the neckline up.

There’s been a vast revival in bangs—but they’re not for everyone! Constance Bennett is the type who can wear them to perfection. She has a slender face, tapering gracefully to the tip of her chin. Her forehead is high enough to support bangs, although it’s very attractive unembellished when she chooses (Continued on page 76)
The Super Cowboy

George O’Brien, ten years a star, starts a new phase of his career

By Tom Kennedy

Give an actor a horse he can ride, and you have a western star—not always, of course, but sometimes. But always when the screen “mounties” make a hit, they stick to that saddle and ride a smoother, longer trail of popularity than stars of the top-hat-and-tails division. Because most actors like variety and know once they get on a horse they’ll probably never get off to have a go at the drawing-room drama, many of them, unlike Richard offering his kingdom for one, they would rather offer their options not to have a horse—except for a little polo, or cantering over the Beverly hills, or maybe to carry their silks around the tracks in a cloud of dust kicked up by lighter feet of entries from the stables of Whitney, Vanderbilt, Brookmead, and other equine castles in the kingdom of the turf.

Even so, if being happy off-screen as well as heroic on it means what it should to all humans, these actors might do worse then be in the very boots of the boys who shoot straight, ride hard, and know the short cut over the hills to beat the villain to the little ranch house where lives the pretty little girl, all alone and unprotected.

They’re a happy lot off-screen, these western stars. No harried looks of care and woe over stories, and billing, and proper lighting line the faces of these boys. Take George O’Brien, Buck Jones, Bill Boyd, Ken Maynard, or other westerners now in the blue-chips. But let’s take George O’Brien, because only the other day George took a film company sales convention like the smart little pig took the wolves in that recent Disney classic.

This sales convention brought into solemn conclave all the boys who sell Astaire, Hepburn, Rogers, Pons, and other RKO films to the theatres. George O’Brien has joined that company, and his presence at the meetings started an orgy of autograph collecting like something you’d see at a premiere at Graumans—and from a lot of drummers who talk hard and fast, and think in a hard-boiled way about pictures. How do you like that as a demonstration of popularity?

Maybe it’s not good for their business to keep exposing these western heroes, who are supposed to be hashful, home-tethered, city-shy fellows, as chaps who get around quite a bit after they finish their (Continued on page 93)
HERE'S HOLLYWOOD!

The news at a glance.
All about the stars!

By Weston East

RIGHT up to the time of her departure for England to co-star with Robert Donat in the Korda film, "Knight Without Armor," Marlene Dietrich continued to startle the natives with her bizarre costuming. On one of her last appearances at the Troc, Marlene was up to there in silver fox, and all you could see of Dietrich was one roving eye, pecking from under a hat-brim.

THE behavior of Ruth Chatterton, (who hasn't had a success in several years), is not befitting her title of the first lady of the screen. On the "Dodsworth" set, Ruth was doing scenes with Madame Maria Ouspenskaya, the famous Russian actress, who was brought to Hollywood to re-create her rôle. Not only did Ruth object to the length of Madame's close-ups, she suddenly developed spells of coughing in the middle of Madame's best scenes.

JOAN CRAWFORD, who suffers from an inferiority complex, went to see "The Great Ziegfeld" just that day Joan had seen rushes of "The Gorgeous Hussy" and, for the first time, was a little pleased with her work. When she saw Luise Rainer's performance as Anna Held, Joan remarked the next day that it made her feel she was just a beginner. Later on Joan happened to meet Luise on the lot. The Viennese lady was sobbing her heart out. Joan stopped to ask if there was anything she could do. Luise had just come from the "Good Earth" set, where she had given a great dramatic account of herself. So realistic was the scene, she just couldn't check her tears. Thirty minutes later, Luise was back on her set showing everyone a beautiful bouquet of orchids that had just arrived. Attached was a card bearing a friendly word of greeting from Joan.

FOR the moment the studio was quite alarmed over the condition of Jean Harlow. On the set of "Suzy" she became ill and left her so nervous, she couldn't go on with the scene. Jean has been working very hard these last few months. Between times, she has been moving out of her white house on the hill. She has sold it and is now living comfortably in smaller quarters in Beverly Hills.

JEAN MUIR and Julie Hayden, who are the best of friends in real life, are deadly rivals for the rôle of Ophelia, in Leslie Howard's forthcoming stage production of "Hamlet." And the funny part of it is, Leslie is quite interested in the work of both girls.
WHEN you see the actor who plays Errol Flynn's brother in "Charge of the Light Brigade," you're going to have the shock of your life. His name is Pat Knowles. He's from England too and actually looks enough like Errol really to be his brother. The two met for the first time on the Warner lot.

SHIRLEY ROSS threatens to sue James Stewart for plagiarism! With the craze for "Handys" sweeping the country, the young singer, who is a good friend of Jimmy, would get in touch with him, every time she learned a new "Handy." Jimmy has a wonderful memory. At every party he went over like a million with the nonsensical hand gestures Shirley had showed him. Now the studio has decided to make a "Handy" short, and Jimmy has been asked to do his stuff. Shirley "threatens" court action unless he comes across with half the profits!

A chip of the young old block is Dick Arlen, Jr., snapped here with his dad as they had a look-see at London, where the proud parent was making a picture.

Hollywood said: "This is so sudden!" But Henry Wilcoxon and Sheila Brown- ing, actress, only smiled happily when they applied for their marriage license.

They huffed, and puffed, and had a swell time blowing out the candles on the birthday cake at the surprise party given Jeanette MacDonald by Gene Raymond, John Mack Brown, Nelson Eddy, James Stewart, and Anita Louise, left to right, with Jeanette ready to carve.

THERE'S going to be two of everything for the Crosby twins, in Bing's new home. His sons have their own suite, each with his own bath tub and even his own kitchen. The house will have twenty rooms in all. "Just a little place we call home," Bing explains.

JUST as Joan Blondell was getting ready to walk into a scene, an electrician quite innocently pulled a big cable. It sent Joan sprawling and tore the ligaments in her leg. She was carried to a doctor and then sent home for the balance of the week. Dick Powell, who but recently recovered from a serious throat operation, was acting in the same scene. Every time he'd finish a "take," he'd rush to the phone and call Joan's house to see how she was getting along.

A LITTLE bird tells me that Luise Rainer is consulting a psycho-analyst. If it's true, it's more amazing that this newcomer, who scored an instantaneous success in Hollywood, should be suffering from such a complex. But it seems that Luise gets microphone nervousness—-which makes her performances seem all the more remarkable. More power to you, Luise.
JOAN CRAWFORD’S swimming pool on Sunday afternoon was a sight that would have thrilled the hearts of fans the world over. It was Joan’s and Franchot’s first garden party of the season. Imagine if you can, Joan, Franchot, Francis Lederer, Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Taylor, James Stewart, Ginger Rogers, Una Merkel, Henry Fonda, and Madge Evans—all in the pool at one time! And the funniest sight of the afternoon was Gary Cooper riding a rubber horse to victory, against the deadly rivalry of Henry Fonda.

THERE’S a bit of early Los Angeles called Olvera Street that is one of the few remaining landmarks of Mexican origin. All the tourists gather there and purchase the gay pottery and scented candles to take home as souvenirs. Jean Arthur took a party of friends down to see the sights. In one of the booths she saw a stack of peon straw hats, that were selling for fifty cents apiece. Joan turned up a bun, dented in a crown, and pinched the feather trim into a rakish angle. The result was one of the smartest “Tyrolean” chapeaux of the season. Now many of the stars are sending their chauffeurs down with fifty cents to get a new hat.

THE Sally Blane-Norman Foster baby has been christened Gretchen. She was named after her famous aunt, whom you know as Loretta Young. Incidentally, Loretta dashed up from the “Ramona” location when she heard the news, and a special cable was sent to Loretta’s best beau, Eddie Sutherland, who was then touring around in Europe. Several hours before the baby was born, the Fosters were dining quietly in the Beverly Brown Derby. The baby wasn’t expected for two weeks.

THERE’S a certain room in a Los Angeles hospital, where worthy cases can always be assured of a bed and the best medical attention. The donor is Mary Pickford, who would much rather not have this story printed. It came to me through an ex-patient, who owes his life to Mary’s kindness.

GINGER ROGERS was dining out recently, at the home of friends. At seven o’clock she asked them if they wouldn’t tune in on Jack Benny. Imagine the host’s surprise when Benny, over the radio, carried on a conversation with Ginger, seated at the table out in Beverly Hills. It was a gag all arranged ahead of time between Ginger and Jack. The purpose behind it all, was Jack’s introducing “I Can’t Understand Why You Can’t Understand Me,” the song Ginger just composed.

BILLIE BURKE, who just finished a picture with Francis Lederer, believes the handsome Czech is the most charming gentleman in all Hollywood. Billie believes that in all her experience, she has never worked with anyone who shows such consideration and is such a lovely artist to be associated with.

EVERYONE thought Clark Gable was clowning when he remarked that he would like to sign a contract for twenty-eight days, starting with two cents a day. Each day’s salary to be multiplied by itself. In other words, the first day he would make two cents. The second day four cents. The third day it jumps to sixteen cents. Believe it or not, by the end of twenty-eight days, it runs up in the millions. If you don’t believe Clark, get out your paper and pencil and start figuring.
MADELINE CARROLL, the British beauty, has evidently been around the Irish enough, to adopt their figures of speech. When people ask her what picture she is doing, instead of saying "The General Died at Dawn," Madeline calls it, "The General Died at the Break O'Day."

WHEN Patricia Ellis walked on her own home lot recently, she unconsciously promoted a personal appearance tour for herself. Pat was wearing a turquoise satin bathing suit. She is pounds thinner, her hair has been closely-cropped to her head, and her body is sun-tanned a deep mahogany hue. When she got home, Pat found a message that she was being sent out into the world, to deliver a sermon to the tired businessman.

HELEN BRODERICK, (the comedienne with the surprised look on her face), is the least fussy of all people. She made one request, however, and that was for a rocking chair. It had to be the plain old-fashioned kind, that she could rock in while she sat and knitted between scenes. There were hundreds of chairs in the prop room, but believe it or not, there wasn't a single old-fashioned rocker. Finally they went out and bought one. And just to make it special, the prop man dressed it all up with red bows and presented it to Helen on the first day of her new picture.

MARIE WILSON, the whimsical little comedienne, whose long eye lashes grew ahead of her, has been asked to gain ten pounds. The studio has promised Marie time for a nice trip, if she can manage to put on the extra weight. Marie is anxious to gain the weight and get the trip. She was born in Anaheim, California, a town where they practically pull in the sidewalks every night at ten. Believe it or not, Marie has never been anywhere but Hollywood— which is about forty-five miles away from her birthplace.

JAMES STEWART, who measures well over six feet, is taking dancing lessons for the next Eleanor Powell picture. As if that in itself isn't enough to upset James, the studio has now sent Freddie Bartholmew in to take lessons at the same time.

THERE'S never a dull moment in the life of a Hollywood star. But Maureen O'Sullivan says she's still susceptible to sudden shocks. Recently, she was being interviewed by a lady new at the game. Suddenly and quite seriously, the woman turned to Maureen and said: "You aren't by any chance—Irish—are you?"

Maybe we shouldn't have come; after all, these squabbles just will happen at the breakfast table. But this—well, just look at Ida Lupino tell it to Reginald Owen in this scene—from a film.

"It's "taps" for Eleanor Powell's tap shoes, and she puts 'em to bed, all nice and comfy. There are sixty pairs in this special wardrobe of Eleanor's.

WONDER if this is what they call "type casting" in Hollywood. For a new picture called "Count Pete," the RKO studio had a splendid role for Helene Boland. When she wasn't available, they sent for Jean Dixon. Jean read the script and turned it down because she felt she could not do justice to that particular role. So the studio announced that Beatrice Lillie had been lured from the stage to play the part. At the present time, Jessie Ralph is actually doing it.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD did two things when she arrived in Hollywood recently, to start rehearsals on a new play. First she got in touch with Adrian and asked him to design all her clothes. Then she moved right out of the apartment she had reserved because they wouldn't allow her to keep her dog.

This advance "still" gives you an idea of the drama Mary Boland is putting into her first serious role as she plays a tense scene with Julie Haydon for their new film, "A Son Comes Home."
MARY CARLISLE is so sincere in her quest of stardom that she has budgeted—of all things—her career! Just as most people budget their household and living expenses, Mary applies the same principle to furthering her position on the screen. Judging by results, other aspiring stars might do well in following her example.

First noticed in “Grand Hotel,” in which she appeared fleetingly but effectively as the giggling bride, Mary has progressed steadily up the ladder of prominence until today she stands the perfect personification of bubbling youth and is without question the outstanding exponent of the collegiate type on the screen.

The rapidity of her rise to fame, and the serious consideration accorded her as an actress by the studio, is attributable, in part, she believes, to her novel plan.

“I hit upon the idea many months ago, more as a gag than actually believing in it,” Mary explained, as we sat in her attractive blue and pink dressing-room at the studio. The light blueness of her silk pajamas accentuated the same color of her wide round eyes.

“A few of us one night were discussing how we budgeted our expenses, how we spent so much for this and so much for that, in the way of necessities and luxuries. Jokingly, I announced that it would be a splendid idea if one could budget his or her career in the same way—so much time for acting, so much for learning lines and rehearsing, for study and improving one’s self, for exercise and keeping fit and the like. The others boo-ed me and said it couldn’t be done. The matter rested until several days later, when it entered my mind again. I began to think and wonder just why it couldn’t be done. If households and great business concerns were run on the budget plan, why not a career, especially that of one who was still trying to achieve attention?

“The more I considered such a step the stronger it appealed to me as being the perfect scheme for aiding my screen career. I believed in myself and felt that with this impetus I might forge ahead far faster than were I to remain passive and let things take their natural course.

“Consequently, I began—in somewhat haphazard fashion, I’m afraid—to allot a certain amount of time each day to diction exercises and reading aloud for expression and euphony, to practice in front of a mirror, to long, swinging walks for breathing and health.

“Before long, I noticed that I seemed easier, not so tense or nervous, in front of the camera and that I was getting more out of my lines. Others caught this change in me, too, for a director with whom I had previously worked commented on my improvement over the performance I had given in his former picture.

“The results were so satisfactory to me that I decided I was finally on the right track and would apply myself even more vigorously to my new program. I still went to parties and had ‘dates,’ but my mind was more on what I was doing at home and at the studio than ever before.

“I allowed myself more time for study of voice and expression. Along this line, too, I started to take singing lessons. One day, the thought struck me that I had been going around in circles, without any particular destination other than better acting. I knew that I had been improving, but I had no criterion by which to judge myself.

“I had always admired Helen Hayes tremendously, and from the time I first saw her on the screen she had been my ideal. Some day, I (Continued on page 85)
OF MRS. WILLIAM I. HOLLINGSWORTH, JR.
OF DEL MONTE AND PALM SPRINGS

Mrs. William I. Hollingsworth, Jr.—popular Californian who adds a vivid note to the social life of Washington, New York, London. She was educated abroad, and made her début when presented at the Court of St. James.

In Victor Hugo's Charming Garden Room, Camels Are "The Outstanding Favorite!"

Victor Hugo's is Paris in Los Angeles! Here Hugo himself, managing owner, personally welcomes the world of society and of Hollywood to the delights of good eating and good digestion. When diners pause to smoke their Camels, Hugo himself gives the nod of approval. "Our guests know fine tobaccos as well as fine foods and proper service," he says. "They have made Camels the outstanding favorite here." Camels help to give one that delightful sense of having dined well. Try Camels. Enjoy their delicate fragrance and mellow taste. Camels open up a new world of pleasure, where mildness and rare flavor reign supreme. They set you right—and never get on your nerves!

Among the many distinguished women of society who appreciate Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
MISS MARY BYRD, Richmond
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, Boston
MRS. ERNEST DE PONT, JR., Wilmington
MRS. CHISWELL DARNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York
MRS. LANGDON POST, New York
MISS LUCY SAUNDERS, New York
MISS ROSE WINSLOW, New York

1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE...SMOKE CAMELS
Don't be sticky, wilted, and unattractive! Use Irresistible TALC to give you cool allure on hottest days. Easily, quickly, you can dust body odor away with this dainty perfumed deodorant talcum or dusting powder. Apply it generously all over your body.

When you haven't time for a bath, heat and weariness are banished by a quick rub with Irresistible COLOGNE on your entire body. It's a tingling, refreshing treat. Finish with Irresistible TALC or DUSTING POWDER for daintiness and flower-like fragrance, the fragrance of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Your whole body will then feel invigorated, young, glorified!

Try all the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure. Laboratory tested and approved.

ONLY 10¢ EACH AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES

ASK FOR
Irresistible

PERFUME, FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIP LURE, COLD CREAM, BRILLIANTINE
Salutes and Snubs

DUCK, SUNSHINE, DUCK!
I'd like to know what chances a big-eared guy like Gable has when Fonda and Mack-Murray are in the same town—or am I too inquisitive?
Sunshine Hughes, 1113 West Drew, Houston, Tex.

THE DELIGHTFUL "MR. DEEDS"
Going to movies is a treat, for I can go so little. The words "directed by Frank Capra," led me to see "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," with expectations of humor, natural beauty, and clean entertainment. I was filled with gratitude, for my anticipations were more than satisfied, and I was thankful for the lesson it taught and which many of us so often forget, and that is: "Don't Complain."
Mrs. George McFarland, 4806 Nebraska Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

HOW BROAD ARE SHOULDERS?
Robert Taylor is handsome, attractive, and all that, but as far as physique goes Bob isn't tops among the screen men. In "Broadway Melody" he wore a tweed coat with magnificent shoulders. But when, later, he appeared in shirt-sleeves, there was something missing—and it wasn't only the coat.

Climbing high in favor is pretty Anne Shirley, whose presence there at the top of our department is "by request" of the letter writers this month.

A SALUTE AND A SNUB
The Salute goes to John Howard, who, if given a chance, could be one of the greatest stars ever. His smile should shine more on the screen. The Snub goes to the producers for not giving John the chance he deserves.
Joan Smith, Box 298, Calico Rock, Ark.

LADY ANNE
Anne Shirley brings a new type to the screen. Youth is always lovely, but in Anne it has a new charm that is still as old as Eve because so completely feminine and—

You Read What Others Say and Write What You Think
No straw voting here—this is real, a free forum of expression for candid views, opinions and convictions about pictures and picture people. It's the place where the screen-goer talks back, says what he or she thinks, and lets the stars fall where they will. And it is all in the interest of giving credit where credit is due. So come along—write what you think. Try to limit each letter to fifty words, but send as many letters as you please. Address your letters to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

to use an old-fashioned word—so lady-like.
Harriet P. Jones, 337 Walnut St., Twin Falls, Idaho.

SECONGING THE MOTION
I'd like to second Bertha Barwix's plea for Cagney to play the "Captain Kettle" stories. I hope he makes some of them in London. I'd also like to register a request for Jeannie MacDonald as "Alesia" in Andraun's light opera, "La Pompee." And I must say, after reading in "Here's Hollywood" that Ida Lupino thought Frank Lederer put too much reality into a scene in which he slapped her face, I think Ida should get spanked for thinking any man would purposely slap such a pretty little face as hers.
Jill Fish, 2 Hermitage Lane, London, England.

CANDIDATE FOR "CRAWFORD ADMIRER" NO. 1
Thank goodness "The Gorgeous Hussy" will soon be released. I've waited so long! For several years I've saved every picture promised of Joan, have read every article and interview about her, have seen all her films from fifteen to twenty times, then typed the story in detail, so I may "live over" them.
Lillian J. Gaudio, 1679 64th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PRAISE FROM THE PHILIPPINES
She's America's Brat, and a gift to the film-goers of the world; a natural born actress with an outstanding talent: in Ziegfield's time she would have been the Great Glorifier of Glorified Brat; but without Ziegfield, Jane Withers is still the grand little dramatic trooper.
Mercedes Povico, 884 O'Donnell, Manila, P. I.

THE LADIES PROTEST
We write in response to Art Long's misguided views in this department in July SCREENLAND, in which he referred to two splendid actors, Henry Wilcoxon and Ian Keith, as hams; and also to that excellent film "The Crusades" as "dull holism." We suggest that if Mr. Long cannot use better judgment in his criticisms that he keep his heightened opinions to himself.
Doris Kelso & Virginia Virgilio, 1178 S. Crescent Heights Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

A GRACIOUS BOW TO GARY
Gary Cooper is an actor who is wise enough to surrender to the role rather than trying to pump up dramatic effect—a sincere actor indeed. Many salutes to him for his human portrayal of "Mr. Deeds."
Miriam Milton, 216 Leo St., Tampa, Fla.

THESE THREE GREAT GIRLS
Jane Withers is a born actress, and I would like to see her in a story in which Jane has real parents to care for and love her. Shirley Temple is always adorable, and little Cora Sue Collins deserves more credit, and even better chances than she has had so far.
Mrs. J. F. Cain, Jr., Ball Brount, Ga.
and married Frank Fay, the brilliant, frank-talking Mr. Fay, and what a picnic that was for an inferiority complex. Barbara, shy to begin with, practically gave up talking as a lost art. She told me once that she lived in mortal terror that someone might ask her a question and she'd have to answer. You have no idea what that girl suffers. After her separation from Frank Fay she hid herself away in the desert with her young son Dion, he’s four now, until she was forced to come back to Hollywood to make pictures. Several of her friends who had survived her marriage coaxed her to appear in public more, to go to parties, and to laugh and be the old New York Barbara again—and so Barbara bought herself some new evening clothes, and with her brother, started going to a few parties again, and suffering agony every time she was faced with more than three people.

It was at the Trocadero last March that she first met Robert Taylor. They were both on the same party, but it was not a great party, and outside of being introduced they didn’t speak all evening. “A week later,” said Barbara, “I was most surprised when he called me over the phone and asked me if I would go out to dinner with him some evening. I told him no, that I didn’t like to go out, but that I would be very pleased if he would dine at my home with my brother and myself the following Wednesday. I think that was the quietest dinner party in history. My brother talks even less than I do. Bob didn’t talk at all. We just sat there and ate and sort of looked at each other rather painfully now and then, and when Bob left that night I was sure I should never hear from him again.

He must have been a bit undecided about it himself for he waited two weeks before he called again, and this time he finally skipped all mention of dinner—he wasn’t going to go through that again—and suggested that he drop by for me and take me for a drive down by the beach. We drove for hours without saying anything, and then he bought me a hot dog and brought me home. That, I was positive, would be the last I would see of Mr. Taylor all right.”

But he called again, (and I bet Barbara was awfully glad), and this time he more than hastily dispensed with dining and driving and said let’s dance. Bob is an awfully good dancer, and of course dancing is one of the things I like best, and so that evening at the Trocadero proved to be quite an occasion—we discovered that we were crazy about dancing with each other. Before we even stepped on the dance floor I explained to Bob that I never liked to talk while I danced, and he seemed awfully relieved and agreed that it was the same with him, and what with Philip Oberman playing one number right after another we spent hours with each other for weeks without saying a word. Yes, it was a romance without words. But we talk now.”

But not too much. I was at Joan Crawford’s party with them not long ago and I don’t think Bob or Barbara spoke more than five words the entire afternoon. Finally she tried to play ping pong with him, but couldn’t even hit the ball—and she a number one ping pong player! She wanted most awfully to take a dip in Joan’s beautiful pool, but couldn’t even gather nerve enough to cross the yard to the bath house to change into a bathing suit. Finally in a complete panic she had to make her home. “Mercy,” I said, “me being the type who talks about people, “what a rude girl.” But I had to take that back when I met her a few days later, this time only the two of us and no party. I have never met a more sincere, a more honest, a more “character person than Barbara Stanwyck. “For once in my life,” she said, “I would like to be the life of the party. But I just can’t. The minute I arrive I begin to have nervous jitters because I’m afraid someone will speak to me, or that no one will speak to me. I can’t win. But the trouble is that the more frightened I become the more people and serene I become. I wonder you thought I was an old snoot.”

“Barbara helps me keep my feet right on the ground,” Bob told me. “Whenever I want to let a little flattery go to my head Barbara will say, ‘And next time don’t you dare give me that kind of bs—’, and I can’t take myself so seriously around Barbara even if I wanted to. And she’s so different from Hollywood girls—she doesn’t want me to give her jewelry, and she doesn’t like to spend a lot of money. Yes, she is the real girl in Hollywood.”

“The real girl in Hollywood” was awakened from a sound sleep at six o’clock in the morning one day last month by a New York call—it was ten o’clock in New York, but of course Bob on his first trip to the big city was far too excited to figure out that it was only six in Hollywood. “It’s awfully exciting. Barbara,” he said, “but where’s everybody going?”

Well, I don’t know where everybody’s going. Visitors to New York have been trying to figure that out for years. But wherever Barbara and Bob are going, quietly and without any words, they’ll get there.

London Calling!

Continued from page 27

they are cutting Constance Bennett’s first British film, “Everything is Thunder,” and talking about the star who proved the complete opposite of everything they expected. She is the same party, but it is not a great party, and outside of being introduced they didn’t speak all evening. “A week later,” said Barbara, “I was most surprised when he called me over the phone and asked me if I would go out to dinner with him some evening. I told him no, that I didn’t like to go out, but that I would be very pleased if he would dine at my home with my brother and myself the following Wednesday. I think that was the quietest dinner party in history. My brother talks even less than I do. Bob didn’t talk at all. We just sat there and ate and sort of looked at each other rather painfully now and then, and when Bob left that night I was sure I should never hear from him again.

He must have been a bit undecided about it himself for he waited two weeks before he called again, and this time he finally skipped all mention of dinner—he wasn’t going to go through that again—and suggested that he drop by for me and take me for a drive down by the beach. We drove for hours without saying anything, and then he bought me a hot dog and brought me home. That, I was positive, would be the last I would see of Mr. Taylor all right.”

But he called again, (and I bet Barbara was awfully glad), and this time he more than hastily dispensed with dining and driving and said let’s dance. Bob is an awfully good dancer, and of course dancing is one of the things I like best, and so that evening at the Trocadero proved to be quite an occasion—we discovered that we were crazy about dancing with each other. Before we even stepped on the dance floor I explained to Bob that I never liked to talk while I danced, and he seemed awfully relieved and agreed that it was the same with him, and what with Philip Oberman playing one number right after another we spent hours with each other for weeks without saying a word. Yes, it was a romance without words. But we talk now.”

But not too much. I was at Joan Crawford’s party with them not long ago and I don’t think Bob or Barbara spoke more than five words the entire afternoon. Finally she tried to play ping pong with him, but couldn’t even hit the ball—and she a number one ping pong player! She wanted most awfully to take a dip in Joan’s beautiful pool, but couldn’t even gather nerve enough to cross the yard to the bath house to change into a bathing suit. Finally in a complete panic she had to make her home. “Mercy,” I said, “me being the type who talks about people, “what a rude girl.” But I had to take that back when I met her a few days later, this time only the two of us and no party. I have never met a more sincere, a more honest, a more “character person than Barbara Stanwyck. “For once in my life,” she said, “I would like to be the life of the party. But I just can’t. The minute I arrive I begin to have nervous jitters because I’m afraid someone will speak to me, or that no one will speak to me. I can’t win. But the trouble is that the more frightened I become the more people and serene I become. I wonder you thought I was an old snoot.”

“Barbara helps me keep my feet right on the ground,” Bob told me. “Whenever I want to let a little flattery go to my head Barbara will say, ‘And next time don’t you dare give me that kind of bs—’, and I can’t take myself so seriously around Barbara even if I wanted to. And she’s so different from Hollywood girls—she doesn’t want me to give her jewelry, and she doesn’t like to spend a lot of money. Yes, she is the real girl in Hollywood.”

“The real girl in Hollywood” was awakened from a sound sleep at six o’clock in the morning one day last month by a New York call—it was ten o’clock in New York, but of course Bob on his first trip to the big city was far too excited to figure out that it was only six in Hollywood. “It’s awfully exciting. Barbara,” he said, “but where’s everybody going?”

Well, I don’t know where everybody’s going. Visitors to New York have been trying to figure that out for years. But wherever Barbara and Bob are going, quietly and without any words, they’ll get there.
Roses," and John Loder has postponed his trip to Hollywood so that he can realize his greatest ambition by playing Rob Roy, the Highland hero immortalized in Sir Walter Scott's classic novel, in a big spectacular historical film shortly to be put into production by Gainsborough. Incidentally, John has just got a new hobby. He's collecting match-box covers and pasting them on the walls of his study.

Cleely Courtneidge has been completely "done over" with new coiffure and make-up for her next picture, "Everybody Dance." It's being directed by Chess Reisner, the man who often directed Marie Dressler and first exploited Laurel and Hardy. Jessie Matthews has given up wearing hats—she says they flatten the rolled curls she now piles across the top of her pigiant dark head. Hugh Sinclair has moved into a new flat, all the rooms decorated in dead white and relieved by blue-striped curtains and red-backed chairs and couches. Noah Beery plays a different kind of villain, kindly, slow, and quiet, in the latest London mystery thriller, "Someone at the Door."

Well, here's Elstree where new buildings have arisen out of the ashes of the old one destroyed by the sensational fire last winter. Come across the lawns to the British and Dominion lot where "The Three Maximum" nears completion. Look up at Tullio Carminati and Leslie Banks swinging from the flying trapeze and performing double acrobatic and "swinging books" over the aerial ropes to the circus manner born. (But don't ask them to tell of the weary painful hours they spent achieving this acrobatic proficiency, the number of close-ups necessary to the story making doubles impossible.)

They both have roles entirely different from anything else they have attempted as Tony and Mae, the two artists who become rivals for the love of the girl who completes their professional trio. She's Anna Neagle of the spun gold curls and the dancing blue eyes, our merriest English star, typical open-air girl who swims and rides and plays football and tennis and hockey and has never been inside a night-club in her life. She lives in a country cottage just beyond those woods with her mother and faithful retired school saucer, her red setter Mike, and her Persian cats.

That's the British International Pictures studio—and that's Lupe Velez's new Seabon terrier, Thomas, exploring the flower beds. Up the road are the Ambassador lots where brilliant young producer Paul Soskin is preparing for his biggest film yet, a spy story, "The Shadow on the Wall," in which Paul Muni is coming from Hollywood to star. It is planned to cost the equivalent of four hundred thousand dollars, which would make it our most expensive essay this year.

Though Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, will possibly raise that figure when he starts directing Ronald Colman at Isleworth later this summer, Ronald has agreed to play the title role in a biographical costume drama about Sir Walter Raleigh, gallant sea-dog who paid court to Queen Elizabeth and introduced smoking tobacco to Europe after his voyages to America, where he noted the Redskin customs. Junior is shortly payable another hurried visit to California to discuss the script details with Ronald, so once again the most-travelled armchair in the world will be carried on board an Atlantic liner. Junior never goes anywhere without this strange piece of baggage. It's a curious old-fashioned affair, padded with shabby leather and reminiscent of Great-Grandmother's parlor, but neither Fairbanks swears it is his lucky seat and the most comfortable one in which to write, so often it goes to America with him and everybody else who journeys.
he subsided, abruptly, and would not be persuaded to further revelations of personal prejudices about the opposite sex. But I didn't forget. now." And I decided that I set forth to make more investigations about what famous and sought-after men wished women wouldn't do. Of course, I was greatly and unhesitatingly "I wish they wouldn't wear pants!" Or slacks, or even riding breeches! No woman should ever appear in public in any kind of trousers, and she has but one kind, honest friend tell her about how she looks from the back. If women could get views of themselves from behind, walking, you wouldn't wish to see in their sand wearing any kind of trousers! They're almost always awful.

"I wish they wouldn't wear flat-heeled shoes, either. They spoil a woman's carriage, mar her figure. A man likes a woman with a dainty foot and ankle," he went on, plaintively. "He likes to look at her and then be able to see if she could start to dance right away.

"I wish women wouldn't get themselves sunburned until they look like Indians. I don't like to look at an almost black woman, lying on the beach, all covered with olive oil and smothered in sand. I like a woman with a nice, pink and white skin, wearing a smart, dark dress, maybe one gardenia, nice gloves, and carrying a smart bag to meet me somewhere for tea. Rather late," he added hastily. (If George hadn't have his choice about the hours he keeps, he would breakfast at about three in the afternoon).

"I wish," he went on, "that if I take a woman to a party or a night club, she wouldn't get tight on three Martinis and lop on me in the taxi going home. I wish women wouldn't get tight, anyhow. It isn't becoming to them. Their faces get loose. A clever woman won't ever do it."

Georgie, you see, doesn't drink, and apparently he has had some painful experiences with women who do. I pursued this matter and presently I caught up with Ronald Colman, who told me that he wished all women would be as conscious, deliberately, fluidly cute at home.

"If somebodasses a chap, you know," he said, "it gives the woman away, makes her seem obvious and a little cheap. Cuteness belongs to very young creatures who are full of vim and un-spliced in their charm. Maybe it's the Hollywood influence," he went on, in his grave, judicious manner. "Most of the women here have careers. They write, or act, or edit, or design. They are sensible, shrewd people who meet men on their own ground, play outdoor games with them, consult with them at conferences in the studio.

"Your helpless, frilly, giggly, sleep-untilnoon, take-me-to-tea female hasn't much place here. Nor has she, I think, in any other modern community. We like them crisp and gay and alert and intelligent. A clever woman won't pretend helplessness and an exaggerated manner.

"A clever woman!" I began to catch on. It's showmanship that these men demand. They don't mind being looked if you do it cleverly. I decided that most men would want to give yourself away! The remark kept cropping up as I continued my investigations. "A clever woman won't do it."

"A clever woman won't do it," he said, wishing that women wouldn't be noisy or conspicuous—ever. He wishes that they wouldn't be coy. He wishes that they would not try to seem sophisticated when they are not. "They merely succeed in being vulgar," he said. He wishes that they would not be-be-deck themselves with what he terms "things"

bangles, ribbons, ruffles, earrings, artificial flowers, trains. He grew really oratorical over his dislike of trains.

"I do wish, though," he sighed, when he had quitted down a bit, "that they would wear stockings. About one pair of legs in a thousand will bear scrutiny without them. They should just one glimpse of their knees from the back! Well-shaped legs may look lovely when thinly covered with silk. But there should be a law against legs appearing in public, undressed.

"As I went further and further into this matter, I discovered that it was the comparatively small things which counted. These men who spend their working days in the company of some of the most beautiful women in the world and who may, if they choose, spend their evenings with women of the same calibre, are as much affected by small, seemingly unimportant gestures as is your, (or my), Uncle Ned in Dobbs' Corners."

Freddie March said, "You don't know what it does to a man when a seemingly fastidious woman suddenly attacks an intimate problem in a public place! Perhaps she is gossiping, (in an elevator), about a mutual friend. Perhaps she is taking up your own affairs with your—love, money, or what the neighbors said. She will complain at her husband or reprimand her child in front of guests or servants. She will shout the latest tid-bit of gossip from one restaurant table to another. She will discuss her best friend's domestic difficulties with her hairdresser.

"This is the type of woman who will make a scene at her husband or her brother or her best male friend over a bridge-table. She won't do it to—or at—a stranger. She is all cheerful tolerance to the man she has but recently met. If she could know what the other men in the room are thinking when she shares these confidences, she certainly would restrain herself. If she were clever, she would."

"If she were clever!" The phrase was beginning to haunt me. Were women, I wondered, just plain stupid about pleasing men? I sought out some of the younger fry. And there I found some bitterness!

"A long young actress are the worst," Eric Linden told me. "They little must be seen only in the right places and with the right people. If you take one to a pretentious or a night club, you can't just tuck her into the little car you yourself use to drive to work. No! You must rent a limousine and a driver. If you want to take her swimming, you can't just pick out a good beach and go there and swim. No! She may be seen only on private beaches or at the side of a pool which belongs to someone important. She insists three hours getting ready, appears with a car-load of equipment, and when you arrive at whatever place of water is good enough, she can't go in because it might spoil her make-up and she might be glimpsed by an important executive when she is not looking her best. We can't have fun with these girls. They aren't waterproof!"

Bob Taylor's complaints were not so different. 'I wish they wouldn't meet me at the dining room holding on to the orchids and demanding, 'Where shall we go?" he pronounced. 'I like to take a pretty girl to the movies, of course, anything!'

"But I'd like, once in a while, to think that it was my own idea. I'd like to think, some times, that she would enjoy it if we just sat down and talked. If she would say, just once, 'Let's stay here and make a pan of fudge!' I would probably insist upon taking her somewhere because I should know that she would enjoy the gesture and the offer would be comforting,

"If they were clever, they'd pretend, some times, that they wanted to see a man just for himself."

Robert Young thinks that the nagging, suspicious woman is the worst of all.

"I once thought that I was falling in love with a girl," he related, gravely. "She was lovely and all my imagination was intrigued and fascinated. I left her at her home one evening and was so uplifted and thrilled that I drove about for perhaps an hour and a half, thinking and thinking. I finally went home I found several telephone messages from her. When I answered, I found her in a state of suspicious temper. She demanded to know where I had been and with whom. When I told her she didn't believe me; she accused me of various things.

"It was an ugly and revealing scene and it destroyed something very lovely that I had created in my own mind about her. I never went back to see her.

"I know a wife who, when her husband says that he would like to go to the fights or have a game with the boys, replies, absently, 'Certainly, dear. I hope you will have a nice time. I wanted to go to Marjorie's, anyhow.'"

"You have never seen a more uneasy man than that husband is at the fights or whatever is anticipated for his bachelor life. He keeps worrying about what his wife is doing, whether she really is at Marjorie's and why she was so willing to have him leave for a game with the boys. She makes him so unhappy by not nagging or complaining that he won't leave her again for six months or longer.

"She is clever, that one!"

All of which leads me to believe that what a man wants most—even the experienced, male film charmer—is showmanship. Haven't they always?
Carole Lombard's beauty bath protects daintiness—leaves skin sweet

I step into a fragrant Lux Toilet Soap bath—lie back a moment completely relaxed

Often I come home from a long day before the camera thoroughly tired out

When I step out I am so marvelously refreshed! My skin is soft and smooth—delicately perfumed

A LOVELY screen star—a famous and beautiful woman—Carole Lombard tells you a simple beauty secret you’ll find easy and delightful to follow.

You’ll be amazed at the way a luxurious Lux Toilet Soap bath peps you up. The ACTIVE lather of this fine soap sinks deep into the pores, carries away stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt, leaves skin really clean—smooth—delicately fragrant.

“A swell way to protect daintiness!” popular girls say. Why don’t you use this fine complexion soap for your daily beauty bath, too? It’s the soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use to keep skin flawless.

CAROLE LOMBARD
Famous Paramount Star
Let's see what the doctor says about laxatives

As sympathetic as your doctor is with his patients, he is strictly a scientist in his attitude towards health. He has, for instance, certain definite standards which he demands of a laxative before giving it his approval. These requirements are listed below. Read them carefully for your own good.

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A GOOD LAXATIVE

It should be dependable. It should be mild and gentle. It should be thorough. Its merit should be proven by the test of time. It should not form a habit. It should not over-act. It should not cause stomach pains. It should not nauseate or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS THIS TEST AT EVERY POINT

Next time you need a laxative, remember this: Ex-Lax fulfills the doctor's requirements at every point. Doctors everywhere use Ex-Lax in their own families. Mothers have given it to their children with perfect trust for over 30 years. Since Ex-Lax was first introduced, it has steadily risen in public confidence. Today more people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative in the world.

PROVE THE DOCTOR'S POINTS YOURSELF

Try Ex-Lax. See how mild and gentle it is—how thorough. Find out for yourself how easy it works. No upset stomach. No pain. No nausea. Ex-Lax is intended only to help Nature—and to do it without shock or violence.

If you have been taking nasty, druggy-tasting laxatives, you'll be delighted to find how pleasant Ex-Lax is. For Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children enjoy taking it. And it is just as good for them as for adults.

At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. S 96, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

END OF THE SUMMER hands don't have to be pale to be loved! Own up, now—aren't yours at least three shades darker, along with the rest of your skin that's been exposed to sun and sea? Here comes Cutex to your rescue with a stunning new shade of "Robin Red" nail polish that's perfectly attuned to tan skin and makes an excellent make-up. Incidentally, it has its own matching lipstick. It's a glowing opaque color with an undertone of dull gold. Robin Red, as well as other Cutex polishes such as rust, ruby, and rose, is made on a brand new formula so it goes on smoothly and stays on longer. Besides, it won't thicken and dry in the bottle—so it's good to the last drop. To keep your fingernails in enviable condition, Cutex has a new Oily Cuticle Remover, and their Oily Remover for taking off polish is non-drying.

BEGING women, we don't like to admit we use razors—but plenty of us do, nevertheless! if you add a Lektro-Shaver to your beauty equipment, we warn you you'll probably be boasting about it. This little electric shaver is perfect for under-arms. It's used dry, no lather needed, and it has a permanent self-sharpening blade. It's constructed so as to prevent any possibility of scraping or cutting the skin. Each little hair is snipped off right at the skin level, leaving an immaculately smooth, hair-free surface. One reason women are so enthusiastic about Lektro-Shaver is that there isn't one bit of messiness while you're using it—or afterwards. And if you're wrecking your brain to think up a different kind of gift for a man—this is it!

WE'VE found a million dollar lipstick in a five-and-ten cent store! Generous in size with a smart cream and green case and a swivel top, an Irresistible lipstick can travel in the best society and nobody who wasn't in on the secret would even suspect where you found it. The lip rouge itself is smooth and lasting, in a variety of popular shades and with a soft, pleasant fragrance. We've been told that masculine connoisseurs think "Irresistible" lives up to its name!

FRECKLES! Naughty girl, you should have been more careful about using Laura's preparations! But don't despair—go to work right now and get rid of that polka-dot pigmentation! Nadina-Freckle Cream will fade the brown spots into oblivion if you use it conscientiously. Here's how: first, cleanse your skin thoroughly at bedtime. Then smooth on a light film of Nadina-Freckle Cream and leave it on all night, cleansing your face as usual in the morning. A few bedtime applications should do the trick, so this cream comes in a little jar, very inexpensive yet holding enough to fade out average freckles. If yours are the stubborn kind that need longer treatment, re-order the small jar or get the larger size.

THERE'S something new and very nice under the sun; a powder base called "Petalskin" Cream-Pastelle, that's just as delightful as its name. A smooth semi-liquid in a lovely appleblossom tinted bottle contains worlds of beauty for aspiring complexion. Besides forming a velvety, instantly beautifying surface for make-up, Petalskin refines the texture of the skin. And, if you've let yourself go a little sunburn, you'll be thrilled with the way it takes out soreness and redness, leaving your skin cool and fresh for that evening date! There are six petal shades, all named the same name to fill other beauty needs.

THERE aren't many external reducing remedies that actually take off weight and inches, but we know from personal experience that Nancy Hatch's Reducing Cream does! You massage it into the skin after a warm bath. It is quickly absorbed. An application every other day will get results if you confine your bathing to quick showers in between times.
and then this snapshot fell out of a book I was reading. I only hope seeing it again will do for you what it did for me. Will Saturday be all right?

Bill

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today

SNAPSHOTS remember things you've let yourself forget. They keep, safe and true, the feeling of some special time, the thrill of some wonderful moment. Make those snapshots now that are going to mean so much to you later. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.
ASK ME!
By Miss Vee Dee

Young Charmer. That's admitting a lot, or are you just being very modest? One of the men of the hour seems to be John Howard. His recent picture is "Thirty Hours by Air," with Joan Bennett and the very engaging Fred MacMurray. Ruth Chatterton was in "Lady of Secrets" with Otto Kruger. Now Ruth is playing in Walter Huston's film version of "Dodsworth." She's also in "Girls' Dormitory."

M. H. B. I'm sorry to tell you that David Landau passed away during the past year. He was a very fine actor, both on the stage and screen, and his work will be greatly missed. I heard one of his last successes was in "Street Scene," followed by "Union Depot," "Judge Priest," and "Death" on the Diamond, as well as other films.

Eliza R. "The lady with the lovely voice and real beauty," who played the wife of H. B. Warner in "The Garden Murder Mystery," starring Edmund Lowe, was Frieda Inescort. Among the other lovely ladies in the cast, Virginia Bruce and Benita Hume, Frieda rather dominates the picture. Miss Inescort is often seen on the Broadway stage. Watch for her in "In the King Steps Out," with Grace Moore; and in "Mary of Scotland," with Katharine Hepburn and Fredric March.

Hollywood Says: Watch That Hair-Line

Continued from page 60

to reveal it! Please notice, however, that her bangs are soft, not too heavy, and artfully arranged with a slight curl to allow turning the ends to one side. This avoids the harshness of a straight line across the forehead which is almost universally unbecoming. Bangs which suggest a beautiful forehead only partially concealed are far more intriguing and not a moon or so which hint they have something to hide.

Only the ultra-beautiful, with clean-cut chiselled features, should attempt the hair-dress with a slight curl on top of the forehead. Irene Hervey can do it, and she can wear an undisguised center part, too. This type of coiffure gives the impression of straightness, and one always perceives the perfection of features. However, it is aging to those of us who can't afford to look older. Avoid it if you have the slightest suggestion of heaviness around your chin and lower cheeks. If you're blessed with youthful looks, plus classic features, it may lend you an air of distinction that's priceless. Be sure, though, that you set the braid far back from your forehead.

The flower in one's hair that showed its first bloom last spring is a delightfully romantic accessory to evening allure that it threatens to become permanent. A fragrant gardenia at the side-front of a girl's coiffure adds much, but at the same time it intensifies the fairness of her skin and whiteness of her teeth.

Now I've talked myself out on the subject of natural colors. Spring is past, and hopefully the movie stars achieve them. Except for the lucky few who are blessed with naturally curly hair, you must depend upon the right permanent wave as the basis of the "studied abandon" that's as smart as it is becoming. The old days, (I won't say good ones), when the value of a permanent was judged by how long it lasted are gone forever. No well-groomed woman nowadays wants to go through three months of "kinks" for nine months of curl. And—it isn't necessary.

Permanent waves have been immensely improved. However, you yourself should contribute something to the success of your wave. Have oil treatments or give yourself some shampoo before before your new wave. Let your hair grow fairly long before—and have it cut after. Hair is always thinned out toward the ends so you must expect a tighter curl there. The hair-cut will do most of what's necessary to get those ends in shape. And here's something you can do yourself to help train those curls you roll around your finger: put a little hair ointment or tonic oil on your comb. You'll be surprised how much it helps the curl-making process.

It's excellent treatment for any new-born permanent to brush your hair regularly and vigorously every day until the softness and sheen are as much of a joy as the curl. Oil treatments or soapless shampoos are helpful following the wave, too.

Naturalness in hair styles goes double, as it includes color, too. Extreme artificial shades are fading out of the picture. No doubt Jean Harlow had a lot to do with this trend when she denounced platinum blonde hair. Brighten up your hair, bring out its highlights and disguise embarrassing grey, by all means, but avoid obvious extremes. Don't pull out grey hairs. Cut them close to the scalp instead. There really is something in the old warning "pull out a grey hair and two grow in," according to a prominent dermatologist. Pulling late-ly. Pulling out a firmly entrenched hair is likely to injure surrounding color glands, and frequently more grey hairs actually do appear.

Miss Phyllis J. Fred Astaire has danced his way into millions of feminine hearts but has had few changes in his dancing partners. His first was his sister Adele who appeared on the stage with him until her marriage in 1932 to Lord Charles Cavendish of England. Fred danced for a time alone in "The Gay Divorcee," changed from "The Gay Divorcee," a stage show that ran for months in New York and London. His first picture contract was for a dance number with Joan Crawford in "Dancing Lady," then came "Flying Down to Rio." The Astaire-Ginger Rogers team made a big splash hit in "The Gay Divorcee," changed from "The Gay Divorcee," "Follow the Fleet," followed by "Top Hat," "Follow the Fleet," all with Ginger Rogers. The Astaire-Rogers team is now making "Swing Time," with Jerome Kern music.

Jane C. K. Tiny Lily Pons, the great soprano from the Metropolitan, is one of opera's best gifts to the picture world. She was born April 13, 1895, in Canus, France; is 5 feet tall, and weighs 104 pounds. She married a Dutch publisher, August Meiritz, but they are now separated. Lily made her opera debut in "Lakmé" in Alsace in 1928; and sang the Bell Song from the same opera in her first motion picture, "I Dream Too Much." Yes—Pons will make another picture soon.
READ HOW KAY'S PIMPLES NEARLY KEPT HER OUT OF THE FASHION SHOW

THAT'S FINE, KAY... YOU'VE GOT THE WALK DOWN PAT, BUT I DON'T LIKE THE DRESS ON YOU... SUPPOSE YOU TRY ONE OF THE SPORTS SUITS.

HOW COME? WHY'S SHE MAKING YOU CHANGE? SHE SAYS THE DRESS DOESN'T SUIT ME... WHAT SHE MEANS IS I'VE GOT TOO DARN MANY PIMPLES TO WEAR IT. OH BABS, HOW CAN I GET RID OF THEM BEFORE THIS SHOW COMES OFF?!

I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU OUGHT TO DO... EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. HONESTLY, IT'S DEATH ON PIMPLES. I OUGHT TO KNOW... IT CLEARED UP MINE!

IT DID? I'LL START TONIGHT!

LATER... BABS... JUST LOOK AT ME! NO MORE PIMPLES! I CAN MODEL THAT HEAVENLY EVENING DRESS AFTER ALL!

WHAT A PEACH! SAY, DO YOU KNOW HER? HOW CAN I MEET HER?

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES KEEP YOU FROM BEING ADMIRED

UNSIGHTLY skin blemishes are a big trial to many young people during the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

Important glands develop at this time, and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur throughout the entire system. The skin, especially, gets very sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, and it breaks out in pimples.

But even severe cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann’s fresh Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples disappear.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann’s Yeast regularly each day, before meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated
my 'rithmetic when you're fixing my dress?' "Guess I can stand it, honey," Andey reassures her.

"Eight plus six plus seven," begins Miss Klamp.

Still threading rafia, Shirley replies: "Twenty-one."

"Seventy-eight minus thirty-five."

Her work drops into her lap. Hazel-

brown eyes are fixed for a moment on

space. "Forty-three," she says, and picks

up her cardboard.

"Some boys are going on a picnic. If four

boys go in a rowboat and six boys go in

a sailboat, how many are going on the

picnic?"

"Ten boys," says Shirley, with that side-

long smile that tells you a good joke is

coming, "and two boats are going on the

picnic."

Besides arithmetic, she learns reading

and spelling, writing and sentence structure,

French and drawing. The work is planned

so as to enrich her experience, rather than to

push her still farther ahead of her years. She

reads the books prescribed by the school course, which still leaves time for other books—the beloved classics of childhood—to be read aloud to her. She prefers fantasy to realism, and

loves fairy-tales above everything else.

Rapt and dreaming, she drinks in the

ancient lore of princess and goblin and

fairy queen—the little girl who doesn't

for a moment realize that she's living a

modern fairy-tale of her own.

Today Miss Klamp is reading "Pinocchio"
to her, while Shirley's fingers stick

patiently to the self-imposed job of finishing

"Daddy's Blotter." She asks an occasion-

al question, though she'd rather figure

things out for herself when she can. They

come to the "good fairy with azure hair."

Shirley looks up, "Azure hair?"

"Yes, Shirley. It means blue, like the

sky."

"That's good," approves Shirley heartily.

"I'm glad they have blue hair in fairyland.

It's my favorite color."

The word "philosopher" crops up in the

text, and Miss Klamp ponders intuitively

for the question she expects. No question

is forthcoming.

"What is a philosopher, Shirley?" she

asks.

"Well," comes the answer, "I believe it's

a sort of teacher." She holds out her card-

board. "How do you think I'm doing with

this red?"

"You couldn't be doing better," Miss

Klamp assures her, with an emphasis that

serves to cover her astonishment. "How

did you know what philosopher meant?

Shirley?" she inquires cautiously.

Shirley shrugs. "Must've heard it some-

where."

She's more interested in a friend who

has just appeared than in her linguistic

prowess. Shirley has a passion for crayons,

and she knows that her friend, who uses

them in his work, is likely to have one

crayon to spare for her.

He offers them on his outstretched palms.

"Which will you have?"

Her fingers hover, she looks up, and the

tiny dimples at the corners of her mouth

start flickering. "Guess I'll take the red."

she announces with decidedness, "It's

the reddest,

and they burst into laughter at some con-

spicuity of their own. You begin to realize

that Shirley's the kind of person who can

always find something to laugh at—that

the sunniness she radiates on the screen

belongs not to "Bright Eyes" nor "Curly

Top" nor "Little Miss Marker," but lies

deep in the disposition of Shirley Temple.

"Mommy says you spoil me," she informs

her friend.

"What do you think?" he inquires

gravelly.

She ponders this for a moment. "I don't

think so—I hope not," she replies with

equal gravity. There's nothing coy or self-

conscious about this rejoinder. You have

only to hear her, "I hope not!" to know that

she says it because what she means,

that nothing lies behind it but her own

clear candor. "It's impossible," you may

hear people say, "that a child surrounded

as she is by the world's adulation should

remain simple, untouched, without affecta-

tion." Let these same people spend a day

on the set with her, and they'll then be

excited to find the impression is true. I defy

the most vigilant eye to detect in her any

hint of the show-off. A miracle, maybe—

but a miracle that works—partly because of

her mother's wise training, partly because

of her natural qualities. Watching her,

you grow gradually conscious of some-

thing about her that is difficult to de-

fine—a kind of serenity, spiritual poise,

dignity—call it what you like, for I don't

know what to call it—which is proof

against anything cheap or false. It's a

quality rare in a child, usually coming, if

at all, with the mellowing of years. Perhaps

it's that, even more than her gifts as an

actress, which lies at the root of the love

she inspires.

"You going to draw me a picture with that
crayon?" Andey asks her.

"If you want me to. Only I don't do

drawing very well."

"Why, Shirley! What about my beautiful

rose?" And from her kit, where it's obvi-

ously lain treasured for many a day, Andey

produces the drawing of a highly colored

rose, with this legend printed underneath:

"Dear Andey. tomorrow we will have a
coca-cola together. Happy birthday. Don't

forget. Shirley."

"But I didn't draw it," says honest Shir-
Only Touch Tuning* can achieve perfection of touch!

Typists and typing habits differ. Even the different typing fingers of the same hand vary in the pressure they exert upon the keys.

That's why the Underwood offers Touch Tuning...the ability to adjust each and every key on the keyboard to the individual "touch" of the finger that strikes it.

Touch Tuning assures that quality of eager responsiveness that all operators praise on the Underwood. Decreasing key resistance increases typing ease. There's no typing-weariness at the end of a busy day.

For speed, accuracy, durability, simplicity — for easier, better and quieter typing—choose the Underwood. On no other machine will you find the famous Champion Keyboard. Ask the nearest Branch for a free demonstration on your own work and in your own office.

Underwood Elliott Fisher Company
Typewriters...Accounting Machines...Adding Machines
Carbon Paper, Ribbons and other Supplies
One Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. * Sales and Service Everywhere
* Individual Key Adjustment

THE NEW
Underwood
STANDARD TYPEWRITER
ley, "It was all drawn—drawn—and I just colored it. He's forgotten to give her the high sign. "Cut!" he calls, realizing his omission. This is too good a chance to lose. It's not often that the director misses a trick.

"I'm afraid, Miss Temple," he rejoins with a low bow, "I'm afraid it'll be two takes." And Shirley bows back, as you saw her bow to Arthur Treacher in "Carly Top." They try it again. He doesn't forget the high sign this time. Miss Temple, this time, Shirley, with twice as many lines, to be sure, as any of the adults—this time, it's one take Shirley who blows up in her lines. Her face is worth the price of admission. One, two, Miss Temple, and Miss Seiter—then, forefinger stuck at an angle into her topknot, she pirouettes silently and tipotes back to her place on the sidelines—a picture of comical self-abasement. The director picks up his cue. "I'm afraid, Miss Temple, darling," he observes with formal elegance, "it's going to be three takes."

She buttons her lips over the laughter that bubbles against them. "I'm afraid, Mr. Seiter dear," she bows, "you're right." Then the laughter rings out. "Guess we're just about even now," she crowns. There's a distinguished visitor on the set today. The fact that his name is David Merrick, is substantiated. The fact that he's a friend of Mr. Seiter's does.

"How do?" she smiles, and searches her mind for some form of entertainment. "Would you like a nice cool drink?" And off they go together, the tall man and the short woman, both forty years ago hand in hand with the biggest movie name of today.

So, between happy work and happy play, the day wears on. At every opportunity Shirley scampers to her stool to go on with her blower. Miss Klamp is there to lend aid and assistance. Her mother is within sight. Anthony, the still-man, strolls over for a little conversation. Anthony's a funny man. She never quite knows when he means what he says and when he doesn't. What makes life even more diverting.

"How do you like the color of my hair today?" he inquires.

"Very nice," she says, without looking up, "Azure, isn't it? You're the man with the azure hair."

Over her head Anthony turns an inquiring glance on Miss Klamp. But Miss Klamp only smiles. He'll get no help from her.

"My hair's pink," Anthony finally decides.

Shirley raises her eyes and inspects his clean-shaven face. "You're wrong, Anthony," she tells him solemnly. "Your beard's pink and your hair's azure. You're a man of many colors, like Joseph's coat." Anthony acknowledges defeat. "The coca cola are on me. Mr. Anthony." "I had mine already," Miss Temple admits regretfully.

She stops work promptly at five. Having entered her dressing-room as Dimples, playing Little Eva, she emerges as Shirley, yellow coat buttoned over a dark blue dress, yellow beret in her hand. If you think she's tired, watch her playing tag with Griffith, the chauffeur—a forty-eight inch package of vitality and mirth. An actor, garbed as a policeman, gives her his hat to make the game more exciting. Shirley, "calls Mr. Seiter, "I'll have to arrest you for impersonating an officer."

"I'm not impersonating an officer," she
gurgles, between breathlessness and glee.
"I'm just chasing Griff."
Then she slides into the car. She's worked and romped, she's talked to a
famous man, she lunched with people who came from faraway England and refused
to go back without a glimpse of Shirley Temple, she's made some scenes in a pic-
ture that will go round the world to delight the hearts of people everywhere. All of
which is incidental to Shirley. To herself, she's not a star, not a sensation, not the
darling of millionst—but a little girl who's made a present to give pleasure to someone
she loves. What marks this a red-letter day to Shirley is the blotter, finished, clasped
tight in her hand, which she's taking home to her daddy for his birthday.

Claudette's New Private Life
Continued from page 51

like an awful lot of land to Claudette. But
several weeks later when she got ready to
build she discovered to her horror that the
super-colossal salesman hadn't walked a
very accurate boundary. Where he walked
didn't agree at all with the figures on her
deed, and to have ample grounds around the
house and playhouse she had in mind she
would have to buy another acre. Well, dear reader, it's a sad story but that last
acre practically put our heroine in the poor
house. It seems that the owner knew all
the time that Claudette would need it very
badly and so it became very dear to him.
But he was finally convinced to sell it, and
another super-colossal salesman got a neat
cut, and everybody was happy except
Claudette who hates to be gyped.

Claudette wanted a charming, comfort-
able home, in the Georgian manner, with
nothing modernistic about it—she loathes
with an awful loathing everything moderni-
istic including furniture, sur-realists, and
Gertrude Stein—so naturally, but naturally,
she engaged the most modernistic architect
in Hollywood. (Sometimes I suspect she
ought to let me have her credit for being.)
Well, we won't go through all that heart-
brake; suffice to say Claudette had more
than her share of architect and contractor
trouble, and I suppose you old home-owners
can nod your head in sympathy. For quite
some time there were those of us who
began to believe we'd never live long
enough to have tea chez Colbert. I think it
was four times that Claudette had the
living-room torn out because it wasn't what
she wanted; but fortunately along about
that time she fell terribly in love with
Doctor Jack Pressman and she thought it
would be a lovely idea to marry him on
Christmas Eve and move into her first
home at the same time—you know, the bride
being carried over the threshold and all
that.

Claudette at heart is a rank sentimentalist
—don't ever let that sophisticated air of
hers fool you—and she's a perfect child
she's Christmas, and she wanted this
Christmas to be the happiest in her life. So
she disguised herself as Mrs. Simon Legree
and sneaked over the little men who were
eating and drinking and sleeping on her time, and by some miracle or other
things got finished and she moved in on
Christmas Eve just as she planned. Of
course there wasn't very much furniture,
but a bride and a groom, so-o-o-o-o in love,
and a happy family and yours truly don't
require much furniture, and anyway there
was a Christmas tree, champagne cocktails
to toast the bride, a rug that rubbed off
everybody's clothes and a heavenly din-
er. I am sure that it was Claudette's hap-

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with
romance—with success? It's so easy
to be safe when you realize that by far
the most common cause of bad breath is
improperly cleaned teeth.

Authorities say decaying food and acid
deposits, in hidden crevices between the
teeth, are the source of most unpleasant
mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and
of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special
penetrating foam removes these odor-
breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning
methods fail to reach. And at the same
time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent
cleans and brightens the enamel—makes
your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . .
your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily
and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a
sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!
New GLAZO
puts old-type
nail polishes
in the discard

You've never seen a polish so lovely, so perfect to use

GLORIOUS news for lovely hands! A new Glazo, so amazingly enhanced in beauty, so perfected in every manicuring virtue, that you must change your whole idea of what a fine nail polish should be.

This new Glazo formula dries to a satiny surface that doesn't chip or peel, that wears for several extra days. Here is a polish that disdains streaking, that flows on with perfect ease and evenness. And so completely has evaporation been eliminated that the polish is usable to the last brushful.

For the newest, smartest note in fingertip charm, ask for Glazo Suntan, Russet and Poppy Red. They're exclusive "misty-red" colors, and the latest additions to Glazo's wide range of authentic, fashion-approved shades. Glazo manicure preparations are now only 20 cents each.

It's new... it's perfect... GLAZO

20 CENTS
(15 cents in Canada)

pied Christmas, and that she thought it well worth the worry and money she had put into her home.

The last minute worries, those that came the week before Christmas, were the worst, and I can't resist taking time out to tell them to you. You've probably had them, too. Visiting the house one morning Claudette noticed a terrific smell in her mother's dressing-room. After a consultation with all the workmen it was decided that something was dead—and that something proved to be a poor little field mouse who had gone to sleep one night in the wall only to awaken the next morning to find himself tiled in. Well, hardly had the men gotten the tiles down again than there was a great shriek from Claudette downstairs in the dining-room. It seems that the plumbing leaked and her beautiful specially designed

It called for a celebration. At dinner that night there was a sudden halt in the conversation and quite unexpectedly to the assembled family and guests Claudette calmly announced, "I think I'll sell the house. And build another." Everyone practically swooned. "Two years," I finally gasped, "and all that worry. And this beautiful home. Claudette, you can't!" "Yes," Claudette continued. "I think you have to build three houses before you get exactly what you want. I know what mistakes to avoid next time." "Claudette," said Dr. Pressman from his end of the table, "would you mind putting ramps in that last house instead of stairs so they can wheel us up and down more easily?" Dr. Pressman got a dirty look from his Iran.

Well, with all her disparaging remarks about her new home, Claudette secretly is getting a big kick out of it and is quite proud of it, as well she should be. She's typically a home-loving person and appreciates a home more than any star I've met in Hollywood. She doesn't like gangs of people around her and she doesn't go in for stooges and yessers the way so many stars in Hollywood do—oh, to be sure, Miss Colbert likes a bit of flattery, as who doesn't; but she can usually tell whether it's sincere or not, and there's nothing that irks her quite so much as effusive insincerity. She'll take it with a prop smile as long as she can, and then she'll cut you down with a word.

She loves to entertain small groups of people, usually family and close friends, and her most informal dinners are formal, except for clothes and conversation. She's a stickler for flawless service, but she hates to dress for dinner herself, so rarely insist upon her guests doing so. The dinner invariably starts out with Claudette discussing a new play, a new book, (she is extremely well read), or the European political situation; but even before the entrance has arrived her most frequent guests have turned the conversation to the Main Street burlesque, the latest "handies," and the new Gene Fowler poem. Miss Colbert grinningly announces she knows the Wrong People—and lends an eager ear.

Sunday is her day for entertaining. She likes to have her friends gather around her tennis court in the afternoon, and there you can always find a group of tennis-minded...
people. Claudette herself plays a very good game of tennis, though there's still room for improvement. Her brother, Charles Wendling, an expert player himself, once called her Lead-in-the-Pants because she didn't run for tennis balls—if they bounced right in front of her, well and good, but if she had to run for one—oh, no, not for Colbert. But what with all the kidding from her brother and her husband, (not to mention her intimate friends), Claudette, this year, I am delighted to report, is running like a bat out of hell for balls and swatting them like a Helen Wills. Of course, if you happen to return one of the balls she has swatted she is quite hurt. She might even get mad, the idea is not to return any of Colbert's hard balls. That's the idea. But no one pays any attention. She will not play partners with Jack. She believes that married people should not be partners in anything except marriage. In the late afternoon everyone assemble in the playhouse for tea, cocktails, conversation, ping pong, Monopoly, or practically anything you want—except bridge. Claudette will not play bridge. Then dinner in her very lovely dining-room with the specially designed wall papering, and then about nine everyone wanders back to the playhouse where a current picture is shown. Claudette is really nuts about movies. She misses very few of them. Her own projection machine is one of her most treasured possessions.

“Shoot Fast” Fonda

Continued from page 25

enough to attempt anything like that.

“All I can tell you is—don’t shoot when light is directly above your subject unless you’re looking for down-dropping shadows. So don’t choose noon time. I like to have the sun coming from the side, but anyway I never have it too high.

“I’ve made over 2000 shots and am beginning to discover some of my own worst faults. The best way to learn is by your own mistakes. I have albums of excellent pictures made by experts, and I look at these whenever I have time and try to see how they did it. When I like something especially well, I experiment to see if I can get the same effect myself.”

James Stewart and Henry Fonda share a house with a dialogue director and an assistant director. The four of them were together in New York, and all congenial. Besides the house they share a single ambition. They all want to be directors.

“The best way to learn to be a director is to direct a picture. That’s your idea, at any rate. So we have a small movie camera and the four of us are making a picture in color. Naturally, we have no sound, but we are learning a lot about action. You’d be surprised how many problems there are in a simple story. We use very few actors—mainly Jim in a variety of roles—and we make the scenes around the house. One thing happened last Sunday. We’d shot two people talking to each other—then we went into close-ups of each, and then I threw the rushes on the screen, the close-ups looked as if the two had their backs to each other! Re-takes!

“When you actually do a thing yourself, you realize the mistakes that can be made, so that’s the way to learn the business. I’d like to take a fairy tale or a myth or a legend and make a color picture with the scenes laid in various lovely spots in California, to see what effects I could get. Maybe I will, when I’ve learned more about taking pictures.”

FAMILY DOCTORS KNOW THAT VERY OFTEN...

"Incompatible"

MEANS-IGNORANCE OF CORRECT FEMININE HYGIENE

For years, countless women have depended on "Lysol" as a means of antiseptic feminine hygiene...

Doctors, clinics, nurses, know "Lysol" as a dependable germicide

"Lysol" disinfectant is a dependable germicide. It is used by doctors, hospitals, clinics and nurses, the world over, because of its reliable, concentrated germ-killing power. "Lysol" has 6 qualities that make it valuable for feminine hygiene:

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. Non-caustic..."Lysol" in the proper dilutions is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2. Effectiveness..."Lysol" is a true germicide, active under practical conditions...in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don’t work under these conditions.

3. Penetration..."Lysol" solutions spread because of their low surface tension, and thus virtually reach out to germs.

4. Economy..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. Odor...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears immediately after use.

6. Stability..."Lysol" keeps its full strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Lohn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. 59
Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me the book called "LYSOL VS. GERMS", with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name:

Street:

City:

State:

© 1936, Lohn & Fink Products Corp.
Inside the Stars’ Homes
Continued from page 10

"I never diet, but fortunately I like vegetables, salads, and fruit, so that may be why I don’t gain. Over in England, it seems to me we were always eating. After we’d had tea in bed, breakfast, something at eleven, and a huge luncheon, we’d go riding for an hour and say to each other: ‘I’m simply starved, aren’t you?’

‘But here I don’t “famish” quite so easily. The latest Hollywood dish seems to be vegetable salad with a dressing of sour cream, but I haven’t come to that yet. My favorite dish is creamed spinach—just plain spinach served with a thick cream sauce—it’s heavenly!”

Not so long ago, Frances gave an English dinner to the English colony which is still spoken of tenderly here. And you can be sure it takes something really extraordinary in the culinary line to elicit the exclamations these days of our Hollywood celebrities. Let’s look into it!

“We began with a clear soup,” she told me, “then we had rack of lamb—that is, a row of rib lamb chops all strung together and served with mint sauce; green peas, and potatoes roasted under the meat. The chef did it all as Julia told him.”

“We had salad as a concession to our guests, who have become fond of it here. In England we wouldn’t have served it. Then there was a sweet—a fluffy soufflé, and a savoury to follow. We had Angels’ Wing, I remember. Know what that is? It’s sardine on a scrap of toast, served very hot. I adore savouries, they give such a finish to a dinner. Sometimes we serve anchovy on toast, or hot cheese on toast.”

“For tea sometimes we serve pikellets—they are like small pancakes, only we serve them with strawberry jam,” put in Miss Dean.

“Talking about excellent things to serve for that hot bite after the show,” said Frances, “have you ever tried Angels on Horseback? They fairly melt in your mouth.”

ANGELS ON HORSEBACK
Wash and drain 24 large Eastern oysters and wrap each oyster in a thin slice of lean bacon and fasten with a toothpick. Beat 3 eggs with 1 teaspoon of dry mustard mixed with 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce and dip the covered oysters in them; roll in fine bread crumbs, place on a buttered pan, dot with bits of butter and bake in a hot oven a minute. Serve them with hot toast. Put 4 oysters on a square of toast, remove the toothpicks, pour over Maitre d’Hotel sauce and garnish with lemon quarters and branches of parsley.

“There’s something very unusual that makes a good supper dish. It’s called Bombay Turnovers. The customary thing is to serve these with a cold drink instead of hot tea or coffee, so we sometimes have a drink called Ching-a-Ling, if we can get the black currants for it.”

BOMBAY TURNOVERS
Shred one pint of boiled crab meat, and mix with a tablespoon of melted butter, teaspoon of curry powder, and enough cream to make a smooth paste. Roll out pie crust very thin and cut into fine inch rounds. Fill with the mixture, fold in half, and fry in deep fat. Arrange on a napkin and garnish with parsley.

CHING-A-LING
To one quart of Orange Pekoe tea, add half a pint of black currant juice, three sprigs of crushed mint, a pinch of cloves and sugar to taste. Chill thoroughly before serving.
How Mary Budge's
Her Career

Continued from page 66

wanted to play the same type of rôles she portrayed so wonderfully. Why, then, shouldn't I try to pattern myself after Miss Hayes in my rehearsals at home?

"I had no intention of trying at once to change my type from the collegiate—bat in putting this actress before me as my goal I was now on a definite path. I had given myself a specific formula to follow.

"Getting a script of the picture that Miss Hayes was starring in required no great trick, and straightway I started studying her character. I found out what scenes were to be filmed day by day, and these I would take and rehearse as I thought they should be played.

"I acted them out before my mother and a girl friend, giving the part that Miss Hayes was to play everything I calculated should go into it. The next day, I would spend as much time as I could on the set, watching her to see just how she interpreted both the character and the lines, how and what she stressed, and how closely or differently I had portrayed the part the night before at home.

"Sometimes, I discovered I had the same thought in the delivery of lines as Miss Hayes; often I was wrong. But now I had something, somebody, to go by, some criterion by which I could tell how slow or how fast I was progressing.

"I considered every aspect of the character—how she should be dressed, how she walked, even what she thought in her own mind. I would compare these qualities, too, with Miss Hayes' costumes and acting.

"If every young player could take some great and exceptional actor or actress and follow them this way, I am sure they would benefit materially by such an action. I know that my own acting has improved one hundred per cent and I'm constantly striving to better myself every day.

"Not all of my time is devoted to work, on my 'career budget.' I have certain hours..."
that I play, both for pleasure and for the sake of keeping fit. I attend parties, I circulate. I think this is both important and necessary for any young actress, so that she will be seen and so that she may meet people—as many as she can.

"There are certain nights that I attend picture shows, to watch acting and how characterizations are built up. Sometimes, I'll remain through two showings of the picture, if there's something particularly good or a performance that I think will help me by seeing twice.

"I enjoy working and seldom grow tired. Why, I've even asked the ushers to put me in a picture, in a part no matter how small, rather than spend two or three weeks of inactivity.

"I've set a two-year plan for myself, wherein I hope to satisfy a certain success and reach a specified point that I have defined in my own mind. If, at the end of this period I have not yet attained that goal I'll change my tactics and try to win stardom in a different way.

"But I think I'll succeed in what I have set out to do. I honestly believe that in budgeting my career I have skipped possibly one or two years that might otherwise have been consumed in learning the rudiments of acting."

In accordance with her plan, Mary followed the course now pursued by so many Hollywood stars—she accepted an offer to make a picture in England. The step was an important one for the little blonde.

Yes, it looks like Mary's two-year plan already is beginning to produce results.

Distant Star

Continued from page 21

Bill Banton operates a newsstand at the entrance to the Ultra Alta studio, and of all the stars he sees daily he is most fascinated by Mavis Dorian, temperamental, haughty, the only actress who has never accorded Bill the kindness of a smile or a nod. When the little chorus girl, Carol Kelly, who is very friendly to Bill, tells him that Dorian is to make a big costume scene, Banton exercises his privilege of free access to the lot. While watching Dorian on the set, Banton accidentally stumbles and falls, his leg painfully twisted under him, a fragment of Dorian's costume, unconsciously grasped as he fell, clutched in his hand. The cringing figure at her feet, his face contorted with mingled pain and humiliation, is berated by the enraged Dorian. But the odd figure attracts the director. "There," the director cries, "there, Mavis, is the 'contrast' you've demanded for this scene. It's a natural. We'll write him into the story."

wistfulness that made the cameraman focus upon him rather than on the face of the star.

The scene went well. Bill said his lines with a half-hearted tenderness that belied the commonplace words written into the script. And Mavis was imperious, queenly, superb. Only—and this was a thing that no one but Bill noticed—she avoided any physical contact with him. When his body moved toward her she jerked herself away. When the moment arrived, this mad moment of dreams came true—in which the jester laid his lips against the hand of the courtesa, it was the mere tip of one slender finger that Bill touched with his mouth.

Contrast? Oh, Bill supplied it! He stood out from the throng of beautiful women with an aching sincerity that caught at the throat. But it wasn't until the day of the first preview that the powers—that be realized how cheap and unimportant the other members of the cast seemed, by contrast to the court jester. Bill's part—which hadn't been much more than a glorified bit—was hastily enlarged, and new shots were taken, and—this was important—new close-ups. To Bill the shots were always directed at his crippled foot, made more noticeable by the tights and the pointed slippers that he wore.

To Carol, watching from the sidelines, they were directed at Bill's profile.

It was a surprise to Bill—it was a shock to Mavis Dorian—to find Bill's name fea-
"Are you done with questions, Dave, now that you’ve got the facts on my car?"

The press agent said, "Yes. That is, except one. Who’s the lead in your new picture? I suppose Dorian, as usual?"

Bill told him: "Yes, Dorian, as usual. But I have some news for you, at that.

This is to be my first picture in a modern setting—maybe you don’t know the story, but I’ll—" he laughed—"a czar of gangland. My bum leg is supposed—" he laughed again—"to have embittered my life and thrown me into a career of crime. The big scene’s laid in a cabaret, and as a bit of foreshadowing, there will be a Broadway dance writer who will show the Eleanor Powells and the Ginger Rogerses where they get off. Her name’s Carol Kelly."

Dave said: "It’s a good old French name. Don’t tell me Dorian’s going to be your gun moll?"

Bill said, "Even so. She betrays me in the end. I shoot her. Then," he sighed, "myself."

The press agent chuckled: "A realistic story, huh? Be sure, Bill, that you fire the first shot—I know my Mavis. Remember Bunker Hill!"

It was that modern picture of Bill Banton’s which caused one of the quick-turnabouts of the industry. It was his film "Czar Crip" that lifted Carol Kelly from obscurity, and set her small dancing feet on the road to stardom. It was the same film that broke Mavis Dorian’s contract and incidentally—Bill’s heart.

Mavis and Bill had been teamed together in three pictures—no, four—when production started on their saga of gangland. Mavis protested bitterly each time Bill was cast in the opposite role. The first time it hadn’t been so bad—then she asked for contrast and Bill was the director’s answer to her prayer. But the fans had said too little about Dorian and too much about Bill, after that first amazing interlude, and the word contrast had been ignored.

"What do I care if he is a natural," she raged, "he’s a newsboy to me, and a lame one, at that! I’m tired of carrying the weight of every picture on my shoulders. I’m tired—"

It was the director who said nastily at that point: "You do seem tired. How old are you, Miss Dorian?"

At this he looked at him with stark hatred in her eyes. "He wouldn’t have dared that a year ago," she thought fiercely. Aloud she said: "Oh, quite right. You’re too old enough to slap you down, except that I don’t want to dirty my hands."

Bill didn’t know about this interchange of pleasantries. He tried hard to make things easier for Mavis Dorian. He worshiped her so completely—and had done it for so long—that he could quite understand her feeling for himself.

"Miss Dorian," he told Carol. "I wouldn’t want to touch me with a ten-foot pole. But, my God—if she felt differently—"

Carol said savagely: "I’m glad she doesn’t. She might fall for you if she ever let go. I couldn’t bear that."

Bill went on slowly. More as if he were talking to himself than to Carol.

"Sometimes I tell myself," he said, "when I’m stopping by at the florist’s in the morning, that her gardenias, that she’s like a flower. Fragile and sweet, for all her stately growth. Too fragile to be forced into contact with the ugly realities of the world."

Carol said, just as slowly: "So you send gardenias to her every morning? Probably without a card, either! Say, that one’s as fragile as an armored tank, and as welcome as an octopus. Oh, Bill, I could kill you. You’re a nitwit—you’re—" all at once Carol was crying quietly. "No, I don’t want your hankie, Bill," she sobbed, "or..."
your gardenias. I wish you'd get the dickens away from them.

Bill had been having luncheon with Carol in a quiet little tea shoppe. He left her, quickly, his mind in a turmoil. But—despite all weather signals—he was unprepared for the explosion that happened when they were making the cabaret scene.

Carol was dancing. Her feet tapped out an impertinent rhythm, her slender arms made a pattern that was a part of the dance. Her face was uplifted, strangely pure and young—oddly intoxicated with youth. The colored orchestra didn't provide a melody for her—they followed her, improvising wildly.

The director slouched in his chair, but he wasn't directing. Next to him sat a bully man who wore thick glasses and a thin smile. He was the president of Ultra A. Bill had suddenly appeared on the lot. He was there now because the director had said, "Draw up a chair, M., B., and learn something." Beside the bully man was his secretary, taking note. She whispered once.

"This is an experience, M. B. The girl's a darb. She's in love with life."

M. B. answered, under cover of an especially loud burst of music: "Damn! To keep her in the background during all this dance crazes.

Bill drank beer at a ringside table, with Mavis. His handsomeness of face had become a sinister handsomeness, under the magic of the make-up artist. Mavis looked hard and cruel, but she had scarcely needed make-up, she felt hard and cruel. Bill leaned forward to watch Carol's dancing; he was supposed to lean forward, but his eyes were intent on Mrs. B. and the smile upon his mouth was the smile of a proud parent—or would have been but for a cleverly painted sneer. When the dance was finished—in a wild burst of speed—he was on his feet, was stumbling forward, his hands outstretched. It was involuntary, that gesture of exaltation, so involuntary that he forgot his semi-helpless feet. When it crumpled under him he fell into his chair. He didn't speak, he didn't need to.

The president's secretary murmured, "Swell business."

Mavis, also, was watching Carol. She didn't rise in her place, but her body tensed and her hands crumpled the cloth upon the ringside table, and her eyes blazed. She didn't say anything, but her painted lips moved, and her sneer was real.

The director leaned toward his boss.

"Well," he asked, "what do you think?"

M. B. frowned. He always frowned when he was pleased.

"We've sold her up for as long as we can," he said. "I'll have a contract here in half an hour." Abruptly he raised his voice.

"Do that last bit over, Miss What's-your-name," he said. "No, I don't mean a retake. I just want to see it again."

Carol called, "Okay." She nodded to the colored orchestra. Bill pulled his foot beneath the shielding table cover. He said to Mavis Dorian, "I guess she's gone over all right. Thank God for that."

"Thank God for nothing," snapped Mavis, "the little picture-stealing!—" The music drowned her voice, and Bill couldn't make out the last words.

The encore went better, if possible, than the first run of the dance. Carol was a tornado in the spring. It made the director beat his hands together in applause.

At the blazing finale the president of the company did an unprecedented thing. He heaved his bulky self from his chair, and strode out to the center.

"You're a very pleasant surprise," he told Carol blandly. "This means a featured spot for you."

Carol dimpled into his face. She was quite at ease. She said: "I think you're swell to tell me so. Especially before I have a contract. I always heard you were big— and white."

M. B. smiled. His smile was so frosty that it could make the stoker's ears tingle. But his hand was kind as it patted Carol's slight shoulder. "And I hear," he said, "that you're a discovery of Banton's. The two of you will be a great team in this picture. We'll put a lot of effort back of the exploitation. Take a note— this to his secretary—about the exploitation, Miss Smithers."

It was Mavis Dorian whose voice sounded across the set. It was Mavis—amazing in the flashy finery of a gun moll, who left her place at the ringside table and came sauntering toward the president of Ultra Alta.

"So," she drawled, "you'll put a lot of exploitation back of her. So—she'll make a fine team with your crippled newsboy.

Well, I agree with you there. But where do I come in?"

Oddly enough the president's smile took on an unexpected warmth when his eyes fell upon Mavis. Miss Smithers, his secretary, held her breath. She knew what happened when M. B. lost his cool detachment.

"Oh, yes," said M. B., "Quite. Where do you come in?"

Mavis eyed him as Clyde Beatty eyes the largest lion. She said, "I'm the only star of this piece, and don't you dare overlook it."

Bill Banton had risen from his chair. He was limping forward. He'd forgotten his pleasure in Carol's performance—he'd forgotten everything save his concern for Mavis Dorian. He looked at her with a wide, beseeching gaze—a gaze that held an almost fanatic gleam of worship. He said to the president of Ultra Alta:

"Please don't pay any attention to what Miss Dorian says. We've been working day and night—she's exhausted. She doesn't mean what she says."

Mavis Dorian whirled on Bill. Her glance was a searing flame, and so was her body.

"Shut your ugly mouth!" she shrieked.

"How do you dare to speak when I'm speaking! How do you dare to say I'm exhausted! That I don't know what I mean! You filthy gutter-suck! You—swiftly her hand flew out, and the imprint of her five fingers stood forth redly upon Bill's face—you carcass! I'm through with you. And—" she turned toward M. B., who ducked instinctively, "and you, too, you idiot! And this lousy picture. And Ultra Alta."

The president of the company looked at Mavis with eyes that were again frosty.

"Just so," he said. "Make a note of it, Miss Smithers!"
Do Women Make or Break Actors?

Continued from page 59

William Powell was frank to say: "Certainly women have a lot to do with the success of an actor. There are outstanding cases where an actor has definitely been made by women. There's no better example than Rudolph Valentino. I think handsome men have a definite appeal for women, young ones in particular. When playing a part, however, the thought of an audience as men or women never occurs to me. It is only later that I realize what a tremendous force women are in determining the popularity of an actor."

Nelson Eddy took this view: "One cannot under-estimate the influence women have on the box-office, which is the barometer of success. Women set the trend in screen heroes. There was Valentino. Then came the era of the rugged actors—Gable, Cagney, and so on. From a romantic angle, women are in a position to know what type they prefer, and their preferences often determine whether an actor will 'go over' or 'bop.' As to his being handsome, that's a matter of individual taste. Some of our best actors are not handsome, so you can't measure ability by physical appearance. I believe women have a fine understanding of characterization, and that they judge by the quality of an actor's performance."

That idd of the feminine world, Clark Gable, spoke from experience: "There's no doubt that women determine an actor's success in a box-office way. This is particularly true of the 'romantic' type of actor. This fellow's chances are practically at the mercy of women. But his doesn't signify that he has to be handsome. Some of the men on the screen who aren't handsome are most successful—Charles Laughton, Paul Muni, and many more. This doesn't minimize the fact that the great majority of moving picture audiences are women, and so an actor's chances of success are largely in their hands. They are sensible enough to know that handsome- ness is not the true secret of attractiveness. I'll admit, however, that good looks might help an actor along. But, above everything else, women like sincerity. All an actor can do is to play a part, good or bad, with as much sincerity and understanding as he can put into it. Then he can only hope to have the women on his side."

With British conservatism, Leslie Howard reflected: "This is a sweeping question. But if women as a body are against an actor I don't think he has much chance of success. Charles Frohman, who was the greatest maker of stage stars, believed that men were of limited appeal and put his ultimate faith in women stars. To me audiences are neutral, no cult, just human beings. But women have more leisure than men, so they are likely to have more opinions about actors. In this respect men are apathetic, with no violent preferences as to screen favorites. Women are louder in their praise or condemnation, and it is this difference which makes them a power. All movie audiences are like matinee audiences in the New York theatre—that is, preponderantly feminine. Naturally, then, their opinion is of vital importance to the actor."

Robert Montgomery was of similar belief in one sense. "Women are more audible than men. They express themselves freely. This makes them powerful in settling the
Because it's Creamy PINAUD's SIX-TWELVE is the only Mascara that gives eyelashes Natural-Looking Beauty

This creamy mascara does away with the artificial look given by old-fashioned cake mascaras. Colors: black, brown, blue and green. Choose one to match eyes; others to match costumes...It's French.

Here's a Queer Way to Learn Music!

No trouble—no confusing details. Just a simple, easy, home-study method. Takes only a few minutes—averaging only a few cents—a day. Every step is clear as A-B-C throughout. You'll be surprised at your rapid progress. From the start you are learning real tunes by note. Quickly learn to play the 'call of classical selections'—right at home in your spare time. All instruments. FREE. Send for Free Booklet and demonstration lesson.

U. S. Government Jobs

Start $1260 to $2100 a Year Toys—Women. G. W. Eduction usually sufficient. Write immediately for free 24-page book, with list of many positions obtainable and particulars telling how to get them.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE

Dept. M2B8 Rochester, N. Y.

If you can write a SONG-POEM, can you sell it? WRITE for FREE BOOKLET revealing SECRETS OF SUCCESSFUL SONG WRITING, including free copy of valuable Rhyming Dictionary and information on current market requirements. If you write poems or compose melodies, SEND FOR OUR OFFER.

M. M. M. PUBLISHERS

Dept. SU2 Studio Bldg. Portland, Ore.

Be an ARTIST

MAKE $50 TO $100 A WEEK!

Many of our successful students are now making big money. One simple method makes it fun to learn Commercial Art, Cartooning and Design, at home at spare time. Not long until you can write for home and studio work. Write for bulletin telling full particulars. WRITE for further information to: STUDIO 17A, WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, 111-15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Joel McCrea on location for "Two in a Crowd." His last was "Those Three." Joel must like numbers in his picture titles!

That rugged actor, Spencer Tracy, hit out straight from the shoulder: "Sure women have a lot to do with the success of an actor. He must have more time for, and are more interested in, pictures than men. It's just like anything else. Women can make or break a man in business. They can determine whether a book will be a 'best seller,' whether a motor car will go over, whether a certain type of home will be popular—so why shouldn't they be able to make or break an actor? Women single out a certain actor they like particularly in a certain kind of part. It's my guess they don't go out of their way looking for handsome fellows. Of course, if their preference is for handsome men in real life, then the chances are they'll want that kind of screen hero. But it takes all kinds of men to make a world—and that's where we actors get a break!"

Fredric March took this surprising angle. "I think men are more romantic than women. It's part of their make-up. They idealize women, whereas women take them pretty much for granted—lucky thing, too! Women are more intuitive, men more sentimental, and they appeal sentimentally to women because of their chivalry. The actor can bank on this, and if he's wise he does. It's what might be called his sex appeal. Ernst Lubitsch believes that even comedians have sex appeal, and I agree with him. But if you try to play to one sex you're lost. You've got to satisfy yourself. If you do this you may satisfy women, though you never can tell. The main thing to bear in mind is that women choose the film the family will go to see. The husband may hate Fredric March, but if his wife says March that's what he gets! This domination by women extends to actors. It's just a case, all round, of feminine rule of the screen. If a picture doesn't have romantic appeal for women, the actor has a hard nut to crack. That's the whole thing in a nutshell."

Place our dance! And while you make way, let them make or break actors.
made the center of attraction, when he is out some place trying to enjoy himself.

Fred was wearing a plain tweed suit and a soft turned-down hat. Dark glasses shaded his eyes, to rest them after the piercing glare of the studio lights. Pan was wearing a new Palm Beach suit and was all dressed up the way people expect a movie star to look. For a moment the fans surveyed our box. (They knew darn well I wasn't Astaire.) Then they decided that of the two, Pan looked the most like a movie star.

While Fred sat and calmly watched the show, Pan signed book after book. Finally, the publicity man of the place came up and asked if he would pose for a picture and say a few words over the loud speaker. This time Fred was on his own. Any other actor might have been terribly annoyed at not being recognized. Fred was delighted and not a bit disappointed. It was one of the few times since he'd been in Hollywood that he could attend a show and actually get to see it.

Please don't get me wrong, that Fred does not appreciate the great public enthusiasm for his work. Quite to the contrary, he is more grateful than he can say. But I'm just trying to find out about this private life business. Fred feels the best way to show his appreciation is to give the very best of his talents. That's why at the present time, besides acting and creating all the dances for his new picture, he is also composing songs, and making phonograph records. What little time there is left of himself, I'm sure Fred feels he is entitled to have. But that's why his home life is so sacred to him and is his one refuge from the professional world that claims so much of his time.

When he is out in public, Fred objects to being photographed. It isn't because he dislikes having his picture taken. It's just that he gets self-conscious having people stare at him. On his last trip to New York, the train made its customary stop at the Kansas City station. Fred decided to get out and stretch his legs. Over in a corner stood one of those automatic camera booths, that give out eight poses for a dime. Fred looked around to see if anyone was watching. Thinking himself quite alone, he went into the booth and drew the curtains.

Picture, if you can, the debonair Fred Astaire, who poses for thousands of studio photographs yearly, doing his stuff in a lone booth in a Kansas City railroad station! Actually, he was doing it for a gag and having the time of his life. When the pictures were finished, Fred drew back the curtains and stepped out. Two hundred people, who waited in line, broke into loud applause. A waitress at a counter had recognized Fred and spread the good word around. For the balance of the stop-over, Fred autographed menus, soda fountain checks, and anything they could lay their hands on.

Before Fred was acquainted in Hollywood, he had to go to the dentist. His work wasn't serious, so he went to a man in the neighborhood. When the dentist took one look at his famous patient, a strange look came over his face. Fred asked him to speed up the job, because rehearsals were waiting at the studio. In the middle of his work, the man suddenly stopped.

"I've always wanted to be a famous dancer," said the dentist. (Fred forced a sickly smile.) "I make up difficult steps, you know. Now what do you think of this one?" With that the man began dancing.

"Dentyne's a Double-Header—Good for Your Mouth—A Treat to Your Taste!"

DENTIST’S SAY, “CHEW DENTYNE”! We moderns kill our teeth with kindness — we eat soft foods — give teeth and gums too little healthful exercise. Dentyne is a big aid to mouth health because its special, firmer consistency encourages more vigorous chewing — stimulates circulation in gums and mouth tissues and wakens the salivary glands, promoting natural self-cleansing. It keeps teeth white and those telltale little chin muscles young and firm.

YOU ENJOY THE FLAVOR FROM THE FIRST TASTE. The moment you open the Dentyne package, you get that delicious, spicy aroma. It’s a superior chewing gum in every way! You’ll appreciate too, its smart, flat shape that fits so neatly into pocket or handbag — an exclusive feature with Dentyne.

**DENTYNE CHEWING GUM**

*Keeps teeth white — mouth healthy*
Curtain

An actor, when he gets his greasepaint off, next attends to his hunger. And, usually, his meal is a big bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes and cream.

They're delicious, satisfying, nourishing and full of energy. And because they digest easily, they let you sleep soundly.

Kellogg's are served by restaurants, hotels and dining-cars everywhere.

Nothing takes the place of

Kellogg's Corn Flakes

Look Years Younger
Approved Way to Tint
Gray Hair

- Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to blemish shades of blonde, brown or black, BROWNATONE, and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Imparts rich, healthy color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

Freckles

Banish those embarrassing freckles quickly in the privacy of your room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft, smooth, and clear. 50c a jar

Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM

Write a Song

Mother, Home, Love, Patriotic, Buried, Candle or any subject. Send poem today and get our wonderful promotion. Song Hits Pay!

Richard Bros., 20 Hyde Park Bank Bldg., Chicago.

To the Bow-Wows!

Continued from page 33

Dolores Del Rio's white Bull Terriers, (English), are well known to all her admirers, since they appear so frequently in photographs with her. Their sleek whiteness is in grand contrast to her dark beauty. They are about the easiest looking dogs alive. Bonny was a present from Cedric Gibbons and is reputed to be worth $5000. She won her championship in the East and has not been shown again out here. The male is Michael. He once warned Dolores of a rattlesnake that suddenly appeared in her sun-bathing arena, and killed the snake. A Darkshund recently performed the same service for Joan Crawford. My goodness, it makes one wonder if a tan is really worth it?

But the dogs certainly are. They are a grand bunch, and their masters and mistresses will do well to remain worthy of their devotion.

Maybe you think Clark Gable is spending most of his time with blondes these days—but ah, not when there's a dog around! All through the "Voice of Bugle Ann," Gable put in all his spare time out on the back lot with the grand hunting dogs used in that picture; and he adores his own dog, a beautiful setter.

Chester Morris's five Cockers have everybody in a dither. He just recovered from a siege of dog-house and run-building, and he has to get home from work in time to do the feeding every night. When one of them had puppies recently, there was some doubt expressed as to whether Chester wasn't the one actually having them.

A lot of dog showing has been going on. Hollywood having become dog-show conscious. The field is pretty evenly divided among those who say they wouldn't show their dog or dogs under any circumstances, and those who frame their wins of blues and reds. Genevieve Tobin is working for a championship for Beau Geste, one of her West Highland White Terriers.

Bill Gargan is one of the most enthusiastic showmen with his English Bulldog, Lord Nagrag. (Gargan, spelled backwards). He has made a lot of good shows, and ought to be well up to his fifteen points, the essential number for a championship.

Stu Erwin has fun showing his Scotties, and Charley Ruggles owns a very smart terrier, the "Terrier Shop," where you can buy everything including overshoes and a raincoat for your pup.

Warren William doesn't go in much for showing his four pedigreed Wires, but he does have a grand time inventing trick collars and doghouses and gadgets for them. The Arlens little Schipperke, Jill, is a familiar sight in Toho's. Glenda Farrell's Heinzie, (explanatory name), is king of View Crest Terrace, and you have to be pretty well known to that household before you walk in. The newest Siamese cat over there is called Tacky, because nobody can pronounce his involved name, and he swears something awful. What, you never heard a cat swear? Well, when Teresa, (Glenda's cook), decides she is tired of wearing Taely around her neck, and he loves to ride, she pries him loose. And he sits there on the floor, glaring, lashing his tail, and using the foulest language in yowls and growls and moans and zips and dots and dashes. Never heard the like of it!

Everyone thinks it is awful cute of Garbo to have a Scotty named Wimpy,
since it proves she reads the funny papers. Winny loves hamburgers, and many a villager will swear he has seen Greta her-
sel stop the old town car at the roadside hamburger joint and order two—one for Garbo, and one for Winny. (Hey, how about the dress?)

Paul Muni's favorite pet is his Airedale, Simon, the only member of the family out-
side of Muni himself who is allowed to enter the actor's rehearsal base. Simon is an interested, if silent, audience, and he
loves to watch his master putting on a
make-up. It intrigues and saddens him at the same time. He knows it means Muni is going to the studio, and he begins fig-
uring ways to get in the car, unnoticed. Muni and him, and a fine entente cordial exists
between them.

Barton MacLane also goes in for a breed
which has to be considered typically a
man dog—the Irish Setter has a seven,
Bess, Queen and Belle, Jack and Joe, and the sire and dam of these pups, Sweeney and Babe. Good thing he has a
range.

Of course, no dog-story would be com-
plete without including Mrs. Pat Campbell's
Moonbeam. Moonbeam has traveled with
his lady in every country in the world. He
has appeared in many plays and every pic-
ture with her—if there is no part for him, one is written in. When the angles of the picture are viewed, it is Moonbeam
about whom she is concerned. "How was
he?" she inquires in agitation of the direc-
tor. No concern at all about herself.

The Super Cowboy

Continued from page 61

In a way it's odd to meet up with a man possessing such conflicting characteristics as a powerful urge to travel and a thor-
oughly domestic trait of loyalty to his home and its human ties. O'Brien and his father,
a police captain in San Francisco, were
much closer than the average father and
son. The father died some years ago, but
George's conversation about any of his experiences is richly studded with refer-
ces to his father. And he doesn't get far

No girl can be too sure of her
daintiness to make this
"Armhole Odor" Test

If the slightest dampness
collects on the armhole
of your dress, it will cling
to the fabric, and the warmth
of your body will bring out
an embarrassing "armhole
odor" each time you wear
the dress...

If you have been taking your dainti-
ness for granted, because you deodor-
ize regularly, you will be wise to make
this simple "armhole odor" test. You
may be unpleasantly surprised!

When you take off your dress tonight,
smell it at the armhole. If you have ever
perspired in that dress, even slightly, you
will find that the fabric bears an unmistakable and unlovely odor.

... in spite of your careful deodorizing!
The way that dress smells to you— is the
way you smell to others! And the warmth
of your body brings out the offending
"armhole odor" each time you put on
the dress!

Complete protection only
in underarm dryness

It is not enough to keep your underarm
sweet. Only a dry underarm can keep
you and your clothes safe from perspira-
tion. When there is any moisture at all,

It will save you too-frequent cleaner's
bills and the often permanent stains that follow
underarm perspiration.

Oodorono comes in two strengths—Regu-
lar and Instant. You need use Regular
Odorono (Ruby colored) only twice a
week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially
sensitive skin or quick emergency use—
to be used daily or every other day. On sale
at all toilet-goods counters.

Send today for sample vials of both types
of Odorono and descriptive leaflet.
Pleasant Smoke Vapor gives quick relief to Asthmatic Sufferers


Green Mountain Asthmatic Compound

Be Your LOVELY SELF! with Golden Glint

The tiny golden tints and reddish tones that Golden Glint gives to all shades of hair (blond or dark) is an achievement in loveliness. Golden Glint imparts sparkling freshness and natural radiance to dull, drab, lillike hair—quickly and easily. The price is small; the effect is priceless.

A scene from the English production of Sebastian's "The Marriage of Corbal." You'll recognize Nils Asther on the right in this scene with Hazel Terry and Hugh Sinclair.

along any line of talk without swinging around to mention of his wife, Marguerite Churchill, who took temporary retirement from the screen to devote herself to establishing their home and presenting George with a beautiful girl baby and who now is back in pictures.

"I met her," he'll tell you, "when she played opposite me in "Riders of the Purple Sage." I didn't want her as leading lady, because I'd heard she had won a scholarship or a prize for acting in the Theatre Guild School, and out there we laid at that time more prize winners who turned out to be anything but prizes than you could shake a stick at. Anyway, I was in the director to interview this girl at the office. After a bit she said 'Well, when do we start?' I said, 'Not so fast, please. When we start, we go on location to Arizona, and there's plenty of action in this picture.' 'What,' she said, 'Arizona in mid-August?' So I replied that shouldn't bother an actress from the stage in New York. And she replied, 'But, Mr. O'Brien, I didn't play on the stage in New York in mid-August.' And I must say I admired the way this girl neatly took the play into her own hands and out of mine.'

Riding the train George and the Churchill girl who was to do her first western, found they had a lot of interests in common. She liked music; and George, who had studied piano and always, even now, carries a portable phonograph with him on location trips, had a fine collection of records. Among them some rather exotic things he picked up in far-off corners—Oriental music. These latter he played frequently, and one member of the company, sure he was terribly artistic, found in these strange sounds shadings of poetic significance that he proceeded to explain very profoundly. And without knowing he was being ribbed, the poor Dodo unwittingly was serving in the army of Dan Cupid, for George and Marguerite had one of those private little jokes that have a way of bringing people a long way along the road to mutual interest and understanding.

While in New York on this visit—George and Marguerite visit there often—O'Brien was so busy with his business affairs and the convention of the company he has recently joined, that he had no time to visit with his wife's people. "They asked Marguerite," he said, "if that husband of hers was getting hush-hush, because otherwise why doesn't he come and see us?"

George O'Brien is a strong, very husky, deep-chested chap, and shows at first glance that he can take care of himself whether the script calls for a fight on the cliff, or an actual experience brings him into a struggle, physical or otherwise. But off-screen he's no Hollywood cowboy vacationing and giving the natives a treat while he struts out in the trappings he wears on the screen. George checks his ten-gallon hat as well as his histrionics at the studio gate when he leaves the work-shop. In manner he is the hali fellow, and how are you? sort that wins instant popularity with all kinds of people in all kinds of places. Certainly he has a lot of friends in New York, and is popular along the main lanes of the town.

There's another advantage these western stars have when they do arrive at the top. They are practically alone in the acting field as partners in their productions as well as stars of the films. O'Brien's new production arrangements place him in partnership with the producer, with a voice over in direc-tions, so he is no longer a participant in the profits of the pictures. He isn't planning to make all western pictures. They are to be what the trade knows as "romantic action dramas." His first is to be a dramatic portrayal of the more colorful episodes in the life of Daniel Boone—and there's a historical character that not only the screen but the biographers and novelists have neglected. In "Daniel Boone" O'Brien will play the name part and launch his new endeavors in screen acting. He plans to make a story with a background in India, a military subject, perhaps, as well as some of the frankly western stories for which he is famous in the West.

George O'Brien won't neglect westerns. He played his first important part in a story about a horse—"The Iron Horse," not a real rarin' steed. Then he scored again quickly in that grand picture "Sun-rise." Then the Fox studios put George on a real horse, and neither they nor the public that railed "round this pleasant, unaffected chap whose acting has less of the studied and is more genuinely natural than perhaps any of his contemporaries, would let George get off that horse, except for a picture here and there over a period of ten years.

We can't see that there's any reason for us to shake our heads sadly, or for George to complain about that arrangement now. He has eight horses, including the big black Mike, which works so spiritedly with O'Brien in the films; he's married to one of the prettiest and most gracious young ladies they ever imported to Hollywood for pictures; they're happy they're married and have a young daughter, Orin O'Brien, to contribute to and share their happiness; they like to travel and they like their work in pictures, and they can do the former because they have nice, very nice arrangements providing them with the latter—at nice, very nice wages.
this girl who had been always like a sister to him until yesterday when she came home and he saw her for the first time a woman grown.

"You're sweet, Felipe." The words came as easily as they had when they were children together. "All the time I was at the convent I was wishing I was home with you. If you were my brother I couldn't love you any better than I do."

All the glow was gone from Felipe's eyes as he listened. That wasn't what he wanted to hear; but maybe in time she would come to feel the thing he was feeling, the thing that his mother had seen and warned him against. He knew that Senora Moreno had long planned Ramona's marriage to Valdez but there had been more than that in her voice when she spoke to him. Maybe it was the secret thing that had hung over the girl

Ramona
Fictionized from the
20th Century-Fox Picture

THE CAST
Loretta Young .................. Ramona
Don Ameche ................. Alessandro
Kent Taylor ................. Felipe Moreno
Pauline Frederick ........ Senora Moreno
Jane Darwell ................. Avat R.
Katherine DeMille ........ Margarita
Pedro de Cordoba ... Father Salvieherra

From the novel by Helen Hunt Jackson
Directed by Henry King
Screen play by Lamar Trotti
Executive Producer: Sol M. Wurtzel

even when she was a child and he had seen his mother's eyes follow them as they played together. The whispered words he had heard once that hinted Ramona was not his aunt's child as everyone supposed.

For a little time there was silence between them as they danced, and Ramona's eyes softened and stared into space. And once again she was seeing the tall young Indian who had stood under the apple tree that morning and remembered how his hands had trembled as he lifted her to the ground.

The Indians were out on the grazing ground early in the morning, even before the stars had faded from the sky and the sun had come up. For after the great ones had their noon-day siesta the races would start, and they could not take part unless their work was finished.

It was just before the riders took their positions at the starting post that Ramona drove up with Felipe, and as she reined in her mount it reared and swung around so that if Alessandro had not caught her reins she would have been thrown.

"Oh, thank you!" Her eyes softened as she looked down on him again. "Are you always around when ladies are in distress? I'm afraid I neglected to thank you for rescuing me from the apple tree yesterday."

It was almost as if Alessandro had neither voice nor thought when he was with her, so difficult was it to think what he could say to her. But somehow his voice came.

"Senorita, I want to apologize for taking you in my arms, like I did." "Why?" The girl was laughing now softly, and it was a caressing sound like a
young breeze sweeping through the pepper trees at night. "How else could you have lifted me down? Will you please give me a hand, again?"

There was the small weight of her as he lifted her to the ground, her hair grazing his cheek like a kiss, and again his hands trembled and something almost like a prayer stirred in his heart. He must not love her, then he went to the mission again he must ask the padre's help and maybe then he could stop this madness that was holding him.

It was the girl who gave the signal that started the race between Felipe and Alessandro. The best of the Spanish riders and the best of the Indians. It was the most important event in the day's sport.

They were off then, the Spaniard and the Indian, neck and neck, so evenly matched that there was not a straw's advantage to either. Once around the field and then a second time, and now Alessandro was in the lead, his long, brown body almost lying on his horse's back as he urged him forward.

A third time—and as they passed the grove of eucalyptus trees at the far end of the field, Felipe's horse stumbled and threw him. There was a shout, and the crowd surged towards him. But it was Ramona who reached him first and cradled him in her arms, and whose eyes looked imploringly up at Alessandro as he dismounted and came back to them.

Strange, she felt about this man, that he could do anything she wanted him to. Even miracles!

It was Alessandro who rode the many miles to San Diego for the doctor and who stayed because she begged him, until Felipe recovered. And it was Alessandro who made the bed of raw-hide for the sick man so that he might lie under the sun and so get well.

Ramona laughed as she helped Alessandro lift him on the crude bed and carry him down to the patio below. The sun could heal anything, so Alessandro had told her, and Felipe would get well because Alessandro had told her that too.

"Ramona" the Señora Moreno's voice came clipped and angry from the balcony above them. "You and Alessandro get out of here! Leave Felipe alone—he must have quiet and rest! If anything happens to my son as a result of this I shall hold you responsible. I can overlook your disrespect to me, but I won't forget your lack of consideration for my boy's health."

Alessandro's eyes narrowed as Ramona gave that one supreme cry and stormed away.

"Why does the Señora speak so crossly to the Señorita?" she asked Juan after the old man had been sent for to help carry Felipe into the hacienda.

"I'll tell you why," the man nodded knowingly. "Ramona is no Moreno, any more than I am. She's—I'll tell you—and he whispered something in the younger man's ears. Something that filled him with a strange elation until he remembered the love for Ramona that he had seen in Felipe's eyes.

What did it matter now that Ramona's mother was an Indian, too; that she was of his blood, his people. If his friend loved her he still must stand aside.

It was in the morning that he told Ramona he would be leaving.

"Does that mean we won't see you again for a whole year?" she asked, and then her mouth twisted and tears came to her eyes so that she could only look at him.

"Why, Señorita, you are crying," he whispered, and a great awe swept through him. It did not matter now that Felipe loved her, too, for the thing he read in her eyes was for him, Alessandro, and for him alone. "I love you," he whispered. "I love you!"

He took her in his arms and his lips found hers, shy at first, then warm and eager. And a world stopped and began again as he held her, as his lips drank full of her sweetness.

It was the girl who saw the Señora first and drew herself from the man's arms.

"I should have known better than to trust an Indian!" The woman's words came with slow scorn that sent the blood flooding to Alessandro's forehead. "Get your pack and leave the ranch once. And you, Ramona. Go to the house!"

---

For many curls or just a few!

There are many flattering ways to arrange your hair with Hollywood Rapid Dry Curlers. Will you have tight little curls that fit close to your head...or soft loose ones to form a halo? Will you have many curls...or just a few? Whatever style of curl you select can be yours easily, quickly, right at home...with the curler used by the stars.

FREE Hollywood Curler

By mail, Hollywood, Cal.

Please send FREE Hollywood Curler and booklet of smart Hollywood Hair Styles.

Address:

City:

State:

3 for 10c at 5c and 10c stores — notion counters

Free For Asthma and Hay Fever

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if Hay Fever keeps you sneezing and snuffling while your eyes water and nose discharges continuously, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co., for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address, Frontier Asthma Co., 267-A Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Sore Aching Feet

Quickly Relieved and Refreshed

One application of Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm and your feet will feel wonderfully soothed and refreshed. Relieves the pain and soreness. Healing, penetrating; soothes irritated nerves, sore muscles and painful joints; reduces inflammation and swelling; disperses foot odor; quiets painful corns, callouses and bunions. At your drug, shoe or dept. store, 35c.

For free booklet on Foot Care, write today to Dr. Scholl's Inc., 462 West Schiller St., Chicago.

Dr. Scholl's FOOT BALM

Watch the beauties go by! Among the sun-kissed California lovelies you see here are Mary Lang, June Wilkins, Julie Laird, Virginia Gray, Dorothy Swan, Diane Cook and Mary Howard.
From his room upstairs Felipe heard his mother's angry voice and pulled himself down the stairway forcing his injured leg to support him.

"I caught this girl in the arms of a beggarly Indian," the Señora said as she saw him, and there was a strident triumph in her voice, for much as she adored this only son of hers, she could not forgive him for having loved the girl too. "My servants would set the dogs on him if I bad them."

"I love Alessandro," Ramona said simply, but her head went up in a proud gesture. "I want to marry him."

"You love Alessandro!" All life was drained from Felipe's voice as he saw her eyes. Once he had hoped they would look like that because of him. Once, it must have been a love-time ago, when he had still known happiness and joy.

"I'm going to send her to the convent where she'll be forced to conduct herself respectfully," the Señora cut in sharply. She faced the girl, and the hatred that had come for her with Felipe's dawning love etched the cold words with cruelty. "All the time since you've been here I've lived in fear that some day the blood of your mother would come out."

"How can you speak that way of my mother!" Ramona was angry now too, "She was your sister!"

"She was not!" The Señora laughed. Strange what a joy it had become to hurt the girl. "She was an Indian squaw. A squaw! Your father was a man of good family and he was once engaged to my sister, but a lover's quarrel sent him away. Years later he brought you back, a tiny baby, and my sister took you because she loved him, and when she lay dying she made me promise to take you into my house and rear you as my own daughter.

"Once her words would have filled the girl with almost, now they brought only that stinging happiness that echoed in her voice as she spoke.

"Then I belong to Alessandro's people," she whispered, "I belong to him.

Even when the Señora had locked her in her room and she knew that on the morrow she would be sent back to the convent, her happiness could not quite go. It made her seem so close to Alessandro, closer even than his words had made her. Closer than his kiss ever.

The moon was not quite up when she heard the key being turned in her door and she looked up to see Felipe standing there.

"Ramona," he came towards her haltingly, and for the first time she saw how worn he looked, and that his eyes were older with all the light gone from them.

"Are you sure, really sure, that you want to marry Alessandro?"

"Yes, Felipe." Her voice was so calm for all that mad turmoil in her heart. "I'm sure."

"Very well." His words came with such an effort, 'I've seen him. He is waiting for you by the brook. Goodbye, and God bless you!'

She waited only long enough to kiss him. And it was the way she had kissed him when they were children. But as he stood at the window looking after her as she ran across the courtyard he lifted his hand to his cheek and held it there, as if he would hold her kiss there too, in all the long years that would come without her.

Alessandro was waiting, but it had seemed so long before she came that hope was almost gone. Then the sound of her feet running and she was in his arms again, and again there was that beating of their hearts as she held her.

It was almost two days before they reached the far mission where they were married. Days when their horses took their way through meadow grass and the poppies tangled in it like golden coins. Nights
Illustration

WHHEEE/*COUGH*CHOK£/*GASP*

ASTHMA

TORTURED HER

Found Way to Get

Relief From Attacks

Aug. 14, 1933—"I am getting along fine and have not had an attack of asthma for over sixteen months now. I am for your Nacor and its help to me in the fight against this terrible disease."—Mrs. Bennie Yorkes, 11220 Hike Ave., Chicago, III.

Do asthma attacks make you feel weak and miserable? Are you tortured by a bronchial cough? In most cases Nacor has brought soothing relief and comfort. Contains no habit-forming drugs. Be one of those thousands that can help you. FREE. Write for helpful booklet and letters from happy users. No cost or obligation. Nacor Medicine Co., 333 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

SMOOTH out the wrinkles and crow's feet that mar your beauty—while you sleep. Absolutely harmless—simple and easy to use—a toilet necessity.

B & P Wrinkle Eradicators

Made in two styles—Eradicators for Men in the face, Wrinkle Eradicators for Women in the face and eyes. At most drug and department stores. Trial package, 35c. Fine face that the world has exhausted, sent direct, postpaid, on receipt of price.

THE B & P Co. (Two Women) P.O. Box 2632 Lakewood, O.

SONGS

For RADIO, Movies, Records, Sheet Music, etc.

Earn Enormous Royalties Yearly

Send for FREE BOOKLET explaining our complete service to the publishing field. A bit of real business experience will revitalize, arrange market to your book, get you letters from your dealers, secure C. S. copies, and give professional advice of vital importance. STANDARD SONG SERVICE Suite 1412-B, Great Northern Bldg., Chicago.

Make Money Every Week Selling

STAMPED GOODS

New 21 page catalogue FREE—pays you money making house. Get stamped good from manufacturers—sell at 100% profit. Over 100 new items—scarves, pillow cases, table clothes, baby clothes, towels, aprons, etc., imported lace and novelties. Complete instructions for a free shipping test order.

Marounds Art Embroidery Co., 22 W. 21st St., Chicago, Ill.

HAIR GONE

Remove hair permanently with electric needle from face or parts of body, no protrusion. Inquire your local drug store. Safe, does not injure skin. No more painful than plucking hair. Complete equipment, 30c. Proof instructions only 5c per dozen, or send C.O.D. plus postage. Guaranteed to remove hair of any returned.

C. D. Electric Co., Dept. 31, Boston, Md.

Make this your life-time career

Wonderful, money-making opportunity for Men, Women, Housewives. Become a Commercial Photographer, Advertising, Portrait, Motion Picture, Photographer. Professional Local, Advertising or House-Stead training. 25th year, Free booklet, New York Institute of Photography 10 West 33 Street (Dept. 60) New York

WIEE AWAY FRECKLES

Here's a special new-type cream that gently fades out freckles. Simply apply Nadinola Freckle Cream over face and arms at night. Usually in 5 to 10 days you will notice marked improvement. Freckles disappear, your skin is cleared, freshened, becomes satin-smooth. Nadinola Freckle Cream is made under a famous laboratory with over 35 years' experience in skin treatment. Order 5c at Drug stores. 10c at Five and Ten Cent Stores. Or send 10c for trial package to Box 161, NADINOLA, Paris, Tenn.

NADINOLA Freckle Cream

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile daily to keep your bowels clean. If this bile is not flowing freely your food doesn't digest. It just decays in your bowels and poisons your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sick and the world looks punk.

A more bowel movement doesn't get at the problem. It takes three or four bowel pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless rentelle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up.

Your face can be CHANGED

Your face can be CHANGED by the change in your body. Revue today for beautifully illustrated book entitled "YOU STAMMER," which describes the Bureau Institute's New Technique for the scientific correction of stammering. Method by which over 5000 persons have been cured at Bureau Institute for 35 years—since 1901. Enrolled by the United States Government as the only reliable and complete method of stammering cure. Free. No obligation. Benjamin N. Bogue, Dept. 508, Circle Tower, Indianapolis, Ind.

YOUR FACE CAN BE CHANGED

Relieve Pain in 9 Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lamboag in nine minutes, get the Doctor's Prescription NURITO. Absolutely safe. No spasms, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve your pain in nine minutes or money back at Drug store's discretion. Don't suffer. Use guaranteed NURITO today.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

Address envelopes, labels, names, sew, do other kinds of work. We show books. Send 3c stamp for details to WOMEN'S SERVICE LEAGUE 17 Rockery St., Dept. 5-7 Reno, N. H.

ITCHING

TORTURE STOPPED in one minute!

For quick relief from the itching of pimples, boils, eczema, athlete's foot, rashes and other skin eruptions, apply D.D.P. Ointment, antiseptic, in sealed D.D.D. Prescription. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Cool, greasless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 10c trial bottle, at drug store, proves it—or money back. Ask for—

D.D.D. Prescription
before, her raw-hide M^f^ knock "Writers' would the HOWELL going. knew was fix Created had their have V^O place. hundred it and the hundred that, maybe.

That's her smiling could. It's began (Appearances). he

"Is there on that sandro, "For before..."

Una in mountain, had remembered them in. In the journey, as

"It's White men."

We saw. Johann. When she..."

as Alessandro's Talkie. I

"We've filed in this valley. It's really get, you do if we were." It was useless to resist the guns the white hands touched in their holsters. And so once again they drove away and this time Alessandro did not look back and Ramona could find no words to comfort him.

"Where shall we go now?" she said, and he saw that her eyes were frightened.

"Like the mountains." There was bitterness in his voice. "White men don't want them."

There was rain that night and the baby shivered in her mother's arms, so that when they saw the house lighted on the road in front of them they forgot the cruelly white men had shown them and knocked at the door.

But these people were different. This weatherbeaten old woman with the pipe in her mouth, this white-livered woman smiled at them as he flung the door open. They had forgotten kindness, but now they remembered it again as the kindly proud peopled by fire to burning and brought milk to them in heavy cups.

But Ramona wondered if it were too late even for kindness, for the baby tettered in her arms and when morning came the small body was hot with fever.

It was a day's journey to the nearest doctor and Alessandro's horse was tired with carrying too much money, but when Ramona had got him on and then when he came at last to the village it was only to find that a plague was there before him and the doctor would not leave.

"Is it because I'm an Indian?" Alessandro demanded bitterly.

"Great Lord! I'm a doctor!" There was only pity in the man's voice. "It's your baby against a hundred lives! What can I do? Here, I'll fix you some medicine. This will do if I can get as much as a cupful.

For a second time a white man had offered him kindness and Alessandro took it gratefully and wiped out the score he had been. His horse had come to death. It was the same with them as it was with the Indians, he decided, as he rode quickly away. Some were good and some were bad. Indians were like that, too.

So when his horse went lame after the long journey he was not afraid to knock at the door of the ranch house he came to. And when he showed them what he had found they could laugh again when green shoots sprouted through the soil.

Another child began growing and soon Ramona's new beans would be ready for picking. Then, when it was almost the same it had been and Alessandro sang a little song behind his plow, more Americans came.

"Hey, you Indians can't camp here!" the leader bellowed. "We've filed in this valley. It's really get, you do if we were."

"It was useless to resist the guns the white hands touched in their holsters. And so once again they drove away and this time Alessandro did not look back and Ramona could find no words to comfort him.

"Where shall we go now?" she said, and he saw that her eyes were frightened.

"Like the mountains."

"That's the only medicine for a horse thief!" the man was saying grimly. But Ramona did not hear. She did not hear even her own voice calling, "Alessandro," over and over again, or the echo of her terror as the hills flung it back to her as she ran.

And when at last she reached him she did not even feel terror as she knelt beside him, or horror, or sorrow. It was as if her own terror had been taken away as happiness in going had not been able to leave even sorrow in its place.

It was months after that before she felt anything again. And when she was able to move, people drove her home to the Moreno Rancho and Felipe came to meet her, a smile struggling to his lips at the sight of her so white and so beautiful. When they told her she had died in the hills she had been away she had only looked at them through tired eyes and turned her head away.

But on this first day of Spring Felipe had brought a raw-hide bed into the patio and carried her down to it, and her tears came then; and slowly, painfully, life came back to her. She saw that the poppies were gold in the grass again as they had been that time she had ridden them. She wept with Alessandro, and she pressed her face against the leather strips of the bed.

Alessandro's hands had tied those strips together. It seemed almost as if in pressing her face against them, she was pressing it against his hands again and feeling them warm and alive.

Then Felipe was standing there and in his arms was Alessandro's child, and Ramona smiled when the baby threw chubby arms around him and gurgled contentedly.

And somehow it was good to feel the sun warm on her face. Good to feel life flowing through her body as it was, and she remem- bered what Alessandro had said on that other day when life still lay before them: The sun is good. It will heal everything. They had not said what was wrong then. But Alessandro had said it would cure everything. Maybe that meant sorrow, too. For Alessandro had always been so wise. Maybe he had known even this.
Here's Hollywood!

Continued from page 65

The début of the Music Box Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard, as a broadcasting station, was quite an auspicious occasion. Hundreds of people came to witness Marlene Dietrich and Clark Gable give a stirring performance. However, there was just as much drama before the broadcast and after the broadcast, as there was while the players were reading their lines. Marlene had her telephone adjusted so she could face her audience. It seems she is quite self-conscious about her profile. On the other hand, Clark prefers giving his audience a profile view, instead of meeting them full-face. After these little matters were adjusted, the play got off to a flying start. At the end of the broadcast, Dietrich lost no time in getting in touch with her representatives. It seems that Clark's name had been mentioned first in the announcements and—well, you know how sensitive some people are!

LyNN RIGGS, who authored "Green Grow the Lilacs," (the play that brought Franchot Tone to pictures), is happy. For years the RKO studios have held the screen rights to the play. Now they have allowed them to be bought by M-G-M and it looks as if Franchot Tone will recreate his original role for the talkies.

MARGO, the lovely little Spanish dancer who became a dramatic star, is now in Hollywood to do "Lost Horizon," John Howard, the boy who changed his name from John Cox and immediately became successful, is also in the same picture. Both of them have worked for Hecht and Stab Arthur and claim that as a mutual attraction for their friendship. But they do dance together so-o-o-o divinely, down at the La Golindrina Café in old Los Angeles!

Girls will be boys in Hollywood. That tiny morsel of humanity you saw in "Three Godfathers" is also playing Prince Faunce, in Hepburn's "Mary of Scotland." Actually, the baby is a girl. And she isn't one baby—she's two! Because the law only allows the studio to work the baby for a minute at a stretch, they alternate with her twin sister.

Out Sunset Boulevard there is a tiny hole-in-the-wall shop called "Gates Nut Kettle." It is here the most glamorous of all the glamorous gals can say "Nuts" and be perfectly in order. Besides selling nuts to all the famous ones the "Kettle" specializes in a nutbutter sandwich. It is round steak ground up with peanuts. The result is so-o-o wonderful, but kind of hard on the waistline. Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard are steady customers. They usually stop in late at night when there are few people around. Once when an unexpected rush came up, Charlie donned white cap and apron and went behind the counter. George Raft, Clark Gable, and Freddy March are "nutty" customers. Fred Astaire often drops in and buys ten-cent bags, to munch on his way to work. Even Garbo showed up one night and asked for some salted "nobs."

When Burgess Meredith, who scored such a success in "Winterset," arrives in Hollywood to create his original role, he will be accompanied by his wife, Margaret Perry. It wasn't so many years ago that Margaret fled from Hollywood, a frightened and disillusioned girl. After the preview of her first M-G-M picture a daily trade paper gave her an unkind and unfair criticism—considering it was the first time she had ever faced a camera. When the studio called Margaret for re-takes they discovered she had taken the first train out of town. She has grown up since that experience, and rumor has it that the Columbia studios have several interesting parts lined up for her.

It's a gag! Basil Rathbone smiles as Marlene Dietrich combs his hair, but wait until he finds out that Director Boleslawski has cropped it meantime.

We know that Hollywood stars are awfully busy, but Jeanette MacDonald walks away with all honors. Recently, an acquaintance stopped Jeanette and asked if he could call her at her home, where she would be free to talk to him. Jeanette was willing—but suggested that the man call her secretary to make an appointment—to call her on the phone! Incidentally Jeanette is many pounds lighter these days. Whether it's work, diet, or Gene Raymon, we wouldn't be knowing. And Jeanette, she no tell!

The prop man on Lionel Barrymore's latest picture was startled out of his sleep when his phone rang at two o'clock in the morning. Thinking it a wrong number, he turned over and tried to go back to sleep. But the phone persisted until it had almost wrung itself off the wall. Finally the sleepy-eyed prop man dragged out of bed and muttered a weak "hello." Imagine his surprise when he heard the voice of Lionel Barrymore on the other end of the wire. Lionel had suddenly remembered he left his bridge work on the set. He wanted to be sure that the man found it first thing in the morning!

The day after he returned from a vacation in Bermuda was Gary Cooper's birthday. He also started work on his new picture. In his dressing-room, Gary found a bicycle with his name painted on the side bar. It was given to him by his stand-in, "Cracker" Henderson. Gary was touched. He got into his white tie and tails and then quite casually pedaled his way over to the sound stage. Gary was completely unconscious of the amusing sight he presented in his full evening attire and long legs whirling around like mad.

There is a new portrait on Jack Oakie's dressing-room door, to replace the modest little life-size number that has been there for some time. This one is done with greasepaint and was executed right on the wood by Jack's make-up man.
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND says:

"I'm true to Lux—it's Hollywood's pet care"

Watch the Luxables she wears in "ANTHONY ADVERSE"

WARNER BROTHERS insist that nothing but Lux ever touch any of the lovely costumes that are safe in water alone.

They look enchanting throughout the entire picture, even though scenes were taken days, even months apart!

"At home I'm just as insistent that Lux be used for all my personal things," declares Olivia de Havilland.

YOUR washables, too, can keep their dramatic freshness and "brand-new" look, if you insist on Lux. Cake-soap rubbing and soaps that contain harmful alkali tend to fade colors, weaken fabrics. Lux has no harmful alkali—keeps things lovely longer!

Hollywood says: "Don't trust to luck trust to Lux"
When Irish Eyes are smiling...

They Satisfy

...all you could ask for

Made by Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company—and you can depend on a Liggett & Myers product
“The Garden of Allah,” Deathless Romance with Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer
Hollywood’s Box-Office Love Code
AS THEY SAY IN SINGAPORE

"chën shih miao pu k'o yen"

(INEFFABLY WONDERFUL)

THE FRAGRANCE

Gemey

In Paris or Palma, in London or Lucerne... somewhere tonight there is music, somewhere tonight there is moonlight, somewhere tonight there is romance... and the magic-in-perfume that is... fragrance Gemey!

Young and fresh and joyous, fragrance Gemey has won its merry way around the world. High above the Danube or down the Rio Grande... wherever women dine and dance and dream beneath the stars... it lingers to enchant. For fragrance Gemey is world-beloved... a perfume preferred by the women of seventy-five lands.

And in America today you may know its beauty, touch its glamour to your gown, your lips, your hair.

Ask at your own favorite perfume counter for this essence by Richard Hudnut, perfumer international... wear it tonight for the man you like best... the heart-stirring fragrance Gemey!

Fragrance Gemey (Jem-may') in crystal-clear dressing table flacons, $2.50, $4.50, $15

by RICHARD HUDNUT

New York Paris

London... Toronto... Buenos Aires... Mexico City... Berlin... Barcelona... Budapest

Cape Town... Sydney... Shanghai... Rio de Janeiro... Havana... Vienna
He still wants to kiss her good night

MARRIED eight years... but for them none of that humdrum, take-it-for-granted attitude that creeps into so many marriages. He still wants to kiss her good night. Clever woman... she has always known the secret of keeping dainty and fresh in all things... the breath particularly. After all, there's nothing like halitosis (unpleasant breath) to raise a barrier between people.

* * *

You Never Know

Your breath may be agreeable today and offensive tomorrow. The food you eat, the things you drink, the hours you keep—all bring subtle changes that may result in halitosis (bad breath). Consequently, you must ever be on guard lest you offend.

Better Safe Than Sorry

Fortunately, halitosis often yields quickly to Listerine used as a mouth rinse or gargle. Almost at once, this remarkable deodorant cleanses, sweetens, and freshens the mouth. At the same time, it halts fermentation of tiny food particles—the major cause of mouth odors. Then overcomes the odors themselves.

And remember, Listerine is safe even when used full strength—does not harm delicate tissues of the gums or mouth. It actually stimulates them.

When You Want To Be Sure

Fortunately for the public, many of the "bargain" imitations of Listerine are now out of business. Too strong, too harsh, too bitter to be tolerated, or lacking Listerine's speedy deodorant and antiseptic properties, such mouth washes were soon rejected by the public.

When you want a wholly delightful mouth wash, when you want to be sure of effective breath control with safety, use Listerine and Listerine only. Rinse the mouth with it morning and night and between times before business and social engagements. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

If you like Listerine Antiseptic, chances are you'll like Listerine Tooth Paste. 162 brushings in the big, double-size tube, 40¢. Regular size, 25¢.
You've heard about it for months! You've read about it everywhere! It's all true. This is the greatest love drama, the mightiest entertainment of our time. Every moment throbs as sparks fly, as steel meets steel... and the crimson follows the rapier's thrust... Lovers meet... and dream... and plan. Pomp and grandeur sweep by in spectacular pageantry. Here are thrills, suspense to spur the pulse... tender romance to charm the heart... beauty to fill the eye. A love story deep in the heart of the world forever, now given enthralling life in such a picture as the screen has never known.

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Triumph
Directed by George Cukor
Enter
SCREENLAND'S Romance Contest!
FIRST PRIZE—
39-DAY CRUISE
Full Details
In Our Next Issue

- Think of it—a thrilling 39-day cruise as first prize in SCREENLAND's new contest, full details of which will appear in the next, the November issue. You've read of "The Garden of Allah," which is not only one of the world's most thrilling romances as screened with Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer, but takes you in imagination on a romantic journey to some of the world's most glamorous scenic spots. Now, our contest offers the first-prize winner a real voyage, a wonderful, 39-day cruise to exciting foreign ports on the Italian Line's beautiful SS Roma, a never-to-be-forgotten romantic journey. There will be other worth-while prizes also. Remember—in SCREENLAND's next issue, on sale October 2nd.

October, 1936
EVERY STORY A FEATURE

The Editor's Page ........................................ Delight Evans 15
What Happens on Movie Locations? .................. Elizabeth Wilson 16
Hollywood's Hold on British Actors, .......................... 18
Ronald Colman, Herbert Marshall, .......... Charles Darnton
Does Success Spoil the Stars? .............................. Liz Williams 20
The Garden of Allah, Fictionization ................... Elizabeth B. Petersen 22
Joan Learns to Play, Joan Crawford ............. Jerry Asher 25
Anna Lee's Home in Old London ....................... 27
Dick's Candid Camera Diary, Dick Powell ....... Ruth Tildesley 28
Hollywood's Box-Office Love Code .................. Dorothy Manners 30
Distant Star, Fiction ..................................... Margaret E. Sangster 32
Young Love, Robert Young ............................. Ida Zeitlin 51
Reviews of the Best Pictures ....................... Delight Evans 52
SCREENLAND Glamor School, Edited by Virginia Bruce .. 54
Hollywood Fashion Highlights ......................... 56
Stars at Sea ............................................ Hettie Grimstead 58
Second-Guess Star, June Lang ............... Tom Kennedy 60

SPECIAL ART SECTION:

DEPARTMENTS:
Honor Page ........................................... 6
SCREENLAND's Crossword Puzzle ..................... 8
Inside the Stars' Homes. Alice Faye .............. Betty Boone 10
Tagging the Talkies, Short Reviews ................. 12
Autumn Make-Up "Mysts" ............................ Elin Neil 61
Here's Hollywood. Screen News .................... Weston East 62
Salutes and Snubs. Letters from Readers .......... 67
Femi-Nifties ........................................... 72
Ask Mel .............................................. Miss Vee Dee 74

Spotlight Cover Portrait of Marlene Dietrich by Marland Stone.

Published monthly by SCREENLAND Magazine, Inc. Executive and Editorial offices, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. V. G. Heimbucher, President; J. S. MacDermott, Vice President; J. Superior, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices: 45 West 45th St., New York, 409 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscription $1.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; $2.10 in Canada; foreign $2.50. Changes of address must reach us six weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second-class matter November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1936. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Printed in the U. S. A.
Laurels for Miss Norma Shearer for her lovely, lyric "Juliet"

INDISPUTABLY "First Lady of the Screen" since her exquisite performance of Juliet, Norma Shearer surprises even her confirmed admirers and wins the few dissenters as she realizes every actress' supreme ambition, to play Shakespeare's loveliest heroine. Norma is incredibly young and radiant as the girl Juliet before Romeo wins her untried heart; she blossoms into a glowing woman as she accepts the forbidden Montague's love; and as she grows into the character of the ill-starred bride, she becomes truly inspired and surpasses not only her own best previous performances, but sets a new standard for all screen stars for beauty, sincerity, and poetic accomplishment in histrionic art.
AS THE TWO CHILDREN FACED HER, CARRIE KNEW WITH A STRANGE AND STARTLING CLARITY THAT FROM THIS MOMENT EVEN TO THE END OF TIME THEIR LIVES WERE FASTENED TO HER LIFE BY BONDS OF STEEL.

GLADYS GEORGE, famous American actress, who makes her screen debut in Paramount's "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," with Arline Judge, John Howard, Harry Carey, Dudley Digges, William Collier, Sr., Isabel Jewell, Charlene Wyatt, Jackie Moran, Maude Eburne, from Barry Benefield's best seller, produced and directed by WESLEY RUGGLES.

GLADIUS GEORGE, by DON BENDER

IT WAS a strange title for a book, "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," so when it came out some months ago I sent out and got it, and I read it through at one sitting.

Women are often brave, perhaps always brave; but to be valiant implies also gallantry and an indomitable spirit. And here were both a valiant woman and a remarkable story, the woman an outcast and a parish in a small Louisiana town, but humorous and generous, the story one of pure courage and sturdy regeneration. It was evident that there was a great motion picture here. Carrie had no illusions. If the French half of her was cautious the Irish half would dare anything, and had. But the picture began, of course, when one day a small boy with two buckeyes in a treasure box wandered into that secret garden of hers and told her she was not bad; and Carrie promptly fell in love with him.

Here was everything for a picture, humor and pathos and deep human understanding. There was nothing mawkish about Carrie. Sometimes she told herself she was crazy, and sometimes that she was an old fool, but her love for this boy and later on for a small waif of a girl is the very essence of womanhood. For the time came when Carrie had to plan so that she could face them both without shame, and the picture is a story of that struggle.

I intend to see the picture, of course. I want to see Carrie leaving behind her Cemetery Road and the easy money of her past, and escaping into a life where as she says she will go straight if she has to shing dishes in a restaurant. And I want to see her with her waifs that incongruous three against the world, and watch them slowly and successfully conquering that world. Also I want to see Gladys George as Carrie. I know her work, which is that of a fine dramatic artist, and her own story, which is one of ups and downs, and for a long time mostly downs.

SHE HAS a long record of achievement behind her. She narrowly escaped being born in a theater, for her parents were actors. She was on the stage herself at the age of three, and as a youngster in small towns paraded the streets with a sandwich board which said: "Wouldn't you like to see me tonight at "Theater?" It is quite typical of her life that she got her first real chance while nursing a badly broken nose, and not surprising that after almost seven hundred riotously successful appearances as the star of "Personal Appearance," some one took a plane and signed her up for Carrie in this picture.

She will play it with skill, understanding and honesty, for Carrie was always honest, even with herself. But above all she will play it as she has lived, valiantly, with courage and an indomitable spirit.
SCREENLAND’S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley

ACROSS
1. Featured actor in “Sunny”
2. Cover of “Satan Met a Lady”
10. Lew Ayres’ former wife
14. Girl’s name
15. Sharp knife
16. To grow away (as of acids)
20. Robe
24. Joan Crawford’s husband
25. Eden
26. Featured actress in Nobody’s Ark
28. At this place
29. The heavens
31. Prefix meaning across
32. Heads
33. Thick grass
34. Printers measures
35. Former
37. “Klondike Annie”
39. To require
41. Edge of a roof
42. Help
45. In an upward direction
47. A wine
48. Cooking fuel
49. To accomplish
50. Jewel
51. Kind of cheese
52. Crooked
54. An old woman
56. Deeds
58. Reverence
60. Indefinite amount
62. To walk pompously
64. Taking action at law
66. The screen’s new “Juliet”
69. His new film is “Crash Down”
70. She made her fame in Catherine the Great
72. Distinct attorney in “Fury”
73. Nickname of famous President
74. Featured actor in “The Bride Walks Out”
75. Weir’d
77. Name of Guido’s old musical scale

DOWN
1. Co-star of “San Francisco”
2. Co-star of “Follow the Fleet”
3. Japanese measure
4. But
5. Star of “The Ghost Goes West”
6. Seated
7. Roman numeral six
8. Spicy gum burned for its odor
9. Disposes of for cash
10. Leading man in “Pan on the Air”
11. Either
12. Her new film is “Ramona”
13. To worship
14. End of
17. Female sheep
20. Preparation
22. Star of “The Singing Kid”
23. Born
24. Hurdled
25. Possessed
30. Famous comedy producer of silent films
32. Leading man in “Love Before Breakfast”
34. “Mr. —— Goes to Town”
36. Featured actress in “Moonlight Murders”
37. Thick cup
38. To imitate
39. Greek letter
40. What women stars are afraid of
41. Leading lady in “One Rainy Afternoon”
42. Household pet
43. Glorious German film star
44. Liz’s Girl Friend
45. Star of “Big Brown Eyes”
46. Male star of “Forgotten Faces”
47. Sash
49. This is worn on the head in a costume film
61. Enemy’s bid
62. Perennials
63. Featured actress in “Snowed Under”
64. Intelligence
65. Silly birds
66. Free-for-all fight
68. Exclamation of sorrow
70. Exist
71. Railroad (abbr.)
74. Fish
76. Sweet potatoes
79. Continental (abbr.)
81. Mr.’s husband
82. Biblical pronoun

Answer to
Last Month’s Puzzle

GARAY ARCH LARUE ORE MORAN
IRAN ARIAS BORE
ROSE EXHAUSTED CADA TZA
DIXON JENAL EZE
NOBLES TALBOT DO 
VATE CAN BEY
AG I AM ALVAREZ CIDE
AL CAND ID WE 
TID BY ORTINS NONTRO RORBERTA
SET STS AMD
HAYDON ARIELS ALE BREN ITAIL
GRINS ARE IRENE 
MADE BOW FAYE
THE PICTURE EVERY WOMAN WILL WANT SOME MAN TO SEE

If you know of anything more important than the female of the species in the world's scheme of things, then you can dispute our action in awarding this new Kay Francis picture runaway honors as the outstanding photoplay of the month. See it and you will know why woman critics unite in calling it the greatest picture of its kind since "Stella Dallas"—even greater, perhaps, because of its modern viewpoint and open honesty in considering a love problem women in the day of "Stella Dallas" kept padlocked in their hearts. The role of a mother, caught in the turmoil of a love so desperate that she must break another woman's heart or her own, is valiantly performed by

KAY FRANCIS
IN
"GIVE ME YOUR HEART"

From a Noted Stage Play... With

GEORGE BRENT
Roland Young • • Patric Knowles
Henry Stephenson • Frieda Inescort
Directed by Archie L. Mayo • A Cosmopolitan Production

Only to a world of advancing social ideas would the screen dare present so fearlessly candid a drama. And only for a public whose tastes have been keyed to a higher entertainment level could Warner Bros. have included it in that remarkable succession of new-season pictures which has already given us "The Green Pastures" and "Anthony Adverse." A happy movie season is indeed in store for us with assurance from trustworthy sources that Warner Bros. have issued confidential orders that the same standard of excellence be adhered to in the production of Marion Davies and Clark Gable's "Cain and Mabel"; "Charge of the Light Brigade," with Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland; Lloyd C. Douglas' celebrated best-seller, "Green Light," and other forthcoming pictures.
**INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES**

You're Alice Faye's guest at a Fall luncheon, with novel Chinese dishes for which Alice divulges the recipes

By Betty Boone

---

A **LICE FAYE**, light and quick-moving as a humming-bird, lives in a stately Spanish house with cactus, palms, olive and banana trees in the front yard and more of the same in the patio at the back.

The furniture in living and dining rooms is heavy old Spanish stuff most appropriate to the style of dwelling but contrasting strongly with its quicksilver mistress.

"I feel so serious in here," she confided, looking around mistrustfully at the tapestries on the wall and the one or two somber portraits. "Don't you think we should go outdoors and be ourselves? I think, if I don't get a new house soon, I'll turn into a Spanish granada."

She isn't in the least like a grandee, but rather like a little girl, with her new "brownette" hair in ringlets and a ribbon. She was wearing a printed silk dress with a short black silk jacket that set off the jewel colors in the silk.

"The marvelous thing about California—and one I can't get used to—is being able to stay outdoors almost all the time. And the thing I like best about this house—the only thing I thought of when I took the place—is the pool."

The pool is beyond the patio. It is lined with blue tile and the dressing-rooms are contained in what looks like an ancient Spanish galleon. This ship seems to rise out of the water; you can dive from the deck into the pool.

"You should see it on moonlight nights silhouetted against the sky with the water in front," exulted Alice. "With all these banana and palm trees you can imagine you've just landed on a tropic island from a pirate ship."

She drew up two chairs on the sunny side of the pool and we settled ourselves.

"Like all picture people, we have very simple meals," she observed, presently. "I go in for salads in a big way myself, but now I have a Filipino boy for cook and I'm beginning to be Chinese-food-conscious. It's grand!"

"He won't part with his recipes. Maybe they are sacred or something, but just try and get one out of him? However, we have had Beef and Bean Canton, and Keye Luke, the young Chinese actor on our lot, has a recipe for that, which may easily be the same."

**BEEF AND BEAN CANTON**

1 pound planked steak
2½ pounds fresh string beans, (or asparagus)
3 large onions
1 bottle soy sauce for browning to taste
½ pound Crisco

Cut the beef lengthwise into one-and-a-half-inch strips, then cut crosswise, one-eighth inch thick. Cut onions into fine strips for frying. String beans and cut into one-and-a-half-inch lengths, or equally good is the Beef...
and Asparagus Canton, in which instead of the string beans, you cut asparagus lengthwise and diagonally one-eighth of an inch thick.

Heat Crisco in frying pan, place onion in, fry lightly; then add a little soy sauce to help brown onions, which should then be taken, placed in container in warm oven. Add a little more Crisco to pan and put in your beans or asparagus, stirring constantly with just enough water to keep them from sticking. Cover and let steam for five minutes. The object is just to cook food through, not make pulp of it, so it stays crisp. Add another dash of soy sauce, rolling beans around constantly; by that time most of the juices have been absorbed by the vegetables, which should then be taken out and put in oven container with the onions.

Then put a little more Crisco in the frying pan, heat it again, and put the stripped beef in. Turn it over several times, and salt and pepper a bit more soy sauce, which will brown until beef is medium rare. Then take onions and beans and place with the beef in frying pan and let elements "marry" for a minute.

Now serve. The freshness and crispness of the vegetables will be retained, the food will be tender, and served with rice and tea, you have a well-balanced and delicious dinner.

Alice likes Chicken Chow Mein, too, and she was busy that for luncheon today, with College Inn tomato juice cocktails as a first course and some whipped jello and tea, so no one can complain that she puts any horrible extra weight on her guests!

"If this were a colder climate," said Alice, "I'd serve soup first and perhaps a hot dessert. But desserts are a problem in Hollywood. I know I hate hostesses who break down my resistance with lemon chiffon pies and rich cake and the like. When I'm alone I have fruit or crackers and cheese, and not much of that.

"My boy wouldn't tell me about his chow mein, but I got a recipe for it anyway, and I hope it's the same kind. I wish I knew a little about cooking, but I think it's a gift, like a fine voice or a sense of rhythm. My mother has it."

**CHICKEN CHOW MEIN**

- 3 1/2 lb. noodles
- 4 ounces pork
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 2 " soy sauce
- 1 stalk celery (diced)
- 1 yellow onion, chopped
- 1 qt. Crisco
- 1/2 lb. mushrooms
- 3 1/2 lb. cooked breast of chicken
- Yolks of 2 hard-boiled eggs.

(Continued on page 85)

---

**HELP ROMANCE ALONG...** Before you dress, remember MAVIS' all-over fragrance

Walk in beauty—surrounded by the glamour MAVIS gives you... that "certain something" men adore! Frenchwomen know the allure of constant flower-fresh daintiness. Make their charm secret your own!

After every bath—before you dress—clothe yourself in softly fragrant clouds of MAVIS Talcum. The delicate scent keeps you fresh for hours. Its velvety touch soothes your skin—absorbs disturbing body moisture... Don't forget! MAVIS safeguards your daintiness. Its delightful fragrance lingers, and in men's memories, too. Try MAVIS today. Absolutely pure.

MAVIS Talcum in 25¢, 50¢ and 81¢ sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. White or flesh.

---

Alice says her pretty Spanish home makes her feel like a "grandee," but she's one Hollywood star who will never "go grand" no matter where she lives, for Alice is warm-hearted and human.
Tagging the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52 and 53

Hollywood's most interesting romantic team off-screen presented as lovers in a film that needs nothing more to recommend it. Robert Taylor is the handsome doctor who falls in love with Barbara Stanwyck, who never looked more lovely. It is a story geared to the standard romantic devices of screen and stage—but who cares? It has Bob and Barbara involved in appealing love episodes. Nice!

Joe E. Brown clowning around with the idea of "natural-born salesmanship," made familiar by Alexander C. Botts. This is pure laugh stuff of the Brown brand, and you're sure of smiles, giggles, and guffaws as Joe capitalizes on his ignorance of everything mechanical by demonstrating intricate motor tractors. June Travis is Joe's inspiration—and she's a pretty girl. Guy Kibbee helps lots. Good fun.

Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, and Cary Grant making a thrilling trio. Swell entertainment while it lasts, but that's all there is, because a disjointed story sends you away with that: interesting—but what's it all about? feeling. Jean is married to Cary. He is murdered, she thinks. Then she marries Tone, who later becomes a pal of Cary at the front. "Happy" ending of a compromise sort closes a fair show.

Mystery-melodrama of the highly entertaining sort, with Edward Arnold doing a corking job as the detective who solves the murder, without ever leaving his apartment. The murder here is a very involved affair and many people enter into the complications. However, it's no strain on the spectator to follow the plot about death caused by poison from a venomous snake. Lionel Stander supplies excellent comedy.

I WANT YOU

Work for "Uncle Sam"

Start $1200 to $1400 a year

MEN—WOMEN. Common education usually sufficient. Short hours. Write today for free 32-page book, with list of positions and full particulars telling how to get them.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. N269 Rochester, N. Y.

PHOTOS ENLARGED

48c

6x10 Inches

FREE Autographed Movie Photos

Carried in our collection of autographed pictures, we will send with each enlargement a beautiful facsimile signature.

SEND NO MONEY

For purchase may engraving without, enclose price given below. For postcard, the price given will apply. 1c per card. Specify photo. A few free postcard autographs will be sent with each order. FREE! SOLE SOURCE OF FREE! Send no money. Take advantage of this exceptional offer. Don't delay.

HOLLYWOOD CINEMA PHOTO CO.

Drawer 390, Enlargement Dept., Hollywood, Calif.

Down Under the Sea

Life among the sponge divers of Tarpon Springs, Florida, revealed less by the somewhat jerky love-melodrama, than by the underwater views and atmospheric series of old-world customs of the people who dominate in the sponge industry. Ben Lyon, Russell Hardie, Ann Rutherford, Irving Pichel, and others do their best with not very convincing parts. It doesn't offer much of a story, but the life depicted is unusual.
If it's action thrills you want, here is something. A wisp of romance threads through a series of blood-stirring scenes of dangerous encounters between Barton MacLane and Satan, man-killing tiger he trains in a circus act. Jealous of June Travers love for Warren Hull, MacLane tosses Warren to Satan as 'twere, but relents and sacrifices himself. MacLane's performance has vigor, adds punch to the melodrama.

And welcome indeed is the lady who used to outwit cops as she stole jewels, but who is now "going straight." Gertrude Michael steps up to new eminence for the skill and charm she brings to Sophie. Miss Michael, aided by Elizabeth Patterson, Sir Guy Standing, and Ray Milland, as the romantic interest, makes it a picture of sustained entertainment, bringing a nice balance of melodrama, humor, and love.

Clue-full of gags. So much so, there's no time for plot, but there's a thread of a yarn. In the "silents" this would have rated in the two-reel comedy class, but now slapstick is blown up into features. Jack Haley, as the butler, offers enter society, gets a grand acting chance. Betty Furness offers further proof that she is a fine trouper, and Arthur Treacher scores again as a comic butler. Good knockabout comedy.

Co-featuring Patricia Ellis and Mickey Rooney, here playing a grown-up part—at least grown up to the size of a jockey. A bad reputation he did not earn drives the jock eventually to "spend" a horse to let the entry of Miss Ellis win, and so save the family fortune—a gesture of gratitude to the heroine for her kindness to him. It is a routine story but offers entertainment.

(Continued on page 95)

GERMS . . . the cause of many skin blemishes, banished from Woodbury's Beauty Creams. New "Filtered Sunshine" element helps the skin to stay young!

What's the good of even talking about skin beauty, if blemish-germs are lurking in your pores?

To bring you one step nearer to clear skin beauty, Woodbury skin scientists have made these beauty creams germ-free. An exclusive ingredient in Woodbury's Creams inhibits the blemish-forming work of germs on the skin.

"Filtered Sunshine" Helps Skin to Breathe

Now Woodbury's Cold Cream brings you a second important element. Sunshine is vital to a good complexion. Certain rays, which produce Vitamin D, help the skin to breathe. Now these beneficial rays of "Filtered Sunshine" are irradiated into one ingredient of Woodbury's Cold Cream. This "Filtered Sunshine" element . . . Vitamin D . . . stimulates the skin's rapid breathing process, to keep your complexion young, unmarred by lines and dryness.

Use Woodbury's Cold Cream to cleanse and soften your skin. The Facial Cream holds powder and rouge smoothly. Protects, too, against wind, dust and blemish-germs. Each only 50c, 25c, 10c in jars; 25c and 10c in tubes.

SEND FOR 9-PIECE LOVELINESS KIT!


Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City __________________ State ________
A GREAT BOOK!

AN OUTSTANDING PLAY!

A SUPERB PICTURE!

Nobel Prize Winner SINCLAIR LEWIS
... Pulitzer Prize Winner SIDNEY HOWARD... Famed Producer SAMUEL GOLDWYN... this winning combination which gave the world "Arrowsmith" has again united to create the entertainment achievement of the year!

Samuel Goldwyn
HAS THE HONOR TO PRESENT
SINCLAIR LEWIS'

DODSWORTH

with WALTER HUSTON
RUTH CHATTERTON
PAUL LUKAS • MARY ASTOR

and DAVID NIVEN WILLIAM WYLER
Screenplay by SIDNEY HOWARD

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

*Hundreds of thousands saw the play which ran for nearly two years on Broadway and on the road! Millions have read the book which topped best-seller lists! And now millions more will see the superb picturization of this great prize story!
DEAR SIMONE SIMON:

Cheer up.

Not that I blame you for looking so bewildered. It's no wonder. Here you are, a little stranger in a strange land, still speaking our language imperfectly—but charmingly; with only one Hollywood picture behind you, and, ahead of you—a great, big Ordeal that will call upon all your Gallic courage and common-sense to overcome. In other words, Simone Simon, (pronounced See-moan See-moan), you are cast in a picture with Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, and Constance Bennett, and told to hold your own.

Now if I hadn't seen you in "Girls' Dormitory," your first American movie for which you would have received our Honor Page if Miss Norma Shearer were not smart enough to come along with her perfect Juliet just at this crucial moment in both your careers, I'd be much more worried about you. But in that picture you quite easily steal the show from such swell, seasoned troupers as Herbert Marshall, Ruth Chatterton, Constance Collier, and J. Edward Bromberg—no small achievement for a very new French girl. Of course you're aided by your wicked eyes, your seductive naïveté, your wide-eyed innocence that's also old and wise; you have more than your share of enormous, luscious close-ups; and you were helped along, not hindered, by the splendid sportsmanship of Mr. Marshall and Miss Chatterton. Nevertheless, you scored very much in your own right. That's why I'm cheering for you to steal "Ladies in Love," Mr. Darryl Zanuck's world-shaking epic, which calls for the services in one picture of four usually separately-starred actresses.

Just in case you may have seen and believed some of the publicity, I want to reassure you, Mlle. Simone Simon, (you pronounce it; I'm sick of it), as to the tempers and temperaments of your quadruplicate stars. There was talk that Miss Bennett saw Miss Gaynor riding to the stage in a limousine, and demanded one likewise. That Loretta Young, hearing rumors of temperament, decided to do some demanding herself. The general impression being that the poor, little newcomer in the cast would be lucky if she were seen and heard at all above the din and the confusion. Well, don't worry, Mademoiselle. Janet Gaynor is much too smart to snoot the new girl who will soon be playing her cherished old rôle of Diane in the remake of "Seventh Heaven." Loretta has a sense of humor; as for Miss Bennett, if she blows up who'll care? No—you don't need any protection from these ladies. If anything, they should be protected against you. For above all else, Hollywood actresses fear The New Girl in Town, especially when the New Girl is as devastating a menace as you. Go right ahead. You're the luckiest newcomer in years, and you'll probably stroll away with their picture, Mlle. Simone Simon, pronounced—but it doesn't matter how we pronounce it, just so we say it, and we will.

Delight Evans
Have been told that the most amazing things happen on movie locations. It seems, so they tell me, that leading ladies with the first breath of pure piney air throw aside their smoothness along with their spurious eyelashes and make eyes at good-looking leading men for the duration of location—in other words they have an a-m-o-u-r, (which I have discreetly spelled out so that the kiddies won't catch on for little pitchers have big ears, and anyway, they really should have been in bed long ago). The leading man, tall and handsome with his shirt open at the neck to show that Greek god of a throat, invariably has a pout on with the comedian who, completely squiffed to the gills, is stealing all his big scenes. Never, swears the leading man to all who will listen, never again will he consent to play in a picture with a dog, a horse, or Jack Oakie. Better Shirley Temple any day. What with feuding and necking and drinking and squawking it's a wonder to me they ever get a picture finished. Yes, indeed, love, jealousy, hate, passion, all the good old elemental emotions, pop out like the rash the first night in the wide open spaces, so those people tell me. But what I forgot to tell you was that those people who tell me live thousands of miles away from Hollywood and have never been near a movie location.

While Marlene Dietrich, the Duse of Dusseldorf, was on location on the sand dunes near Yuma, Arizona, re-
The answer is, anything may happen, and often does. But you'll want to read all the
details in this exclusive, truth-telling feature

By Elizabeth Wilson

Above, a typical
movie "tent city" on
location in the desert,
with Charles Boyer
and Marlene Dietrich
shaking hands after
the day's work. Left,
how real are those
Francis Lederer-Ann
Sothern love scenes
in "My American
Wife"? Below, read
about Nigel Bruce
and Claudette Col-
bert on location for
"Under Two Flags."

cently with the "Garden of Allah" company I happened
to bump into her one day, quite by premeditation on my
part, and blowing the sand from between my teeth I
asked, by way of gathering a news note for you, (always
thinking of you, dear reader): "What goes on on this
location, Marlene?" Seated before her mirror, in the
process of making herself breathlessly beautiful, the Lady
of the Dunes retorted, "You ought to know by now that
nothing ever happens on a location." (Charming girl,
Marlene—so imaginative, so co-operative.) Well, some-
where between those people and Marlene lies the truth
—about movie locations.

The location has become very chic in Hollywood these
last few years, what with the passing of the drawing-room
drama—(mercy, it's been ages since Ruth Chatterton
and Connie Bennett lifted their lashes out of the teacups,
simply dripping with orange pekoe, and murmured ubi-
quitous. "What do you think?")—and what with the
vogue for action, history, and biography the movies more
and more are moving out of the nice refined air-cooled
sound stages and roughing it on land and sea.

Every ace director has a fetish for realism now; it's
the thing to have, just like puttees in the old days; so they
spurn with contempt the phony woodlands in the prop
department, and dash away to blaze new trails in the
forest primeval. The old tank in the back lot isn't good
enough any more. No, they must have the Pacific now.
And, dear reader, when you see the desert on the screen
you are no longer seeing a glorified sand-pile with a
backdrop on stage nine, heavens no, you're seeing real
American desert, 103 in the shade, and millions of sand
fleas—ask Marlene, ask Claudette, ask Ann Sothern,
ask me. (Marlene fainted dead away from the heat three
times on the "Garden of Allah" location, Claudette was
practically carried away by flies and scorpions on the
"Under Two Flags" location, and when she was in the
desert doing "My American Wife" Ann Sothern col-
lapsed with a sunstroke right (Continued on page 82)
Hollywood’s Hold on British Actors

In the wild alarums of British raids on Hollywood there is one strangely peaceful note. It is struck by the English actor.

Nothing could be more significant. Yet, oddly enough, this phenomenon has escaped notice. No one has remarked that the one person of all who might reasonably be expected to get excited about the international situation remains perfectly calm. No one has wondered at not hearing a word out of him. No one has marvelled that he doesn’t budge. Blood is thicker than water, but it isn’t crossing an ocean of it. Loyalty is strong, but the almighty dollar is powerful. The Lion roars, but money talks.

One guess is as good as another. But why not learn the real reason for Hollywood’s hold on British stars? Nothing could be simpler than asking Hollywood’s two most popular and long-established English actors—Ronald Colman and Herbert Marshall.

Mr. Colman: “I wouldn’t be acting anywhere today if it hadn’t been for Hollywood. I’d be working in an office, just as I did as a bookkeeper before coming to this country.”

Mr. Marshall: “I don’t see how any English actor can possibly have a completely rounded career without coming to America. And I, for one, must say I’ve had nice rewards for my work.”

It would be impossible to find two more contented actors. Far from being like fish out of water, they are very much in the Hollywood swim.

Both were of much the same mind and greatly alike in their experiences.

Mr. Colman: “I came over from England to try for pictures, but couldn’t pull anything off. Nobody knew me and nobody wanted me. After three years in New York I felt I had made a great mistake—that I was not meant for either the stage or the screen. Then, out of the blue, came a call from Hollywood.”

Mr. Marshall: “At first, when I did a talkie in England, pictures were just a genial side-line. How nice to be able to pick up a little extra money! But it became a
Ronald Colman and Herbert Marshall, in this "scoop" story, express and explain their loyalty and gratitude to Hollywood in the face of the English studios' "star raids"

By Charles Darnton

As for Mr. Marshall, he smiled on the American scene, with: "The actor does himself well in Hollywood. For one thing, he breathes pure, fresh air. It's such a great change that he almost forgets he is an actor. Instead of a stuffy dressing-room, he finds himself in a pleasant place that is like an apartment. He is given every facility for doing his work. When he isn't at it he has every opportunity for a good, healthful time the year round. He has no reason for feeling he is in a strange land. At any rate, this is true in my case. I was playing in this country with Cyril Maude in 'Grumpy' before going overseas. I waited till I could put something into my wife's lap, leave her with enough money to go on for a while. Then, after the war, I had to wait still longer to get back. In fact, I didn't believe I'd ever make it, not being able to go very far on sticks. But when, at long last, the chance came to return to America I was only too glad to take it. And now that I'm still here, I am happy to remain.

That other good soldier-actor, Mr. Colman, was pleased to say: "Hollywood is a grand place to work. This is what it means to me. The rest doesn't matter, although I do like the out-of-doors, hunting, fishing and going into the mountains. But I'm not the recluse they write me up as being. I don't (Continued on page 92)"}

serious matter in 'The Letter,' made in New York with Jean Eagles. I felt I was no good for the screen. No one could possibly have been more surprised than I was at getting an offer from Hollywood."

As for heeding any present summons to England, Mr. Colman squarely faced my question and definitely said: "My pictures are as deliberately made for the English market as here; it's about fifty-fifty. Yet it has been argued that I should, as a matter of patriotism, go back to England and make pictures in my own country for my own people. I can't follow this argument, can't for the life of me understand what it has to do with the case. Having been in Hollywood for eleven years, I don't see why I shouldn't remain here as long as they'll have me. I'm giving my career to England by giving them English pictures made in America. Noël Coward writes his plays on a freighter, and so long as he goes back to England and gives them a 'Cavalcade' that's all right. Somerset Maugham writes books and plays on the Riviera and in the South Seas, and they don't throw that back at him so long as they get what he has done. Why, then, should they demand that I do my work in England simply as a matter of patriotism? In the first place, I was given little or no opportunity to do it in England. And certainly my career, such as it is, has been made in America."
Does Success

You ask us this question more often than any other: does the heady wine of Hollywood fame change 'em for better or worse? Now we're answering, and you'll have the cruel, hard truth—and some pleasant surprises!

ask me: Does success spoil the stars?—well, they've got me. No monosyllable will cover that. The answer is: Yes, but—, and No, but—. It brings on a lot of talk.

Now, I don't want to get all worked up over this, so let's look at it as casually as possible. After all, movie stars are human beings, you know. Take away the false lashes and the paint job and they look like you and you and you, and me too, if I'd only reduce. And being humans, naturally they have weaknesses, vanities, petty vices, and noble impulses just like the rest of us. Tell me that I am a "good" tennis player, cocktail mixer, or writer, (don't be nasty, it has been said—once), and I immediately assume that I am God's gift to the universe. The man in the snappy new roadster always feels superior to the little people on the street who are scurrying to get out of his way. The kid at school who gets five dollars a week allowance certainly crows it over the poor kids whose wise parents give them only a dollar. It's the law of the jungle, and there's no way of getting around it. If you, dear reader, suddenly had a telephone number salary thrown at you every week, read in all the newspapers and magazines that you were the most sensational thing since Eve, and had all the millionaires and movie heroes in town begging you to walk down the aisle of the Grauman's Chinese with them, why—why, honey, what a pain in the neck you'd be.

Yes, success goes to every movie star's head like fine old sherry. It's human nature and there's nothing we can do about it. But fortunately for all of us who are involved in the moving picture industry most of the stars "can take it." Success does not necessarily spoil them forever. After the first "flash," the first "glamor," is spent they return to earth with a thud like an exploded sky rocket, and quickly go about normalizing themselves once more. With the unexpected wealth that has been dumped in their laps they proceed to improve themselves mentally.
Spoil the Stars?

By

Liz Williams

and emotionally—and also help out the less fortunate of which the world has many. There really are sane movie stars, and don't give me any lip.

And of course there are those poor dopes who "can't take it." You find them everywhere, in every walk of life. Whether they live in Toomer ville or Beverly Hills, money goes right to their head, and alas, stays there. Until there isn't any more money. Hollywood is full of these punch-drunks, but Hollywood isn't impressed. Why, Hollywood wasn't even impressed when the Warner Brothers flew over Hollywood Boulevard and dropped snow on the Christmas pageant, so why should Hollywood be impressed with an enlarged ego? A Hollywoodite upon receiving the ritz from a pampered darling merely remarks, "Okay, Bella, I'll see you on your way down." For what goes up in Hollywood is bound to come down. I think Mr. Galileo or one of his ilk first thought of that, but Hollywood is taking credit.

Right now there are two young actresses in Hollywood, (there are more, but we'll specialize), who are taking a good sniffer of success and finding it rather heady. Beverly Roberts and Alice Faye. I met Beverly when she first came to Hollywood as a new Warner Brothers "find" and she seemed a sweet, rather shy, and very ambitious girl. She was featured in the last Al Jolson picture and drew good reviews for the most part. Then came the Bette Davis Revolt—Bette walked out of "God's Country and the Woman" on the eve of production, the studio hastily put Beverly Roberts into the Bette Davis starring rôle, and ever since have held her over Bette's head as sort of a Damoclean sword. "Stay away as long as you want to," they say, "we've got Beverly Roberts for your type of rôle. And she's a much better actress than you are any day." (Last summer you may recall Rosalind Russell was cast as the Damoclean sword in Metro's battle with Myrna Loy who also went on a walk).

Now of course you can't blame Beverly for taking advantage of an opportunity like that; after all, that was the (Continued on page 66)
The Garden

An enchanting romance of abiding love and supreme sacrifice fictionized from the all-color film starring Dietrich and Boyer

Strange this feeling Domini had of being alive again! Almost eager. Things mattered: crowded streets and palm trees and clematis sprawling over a hotel wall. The dog that had jumped up to her in welcome and nozzled his head against her knees. The smile of his master, Father Roubier, as he moved toward her from the mimosa-covered archway of the church, his grave eyes lighting as he spoke. And Batouch, the young Arab guide, with the exaggerated poetry of his speech that had made her laugh just a little when he gathered her luggage together at the station.

It was years since she had felt this quickening within her. Almost as she had when she was a child and life stretched exciting and gay before her. And it was this same child she had been, awakened to gaiety and excitement again, that stirred the heart of the woman she had become and made her long for other things too.

And she thought of the man who had sat opposite her in the railroad compartment on the last stretch of her journey whose rudeness when he jostled past her and climbed into the carriage before her had lashed her apathy into swift annoyance. But that had gone when she had seen his face. Eyes that had looked into their measure of despair. Deep lines graven around a mouth sensitive and hurt. Suffering and torture and doubt were written there, and suddenly she knew that she envied him. For he was alive.

“Oh, God!” She looked up at the deep blue of the African sky. “Give me the power to feel keenly, fiercely, even though I suffer. Let me be a living thing!”

A love as inspiring as the spell of the desert possesses Domini, (Marlene Dietrich), and Boris, (Charles Boyer), as an acquaintance that began in a café, where Boris was fascinated by the dancing girl, (Tilly Losch), ripens under the mystic charm of the sun-drenched Sahara.
of Allah

Fictionized by

Elizabeth B. Petersen

(See Page 77 for Complete Cast)

Even in the midst of people Domini had been lonely. Desperately lonely. For as lonely as she had been in the long years chained to a despotic father’s sick bed she had been even more alone when his death had released her and she had tried to plunge into the life that had been denied her.

Paris, Vienna, the Riviera—wherever gay, amusing people went, there Domini went too, trying to capture something of their laughter, their light bantering words, their zest for living.

And women envied her the pale yellow of her hair and the deep blue of her eyes and the arched brows accentuating them with a sophistication that was not really hers at all, and saw her for a woman made to be loved above other women. And men looked at the quivering fullness of her mouth and desired her. Domini remained unmoved either by envy or desire, until she thought at last she was a thing of stone incapable of emotion or deep feeling.

At last it was to the convent where she had spent her school-days as a child that she went and the Mother Superior listened as she told of the fears that held her.

“What am I to do?” she asked, and there was not even pain in her voice. Only that emptiness that caught the older woman’s pity. “The only time I was ever really happy was here. I come to you as I did when I was a little girl.”

“My dear,” the nun sighed and her hand closed over the other’s, “after those difficult years with your father it was foolish to plunge into gaiety. That sort of thing was not for you. That’s not life, Domini. The joy of life must

Inexorably their love draws Boris and Domini to the fatal wedding in the little church at Beni-Mora, the final step toward ultimate sacrifice and lasting peace in “The Garden of Allah.” Reenacting dramatic episodes from the production in scenes here are Dietrich, Boyer, and Basil Rathbone.
come from within. Child, child, how could you expect trivial amusement to satisfy?

"You were made for life. I know that. It is only that you haven't found yourself yet. Why not do something, perhaps the very opposite of what you have done? Go away from the noise and turmoil of the world. Why not the desert? Maybe, there in the face of the infinite you may find calm and peace, and yourself."

And so it was that Domini had come to this town of Beni-Mora that was the gateway to the great Sahara. That first night she stood on the verandah of the hotel and somewhere in the distance an Arab sang to his beloved, Domini closed her eyes as she listened.

Then footsteps coming toward her and a man's voice beside her. And she flushed as she saw it was the man who had been so rude to her in the train that morning.

"Pardon, Madame, for today," he said, and there was something so childlike and submissive in his simplicity that he touched her.

She said, "Please don't think of it." And then as he waited she went on quickly. "It's so wonderful here, isn't it? The desert seems to speak. The sound of palms moving, the footsteps in the sand. And that song—the desert is filled with life."

"I—I hope you find it so, Madame." Boris Androvsky spoke with tortured slowness as though it were an effort for him to speak at all. Then he bowed, stiffly, as one who has not been taught such little courtesies, and walked quickly away.

She saw him again that evening in the dance hall where Batouch the guide had taken her, staring at the girl dancing to the slow beat of tom-toms.

The dancing girl's heavy dark eyes darted around the room as she swayed on the floor, her slumbrous smile following her eyes when she singled out an Arab in the watching crowd. Painted toes as scarlet as her painted lips moved toward him in the sensuous rhythm of the dance, and Domini sensed the attraction between these two and the love and hate interlaced that held them.

This was living, this thing they felt, the dancing girl and the Arab. Words they had spoken, kisses they had shared came alive between them as they stared at each other, and then the man tore (Continued on page 77)
Joan Learns to Play!

The Glamor Queen's best friend among Hollywood writers gives you an intimate close-up of the new "Crazy Crawford," now as gay as she used to be gloomy

Don't look now, but Joan Crawford is really a little crazy. Or haven't you heard? Someday I knew it would happen. For years I've stood patiently by, watching, waiting, and hoping for the mighty Crawford to show the tell-tale signs. (Misery likes company, you know.) Occasionally I've seen Joan make a feeble attempt at magnificent madness. But no one would take her seriously! Try as she would, Crawford couldn't convince 'em that she is a trifle tetchsed. Poor Joan, just dying to be her silly self and everyone else so much crazier—they insisted that she be the sane one.

You know Crawford the ar-teest. And you know Crawford the woman. Now, I give you—Crawford the clown! She's been one for years, but it's just recently that she's been able to do anything about it. You know how it is with movie stars. And perhaps with Joan more than anyone else. The saints forgive me, but I too have been guilty of taking her as seriously as she used to take herself. I knew not what I was doing. It took the Declaration of Independence, ten dollars worth of fireworks, and a moonlight night to bring me to my senses.

For years Joan had wanted to play. But she's never actually known how. Before she became a star, she had her fill of dancing, night clubs, and boy friends. Some people might have called that playing. To Joan it meant a means of escape from that driving ambition, that took her through the various stages of screen development. You've seen Joan with gardenias to the left of her. You've seen Joan with gardenias to the right of her. (And gardenias to you.) You've seen her unhappy in divorce and more recently, happy in love. You've seen her put her house in order. You've seen her career taking on a new importance. From a restless, dissatisfied girl, you've seen her change into a poised young woman.

Now wipe that worried look away, I'm not going to try and tell you there's another "new Crawford." There couldn't be. There have been so many already, Joan is still trying to live down a few dozen of them she has never known. But she has at last reached that span in life where she can accept that gay abandon, which has always been such a strong part of her nature. Learning
to indulge in delicious delirium has been just as difficult as struggling to be a successful star. It's the beginning of a freedom for Joan that she has never known before. Now that she's actually learning to play, she's the maddest maid in town, and she loves it!

Fourth of July Eve, Joan and Franchot entertained with a buffet supper. Her guests included Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Taylor, Jean Dixon, Lynn Riggs, Francis Lederer, Mary Anita Loos, and myself. In the past Joan was always so busy being the hostess, she never appeared to be really enjoying herself. This evening started out building up to anything but a let-down. In the first place Joan ate so much, in the middle of the meal she took off her tight belt, hung it over the back of her chair, and went to it again.

As a rule Joan never entertains on week nights, because she has her hairdresser come to her house and give her a water wave. This isn't combed out until the next morning, so she isn't presentable for special guests. But suddenly Joan decided that something had to be done. Unless she had to get up early and go to work, there was no reason why she couldn't be having a little fun—hairdresser or no hairdresser. So she went down and ordered herself a wig. It's so perfect, even her best friends didn't know the difference. Now if she wants to do her hair up on old rag curlers, she can still look like a glamorous gal, quicker than you can read an eyelash.

So on this famous fourth, Joan, wig and all, set out to have fun. After dinner, Franchot disappeared. In a few minutes he returned, his arms loaded down with fireworks. Everyone made a grab for them and raced out into the garden. Foremost leading the mob, was pyromaniac Crawford! (Consult your psychoanalyst on this one.) Grabbing a roman candle in each hand, Joan waved them in mid-air as she danced around the pool. Next she planted dozens of long sparklers in the grass. Lighting them all at one time, she whirled in and out among them.

everyone dropped with exhaustion, "Pupchen" and "Baby," the Tone daschunds, thought it was safe to come creeping out of the bushes. Looking so guilty, as if the fourth of July was entirely their fault, the dogs joined the party. Overhead a moon that night have been just what the prop man ordered, stood out in silver perfection. Suddenly Joan jumped to her feet.

"How about a moonlight swim?" she challenged. Not waiting for anyone to back her up, Joan dashed into the bath house and put on her favorite powder blue rubber suit. Like a young Diana she stood there in the moonlight, poising on the edge of the spring-board. Then zoom! Down to the bottom she went and started swimming across the pool. Suddenly a strange looking object arose to the surface. "Pupchen" and "Baby" took one look at it and went mad. Barking furiously, they tore along the side of the pool, snapping at the object as it went floating by.

Just then Joan came up for air, "I've been scalped," she laughed hysterically. Between two fingers she held up the water-soaked wig, that was the saddest looking hunk of hair ever to grace a movie star's head. "Pupchen" and "Baby" took one good look and fled back into the bushes again.

Never before has Joan entertained so much and had such a wonderful time sharing her home with her friends. On Saturday nights, after running a movie, everyone usually sits around the little theatre and talks. Always before Joan has sat back and listened to the others. Now one of her favorite pastimes is doing impersonations. The amazing thing is that she possesses a wonderful flair for mimicry. (Continued on page 90)
IN BANKSIDE, where the very cobblestones have echoed to the tread of Shakespeare, Johnson, and Goldsmith, is the home of a popular new movie star. She's blonde, young, vivacious. Her name is Anna Lee and she is one of England's youngest stars, whose current screen appearance is opposite Boris Karloff in "The Man Who Lived Again." Previously she scored hits in "First a Girl" and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Shortly after she married Robert Stevenson, brilliant young director of "Nine Days a Queen," she decided to do something about a home where she could loaf in the grand manner or entertain à la mode.

Anna, who loves the bizarre quality of the waterfront and the picturesque oddities of the river banks, went up the Thames toward the Tower and on the south side of the river found Bankside, with its maze of cobbled alleys, little lanes, old buildings, and great warehouses. In Shakespeare's day, this quaint, little out-of-the-way spot was the original "Theatreland" of London and the sites of the Rose, Hope, Swan, (Continued on page 76)
If you are a friend of Dick Powell, ten chances to one he's got your picture! Took it himself, too, with his little camera. Your picture, with all the others on that roll, occupies one page of his photograph albums. If your picture wasn't especially good, that spare print may be the end of it; if it was anything like what he tried to get, he'll have "blown it up" to a size that will bring out its best points—anywhere from 3 by 4½ to 8 by 10.

"I've been shooting pictures for three years, and everything I've got so far that was really good has been an accident," he confessed, upsetting another bulging box of prints onto the floor of his sun-room.

He was sitting on the floor, clad only in a pair of brief blue trunks and a fine case of sun-tan, his blue eyes, matching the trunks, startlingly light in his browned face.

"Most pictures taken by amateurs are accidents, if they're good," he went on, pawing through the heaps of prints at my feet. "That's because the amateur is in too much of a hurry. That's my chief fault, I know. I see something I want, suddenly, and I grab my camera and shoot it—the way a hunter in a jungle might shoot a tiger—and after I see the print I discover that the light wasn't right, or I didn't use the right speed, or I forgot about the background.

"Once in a while I surprise myself by having a swell shot. But sixty per cent of the stuff I get isn't worth keeping. And why not? Too much of a rush!"

"Taking pictures is a purely mechanical thing. If you will stick to the rules, you'll get what you're after. Every camera or kodak you buy has its own little book of rules with it. Show me the amateur who pays the least attention to them! He takes his kodak, points it at something, clicks the jigger or squeezes the bulb, and that's that. The light may be all wrong for what he wants,
he may not have the focus, and the background may be bad. He could know these things, but he doesn't take the time.

"He's like me. No tiger is going to jump out at us if we don't shoot it quick, but we're excited. We can't wait.

"That's one reason I'm strong for what are called candid camera shots—you know, where you shoot people on the run. You can get good stuff if you walk up toward your subject, who is walking toward you, unsuspectingly. Then you stop and shoot. They don't know you've shot, if you don't tell them to stand still. This shot of Ginger Rogers and Hazel Forbes was taken on the Warner lot when they didn't notice me. This one—" he handed the two snaps up to me from the muddle on the floor "—was taken a minute or two later, when Joan Blondell had joined them. By that time Ginger had caught on."

Shots like these, of course, can't be made with a box kodak, but must have a high speed camera.

One thing you should watch, if you want to take good pictures, is the background, according to Dick.

"If the girl you are trying to shoot is a blonde, a contrasting background will bring out her hair. If she's a brunette, be sure her head isn't lost against a lot of dark foliage. This shot of Mary Brian isn't especially remarkable as a picture, but it illustrates the point.

"The thing that fogs a lot of amateur camera fiends is color. A red pillow looks dark to them, so they think of it as dark, and out it comes—light gray! Different kinds of film will give you different gradations in color. The place where you buy your film will explain all this to you, if you'll only ask them—and listen.

"I often take pictures on the set, because I like to keep a record of everything I do, both in stills and in home movies. I've kept my own stuff on every picture for the past three years. The set is already lighted for me, so all I have to do is to shoot what I see. It's best if your subject doesn't happen to know you're shooting her. In this one of Kay Francis, she had no idea I was anywhere near her.

"Most amateurs don't think of bothering with all the speeds on their cameras. They don't bother with the light stops on their cheap box cameras, either. They just run about hit or miss, the way I do when I'm in a hurry.

"But now and then it occurs to me to follow the rules. I find if I follow the instructions in the little book I can figure out exactly what speed (Continued on page 70)"
HOLLYWOOD is playing a brand new game with Cupid.

Poor old Cupid! For years he's been coming in mighty handy. First, he gets all the romancers on the front pages when they fall in love; and then he lands in the dog house when the divorces start cropping up. It has been going on like that for a long time.

But now, they've found a brand new use for off-screen romances other than blurring them in newspapers and magazines and over the air. They've got Cupid sitting in the box-office, trading close-ups of the latest private life love stories for the price of admission, and raking in the shekels while the world gets a private showing of how the two newest romantics look in synthetic moonlight.

It would be Hollywood to put romance on a paying basis! For your entertainment and contemplation this Fall, the screen will reflect such interesting off-screen twosomes as Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor in "His Brother's Wife," Dick Powell and Jean Blondell in "Stage Struck," and just by way of reverse action, you will be seeing how an estranged wife performs in her director-husband's most ambitious film when little Arline Judge steps into her first close-up in Wesley Ruggles' "With Banners Flying."

Of course, it might be argued that these happy combinations of casting were purely accidental if it weren't for the fact that half the Front Offices of Hollywood turned green with envy when the trade papers started carrying the returns on "The Moon Is Our Home." The mere fact that producer Walter Wanger was the first to hit on the bright idea of capitalizing on a very intriguing "private life" romantic tangle when he put Margaret Sullavan ex-Fonda and Henry Fonda in his gay little picture, has not exactly closed the eyes of other producers to the idea there might be some interesting romances drifting about their own home lots.

In place of trying to manufacture romances between two players who were meeting for the first time, (as was done with Robert Taylor and Janet Gaynor during the filming of "Small Town Girl"), why not get the Romes and Juliets who were interested in one another to start with? Unreeling real love certainly holds more possibilities for drama and sex appeal than trying to create the idea where only the most platonic friendship existed. Even the comedy was enhanced! Remember the big laugh line for those in-on-the-know when Margaret Sullavan asks Henry Fonda in "The Moon Is Our Home": "Don't you remember me? I am the girl you married!"—and now they are saying she will probably be the girl he re-maries.

Studio propinquity, however, did not work out to such a story book finale with the teaming of those two swell
Ex’s, Carole Lombard and William Powell in “My Man Godfrey.” Now that the picture is finished and Bill has returned to M-G-M and Jean Harlow, and Carole has gone from Universal back to Paramount and Clark Gable, there isn’t even a wisp of a whisper to the effect that working together stirred any fond memories in either stellar breast. Of course, in the beginning everyone had held his, or her breath waiting to see if there would be any indications that Carole and Bill would love-scene themselves into another Sullivan-Fonda romance. But the breath-holding was all in vain.

They had a lot of fun together, Carole and Bill. They had a lot of laughs. They talked about their dogs, and their diets, and did Handies, but where there is so much humor and lack of self-consciousness there is usually little romance afoot. You can never tell, though. It might have been an entirely different story if Clark Gable hadn’t been so prominent in Carole’s thoughts during the making of that picture. They do say Bill Powell was awfully, awfully glad to see his georgous blonde ex-wife again and they also say that Carole occupied a particular place in his heart that will never be quite touched again!

So far, none of the off-screen flamers and ex-married couples has balked at the idea of screen teaming, though Dick Powell did grow so irritated over the advertising “slogan” that he and Joan Blondell were Hollywood’s latest love birds, that it was removed from the exploitation sheets, even if they won’t be able to keep it out of the reviews, the gossip columns and the minds of the beholders.

With Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor out on the set of “His Brother’s Wife,” it must be love! They are so generous with each other they’re both turning down-stage to give the other the camera break. And Barbara’s already given Bob a wrist watch and Bob has given Bar- bara a star sapphire pin and a handsome bracelet just by way of celebrating their first film together.

Though the commercialization angle of teaming the newest dancing partners and private love birds for public showing is comparatively a new wrinkle in the local love game, it is only honest to say that Hollywood has been more or less conscious of the box-office love code for some time.

One of its most amusing manifestations is the way local reporters flock to the “big name” attractions in a rumored romance, either to deny or to confirm the happy state. Boston and Kalamazoo may consider it ethical to seek out the lady on such a delicate subject, but with the box-office what it is in Hollywood, they’ve reversed the Emily Post by practically insisting that the biggest and most important name involved call the shot!

That is why so many movie gentlemen are quoted at length in the newspapers and magazines on why they are, or are not going to marry the current lady of their choice. Not long ago, (in spite of the fact that he appears to have changed his mind since), Henry Fonda gave out with a little essay titled: “I Am Not Going to Re-marry Margaret Sullivan” in the same magazine issue with Dick Powell’s declaration: “I Am Going To Marry Joan Blondell!” It is conceded by everyone who has been in Hollywood over six days and understands the workings of (Continued on page 93)
Distant Star
By Margaret E. Sangster

PART III

CAROL said: "Why don't you marry me, Bill? You might do very much worse, you know."

Bill Banton flushed. The flush started at his chin and worked up slowly to his hair line. He said: "Have you gone nuts, Carol? I wouldn't marry you, or anybody else."

Carol queried, "Why not?"

Bill said: "I haven't anything to offer a woman. Let's drop the matter, my dear."

Carol asked: "What do you mean, you haven't anything to offer? You're the best looking guy I ever met—no, I won't shut up!—and you have the brightest future of anyone in Hollywood."

"Except you," Bill threw in.

"Baloney to that," Carol said. "And you aren't a chicken chaser, and you save your money, and—"

"And I have a bum foot, and a useless leg," Bill said grimly.

"My legs," Carol told him, "will even things up, as far as that goes. Eugenically speaking, our children wouldn't have to worry."

Bill made comment through clenched teeth.

"I'll not have a wife who's sorry for me," he said.

Carol surveyed him with eyes which were like warm wine. Her lips were curved sweetly.

"I've never been sorry for you, Bill," she said, "not even when you were selling papers at your stand by the gate! I always thought you were swell. After you hit tops in your first picture I thought you were sweller—but you were in the money then, and I wasn't, and I'm darned if anyone will ever be allowed to confuse my motives. Now," her smile was a glint of sunlight, "I'm in the money, too. And I'm proposing to you."

Bill said gruffly, "Forget it!"

Carol leaned forward to pat Bill's hand. Her fingers were little—they were small-boned and babyish. Bill remembered, suddenly, the slender tapering fingers of Mavis Dorian—Mavis who was making quickies now for the Sellenburgs—and mediocre quickies, at that!

Maybe Carol caught a glimmering of his thought, for her smile was a trifle strained as she withdrew her hand, as she said:

"Well, leap year isn't over yet!"

They were combing the classics—fine-tooth combing them—to find pictures big enough to wear the Bill Banton label. Every once in a while they threw in a 1936 model to make up the average. Bill liked the classics best—he wasn't at ease in modern love scenes. Fortunately he didn't have to play many love scenes; he belonged in.
character parts. His lack of romantic feeling, however, didn’t hold down his feminine fan mail. Bill had letters and letters—baskets full of them—which offered him a haven from the world’s strife, and a warm shoulder on which to rest a weary head.

It wasn’t only fan mail, either, that sought to change Bill’s monastic scheme of things. Woman drifted toward him as—forgive the old simile—moths drift toward the flame of a candle. Women, with one exception. For Mavis Dorian was as aloof as ever, and as scornful, and as remote.

Bill had tried—had tried desperately hard—to cement the breach between Mavis and Ultra Alta films. He had gone—a tragic, unsolicited messenger—to the president of the company, explaining, as well as possible, the complexities of the woman’s temperament.

“She’s fine, and sane, and beautiful,” he said, “underneath her temper. And she’s wonderful to work with. She gives me inspiration, the sort of inspiration that you don’t find everywhere. I’ll be a bust, playing opposite anyone else.”

The president said in his chill voice: “Don’t be absurd, Banton. I saw her hit you, in the ‘Czar Crip’ cabaret scene. It never got a man anything to turn the other cheek—not with women like Mavis Dorian. As for the way you work together—the director and the electricians and the sound men have told me another story. They say she treats you like a dog. Gives you inspiration, huh? Gives you a constant taste of hell would be more accurate!”

Bill hadn’t found anything further to say. After all, Mavis had treated him like a dog, and had done so very publicly. He bowed his way out, thinking: “I probably have a persecution complex. But I can’t bear to have her get a rotten deal.”

He had gone, next, to Mavis. And though she hadn’t wanted to see him, he forced an interview.

“Won’t you tell them that you’re sorry?” he begged, spiritually on his knees before her. “Won’t you ask them to give you another chance?”

“Me and who else?” Mavis sneered. It was at an hour before noon, and she looked a trifle haggard. “Don’t think I’ll come back crawling to Ultra Alta. Crawling—her eyes fastened on Bill’s crippled leg—‘isn’t my meat. I’ve had other offers, better offers. Ultra Alta can go to the devil. So can you.”

Bill turned away, believing in the bright fiction of “better offers”—believing so utterly that he did not mind the personal brutalities which Mavis had dealt out to him. It was only when he saw in a gossip column that Mavis had signed with the cheap Sellenburgs to do “quickies”—signed a picture-to-picture contract with one of the least important of the companies—that his heart sank.

“I suppose I ought to feel that she brought it on herself,” he said miserably, in the fastnesses of his soul, “but I don’t feel that way at all!”

His answer to Mavis and to fate and to himself was that he doubled his morning order for gardenias—sent anonymously to Mavis Dorian. It was his beau geste.

If the Winchells and the Solols began to link the names of Banton and Kelly, who could blame them? For Carol and Bill were together a good part of the time. They lunches a deux on the lot; they went as a couple to the Trocadero and the Ambassador. When Bill attended a party—this happened (Continued on page 87)
YOU DON'T "SEE" THIS PICTURE...YOU LIVE IT!

THE GREAT LOVE DRAMA OF THE GREAT WAR!...fired with the inspired acting of the year's most impressive cast!

FREDRIC WARNER
MARCH-BAXTER
LIONEL BARRYMORE

THE ROAD TO GLORY

with
JUNE LANG
GREGORY RATOFF

Directed by Howard Hawks
Associate Producer Nunnally Johnson
Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

STAR-GREAT! EMOTION-MIGHTY! THE STRANGEST DRAMA EVER LIVED!
There's an old Hollywood saying—as old as Shirley Temple, anyway—that any actor cast in a picture with Shirley or Frank Morgan might just as well relax; he hasn’t a chance. Now Shirley and Frank, the worst, and best scene-stealers in all Hollywood, are together in a new picture, and it’s just another case of Greek meeting Greek, and may the best actor win. The pictures on our page show Shirley as a dancer; as a juvenile Simon Legree, probably whipping Mr. Morgan to a fine frenzy; and finally, in two scenes with the older, but no wiser trouper. The battle’s on.

Two Of Our Best Troupers

Those top scene-stealers, Shirley Temple and Frank Morgan, fight for first honors in "The Bowery Princess." Who'll win?
All that romance-publicity about Nelson Eddy is grossly exaggerated. The big singing blond is sincere about his career, takes his job as seriously as any business man, is devoted to his mother, and is docilely preparing to play opposite Jeanette MacDonald again in "Maytime."
Bashful Brent

Maybe he doesn't look bashful here, but what a time we had cornering him for these informal camera studies! George Brent is box office, but he can't be bothered living up to his billing. Actually the most athletic of all our stars, he spends most of his time at the beach or in his plane.
What Are You Made Up For?

The great impersonations of your gelatine darlings range from the sublime to the ridiculous. Give the usual three guesses; then see our key for clues.

Joan Blondell takes to bangs and a pokebonnet—why? "Stage Struck," maybe. Jean Muir goes heavy-lidded and glittery in a glamor pose, right?

Bette Davis, above, obligingly poses with Black Beauty, Jr., the cameraman's pet. Later, she "walked out"—well?

Gene Raymond wears a mustache and a monocle in "Walking on Air" for the first time in his career, and we hope the last. Gene, in the picture, is required to pose as a foreign count, so don't blame him too much. The sweet-faced, oldish lady at the left is really none other than your good friend, Gertrude Michael, who makes up like this for "The Return of Sophie Lang." Far left, Humphrey Bogart, Warners' latest import from the stage, probably longed for the dear old days on Broadway when he was required to don a diver's suit for his new film, "Three in Eden." Eden, huh!
Alfredo Valente

Private

Joel McCrea makes masterful love to Jean Arthur—for their new picture, "Adventure in Manhattan".

But after office hours, Joel goes home to his pretty wife, Frances Dee, right. And Jean, after sharing scenes like these at left with Joel, becomes Mrs. Frank Ross, and very happy, too.
Marital Mix-Up!

Fred MacMurray, on his honey-moon with Lillian Lamont, left, and Jean Parker, newly wedded, right, become a new screen love team for "The Texas Rangers"

Hollywood is famous for its romances, but how it scrambles its twosomes! The new and very pretty Mrs. MacMurray, above and right, went on location with Fred and watched him make love to little Jean Parker, shown with Fred below.

Jean Parker's new husband, George Mac-Donald, newspaper man, above with his bride, accompanied Jean on the "Texas Rangers" location trip, where Jean was Fred MacMurray's leading lady in the King Vidor picture of life in the old Wild West.
Across the top of the pages, you see Marion Davies, really going to town for the "Coney Island" novelty number from her new film, "Cain and Mabel." Clark Gable turned prize-fighter for this picture, but he wouldn't dance; so the clever Sammy White, whom you remember with Irene Dunne in "Show Boat," is Marion's lucky dancing partner. Across our two pages below, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are seen in their "Pick Yourself Up" number from "Swing Time," their next picture. Of course you know it's Eleanor Powell limbering up for "Born To Dance," center.
The way Hollywood is stepping, we expect any day now to see May Robson and Lionel Barrymore do a buck and wing
The Luckiest Girls and Boys in the World

Discovered in the search for talent and charm, these youngsters are being given every chance to win Hollywood fame and fortune. Will they stay "glorified"?

Talented Frances Farmer wins the critical approval of Director Howard Hawks and Cameraman Toland, and is cast in "Come and Get It," for which she is seen in character close-up at left.

Andrea Leeds, right, in a revealing pose, glances at a close-up of herself. Andrea was discovered in a college film, and makes her movie début in a Samuel Goldwyn production soon. Left, Tony Martin, newcomer, who plays the lead in "Back to Nature," is also lucky.
Looking up to top of page we find Robert Cummings and Olympe Bradna, featured in “Three Cheers for Love.” Immediately above, Sonja Henie, ice-skating champion who is now in pictures. Left, reading up, Patric Knowles, Anita Colby, Janice Jarratt, John Payne, and Jean Madden—all lucky.
Found: “Lost Horizon”

James Hilton's beautiful book turns up in Hollywood in the tender hands of Frank Capra, director, and Ronald Colman, star, supported by a perfect cast of stellar players.

The author himself says the film version of “Lost Horizon” improves upon the original! James Hilton helped Director Capra achieve the rarely sensitive synchronization of literary style and cinematic technique. Colman, playing the role of the idealistic diplomat transported to Shangri-La, lamasery in Tibet, where life becomes a poem of loveliness, is supported by Jane Wyatt, shown with him above, Margo, as the Chinese girl, John Howard, H. B. Warner, and other fine players.
That Mad Mr. Benny
That Gay Miss Raye

When two of show world's gayest, goofiest performers get together in one picture, you may look forward to some fun, eh, kids? Better see "The Big Broadcast of 1937"—(no adv.)

You know Jack Benny, the droll quipper of the radio and an occasional film. You met merry Martha Raye in "Rhythm on the Range," with Bing Crosby. Now these two talented zanies join an already assembled "dizzy dozen" including Burns and Allen and Bob Burns, (no relation), for Paramount's craziest big new show. Here are pictured Mr. Benny in his latest moods; and Miss Raye, living up to her title of "Queen of Swing."
As unpretentious as its unaffectedly simple mistress is this attractive little home located in Hollywood. Anne Shirley wisely chose a practical but lovely bungalow when she invested the earnings of her work as a screen star. Above, a general view of the house. Right, Anne plays some table tennis, and further right, the lady of the lovely little house greets you at her doorway. Below, the living-room; and right, the glassed-in patio.
Hollywood's most wholesome young heroine has built with her movie earnings this pretty little home, that sparkles with cheer in a setting of stellar mansions.

At left above, a full view of the cheery sun-room where you see Anne seated on the divan. Left, some frolicking on the lawn with her pet collie, Lad-die; and near left, Anne tunes in the radio beside her bed in the all-white bedroom, which the star designed and decorated herself. Lower left, a view of the dining room; and below, a long view of the bedroom.

All photographs of Miss Anne Shirley at home made especially for SCREENLAND by Fred A. Parrish, RKO-Radio
Paul Muni, as Wang Lung, the farmer; and Luise Rainer as O-Lan, his wife, in Irving Thalberg's production of Pearl Buck's famous novel, "The Good Earth," recreate with amazing fidelity the Chinese characters, as seen in the portraits on this page. Not only are their marvelous make-ups painful to wear, but the exacting austerity of their roles calls for the highest standard of art from Mr. Muni and Miss Rainer, and they fulfill their obligations nobly. Real stars.
Young
Love

It’s different in real life than on the screen. Take, for example, Bob and Betty Young, a true romance with a thrill and a heart throb.

By Ida Zeitlin

He’s not a star. He hasn’t blazed his way to glory, (only to vanish in a shower of sparks). He’s never had to defend himself against the massed attack of fans, screaming for a lock of his hair or a button off his coat. He hasn’t once cried: “Hands off my private life!” He’s gone his quiet way, without any need or desire for dramatics. He’s never been listed among the ten best box-office bets, but part by part has emerged as one of the most thoroughly likeable of our younger leading men. Time and again, when he’s lost the girl to the star, you’ll hear the feminine contingent murmuring as they leave the theatre: “Sorry Bob Young didn’t get her. He’s such a sweet guy.”

The impression created by a screen personality isn’t always borne out by a private encounter. The case of Robert Young works the other way around. Your liking will be increased a hundredfold by a talk with him—by his unconscious revelation of the boy he was, the young man he is. Protected by an instinct for the fundamental decencies, he has steered his course into the harbor of a job he loves, a marriage he’s happy in. He tells the story with a candor that has nothing to conceal, a simplicity that isn’t ashamed of honest feeling, an openheartedness refreshing as it is rare. It’s the kind of story they write movies about in Hollywood, but seldom live.

He was sixteen—a shy, sensitive, inarticulate boy in high school—and he had to go back to one of the lower grades to take a subject he’d missed. He couldn’t understand why his eyes kept turning toward one Betty Lou Henderson, aged thirteen. Her nose turned up, and he didn’t like turned-up noses, and he didn’t like bobbed hair and he didn’t like the clothes she wore. Besides, she was always laughing, the silly kid, as if life were a joke. Life was real, life was earnest, darn it, life was a tough nut to crack, not something to be forever giggling about. Yah! So when—friendly with him, as she was with everyone—she asked him to explain a knotty point, he gazed down at her with the superiority of sixteen and said: “Shoo, fly!” And didn’t know why his ears turned red, nor what the strange rumbling in his chest might signify.

They both tried out for the school play and, curiously enough, were cast as hero and heroine. Betty, whose buoyancy and natural friendliness nothing could damp, was nevertheless a little chilled by her hero’s stiffness. Mrs. Mullen, the coach, wise in the ways of youngsters, saw through them both. “What are you afraid of, Bob? Unbend a little. She’s a girl, not a roaring lion.” Feeling an awful fool at first, Bob tried (Continued on page 68)
THE MOST important and impressive of the new season's films, "Romeo and Juliet" is the triumph of Norma Shearer's brilliant career. She is a ravishingly lovely Juliet, whose sensitive beauty will remain in your memory as perhaps the most exquisite portrait in all the motion picture gallery. It is chiefly because of Miss Shearer's performance that I heartily recommend "Romeo and Juliet." It is a lavish, handsome, rather overpoweringly massive production, curiously stylized in some of its scenes, tremendously moving in others. Director George Cukor of "Little Women" and "David Copperfield" has here turned his talents in a new direction, evolving a sometimes strange blend of screen and theatre techniques. He is handicapped by some of his players, notably Leslie Howard as a rather bored Romeo and John Barrymore as a roaringly boring Mercutio. The balcony scene is beautiful to see but never quite believable. The potion scene, on the other hand, is thrillingly done. Always, Norma Shearer is a radiant, a perfect Juliet. Basil Rathbone is next as a magnificent Tybalt. C. Aubrey Smith is excellent. You must see this—it's food for appreciation.

ROMEO AND JULIET—M-G-M

RHYTHM ON THE RANGE—Paramount

BING CROSBY'S very best picture! I take it all back, Bing, about your bee-stung lip—or maybe you read that Open Letter? Anyway, you're your grand old self in this one, first and inimitable crooner of the screen. Crosby as a cowboy is no error in casting; he's a ridin', ropin' fool, although I must admit that his big moment occurs at Madison Square Garden, where as a rodeo star he croons Empty Saddles. And what crooning, and what a song! There's the highly sophisticated excitement of a rodeo in New York; there's the clean sweep of the open spaces when Bing escorts his prize bull back to the range, and incidentally courts the pretty Eastern heiress, charmingly played by the beautiful newcomer, Frances Farmer. But the highest spot of the whole picture is the jam-fest on the ranch, with Bing, Bob Burns, the big bazooka man, and Martha Raye tearing the wide open spaces even wider with their swing stuff. This Martha Raye is a great eccentric comedienne, overworked here, but sure to ascend in screen importance. She bounds around like crazy, she's terrific and sometimes terrible; but you'll like her. It's all a vast lot of fun.

GIVE ME YOUR HEART—Warner's

KAY FRANCIS follows her Florence Nightingale with another elegant performance, that of a high-strung, wayward and wilful, yet gallant lady in this screen version of the London stage hit, "Sweet Aloys." Kay, having definitely decided, apparently, to go in for acting in earnest, here discards all her mannerisms and nonchalance and hurls herself into her best modern rôle. She's still the most imperiously beautiful woman in pictures, but she can forget the fact and make you forget it, too. There is a real tug at the heart-strings in this story of the English girl who tosses her hat over the windmill, but who is brave enough to give up her baby to her lover's family, while she goes to America to make a new life. Of course she meets the handsome American, George Brent, marries him, and tries to forget; but—she can't; and the big drive to it all is the re-appearance of the lover, his wife, and the child in her life. I promise you rarely satisfying entertainment. A perfect cast surrounds the star, with Roland Young superb in a humanly humorous rôle, Henry Stephenson excellent, and Frieda Inescort exquisite. You'll like the new young Englishman, Patric Knowles.
THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS—Reliance-United Artists

NOW HERE'S a grand picture! Take the family; don't miss this superb filming of J. Fenimore Cooper's classic. What a movie it makes! The daring days when the French and British were fighting for power, and the Indians were putting on their war paint for one side or the other, live again, thanks to director George Seitz' splendid skill in recreating the stirring scenes. Hawkeye, "best scout" of his time; Uncas, the good Indian brave; Magua, the bad Indian; the British Colonel's lovely daughters at Fort William Henry— all eloquently pictured, and warmly realized. Escape stuff, but how refreshing, is the race for life with warrior canoes. Give me a good, old-fashioned Indian fight any time as a respite from gangsters' brawls. This picture is opportune, and it will make millions for its smart "independent" producer, Edward Small—and deservedly. It's fresh, clean, and thrilling; and it gives Randolph Scott his great chance at last as Hawkeye—inspired casting; and Scott is the real new big bet of pictures if he gets more roles like this. Bruce Cabot, Binnie Barnes, Philip Reed, Heather Angel, Henry Wilcoxon—all swell, in order named.

MARY OF SCOTLAND—RKO-Radio

HERE is a "Must" picture if there ever was one, and we have quite a few this month. The mere fact that "Mary of Scotland" is directed by John Ford, who gave you "The Informer," that it is adapted by Dudley Nichols from Maxwell Anderson's stage play which starred Helen Hayes; and that it co-stars Katherine Hepburn and Fredric March, is more than sufficient, I should think, to send you to see it. And it is well worth seeing, for with the exception of "Romeo and Juliet" it is by far the most impressive production of the season, with beautiful "pictures" to please the eye, the fine sound of the bag-pipes to thrill the ear, and some splendid performances to satisfy the soul. Fredric March, to my mind, is Bothwell, Mary's robust lover, to the life, with Douglas Walton also very nearly perfect as Darnley, her weakling husband. Hepburn may realize Mary Stuart for you; she didn't for me. Always she was Hepburn, striving to smooth with an efficient technique her too-brittle personality; never the warm, lovely woman I want Mary to be. But you must see for yourself. Certainly here is a motion picture that is very definitely a credit to the screen.

GIRLS' DORMITORY—20th Century-Fox

THERE'S a high foreign flavor to this screen story of life in a girls' school—in fact, if the picture had been made abroad, it might be hailed as "a gem," "a little masterpiece," and all those familiar phrases usually reserved and trotted out for cinematic importations. As it is, Hollywood has adapted and directed with skill and good taste this continental piece; cast in its principal rôle a new French actress, and surrounded her with a carefully selected cast of important performers such as Herbert Marshall and Ruth Chatterton. If you can accept the premise of a middle-aged professor winning the love of one of his pupils, a girl in her teens, you will find "Girls' Dormitory" an interesting picture. Herbert Marshall, of course, makes the professor more convincing than any other actor could have done; and Simone Simon, the newcomer, is so pigiously delightful she may convince you too. Simon gives a really poignant interpretation of an adolescent in love; and director Irving Cummings has handled the more delicate scenes with care and imagination. Miss Chatterton is sincere and moving as the teacher who loves, and loses, the dreamy professor.

MY AMERICAN WIFE—Paramount

A GAY and charming romantic comedy, which I urge you to see because it gives Francis Lederer his best role since "Pursuit of Happiness," and Ann Sothern her first chance to shine in—too long. It's a cleverly concocted piece about the ingratiating Count who marries the American heiress—but there the resemblance to all similar stories ends. This Count turns out to be more American than his wife, her mother, and in fact her entire family with the exception of her grandfather, who is a plain, unvarnished, wild and woolly Westerner of the old school. As played by Fred Stone, this character will cause chuckles in audiences throughout the world, for you feel that though there never was a Westerner like Fred, there should be; he's a good idea. Lederer and Stone become pals, to the exclusion of the American bride and her society-mad family; and the way in which the Count learns to ride wild horses, chew tobacco, and roll his own cigarettes is so amusingly related that you forget how obvious it all is, thanks to Mr. Lederer's quite authentic charm. Ann Sothern, prettier than ever, if possible, is a joy as the girl. Billie Burke shines.

for October 1936
SCREENLAND

Glamor School

All photographs of Miss Virginia Bruce posed especially for SCREENLAND Glamor School by Milton Brown, M.G.M.

Tunics if you're tall and slim, like Virginia. Black crépé, if you've a good, clear skin, as she has. Left, her first and favorite Fall frock. Top, left: close-up of her narrow-brim hat with chartruese butterfly; top center, the narrow brim again, and shallow crown, ribbon-trimmed; and top right, silly and gay tiny navy blue "spaghettibonnet." Right, a dream-dress designed for dancing evenings, in pale pink chiffon, fine and "floaty."
She’s that *rara avis* in screen circles—a dazzling blonde beauty with conservative ideas in clothes! Borrow Miss Bruce’s cleverly conventional style slants

Edited by

*Virginia Bruce*

Beauty in black taffeta tunic gown, right, dotted with blue and silver; left, in silk-embroidered white. Top, left: and again, the tunic—this time a street dress of navy blue crepe. Top, right: very simple, her bark-brown rough crepe frock. See her sensible walking shoes? Only for evening does Virginia wear high heels—smart gall!
Swing Styles!

Key Francis graciously models for us two "Action" views of the lovely hostess gown designed by Orry Kelly especially for Kay to wear in her new film, "Give Me Your Heart." Beautifully cut on diagonal lines to make both the trailing skirt and tunic top, with the squared sleeves trimmed with double bands of blue fox below the elbows. See the graceful sweep of the sleeves as Miss Francis poses in the two exclusive portraits at left.

Ida Lupino, in "The Gay Desperado," wears the costume pictured above: green tweed coat with cartridge-pleated square shoulders, frog fastening; next, another view showing swing skirt. Right, the dress, with large scalloped collar and puffed sleeves. Right center, "Action" view of the dress. Designed by Omar-Kiam.
Swinging into the Fall fashion parade is Gail Patrick, at right, in a black, leopard-bordered ensemble to catch and hold the roving eye. Gail's dress is black wool crepe with a pleated bodice and clusters of pleats which provide fullness to the skirt. A belt of self-fabric has a buckle of dull gold bars. Her cape is three-quarter length, with leopard collar turned up to frame the face. Her hat is a jaunty black felt which tips down over one eye and has a wisp of black veil.

Gertrude Michael, left, shows you the Suit of the New Season, a gay thing of dark green jersey trimmed with black Persian lamb and highlighted with black braid frogs. You note that frogs are croaking right merrily to usher in the Fall season. Gertrude’s hat is a Cossack turban of black Persian lamb, matching the suit trimmings. Above, Miss Michael silhouetted in another slant on her new suit.

SCREENLAND brings you “Action Fashions,” posed by the world’s most highly paid models, the movie stars.
I EXPECT I’m developing a bass voice and a nautical roll these days, so regularly am I walking the gangplank in search of stars. There was one afternoon when the Queen Mary arrived with a glamorous cargo of celebrities that made her spacious sun-deck look like Hollywood Boulevard afloat and nearly created a riot among the ardent fans who had gathered on the quay.

As the great liner glided into Southampton Docks a saucy little paddle-steamer nipped right under her mighty bows flaunting a banner emblazoned “Welcome to the Two Show Boats.” For the first English copy of the film was on board, escorted by Irene Dunne in person, so cool and poised in a dark blue suit with a silver fox cape and a delicious turquoise satin hat half-covered by a spotted veil.

“I love sea voyages,” she said, “You get such a sense of peace and rest. I didn’t do much beyond read and sleep—I’m not a sportswoman, you know. I went over the ship’s hospital, of course, and had long talks with the surgeon and the nurses. Now I’m writing home to tell my doctor husband all about it. I always consider I’ve two careers: one on the films and the other as his assistant! I shall visit several of the big London hospitals while I’m here on my month’s vacation and take notes of their methods for him.”

A little farther along the deck was Carl Brisson, sun-bronzed and hatless, being photographed with Joan Bennett who wore a pin-striped coat and a quaint tall pointed hat with a cross of white ribbon in front. Her blue eyes crinkled at the corners as she laughingly announced she was no longer “Sweet Little Blondie No. 1.”

“T’ve been myself in pictures far too long,” she explained, “and when you’re yourself at home and in the studios too you grow pretty fed up with You! So now I’ve decided to go tough. My parts in the next three films lined up for me in Hollywood are all characters I can get my teeth into, honest-to-goodness hard-boiled girls.”

While virile Carl showed her the jade cigarette-case he had won as first prize in the ship’s tennis tournament, I said “We’re pleased to see you,” to red-haired Nancy Carroll and vivacious Frances Day and then hurried along to investigate a masculine huddle which resolved itself into smiling Director James Whale and debonair Walter Wanger.

“We haven’t come to work,” they declared with one
At Sea

Sailing, sailing—for gay visits, for work in British studios, or just for fun! Read about the ocean adventures of your celluloid idols in this breezy feature

By Hettie Grimstead

voice. "Just to look around." Before I could ask for further details my hand was grasped by our own Jack Buchanan who had hurried back from America to act in a musical film called "This'll Make You Whistle," all about a young man engaged to three girls at the same time.

As Jack escorted me below we met a regal procession, tall Hedda Hopper sweeping along in magnificent sables and followed by a posse of stewards bearing her trunks. Other interesting luggage was being unloaded, too. A consignment of Sylvia Sidney’s favorite books had come express from Hollywood for the modernistic Park Lane apartment the little star is making her home while she films over here. A parcel of shoes was for Leslie Howard, motoring with his family in Scotland just now.

Another sunny day I greeted genial Edward G. Robinson, arriving to act in a film, "Thunder in the City," in which he has the characteristic part of an American racketeer who jumps into English society by marrying the daughter of a bankrupt peer. The same ship brought Henry Fonda to be the hero of Britain's first all-color film, "Wings of the Morning." He borrowed my newspaper and exclaimed in genuine surprise: "Why, girl, I'm all over the front page!" Nice modest man, spending most of the voyage swimming in the pool and reading detective novels.

In the alleyway we glimpsed Richard Barthelmess snatching a few hours away from the sets to meet his wife and children. Young-looking and vital as ever, Richard is making an historical costume film at Twickenham Studios, playing a Royalist traitor who brings about the fall of Napoleon. A few yards away Virginia Cherrill was also welcoming friends from New York, wearing bright pink linen gloves to match her loose coat.

(Continued on page 75)
Second-Guess Star

June Lang, who prepared for a career as a dancer, tells the thrills experienced by a girl Hollywood decided to transform

By Tom Kennedy

HOLLYWOOD is second-guessing again! And how Hollywood loves to do that. Just let the studio bosses discover right on their own lot a girl whose scouts have signed because her Dresden-doll colorings, perfectly proportioned features, and petite figure are the perfect complements of an ability to execute intricate ballet and tap steps acquired after long and arduous study under masters of the dance, and, presto, the orders go out to change her style, make her an actress. It's an actress she should be, if she and her mother thought she should be a dancer. The first-guessers are always wrong, according to Hollywood. And often Hollywood is right. Certainly Hollywood is always fascinating when it resorts to the abracadabra that accomplishes these transformations.

We have just been talking to a girl who is the subject of this Hollywoodian magic, and can say that there is nothing cruel about the process so far as the subject herself is concerned. In fact this girl is even more thrilled about it than Hollywood is—and with good reason.

It's only a couple of years ago that you read in Screenland about a group of newcomers on the Fox lot who might be the "stars of tomorrow." Therein was reference to one June Vlasek, identified at the time as the albino blonde who led the ballet in a sequence in "I Loved You Wednesday," and who made such an impression even in a cast headed by such a dominant troup as Warner Baxter. Further description of the girl imparted the added details that she was five feet, three and one-half inches tall, and weighed 104 pounds.

June Vlasek later became June Lang, and under the latter name you have seen her in several pictures; the ill-fated "come back" effort of Gloria Swanson, titled "Music in the Air," "Captain January," "The Country Doctor," and now in an entirely different type of part in "The Road to Glory."

Hollywood accompanies its feats of metamorphoses with the drum-beating. Publicity is a necessary part of the magical change from a mere show girl to a beautiful actress. And clever are the ways of the publicity men when they are given the word to create a stir in the papers about the new personality the studio is developing.

So June Lang was discovered by a prominent New York sculptor to be the possessor of the very first "modernistic" figure he had seen. To the fanfare of popping flashlights came June Lang, the young starlet, to pose for the sculptor, and the newspaper cameramen and reporters followed little June around town getting pictures and descriptions of the girl with the "modernistic figure."

It would have been an exciting experience for an established star, so you can imagine what thrills were June Lang's when she saw New York for the first time to be met by the press, out in force, and shown every sight this city boasts; from skyscrapers that every visitor may observe, to the night clubs that can be known only to those with well-fed bankrolls.

June Lang is no longer "albino blonde." She's very becomingly a golden-haired beauty whose fair complexion and very blue eyes find that tint a harmonious frame for their sparkling loveliness. She's still five feet, three inches tall, and still weighs (Continued on page 96)
You can count on make-up to help bridge the gap from suntanned abandon to svelte formality, screen beauties find

By

Elin Neil

Autumn Make-up "Musts"

JEAN MUIR and Olivia de Havilland, among Hollywood’s most buoyant young devotees of outdoor sports, agree that now’s the time to conduct a leisurely stock-taking of post-Summer complexions.

I’m not going into a long and intricate discourse on how to get rid of your hard-won tan, if you’ve acquired one that’s getting a bit tiresome now that nights are lengthening and new Fall clothes are on your mind. Most tan fades out naturally in two or three weeks after the sun’s rays stop burning. You can hasten the process, of course, with a bleaching cream or lotion. Freckles present a more complicated problem, but there are excellent freckle creams to bleach them into oblivion, too.

That temporary fading-out period can be minimized much with make-up. You’ve probably been using a deep sun-tan powder if you took your tanning seriously. Don’t put it on the shelf yet and change to lighter powder immediately. Keep it, and add a supply of powder the shade you expect to wear in Winter. Mix a small amount of the two shades and gradually increase the proportion of the lighter as your tan fades out. You’ll want your powder deeper for day-time than for evening, as artificial lights detract from complexion color. So it’s a good idea to have two powder “blends” going at once—one for daylight and one for evening.

A rather interesting fact about powder is that the trend toward darker shades all-year-around has been steadily growing as women have become more adept in the art of make-up. Powder grows darker while rouge and lipstick grow brighter or richer but much more sparingly applied.

It’s generally felt now that powder should be darker than your natural skin tones and rich in color. This avoids the obviously “powdered look” which a lighter-than-skin shade gives, and it adds to the illusion of softness and fineness of texture. Women who want to look pink and white are getting almost as scarce as the Dodo bird. Darker powder helps conceal blemishes, too.

Rouge and lipstick shades are growing brighter as Fall gets under way. Don’t blame the waning sun entirely. It’s partly because darker costume shades are coming back, and they take more color to brighten them up than the whites, pastels, and white-enlivened dark sheers that have been in the foreground this Summer.

“Prophetic Pink,” worn in combination with wine tones, is one of the newest innovations for Fall. Beauty experts advise using make-up to accentuate the wine tones rather than the pale pink, as the latter is an accessory note and make-up should be ruled by the dominant color in the costume. For the wine tones—Dubonet, May Wine, and whatever new names will be invented for them—rouge and lipstick should favor the (Continued on page 86)
THE Bob Taylor-Barbara Stanwyck friendship continues to flourish. For her birthday, Bob gave Barbara a beautiful jeweled sport bracelet of flexible gold, Barbara couldn't wait to give Bob his gift, so he's already wearing it. She gave him a platinum tuxedo watch, the dial designed in oriental sapphires and diamonds.

MERLE OBERON and Norma Shearer, besides being neighbors at Santa Monica Beach, are also very close friends. When they entertain, invariably the same group of people are invited. Just to save time, which is so precious in Hollywood, Merle and Norma have decided that they will issue joint invitations, when they want to get their mutual friends together.

IT'S an emerald-cut diamond at the Robert Youngs'. When questioned, Bob said there was no special occasion. He's just been making wonderful progress and decided to treat his wife to a nice gift—for putting up with him!

MAUREEN O'Sullivan should feel very flattered. Clarence Brown, who has many a screen triumph to his credit, predicts that Maureen has yet to prove what she really can do. Brown feels that some day Maureen will astound everyone with her great talent and he is hoping for a chance to help her.

FRED ASTAIRE is so ambitious that he's got himself in a spot. Besides making pictures, creating his dances, making recordings and composing songs, Fred was asked to sign for twenty-six weeks of broadcasting. Work and music have been Fred's whole life, and it was just too tempting to turn down. Now he's discovered that he can't possibly do all the things he's contracted for and the radio sponsors refuse to let him go. And they say that movie stars lead an easy life!

IT TOOK all the executives and the prayers of Allah to induce Gary Cooper to take a sock at Madeleine Carroll, for a scene in their newest picture. As a rule, Gary is a pretty agreeable sort of a guy, but when it comes to picking on women—Gary's western chivalry asserts itself and as far as he is concerned, art can be hunged.

JUST in case you might be interested in what happens when star meets star, this is what occurred when a mutual friend brought Margaret Sullivan to Joan Crawford's house for lunch. For a long time Joan has admired "Peggy" on the screen and hoped that she might meet her. When it was finally arranged, after the introduction, the two girls stood looking at each other for a moment and then Margaret Sullivan said: "I never knew you had so many freckles."

FRANCIS LEDERER, who never ceases to astound Hollywood, gave a famous hostess the shock of her life. Francis had been invited to a dinner party. The day before the party he called up, offered his apologies and explained that he must cancel the dinner because he had to attend a Boy Scout meeting! When the hostess recovered her composure, Francis explained that he was the honorary sponsor of a troop that had been named after him.

BELIEVE it or not, but when the studio wants to send Garbo her script, they have to send it to her best friend, (a writer on the lot), who in turn, relays it to Greta's house.

A LITTLE bird tells us that the studio is a little concerned over Anne Shirley's interest in Owen Davis, Jr. Not that Owen isn't a perfectly respectable young man, but there are great plans in store for Anne, who is still in her teens. The studio doesn't want her to become entangled in any heart interest that might interrupt what promises to be a brilliant career.
GUESS who eventually broke through the dignified exterior of Ronald Colman and found him a delightfully amusing person? It was none other than little Margo, the vivacious Mexican actress, who appeared with Ronnie in "Lost Horizon." It took a long time for them to get acquainted, but now they are good friends. When Margo had a day off, she visited the set wearing one of those silly turned up hats that sit on the back of the head and feature long streamers. Colman took one look at it and kiddingly asked her if he could try it on.

CONTRARY to other actresses, the more work she does, the more weight Gertrude Michael gains. In between pictures she is taking a rest cure—to lose weight.

LISTENERS-IN have been surprised to hear Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster doing scenes on the radio, from "The Barker." The broadcast came from the Music Box Theatre, where Gable and Dietrich appeared recently. When Claudette was approached to do the play, that started her one-time romance with Norman, it was her suggestion that he be asked to recreate his original role. While they were waiting to go on the air, Claudette stood in the wings and talked to Norman about his wife, Sally Blane, and their new baby. When they did the same play ten years ago, they used to stand in the wings. It was there that Norman asked Claudette to marry him.

When you see Bing Crosby in the future, take note that he does not rate star billing when his name is flashed on the screen. It's Bing's own desire, however. He thinks the name of the picture is much more important than the name of the star. A clause has been inserted in his contract, that specifies his name appear in the same sized letters, as the rest of the cast.

WHEN you see Eleanor Powell's new picture, you're going to see that excellent comedian Sid Silvers, playing one of the best roles he's ever had on the screen. Oh, yes, I forgot to mention—Sid is the writer on the story and wrote himself in a good part.
WHEN a star's mother likes the current boy friend—that's news. Eleanor Powell's mother thinks Jimmy Stewart is about the nicest boy she has ever known. And Eleanor seems to share the opinion. In the meantime, Jimmy still pursues the vivacious Ginger Rogers and is very often seen in her company. There are those on the inside, however, who insist that Ginger is seriously interested in someone much closer to home.

JOAN CRAWFORD is still laughing over a note from the humorous Una Merkel. The next day after Joan had entertained Una and her husband, Ronald Barba, at a buffet supper, she received a package. It contained a note and one of Joan's sterling silver monogrammed match boxes. This is what Una wrote: "Dear Joan: I found this in Romie's coat pocket after we got home. If you find anything else missing, please let me know and I'll search his pants. Love. (Signed) Una."

GARBO has had her first fittings on "Camille" and is so delighted with Adrian's costumes she can hardly wait to start the picture. Robert Taylor, who is to play Armand, refuses to be excited over the prospect of making love to the glamorous Greta. He appreciates the faith the studio has in him but confides that the only important thing is that he gives a good performance. Incidentally, the new Metro dressing-rooms are ready for occupancy. Billie Burke, who has just been signed to a long-term contract, ishaving a suite decorated and designed to her taste. But Garbo still sticks to the old building, where her dressing-room is the last of a long row and has a private stairway.

FRED MacMURRAY didn't realize that he was also bringing an interior decorator into the family, when he asked Lilian Lamont to be his wife. Lilian has decorated a Beverly Hills apartment that is the last word in artistic beauty. Prior to her marriage, she was a dress model at Magnins. Now she is taking domesticity so seriously, she insists that Fred drive her to the market, rather than telephone for the groceries.

AT THE Santa Monica Swimming Club recently, a group of screen juveniles were kidding Jackie Coogan about the recent sale of the entire Coogan household. "I went to the auction because I wanted to buy that little cap you wore in "The Kid,"

"That's in the family vault," answered Jackie. "But why didn't you buy my cradle instead?"

Everything seems to point to success for the screen version of "Craig's Wife," as author, Mary McCall, Jr., Director Dorothy Arner, and star, John Boles, get together on the studio set.

Here's a new one! Fred Asteire, for the first time in his long acting career, dons burnt cork. Recognize him? Sure you do in the scene above, with John Harrington and Pierre Watkin.

JUST when everything was running peacefully on the "Garden of Allah" company tour Marlene Dietrich had the shock of her life. Sitting in the projection room watching the all-color rushes, Marlene looked up and suddenly saw herself turn a weird shade of green. There was no accounting for the transformation. It was just one of those unexpected phenomena that at first present themselves in any new medium of expression. The scene was taken again, exactly the same way. And it turned out perfect, and Marlene later left for Europe in high spirits.
Mary Carlisle and Lew Ayers offer convincing proof that, according to how a girl feels about it, it's a good idea to beware, or be near, the sailors. Mary chooses to be near.

With seventeen hundred celebrities on the stage, the Actors' Fund benefit (to build a home in Hollywood), sponsored by Daniel Frohman, was an undertaking for which Hollywood can well be proud. One of the most exciting acts on the mammoth stage was an exact reproduction of the hitch-hiking scene from "It Happened One Night." Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable donated their services. Dozens of cars raced across the stage, while Clark unsuccessfully gave them the thumb. When Claudette showed her shapely limb and a rattle-trap flivver jerked to a halt, the driver turned out to be director Frank Capra. However, the gag topped itself when the mechanical wreck refused to start again. Gable had to get out and shore.

Cary Grant's Sealyham "Archie" (that's Cary's real name), is the hero of Santa Monica Beach. When two great Danes suddenly tore at each other's throats, everyone ran for shelter. "Archie," who was tied up in his own yard, became so excited he broke away and went to the rescue. Barking furiously and snapping at the Great Danes' legs, he succeeded in diverting their attention. They forgot about each other and started chasing him.

When Madam Maria Ouspenskaya arrived in Hollywood, to create her original role of the Baroness in "Dodsworth," the famous Russian actress was met at the train by director William Wyler. It was the only time Wyler saw her and of course she was wearing the simple tailored things, (and monacle), that belong to her private wardrobe. The first day of shooting, the "Baroness," with her pompadour, jet hat, and quaint costume, walked on the set. Wyler rushed forward, took her by the arms, introduced her around then showed her to her private, portable dressing-room. All this time the "Baroness" had been trying to get in a word. Finally, she pinned Wyler down, "This is all very nice," she said, (in perfect English). But I'm not Madam Ouspenskaya. I'm her stand-in!" And the best part of the story is, that no one would tell Madam, for fear she might be offended. When she finally heard about it, she had her first good Hollywood laugh.

The day after the special preview of "Romeo and Juliet," the studio called Norma Shearer and asked her to come in for some interviews. Norma begged off that day because she was teaching Irvin Thalberg, junior, to swim. One day Juliet, the next a Santa Monica life guard. Isn't Hollywood a weird place!

Fred Stone had an experience recently that is so funny, it's almost pathetic. No one in the industry is more representative as a father and actor than the beloved Fred. His life has never been touched by scandal. He is worshipped by the younger set, who flock to his house to visit his lovely daughters. And above everything else, Fred has never been a drinking man. In his current picture, he is called on to drink a glass of beer. He drank exactly one glass—did the scene perfectly in one take—and got so dizzy he had to sit down and rest.

(Continued on page 97)
way Luise Rainer was "made," that success, particularly success built upon a fluke, shouldn't go to her curly head. I said the misfortune to sit behind her at the preview of the latest Kay Francis picture, "Give Me Your Heart," which if you have seen you know to be a very serious, beautifully done picture with Kay giving the performance of her career as an emotionally unstrung neurotic. Three times during the picture Beverly rose noisily from her seat and walked out of the theatre. When one of the actors came on the screen she hissed so lustily that everyone looked at her in disgust, (could she by chance have thought this lovely modern play an old-fashioned melodrama?) And then she drove me not to mention everyone else around her, completely insane by talking at the top of her voice, (not a whisper in Roberts), to two girl friends who sat back of her, I fear me that Beverly is taking too seriously all those flattering things that her studio is saying about her, (just to make Bette mad), and that this spurious flattery has gone right to her head. Success is a poor excuse for bad manners. Wonder how she'd like to have Kay Francis talk loudly through all her best scenes in "Garbo's Country and the Woman?"

When Alice Faye first came to Hollywood she was one of the cutest, sweetest, most obliging little girls on the lot, and nothing was too much bother for Alice to do to cooperate with the studio and with the press. But lately they tell me that Alice has been reading her publicity and all the lovely things drooled about her in magazines and newspapers—and believing them! We can almost hear Alice saying to herself, "Why, I am just like that, really, My! I say clever things, don't I just! I'm not a hot cha dance any more, I'm an actress. Tell Mr. Zanuck to wait." (Benihah, peel me a grape). So now, Alice that cute kid who can dance like nobody's business, has moods and temperament. She can't be bothered unless it's Terrifically Important. But something tells me that Alice must have a sense of humor under that mop of blonde hair and some day she'll sit down and die laughing at her elegance, and then she'll be a swell person again.

Ida Lupino is another girl who is awfully impressed with her importance just now. It seems that she is under the illusion that she is a "genius." If you happen to be a member of the press it is much easier for you to get Garbo to speak to you than Ida, even though she's met you dozens of times, Rochelle Hudson, they tell me, is another who has illusions of greatness when gracing the cinema. But we don't have to worry about Beverly and Alice, and Ida and Rochelle—they're awfully young, and when the thrill and excitement die down and they get used to money and adulation they'll realize that after all movie stars are no great shakes, particularly in Hollywood.

Fredric March and Adolphe Menjou will both confess that there was a time early in their career when success got them. Fredric went in for swank and elegance in a big way, (he was known as the veldy social Mr. March), and thought he should be seen at all the Right Places, and know intimately all the Right People—and then one day he looked at himself in the mirror and found that he had circles under his eyes and the beginnings of a paunch. He called off the Right People, they'd been boring him for sometime anyway, and adopted two darling babies, and kept them out of his hands and hours and hours, and hours. Today you couldn't find a grander person in Hollywood, or anywhere else, than Fredric March.

Recently a writer told me that she had had an interview with Adolphe Menjou and he greeted her with the most unexpected comment. "The last time you wrote an interview I said "I remember that I was pretty nasty to you. Please accept my apology." It seems that several years ago when he was a big star at Paramount he was striving hard to live up to his stardom and taking his success very hard. The worry of it made him sick and grossly. Then he vanished from pictures for a time and while he was on the outside looking in he got a new slant on things. When he returned to the screen as a featured player he was happier than he had ever been as a star, and if you listen to the people who work with him you'll be convinced he's even grander than Fredric March.

Bing Crosby and George Raft came to Hollywood just a few years ago, two swell guys trying to get ahead. Well, they got ahead all right. And Bing began to wonder if they got a swell headed into the bargain. Bing, who was so eager for a "break," never went into the studio to discuss business matters, but insists that anyone who wants to see him can follow him around the golf course. And George, who is so long ago was so glad to get a part in any part, walked out of the production of "The Princess Comes Across" because he didn't like Carole Lombard's choice of a man. (Now that Carole's picture is more important for the woman to be beautifully photographed than the man, isn't it?)

But taking it all and all, success has changed more people for the better in Hollywood than for the worse. Ginger Rogers was just a cute redhead when she made her first success in pictures, but today Ginger is one of the most charming, gracious, accomplished and talented young stars in Hollywood. She couldn't have progressed so far without her talent, but money that it brings. Dick Powell is another who has improved himself tremendously both mentally and emotionally. Virginia Bruce is still another who came to Hollywood with little more than a pretty face. But she has studied hard and could easily be Hollywood's social leader now, even if she wished to. She has improved her speaking voice, so she studied daily until she changed it. She was so embarrassed when someone had to do her singing for her. "The Mighty Barnum" that she started vocal lessons at once, and rumor hath it now that Jeanette MacDonald had better look to her laurels on the Metro lot, as Virginia is ready to take on the most difficult musicals. Bob Taylor and Olivia de Havilland were just two green kids from school when they hit Hollywood and "knew from nothing." Poor Bob didn't even know how to dress, and history relates that when Mr. L. B. Mayer found that Bob was pastel material he called him in his office and selected the material of his new suits for him. He wasn't taking a chance on Bob's taste. But Mr. Mayer doesn't have to worry now. Bob's taste in everything including girls, (no, no, thank you, Miss Stanwyck) is perfect.

So I suppose we'd better go on record right now and state that we approve of bigger and better successes. Don't you agree?
Jean Arthur is the type of girl most admired today, say our readers-authors as they vote the clever, and very charming Jean into the honor niche of our department this month.

VOTES STARDOM FOR STEWART

James Stewart is too good an actor to be playing secondary parts as in "Small Town Girl" and "Wife Versus Secretary." He would be ideal as Bible in a screen version of Tarkington's "The Turmoil" or as the hero of Hardy's "Jude the Obscure." Let's make a star of this talented newcomer.

Betsy Holt,
3620 Free Ferry Drive,
Fort Smith, Ark.

The audience talks back.
Let your voice be heard!

Everybody is interested in what everybody else has to say about screen stars and film productions, and that goes double for Hollywood, where "audience reaction" is valued, not only as an index of past performances but as a guide to future endeavors. So please speak up! The stars, the producers, directors, and scenarists are waiting to hear from you. This department affords the medium of direct contact with your favorites, the sure way to make your Salute or Snub register with Hollywood. Write your letter now. Please try to limit it to fifty words, but write as many letters as you please. Address to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

STANDER UPS ENTERTAINMENT

My Salute is for Lionel Standor. Maybe it's his voice or maybe it's his beetle-browed face, but he's something new in comedians. I don't believe I'd like to see him starred, but he makes a grand stooge, bolstering up weak movies and making good ones swell.

Miss O. Oneal,
4062 39th St.,
San Diego, Calif.

AULD LANG SYNE

Often of late I have been surprised and delighted to see old favorites I had almost forgotten, and whose names once burned brightly in lights over the theatre. It's nice to see them again. Let's all give them a big hand for a successful come-back.

Mrs. C. C. Shelhart,
5338 Linden Ave.,
Long Beach, Calif.

WE KNOW, WE KNOW

I have been an ardent admirer of Robert Taylor ever since I thrilled to his grand performance in "Society Doctor." Since then I have never missed one of his pictures, so you can understand how much I look forward to seeing more of them.

Rosebell Johnson,
2032 Center St.,
Miami, Fla.

CLEAR THE WAY FOR CLAIRE

Let's do something about Claire Dodd! No actress can get ahead playing second-fiddle parts or minor leads in murder mysteries. If Hollywood would give Claire the opportunity she deserves the producers soon would see a new and very popular star in their midst.

Barbara Lloyd Jones,
Grand Junction, Colo.

STRIKES UP THE BAND FOR BRIAN

What are producers doing to Brian Donlevy? He would be the sensation of Hollywood if only the producers would give him a chance to play opposite glamorous stars—as popular as Gable or Taylor or Cooper. How about it, fans?

Harry Ralph Coppola,
1261 Broadway,
Waterbury, N. Y.

ALINE AS "ELIZABETH"

Why isn't Aline MacMahon given bigger and better roles, and more pictures? An accomplished actress, distinctive personality, versatile, and possessed of a delightful sense of humor, Aline deserves important parts in important films; the lead in "Elizabeth the Queen" for instance.

R. L. Chapman,
249 Corbett Ave.,
San Francisco, Calif.

JIMMIE, THE WELL-LIKED MAN

Hats off to Jimmy Durante. I saw him at one of his personal appearances at the Palladium, and later went to request his autograph. Nothing high-hat about Jimmy. He has a smile and a friendly word for everyone. I'm proud to have shaken hands with such a grand person.

Irene Fricker,
88 Penrose St.
London, S.E.17, England

TO HANK AND JIMMY

They're really grand actors, are Henry Fonda and Jimmy Stewart, and here's why: Both are as natural as the young men

ONE-LINE SKETCHES

Here's a line—my version—on some of our film favorites:

Janet Gaynor: Puck teases a butterfly.
Carole Lombard: The Duchess goes stunning.
Irene Dunne: Queen Anne's face.
Miriam Hopkins: A tomboy at a horse race.
Loretta Young: Moonlight and magnolias.
Madge Evans: Little Sister plays grown-up.
Katharine Hepburn: Tom Sawyer dons a dress.
Joan Blondell: A peppermint stick.
Marlene Dietrich: Camille with yellowed pages.
Margaret Sullivan: "The Littlest Rebel" at twenty.
Joan Crawford: Sophistication takes a holiday.

Marian Morris,
612 S. Front St.,
Conway, Ark.

FINDS JEAN JUST RIGHT

Jean Arthur in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" is exactly as I imagine Jean herself—clever, intelligent, modern from her trimy hats to smart shoes, and yet old-fashioned in ideals of love and loyalty. It's the type of girl most admired today, and best portrayed by Jean.

Nan Pierson Hitt,
Fuller, Idaho

Salutes and Snubs
**JOAN A FASCINATING PUZZLE**

One of the most glamorous stars in filmdom, I think, is Joan Crawford. Possessing a strange, dramatic beauty, Joan is an enigma—tragic one moment, gay, laughter-loving the next. A very beautiful puzzle.

Aime Taylor, Gail Hadden Dr., Oakland, Calif.

**TO AN "UNKNOWN"**

Salute to an unknown, (to me), character actor in "Pursuit." No slapstick; no trick umbrella; just a sad-tunny blunderous reminiscent of the Immortal Charley. Like "Mr. Pini" this comedian, with his dog, perfume, merely "passed by"—but he stole the show.

Margaret Burks,
7 Somerset Drive,
Great Neck, N. Y.

**HERE'S TO THE FILM SCOUTS**

My regards to the talent scouts, who deserve much praise. These wizards who produce movie wonders have kept us on a merry-go-round with a supply of ability, new personalites and surprises to stimulate our interest in pictures. I like to give credit where due, so the talent hunters, though paid to hunt, get a Salute from me!

Robert A. Faulk
1920 Manhattan St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

**BAXTER BOOSTER**

Screenland has always been first to give a newcomer a "break," so we fans are looking forward to an early interview with Alan Baxter, who gave such a splendid performance in "Mary Burns, Fugitive." We are looking forward to the opportunities to show his ability.

Verne E. Oberreuter,
8325 S. Talman Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

**KEEPING UP WITH THE JONES DEMAND**

If any actor desires to be solicited it is Alan Jones, who should get the compliments for his splendid work in "Show Boat." Won't you, Hollywood, pat him in many more pictures, and won't you, Screenland, publish more stories about Allan?

Miss Betty Smith,
78 Central Ave.,
Montclair, N. J.

### Young Love

**Continued from page 51**

Dolores Del Rio has a new type of role in her English film, "Accused," as shown in this still, above.

Young Love

had retained her sympathy with youth. He told her.

"All right," she said, "if it's advice you want, I'll give it to you. I'm twice your age, and look at me—stuck in a salary and likely to stick here forever. I never did one of the lovely, silly things I dreamed of doing, and now it's too late. You'll never be young again, Bob. Get out and show your chance. You can always find a job as good as this one."

That was all he needed—one push in the direction he was pating toward, he dashed in to the boss. "I'm quitting," he announced breathlessly, "I'm an actor now."

"Oh—you're an actor now," his employer grunted. "I might have known how this damfoolishness would end—chasing out to Pasadena every night, instead of learning a solid business that would get you somewhere. Go on, go on—only don't come back here for a job when they throw you out." (N.B. The Bob Young business is flourishing. The Building and Loan company drooped and died. Proving that the tortoise doesn't always win the race.)

He returned from his tour with enough money to pay some debts. Otherwise his state wasn't appreciably improved. But he'd fallen in love with Carmel, and the Carmel Little Theatre had asked him to join them. He managed to get himself a job in a bank there. His family hated to have him go, but refused to put any obstacles in his path. His brother drove him up. Seventeen miles this side of Carmel the car broke down. They had to wait five or six hours to have it fixed. "Come on back with me, Bob," his brother urged. "What good will this do you? You barely get on your salary. You can get work in the studios as an extra, and be better off. Come on back with me, kid."

Family ties were strong. Carmel beckoned, but his brother was right. This was just a lark. It wouldn't advance his career. He spent those six hours in an attitude of indecision, then wired the bank: "Changed my mind. Going home."

It proved a crucial turning. Morris Ankrum, a director at the Playhouse, had been
bothering him to an agent who needed juveniles. "Only I don't know whether you can get him," Ankrum said, "He's gone to Carmel.

Wires and letters sent to Carmel remained unanswered. "He's ignoring me," wised the agent. "He must be good." The more elusive he proved, the higher rose his status—and the more weeks—will Bob cool his heels at home, wondering whether he'd been a fool to change his plans—the agent was making a frantic effort to sell him. He finally phoned Ankrum, "Find me this ghost of yours before I go nuts."

Ankrum phoned the Young home. "Where's Bob?"

"Right here," said Bob. Explanations followed, "I'll go right down."

"Good," yelled his friend. "Wait a couple of days."

"What for?" inquired the simplehearted Bob.

"You've got him thinking you're John Barrymore Arliss. Wait two days more and he'll know you're Garbo."

"And if you think two days can't feel like three months," says Young, "just try that trick some time."

But the two days passed, and Bob was bowed into the agent's office and treated like a pearl of great price and taken to the studios to see the casting directors.

"Do us a favor," they said at M-G-M.

"We're testing a girl. We've tried every man we need a man. Will you make the test with her?"

"Do you a favor?" blurted Bob, forgetting to make a noise like John Barrymore and Ankrum.

The agent was well pleased. "There's always the chance," he said, as they left the studio, "that somebody sees it, and says: 'Where's Bob?'"

Two weeks later he phoned, "Come right over, We're going to Metro."

"What for?"

"Sign a contract. They saw your test and said: 'Who the hell's that?'

"It was like being hit with a baseball bat," Young tells you. "I was perfectly calm, because I was only half conscious. When they gave me the contract, I had just enough wit left to look and see how much I was getting. I said: 'Sign me, here,' and I signed. Then I went home and whooped my head off."

"I was kind of lopsided with excitement for I thought this moment was the first I was going to do with it! So the first thing I thought of was getting married."

When he told his mother he was engaged, her first response was, "Betty?" she screamed. That was funny. Betty was in his heart—like one of the family—but somehow he never thought of her that way. Besides, she was interested in another boy. No—it was his mother who got married. His mother was surprised, though she didn't say much. After all, Bob's marriage was his own affair.

Whether that cry of hers planted a doubt in his heart or whether it would have happened与否，don't know. But it wasn't long before he and his fiancée realized that they'd made a mistake and broke their engagement.

One evening a few months later the telephone rang. "Can you come right over?"

Betty's voice was asking a little tremulously.

"I've got to talk to someone, Bob," she said when they were alone together, "and my mother's too close to all this. It's got to be someone I can trust, and you were the only person I could think of."

She told him about the boy who wanted her, and told him what she felt and how she didn't feel. She couldn't be sure whether this was love or not. Bob was three years older, three years wiser.

"If you really loved him, Betty," he told her gently, "You wouldn't need my advice."

"I've tried to be honest with myself about it, but I can't see it."

"I think I was a dog in the manger. It flashed through my head that I'd be losing her, I wasn't conscious then of wanting to keep her for myself. But I couldn't bear the thought of losing her either."

At any rate, Betty finally gave the boy up. The scrupulous Bob kept away till she'd made up her mind. Then he began phoning her again and taking her to dances. "It was almost as if I were realizing for the first time that she was the only one, and that I only one all along. So I promptly said to myself: 'There's just one thing to do about this, and that's to grab her while the grabbing's good.'"

So ten years after a boy sat in the classroom, his eyes staring toward a dark curly head across the aisle, he proposed to its owner. And Bob received only the most astonishing of his heart's counsel to tell her what to say.

Bob's mother received the news happily, but with no sign of surprise. "I knew all along it would never be anyone but Betty," she said serenely.

The marriage is three years old. Carol Anne is two. Her father hasn't yet recovered from the miracle of her birth. "I sometimes find myself sitting and staring at her in absolute wonderment. I can't realize that she's mine. I know I'm a wide-eyed kid about things in general—flowers and babies and—love," he said with a trace of embarrassed shyness. "Sentimental, and a little grumpy maybe, though I try to keep it inside where it belongs, instead of spilling over. Just the same," he added, "I don't want to get blase."

Then, with a sudden, wide grin: "I like it this way."

"People talk so much about how impossible it is to stay happily married in Hollywood. I used to laugh at that. I used to think that a marriage clicked or didn't. I still believe that the responsibility lies with the individuals themselves. But there's no use denying that there are more temptations in Hollywood, and that you've got to watch out for them."

"I happen to be the kind of guy who's always loved a home, always wanted a family. I'm not taking any bows for that. I'm lucky to have been born that way. I took our happiness for granted. We were in love, we married—it's in the bag, I thought, and there it stays. But my wife said something to me once that opened my eyes:

"Do you think I tag you, Bob?" she asked. Except for one day, they've never been separated. When he goes on trips, she goes along.

"That never entered my head," he replied.

"Because if you didn't want me to go along," she explained, "wild horses couldn't drag me. But I don't think it hurts to watch your happiness, and we're only human. Looking at it only from the business standpoint, where would we be if women didn't think you were nice? And if no man ever gave me a second glance—well, that wouldn't be so pleasant either. Suppose you went away, and found you liked being single again—figuratively speaking. Or suppose I stayed home and somebody said: Bob's away. Come on out with us." And suppose I met another guy and was attracted. And suppose there was another meeting or two, then a kiss, and bang! there goes our marriage."

Bob held her chin. "You're smarter than I took you for, young lady," he said. "And you'll go right on tagging me."

"It all comes down," he said, "to what you want most. If it's glamour and excitement and freedom, then that's what you take. If it's a wife and a home and children to love, then you start building for that. I sometimes look at my wife and think how much surer we are of each other than when we married. Because of what we've shared together, because of my respect for the qualities I keep discovering in her, because of the little things we've given up for each other. If there's any formula for a happy marriage, then—I don't know how else to say it, trite though it sounds—it's the golden rule, seeing the other's viewpoint, putting yourself in the other's place, giving up little things in order to keep the one important thing sweet and sound. I don't want to make a noise like a preaching priest, but that's the only way I know how to put it."

"Sorry Bob Young didn't get the girl," say the ladies. "He's such a sweet guy."

Don't waste your sympathy on him. He did get the only girl who matters. He's getting the only things from life that matter. Because he's a sweet guy.
Dick's Candid Camera Diary

Continued from page 29

I should have, what light I'll need and so on. It's often difficult to get a mountain in your background in focus, because you pay too much attention to your foreground figures. I remembered this in this particular shot of myself and Margaret Lindsay up at a placer gold mine. Someone else shot the picture for me, but I worked it out in the first place. I like the downward shadows in this.

"You can take pictures of yourself if you like, and I've done it, but it is difficult and not very satisfactory. You have to conceal the bulb in your hand and squeeze it. But first you have to get everything under control—focus, light, speed, etc., and know exactly where you are going to be."

Have you got a filter for your camera?

"They make them now to fit any kind of camera," Dick assured me, looking like a cross between Tarzan and a five-year-old playing with his blocks—he had that absorbed intensity.

"Most night scenes at the studio are taken by day, using filters on the camera to make the scenes appear dark," he explained. "Red filters will give you enough darkness to look like night. I took this moon-rise effect with a red filter when it was actually the sun going down. When the light seems excessive, I sometimes use a green filter. It seems to bring out colors that would otherwise be washed out.

"If you take pictures by the sea or any kind of water, when the sunlight is bright, don't forget to pull out all the stops on your box kodak so that you'll have less light. Sometimes you can correct the lighting when you print the negative by using a filter, but I don't know what you can do if a print is too dark.

"Now this picture of the men in the boat fishing—that's my idea of a swell picture! I used a filter on the top of the boat to give contrast to the light sky.

"My pet pictures are always pictures of scenery. The first thing I look for in them is good shadow. That's what makes a picture. My favorite shot is this one of a country road flecked with shadows, the tree outspread over it.

"I go for good silhouette stuff, too, in scenery. These pictures taken on the Seventeen Mile Drive at Del Monte are nice.

The dark trees against the water I got by shooting after three in the afternoon and using a dark filter. I like to concentrate on some specially twisted or wind-blown tree, or on the trail of the sunlight on the water. The dark filter will often make it seem to be moonlight.

"Get your interesting object—like the cannon and the big trees in this West Point picture, dark against a light background."

There are tricks for every trade, and some of the tricks for the picture business can be used by amateurs.

"If you happen to want a man to appear taller than he is, get on the ground below him and shoot up," advised Dick. "Just the other way around if you want a girl to seem smaller, shoot down on her. I haven't figured out any way to lessen width yet. I'll tell you if I do.

"I like to get above my subjects if I'm shooting a group. An informal party around a card table, kids playing ping-pong, stuff like that— an overhead shot will be lots more interesting."

Talking about tricks, Dick has a favorite one.

"Color pet effects are done with clouds," he confided, riffling through a third box of prints. "In California it's often difficult to get clouds because there aren't any for months and months. When I was at West Point for a picture, I put in a lot of time shooting clouds—beautiful, soft, fleecy things and dark, angry, threatening ones. All this bunch here are clouds.

"Now when I'd like to have some clouds in a picture, all I have to do is to print a cloud negative into the negative of the one that lacks them.

"I haven't tried it yet, but I'm convinced I could create a delightful London fog by printing one of my denser clouds over a negative of a street scene. I hand that idea on to Screenland's readers."

Look at one of your own prints. Is it pretty good? What can be done to improve it?

"Sometimes you can get an entirely different effect by cutting off the foreground and blowing the thing up, using a dark filter on the sky, or centering the attention on what was formerly the side of the picture," said Dick. "Lots of times when you catch someone on the run a few extraneous people or objects appear in the picture. You can block them out with a little trouble."

Home movies are another hobby of Dick's. He uses color film for this, as a rule, and enjoys experimenting with lenses.

"I've got three lenses," he gloated, hanging into his bedroom where he keeps his darling cameras, and issuing forth with the camera. "This is a wide angle lens that permits shots that would take in the corner of this room without distortion, and this one is a long distance lens that would give me a close-up of all those umbrellas out there by the pool. This is the lens that comes with the camera. It's a great hobby, but it sure helps keep me poor!"
I FOUND HER CRYING HER EYES OUT, IT'S A SHAME—BUT YOU KNOW HER FACE IS BROKEN OUT, THE BOYS DON'T LIKE TO TAKE HER PLACES!

I'M GOING TO TELL HER ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST—REMEMBER HOW IT HELPED ME? I'M SURE IT WOULD CLEAR UP HER SKIN, TOO.

LATER

ISN'T IT A DARLING DRESS? OH, I'M SO THRILLED... AND IT'S JUST MAR-VEL-OUS NOT TO HAVE ANY MORE OF THOSE OLD PIMPLES!

YOU LOOK PERFECTLY SWEET.

Don't let Adolescent Pimples make YOU feel neglected and forlorn

PIMPLES are often a real calamity to girls and boys after the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer.

During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire system. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is an effective remedy for adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—with the cause removed—the pimples vanish!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly—a cake about one-half hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.
Eye Make-up in Good Taste

NEITHER SOAP NOR OIL—Drene shampoo hair to glistening beauty!

We don't know what's in Drene to make it do the things it does for hair. That's the secret of the makers, Proctor and Gamble of Ivory Soap fame. All we know is that our personal hair felt so clean and looked so lustrous, (much more flatly blonde, too), that we're ready to shoot Drene's praises from the housetops! Our hair was so manageable that rolling it into curls was a simple pleasure instead of the tormentous work it usually is. Hall's a two-step process. The color of Drene makes a sumptuous lather which rinses out completely in almost no time. There's neither soap nor oil in this shampoo, we're told. But whatever its magic ingredients, it certainly does a job!

You'll find a good bargain in a box of Luxor face powder, owing to its excellent quality at a surprisingly low price. But now there's an extra dividend in a pert and most efficient little loose powder vanity that comes with every box. Personally, we feel that loose powder vanities are extremely important to consistent make-up, as the powder you use for repairs should be the same as that which you keep on your dressing table. Whether the powder comes in a variety of popular new shades so you'll be sure to find one that is just right for your own particular coloring.

SOME are born beautiful—others acquire beauty. If you're a natural beauty, then the most natural thing in the world is to acquire beauty. Encourage yourself! Begin with your most important beauty feature—your eyes. Make your eyelashes look twice as long, twice as lustrous—quickly, easily, with a few deft brush strokes of Maybelline. Dark, soft, silky lashes add a sparkling depth to eyes, which brightens the whole charm and expression of the face. Do as the most exquisitely groomed women of Paris and New York do—choose pure Maybelline Mascara, in either the new Cream form or the ever-popular Solid form.

The smoothness and ease of application of Maybelline Mascara, their naturalness of color and lack of greasiness, have won them unqualified popularity among beauty-wise women the world over. Tear-proof. Harmless. Not beauty on the lashes.

Open your eyes to a new and lovelier beauty—with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Obtainable at leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes at leading ten cent stores. Try them—you'll discover a totally new and enjoyable beauty experience.

Maybelline
The World's Largest Selling Eye Beauty Aids

Jemi-nifties

Head-liners in Beauty

Lavina 2-Minute Oatmeal Facial brings new beauty to complexions.

Loose powder vanity gratis with each box of Luxor face powder.

Always prepared for lip repairs thanks to "Clipstick" by Rolane.

The World's Largest Selling Lipstick Aids

If you're not simply delighted with the soft, smooth feeling of your skin! This treatment is especially good for normalizing an oily skin and clearing up blackheads or blemishes. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a little lubricating cream afterwards for the best results.

SOMETHING new and very grand for eye beauty is the Winx eyelash comb and mascara applicator. It's a fine comb, curved to the shape of the eyelid, atop a convenient handle. You spread a thin line of mascara across the center, just below the edge of the teeth, and apply it immediately to the lashes. This one simple motion distributes the mascara evenly and smoothly to each lash, separates the lashes so each one stands out individually, prevents beading, removes excess mascara on the lashes piquantly up. It can be used with creamy, cake, or liquid mascara. You'll find it at five-and-ten cent stores.

Banish lipstick rummaging with a shout of glee! "Clipstick," made by Rolane, clips right on to the mirror pocket of your handbag, so you know just where to find it whenever you need it. The tricky little clip, similar to that on a fountain pen, is attached to a case that's as attractive as your heart could desire—black and eggshell. The lip rouge goes on easily and evenly, and it's adherent without being drying. The shades are Raspberry, Light, Vivid, and Tamarind, a brand new shade of dark brown and red that is ever so flattering worn with a green or brown costume.
Tytipists vote Underwood First
...in "BLIND" Touch Test!

Operators recruited at random, working on masked typewriters of all makes, choose the Underwood for "Touch"

Underwood engineers clicked when the idea was proposed. "Let us take eleven different machines," said one of them, "embracing all makes. Let us mask them so that even their own makers wouldn't know them. Then let us call in strange tyipists from different employment agencies throughout the city, ask each girl to operate each machine and then vote for her choice without knowing its name."

Thus the Underwood "Blind" Touch Test developed as an engineer's experiment. Thus day by day strange operators trooped in and took their places at a test board from the face of which the key-boards of eleven masked typewriters of all makes protruded. And one by one as the tyiptists operated the machines, they registered their opinions concerning the performance of each on a blank provided for that purpose.

Girls who frankly stated at the outset that they had operated and preferred a competitive make of machine cast enthusiastic votes in favor of No. 11.

Girls who had stated in writing on their employment application blanks that they had never worked on any but a competitive make of machine helped swell the total of votes that piled up for No. 11.

And to these girls we now make known for the first time the fact that No. 11 was a stock model Underwood Standard Typewriter, brought to the peak of touch perfection as are all Underwoods, by Touch Tuning® before it left the world's largest typewriter plant at Hartford, Conn.

The Underwood is first in speed, accuracy, durability, simplicity and lightness of touch. Every Underwood Typewriter is backed by nation-wide, company-owned service facilities.

* Touch Tuning means the individual adjustment of each key on the Underwood to the requirements of the finger that strikes it. It not only regulates key tension but carriage speed and type bar responsiveness.

THE NEW

Underwood Elliott Fisher
Speeds the World's Business

Underwood Standard Typeewriter

Tytpewriter Division
UNDERWOOD ELLIOTT FISHER COMPANY
Typewriters...Accounting Machines...Adding Machines...Carbon Paper, Ribbons and other Supplies
One Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Sales and Service Everywhere
CHIC is a luxurious polish, yet it comes in an extra large bottle that makes your love of sumptuousness a real economy. With Chic only 10c, you can afford several lovely shades. Chic applies satiny smooth. It never chips or peels and its jewel colors range from natural to exotic. With Chic Polish Remover, plain or oily, and Chic Cuticle Remover, a Chic manicure takes less time than a "make-up." Chic gives the ultimate in quality, speed of application, luminous smart tones; in an over-sized bottle that will satisfy your desire for both beauty and value.

Chic Manicure Requisites at all Five and Ten Cent Stores 10¢

Celia B. Your favorite, Herbert Marshall, is one of the most sought after leading men in pictures. His wife is Edna Best, a popular English actress, but they are separated. No, Mr. Marshall is not a cripple as you've heard. George Raft is an American, married but separated from his wife. His next film is "Yours for the Asking" with Dolores Costello Barrymore, Ida Lupino, Reginald Owen, James Gleason and Lynne Overman. In one of George's recent films, "It Had to Happen," Rosalind Russell played opposite him.

Evelyn W. Tom Brown's name is really that. He was born on January 6, 1913, in New York City. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, and has blue eyes and medium-brown hair. In 1929 Tom played in "A Lady Lies" and has been concentrating on screen work ever since. Mady Christians was born in Vienna, on January 19, 1902. She has blonde hair, grey eyes, weighs 127 pounds and is 5 feet 6 inches tall. She was in pictures in Germany and came to America, playing in several films.

H. C. No, Phillips Holmes has not left the screen—his latest release is "House of A Thousand Candles." Douglas Walton is with RKO and he appears with Katharine Hepburn in "Mary of Scotland." Joan Crawford's next picture will be "Gorgeous Hussy." Others in the cast are Robert Taylor, Melvyn Douglas, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, Alison Skipworth, Ian Keith, Lydia Westman, Bulah Bondi and others. What a cast and what big names! "The Gorgeous Hussy" will be reaching the theatre screens soon.

Myrtle L. George Murphy and Eleanor Whitney were dancers on the Broadway stage before going into pictures. George is married and his wife is with him in Hollywood. Donald Cook can be reached at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Francis M. No wonder all eyes are on Henry Wilcoxon, with his 6 feet 2 inches, 190 pounds, brown hair and hazel eyes, and a face that's hard to forget—but who wants to? Henry, who is just plain "Biff" to his intimate friends, was born on September 8, 1908, in the West Indian island of Dominica. He was seen on the London stage by Cecil DeMille and asked to come over and play on our movie lots. His marriage recently in Los Angeles to Sheila Browning, young actress, was quite a surprise to many of his Hollywood friends. His portrayal of Richard the LionHearted in "The Crusaders" and Marc Antony in "Cleopatra" appealed to the movie critics and the fans alike, so we'll see more of Henry over here. While in England recently he made a picture with Anna Sten, titled "A Woman Alone."

Rose-Mark. Many of you fans have been asking me about Leon Janney, who appeared in 'Courage' in 1930. He played with George Arliss in "Old English," and in "Doorway to Hell" with Lew Ayres. In 1931 he was starred in "Father's Son," with Irene Rich and Lewis Stone. He was on Broadway with Queenie Smith in "Every Thursday" and played in two Theatre Guild productions, "The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles" and "Parade." Last season Leon played in "Mulatto." Leon was born on April 1, 1916, in Ogden, Utah.

Frances. Talking with your movie theatre's manager might have some weight in getting your favorite star to make a personal appearance there—you might try it. Please understand, though, that many of the popular stars still refuse to make personal appearances. Edward Robinson maintains a home in Hollywood and New York City. After completing "Bullets and Bal-lots," Eddie went to England to make a film.
Stars At Sea
Continued from page 59

Still another morning I sat in a steamer chair beside Chester Hale, the soft-voiced man who has been M-G-M's dance director for the past two years. He told me Garbo was his favorite pupil—"she works conscientiously at all the steps I prescribe and these long films of hers move with a gradual flowing movement that is exceedingly graceful in a dance measure." Years ago Chester was dancing in a London revue and had to pick a partner from the chorus for an incidental sequence. He chose a dark-eyed little girl called Jessie Matthews, who shivered with stage-fright and said she'd never never be able to keep up with him!

One more of my seafaring expeditions was in a Government troopship, with blonde Anna Lee and a battalion of The Queen's Regiment and Director Raoul Walsh borrowed from Hollywood to ensure that Gaumont-British's new screen epic of English Army life has that dashling Flagg-and-Quirtish touch. After that I went to meet Charles Laughton, coming back from Hollywood where he went to absorb atmosphere for his portrayal of Rembrandt, studying the famous painter's canvases in the Hague museums, and frequenting the tiny canal-side cafés where he drank and talked.

I hardly recognized Charles at first as he plopped down the gangplank adorned with a beard and bushy mustache. But it looks like being a most unusual period film and Alexander Korda is actually directing it himself in the palatial new studios he has built in the wooded countryside between London and Oxford. Elsa Lanchester plays the kitchenmaid who sat for so many of the Dutch master's pictures and Gertrude Lawrence also has a part.

It poured with rain the day Ann Harding arrived in the Duchess of Atholl but the star was smilingly happy and eager to discuss the two British films she is to make. She stood chatting on the damp deck regardless of her grey woolen coat. "I don't worry about clothes," she said. "This suit cost me thirty dollars and I bought it four years ago. I wear it because it is so comfortable—look! It's darned at both the elbows. I often find clothes that suit me in modest priced shops. I hate those sumptuous establishments with haughty salesgirls and frozen mannequins."

Characteristically interested in practical things, Ann spent many hours of the voyage from Canada on the ship's bridge where the Captain initiated her into the mysteries of navigation. She's a first-class sailor and not even the roughest weather kept her from the sports deck. One day she played shuffleboard so vigorously her lovely hair fell loose to her breast.

Yet another marine-run-screen occasion was the departure of Richard Arlen and a Gaumont-British unit for the Rockies, to shoot the outdoor scenes for "The Great Barrier," story of pioneering days of the Canadian Pacific Railway. They sailed in the liner Empress of Britain and when I went along to Richard's stateroom I found him playing ball around the blue and gold chairs with Ricky Junior while Mrs. Arlen endeavored to impede the collection of lumber-jackets he wears as the railroad foreman.

"Designed 'em all myself," said Richard. "What do you think of this one now? Double-breasted, body-fitting, hundred per cent he-man style!" He shouted with laughter, tossed his son another ball and hoped he would be able to continue making these outdoor films because of the sporting opportunities he got whilst on location.

The stately white Empress is a favorite
ship with the stars. Loretta Young crossed the Atlantic in her and had her first fount-

Dick Powell picked most YOUTHFUL LIPS

untouched painted tANGEE

Read why screen star chose the Tangee lips in Hollywood Test

Dick Powell looked at "all three"... and chose the girl with Tangee! "Her lips looked so fresh and youthful," he said. Millions of men agree.

and Globe Theatres still stand where the famous playwright first produced his works. It was to Bankside, by way of a boat across the broad river, that 17th Century gentr
came for glittering first nights of "Hamlet" and "Midsummer Night's Dream." And it was to Anna's house—then a tavern called "The Cardinal's Hat"—that they came to save the fine wines of the carte d'hotel after the last curtain call.

This house as it stands today was orig-

LIPS

New FACE POWDER tANGEE tangee coloring and brilliance

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK

The sculptural outline of the modern charm of the old. Each room impresses one with its absence of chairs and the skillful way in which the furniture blends harmoniously with the décor of the multi-shaped rooms. The walls in the lounge room are in off-

Anna Lee's Home In Old London

Continued from page 27

Anna Lee, the actress, is Anna Lee. The carpets are of soft green tone and seem to flow like a tide through the rooms and up the picturesque 18th Century staircases.

Upstairs in Anna's bedroom, an enormous expanse of brilliant shining mirror reflects the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. Fawn-colored curtains adorned with grotesque patterns of deer and buck hang by her low bed. Set in the wall are original lights copied from a wagon-light design, which automatically light up as they slot out from the wall. Before her King of mirrors, Anna does her beauty exercises and keeps herself fleet and trim.

The dining room is dimly-lit and musing.

Here one dines in cool simplicity on a table of black bakelite. On the walls is an odd collection of weird, barbaric masks which the actress accumulated on her travels. There's a quiet air about this room, and friends who dine here love to linger long after dessert and coffee have been served. The garden adjoining is paved and leads out to the busy wharves where the actress feeds the hungry gulls that whirl about her blonde loveliness.

Here, then, near the storied quays of the quiet-flowing Thames, is the home of a new and glamorous movie personality. And in her decision to live in this delightful corner of old London, Anna Lee reveals herself as a young lady who will always be on the romantic side of life.
his eyes away from her and laughed loudly.
It all happened in a moment. The quick
flash of the dagger in her hand and the
man's cry as she plunged it into his arm.
And now it was she who laughed and the
place was caught in confusion.
Domini felt a strong hand grasp her
arm, and looking up she saw it was Boris
and neither of them spoke as he propelled
her through the crowd. Only when they
stood outside under the stars and he looked
down at his hand still holding her did he
seem conscious of what he was doing. Then
he drew his hand away, quickly, as if he
had been stung.
"She loves him, so she tries to kill him."
Domini was still shaken by the thing she
had seen. "It doesn't seem reasonable, does
it?"
"I know nothing of such things," Boris
said shortly, and then the words he had lad
such difficulty with before came rushing
from his lips. "I tried to explain today, it's
hard for me. I am not accustomed to—"
He pulled himself up sharply as though he
had veered away from some unseen danger
and went on more slowly, more carefully.
"Whatever I have done, was not done out
of rudeness. That's all I can say. It was
not done out of rudeness."
Her smile answered him, and they walked
back to the hotel together. Once his hand
brushed against hers and it was as if a little
flame ran between them and they could
no longer meet each other's eyes.
Neither spoke, but the night was full of
that unspoken thing that lay between them,
and when they reached the hotel Domini
said softly: "I'm riding tomorrow to the
oasis of Sidi-Zerzour."
She waited for his answer but it did
not come, and the next day when she ar-
rived at the oasis and he was not there, she
knew that slowly, oh so slowly, she was
beginning to live again.
Strange, the things being alive did to
her. Feeling her heart turn. Feeling joy
that was not really joy at all and pain
that was not really pain. Looking at a small
Arab boy playing at the edge of the stre-
et and suddenly without volition at all, taking
him in her arms and pressing her cheek
hard, against his.
It was so Boris saw her when he came,
the child in her arms and her face even
more bewilderingly white and soft against
the small brown one. He sat beside her and
again there were no words, only that speak-
ing stillness that held them in a little world
of their own.
It was Batouch's shout that drew them

More compelling than the music of the dance is your own music... the fra-
grance which envelops you... hinting of romantic things... singing of the
breathless beauty of Paris church spires in the after-glow of dusk... of all
the countless, unforgettable things that make Paris pull forever at the heart-
strings. It is the eternal fragrance of romance... the perfume Evening in Paris.
back to the oasis again. He had made coffee and set it on the table before the stream, but now he stopped as he was pouring it into their cups and pointed toward a man riding across the desert.

"Who is he?" Domini asked, for she saw that he wore the native burnous and that he sat his saddle as only an Arab could.

"An Arab chief!"

"Oh, no, no!" Batouch's excitement punctuated his words. "He's Count Anteoni. An amazing man, Madame. Twice a year he dashes away into the desert on a pilgrimage and then, Madame, there are times, would you believe it, when he sits in the garden of his home in Beni-Mora, just sits there like a stone statue, sits there and thinks."

Yes, Domini thought afterwards when the man had dismounted and come over to them, yes, she would believe that this man would sit like that. Just sit and think. And again that feeling of being a child swept over her at the knowledge she saw written in the tall Italian's face. This man was wise above other men. Even then she knew he could tell her many things.

"Tell me," she said, "and it did not seem strange that she should question this man she had never seen before, "how soon does one get over the sense of expectancy in the desert, the feeling that something marvelous is going to happen?"

"Never, really," he answered slowly, "I've been going into the desert for twenty years now, always expecting the marvelous—and always finding it!"

There were so many things to talk of to this man as he joined them over their coffee, but the questions came always from Domini and the answers from Anteoni, for Boris sat apart, still and brooding; and an impending sense of doom hung heavy over his heart, that had forgotten sorrow for a little time alone with Domini.

Even when a group of native girls came over to them, at first shyly, then chattering and curious as they stared, Boris sat apart until one of them bolder than the rest, attracted by the thin silver chain around his neck, touched it suddenly and pulled a small wooden cross out of its hiding place under his coat.

Amazing the thing Boris did then. With a quick jerk he broke the chain and rudely he held the cross out to the girl.

"You want it? Here, take it. It's yours." Contemptuously he threw it into the stream and strode furiously away as the girl's nimble fingers went darting after it.

"Curious man," Anteoni said as he looked after him. "A man who fears to acknowledge his God is unwise to set foot in the desert." And then as Domini looked up at him questioningly he went on, "The Arabs have a saying, 'The desert is the Garden of Allah.'"

All the peace that had come to Domini was gone now. Quickly she stripped a ring from her finger and held it towards the giggling girl.

"Look, would you like it?" Somewhat the words came lightly as she touched the cross. "I'll give it to you for this!"

The girl snatched the ring and ran away giggling, and Domini's fingers closed around the cross. She knew then that it was as the Mother Superior had said; she had found herself here in the desert. Today it had been disappointment she had found first and then that tender brief joy. Now it was fear. And tomorrow, what would she find then? Domini held desperately to the cross in her hand.

But in the days to come she forgot everything save that she was with Boris and that it was good to be with him so. And little by little his eyes lost some of their torture.

"Something's happened to me," he said once, and her heart sang as she listened. "I can breathe again. I can feel sun and wind again. For the first time I can hear to live in the world. You've done that for me. Domini, Domini!"

He took a quick step toward her and she waited, a little frightened and a little expectant. But as he reached her he spoke that had held him was broken.

"I can't say what I want to." His words came almost in a whisper. "I can't!"

"Say it, Boris." She lifted her face to his and there was a new ecstasy in her eyes. "Say it." "I can't." His words came anguish and tortured again and almost harshly he drew away from her.

It was in Anteoni's garden he told her he was leaving, and as he spoke Domini's hand pressed heavily against her heart.

"Then I shall be alone," she said, and

Visit the studio with our camera and watch the stars file by, as in this shot of Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Georges Metaxa, Ginger Rogers, and Victor Moore.
made no effort to conceal the pain in her voice.

"That journey into the desert you spoke of, will you take it alone?" he asked, and Domini remembered how she had told him that it was her desire to make a pilgrimage some day and how eagerly he had listened as she spoke. "I shall never know the desert. I wanted to. You made me want to, and now—now—we have to say—"

It was such a small word he had to say. Only goodbyes, she knew. Not with her eyes looking at him like that, already bereft and hurt and bewildered. He turned and tried to go and yet he could not go. Not with Domini sitting there as if suddenly she had been turned into a thing that could no longer speak nor feel.

So he came to her instead, and she saw him coming and though actually she did nothing it was as if she were welcoming him as he sank on his knees before her.

"I love you!" Though he tried he could hold the words back no longer. "I love you. But don’t listen to me. You mustn’t hear it. You mustn’t. And yet I must say it. I can’t go until I say it!"

She reached out her hand and it felt cool against his hot forehead; she leaned over him and her hair brushed against his cheek like a caress. And then the anguish was gone and with it the torture went too, and he pulled her up with him as he rose and held her as if against his heart. He had not known that the touch of a woman’s mouth would be like this, gentle and yet so strong, fragile and yet so all-enduring.

"Hear it! Hear it!" He shouted so that the whole garden heard. The flowers and the small wild things under the earth and the birds that slept in the tree tops. "I love you! I love you!"

They were married in the small church in Beni-Mora on a day of storm and wind, and the sand blew in from the desert as Domini stood beside Boris at the altar.

The old priest’s voice faltered as he read the marriage ceremony over them as if he were not quite sure in his heart about the right of the thing he was doing. And Antonia watching felt a misgiving too, for to both of these men Boris had always seemed strange and not at all the man either of them would have chosen to husband this radiant girl.

Then even Domini was frightened, for as the priest pronounced the benediction the crucifix hanging on the wall became loosened by the wind and crashed to the floor.

But afterward she forgot her fear as she had forgotten it once before when their love was just beginning. There was Boris and the happiness that waited for them out in the desert where they were going together. Somehow it did not even matter that it was a day of storm that was beginning their journey and that the desert winds were angry. There was room for nothing but joy in her heart.

Days of sand and the hot sun beating down on them and the laughter that came so easily now for both of them and the happiness that grew with the days, Nights of stars and cool winds, and their arms reaching for each other as they lay on the sand.

"The stars are so near," Domini whispered as she turned to him.

"You are nearer than the stars." He flung his arms over her and buried his face in the sleeping moonlight of her hair.

She was so happy that she was almost frightened. So happy that when he lay asleep at last she lifted her eyes to the stars and spoke aloud the thing that was in her heart.

"Put my love to the proof," she prayed.

"The uttermost proof so he may know that nothing can destroy our love. Nothing."

Afterward she was to remember that prayer. Afterward when the young French officer lost in the desert had come to her tent and she had ordered Batouch to bring him the best of their wine and food and he had been so gracious and so grateful to her for her hospitality. Then Boris had come in and the man had looked at him strangely, as if he had known him before and had seemed agitated and disturbed when she introduced him as her husband.

She was to remember that prayer when the young officer made the sign of the

---

**Are you as strict as your doctor in choosing a laxative?**

Your doctor judges a laxative strictly on its merits. He doesn’t guess. He has certain rules which govern his selection. And these rules must be fully met. Here they are—

**The doctor says your laxative should be:** Dependable... Mild... Thorough... Time-tested.

**The doctor says your laxative should not:** Form a habit... Over-act... Cause stomach pains... Nauseate, or upset digestion.

And Ex-Lax checks on every point. Ex-Lax meets every one of the doctor’s demands for a laxative.

Be as strict as your doctor. Choose your laxative as he does. Choose Ex-Lax... Note how mild, yet how thorough it is. See how easy it works, how free you are from discomfort. Discover how closely its action approximates normal. Find out for yourself the advantages that have made Ex-Lax the largest-selling laxative in the world—used by doctors everywhere, trusted by mothers everywhere—for more than 30 years.

Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate—a real pleasure to take. It’s just as effective for children as it is for grown-ups. And they take it without any coaxing or pleading. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes.

When Nature forgets—remember

**Ex-Lax**
The Original Chocolate Laxative.
SCREENLAND

so

COLUMIIA

PICTURES STAR

FOLLOW

the

STARS

MAKE UP
For lots of laughs just crash a party like this, and find Jack Benny and George
Burns competing with Mary Livingstone and Gracie Allen for honors in a gag contest.

ONE

step towards that glamourous

Hollywood complexion
the kind
that women envy and men adore
is the proper application of face pow.

.

.

.

.

Don't use a soiled, crushed pow-

der.

der puff
skin.
for

.

—

it

rubs in dirt

Change your

and harms

the

puff frequently

—

a clean skin needs a clean puff.

To be certain of the finest, use the
famous Screen Star Puffs
the brand
that famous Screen Stars endorse.
They're consistently fine and soft as
down, with extra-long, silken plush,
.

closely

woven

powder on top

And

fibres
.

.

.

.

to

where

.

hold your
it

belongs.

Screen Star Puffs brush on your

powder

like the delicate

whisk of a

zephyr-like breeze. Try these perfect
puffs today. Five cents at all leading

chain

stores.

YOUR
FAVORITE
SCREEN
i

STAR

years

remember

in the

something in his face
told her it was no chance thing that had
brought him. Somehow she knew even then
it was the young officer who had sent him.
Domini tried to be gay at dinner that
evening but under the bright surface of
her emotions her heart was sick and afraid
as she looked from Boris to Anteoni.
too, for

it

was

as they sat at coffee that the
told of a trappist monk who had
escaped from the monastery at El Lagarni
and gone into the world.
It

Italian

"How horrible!" Domini whispered in
shocked amazement. "How could a man do
such a thing?"
"Why not?" Boris demanded, but it was
at Anteoni he looked.
"Why not?" the Italian asked slowly and
his eyes stared back at Boris. "A man who
has taken his vows, a man who has made
the most sacred of marriages, a marriage
to his church? What can he possibly find
out in the world that is for him?"
"He can find happiness," Boris said desperately. "He can find joy."
Domini's head lifted sharply as she
looked at her husband and a cold numbness
crept through her as she saw his eyes turn
away from her. And a swift forerunner of
despair

"Not

came

to her.
for long, Monsieur

!"

Anteoni said

"There must be anguish in him.
There must be despair such as few men
have known Because he must know, deep
within himself, he has no right to the dequietly.

!

lights of the world."

"Why

SCREEN STARS

shouldn't he have?" Boris rose and
flung out his arms and this time it was to
Domini he spoke, to Domini sitting pale
and still with only her twisting hands betraying her agony. "I tell you he has a
He has a
right to live as other men live
right to love as other men love!"
cry
His passion had betrayed him.
broke from Domini's lips and as Boris
turned to her he saw his words had been
their own confession.
She followed as he stumbled from the
tent and for a moment she was silent. Then,
"Why did you do it, Boris?" she asked, and
when her voice came it surprised her a little
that it did not come twisted and warped.
"Were the vows too hard to keep?"
"No, Domini, no !" he said, and his voice
!

A

*HITCH yOUP, BEAUTy TD A STAR*

—

Forget
with each Screen
Star Puff is a Hollywood Beauty
Secret. Save these folders. They're
good for free premium.

Don't

was quieter even now, alone with

:ross over her as he mounted his horse and
rode quickly away. And on the next day
when Anteoni came to them, she was to

kept

I

worked

them.

in the fields.

sun and rain.

her.

"For

Gladly. Proudly. I
In the garden. I lived

And God seemed

very

near.

"Then I was absolved from the vow of
For the first time since I had taken
it I talked with people. For the first time I
listened to the voices of women. I talked
with a man who was tortured by his love
for a woman. His talk of her day after day,
silence.

of her beauty, of his agony, robbed me of
my peace.
"At night alone in my cell I began to
think of the pain and the ecstacy of love.
All the things that were denied me forever. At last it conquered me and I fled.

But I never lived, Domini. I was tortured
by the thought of what I had done. Then
I met you. I tried to tell you. I tried to
give you up. I couldn't.
"Domini," he dropped to his knees and
lifted her hand to his cheek and held it
there. "What can we do? Tell me."
"I don't know, Boris. I don't know."
She fought the impulse to lift him to his
feet, to hold him as he had once lifted and
held her. "But this I do know. No one is
bad who loves. God will not punish us, if
you if we trust him to show us the way."
She left him and then in a moment she
was back again and she held out her hand
to him and when she opened it he saw the
cross he had flung away that day in the

—

oasis.
"It

yours again," she said simply.

is

"You know what I have to do, don't
j'ou?" His voice was no longer harsh or
tortured as he took the cross from her.
"Yes." Strange how life can still go on
when your heart is breaking, Domini
thought. Strange how words can come.
Even a smile. "How far is it to the monastery?"
"A few hours," he said, and then the
new-found peace that had come to hini was
gone and the old torture came back. "A
lifetime

!"

A

few hours later they stood in the
tawdry parlor of a cheap hotel. It was the
last time they would be together. The last
time they would hear each other's voices
and see each other smile. The last time his
hand would touch her so, with that strange

new

shyness.

"How

can
whispered at

I

bear to give you up?" he
when they heard the

last


The sound of carriage wheels outside and knew they must go.

"Boris," her words came slowly as if she were seeking reassurance for herself as well as for him, "we know this isn't all. It can't be. And surely in that other world, the real and lasting world, we shall be together forever."

"But in this world," he began, and then he saw that he could not go on, and again it was she who was the stronger one.

"Perhaps if you try not to think of me," she said gently and then tears came in her eyes that not even in his thoughts could she be alive and real for him.

"No Domini, no," The words were torn from him. "Since I have been able to pray again I have told God I am thankful I have loved you and been loved by you. I dare to believe that He wishes me to think of you to the end of my life. I was born to be a monk, perhaps, but I was born too that I might know your love, your beauty, your tenderness. Before, even when I was lost in prayer I never knew God. But now, Domini, in knowing your love, I have known Him."

She clung to those words as she sat beside him in the carriage. Cling to them as she had once clung to the cross he had flung away, because now there were no more words that could be said.

Only at the end when the carriage stopped before the long avenue of trees leading to the great stone building did he turn to her again, but it was only her name he could speak.

"Domini, Domini, Domini."

He said it over and over again as though it were a litany. Her eyes closed and she leaned toward him and her lips touched his forehead.

"You will be with me—always," she said, and she held back her tears so that his last sight of her was of her smile and her hand flung upward in farewell. Almost gayly, as though it would be only a minute or an hour or a day, before they would meet again.

It was to the desert Domini came after her child had been born. There where she had known her brief happiness and her great despair came a certain peace that held things greater than either.

The desert, the Garden of Allah! There her destiny had come to her. There her love had come, written in the sands. Written in the stars too, and in her heart and in the face of the child that looked up at her.

---

You have read the fictionalization of "The Garden of Allah." Now turn to our Contents Page for announcement of a thrilling new "Garden of Allah" contest. You will surely want to enter it!
What Happens on Movie Locations?

Continued from page 17

in the midst of a love scene with Francis Lederer. Nancy Carroll will never forget the summer she spent on location in Death Valley, it was 138, and the cameraman went crazy from the heat and threatened to kill everyone. And of course Hollywood is dying laughing right this minute over the producer, (of the slave-driver variety), who went on location with his company and complained bitterly to the director because he allowed the cast and technicians to rest from 11 A.M. until 2 P.M. because of the terrific heat. "Can't understand it," groaned the producer. "Why, you're wasting four hours of every day. Think of the overhead, man. It's cool enough to carry on—in fact, I feel fine."

Now the movie location is either a picnic, or a pain in the neck; it all depends on how you look at it. Grip's, prop boys, technicians and a few stars are crazy about going on locations and they run around like a lot of Boy Scouts on their first camping trip. But the Glamour Girls and Dream Princes usually fail to share their enthusiasm. There's no "flash" on a movie location; in fact, you're darned lucky if there's hot water, and "glamor" at five-thirty in the morning on a chilly mountain top, (locations can be just as cold as they are hot), to catch the first rays of the sun is certainly no cinch. Five o'clock calls, critters, insects, and bad food, (food is notoriously bad on locations), are considered by the Glamour Girls a greater burden to bear for their Art than even publicity departments and fan writers. And that's shooting the works.

There's something very intimate about a location. Suddenly forty people find themselves together on some more or less isolated spot of the globe, and perfectly powerless to do anything about it for three weeks, or maybe two months. The good old feudal "caste" system works smoothly at the studio back in Hollywood, and the star can eat in lonely grandeur out of her own delicate china in her own Cedric Gibbons-designed dressing-room, and she can choose her own friends if any, but 'way up there' among the pine trees My Lady often has to eat at a long wooden table with all the hired help if she eats at all, and her friends if any are chosen for her. It's all so intimate and family-like. So wide-open-spaces and nature's magic, naturally romances begin and end, friendships are made and broken, and feuds that last forever flare up over the dropping of a hat. Really, locations are the most colorful part of moving pictures.

Usually the location is chosen for its beauty, and my dear, what a beautiful moon and a lake and the murmuring of pine trees, or one of those thrillingly exquisite desert nights, I for one don't blame the leading lady for going Gaga over the leading man, or somebody in the company. Sometimes they do; but unfortunately, most of them are too busy griping about the mosquitoes and the five o'clock calls on the moon.

The typical location romance was that of Robert Taylor and Janet Gaynor several months ago when "The Seventh Girl" was directed, and the company went on location up at Monterey, which is one of the most beautiful and romantic spots along the entire West Coast. Bob and Janie flew there for the first time, and under the spell of moonlight on the ocean, fell for each other in a big way. The company returned to Hollywood, picture-making became a business again, and Bob and Janet who had had so much fun holding lambs at Monterey saw less and less of each other—and that was that. When we knew the picture finished and previewed, Janet was being seen with Al Scott again and handsome Bob was in the midst of an exciting romance with Barbara Stanwyck. When the "Ah, Wilderness" company went on location back East in the rural part of Massachusetts, Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker, (remember how cute they were in the picture?), went along; and after a week of being directed by Clarence Brown in the finer points of juvenile love-making Eric and Cecilia fell in love without benefit of camera or direction. Though the location was over long ago, Eric and Cecilia are still in a trance.

Bob and Janet had had so much fun holding lambs at Monterey saw less and less of each other—and that was that. When we knew the picture finished and previewed, Janet was being seen with Al Scott again and handsome Bob was in the midst of an exciting romance with Barbara Stanwyck. When the "Ah, Wilderness" company went on location back East in the rural part of Massachusetts, Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker, (remember how cute they were in the picture?), went along; and after a week of being directed by Clarence Brown in the finer points of juvenile love-making Eric and Cecilia fell in love without benefit of camera or direction. Though the location was over long ago, Eric and Cecilia are still in a trance.

When Jean Harlow was making "Bombshell" the company went to Palm Springs to take the desert sequence, and my, my, those desert nights got her—you really haven't lived until you've seen a desert night. Soon afterwards she and Hal Rosson, the cameraman on the picture, eloped to Yuma and our Jeanie was a bride again. But away from the magic spell of the desert Jean didn't find Mr. Rosson quite so attractive, and eventually our Jeanie was a divorcee again. And it was on the location of "Arrowsmith" at beautiful Big Bear Mountain several years ago that Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, Jr., first met each other and started a romance that culminated in marriage this summer.

And one of our best summer romances sprung up, of all places in an Ice Box near the outskirts of Los Angeles. Fran' Capra, who worships at the shrine of realism, was directing "Lost Horizon" and was doing the sequence where Marie, the thousand-year-old Chinese girl, and George Connery flee from Shangri-La, Mr. Capra wanted icy breaths, and with dear old Hollywood in the midst of a heat wave an icy breath was just about as likely as a shower of gold. So Mr. Capra rented the Old Ice Box in Los Angeles where ice is small change, and there was that good-looking John Howard, (they say he'll be the next Robert Taylor), who plays Ronnie Colman's young brother on location duty. They spent several weeks shivering, with lovely icy breaths, and between shivers Margot and John started quite a jolly little summer romance.

As you may recall Joel McCrea and
Frances Dee fell but madly in love when they were on location with "The Silver Chord" company a few years ago, thereby temporarily breaking Eric Linden's heart—Frances was the girl of his dreams then—and causing him to leave Hollywood for a year. Frances and Joel married a few months later and what with two charming sons are considered one of the happiest couples in Hollywood. So you see something good does come out of location. And if you really want to dip into the past you may recall that it was on the Sonora location of "Wolf Song" that Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez first met each other and became involved in a hot and tumultuous a romance as this old town has ever seen. Runner-up to that, I suppose, was the romance of Clara Bow and Gary Cooper which started on the "Wings" location way down South in Texas. That sizzled right smart for a time, too. Poor Gary, his leading ladies always fell in love with him. But can you blame him?

When Walter Wanger cast Margaret Sullivan of the fiery temperament to play opposite Henry Fonda in "The Moon's Our Home" all Hollywood said: "Tut tut, nothing good will come of that," Margaret and Henry having been Mr. and Mrs. once and Margaret having since married William Wyler there was quite a restraint on the set for several days with Margaret being as coy as an iceberg. Then the company hustled off to Truckee, a little Wild West town high up in the Sierra Mountains, for the snow scenes. The director wanted snow, and by heck, he got snow. The company was completely snaked in for days at a time. That was too much for Maggie and Hank who are really only a couple of nutty kids—Maggie just couldn't resist pushing Hank head first into a snow bank one day, and Hank pulled her in after him, and it was just too bad for restraint after that. The picture had been in production only a short time when Margaret sent her lawyer to Mexico to obtain a Mexican divorce, and ever since then Hollywood has expected Henry to drag his former wife to the altar again. There's nothing like being snaked in with your former husband. Unfortunately, our last big location pictures haven't reeked with much romance. With Errol Flynn married to Lili Damita, and quite happily they say, the "Charge of the Light Brigade" company, which has been charging away for weeks at Lone Pine and Lasky Mesa, hasn't gone in strongly for amours. To be sure, pretty little Olivia de Havilland has had plenty of offers, but Olivia seems to be more interested in her career right now than in brigades. Instead of starting a few romances "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" location finished off a couple of them rather effectively. Sylvia Sidney spent her honeymoon—alone—on the location at Big Bear and decided to call off her marriage of a few weeks to Bennett Cerf, New York publisher. And Shirley Ross and Henry Fonda, who had been dating consistently for months, (this was before the return of Margaret), decided that they weren't particularly interested in each other any longer. Both Bennett Cerf and Shirley Ross spent one day on the location with the former beloved, and that was that. With Charles Boyer married to Pat Paterson, and Marlene Dietrich busy swooning with the heat, there wasn't a chance for a good romance on the "Garden of Allah" location. "Ramona" was made entirely in the authentic Ramona country, the hills and plains near Lake Elsinore; and Loreta Young and Don Ameche spent two months there in as beautiful a setting for a romance as ever you may see. But Loreta was too much excited over getting trans-atlantic phone calls from Eddie Sutherland in Europe at the Outpost grocery store, and Don Ameche too thrilled over showing the beauties of California to his wife and kids to do much about it. Sorry to disappoint you, but nothing happened. When the "Call of the Wild" went on location that time that in the frozen North for several months there was many a rumor floating about that Loreta and Clark Gable were carrying on, if you know what I mean, but Loreta says it wasn't so, and

---

THE Secret of HER Alluring Eyes

It's amazing how WINX can improve your appearance... and personality, too! For with the long, silky lashful lashes which WINX gives you, comes a new sense of allure... bound to attract romance. So try this harmless tearproof, streak-proof mascara. In three "balanced" shades (Blue-Black, Brown) and three convenient forms (Cake, Liquid, Cream). On sale at department, drug and five-and-10 cent stores.

WINX Balanced Colors
Color either blend or clash. In make-up, this means "naturalness" or that harsh, "made-up" look. All WINX colors blend 3 ways. 1. With complexion. 2. With eyes. 3. With each other. For example, WINX Brown

Jane Wyman, newcomer whom you'll see in Joe E. Brown's next film, keeps fit by riding horseback.

WINX Eye Beautifiers

Mascara blends with WINX Brown Eye Shadow or Eyebrow Pencil. Likewise, its tonal values are so balanced as to make it complementary to all other WINX colors. Thus, WINX gives you the secret of naturalness in eye beauty make-up.
Loretta ought to know. But imagine having Clark Gable on a location! Among the most famous Hollywood friendships that started on a location is that of Janet Gaynor and Margaret Lindsay. When the "Paddy the Next Best Thing" company was on location a few years ago at Santa Cruz Janet and Margaret had never met, but Margaret had heard awful things about Janet Gaynor, that she always high-hatted her fellow players, and was generally disagreeable about everything. So Margaret decided to be the first one to put on the ritz. Naturally Janet, being the star of the picture, was none too pleased to find herself snubbed by Miss Lindsay, so she gave her the works. And in further complications matters both girls fell for the same man in the picture. What a dandy feud! Then one day toward the end of the location Janet and Margaret started talking to each other and discovered to their surprise that they liked each other. Ever since they have been the best of girl friends.

Fred MacMurray and Lloyd Nolan met each other on the "Texas Rangers" location near Sante Fe, Arizona, and now are quite pally. Classics. Jane Withers and Nigel Bruce talked to each other for hours at a time on the hot sands of Yuma waiting for the sun to reach the right camera angles, and as soon as the United Janes Flagg company returned to Hollywood the very British Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Bruce invited Miss Colbert and Dr. Pressman to tea and tennis and the four of them have been partying back and forth ever since. One of the hardest locations in cinema history was that of "Four Frightened People" on the island of Hawaii. The company had to rise at four every morning and be carried by tractors, (no cars could make the grade), to a terrible mountain slope where no trail had ever been blazed before. Mary Boland, who is certainly not the trail-blazing type, would appear as fresh as a debutante at breakfast, much to everyone's surprise, and blithely sing out, "Boy, call me a tractor." This so amused Herbert Marshall that he and Mary became the best of friends and it has lasted to this day. And Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald owe their friendship to a location. During the filming of "Naughty Marietta" Jeanette and Nelson didn't care for each other very much; there was a lot of professional jealousy, and people kept running back and forth telling Jeanette things that Nelson had said about her, which he hadn't said, and vice versa. So everyone thought there would certainly be hell popping when Miss MacDonald and Mr. Eddy found themselves isolated at Lake Tahoe on the "Rose Marie" location, but the lovely splendor of the lakes and mountains and the fact that they were working together—they didn't fall in love, but they became excellent friends.

When "Good Earth" went into production at the Metro studio Jane Wyman and Paula Minn couldn't see each other for a cloud of professional dust. Both have very decided temperaments, both are seriously concerned with their careers, both have illusions of greatness—and Metro was threatened with the battle of the century. But something happened when they went on location at Chatsworth, When they felt temperamental tantrums coming on, and "Good Earth" with all that painful Chinese make-up is really a difficult picture, they would stride out into the hills and shout and let go their emotions. And, the fury over, would return to the set as gentle as kittens. They now have the greatest respect and admiration for each other.

A feud I have always believed to be something to skip over as quickly as possible, me being the solitary type. But many a good feud has been born on a location and we might just as well name a few in passing. The famous Jane Withers and Shirley Temple feud started when "Bright Eyes" was on location near Riverside and Jane was innocently stealing scenes from Shirley. Not saying anything about the feud, or cared, but their mothers knew and cared plenty. Ever since "Bright Eyes" there has been little love lost between the two mothers, and just to keep peace and quiet in the Twentieth Century family Jane's pictures are made at the Western Avenue branch of the studio while Shirley reigns supreme in Westwood Hills. Feuds that have lasted through the years started on the island of Catalina where the ill-fated "Rain" company went on location. There was a complete lack of understanding between Director Milestone and Joan Crawford; they just didn't like each other, and the entire location was one long night-mare to Joan. To this day Director Milestone and Joan waste little affection on each other, Rochelle Hudson made sarcastic remarks about Henry Fonda on the "Way Down East" location and as a result "Way Down East" was definitely one picture in which the love-making was done entirely before the camera.

Well, Miss Dietrich, so nothing ever happens on a location, eh? And I faintly remember that "nothing ever happens in the Grand Hotel." No, not much—just love and passion, and hate and jealousy, and heart-break and death, and a few other little things.
Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 11

Have the Crisco boiling hot, toss in the noodles and fry until crisp. Skin them out and let drain on paper. Place pork in kettle, add onion, chopped chicken, salt and the soy Chinese sauce. Cook 10 minutes or until chicken is tender. Add mushrooms, celery, and let cook altogether 8 minutes. Place noodles on hot platter, add chopped meat and vegetables with the gravy. Garnish top with thin slices of breast of chicken cut in strips, and the yolk crumbles. Serve hot.

"That's the Badminton court over there," Alice indicated it with a wave of the hand that brought an answering signal from Michael Whalen who was wandering around as usual.

"It's lit by flood lights so we can play at night—we're all crazy about the silly game just now," went on Alice. "Doesn't matter what time we come in, we have to give the court a work-out."

"So nice for the neighbors," observed Patsy Kelly, passing in a hurry and pretending she hadn't spoken.

"Play with the dog," advised Alice, "we'll be having lunch before long."

"I know—complexion salad!" sighed Patsy.

"Wrong!" laughed her hostess. "Everyone expects me to serve salad because I eat enough to horrify a rabbit. But the complexion salad is good. I can give you that."

COMPLEXION SALAD

1 envelope Knox Gelatine
1/4 cup cold water
1 cup hot water
1/4 cup mild vinegar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1/4 cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup carrots, grated fine or shredded
1/4 cup cabbage, grated fine or shredded
2 tablespoons chopped parsley or raw spinach
2 teaspoons onion juice.

Pour cold water in a bowl and sprinkle with gelatine. Add sugar, salt and hot water and stir until dissolved. Add vinegar, lemon juice and onion juice. Cool and when mixture begins to stiffen, add remaining ingredients. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water and chill. To serve, remove from mold to bed of lettuce leaves or endive, and garnish with mayonnaise dressing.

"Any new dogs?" called Michael, from the court, where he was teaching the Boston to bring him a stick.

"No!—They're always teasing me about dogs," Alice laughed. "You see, I used to have three dogs, this one and a Sealyham and a Doberman Pinscher. The Doberman had a blessed event and instead of twins or triplets what did she do but have right puppies! Just about that time the tax collector arrived, and began to ask about the dogs and how many we had and so on. Did you know that you can be listed as a mere dog-owner if you have five dogs, but if you have six or more you are the owner of kennels in the eyes of the law? Well, let me tell you I couldn't give the dogs away quick enough!"

"Did you ever taste tuna baked in avocado? It sounds frightful, but it's really very good. Patsy likes it, but I eat it with my fingers crossed, hoping the scales will

Listen in, GIRLS!

Mr. Paige
Paige & Barton, Inc.

Miss Norris
Wells Employment Agency

"Please send me another secretary, Miss Norris. I had to let that other girl go."

"Why, what was the trouble, Mr. Paige? She had a splendid record as a worker."

"Oh yes, she was good in her work, all right. But I just couldn't stand to have her around."

"I'm so sorry."

"And say, buy some Mum for the next girl and charge it to me, will you?"

"I certainly will, Mr. Paige."

UNDERARM perspiration odor is an annoyance men will not tolerate in a girl, either in the office or in social life. And why should they, when it is so easy to avoid—with Mum!

Half a minute is all it takes to use Mum. A quick fingertipful under each arm and you're safe for the whole busy day.

If you forget to use Mum before you dress, use it afterwards. It's harmless to clothing, you know. And it's so soothing to the skin, you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Mum does just what you want it to do. It prevents the disagreeable odor of perspiration, and not the perspiration itself.

Remember, a fresh daintiness of person, free from the slightest trace of ugly odor, is something without which no girl can hope to succeed. Make sure of it with Mum! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

ANOTHER USE FOR MUM is on sanitary napkins. Enjoy the relief and freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness, which Mum affords.

MUM takes the odor out of perspiration
Thousands gaining normal attractive curves — in just a few weeks!

**SKINNY**, friendless O-girls who never could gain an ounce can now hope from the experience of thousands of others with this new scientific treatment that is sweeping the country. These others have gained 10 to 25 pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh this new easy way — in just a few weeks!

Why it builds up so quickly

Scientists recently discovered that great numbers of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough vitamin-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-enriching iron in their daily diet. Now the richest known source of this marvelous body-building Vitamin B is found in yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured yeast is concentrated 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in little tablets known as Ironized Yeast Tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build up, get these new “7-power” Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day, watch your body develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin gains to normal beauty — you're a new person.

**Money-back guarantee**

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time, and note the exhilarating change. See ifthey don't build you up in a few weeks, as they have thousands. If you're not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at one, cut out the card on the back and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you, postpaid, a free, fascinating little book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package — or money refunded. At all drugstores. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 610, Atlanta, Ga.

---

**Autumn Make-Up “MUSTS”**

Continued from page 61

__puplish reds rather than the orange or yellowish.__

Red, white, and blue are the colors to be featured at the New York, gala Paris fashion event to take place the end of October. And Hollywood will never be able to resist a fashion so patriotically American, (which we strongly suspect it of instigating). The French are already using this combination, which they call “blue, white, and red” to keep it truly Parisian. Beauty hints for this ensemble include clear red shades in rouge and lipstick, favoring neither the orange nor puplish. Powder should be fairly dark and not too pinkish. And blue eye-shadow adds an irresistible note of allure.

Vary-colored eye-shadows have definitely passed the experimental stage. They have proved what they can do to add depth and lustre to eyes, and from all indications, they are here to stay. As their first vogue has settled down into permanency, new tricks have been learned to make eye-shadows easier to apply and to insure the success of their effectiveness.

For instance, some eye-shadows come with fine camel's hair brushes, so you can make up your eyelids the same way an artist applies his pastels. Then the use of a neutral shade of shadow, such as car- toline, may precede a more colorful shadow. This neutral shade is blended all the way to the eyebrow, and the other color placed only on the lid from the middle of the eyelid to the outer corners.

For you who have oily skins and dislike a shiny look around the eyes, I suggest you apply cream eye-shadow first, then dry eye shadow over it. For the dry-skinned, cream eye-shadow is best. If you find it difficult to apply, use a foundation of cream, the same as you do for your face.

Are you a venturesome blonde who likes the idea of blue mascara but has been dissatisfied in its effect? Perhaps I can explain why and give you a remedy, too. We're so accustomed to expecting mascara to darken our lashes that blue doesn't seem to do the job. Try applying black mascara first; then after it's dried, touch up your lashes with blue. Another trick is to apply the blue mascara first, then touch up just the tips with black. The effect of this latter method, however, is a little theatrical.

Most end-of-the-Summer complications need plenty of moisture to make up for what sun exposure has taken away. Of course lubricating creams are especially necessary now. But make-up, too, should be kept to help re-condition the skin and avoid a dried-out look. A good foundation is the secret of successful make-up. Then use cream rouge, blended lightly right up to the lower eyelids and over the cheek areas, but never too heavy in any one spot. This gives a soft, youthful and natural appearance. For added brightness or repairs
as the day goes on, touch up with cry rouge.

Lips, too, need plenty of lubrication this time of year. One is always tempted to add more lipstick whenever lips feel dry. Don't do it. If you like a bright shade, as most of us do in Fall, frequent re-touching is likely to make your lips too glaring. It's a good idea to use very light lipstick to give lubrication and form a foundation for the brighter shade, which can then be applied sparingly. Don't touch up your lips more than necessary. Throat from just inside the lips, where the color wears off first, and stop as soon as you have blended it into the outer edges which you have re-touching at all. Of course, when you give me this advice, I assume you use the modern type of lipstick that combines beneficial moistness with lasting qualities.

Distant Star

Continued from page 33

THE STORY UP TO NOW

The screen gains a new star and the news-stand at the gate of the Ultra Alta studio loses its proprietors when Bill Banton innocently incites the too-ready wrath of Mavis Dorian, imperious and glamorous star of Ultra Alta. Bill stumbles and falls while watching Dorian make a scene. A picture of tragic humiliation as he grovels at her feet. Banton interests the director, who decides to use him in the picture. Success is instant for Banton, so different from the average male actor, and soon he is co-starred with Dorian, whom he looks up to as a goddess. Bill obtains a dancing part for Carol Kelly, a chorus girl who has always liked him, and she astounds the producer with her grace and skill. Dorian, jealous, threatens to break her contract—a threat which the head of the company calmly accepts as final. Read on!

rarely, however—he always escorted Carol. And some said that she was as permanent a fixture in his special-bodied car as the steering wheel and the wind shield. "And the cigar lighter drew in Carol. "We might as well get hot!"

But when Carol, who had been living in a hotel suite, rented an apartment directly below Bill's terraced grandeur, there was real conversation, printed and otherwise, on the subject. Bill, who was completely surprised by the move, chided Carol. His lips were firmly set, and a trifle white, as he told her the facts of life.

"People will say we have a staircase behind our closet door," he said, "connecting your rooms with mine."

"People," observed Carol flippantly, and her eyes were wary, "will say anything. But it's not such a bad idea at that!"

Bill threw wide his hands—not in protest, in a gesture of impotence.

"Why in Heaven's name," he asked, "did you have to rent a place in my building? Hollywood's full of vacant apartments. Hollywood's full of houses with patios and swimming pools! You could make good use of a swimming pool.

"To drown myself in?" Carol wanted to know. Her mood changed swiftly. "Oh, Bill honey," she exclaimed, "can't you understand one syllable words? I want to be near you. Now, Always!"

Bill asked, "For God's sake, why?"

Carol's mood changed again. She snapped, "To keep the other girls away. I'm go-

Loosen Those Stubborn Blackheads

A Penetrating Face Cream Is What You Need!

By Lady Esther

When it comes to your skin, be a good housekeeper! Don't be satisfied merely with surface cleansing. Get "into the corners."

You may not realize it, but many complexion woes are due to nothing else than imbedded dirt. This dirt may not be noticeable at first because it is buried quite deep in your skin. But it causes tiny bumps and rough patches which you can feel with your fingers.

Make the finger-tip test described to the right, and if you feel anything like tiny bumps or dry patches, you can be sure your pores are clogged and your skin dirty. This hidden, stubborn dirt, as it keeps on accumulating in the pores, causes not only gray-looking skin, but enlarged pores, blackheads, dry patches and other unsightly blemishes.

Meets the Need!

Lady Esther Face Cream adequately meets the situation because it is a penetrating face cream. Gently and soothingly, it penetrates your pores and there it "goes to work" on the waxy matter. It loosens it, breaks it up—and makes it easily removable.

When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, it shows itself in the clarity and radiance of your skin and in the tingling sensation of freshness.

Lubricates Also!

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses your skin, it also lubricates it—supplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and smooth.

Lady Esther Face Cream is on sale at all drug and department stores, but for a free demonstration, mail me your name and address. I will at once send you a 7-day's tube postpaid and free. See for yourself how this cream works. See how deeply it gets into the pores, how thoroughly it cleanses your skin. Your cloth will reveal dirt that you never suspected lurked in your skin.

See also how soft and smooth and supple Lady Esther Face Cream leaves your skin. The results will literally amaze you. You will understand then why eight million women say that all their skins need is this one face cream.

Prove to Yourself!

With the free 7-days' tube of Lady Esther Face Cream, I will also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder so you see which is your most flattering shade and how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothness. Write me today.

--FREE--

Lady Esther, 2028 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me in return marked your 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name:

City:

State:

Address:

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)
YOUR LIPS
AS HE DESIRES THEM

Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

LEARN AT HOME
to play by note, Piano, Violin, Ukulele, Tone Piano, Banjo, Washburn Guitar, French Horn, Trumpet, or any other instrument. Write to Mr. Henry Weidler, 1101 Broadway Bldg., New York, N. Y.

FREE BOOK
Write today for Free booklet and Free demonstration Lesson explaining this method in detail. Tell what your favorite instrument and what name and address you wish to use—only a few cents a day. Over 200,000 students.

NADINOLA Freckle Cream

REMOVE FRECKLES
While You Sleep

Here's a new way to fade out freckles quickly and safely while you sleep. Simply apply Nadinola Freckle Cream at bedtime. You see wonderful results usually in 5 to 10 days. Freckles disappear, your skin is clearer, freckled, freckled, skin tone smoothed. Nadinola Freckle Cream is guaranteed by a famous laboratory with over 30 years' experience in skin treatment. Only 60c at toilet counters; 10c size at Ten Cent Stores. Or send a dime for trial package to NADINOLA, Box 163, Paris, Tenn.

Song of Teachers

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET revealing SECRETS OF SUCCESSFUL SONG WRITING, including free copy of valuable Rhyming Dictionary and information on current market requirements. If you write songs or compose melodies, SEND FOR OUR OFFER.

M. M. PUBLISHERS
Dept. SU2 Studio Blvdg. Portland, Ore.
He loved her passionately in the script, and gave her up—very nobly—to the young man, slim and beautifully straight of limb, who was (also in the script) her dancing partner. He had completed the last scene of renunciation a matter of minutes ago, and was on his way home. Carol had been forced to stay on—she had an extra dance, or something, to do.

Bill rode along Hollywood Boulevard—a morose figure huddled into the back seat of his limousine. He knew that this picture would be his masterpiece—he didn't need studio chatter to tell him that his work had taken on breadth and pathos in the last few months. He knew why it had, too. He knew that the realization of a scornful woman's absence from the Hollywood scene had left him with a sense of aloneness, an aloneness that could only be filled—and then in a partial manner—by his work. There was no longer anything for which to hope, for which to fear. The world was empty of everything save acting a part. Therefore he acted a part, and did it superbly.

Bill's chauffeur spoke back from across a trimly-uniformed shoulder. He asked a question.

"Going to that party at M. B.'s?" asked the chauffeur, who had once been an extra himself. "He'll be upset if you don't."

Bill Banton replied wanly. "You can drop me at the hotel for half an hour," he said, "no more, no less. Then I'm going home: I'm worn out." He knew he had to appear, however briefly, at the party which M. B.—president of Ultra Alta—was giving. But he knew also that no power on earth could make him stay at a party in his present mood.

The chauffeur grinned in the darkness. He said, "Oke," and drew up in the space of a split second beneath a porte-cochere. He didn't help Bill alight—he was tactful. Cripples resent too obvious assistance.

The party was going full blast. Bill made his obeisance to M. B., who greeted him with a frosty—"They tell me you'll break all records with your new one." He apologized for his lack of evening clothes, and allowed himself to be thanked for the white orchids he had sent to Mrs. M. B., regal in face and so tightly corseted that she couldn't bend. He allowed himself also to be kissed by her three plump daughters, and by various other ladies who ranged, in hair, from auburn to platinum. And then the half hour was up, and he limped along the fringe of the party, and recaptured his hat, and slithered out of the door and into his waiting car.

"Home, thank God," he said.

His chauffeur laughed. "I'm catching up on my beauty sleep," he said, "since I'm driving you, Mr. Banton."

They were back once more on the boulevard. The lights twinkled on the wet pavements; the motor horns made a medley of sound that was more exciting than unpleasant. Bill thought: "This is beauty, in a way... Beauty seen alone isn't worth a tinker's damn." When the car stopped for a red light, he leaned forward idly to watch the rosy reflection of it in a puddle. It was then that his body stiffened, and his eyes took on a fixed, hypnotic stare. For a woman was walking down the street—walking so unmistakably, with such beauty of rhythm, that he didn't need to see her face. Even the shabby rain coat she wore couldn't disguise the grace of her every movement.

Bill said to his chauffeur: "Draw up to the curb, Harry." He was surprised to hear his own voice; it was so calm.

The car pulled over, like molten velvet. Bill reached out and jerked open the door of the limousine. His voice wasn't quite so calm as he said—"Hop in, Miss Dorian, and I'll give you a lift."

(To Be Continued)
Her specialty is giving her impression of those too, too amazed ingenues, who lisp baby-talk and peek out at you from the screen, with一股 hidden beauty of your hair, and restore the highlights and lustre. Easy to use and easy to wash out. A package of 2 rinses, at all 5 and 10 cent stores, 10¢.

The indispensable Jarvis solves another problem for his master—one of many that will be hilariously worked out as Arthur Treacher creates the famous P. G. Wodehouse character on the screen in "Thank You, Jeeves." David Niven plays his lordship.

It was one of those "unusual" hot days in Hollywood. Under the heavy blankets, with the strong lights glaring down on them, the players were almost dying with the heat. Then Joan came to their rescue. Snatching over to the wardrobe, she secured bathing trunks for the entire cast. A ruffle was placed around their necks, as that was the only part of their old-fashioned night gowns that showed. With their curls, ruffles and bathing trunks, you can imagine how silly they all looked, when they came out from under the covers. Every time Joan thought about it, she'd start laughing and could hardly go on with the scene.

You Can Regain Perfect Speech, if you STAMMER

FREE to WOMEN OVER 30!

The indispensable Jarvis solves another problem for his master—one of many that will be hilariously worked out as Arthur Treacher creates the famous P. G. Wodehouse character on the screen in "Thank You, Jeeves." David Niven plays his lordship.

It was one of those "unusual" hot days in Hollywood. Under the heavy blankets, with the strong lights glaring down on them, the players were almost dying with the heat. Then Joan came to their rescue. Snatching over to the wardrobe, she secured bathing trunks for the entire cast. A ruffle was placed around their necks, as that was the only part of their old-fashioned night gowns that showed. With their curls, ruffles and bathing trunks, you can imagine how silly they all looked, when they came out from under the covers. Every time Joan thought about it, she'd start laughing and could hardly go on with the scene.

You Can Regain Perfect Speech, if you STAMMER

FREE to WOMEN OVER 30!

The indispensable Jarvis solves another problem for his master—one of many that will be hilariously worked out as Arthur Treacher creates the famous P. G. Wodehouse character on the screen in "Thank You, Jeeves." David Niven plays his lordship.

It was one of those "unusual" hot days in Hollywood. Under the heavy blankets, with the strong lights glaring down on them, the players were almost dying with the heat. Then Joan came to their rescue. Snatching over to the wardrobe, she secured bathing trunks for the entire cast. A ruffle was placed around their necks, as that was the only part of their old-fashioned night gowns that showed. With their curls, ruffles and bathing trunks, you can imagine how silly they all looked, when they came out from under the covers. Every time Joan thought about it, she'd start laughing and could hardly go on with the scene.
"Why, you must be mistaken," answered Joan, "but so sweetly. "When I saw you coming up to the table, I thought you were Joan Crawford."

"The dame’s nuts," said the intruder. Shaking her head sadly, she went back to her dancing.

Aside from admiring Jimmy Stewart as a splendid actor, Joan thinks he is the craziest person she has ever known. Every time she sees him she begs him to show her a new "Handy." And she loves to listen to Jimmy’s hilarious accounts of his household, where he lives with Henry Fonda and two other bachelors. Joan always repeats these stories when she gets home and usually adds her own personal impressions.

Billie Burke, who is now under contract to Metro, is a devoted friend of Joan’s. When Billie hears something particularly funny, she calls Joan on her dressing-room phone and they sit laughing over the wires.

Jean Dixon, noted for her cryptic portrayals on stage and screen, is a continuous pleasure for Joan to be around. One evening Joan called up all excited. Her horse had been rented by Warner Brothers for Errol Flynn to ride in "Charge of the Light Brigade." Joan sent a wire to the horse congratulating him and asked if he would make a personal appearance, if she ran his picture in her theatre.

Joan still loves her home better than any other place in the world. On occasions when she goes to the Gary Cooper’s for lunch, or Connie Bennett’s for dinner, she has a wonderful time. One night at the Trocadero, Joan was a guest of Joan Bennett and Gene Markey. After dancing for hours, her feet began to ache. Kicking her shoes off under the table, she breathed a huge sigh of relief. When it came time to go home, the shoes were nowhere to be found. Some fan at the next table had snatched them for souvenirs. Joan did an elegant exit, walking in her stocking feet.

When she isn’t working, Joan has a trainer come to her house every day and put her through a real he-man workout. When she is working, she has him come every evening. The funniest sight in the world is to see Joan go tearing around the block, her trainer at her side. She piles her hair high on her head in a tight knot. She doesn’t use a stitch of make-up and good honest sweat pours off her into huge puddles. When the trainer asks her if she’s run enough, she grits her teeth and shouts, "So you think I’m a sissy, huh?" Passing motorists usually glance at her abstractly. Then crane their necks in the other direction, on the lookout for movie stars.

On the "Gorgeous Hussy" set, Joan and Director Clarence Brown had an arrangement whereby he could call her for a scene. Attached to the camera was a tiny horn that was tooted when they were ready. As a gag, Brown would toot-toot and then when Joan walked into the scene, he would accuse her of hearing things. To get even, Joan sent Bennett, her chauffeur, to buy the loudest siren in town. Secreetly in it her portable dressing room, the next time Brown tooted for her, she let out a blast from the siren that literally shook the roof and rattled the rafters.

Before the sound had died away confusion reigned supreme. Hundreds of running feet were heard outside the door. People poured out of buildings. Executives came yelling out of conferences. Everyone was shouting at the same time and suddenly the fire engines came tearing around the corner. Quite innocently Joan had purchased the same siren used by the studio fire department. Finally law and order was restored. During all the turmoil, Joan remained terrified in her dressing room. When Brown tooted for her again, she decided there was only one thing to do. Walking casually toward him, she stretched her arms lazily and yawned.

"Um-m-m-m," she half-mumbled. "I’ve had such a wonderful nap. Re-cally, this place is so quiet. Nothing would have made me think that everything could be so peaceful and calm. You are all such dears to be so considerate!"

---

"How can I be More Attractive?"

a thousand women a day write Ginger Rogers

to requests for advice on beauty, Ginger Rogers gives one answer, "The secret of loveliness for every woman lies in color harmony make-up originated by Max Factor, Hollywood’s genius."

---

Max Factor * Hollywood

Would you like to try Hollywood’s make-up secret — color harmony powder, rouge, lipstick? Mail this coupon.

---

**Pink!**

"You can’t beat Max Factor’s Lipstick for lips. Thousands of women use Lipstick for leftovers from their lipstick. The shade of red for your lips will help you look natural and Tuscan. Also read our Color Harmony Make-Up Book and try your own color combinations. "Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick will dramatize your lips with an alluring, lasting color," says Ginger Rogers, "by the magic of its color harmony shades." $1.

A Rouge Secret

"Screen stars," says Ginger Rogers, use Max Factor’s Rouge because the color harmony shades add an exquisite, lifelike color that gives an appealing beauty.

Try it and note the difference. 50c.

---

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>COLOR COMBINATION</th>
<th>EYE</th>
<th>HAIR</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Powder</td>
<td>Rouge</td>
<td>Lipstick</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dark</td>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>Black</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Light</td>
<td>Red</td>
<td>Blonde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Medium</td>
<td>Green</td>
<td>Ginger</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

Hollywood's Hold on British Actors

Continued from page 19

hide myself away. It is not a natural gesture nor a policy on my part to live in empty solitude. I have a few friends—really, I have—and I enjoy being with them. People out here are far more natural than those of the stage, and no doubt the country has a great deal to do with it. Then, too, they have to work harder, and that's good for them. Studio life is more prosaic, but is also more stable. This doesn't mean it is easy. If you take twenty of the most successful actors in Hollywood today you will find that nineteen of them have had precisely the same struggle. It's all in the game. But Hollywood is the best place I know to play the game."

Considering the purely individual phase of the matter, Mr. Marshall declared: "Frankly, I see no difference between American and English actors. English-speaking people are lucky to have two fields in which to work. We actors have the same language and the same medium. We meet on common ground in turning out the job we're doing. What's more, it has developed me along lines of human understanding. For one thing, I've been trying desperately to get out of this British reserve thing. But it's terribly overstressed. I've been told I am poised—not that I particularly want to be. My one quarrel, if I may use so strong a word, with Hollywood pictures is that they have made me 'worthy,' so 'worthy' that I now want to go to the bad a bit. It would be a relief to cut loose, rather than always be the good lover. Although I get the girl in the final reel, I get her on the rebound. Meanwhile a delirium, dashing fellow whose very unworthiness makes him romantic has quite swept her off her feet. Maybe he drinks too much or philanders too freely, but he's exciting. I'm not."

On that score Mr. Colman had no bone to pick with Hollywood. Indeed: "My first talkie was 'Bulldog Drummond,' and for some time I played in the spectacular and rough-and-tumble type of picture. It was good for me. Since then Sidney Carton has, perhaps, been the best part to come my way. But that's not for me to say, only audiences can decide. It is only natural, perhaps, to cast an English actor in English parts. Yet my first film, 'The White Sister,' though made in Italy, was an American picture. Up to that time I'd done nothing of importance. I'd had only small parts in plays that flopped before they could get into New York. It was not until I played with Henry Miller and Ruth Chatterton in 'La Tendresse' that I managed to reach the New York stage. Even then, after three years in America, I couldn't see anything ahead for me. I'd paid my way over and was hoping to be able to pay my way back and get an office job when word from Hollywood settled matters for me. That was really my beginning as an actor of any consequence. Yes, I suppose I was the first English actor to come to Hollywood, with the exception, of course, of the eternal Chaplin. And like him, perhaps, I have found it more beautiful than any other place."

That half-whimsical smile you may have noticed on the screen played across the face of Mr. Marshall as he reflected: "You

"My, what long, and lovely tresses," the studio hairdresser tells Dorothy Lamour, 21-year-old radio singer now signed for films. Dorothy's locks measure thirty inches.
know, there's a time when most of us need a bit of bucking up. I would not be in Hollywood today if it had not been for a good turn done me in London. While still crippled by a bad leg-wound after the war I was having a drink in a crowded pub one day when someone called down the bar: 'Herbert, old boy, what about playing a part for me on a six-weeks tour?' It was N. Carter Slaughter, who took out small companies to Brighton and other places of that sort in the summer. He was all confidence, with no reference to the fact that I didn't look completely convalescent. He just assumed I was a competent actor. I raised my glass to him then, as I do now. For it was he who put me back on my feet. But I little dreamed that the lift he gave me then would eventually carry me six thousand miles. He organized me. For that matter, I had never acted on my own initiative, merely going into the English theatre through necessity, rather than choice. I just ate my way into it! I had to have food, and knew no other way of getting it. To me acting was not what it is to the man who seeks it because he wants it. I greatly envy actors like Charles Laughton, who are doing something because they want to do it more than anything else in the world. For a long time I lived in fear of being a 'ham.' Perhaps my early training under Gerald du Maurier saved me. In any event, du Maurier was determined there would be no 'ham' in him. And when he was wrong he knew it. One day at rehearsal of the play 'Interference' in London he did an astonishing thing. In the middle of a scene he stepped suddenly and began to bluster. Then he broke off quite as abruptly and apologized to the ladies of the company. We were still in the dark until he turned to me and said: 'You shouldn't be over there at the side. You belong where I am, in the center of the stage. Come here!' Not only did he, the star, give me his place that day, but he kept me there throughout the run of the play. Du Maurier was the least Westphalian of any actor I ever knew. Here in Hollywood, I have tried to follow his example, if only to honor that good English actor. That is my one contribution to American pictures. In return, they have given me so much that I should be an ingrate to turn my back on them.

Mr. Coleman: 'I don't think that making pictures here has changed me a bit. There's no place like Hollywood for making pictures, and I see no reason to change my mind about it after eleven years.'

Mr. Marshall: 'I have just bought a farm.'

Apparently, there is only one conclusion to be drawn: Both these English actors, not to mention others, are here to stay.

Hollywood's Box-Office Love Code

Continued from page 31

our generous etiquette code that this is satisfactory to the ladies involved.

Another roasting example of rating higher than your fiancée in cinema marquee billing occurred when an actor, who is doing very well, thank you, got himself romance-rumored with a girl who is staging a screen comeback. When the actor was queried as to whether his constant companionship with the ex-queen would lead to the altar, he replied: "It is hardly likely. Miss X has a long way to go in her career before she will be thinking of matrimony!" That settled that delicate question so perfectly that the lady hasn't been seen in public with him since. Maybe she has been
Pain Relieved in ONE MINUTE!
No waiting for results with Dr. Luxe Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads! In one minute pain is gone—forgotten. In a few days your corns or callouses lift out with ease. Apply these thin, soothing, healing, shielding pads at the first sign of soreness from new or right shoes, and you’ll avoid having corns! Dr. Luxe Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads are medically safe, easy to apply, Flesh color, waterproof. Don’t stick to stocking or come off in bath. Get a 3x6 box today at your drug store or department store. Standard White Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads, now 25c box. Accept no substitutes.

Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads
WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—Without Calomel—And You’ll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin’ to Go
The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn’t digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bores up your stomach. You get constipated, Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, and the world looks pink.
A sluggish bowel movement doesn’t get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter’s Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel “up and up.” Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter’s Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuses anything else. Use at all drug stores.

FREE LUCK CHARM
Sent with every order for our Lucky Dream Book, 40,000 words, gives lucky numbers and days. Describes every method of fortune telling, Secrets, Tricks, Crystal Gazing, Hypnotism, Magic, etc. Sent sealed. Send 25c coin of stamps to KEYSTONE SERVICE Box 7439, Phila., Pa., Dept. C-157

Hollywood provides us with a new romantic team as Tom Brown and Frances Drake are cast as lovers in a new picture in which Tom is an aviator and Frances a singer.

away from Hollywood so long she has forgotten how we go about these things. Even the tradespeople and the "old established firms" have formed the habit of going to the "Top Name to do business, particularly the engagement and wedding ring business, though I doubt very much if the local jewelers will again try to contact Merle Oberon the next time an engagement to David Niven gets a newspaper break.

Not long ago the dailies carried the story that Merle and David would be married this Fall, probably as soon as Sam Goldwyn, holder-in-chief of their movie contracts, returned from the East with his blessings. From that moment, every jewelry salesman in town started a campaign to sell Merle Oberon her own engagement ring! Prices and styles were quoted to her at length—until David Niven got wind of it. According to eye and ear witnesses, Mr. Niven turned in a very neat portrait of a gentleman on the point of blowing up. He howled into telephones that when an engagement ring was purchased, he would be the purchaser! He met bolder souls at Merle’s beach house door with a wild glint in his eye and a phrase or two for them not to forget. "What kind of a town is this, anyway?" he was heard to inquire, probably not realizing that has been a moot question for a long time.

It is very gallant and old-schoolish to go around shaking broomsticks at the merchants, but what are you going to do with the hostesses, the wives of producers, and directors and other important actors who throw all those gay little feets that land in the society columns? Here are, perhaps, Hollywood’s most box-office-inclined match makers. It is a very careless and slipshod hostess who does not prefer to dress her parties with box office names for the Sunday society sheet, and this little fad, while exciting enough for everybody else, has been known to play considerable havoc with the extra girl’s ideas of snuggling off the most eligible bachelor in town!

Hollywood hostesses very seldom approve of unimportant romances for their friends, male or female. It is not uncommon for them to be well aware of the fact that a certain actor may be enjoying a mild yen for the newest stock player on the lot, (as yet undiscovered by the Front Office), and yet ignore the interesting fact completely in choosing his dinner partner for the newest blow-out. Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, for instance, make much more attractive guests at the latest tennis party than Clark and the pretty little mail clerk from the post office or escort right after his separation; and Loretta Young and Eddie Sutherland are a much better “movie” combination than Loretta and her professional ex-husband of another movie star.

Hollywood just hates to see glamour wasted on some desert son—or good box-office Nothing remains with all-star support. When a certain young starlet on a major lot recently married a young man unknown in the casting office, or in the local blue book, the idea was pretty well understood that the less publicity brought to play on the happy couple, the better!

In the long run it is far better and a lot easier to accept Marlene Dietrich’s gentle, non-combative philosophy of bowing to the box-office in the social game, and letting it go at that. Marlene has never yet been photographed at a social event, a first night, or a preview unless her companion in the candid camera shot is someone with box-office draw almost equal to her own. Not that Marlene is snobbish, either. She doesn’t always attend these various affairs with the most important gentleman present, (lately her favorite escort has been a young scenario writer), but when it comes candid camera time, Marlene is usually pictured on the arm of the latest visiting nobility, the newest directorial rave, or even the new actor sensation. It saves a lot of time and trouble and, fuss this way, and incidentally, makes for far more interesting pictures!

I suppose it isn’t quite fair to put all the blame for aiding and abetting box-office romances on Hollywood’s shoulders. Apparently, everybody approves of the idea. Look at the way the public tried to good Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor into a real life love story—for years! And even the local tradespeople and hostesses are no more pleased at seeing Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, and Jean Blondell and Dixie Lee well getting along, than the hordes of fans who will flock to the box-office when these “attractions come to your nearest theatre.

If you don’t believe it, wait and see. Hollywood’s love code is just helping the good work along!
Tagging the Talkies

Continued from page 13

Something to amaze you by means of startling camera tricks, as it tells a fantastic tale of vengeance through a weird power to reduce humans to the size of dolls. You see humans climbing around furniture that is mountainous in comparison, a horse race on a desk top, etc. Lionel Barrymore acquires the trick from a mad scientist, Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Lawton have a fine supporting cast. A very novel film, and a splendid example of that supremacy in camera technique which places Hollywood far ahead of all competitive sources of screen entertainment supply. See it and marvel at its fantastic effects.

It’s swingy, light of heart and foot, too. It’s light on story, but then this is for diversion and to give some attractive youngsters a chance to amuse you. Among them are Eleanor Whitney, Louis Da Pron, a dancing man with rhythm for keeps, Robert Cummings singing two catchy songs, and Grace Bradley. The story is that old favorite “The Charm School” in most of its details, so we’ll forget the play and cheer the players for their youthful enthusiasm and some very creditable efforts in the direction of light and airy movie diversion.

Mildly amusing story of racketeers, a young reporter, a pretty girl and her antiquated and eccentric grandfather, bent on bringing law-breakers to justice. Fred Stone has a starring role that doesn’t afford him equal opportunities with some of the other members of his cast, notably Louise Latimer and Owen Davis, Jr. Others in prominent parts are Big Boy Williams, Frank Thomas, and Moreni Olsen. This is not one of those pictures you must see, but if you catch it on a double feature bill, which many of you very likely will, it is worth your time to have a look at it.

A KNOWING woman no longer gives in to periodic pain. It’s old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is now a reliable remedy for such suffering. Some women who have always had the hardest time are relieved by Midol. Many who use Midol do not feel one twinge of pain, or even a moment’s discomfort during the entire period. Don’t let the calendar regulate your activities! Don’t “favor yourself” or “save yourself” certain days of every month! Keep going, and keep comfortable — with the aid of Midol. These tablets provide a proven remedy for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you? Midol’s relief is so swift, you may think it is a narcotic. It’s not. And its relief is lasting; two tablets see you through your worst day. Would you like to enjoy a new freedom? Then try Midol — in a trim little aluminum case at any drug store.

Polish Teeth Safely, 60 Times for 25c

- Try this most amazing of tooth powders. It alone has Pepsodent’s exclusive new patented discovery for floating-away film, dull yellow stain, leaving teeth transformed with a high-polish luster. 60 brushings in the 25c size. And a large family-size for 50c. Order from any drug counter.

PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER

with the Patented New Discovery for High-polishing Teeth Safely!
STOP! 
YOU'RE NOT GETTING YOUR FACES REALLY CLEAN!

A cleaning tissue only takes the cream and make-up off the surface. But I've found the most marvelous way to remove every bit of the cream and dirt out of the pores themselves, and keep my skin free from annoying blackheads, skin blisters, and wrinkles. It's called

HOLLYWOOD BEAUTIFIER

a clever new scientific invention that removes all face and hand eruptions and cleanses those clogged pores in a pity—and all those ugly blackheads that act as the starting point for pimples are GONE! At the same time that the HOLLYWOOD BEAUTIFIER gives your face a delightful massage and toning tone, so easy to use—they last a lifetime. It only costs 95c.

Let me tell you at one friend to another not to risk your lovely complexion another night with ordinary inadequate cleansing methods and harmful treatments. Order this wonderful new invention NOW! Send cash or money order for $1.00 today. Money back guarantee.

HOLLYWOOD BEAUTIFIER, P. O. Box 573, Hollywood, Calif.

FREE "Lucky" Lodestone

Most amazing value in years. But Joyce Guynes face powders, all colors, have been sold through.the world through their scientifically prepared and guaranteed medicinal properties. Millions have reported. Send for your free color card. Real thing, not a dime.

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

Glover's keeps your scalp as clean as a whistle!

Second-Guess Star

Continued from page 60

104 pounds—weight doesn't change in Hollywood, even if type styles do.

Though June has grown up in the Hollywood atmosphere, and mother took her there when she was a mere child from their former home town of Minneapolis—she was walking on air when this visitor called for a chat with her. For coming true for June are the story-book happenings.

"Before I ever saw the inside of a studio," she declares, "I was a little Warmer" Baxter the handsome man and finest screen actor—I was one of his fans. Not long after I was given a contract I had an opportunity to play in a picture with him. And now for my first big part I play opposite him, with Fredric March also a leading man for me, since I have the only feminine role. "This Road to Glory.""

"Starting as a mere child in preparation for a career in the theatre—stage or screen—June studied dancing for several years, and singing also. Her first professional efforts were in singing and dancing parts in stage productions. Thus she won her chance at a movie contract, yet she doesn't seem a bit different or that her dancing will not be utilized in pictures.

"I've always wanted to be an actress, rather than a dancer," she told us by way of dismissing many fears that she might be the victim of a Hollywood plot to thwart ambitions involving hard work in training to become proficient in the classic art of ballet and modern rage of tap stepping. "So instead of any disappointment, I am delighted the studio is giving me a chance to play dramatic parts."

"I am scheduled to make a picture in which I'll play opposite Franchot Tone. It is to start as soon as I return to Hollywood. That's something exciting to go home to—but do you know, I don't think anything short of this Road to Glory would induce me to end my New York vacation on the time set for it. I never knew a place could be so thrilling as New York."

June had been in town only a few hours before a New York columnist sent his copy to press with a line included that declared she would not be married on her return to Hollywood. The lucky man mentioned is a studio official associated with another company—not with the organization she is under contract to as an actress. But the rumor was premature, according to little Miss Lang.

"I have a lot of pictures to make," is the way she explained it. "Thoughts of marriage must be put off until later, after I have concentrated for much longer time than I have already devoted to screen work on the career I want to follow." In other words this wedding rumor will not come true very soon, according to the very earnestly stated denials of Miss Lang.

So love must wait for June, as it often has when a Hollywood career is at stake, though she made it very plain that the man mentioned as her prospective husband "is a very dear friend."

The new mold has been cast for the re-fashioning of tiny little girl who was given a contract because she was pretty, into an actress and a personality entirely different from the one that was developed in a collaboration between nature, the girl herself and her teachers. Is it not like a gamble—or does Hollywood know what the outcome of its attempted transformation will be? You will find the answer to that by watching the career of little June Lang.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Your body excretes the acids and poisonous wastes in your blood thru 6 million kidney filters, but beware of excreting the same deadly substances in your blood when suffering from acidity due to overwork, overeating, indigestion, or any excesses. For your health, your kidneys must be cleansed of these noxious uric acid and other poisons. 

ologist—Dr. J. B. McNeil, BACHELOR OF MUSIC

1582 W. 27 St., Los Angeles, California

FREE Catalogue of Occult Books and

POEMS SET TO MUSIC

Published. Hits make fortunes.

Send your poems for free examination.

McNeil, BACHELOR OF MUSIC

LEG SUFFERS

Why continue to suffer? Do something to secure quick relief. Write today for FREE BOOKLET—"THEILLS FOR YOUR LEGS.

FREE BOOKLET

LEIPF METHOD, 2934 Green Bay Ave., Dept. 41-U, Milwaukee, Wis.

FREE

EARN MONEY AT HOME

Address envelopes, list names, sew, do other kinds of work. We show you. Send for FREE booklet.

FREE BOOKLET

LEIPF METHOD, 2934 Green Bay Ave., Dept. 41-U, Milwaukee, Wis.

Your Voice Can Be Changed

Voices different in quality are not due to physical causes. Your voice can be improved or changed by a simple vocal treatment. 

FREEonsense.

Perfect Voice Institute, Studio 1317

64 E. Lake St., Chicago

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

Removes the hair permanently, neatly, privately. No follow-up treatments required. The hair that has grown again. The delightful relief will bring supreme freedom of mind and entire content.

H. J. Wiemer Co., Dept. 1-120, Providence, R. I.
Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 65

N OT so long ago Robert Taylor made his first trip to New York. When he arrived at a radio station, his waiting femme fatales literally tore his clothes almost into shreds. Plans had been made for publicity pictures, so Bob had to go through with them. Naturally the pictures couldn't be released, with Bob looking like the hero of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." To solve the problem, for the finished pictures Bob's head is being used, but another body is being super-imposed on the negative.

WHO but Francis Lederer would do a thing like this? Recently, when Francis addressed the dramatic class at the University of Southern California, he was invited to come back at any time and take over the class. When Francis finished his last picture, he got in touch with the Dean. When he found the vacation was at an end, Francis finished the whole. He offered to come out and substitute. They took him at his word. In all the history of colleges, there's never been a class so eager to be kept after school. And all the fair co-eds are sighing and hoping their new teacher will hand out home-work!

JUST as the curtain was going up on the Katharine Cornell production of "Saint Joan," Rosalind Russell made a spectacular entrance into the theatre. Suffering from a sprained ankle, Rosalind slowly hobbed down the aisle, leaning heavily on a cane. Came Cornell and great dramatics, and then disaster. As usual with Hollywood audiences, everyone files out to the foyer to see everyone else. And foremost among them was Rosalind Russell, forgetting her cane and forgetting to walk with a limp.

LONG ago when she was known by her right name Donella Donaldson, Julie Haydon appeared in a local production of "Hamlet." The late Paul Bern was in the audience and saw her performance. Rushing back to M-G-M, Bern begged Thalberg to send for Julie. But at the time Thalberg had more important things on his mind and Julie was forgotten. After completing a year at Paramount, Julie has just signed a wonderful contract with M-G-M. Irving Thalberg still has nothing to do with her. The last time she appeared on the Metro lot, she did a bit in a picture called "The Great Meadows." Now she is playing featured leads.

BILL HENRY, whose screen absence is due to his long-drawn-out appearance in the ill-fated "Tarzan" picture, is soon to be married to Grace Durkin of the Durkin clan is the lucky girl, who is wearing the beautiful solitaire. Bill has been under contract to Metro for over two years. Almost the entire time, he has been working on the Johnny Weissmuller picture, that is still being re done.

... STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE...

Are you familiar with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, pneumonia, or other skin affilia tions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, and quick-drying D.D. D. PRESCRIPTION. Its gentle yet soothing the irritated skin, and cool; it relieves and stops itching instantly. A 3½e trial bottle, at drug stores, prove it—or money back.

...D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION

Terry Ray has good reason to be mighty happy. She's young, and beautiful, and Hollywood has now signed her for a screen career.

GARY COOPER seems to be the center of stormy controversy these days. Aside from the fact that Paramount is selling Goldwyn over Gary, there's an unkind rumor going around Hollywood, that Gary's pet Sclayham didn't win the first prize honorably, in a recent dog show. I don't know what Gary thinks about the Paramount suit—but you can bet that he's pretty mad over the talk about his dog.

A MOST embarrassed young lady was Gail Patrick, when she attended Victor McLaglen's party recently. Just the day before, the local papers had printed that Gail's romance with Bob, (Brown Derby), Cobb, was definitely a thing of the past. To Victor's party Gail took John King, a new leading man, under contract to Universal. They met when Gail was on loanout to that studio. They aren't even terribly good friends as yet, McLaglen, feeling rather gay, called for silence and with great to-do, announced Gail's and John's engagement in front of all the guests.

EVERYONE who has seen the test that got Margo her role in "Winterset" admits that the gal's acting is positively thrilling. And out of that same test, came John Beal's opportunity to show what he really can do. In New York, John met Margo and they enjoyed a mutual admiration. In Hollywood they met again. When John learned Margo was being tested on his own home lot, he offered to make the test with her, for friendship's sake. The role he could play had already been cast with Burgess Meredith, who was with Margo on the stage. But the executives, seeing John give such a great dramatic performance, suddenly realized they had more than just a juvenile under contract. Now they are planning big things for him.

MAYBE our sense of humor is a trifle distorted, but the news that Lew Ayres and Bob Burns have taken a place together, seems strangely incongruous. Wonder how Ginger Rogers feels being replaced by a "Bazooka!"

(Continued on next page)
CLARK GABLE is wearing a broad smile these days and unless we're sadly mistaken, it's on account of because Carole Lombard didn't go on that proposed trip to Alaska to make a picture. At the last minute Carole's doctor pronounced her suffering from secondary anemia and strongly advised against the hardships of the trip. Cary Grant, who was to be Carole's leading man, has been transferred to another production. Maybe that's the reason why Mary Brian is wearing a smile, too!

For some unknown reason, Hollywood loves to believe there are feuds existing between rival studio designers. When Hepburn insisted that Walter Plunkett be brought back to design the costumes for 'Mary of Scotland,' there were rumors that Bernard Newman, who had replaced Plunkett when the latter left for New York, was on the war path. When his job was done, Walter immediately flew back to New York again. Hardly was he settled when another request came from Hepburn asking him to return and dress her for "Portrait of a Rebel." So Walter flew out again and this time the local columns were filled with the Plunkett-Newman feud. Actually, there isn't a single "ruffled" feeling between them.

The funniest sight at the recent Santa Barbara dog show, was Jack Oakie and his entry. The jovial Jack seems to be getting rounder and rounder with every breath he takes. The dog he walked at the show was a stream-line toy whisket and the contrast between the two was sensational.

When you see George Brent in the new Kay Francis picture, you're going to see him wearing a mustard for the first time on the screen. The studio is wondering just how the feminine fans are going to like Georgie with the new adornment.

In spite of her screen success, Olivia de Havilland is still so young and tender, she has never been seen out with any of Hollywood's eligible Romes, James Cagney, who used to sigh over Mary Carlisle, is the first young swan in her life. The line forms on the right, boys. Strike up the band, here comes Olivia!

Mary Brian meets Rachel Smith, who made Mary learn her lessons when she was a child star at Paramount, where Miss Smith is still in charge of the school for screen youngsters.

Study in statuesque beauty, with Phyllis Claire, English charmer recently imported to Hollywood, filling the pictorial requirements of an unusual idea in camera composition.

When Robert Taylor made a personal appearance at the Texas Centennial, he drew greater crowds than the president of the United States. The studio sent a publicity man along to protect Bob from his female admirers. And the publicity man had such a tough job on his hands, Bob afterward rewarded him with a beautiful wrist watch, for distinguished service in action.

John Carroll's Lookout Mountain top home has been the scene of great festivity lately. John's grandmother from Florida is paying her first visit to Hollywood and he's seeing to it that she doesn't miss a thing. Stella Dunn, who is the Carroll heart interest, slipped out of Hollywood and is on her way to make a picture in England. While she is away, John is staggering it.

Hepburn has traded in her famous station wagon for a Ford roadster. And recently she treated herself to her first Hollywood permanent wave.

If you can take the word of Director Howard Hawks, Andrea Leeds is really going places on the screen. Howard, who is always searching for an undiscovered genius, saw Andrea in a film made on the campus of her university. In spite of the amateurish attempt at picture production, the girl's work was outstanding. Hawks made a test of her and she was so good that now she is playing her first professional role, and it's a second lead.

Randy Scott has turned inventor. On a Sunday afternoon when Randy and Ginger Rogers came up to take a swim in Fred Astaire's pool, Randy brought along a game of "Monopoly." So they could play the game and enjoy the water at the same time, Randy also brought along an old card table. By removing the legs the table was made to float. Even if the game wasn't all wet, the stars were.

We wouldn't dare be giving you the actual figures, but they say the unused footage on the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" amounts to something terrific. Norma Shearer is noted for the number of "takes" she gives every scene, before she does one that she feels eclipses all the rest.

The most embarrassed young man in Hollywood was young Jackie Cooper. At a table in the M-G-M commissary, Jackie was treating Judy Garland, the youthful singer, to lunch. Just when Jackie thought he was impressing Judy with his newly-acquired dignity, in came little Carol Ann Beery, looking around the room she spied Jackie and his lady love. With one leap and a bound, Carol Ann was on Jackie's lap, smothering him with hugs and kisses.

"Am, you can't win," said Jackie disgustedly, as he sent Carol Ann on her way.

Hollywood publicists would have you believe that Jean Fenwick, who "spent many years in Europe," is about to become a big name in pictures. Actually, Jean Fenwick is Jean Morgan, sister of Marian Marsh. Jean has been in Hollywood for years, working as an extra and just recently was put on the stock list.

Eddie Quillen and Charlotte Henry, both of whom reached the top when they were very young, have been cast in opposite roles in a new picture, and both are happy about it.
Why Some Lipsticks Make Lips Unattractive

Of course; you want your lipstick to be permanent...your lips soft and smooth...their carcas a never-to-be-forgotten thrill!

But you have probably learned that lipstick does not always make lips soft and smooth! Ordinary indelible lipstick often makes them feel dry and parched, causing an unconscious and frequent licking of the lips in an effort to restore moistness and softness.

This constant licking removes the lips' natural oils as well as the protective oils supplied by the lipstick, resulting in lips readily becoming dull, dry, cracked, rough, and looking...unattractive!

How The New TATTOO Corrects All This

With the New Tattoo you have all the permanence you could wish for. And one of its magical new ingredients gives this lipstick a creamy texture that keeps lips fresh and moist...stains them with soothing, lasting, transparent color...without letting them get dry...without permitting them to become rough...and there is no desire to lick the lips!

Your lips thus become softer and smoother than they have ever been before...thrillingly, irresistibly youthful...without a wrinkle...without a line! But more! The other magical ingredient in the New Tattoo gives your lips the kind of lustrous, inviting, shimmering gloss and sparkle that is never denied...anything!

Send Coupon For Proof

So that you can instantly see and feel the astonishing difference, a generous introductory size of the New Tattoo in a clever silver and black case will be sent for the coupon below and 10c to cover postage and packing. There are five exciting shades...the most famous colors ever put into lipstick! Most women want more than one. So why not send for several shades of this miracle lipstick today! You'll get an entirely new beauty thrill the instant you Tattoo your lips...with the New Tattoo!

The NEW TATTOO

TATTOO, 11 E. Austin Ave., Dept. 107, Chicago
Send me trial size New Tattoo, postpaid. 10c enclosed for each shade desired, as checked.

☐ Coral (Orangish)  ☐ Exotic (Fiery)
☐ Natural (Blood Red)  ☐ Pastel (Changeable)
☐ Hawaiian (Brilliant)

Name__________________________
Street__________________________
City___________________________
State__________________________
Dinner notes jotted down by a famed Baltimore Hostess

Mrs. Nicholas Griffith Penniman III

Mrs. Penniman is a descendant of two signers of the Declaration of Independence. Another forefather was one of the founders of the Bachelors' Cotillion, exclusive to Baltimore's first families. Mrs. Penniman is widely known as a charming hostess, a genius in fine Southern cookery. "When entertaining," she says, "I always serve plenty of Camels. Between courses and after, Camels taste so good. I've noticed that they help digestion and add so much to that satisfying sense of having dined well!"

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

- Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
- Miss Mary Byrd, Richmond
- Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
- Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
- Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, Boston
- Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., Wilmington
- Mrs. William I. Hollingsworth, Jr., Los Angeles
- Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia
- Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
- Mrs. Langdon Post, New York
- Miss Lucy Saunders, New York
- Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York

The excitement of having a good time—whether at home or "abroad"—often keys up the nervous system. Tenseness results, slowing down the activity of digestive fluids. Scientists have shown that the supply of these fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—is helped back to normal by smoking Camels. Definitely, Camels encourage good digestion ... give a generous "lift." Their costlier tobaccos furnish a fitting accompaniment to the subtle flavors of fine food. Being mild, Camels never tire your taste. So, hostess or guest, let Camels give you pleasure during meals and after. They set you right!

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

...Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand.

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS